Interpreting the War News

Hitler's Legions in Russia Are in a Sorry Mess for Their Fuehrer to Say This Winter Couldn't Possibly Be Any Worse Than That of 1941-42

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON

Dramatic successes for Soviet arms at critical points far in the north and deep in the south of invaded Russia give the lie to Hitler's dubious New Year's assurance to the German people that this winter could not possibly be harder for them than the last.

The ink was barely dry on Hitler's special proclamation before there came from Moscow the announcement that Velikie Luki had been taken by the Red Army and its Nazi defenders wiped out. This, in turn, followed closely an official Russian account of the cutting off of 22 Axis divisions in the Stalingrad salient and of lashing new Soviet advances southwestward of that area which brought recapture of Elista in the Kalmyck steppes and put Russian forces on the frozen Manych lake chain.

The capture of Velikie Luki can be of utmost value to the Russians. In addition to giving them a possible springboard for a drive westward toward Riga and the old Latvian border only 90 miles away the Soviet forces stand astride of the north-south rail line running south to Vitebsk. That latter town is west of the Smolensk, keystone of German forward supply sources. A Russian drive south from Velikie Luki, therefore, could cut off that great base and establish still another huge trap for the Nazis.

The Russians seemed to have reached or turned the last Don tributary line to the south offering Axis defensive possibilities to guard southern approaches to Rostov as the Donets position would guard it from the northwest. There is a deadly menace to the whole Nazi Caucasian salient in the one-day 40-mile forward jump of the foe to approach Salsk and its direct rail connection with Rostov from the southeast.

Collapse of the Stalingrad salient would inevitably have exposed its far deeper counterpart in the Caucasus to the possibility of being nipped off at its Rostov communication key. It was for that reason Hitler months ago said he must retain his grip at Stalingrad at all costs. His attempted drive to the great Baku oil fields down the north flank of the Caucasus range hinged upon reaching and holding a protective front above it on the Volga at Stalingrad.

Completely and deeply invested by Soviet advances which have forged a multiple ring around it, the Stalingrad salient has lost that flank protection value for the Caucasus drive as much as though it had been withdrawn or had collapsed. It has made a potential death trap for an estimated 300,000 Axis troops caught in the pocket. At no time last winter did any such disaster threaten Hitler.

The very speed of the Russian thrust to the Manych indicates a critical weakness in Nazi dispositions in that sector, south of the lower Don, to guard the approaches to Rostov. Russian generalship appears to have out-guessed the foe again. It opened its many-pronged Don attack by every indication at Stalingrad itself, then struck far up the Don to begin the encirclement march. The front now has been widened southward until the Hitlerites are under attack almost everywhere along the snow swept, barren steppes for a distance of 400 miles or more.

Hitler's New Year's proclamation was his most defensive utterance, a new apology to his hearers for being in the war at all. It spoke of his peace efforts "curtly trod down" by his foes.

By every word and phrase Hitler revealed his own knowledge of a growing yearning for peace in Germany. He sought to combat it as he so often has before by saying that the war had been forced upon him and was not of his making. That he is also worried by the rising talk among high placed United Nations spokesmen of after-the-victory plans is obvious. It may be infiltrating into Germany for all his efforts to bar it out.

"Germany is an unsuitable object for such experiments," he said.

But whatever Hitler said, however, he said it or why he said it, events in Russia are too clearly pointing to an impending tremendous crisis for the facts long to be hidden from the German people.

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New Year Sermon By Dale H. Moore

Preaches in St. John's Lutheran on 'Light of the World Today'

President Dale Henry Moore of Cedar Crest college yesterday morning preached the New Year's sermon at the union service in St. John's Lutheran church, attended by members of St. John's as well as Zion Evangelical and Reformed, St. John's Evangelical and Reformed, Zion African Methodist Episcopal and the First Presbyterian churches.

Theme of his sermon was "The Light of the World." "As we look forward to a new year," he asserted, "let us remember that the Church of Christ is the light of God in any community. The members of the church, individually or congregationally, stand for the Christian point of view in their whole lives. We must look forward to the future, a picture which can only be right if we strive as never before to give inspiration and guidance to those, throughout the world, who walk in darkness."

"It is natural for us in days like these to dwell upon the deep contrasts of life. From the point of view of the Nation's experience or the world events, the year 1942 was a dark and unsatisfactory experience. We have seen the great sorrow or sin of the human race rising up like a cloud to blacken out every ray of light and hope. We have inclined to thought of the so-called old days of greater realization.

"In the world of human relations, there have always been sin or sorrow and trouble to darken the possible happiness of individuals. And there have always been hopes and pleasures to lighten the heart. Every night brings with it the broken life, the lost promise. Every morning reanimates it in the life of another. It is natural for us in times of crisis or peril to feel that the light of the Christian ideal is remote from the reality which is being thrust upon us from every side.

"But, remember, darkness can not put out a light. It sets it forth more clearly. There is never complete darkness, so long as any light is shining. Or sin can not overwhelm goodness, so long as the latter is properly exemplified by good or loyal men or women who have refused to be distracted by the affairs of the world."

Theft Charges Head January Criminal List

District Attorney Prepares 81 Cases for Court Opening Monday

Heading the list of 81 cases thus far prepared by District Attorney Joseph E. Gehringer for presentation to the January Grand Jury Monday morning are 34 involving theft of some kind or another. Larceny and receiving are in the majority with 15, and charges of burglary are contained in 12 cases, robbery in 7.

The list shows there are 13 defendants charged with operating automobiles while under the influence of intoxicating liquor and four in which defendants are charged with hit-run driving. Four defendants are charged with violation of the liquor laws.

Involuntary manslaughter arising out of automobile accidents is charged against three defendants for whom indictments will be sought by the district attorney.

This term there will be but three cases in which charges of immorality have been brought, few in comparison with more than a dozen cases of this nature that had been on the September court calendar. There are eight cases in which men are charged with parenthood of illegitimate children.

Although the list of cases is a lengthy one much time will be saved by the district attorney and courts by virtue of the fact that in some instances many of the cases have been brought against one defendant. These will in all likelihood be tried together. Four defendants are involved in a total of 33 of the 81 cases with Albert Dech the defendant in 13. The charges against him are robbery, burglary and larceny and receiving.

Nine cases in which burglary are charged and two in which larceny and receiving are charged have been prepared against Daniel Ebert Jr., Kenneth L. Shade is defendant in five cases in which larceny and receiving, burglary, firing personal property, drunken driving and hit-run are charged. There are four cases against Edward Haines in which he is charged with armed robbery, assault and assault with intent to ravish.

Defendants in cases in which larceny and receiving are charged are Kenneth L. Shade, James Graceffo, Daniel Ebert Jr., Sterling Butz, Ralph Nonnemacher, Walter Sawrue, Edward Zettle, Albert Dech.

Fatherhood of illegitimate children is charged against Leonard Weiss, John Rompilla, John C. Seidel, Paul Tews, Charles Hemming, Warren Greiss, Orvis N. Barndt and Frank J. Sroga.

Operating motor vehicles under the influence of intoxicating liquor is charged against John Hilt, Jacob Troup, Warren J. Downs, Gordon K. Thomas, Josiah A. Laub, John J. Fahey, John Kloiber, Jack Harakel Jr., J. W. Taylor, Fred Conover, Theodore Williams, Herbert W. Roth and Kenneth L. Shade.

Morals charges have been placed against John Rompilla, Thomas A. Repasch, Dalvin Moyer and Edward Haines.

Involuntary manslaughter is charged against Donald J. McCandless, Peter X. Yori and Rudolph Kametler.

Assault and battery is charged against Albert Longo, Verna Muth, Walter Matthews.

Operating a motor vehicle after license is suspended or revoked is charged against Herbert W. Roth, Charles J. Madtes and Howard S. Fries.

Hit and run charges have been placed against Abraham D. Gehris, Leon N. Schaffer, Rudolph Kametler and Kenneth L. Shade.

Burglary is charged against Daniel Ebert Jr., Carl W. Fricke, Robert Reppert, Sterling Butz, Ralph Nonnemacher, Edward Rosenblatt, Henry W. Merwin, Albert Dech.

Violation of the liquor laws is charged against S. Chevalier, Evelyn Chevalier, John C. Murphy, Albert Schneider, Samuel J. Campbell, John J. Grim, Charles A. Worsley, Rose Miller, John Fixl, Steve Astl and Charles W. Snyder.

Setting up and establishing a gambling device is charged against Charles W. Snyder.

Playfully pointing a firearm is charged against Roscoe Diehl.

Malicious mischief is charged against Anna Hrycyszyn.

Forgery is charged against Joseph Franklyn Buynak.

Turning in a false alarm is charged against Roy Allen.

Robbery is charged against Albert Dech, Edward Haines.

Dr. Frank Kingdon Opens Forum Series At Community Center

A community forum consisting of two lectures, a dramatic presentation and a lecture-recital will form the series of four monthly programs to be presented in B'rith Sholom Community Center, Bethlehem, January through April.

Dr. Frank Kingdon, president of the Union for Democrat Action and chairman of the International Rescue and Relief committee, will speak on Jan. 13 on "The Meaning of Freedom for a World at War."

The Neighborhood Players of Philadelphia will present "Cafe Crown" on Feb. 28, with the March 9 program consisting of a lecture on "Post-War Program for American Jewry" by Dr. Robert Gordis of Rockaway Beach, L. I.

W. Belski Ginsburg of Philadelphia will present a lecture-recital on "A Cavalcade of Jewish Music" on April 13 as the final performance.

Deaths

KOONS—In Allentown, Dec. 31, 1942, Agnes, A. (Reichard), wife of Clement N. Koons.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., Monday at 10:30 a.m. Interment in Lehighton cemetery. Friends are invited to call Sunday from 7 to 8 p.m.

Lehighton paper please note. B.

SERFASS—In Bethlehem, Thursday, Dec. 31, 1942, Mrs. Ida S. Henry Serfass, 77, widow of Erastus S. Serfass.

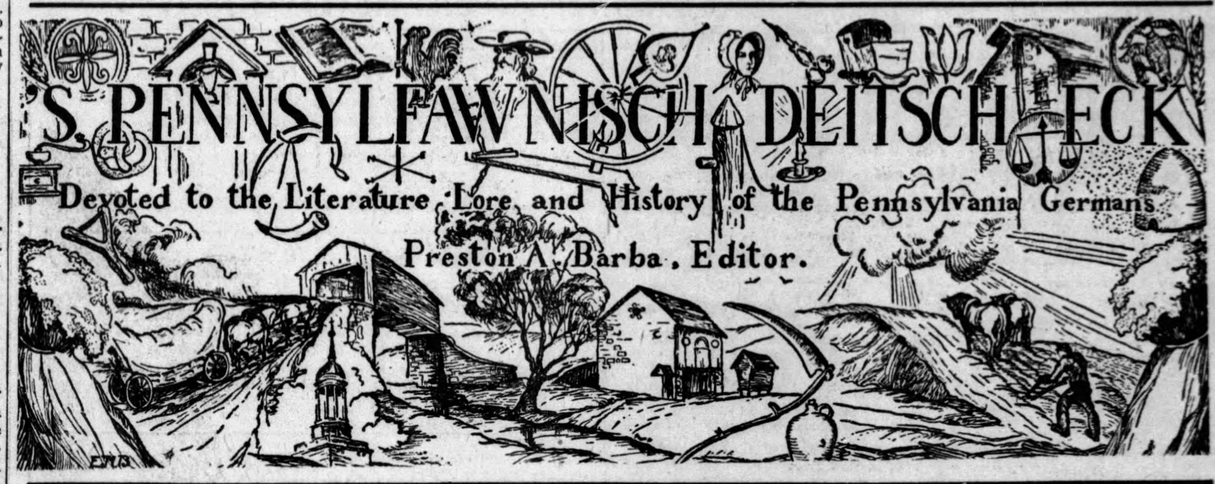
Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday, Jan. 4, 1943, in the Calvin F. Miller funeral home, 529 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem. Interment, family plot, Fairview cemetery. Friends may pay their respects at the funeral home Sunday evening. Calvin F. Miller.

NEMETH—In this city, Dec. 31, 1942, Joseph, husband of Clara, nee Myer, Nemeth, aged 56 years and 1 day.

Relatives, friends and members of the Maccabees lodge of Allentown are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at his late home, Northampton R. 2, on Monday at 9:15 a. m. Requiem high mass will be sung in Our Lady of Hungary church, Northampton, at 10 a. m. Interment in the parish cemetery. Viewing from Sunday till time of funeral. Swallow.

MEASE—At Pleasant Valley, Jan. 1, 1943, J. Herbert Mease, aged 61 years, 2 months and 17 days.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend all services at the T. A. Benner funeral home, Pleasant Valley, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment in Pleasant Hill cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. T. A. Benner.



Ein Neu Jahrs Wunsch

um Hausvaetern anzuwuenschen

So far as we know "Shooting in the New Year" was a distinctly Pennsylvania German custom, which finally became unpopular through its attending excesses. The actual "shooting-in" was only one of a two-fold performance. More important really than the shooting was the preceding salutation and well-wishing as expressed in the phrase "'Es Neiyohr aa-winsche un aa-achiesse." Dr. A. R. Horne, in his account of Pennsylvania German life in the early History of Lehigh and Carbon Counties, writes: "The shooting, however, was not the exclusive exercise. Beautiful verses of hymns and Scripture were committed by the members of the company, and these were repeated, singly or in concert, under the windows of those to whom at the midnight hour, through snow and storm, they wended their way. If shooting was not agreeable to the persons visited, it was not indulged in, as permission was always asked before the first shot was fired. Those to whom these salutations were conveyed recognized their indebtedness to the kind purveyors by inviting them into the house, and handed around refreshments."

The following verses, new to the editor of the ECK, were contributed by Dr. Wilbur H. Oda of Barto, Berks Co., Pa. They are more regular in their meter and stanzaic form than those of most such New Year wishes, but in the last verses we observe the usual irregularities of long usage and their kinship with other such wishes and salutations.—P.A.B.

Weil das alte Jahr vergangen,
Kommen wir und wuenschen euch,
Um ein Neues anzufangen,
Verdrieszt es euch so sagt es gleich.

Wenn's euch aber sollt' gefallen,
Dasz wir jetzt bei euch rufen an,
So soll nach unserm Wunsch erschallen
Geschosz, das Neujahr kuendigend an.

Nun eh' wir unsre Druecker regen,
Wuenschen wir euch zum neuen Jahr,
Gesundheit, Frieden, Glueck und Segen,
Und ein gluecksel'ges neues Jahr.

Neues Jahr und neue Freude,
Eurem Weib und Kindern all,
Wuenschen wir euch hier auch heute,
Versiegeln es mit lautem Schall.

Wir wuenschen Segen zu diesem Haus,
Zu gleicher Zeit zu Au und Walde,
So lang ihr gehet ein und aus,
Dasz ihr genieszet Glueck und Freude.

Der Herr der segne Saat und Erndt',
Durch dieses Jahr und alle Zeit,
Dasz ihr dabei erkennen lernt
Die Groesze seiner Guetigkeit.

Euer Vieh und eure Heerde
Vermehre sich, gedeihe wohl,
Dasz es euch ein Segen werde,
Und mache euch ganz freudenvoll.

Wir wuenschen Euch auch Staerk' und Kraefte,
Zu dem was ihr dies Jahr beginnt,
Und Leichtigkeit zu den Geschaeften,
Dasz es euch alles wohl gelingt;

Und zugleich zu jedem Morgen,
Durch dies angefangne Jahr,
Dasz ihr frei von allen Sorgen,
Und von drohender Gefahr.

Das alte Jahr ist nun verflossen,
Und wir, die Gott nunmehr verneut,
Desselben Gnad aufs Neu' genossen,
So sind wir billig hoechst erfreut;

Dasz uns derselbe Glueck und Leben
Aus unverdienter Gnad und Huld,
So reichlich wie bisher gegeben,
Und uns gefuehret mit Geduld.

Er lasz sein Glueck aufs neu aufgeben,
Gleich wie die Sonne hoeher steigt,
Sein Gnadenglanz bleib' ob uns stehen,
Bis sich die Welt zu Ende neigt.

Der edle Fried' erhalte sich,
Den wir bisher genossen,
Und aller Zwietracht scheide sich,
Gleich wie das alte Jahr verflossen.

Wir lebten von einem Jahr zum andern,
In Glueck und Segen allezeit,
Drum laszt uns in dem Guten wandeln,
Durch unsre ganze Lebenszeit.

Laszt unser Wuenschen euch gefallen,
Ob wir gleich eure Ruhe stoeren,
Thut mit uns in den Jubel schallen,
Dasz wir einander zeigen Ehren.

Ein froehlich neues Jahr zu feiern,
Das ist ein wuerdig Ehrenfest,
Wenn wir das alte Glueck erinnern,
Das uns schon wiederfahren ist.

Endlich noch eh' ich beschliesze,
Wuensch ich euch von Herzensgrund,
Dasz euch die Quell' des Segens fliesze,
So lang ihr lebt, zu jeder Stund;

Und dasz ihr habt im Ueberflusz,
Alles was zu diesem Leben,
Kann Staerke, Kraft und Nahrung geben,
Bis an euren Lebensschlusz.

Dieses alles wuenschen wir,
Euch dieses Jahr und fuer und fuer.

Die Freiheit haben wir uns genommen,
Und sind vor euer Haus gekommen;
Wir stehen jetzt auf eurem Land,
Haben das Gewehr in unsrer Hand,
Und zugleich den Hahn gespannt.

Wenn wir unsere Druecker ruecken,
Werdet ihr sehen das Feuer blicken;
Laszt mein Schusz euch nicht erschrecken,
Sondern Freud' in euch erwecken.

Wenn es euch aber sollt verdrieszen,
Mueszt ihr es sagen ehe wir schieszen. —

Dieweil ich spuere kein'n Verdrusz,
Sollt ihr hoeren meinen Schusz,
So tret' ich mit meinen Kameraden auf Seiten,
Und schieszen ab in sanften Freuden.

Conrad Weiser

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF, Ph. D.

CHAPTER LIII

Sounding "The Big Halloo"!

IN 1758 CONRAD WEISER attained the age of sixty-two; an age at which most men relinquish the strenuous activities of life and consider the major tasks assigned to them to be achieved. For Conrad Weiser, however, his sixty-second year proved to be the climax of a life spent in public service. From that distant day when the seventeen-year-old Conrad left his father's house in Schoharie to make his home with the Maquas along the Mohawk, he had been active in Indian affairs. In 1758 the German immigrant who became the greatest peacemaker of colonial times brought his rich experience of more than two score years of Indian diplomacy to its full fruition.

In January of 1758 Weiser resigned his commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the Pennsylvania Regiment. In his final official letter to Timothy Horsefield written from Philadelphia, the retiring Colonel announced that his duties would be assumed by Colonel William Burd. "I have lost the use of my right hand," wrote Weiser, complaining of an attack of palsy.

The relinquishment of his position as a soldier in arms against the Indians restored Weiser to the position of Indian agent once again. He could negotiate without brandishing the hatchet, a role which never suited his taste or character. At various times during the two years that he commanded the troops it appeared that Teedyuscung and other Indian leaders were suspicious of Weiser's motives in council and in treaty. In 1758, when he was once more a man of peace they refused to deal with white men unless their friend Conrad Weiser was present.

In March the interpreter was summoned to Philadelphia to attend a conference between Teedyuscung and the Governor. The King of the Delawares had sounded "the Big Halloo," calling all tribes to take hold of the belt of wampum which symbolized the peace terms of the third Easton treaty of 1757. Together the Indians and whites were all inclined toward peace. "We have found," declared Governor Denny, "that whatever Nations smoaked out of it (the pipe) two or three hearty Whiffs, the Clouds that were between us always dispersed." Therefore, the Big Halloo should be shouted to all of the Indians, those in Wyoming, New Jersey, Maryland and especially those wayward Delawares and Shawanese who were consorting with the French on the Ohio river.

The tocsin was sounded through the forests by Teedyuscung and his companions. The Minisinks, Munsies, Conestogas, Conoys, Nanticokes heard it and some of them sent delegations to Philadelphia to consult with the Governor. Conrad Weiser was summoned repeatedly to act as interpreter and counsellor. Far to the north the Six Nations heard the Big Halloo and they frowned as they reflected that it was sounded by the Delaware king; they wondered and disapproved this usurpation of power but Tarachawagon, their own Conrad Weiser, was supporting the plans and he would never fail the Long House of Onondaga. The Six Nations learned also that their ancient enemies the Cherokees had entered Pennsylvania to join a military expedition against the French at Fort Duquesne. They would consult Conrad Weiser on that point when they came to Easton once the leaves turned brown in 1758.

Remnant tribes heard the Big Halloo in their distant wigwams. The Tuteloes, Chugnuts, Unamies to the west and northwest and the Pumptons in the Jersies responded to the call with messages of good will. Teedyuscung's Ten Nations had become the Eighteen Nations, weary of war and enthusiastic in accepting the Quaker proffers of Peace. In one of the Conferences Teedyuscung had asked the governor to send teachers of the Christian religion to the Wyoming Indians, "partly because we see that some of our brother Indians who were Wicked before they became Christians, Live better Lives now than they formerly did." The arm of the Lord was proving mightier than the sword!

But the arm of the Flesh was being wielded on another front. Early in 1758 General John Forbes came to Pennsylvania to organize a new expedition against the French stronghold at Fort Duquesne. This time the military route was plotted across Pennsylvania instead of following the southern route of the ill-fated Braddock expedition. General Forbes learned that Conrad Weiser had great influence among the Indians and asked Governor Denny to summon the interpreter to Philadelphia. Several messages were sent to Heidelberg before Weiser could be reached.



Mired on Forbes' Expedition

Wagons had to be impressed in the eastern counties. Weiser contracted for Berks and late in June he informed the authorities in Philadelphia that the "second division of Waggons," including twenty-six wagons was on its way. The first division had included thirty strong wagons. Each team "is compleatly furnished with four able Horses and an Expert Driver," Weiser reported.

Westward through Pennsylvania rolled the expedition during the summer and early autumn of 1758 along the route which now forms the Lincoln Highway. The Cherokee Indians joined the expedition en route as did several Six Nations' warring parties. It is recorded that on the occasion of friction between these hostile tribes, Forbes warned them that he would report their ill behavior to Conrad Weiser who would come and devour them.

The Forbes expedition was delayed by a series of unfortunate circumstances and in October 1758 the general found his army in a sorry condition indeed. An advance party under Major Grant had suffered a humiliating defeat near the French Fort at Duquesne. Winter was approaching but his wagons were mired axle deep in mud near Fort Ligonier. Just when it appeared that all hope was gone with the army destined to languish through a bitter winter without achieving its purpose; just when Forbes wrote despairing letters from his sick bed a dull thud rumbled through the leafy overhead. The French at Fort Duquesne had blown up their own fortifications and had abandoned the whole Ohio Valley to the English. A continent had been saved for England.

The Big Halloo had been sounded in the Delaware wigwams under the guns of Fort Duquesne. The Delawares and Shawanese had heard it; heard it from the lips of a German armed with a Bible and a crucifix. Christian Frederick Post, a Moravian missionary, had undertaken to carry the message of Easton to the wayward Delawares and Shawanese. Once again the agent of the Lord had triumphed when the arm of the Flesh had failed.

On his westward journey from Bethlehem, Post had visited Conrad Weiser. There he tarried, along with his Indian companions; there he discussed plans and methods with the veteran interpreter. Post had every reason to know of Weiser's power and influence. Had not Conrad interceded for him on a former occasion when Post and a companion had been arrested by New York authorities as suspected spies? Weiser had assured the captors that Moravians were not French priests in disguise and in this way had secured their release.

While the covered wagons of Forbes' army were stuck in the mud along Ray's Creek the Big Halloo was sounding throughout all of the Indian country summoning bronzed warriors to Easton on the Delaware for the fourth Easton treaty of the French and Indian war period. From all directions the redmen converged upon the Minisinks to smoke the peace pipe. The Oneidas, Onondagas, Mohawks, Senecas, and Tuscaroras represented the Six Nations Confederacy among the councils of the Eighteen Nations.

The treaty began on October 8th and lasted until the 24th. In such a vast assemblage there was need for many interpreters. In addition to Weiser there was Henry Montour, interpreter for the Delawares, as well as several Indians who could serve to translate Indian languages into other Indian languages which Weiser understood.

The main points at issue had to do with land transactions of past decades and the thorny problem of smoothing the ruffled spirits of the Six Nations who viewed the ascendency of Teedyuscung with disfavor. In meeting these problems Weiser needed all of the tact and diplomacy that he had learned through his thirty-five years of Indian negotiations.

During one heated session of the conference Weiser refused to translate something Nickas, the Mohawk, was saying about the Delaware chieftain. He saw the clouds in inter-Indian strife arising and his keen understanding of Indian psychology saved a dangerous situation. When it was suggested that Montour do the interpreting that Weiser declined to do, Conrad suggested that the matter be suomitted to a private conference.

At first the Iroquois refused, demanding that their charges be heard, but by patient urgings Weiser prevailed and the Six Nations agreed to a private session because Weiser requested it. Shrewdly the Veteran of many treaties postponed the private conference until he was sure that the anger of both groups had subsided. In this way he prevented the treaty from breaking on the crags of ancient animosities. When the time came for Governor Denny of Pennsylvania and Governor Bernard of New Jersey to explain why they had elevated Teedyuscung to such an important position in their councils, Weiser put words into the mouths of both governors which succeeded in appeasing the Six Nations.

All of the land squabbles were finally settled when the Indians agreed to have Weiser and Peters review all previous purchases and promised to abide by their decisions. Through sixteen days of argument Weiser's hand was needed to steer the proceedings.

The Eighteen Nations represented at Easton were known as the United Nations. They were united in their efforts to secure peace. Even though the French and Indian War did not end until peace was formally declared five years later, in 1763, the effect of the Easton treaty of 1758 brought relief from Indian incursions to eastern Pennsylvania and the capture of Fort Duquesne proved to be the turning point in the struggle for English dominance of North America.

KESCHTE IGELE

Keschtehols iss eens vun de wolfelschte Hols, as sidlich Pennsylvania g'hatt hot sechzich Yohr zerick. Es iss gebraucht warre fer Heiser un Scheiere zu baue, Fer Fenseposchte iss es hart zu biete. Fer innewennich Heiser finish-e iss es waertvoll. Mannich Yohr zerick iss es gebraucht warre fer Fuder-, Sci- un Wasserdreeg. Selli Zeit hen die Leit Wasserdeichle gemacht vun lange Schticker Keschtehols.

Der Schreiwer hot der Mike Weinhold g'sehne Wasserdeichle bohre. Er hot en abbadicher Bohrer ge-used. Der Bohrer waar zwee un e halb Zoll dick un ee Fuss lang. Der Bohrer waar hohl un dart sin die Bohrschpee neigange. Wann sell voll waar, iss der Bohrer aus de Deichle gezogge warre un die Schpee rausgenumme. Des hot der alt Mike alle fimf Minutte duh misse. Der Schpee hot geguckt wie en langi Groll. Am Bohrer waar en eisni Schtang abaut acht Fuss lang. Es hot zwee Mann sei misse fer der Bohrer drehe. Sie hen an beede Enner nei gebohrt bis in die Mitt

Der Mike hot aa Wasserbumpe gemacht. Alles hot er g'schafft mit Handg'scharr. Der Mike hot am Schtee Baerrick gewuhnt, etliche Meil vun Adamstedtel, Lengeschter Kaunti.

Unser yunge Leit wisse heitichsdaags schier gaar nichs vun de Keschte, was als in ostlich Pennsylvaania gewachse sin. Sie wisse nichs vun Keschtelese. Der Blight hot die Keschtebaem verdillicht.

Ferwas sin die Keschte Igele so schtachlich? Frogt die Eechhaase, Fensemeis odder die Woodpeckers. Sie wisse. Wann die Igele net so schtachlich waere, daete die Igele uffgemacht warre, eb sie zeitich waere. Bedracht mol en Igel un sehn wie wunnervoll sie gewachse iss. Die Igele sin iwwerall schtachlich un yedi Schtachel iss wie en gleener Baam. Innewennich sin vun eens bis fimf Keschte, die mensch Zeit zwee odder drei. Die Igel iss innewennich geleint, dass es guckt wie velvet. O wie weech duhn die Keschte drin leie un schlofe!

Wie wisse die Keschte wann es Zeit iss fer raus tschumme? Wann der Jack Frost kummt un brecht die Igel in vier gleiche Schticker, noh duhne sie sich weise un falle uff der Grund. Noh kumme die Leit, die Eechhaase un die Fensemeis fer die Niss eisamme fer der Winder.

Do iss en Lied zum gleene Jack Keschde, vum Englische haer:

Ho, ho, gleener Jack Keschte,
In deim Rock, velvet un brau!
Du bischt gegaunscht zu hoch,
Die Wieg iss g'falle nau.
Der Eechhaas guckt zu dir.
Saagt "Was kann des sei?"
Ich schteck dich in mei Sack—
Un bin dei Freind dabei!"

Wie kummt der Warm in die Kescht darrich all die Schtachle? En Schnutkeffer bohrt en Loch mit seinre lange Schnut, noh legt sie en Oi in die Kescht un schtampt es ei mit ihre Schnut. Aus dem Oi kummt en Warm. Der lebt reichlich un ball iss es en vollschtennicher Schnutkeffer. Die Naturwelt iss wunnervoll erschaffe!

—Aus em FRANK W. MATZ seim NADURBUCH
Mohnton, Pa.

Interpreting the War News

Recovery of Black Sea Coast of Caucasus by Russians Would Give Them Strategic Advantage for Attack on Ploesti Oil Fields in Rumania, Vital to Axis

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON

Even as President Roosevelt told Congress that the great Russian offensives dominate the whole strategic picture of the war, events in the Caucasus and on the Lower Don sharply intensified that estimate of war relativities.

The third Battle of Rostov has begun. London intimations that a fifth Russian offensive is impending or in progress in the Black Sea sector of the Caucasus in an attempt to seal the Kerch strait-Crimean supply or escape route behind the invaders are credible if still lacking confirmation except for Berlin admission of a retreat in the Caucasus.

The Germans' Black sea coastal position in the Caucasus, driven southward from the Kuban river to the regio.. of Taupse, 150 miles below Kerch strait, is a powerful anchor to protect that Kerch-Crimean gateway. But the Russians could turn it by sea and air if it could not be broken by land. It is obvious that Hitler's commanders must be marshalling strong forces both along the Tuapse-Maikop angle of the Caucasus salient and on Kerch peninsula against any such Russian flanking effort, forces that are badly needed elsewhere to bolster the wavering Nazi front east of Rostov.

Hitler has an estimated million men in the Rostov-Volga-Caucasus trap the Russians are trying to close upon him. Their situation would be desperate with Rostov and the Kerch escape route lost. What such a military disaster could mean to German morale or Hitler's prestige at home is beyond appraisal.

There is no authentic information as to what is still available of the once considerable Russian Black sea fleet and its cargo auxiliaries. There is no lack of fuel for them, however. Baku pipelines to Black sea ports far out of Nazi reach provide oil aplenty.

Only torpedo speedsters and other small craft carried overland to the Black sea coast or built there are available to the foe. It seems possible that a telling new Russian blow could be struck by sea at the Kerch corridor to match the land drives at Rostov.

The Black sea coast of the Caucasus has another strategic aspect, however, that is worth recalling in connection with President Roosevelt's statement that wherever and however the Allies might strike by land against the foe, relentlessly, day in and day out, they would pound his war factories, utilities and seaports by air.

Of all war targets of the Axis in Europe, the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania are the most vital. They primarily power the Nazi war machine afloat, in the air and on land. They are not much more than 600 miles air flight from Russian-held sectors of the Black sea coast of the Caucasus.

Six hundred miles to their targets is within range of today's American, British and Russian heavy bombers. It would be easy going from the Caucasus coast, most of it over water and at low levels.

Sooner or later, from one direction or another, an Allied air blitz against that Rumanian oil source is certainly coming. It could achieve decisive results, go farther toward shortening the war than any other predictable form of Allied attack.



Father John's Medicine builds resistance when vitamin A is needed—Rich in vitamins A and D—Used 85 years.

Flowers for

Continued from Page 6

The place was originally known as "The Partnership" farm. Why, no one seems to be able to explain.

Active in Public Affairs

Like his forbears, John P. Gehringer has always taken an active part in the affairs of the township in which the family has lived all these years. He is seventy-four years old, having been born on July 28, 1868, and he is as active today as he ever was and still turns in a good day's work when the occasion calls for it.

Parts of Weisenberg are hilly. Also, there are parts where quartz rocks abound. Keeping the roads in shape was a problem before the advent of the macadam roads.

John P. Gehringer always advocated new road building programs, long before the advent of the automobile, and also the upkeep of existing roads. He contended that good roads saved the beast, made for the comfort of man and were economical, since they conserved time and saved wear and tear on the conveyance in which one travelled. He served two terms as township road supervisor.

The system of free public education, he says was created for everybody and he thinks everybody should take advantage of it. Weisenberg has maintained a high standard in its schools. Always interested in education, Mr. Gehringer has had an active hand in it and served two terms as school director.

Politically, Mr. Gehringer subscribes to the tenets of the Democratic party. He has always been active in its affairs. When the North Western Democratic club was organized some years ago, he was one of the organizers. "It is a fine thing," he said, "for us to get together at regular intervals and discuss our common problems. It will also help use to know whether those we have elected to office are keeping faith with us."

A Social Being

Mr. Gehringer likes his friends and acquantances. If there are any who do not like him, the writer has not run across them.

He likes to be present when there is a social gathering because he likes the social niceties. If a social session follows a business session in one of the several organizations he belongs to, he is always ready to stay and help make it a success. And if there is a square dance or a Virginia reel, he can always be depended on to help fill the set.

"I don't know much about these new fangled dances," he says, "but give me a good old hoe down and I'll step it off with the next one." To which we might add that the next one has to be good if he wants to keep up with Mr. Gehringer. He is far more nimble of toe today than many a man half his age. And he dances because he has a zest for it.

Mr. Gehringer not only acts like a young man, he looks the part. The only give-away is the kindly, indulgent smile that nearly always wreathes his features. In it, he conveys the message that is born only of experience and the ability to interpret the good things in life to the wearer's advantage and to the disadvantage of things that are evil.

During the past week Mr. Gehringer served as one of the tipstaffs in the courts. It is not likely that one of those who saw him would have guessed him anywhere near his real age. He proved an alert, congenial, courteous and entirely capable attendant. He went about his duties as he goes about everything, in the manner that convinces that he gets a real kick out of doing them.

Mr. Gehringer's wife died some years ago. She was the former Ellen Kline of Berks county.

VICTORY STOPS

Effective Sunday, January 10, 1943

As part of a program to help speed up war transportation, conserve fuel and reduce wear and tear on vital parts of transit equipment, the Office of Defense Transportation has directed local war transportation committees to bring about a reduction in the number of passenger stops used.

The Lehigh Valley Transit System, in line with the specifications of Office of Defense Transportation has submitted to the Allentown War Transportation Committee proposals for such reduction in number of stops. The Committee has reviewed and approved these studies and requested Lehigh Valley Transit Company and Lehigh Valley Transportation Company, to make Victory Stops effective on Sunday, January 10, 1943.

Due to the impracticability of painting curb markings at this season of the year, cooperation of the riding public is requested in becoming familiar with the discontinued stops printed below. It is suggested you clip for reference the lines in which you are interested. All L. V. T. trolleys and buses will carry similar printed information, available from the operators on request.

★ TROLLEY LINE STOPS DISCONTINUED ★

"BETHLEHEM-MINSI TRAIL"
Stops Discontinued:
West and Hamilton Streets
Fulton and Hamilton Streets
Franklin and Hamilton Streets
Madison and Hamilton Streets
Jefferson and Hamilton Streets
Penn and Hamilton Streets
3rd and Hamilton Streets
Court Street—East Side
Halstead Street—East Side
Jass Street—East Side
Nelson Street—East Side
Randolph Street—East Side
Tacoma Street—East Side
Central Park—West End

"SOUTH BETHLEHEM"
Stops Discontinued:
7th and St. John Streets
Cleveland Street
Silk Mill Stop
Filbert Street
Gilmore Street

"SEVENTH STREET LOOP"
Stops Discontinued:
7th and Green Streets
Penn and Washington Streets
Jordan and Green Streets
Penn and Gordon Streets

"FAIRVIEW LOCAL"
Stops Discontinued:
West and Hamilton Streets
Fulton and Hamilton Streets
Franklin and Hamilton Streets
Madison and Hamilton Streets
Jefferson and Hamilton Streets

"ALBRIGHTS-GREENAWALTS"
Stops Discontinued:
Woodlawn Street
Congress Street
Tremont Street
Whitehall Street
Green Street
Greenwood Cemetery
Lafayette Street
St. George Street
West and Hamilton Streets
Fulton and Hamilton Streets
Franklin and Hamilton Streets
Madison and Hamilton Streets
Jefferson and Hamilton Streets
Penn and Hamilton Streets
3rd and Hamilton Streets
Ridge and Oak Streets
Catasauqua Avenue
Cemetery Gate
Hillside Cemetery
Pershing Blvd.

'CATASAUQUA-NORTHAMPTON'
Stops Discontinued:
6th and Green Streets
7th and Green Streets
Penn and Washington Streets
4th and Cedar Streets
4th Street Bridge, N.E.
Waverly Ave.—Fullerton
Chestnut Street—Fullerton
Jefferson Street—Fullerton
Wood Street—Catasauqua
Walnut Street—Catasauqua
Chapel Street—Catasauqua
2nd and Arch Streets—Catasauqua
6th and Main Streets—Northampton
Garage, Between 17th and 18th Streets—Northampton

"TENTH STREET LOOP"
Stops Discontinued:
New and Allen Streets
9th and Green Streets
Lumber and Washington Streets
6th and Green Streets

★ BUS LINE STOPS DISCONTINUED ★

"COLLEGE HEIGHTS"
Stops Discontinued:
Lumber and Allen Streets
New and Allen Streets
Howard and Allen Streets
Poplar and Allen Streets
Jefferson and Allen Streets
Madison and Allen Streets
Franklin and Allen Streets
Fulton and Allen Streets
West and Allen Streets
St. Cloud and Allen Streets
St. George and Allen Streets
Lafayette and Allen Streets
St. Elmo and Allen Streets
St. Lucas and Allen Streets
Leh and Allen Streets
Berks and Allen Streets
Muhlenberg and Allen Streets
Glenwood and Allen Streeets
Ott and Tilghman Streets
27th and Carrott Streets
Broad and Greenleaf Streets
Main and Greenleaf Streets
Arch and Greenleaf Streets
30th and Gordon Streets
Arch and Chew Streets
Main and Chew Streets
Broad and Chew Streets
Glenwood and Chew Streets
Berks and Chew Streets
Leh and Chew Streets
Greenwood Cemetery
Lafayette and Chew Streets
St. George and Turner Streets
19th and Russell Streets
St. Cloud and Turner Streets
West and Turner Streets
Fulton and Turner Streets
Franklin and Turner Streets
Madison and Turner Streets
Jefferson and Turner Streets
Poplar and Turner Streets

"EMMAUS-MACUNGIE"
Because of the general absence of intersecting streets on this route, the stops to be RETAINED in use will be designated by cards marked "VICTORY STOP."

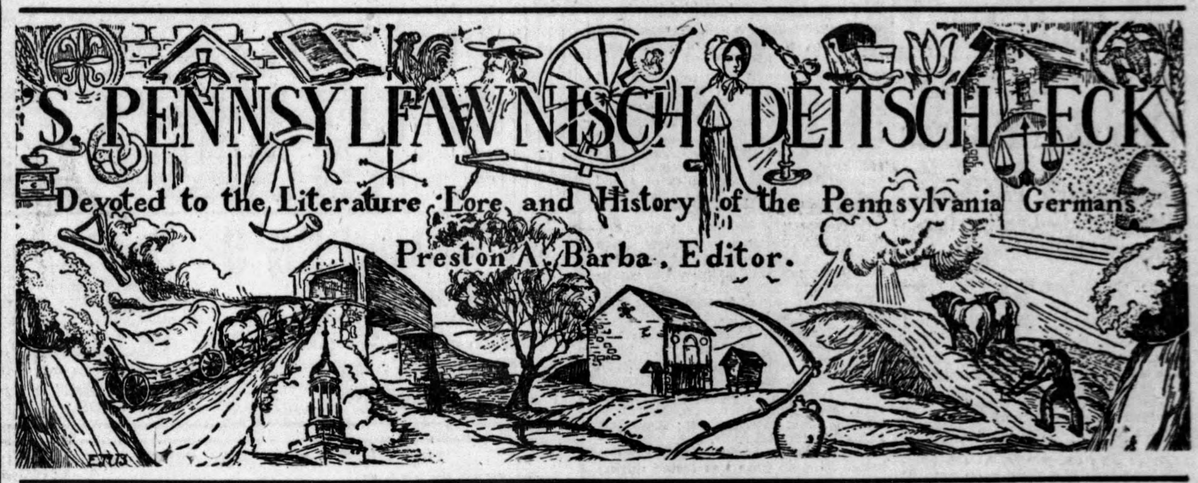
"WALDHEIM-EMMAUS"
Because of the general absence of intersecting streets on this route, the stops to be RETAINED in use will be designated by cards marked "VICTORY STOP."

"GORDON STREET LOOP"
Stops Discontinued:
West and Chew Streets
West and Gordon Streets
Fulton and Gordon Streets
Franklin and Gordon Streets
Madison and Gordon Streets
Jefferson and Gordon Streets

"UNION BOULEVARD"
Due to the fact that a considerable number of stops on this line are at points where there is no intersecting street, the stops as a whole which are to be RETAINED between Front St. Allentown and Main St., Bethlehem, will be designated by cards marked "VICTORY STOP."

Any suggestions or criticism should be sent in writing to the Allentown War Transportation Committee, c/o Allentown Chamber of Commerce

ALLENTOWN WAR TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE



IN CONCLUSION

In this issue of the ECK appears the fifty-fourth and last chapter of Arthur D. Graeff's "Conrad Weiser". These chapters have appeared at intervals since Oct. 5, 1940. The Morning Call, the Editor of the ECK and its readers are deeply indebted to Dr. Graeff, at whose hands the vast material which had long lain in archives has received the careful attention of a conscientious historian. Not only has he illuminated for us of today a most important period in our early colonial history but he has also brought forth out of the obscurity of the past one of its most unusual and most useful characters. It must be gratifying to the author to know that these chapters have stimulated Elsie Singmaster in the writing of her recent historical novel "A High Wind Rising" which is constructed upon the life and times of Conrad Weiser. We consider it a great privilege to have been able to offer Dr. Graeff's work in the columns of the ECK. To those who have inquired as to whether these chapters will be published in book form, we regret to reply that no such arrangements have been made.

—P. A. B.



IN THE CONRAD WEISER MEMORIAL PARK AT WOMELSDORF, PA.

On the rear of this memorial is inscribed: CONRAD WEISER, pioneer, soldier, diplomat, magistrate. As interpreter and Indian agent he negotiated every treaty from 1732 until near the close of the French and Indian War. Born in Astadt, Wuerttemberg, Germany, Nov. 2, A. D. 1696. Died at Womelsdorf, Pa., July 13, A. D. 1760.

A FOLK SONG

The Pennsylvania Germans long ago had their folk songs. Where are they now? The following was sung in my childhood about 75 years ago by my grandfather and my father.—Rev. J. J. Reitz, Walnutport, Pa.

Weesscht du wie viel Schtaerne schtehe
An dem blooe Himmelszelt?
Weesscht du wie viel Wolke gehe
Weit hiniwwer alle Welt?
Gott der Herr hot sie gezaehlet,
Dass ihm aa net eenes fehlet
An der ganse grosse Zaahl.

Weesscht du wie viel Micke schpiele
In der heesse Sunneglut?
Wie viel Fische aa sich kiehle
In der helle Wasserflut?
Gott der Herr rief sie mit Naame,
Dass sie all ins Lewe kaame,
Dass sie nun so freehlich sin.

Weesscht du wie viel Mensche friehe
Schtehe aus ihr'm Bette uff,
Dass sie ohne Sorg un Miehe
Freehlich sin dem Daag dart druff?
Gott im Himmel hot an alle
Seine Lust; sei Wohlgefalle
Kennt aa dich un hot dich lieb.

DIE SCHPINNE

Viel Leit denke, dass die Schpinne net notwendich sin uff der Welt. Sie meene, sie daete meh schaade as batte. (So saage die Weibsleit).

Die Schpinne gehne ihre Aerwet nooch un meinde ihre eegni Bissniss. Sie weise ken scheene Farwe as wie die Schmetterlinge, un mache aa ken grossi Yacht, dass em verschrecke dutt, als wie der Hummler. Sie duhne viel Ungeziffer verdilche.

Die Schpinne g'heere net zu der seeme Familie vun Insekte as wie die Micke odder Ieme un die Hummler. De Schpinne ihre Kaerper iss in zwee Schticker un de annere Insekte ihre in drei Schticker verdeelt.

Die Schpinne sin arrig schaffich. Sie schpinne wunnervolle scheene Webe mit ihre Schpinnenetz. Deel devun sin wie en Raad mit viel Schpeech drin un viel Ring iwwers Raad; annere sin as wie en Trapeze, zu laafe vun eem Eck in re Schtubb zum annere Eck; un annere sin wie en Zelt.

Wann mer ihre Webe verdaerbt, duhne sie graad widder eens baue. Sin kenne ihre Bendel schpinne so wie sie sie brauche. Wann die Buwe doch yuscht so gschwind en Bendel mache kennte, wie froh un haerrlich sie noh waere!

Kenne die Schpinne sehne? O ya gewiss! Sie hen acht Aage uff ihre Schtaern, awwer sie kenne ihre Aage net drehe als wie annere Gediere. Sie misse gut sehne kenne, so dass sie die Micke fange kenne in ihre Nescht. Sie hen aa acht Bee. Der Daddy-long-legs hot dinne, lange Bee. Er iss aa en Schpinn.

Zwee Kaerriche Schpinne hen nanner mol in me Meeting House aagedroffe. Sie schwetze vun ihre Aerwet. Die eent waar dick un fett un die anner erschrecklich maager. "Wu hoscht du dei Nescht hie gebaut?" saage die dick Schpinn. Saagt die anner Schpinn, "Es aerscht hawwich es uff der Kaerriche Sitz g'schpunne. Noh kummt der Vorschteher un hot mich schier dod g'schlagge. 'S naegscht hawwich es uff die Kansel gebaut. Noh hot der Parre so scharf gebreddicht un uff die Kansel gegloppt un hot mich widder schier dod g'schlagge. Saag mer, mei Freind, wu hoscht du dei Nescht hie gebaut, dass du net ungluecklich waarscht un so gut voraa kumme?"—Saagt die dick un fett Schpinn, "Des iss gut zu verschteh. Ich hab ken Verlusche un Unglick g'hatt, sidder dass ich mei Nescht iwwer die Bense Box g'schpunne hab."

Die Warnung: Duh die Sache net hielege, wu annere Leit viel rumkicke.

Aus'm FRANK W. MATZ seim NADUR BUCH
Mohnton, Pa.

Conrad Weiser

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF, Ph.D.

CHAPTER LIV

PEACE

THE FOURTH TREATY of Easton held in 1758, was the last great achievement of Conrad Weiser's life. During his last two years he devoted himself principally to the management of personal affairs and to his duties as president judge of Berks county courts. The negotiation of treaties and conferences was entrusted to younger men, chiefly to Henry Montour and Christian Frederick Post.

Weiser's duties as magistrate occasionally brought him into contact with the governor and the military authorities. He was active in collecting wagons for Colonel Henri Bouquet's expedition in 1759 and occasionally he wrote to Richard Peters concerning the sale of building lots in Reading; but for the most part the old interpreter concerned himself with business.

After 1758 the elder Weisers made their home in the growing city of Reading where Conrad had opened a store near the northeast corner of Fifth and Penn Streets. There he sold supplies to traders who were on their way to Indian villages, to natives of Reading and Berks and to military contingents stationed or passing through Reading.

His two older sons were married and established plantations of their own. Samuel, the son trained to succeed him, was serving with Colonel Bouquet as an officer of the Pennsylvania Regiment and Benjamin his youngest son was at home.

The parents were concerned about Benjamin's education. He had been enrolled as a student at the Philadelphia Academy in 1758 but failed to make a success of his courses of study. In 1759 Weiser wrote to Peters asking advice on what to do about Benjamin. Conrad had heard of the new school opened by Dr. David Dove in Germantown and sought his old friend's advice. The result was another attempt to master the courses in the Academy.

Another interest in education was manifested by Weiser in 1759 when he wrote to Peters concerning the departure of Dr. William Smith for London. Conrad wondered whether the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge was giving up its efforts to educate the Germans in Pennsylvania.

Late in 1759 the authorities in Philadelphia were alarmed when they heard a report that the French were massing great numbers of troops on Lake Erie for the purpose of recapturing the Ohio Country. The governor asked Weiser whether he had heard any reports along this line from his many Indian friends. Weiser replied that he had heard no such rumors and that he did not give the story credence because none of Samuel's letters, written from the English camp, ever mentioned any such reports.

Throughout his long service in the pay of Pennsylvania and other provinces Weiser had always insisted upon being well paid for his work. His remuneration for services at the Easton treaties averaged above fifty pounds, a tidy sum in those days. In addition to outright money payments he received vast tracts of land from time to time. He owned many acres in what are now Schuylkill, Northumberland and Snyder counties. The lands which lay west of the Susquehanna though deeded to him, were never surveyed during his lifetime. His will provided that all of these lands should be divided among his children.

Through all of his adult life Weiser suffered from a chronic stomach disorder known as colic. One hot day in July 1760 he left his home in Reading to visit his farm in Heidelberg. There on July 13, 1760 he was seized with a fit of indigestion and never rallied. He died amidst the scenes most familiar to him. He lies buried in the orchard near his home, in the center of present day Weiser Park. His faithful Anna Eve survived him for more than 18 years, joining him in death in 1778, in her 79th year. There is some dispute as to the place of Mrs. Weiser's original burial, but today her headstone stands alongside that of her devoted husband under the shade of a huge apple tree in Conrad Weiser Park. It is thought that her remains were removed from a neighborhood cemetery some time after interment and then deposited where the headstone now stands.

We search in vain for some tribute to Weiser from his white contemporaries. True, most of those he had known best of all had preceded him on the final journey, but Franklin, Denny, Read, Burd, Horsefield, Parsons, Spangenburg, Post, Croghan, Montour and Richard Peters were still alive. Only from the pen of Peters do we have any note of Weiser's passing when he wrote to London "Poor Mr. Weiser is no more; he died suddenly last summer and has not left anyone to fill his place as Provincial Interpreter. His son Samuel has almost forgotten what little he knew."

The only real tribute that came from a contemporary was expressed by Seneca George, an Indian, who, speaking at a Conference in 1761 declared "We . . . are at a great Loss and sit in Darkness, as well as you, by the Death of Conrad Weiser, as since his death we cannot so well understand one another. By this Belt we cover his body."

Thirty-three years later, in 1793, George Washington as first President of the United States stood at Conrad Weiser's grave and expressed the sentiment, true today as it was then: "Posterity Cannot Forget his Services."

THE END



THE GRAVE OF MRS. CONRAD WEISER

Des is Eva Anna Ehegattin von Konrad Weiser. Ist geb. 25. Jan. 1700. Starb 27. Dec. 1778. "In 1720, while my father was in England I married my Anna Eve, and was given her in marriage by Rev. John Frederick Heger, Reformed clergyman, on Nov. 22, in my father's house in Schochary."—From Conrad Weiser's Autobiography.



CONRAD WEISER'S GRAVE

Dieses ist die Ruhestaette des Weyl ehren geachten M. CONRADT WEISERS derselbige gebohren 1696. D. 2 November in Astaet, im Amt Herrenberg, im Wittenberger Lande. Und gestorben 1760 D. 13 Julius. Ist alt worden 64 Jahr 8 M. 3 W. 6 T. ('Im Wittenberger Lande' refers to the Duchy of Wuerttemberg.)

DER ALT KAERRICHHOF

Es geht dem Hiwwel nuff en Weg
An en besonderer Ort;
So viele Pilger gehn den Weg,
Er g'maahnt em an en Drauerschteg.
Kumm, heer emol mei Wort.

Do seht mer blo un weisse Schtee
Bei scheene schtille Baem,
Wie Dodesgleeder in dem Schnee;
Do schlofe Mensche, gross un glee—
'S iss niemand do daheem!

Lange, lange Yaahre z'rick
Waar schunn am Beindbusch yo
En Gottesacker in dem Schtick;
So iss der Dod en Himmelsbrick
Inzwische dort un do.

Wie viele Leichte in der Zeit
An dieser heilicher Erd,
Vun alte un vun junge Leit
Aus dieser Gegend naegscht un weit,
Hen diese Schtadt vermehrt!

Hot viele Draene dieser Grund,
In Schnee un griene Graas,
In manchre bittrer Drauerschtund,
Als drickte Yammer aus dem Mund,
Zerbroche wie en Glaas.

Deel hen sogaar net mol en Schtee,
Dass mer sie kenne kann;
Kann Schrifte aa net lese meh;
O denk mol draa, ese dutt em Weh—
So geht's ball yedermann!

Des Wetter zehrt die schwache Maerk
Un niederlegt des Graab;
Es iss net viel am Menschewerk,
Un iss die Lieb net rein un schtaerk,
Vergesst mer leicht der Schtaab.

Dann reisst der Blug vielleicht aa noch
Do iwwer em sei Haus;
Die Leit sin so im G'schefteyoch,
Mer kann kaum ruhe in seim Loch—
'S geht alles driwwer naus!

Wann nur die Seel im Himmel iss,
Dann hot sie siesse Freid;
Dort iss ken Sind un Schlangebiss,
Sie blickt wie Blumme in re Wiss—
Sie fiehlt kee Hass un Neid.

Falle dann die Schtee zu Land
Un geht der Naame ab,
Waerd Kaerrichhof aa Bauersland,
So kenn mer doch en bessrer Schtand
Darch Jesu Hirtenschtaab.

—ADAM STUMP

Parent-Teachers Told Motherhood A Full-time Job

National Council Doesn't Agree War Jobs Would Boost Birth Rate

CHICAGO, Jan. 15. (UP)—The executive council of the National Parent-Teacher Assn. stepped into the controversy today and said even mothers can't do more than one job and do it well. The girl on the rivet machine won't be the best of mothers, the council said.

The council, meeting for its mid-winter session, dismissed as pish-tish the statement this week by Margaret Culking Banning, writer on women's problems, that war jobs for the housewife would boost the birth-rate.

Mrs. Banning said increased family income would encourage the wife to have more children. The council said this was true, but not from the standpoint of the mother contributing to the income.

"The increased birthrate," said Mrs. William Kletzer Jr., of Portland, Ore., National P.-T. A. president, "is due to numerous war marriages and bigger pay checks earned by the man of the house. Mrs. Banning completely ignores these two factors."

Mrs. Kletzer added that she did not believe high geared industrial plants would take into consideration the "maternity leave" proposed by Mrs. Banning.

"Of course not," said Mrs. J. W. Bingham, a vice president from Palo Alto, Calif. "The idea. To take time off to have a baby. It's not good for industry."

British Subs Sink 4 Axis Ships Off Tunisia

Continued from Page 1

it considerably and shooting up electric cables strung along the right of way.

The Axis-fed Paris radio asserted that 2,000 Allied troops had been killed and 20 Allied tanks disabled in a violent outbreak of fighting in the Pont Du Fahs area of Tunisia where the Allies were said to have launched a strong attack supported by armor.

Official German and Allied reports on the action were progressively milder. Berlin radio said that the attack was launched by about a regiment of French, who were thrown back after losing 800 men killed and 15 tanks. A French communique quoted by the Morocco radio reported only "lively patrol activity" in the Pont Du Fahs area, which is about 30 miles southeast of the Allied anchor point at Medjez-El-Bab and only 37 miles from the big German stronghold at Tunis.

An Allied communique reported only routine night patrolling on the Tunisian land front and said four Allied planes were missing from yesterday's air operations, which included strafing sweeps by P-38 fighters over the front and along coastal roads. One pilot was saved.

There were no further reports of the French attacks in the Kairouan sector, and elsewhere the Tunisian front was quiet. Berlin broadcasts said formidable American infantry and tank forces were moving up to reinforce the British and French forward lines.

The principal American concentration points were said to be in the Medjez-El-Bab area and southeast of Tebessa, Algerian border town which is the logical jumping off place for a drive across the narrow waist of Tunisia toward the Gulf of Gabes.

Recent sand and sleet storms had relaxed, meanwhile, bringing a sharp pickup of air activity on the Tripolitania front, where Axis broadcasts predicted British General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery would launch a new all-out offensive toward Tripoli within the next few days.

Allied fighters and light bombers made heavy attacks on Axis forward positions in the Wadi Zem Zem area 165 milcs southeast of Tripoli but ran into the strongest Axis air defense put up by the enemy in that area in weeks, Cairo reports said.

1 ST. CHOICE OF MILLIONS St. Joseph ASPIRIN WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

THIS SUNDAY!

SAMMY KAYE'S

Sparkling New Song Hit

"Babble-ee Babble-o"



COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC FREE!

A topsy-turvy rhythm of romance; a catchy tantalizing tune you'll soon hear everyone singing and playing. Chosen as a sure-fire hit by the music master of swing and sway. Get your copy of this never-before-published "Song Hit To Be", complete with words and music, in The American Weekly, with the

SUNDAY NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN

Interpreting the War News

Outcome of Forthcoming Battle of Rostov May Determine Future Course of War in Russia and Fate of Trapped Germans in Stalingrad

By KIRK L. SIMPSON

Tremendous as the Russian gains have been in the past few weeks, there is some warrant for the attempt of Nazi military commentators to convince German public opinion that no vitally important strategic position has yet been lost by the Axis.

The battle for Rostov, main doorway to the Lower Volga and the Caucasus, and for the Kerch strait postern gate is still to be fought. The last half hundred miles to either of these important places are certain to be the hardest. Aside from the entrapment of Axis forces once estimated at 300,000 men in the Stalingrad pocket, no mortal blow has yet been struck at the foe unless it is in the attrition effect.

Weeks ago Hitler said it was his purpose to hold what must be held and see which side wore out first. The pattern of his retreat from the Caucasus and retirement from the Don to guard the Rostov-Kerch strait communication arteries is following that dictum.

Only final annihilation of the Nazi garrison of the Stalingrad pocket or the fall of Rostov could clinch a conclusive Soviet victory in the south beyond denial by any Nazi spokesman. Inasmuch as shortening and therefore strengthening Axis lines appear forming on a Rostov defense perimeter nowhere less than 60 miles or so from that prime Russian objective on the Don estuary, the crisis in the fight is yet to come.

Like the war in every other theatre around the globe, the battle in Russia is one primarily of logistics. In the military science that word covers the problem of transporting, quartering and supplying troops in action zones.

Rostov is the vital logistics peg for Hitler's whole war effort in the south of Russia as Pskov is the key to his northern flank, which still virtually envelops Leningrad.

He has already lost, except in a defensive sense, an objective which he rated high as an outpost and protection for his southern drive. His trapped army before Stalingrad can do little now to hamper Volga communications for the Russians, the task Hitler assigned to it. Whether it can survive, unhoused on the winter-gripped steppes and fed and munitioned only by air, until the battle of Rostov comes to its issue is open to doubt.

The Russians obviously do not think it can. They have virtually by-passed the Stalingrad pocket, leaving its garrison to starve or surrender within a Russian ring of bayonets, while Soviet columns poured around that obstacle to converge toward Rostov.

There are intimations in German broadcasts that Berlin fears the trapped divisions in the Stalingrad pocket may waver their fight-to-the-death resolution. Certainly the fall or close investment of Rostov could be the straw to break the back of Axis resistance in the Stalingrad pocket. It would leave that substntial segment of Hitler's army, overwhelmingly German and composed of crack shock troops, isolated and more than 200 miles from any reasonable hope of help. The Russians may be waiting for that to launch mopping-up drives.

The loss of those German troops could go a long way toward answering Hitler's own question as to which side in Russia will wear out first. Manpower is Russia's great asset. It is fast becoming Hitler's sorest need.

Woman, 2 Men Sent to Chair In So. Carolina

Continued from Page 1

the occasion. Her ring glittered in the house of death.

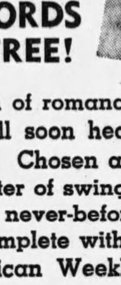
"No sir, I'm ready to die," she said in clipped tones when she was asked if she had anything to say. She handed the Bible to prison physician W. M. Cheatham as attendants strapped her to the chair, and mumbled an unintelligible question to the doctor.

"No, Sue, I'm going to stay right with you," Cheatham replied, gently patting her arm reassuringly. A moment later 2,300 volts of electricity ended the life of the woman whom the prosecution termed the "brain" behind the "planned" hired killing.

Penitentiary officials said she was a model prisoner of a cheery nature with a good word for everybody. Her demeanor was serene throughout her incarceration. She spent her days reading and talking.

Mrs. Logue, her brother-in-law and Bagwell spent last night in the death house singing and playing electric recordings of hymns. Bagwell "slept a little. Mrs. Logue seemed to be facing it calmly," Chaplain W. M. Smith, who spent the night in the death house with the trio, said.

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WLB Orders Miners Back; Lewis Flays Union Group

Continued from Page 1

authority of the international officers and the local officers can get them back to work and we order them back to work," he continued.

"You have the authority of the government of the United States help you carry out your duties as officers of the union in this emergency, and we expect you to do it."

Lewis, waiving a chance to be the first witness, listened impassively while a procession of men from the coal area told the board the strike was a rank-and-file revolt against the dues increase as well as a demonstration for a wage increase.

Already Has $7,000,000

One witness, Julian Kijenski, declared fervently:

"I would like to know, my dear friends, what Mr. Lewis wants that 50 cents for. If he needs it let him take it. But he has $7,000,000 now, if I am not mistaken, and he does anything he wants with it."

After sitting for some time peering from under his shaggy brows, Lewis himself took the floor to declare that dues increase was voted according to democratic process by the UMW convention and that the real reason for the strike was low pay and part-time employment.

Taking a dig at a highly placed member of the Roosevelt administration, with which he has long been at odds, Lewis said:

"Our miners in the anthracite industry cannot make enough in a week to buy Harry Hopkins an evening dinner in the Carlton hotel, in the place to which he is accustomed."

To Work for General Raise

Charging that the government had been "lackadaisical" in dealing with the problems of the anthracite industry, he said he would fight for a "wholesome" wage increase when the time comes in the spring for drawing up a new contract.

The board previously had heard from Thomas Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the UMW, that the strike was a "terrible mistake, coming at a time in the war when fuel is not available."

Warning that the strike would spread to many thousand more miners unless wage increases were assured came from Andrew Yevchak, chairman of a Lansford, Pa., local. He said that unless he could go home with assurances of negotiations toward a $2 increase, the entire Districts 7 and 9 would close down. This would involve about 34,000 men outside District One, principal scene of the present strike.

Wayne L. Morse, public member of the board, shot in a query as to whether this was a threat to widen the strike "if your government decides aaginst a $2 increase."

"I must report back that satisfactory progress toward the $2 has been made," Yevchak replied.

Angrily, Morse declared that he would be prepared to "meet that issue when it comes up." Thereupon George Taylor, another public member, observed that Yevchak's remarks were "only the sentiment of one speaker."

Yevchak also is chairman of the tri-district general mine committee which Lewis declared was "an unauthorized, self-constituted, constitutionally illegal group."

Lewis Reads Telegram

Gesturing with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles in his right hand, the miners' chieftain read to the board a telegram which he said he had sent to all local unions involved in the strike. This directed that all union members stay on the job and promised:

"Yevchak and Shirkness (secretary of the committee) and their outlaw associates on this alleged tri-district committee, who are now engaged in this mad enterprise, will be held to accountability under the laws of their own union."

Lewis said the miners were on strike "because a limited number of men refused to abide by the rules of our union." He said that the miners were entitled to a wage increase and that in his opinion they would get it when the union's new contract was drawn up.

But he went on to say that the requested increase, if granted now, would be contrary to an agreement which will not expire until April 30.

"My signature is on that agreement," he said. "So far as I am concerned that agreement will be carried out in its entirety. I doubt if this board has the power under its grant of authority to set aside a collective bargaining agreement.

"If it has, then I say to the anthracite workers and to all the workers in America, collective bargaining has disappeared and they might as well abandon their unions and let the representatives of government tell them how much they shall work for, when they shall work and how courteous they have to be to their foremen."

He served notice that when the time came he would seek an increase regardless of any "Little Steel" formula. The board, in the Little Steel company cases, established a general policy of granting wage increases to compensate for an estimated 15 per cent increase in living costs since Jan. 1, 1941.

590,000 Now Paying the 50 Cents

Lewis told the board it had no power to grant an increase in wages now fixed by agreement, just as it had no power to alter the union dues.

Reiterating that the dues increase was voted in convention, Lewis said some 590,000 members are paying it without protest, while "some 10,000, more or less, are protesting."

In answer to complaints that the anthracite delegates to the convention were outvoted by the bituminous delegates, he said:

"I don't know why anyone should assume that workers in bituminous mines should like to pay more dues than men in anthracite."

Fred Schraeder, chairman of the grievance committee of the South Wilkes-Barre colliery, said that at the international convention he stood "in front of a dead microphone for half an hour" and was not recognized when he attempted to protest the dues increase.

Lewis Defends Absence

At the close of the hearing, Van Bittner, who left the ranks of the UMWA with ousted Vice President Philip Murray, asked Lewis why he did not go into the striking area and "talk to the miners as you did here today."

Lewis retorted:

"I didn't want to inflame the situation, directing publicity to the strike, by running up posthaste, myself."

Turning to the miners in the rear of the room, Lewis said:

"If there are any sneerers about my not being there, let him get up now or let him forever hold his peace."

One red-faced miner shouted, "That's what I wanted to ask him."

Chairman Davis declined to give the floor to the miner, whose identity was lost in the confusion.

John Mates, international board member of the UMW, defended Lewis for not appearing personally on the strike scene.

"Mr. Bittner knows Mr. Lewis' policy always has been to send his agents."

"If there is a county fight, they don't ask the President to go in, do they?"

Robert Watt, another labor representative on the board, asked Lewis "whether his Hopkins reference was a figure of speech or was he referring to his own dinners at the Carleton?"

"I think that's punk," retorted Lewis.

Gov. Dewey Considers Pay-as-you-go Plan

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 15. (AP)—Governor Thomas E. Dewey and his fiscal advisers considered today a pay-as-you-go plan for New York State personal income taxpayers under which employers would withhold two per cent of all workers' pay, turning over collections to the state every three months.

If the amount collected by the employer should exceed the individual's due tax, the taxpayer would receive a refund of the difference. If the deducted amount fell short of the tax, he would make up the difference to the state.

Enactment this year would require payment of two state income taxes, inasmuch as the usutl levy of 1942 income is due April 15. The two per cent deduction would be in addition to the five per cent federal victory tax, payable on gross incomes over $624.

Actresses in Algiers To Do Army Shows

ALLIED HEADQUARTERS IN NORTH AFRICA, Jan. 15. (AP)—Movie Actresses Carole Landis, Mitzi Mayfair, Kay Francis and Martha Raye arrived in Algiers today to do a series of shows for Allied troops in North Africa.

They were the first Hollywood stars to arrive under sponsorship of the USO camp program. Their tour is expected to take two weeks and go as far east as Constantine and as far west as Oran and Casablanca.

Asked why male stars were not included in the variety program, Martha Raye replied, "What soldier around here wants to look at a man?"

German Bombers Raid Eastern England Towns

LONDON, Jan. 15. (AP) — German planes bombed three inland areas of Eastern England tonight, causing considerable damage to property and a number of casualties. One bomber was shot down.

Reds Say German Caucasus Armies 'In Complete Rout'

Continued from Page 1

tin Rokossovsky's forces operating to the south. General Rokossovsky's troops already have driven still farther toward Rostov to the Sal river.

Rokossovsky's troops are making only slow headway along the Lower Don river because of heavy Nazi counter-attacks. But General Yeremenko's forces operating below that river in the Caucasus gave additional support to those Red army units yesterday by capturing 16 towns and railway points in the area between the river and the Stalingrad-Tikhoretsk railway.

Striking down the railway the Russians reached the station of Kurenny, 38 miles southwest of Zimovniki. This is 20 miles beyond Kuberle, the last station taken.

Dvoinaya, between Kuberle and Kurenny, also was occupied as was Orlovskaya, 12 miles southwest of Kuberle. The Russians operating in this area are taking towns as close as 80 miles to Rostov.

The biggest place seized in the northwestward push from the Caucasian foothills was Blagodarnoye, the railhead for a line that winds westward to Kropotkin on the main Mineralnye Vody-Rostov railway.

Blagodarnoye's capture now brings the Russians into more populated areas after driving the Germans across the trackless plains.

Its capture represented about a 20-mile advance from Sotnikovskoye which was taken Thursday. The Red army pushing northwestward from Blagodarnoye now is threatening a rail network serving the central part of the northern Caucasus.

Another large town seized was Alexandrovskoye, 35 miles north of Minerelnye Vody and about the same distance southwest of Blagodarnoye.

Along the Mineralnye Vody-Rostov railway itself the Russians also reported substantial gains, seizing Nogutskoye, a rail station 25 miles from Mineralnye Vody.

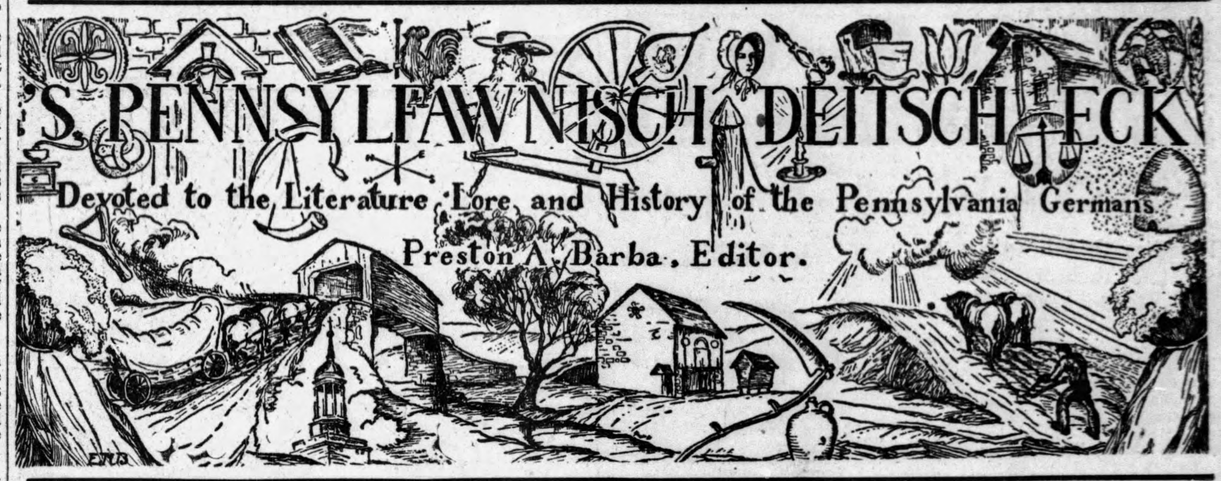
South of the railway other Red army units took Bekeshevskaya.

The communique said that a total of 1,500 Germans fell to Russian guns yesterday in the Caucasus and 400 surrendered. Trainloads of cattle, motor trucks, munitions and other German equipment were abandoned by the Germans whose every attempt at resistance did not last long under Soviet charges.

The Russians said they were using the same tactics so long practiced by the Germans in the days of their gains—sending mobile units to the German flanks and rears and then hitting the enemy from all sides.

Armavir is the next big goal for the Russians in this southern sector. It is only 80 miles from the Red army advancing up the main railway in the Nogutskoye sector, and about 110 miles west of the Soviet troops that seized Blagodarnoye.

A 600-yard gain inside Stalingrad also was announced by the Russians while German counterattacks on the central front were repulsed southwest and northwest of Velikie Luki.





Governor of Pennsylvania
1823—1829

Eva Elizabeth Muhlenberg

ON NOVEMBER 25, 1942, Lutherans throughout Pennsylvania celebrated the 200th anniversary of the arrival of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg in Philadelphia. In commemoration of that event the editor of the ECK has from time to time presented biographical sketches of the illustrious descendants of the Patriarch and his wife Anna Maria, the daughter of Conrad Weiser. From that union sprang eleven children, of whom seven attained maturity. We have paid tribute to the three famed sons of the Patriarch: General John Peter Gabriel of Revolutionary fame; Frederick Augustus Conrad, Speaker of the first United States Congress; and Gotthilf Henry Ernest, eminent divine and educator and internationally famous botanist. We have perhaps not sufficiently emphasized the contributions to posterity which the daughters of the Patriarch have made to our American life. Numerous are the citizens, prominent in civic, industrial and professional work, who point with ancestral pride to the distaff side of the Muhlenberg family.

The second child and oldest daughter of Henry Melchior and Anna Maria Muhlenberg was Eva Elizabeth, born in the parsonage at Trappe on January 29, 1748 and baptized on February 10, 1748. Her early childhood was spent in the parsonage, which must have seemed remote and rural to those who came there to visit her distinguished father. When the Patriarch's presence in Philadelphia once more became necessary because of dissensions within the parish, he sold his house at Providence and in October, 1761, when his daughter Eva Elizabeth was in her fourteenth year, he removed his family to Philadelphia. Peace and harmony were soon once more restored among the members of St. Michael's. In 1763 her three brothers were sent to Germany to be educated there and the parsonage must have become very quiet and empty for the girl now growing into womanhood. Although the daughters of the Muhlenberg household received but little formal education their church activities and their social contacts with many professional men and prominent citizens of the growing metropolitan centre stimulated them spiritually and intellectually.

We may surmise that the arrival in 1765 of a young German clergyman of commanding appearance, who had been sent from Halle as assistant pastor to Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, caused a stir among the young ladies of the parish. We have no knowledge of any existing portrait of Eva Elizabeth, but we do know that of the young ladies of Zion's and St. Michael's, it was Eva Elizabeth Muhlenberg who attracted that young clergyman.

Christopher Emanuel Schulze, the son of John Andrew and Amelia Schulze, was born December 25, 1740, at Probstzell near Saalfeld, Saxony. He received his theological training at the University of Halle and further prepared himself for his work in the Lutheran ministry by serving a few years as instructor in the Orphanage of the Halle Institute, from which Henry Melchior Muhlenberg had also gone forth. Dr. Gotthelf Augustus Francke of the Halle Institute and the Reverend Friedrich M. Ziegenhagen, German Court Chaplain in London, had appointed him to journey to America to assist Henry Melchior Muhlenberg in his ever increasing tasks among the Lutherans of the New World. Before leaving for America by way of Hamburg and London, Schulze was ordained at Wernigerode.

Christopher Emanuel Schulze landed in Philadelphia on October 24, 1765. He was heartily welcomed by Muhlenberg and at once elected second pastor of the German Lutheran congregation in Philadelphia. Schulze proved to be one of the most capable of the numerous clergy that had been sent from Halle. It was during his incumbency as second pastor that it became necessary to build an additional church. The cornerstone of Zion Church was laid on June 11, 1766. On September 23 of the same year Christopher Emanuel Schulze married Eva Elizabeth Muhlenberg. After five years of service in Philadelphia Schulze accepted a call from the Tulpehocken parish and became pastor of Zion's (or Reed's) Lutheran Church. This church, also known as the First Tulpehocken Church, is the oldest in the Lebanon Valley. The original building, of hewn logs and roofed with thatch or tiles, stood on a knoll a little to the east of Stouchsburg and was erected in 1727. Early in its history this congregation had difficulties with the Moravian clergy and in 1742 removed and built for themselves a new church about a mile to the west and called it Christ Lutheran Church. It was consecrated on December 25, 1743. It is in the records of this church that the marriage of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg and Anna Maria Weiser was entered in 1745 under the pastorate of the Rev. Tobias Wagner.

When in 1769 the Rev. J. Nicholas Kurtz, who had served many years in Tulpehocken, was called to York, Schulze succeeded him as pastor of both the Zion's (or Reed's) Church and of Christ Church. In 1770 he removed his wife and family from Philadelphia to the parsonage at Stouchsburg and there he labored to the end of his days, a period of 39 years. During this long ministry he served not only the two Tulpehocken churches, Zion's and Christ, but also Rehrersburg, St. Daniel's (better known as the Eck Church), Heidelberg, Womelsdorf, Northkill (Friedens), Christ (Little Tulpehocken) and Schaefferstown. In 1784 efforts were made to have him return as pastor to Philadelphia. He considered this call for about a year but finally declined in favor of his Tulpehocken parish. But his activities extended far beyond the immediate field of his labors. Between the years 1781 and 1794 he served two terms of three years each as president of the Ministerium. Upon the death of the Rev. J. N. Kurtz he was unanimously chosen Senior of the Ministerium, which honored office he held for thirteen years prior to his death.

Although in poor health in his latter years, he continued to preach even after he had to be assisted into the pulpit. On the Sunday preceding his death he was unable to go to the church, but preached in the parsonage. The following Saturday, March 9, 1809, he died in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Eva Elizabeth had preceded him in death by a few months. He rests beside his wife in the old graveyard of Christ Church at Stouchsburg. On his tombstone we read:

> "Hier ruhet Christoph Immanuel Schulze, Prediger. War geboren den 25 December 1740, Saalfeld in Sachsen. Er kam in das Abendland 1765. Im Ehestand lebte er mit seiner Ehefrau Eva Elizabeth 43 jahr, als prediger stand er 5 jahr in Philadelphia und 38 jahr in Tulpehocken. Hinterlies 9 Kinder, und starb den 11 Martz 1809, Alt 68 jahr, 2 monat, 2 wochen.

From the union of Christopher Emanuel Schulze and Eva Elizabeth Muhlenberg sprang nine children, who with their descendants added further lustre to the name of Muhlenberg. We mention only the following:

Their eldest daughter Anna Maria (1774-1849) married Michael Ege (1774-1824), son of George Ege (1748-1829) one of the largest land owners in Berks County and for half a century a prominent iron master. In 1783 he was a member of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania and served from 1790 to 1818 as Associate Judge of Berks County. Mildred Jordan, in her recent novel One Red Rose Forever, based upon the life of Stiegel, conspicuously introduced members of the Ege family. Both father and son are buried in the old graveyard at Womelsdorf. Of the children of this marriage their daughter Harriet (1802-1882) married John Ermentrout, progenitor of that well known family of Berks County, and another daughter Sarah Ege (1804-1880) married Richard Boone, cousin of Daniel Boone.

The eighth child of Christopher Emanuel and Eva Elizabeth Schulze, Mary Magdalena (1785-1841) married John Cameron, a brother of Simon Cameron, U. S. Senator, Secretary of War under Lincoln and Minister to Russia. A daughter, Catharine E. Cameron, married her cousin Henry Ernest Muhlenberg of Lancaster, whose son Henry E. Muhlenberg, was many years a physician there.

But the one to bring the greatest renown to the Schulze family was their third child, **John Andrew Melchior Schulze.** He was born in the Tulpehocken parsonage at Stouchsburg on July 19, 1775. His illustrious grandfather, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, and his uncle, Dr. Johann Christoph Kunze, were among his sponsors. He received his early instruction in English and German from his father. Later he was sent to Lancaster and placed under the care of his uncle, Gotthilf Henry Ernest Muhlenberg, first president of Franklin College. He continued his preparations for college under the Rev. Frederick Valentine Melsheimer (whom later scientists have called the father of American Entomology). He received an excellent classical education in the city of New York where he also studied theology under his uncle, Dr. Kunze, the eminent New York divine. He was licensed to preach on May 24, 1796, whereupon he became assistant to his father in the Tulpehocken parish. Because of serious rheumatic afflictions he relinquished his pastoral labors in 1802. He entered the mercantile business in 1804, established himself in Myerstown and in the next ten years acquired a moderate fortune. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1806, reelected for the two succeeding years, but refused to become a candidate for a fourth term. During the next eight years he served as Register, Recorder, Prothonotary, Clerk of the Orphans' Court and Clerk of the Sessions of Lebanon County. In 1821 he was elected to represent Lebanon County in the House of Representatives, and in the following year he was chosen State Senator for Dauphin and Lebanon counties. In the Senate less than a year, he received the Republican nomination for Governor and was elected by a majority of more than 25,000 votes. Nominated for a second term in 1826 he was again elected, receiving the unprecedented majority of 72,000 votes while his opponent John Sergeant received about 1,000.

When in 1824 General Lafayette visited the scenes of his youthful triumphs, Governor Schulze extended the honors of the state to the aged hero and welcomed him with eloquent words to the soil of Pennsylvania at Morrisville.

He filled his office with probity and distinction. None of his predecessors, writes an early biographer, had come to that high office with so much scholastic culture and grace as he. Appreciating the value of education as perhaps no other before him, he labored vigorously toward providing adequate means of instruction for the state's rapidly increasing population. In his message of 1827 he makes urgent appeals for legislation which would secure the privileges of an elementary education to all and again in his message of the following year he presses immediate action: "To devise means for the establishment of a fund, and the adoption of a plan, by which the blessings of the more necessary branches of education should be conferred on every family within our borders, would be every way worthy the Legislature of Pennsylvania; an attention to this subject, at this time, would seem to be peculiarly demanded, by the increased number of children and young persons who are employed in manufactories. . . . What nobler incentive can present itself to the mind of a republican legislator, than a hope that his labor shall be rewarded by insuring to his country a race of human beings, healthy, and of vigorous constitutions, and of minds more generally improved than fall to the lot of any considerable portion of the human family!" Unfortunately his labors were not to be rewarded during his incumbency as governor, but they must be looked upon as important groundwork toward that free public school act which was passed in 1834 during the office of his successor, the Democratic Governor George Wolf (1777-1840) another distinguished governor of Pennsylvania German extraction.

Governor Schulze retired from public life at the conclusion of his second term and engaged in agricultural pursuits. In 1846 he removed with his family to Lancaster, where he died on November 18, 1852 and where he lies buried.

The Rev. J. W. Early, in his "Lutheran Ministers of Berks County," published in Reading in 1902, writes of a popular tradition that seems to have been widely circulated about Schulze in the eighties of the last century: "that his latter days were greatly embittered by the failure of land speculations in which he had embarked in the vicinity of Montoursville, which ended in embarrassment and financial ruin and came near involving him seriously. We give this simply to show how a popular romance or tradition may find credence and be largely circulated; also to show that a man who has once been exalted to the governorship, just as one who has been a minister, will be subject to criticism and censure, on account of business transactions, which, in others, would be considered perfectly legitimate and not even worthy of remark.—That he died a poor man is certain."

We mention this tradition here in anticipation of an interesting narrative based upon it, which will appear in the next issue of the ECK.

DER WINDER

'S iss ewwe widder Winder!
Un niemand weess es g'schwinder
As wie die Alde Leit.
Ya, draus iss alles eisich,
Der Wind iss kalt un beissich
Gewiss en beesi Zeit.

Im Kalte rum schpaziere,
Die Gnoche ganz verfriere?
Do schnaddre eem die Zaeh.
Im Schnee do rum zu schlappe
Un noch uff's Eis zu dappe?
Verbrecht am End en Bee.

Der Offe uffzuhitze
Un dart dehinner sitze,
Sell kann gemiedlich sei!
Der Wind iss draus am heile;
Der maag sich yuscht verweile,
Er yohlt un kann net rei.

'S iss alles schtill im Heisel,
Es gnawwert kaum en Meisel,
Die Bussi hockt un schpinnt.
Un draus iss Schneegekissel,
Am Fenschter heert mer's bissel,
So leicht gebletscht vum Wind.

Die Mammi iss am schtricke,
Verleicht am Gleeder flicke,
Die Finger sin re schteif.
Der Daadi iss am lese,
Er waermt vergniecht die Heese
Un schmokt sei aldi Peif.

So bissel nooch de Achte,
In denne kalte Nachte,
Do geht mer in die Ruh;
Im weeche Fedderkisse,
Dezu en gut's Gewisse,
Glei gehn die Aage zu.

So iss es mol im Winder;
Un der kummt immer g'schwinder
Fer unser alde Leit;
Doch heert mer wennich Glaage
In denne kalte Daage—
Hen doch en gudi Zeit!

Ya, kummt emol der Winder,
Do weess es niemand g'schwinder
As wie die Yunge Leit.
Was Kinner sich so free-e
Wann's aafangt bissel schnee-e,
Des iss en Herrlichkeit!

Am Fenschter fliege Flocke
Fer Kinner naus zu locke,
Do waerd net viel gelaernt.
Beim Schreiwe un beim Lese
Iss yuscht so'n draamich Wese,
Schulmeeschtern iss verzaernt.

Was iss des fer'n Gezawwel,
Gepischber un en G'schnawwel:
"Nau hem mer widder Schnee!"
Un iss die Schul veriwwer,
Geht alles drunner, driwwer,
Yuscht froh fer naus zu geh.

Dann uff en glatter Hiwwel
Geht's iwwer Kopp un Schtiwwel,
Die Schlittebaah iss fei.
Dann iwwer Blotzer fliege,
Beim Drehe bissel biege
Un graad zum Fenseck nei!

Un wann die Finger friere,
Die Hensching noch verliere,
Ya, was hot's ausgemacht?
Sie hen yo waarme Kappe
Mit grosse Ohrelappe,
Do waerd yuscht noch gelacht.

Die grosse Buwe schpanne
Des Geilche in die Lanne
Un faahre ihre Maed.
Mer brauch aa kenni zwinge
Wann Schliddebelle klinge,
'S iss kenni gaar so bleed.

Ya, sell iss nau der Winder,
Do geht des Lewe g'schwinder
Fer all die yunge Leit;
Die wisse nichs vum Friere,
Bei allem Karessiere,
Un hen en gudi Zeit!

Am zwette Jenner 1943 —JOHN BIEMELIN

Farm Bloc Drive For Parity Price Rise Is Advanced

House Agriculture Committee Unanimously Approves Bill to Include Labor Cost

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22. (AP)—The farm bloc's drive for higher parity prices gained headway today when the House agriculture committee unanimously approved a bill to revise the parity formula to include the costs of all farm labor, including that of the farmer's family.

Parity is a theoretical price designed to give a bushel of wheat, for example, the same value in terms of purchasing power that it had in a past period favorable to agriculture. Farm labor costs have not hitherto figured in the complicated formula. Because farm wages have risen, their inclusion now would raise the parity level.

'Not Burdensome'

Rep. Pace (D-Ga), author of the revision bill, said it would create "no considerable increase" in the cost of living this year, "certainly less than $1,000,000,000."

"Unalterable opposition" by President Roosevelt last fall staved off enactment of the parity change. Government experts then contended it would raise parity levels—used in computing war time agricultural price ceilings and floors—by 10 to 12 per cent and would lead to an inflationary rise in the cost of living.

"In 1944," Pace said, "the parity change would increase the cost of living by less than four per cent. This is due to the fact that many of the principal commodities now are selling under present ceilings at more than the recalculated parity would be."

Following the committee action, Rep. Hope of Kansas, ranking Republican member, said:

"I think it is very necessary to include the cost of labor, if we are going to be able to get the production we must have during the war period. The farmer must be enabled to pay the labor he needs to produce food. I believe the attitude of many who have opposed this legislation has changed."

Predicts Quick Action

Committee Chairman Fulmer (D-NC) said he hoped to get the bill before the House for action next week, and he predicted it soon would be on the President's desk.

"I believe the prompt passage of this bill is not only just," he said, "but it will be of great assistance in retaining labor on the farm as well as procuring the additional labor needed to meet the war production goals."

The parity price revision would affect all agricultural commodities. Present law provides that no ceilings may be placed on farm products at less than 100 per cent of parity, and provides a wartime price floor for basic commodities at 90 per cent of parity, through government loans and purchases, except for feed grains.

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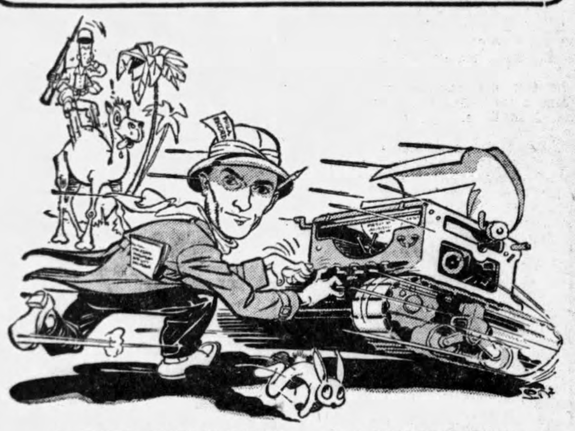
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Monday's PHILADELPHIA **RECORD**

Sinclair to Discontinue Practices Which OPA Termed Discriminatory

NEW YORK, Jan. 22. (AP)—A suit brought by the OPA against the Sinclair Refining Co., which was charged with discrimination in the sale of fuel oil, ended in federal court today when the company agreed to discontinue the reportedly discriminatory practices.

The action was closed when OPA attorneys and representatives of the company entered into a stipulation which contained the agreement to abandon the practices. The OPA had obtained a temporary restraining order against Sinclair Refining last Wednesday.

The stipulation, signed by Joseph P. Walsh, Sinclair attorney, said that the company "will not discriminate in the transfer of fuel oil among persons entitled to acquire fuel oil under rationing order 11 of the Office of Price Administration."

In an accompanying agreement, signed by Walsh and Irvin C. Rutter, regional enforcement attorney of the OPA, it was stipulated that the temporary restraining order be vacated and the action to obtain a permanent injunction be discontinued.

OPA to Have 63,000 On Payroll by July 1

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22. (AP)—The joint congressional economy committee was told today that the Office of Price Adminstration planned to have 63,000 persons on its payroll by July 1 at an agreegate salary of $121,000,000.

This would mean an increase of 27,279 employes since Oct. 31, 1942, when the agency had 35,721 employes, of whom 31,051 were outside of Washington.

The OPA figures were presented in a closed session, along with estimated personnel increases in other Federal agencies, for the remainder of the current fiscal year.

Seek Relatives of Couple And Child Burned to Death

KITTANNING, PA., Jan. 22. (AP)—Authorities today were endeavoring to contact relatives of Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald who, together with a year-old son, were burned fatally when fire destroyed their home near Leatherwood, Clarion county.

The McDonalds and the baby died in Kittanning hospital from burns suffered when fire followed a coal gas explosion in the home Thursday morning. Three McDonald children, ranging in age from four to 14 years, escaped from an upstairs bedroom and are being cared for by neighbors.

Seven Persons Are Injured In Paint Factory Explosion

CARNEGIE, PA., Jan. 22. (AP)—An explosion, followed by fire, in the color department of O. Hommel Co., paint and enamel manufacturers, injured seven persons late today.

James Stewart, secretary of the company, said the one-story building housing the color department was demolished but no other buildings of the plant were damaged. He was unable to say immediately what caused the explosion or to estimate the damage cost.

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BUILD UP RESISTANCE with FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE

RICH IN VITAMINS A AND D.

War Problems Occupy PNPA After Governor Asks Help in Efforts

HARRISBURG, Jan. 22. (AP)—News executives attending convention sessions of the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Assn., turned today to wartime problems of advertising and circulating after receiving a request from Governor Edward Martin for help in reaching goals set for his administration.

The newspapermen gathered for a roundtable forum on advertising to study wartime advertising revenues, rates, special editions and pages, transportation difficulties, staff reductions and the prospect for future national advertising.

A well-attended roundtable session on circulation took up such matters as recent trends toward increased subscription rates, price ceilings for printing, war advertising, increased operating costs, personnel shortages, truck delivery restrictions and sale of war bonds and stamps by carrier boys.

At a luncheon meeting, Governor Martin declared "we want to marshal every force we have in Pennsylvania to help the President win this war" and to "organize to prepare to take care of peace-time problems."

He told the publishers they "have a difficult job just like everyone else" to "keep our people informed."

British Reported Occupying All Vital Defenses in Tripoli

Continued from Page 1

French positions southwest of Pont Du Fahs.

Announcement of British warship activity in Tripoli harbor followed yesterday's Madrid reports that part of the Axis forces were attempting to evacuate the port by sea.

Light British naval craft were disclosed to have sunk an Italian submarine which was already damaged and being towed out of Tripoli by three tugs. One of the tugs was also sunk.

The official German communique broadcast from Berlin today made its first definite admission of the Axis reversals in the Tripoli area, reporting that Homs and Misurata were evacuated "after the destruction of war-important establishments."

Swiftly Moving Red Army Captures Salsk, Important Rail Head

Continued from Page 1

due south to the Caucasian mountain range.

On the lower Caucasian railway skirting the mountains Soviet troops are driving northwestward and last were reported about 42 miles from Armavir, rail gateway to the Maikop oil fields to the west.

For the first time today the German high command admitted that its divisions at Stalingrad were "closely encircled," and also acknowledged a retreat in the Caucasus.

But the Russians said "fierce fighting is taking place at every populated place and on every advantageous line."

One village, the communique said, changed hands three times in one day, the outcome finally being decided by Soviet tankmen who attacked the enemy from the flank and again sent the Germans reeling backward.

The entire front from Voronezh on the Upper Don river to the Caucasus mountains was in motion, and nowhere did the Russians acknowledge any reverses. Whenever their troops were held up by Axis "hedgehog" positions, the Red army surrounded them and began whittling them down.

All But 4000 of Jap Force of 15,000 on Guadalcanal Wiped Out

Continued from Page 1

and wounded one, and lost one plane to anti-aircraft fire, the announcement asserted.

Colonel Puller, whose home is in Saluda, Va., where his wife and small daughter live, estimated that the original Japanese force on Guadalcanal, plus reinforcements, probably totalled about 15,000 men

Puller led his battalion in the fight to kill off the men and break up the organization of the one or two battalions, totalling 1,500 men, in the eastern landing party. He said that the objective was fully achieved. About half of the 1,500 were killed and the rest forced to withdraw, by platoons or companies, to join the main forces on the west.

Puller, a soft-voiced Virginian with a ready smile, was wounded in this fighting. While he said nothing at the press conference, the Marine combat correspondent had previously related the story of what happened.

When dead and wounded were being removed, the correspondent reported, the doctor pinned a casualty tag on Puller, and suggested that he be removed from the field. Puller rose from his foxhole. There were blood-soaked bandages on his arm, leg and foot.

"Evacuate me, hell!" he said. "Take that tag and label a bottle with it. I will remain in command."

He stayed with his men throughout the night, lying within 300 yards of the enemy, and it was not until his wounded leg stiffened next day that he would permit himself to be taken to the rear.

Tot Drowns in Pond

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 22. (AP)—Five-year-old Paul Walker, stopping to slide on a frozen "duck pond" after getting the family mail at the suburban Rennerdale post office, fell through weakened ice and was drowned in a seven-foot deep pool today.

A little girl who was walking with the youngster, ran for the boy's mother, Mrs. Christian Walker, but he was dead before she arrived.

Deaths

MATCHETTE—In Northampton, Jan. 22, 1943, Elizabeth R., nee Smith, Matchette, wife of William L. Matchette, aged 68 years, 3 months and 4 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services from the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua, Tuesday afternoon, 2 o'clock. Burial will be in Fairview cemetery, Catasauqua.

Viewing will be Monday night from 7 to 9. Oliver S. Burkholder.

RIEGGER—In Allentown, Jan. 22, 1943, Louise, widow of Albert Rieggr, aged 80 years, 1 month and 15 days.

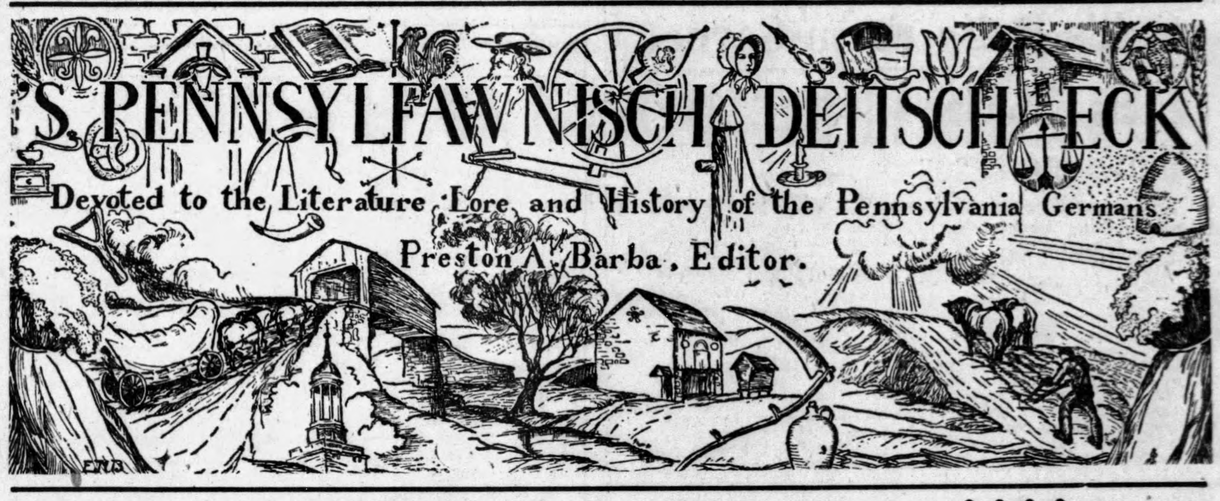
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend services at the funeral home of William J. Weber, 502 Ridge Ave., Tuesday at 9:30 a. m. High mass of requiem will be held in the Church of the Sacred Heart at 10 a. m. Interment at the convenience of the family. Viewing Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Weber.

LOBACH—At Wescosville, Jan. 22, 1943, Katie E., nee Schmoyer, wife of Joseph Lobach, aged 59 years, 4 months and 15 days.

Relatives, friends and members of the ladies auxiliary of the Wescosville Fire Co. are respectfully invited to attend short services Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at her late home, Wescosville, with further services in Cedarville church and interment in the adjoining cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m. Schmoyer.

SHECKER—In this city, Jan. 21, 1943, Harry Schecher (born Samuel Heck), aged 80 years, 8 months and 21 days.

Relatives and friends are respectively invited without further notice to attend services Tuesday at 1 p.m. at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment in St. John's Union cemetery, Auburn, Pa. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p.m. William H. Derr.



THE GOVERNOR'S CLOCK

By J. BENNETT NOLAN

PART ONE

THE MANSE

THE TULPEHOCKEN road winds its sinuous way westward from the ford of Schuylkill through a fruitful valley which the devout Palatine pioneers likened to the Vale of Jericho. Five leagues from the river and a scant mile from the present village of Stouchsburg, the highway mounts sharply groping for the sources of Swatara. Here is a rural church, set amongst a score or two of tombstones and engirdled by a grove of noble oaks that were well advanced in dignity and stature when Penn sailed into the Lower Bay. The limestone manse is surrounded by the brightness of a flower garden with formal border of box; and the whole colony, church and residence, graveyard and garden, is all the year in a great silence broken only by the drone of the bees, the call of the wild birds, and the bell on Sundays.

The church has been known for two centuries as the Old Tulpehocken Lutheran Church. Its incumbent in the days of the great Revolution was the Reverend Christian Emanuel Schulze, who had come from Saxony to labor in the Pennsylvania wilderness under the devoted Muhlenberg and to whom the missionary had given in marriage his beloved daughter, Eve Elizabeth. A high honor for an ecclesiastical student, a gardener's son, men said, to espouse a Muhlenberg; but young Mr. Schulze was a man of piety, promise and enterprise. It is related of him that in his pastoral duties, amongst the wild Oley hills he would sometimes ride fifty miles betwixt sunrise and sunset. The marriage justified the parental confidence and the couple lived contentedly in their Tulpehocken parsonage, so remote that even the stirring events which heralded the break with the mother country scarcely disturbed its tranquility.

But on a certain sweltering July day in the momentous year of 1775 the passer-by would have been conscious of an atmosphere of expectancy in the house under the oak trees, a break in the monotonous routine of a landward manse. By the south window in the upper chamber there had been installed a quaint oak cradle, brought from the Rhein Pfalz, and here reposed a new-born infant boy. Mrs. Schulze paused from time to time in the household labors to dash upward in response to a querulous cry and minister to her child's imperious wishes. In a more luxurious period she would still have kept to her bed, but the pioneer housewife must adhere to domestic tasks even at a time when she might be supposed to be most in need of recuperation. Below, in his study, the pastor stood looking out to the hillside where the white ribbon of the Tulpehocken Road led eastward to Reading, as though impatient at the non-arrival of an awaited guest. Mrs. Schulze joined him at the window.

"By the fine weather," said she, "our father should have been here ere this. It is but forty miles to the Trappe and this is his third day upon the road. The christening is set for four o'clock."

"You forget," replied the clergyman, "that these are war times. The town of Reading is under military control since the arrival of the prisoners from Canada, and none may pass without permission of the garrison commander. Some of our Womelsdorf wagoners journeying to Philadelphia with their farm produce were halted last week for want of the proper credentials. Besides your father waxes old and can no longer ride his thirty miles per day as was his wont when he came as evangelist to the Tulpehocken settlements. But I had expected him ere now and trust that he has come by no mishap upon the road."

As if in response to the clergyman's aspiration, a horseman appeared silhouetted upon the hilltop jogging in stately progress amidst a cloud of dust. The delighted couple rushed out into the yard to greet their illustrious parent as he wearily swung himself from the saddle.

Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, at this period, was older in condition than in years. The tireless, ardent missionary who had come into these valleys thirty years before to unite a distracted people and ground a faith was grown a weary old man. The elastic step was sadly altered, the keen glance abated, but the majesty of presence still survived. Men termed him the Patriarch now, and as he entered his daughter's house on that radiant summer morning he might have sat for a portrait of Elijah or Jeroboam.

"I count myself lucky to be here at all," said the venerable pastor after he had divested himself of the trappings of his journey and was installed by the coolness of the great open window. "The times are perilous and I left my farm at the Trappe with great misgivings. The Germantown Road swarms with soldiery trooping to the colours. Scarcely a night but some of these sleep in my barn, which they leave little the better for their presence. My hen coop, too, is sadly depleted. Our quiet village street is choked with vans laden with the effects of the Philadelphia folk who flee northward, and with military stores coming down from Potts Grove. Three days have I been upon the road, a wearisome course. Last night I slept in the house which I own on Margaret Street in Reading, now leased to the pastor of our Trinity Church, the worthy Mr. Moeller. He made room for me, else I should scarcely have known where to lay my head."

"We count it a great favor, sir, that you should have come to us expressly for the christening of our son," said Mr. Schulze.

"Nay," retorted the Patriarch. "Who has greater claim upon my ministration than my own grandson, and moreover, it needs but small behest to bring me back to this land where the best years of my young life were spent. This morning as I journeyed up from Schuylkill it seemed to me that each milestone carried a retrospect. I saw the spring where in 1743 I first met my illustrious father-in-law, Conrad Weiser, sitting by the roadside in full panoply of an Onondaga chief. I tarried at his house, where my brothers-in-law now dwell and where I courted by Anna Maria, now with God. I turned aside to pray at the dwelling where I first baptized and marked the new roofs of barns which I had seen smoking ruins after the incursions of the fierce Papists from the Canadas. I looked up at the summit of Adler's Kopf, the Eagle's Peak, which we all climbed at the espousal of my beloved son, Frederick Augustus . . ."

The old clergyman checked himself and glanced up with embarrassed smile as though deprecating the flood of his retrospective eloquence.

"But who cares to listen to these old wives' tales, and why speak of wars in this peaceful chamber whose garnishment bespeak the attention of a prudent housewife? What says the proverb? 'A house well filled, a field well tilled, and a wife well willed are the greatest riches'."

The pastor's wife reddened at her father's homely commendation and hastened to change the subject.

"Do you not admire our new furniture, father? The dresser we bought at a sale in Womelsdorf and the clock is by Valentine Urlettig of Reading."

"A stately time-piece," opined the visitor, "and I'll warrant me ticks hours well spent in honest toil. And now where is my grandchild, for whose sake I have essayed this toilsome journey?"

"I had expected the inquiry ere this, father," said Mrs. Schulze a little reproachfully, "but let us mount and you shall see him."

At sunset as the western horizon blazed in purple and gold, a goodly fellowship gathered by the crude chancel whereupon were displayed the pewter vessels of the baptismal service. The Weiser cousins had journeyed over from Womelsdorf, some of the Muhlenberg kin came from Lancaster. Two brethren of the cloth were present to assist the Patriarch in the holy rite, the Reverend Mr. Voigt from the Hill Church, and Pastor Schaum from Maxatawny. The voice of Muhlenberg trembled as he pronounced the pompous observance which he had used years before when chaplain in the princely Court of Reuss.

"Benedicto te in nomine patri, filii et sancti spiritus."

He baptized the shrinking child according to the sacred formula and then, involuntarily breaking into the homely Rhineland patois so dear to the participants, "Seid Ihr geliebt und geehrt — John Andrew Melchior Schulze, may you be ever beloved and honored, a great man in Israel."

There was a burst of jubilant felicitation as the company passed over to the manse to partake of refreshment and circulate the glasses of pungent home brew amidst pious auguries for the well-being of the grandson of the Patriarch.

Only the mother was missing from the joyful circle. She had stolen to the upper chamber and stood regarding the sleeping infant. How tiny he seemed, so soft and frail, to be the subject of his grandfather's confident prophecy! Could it be possible that this impotent bundle might one day grow to be leader of society, a great man in Israel?

PART TWO

THE CAPITAL

THE VILLAGE of Harrisburg, newly selected capital of the State of Pennsylvania, was in gala array. Bunting was draped above the store fronts and over the windows of the dwellings. A hundred candle-lit transparencies stood ready for the evening's illumination; a hundred flags resplendent with their eighteen stars fluttered in the breeze. On Capitol Hill the noble Doric monoliths of the unfinished State House were festooned in the national colors, while beyond the terrace in the high shakoes and gray uniforms of the War of 1812, stood expectant gunners waiting to fire a salvo of welcome. On the outskirts of the town, at the point where the highway from Middletown enters the village, towered a majestic arch upon which were emblazoned in letters of purple and gold, the legend, "Welcome to Lafayette, Our Nation's Guest."

It was mid-winter, January 30, 1825. The unpaved streets and irregular sidewalks were deep in snow. An icy wind blew from the hills on the farther side of the Susquehanna, chilling the blood of the expectant throng who defied the weather in the Market Square.

On one side of the Market Arcade were ranged the martial files of the Dauphin Dragoons, on the other the half-frozen students of Dickinson College attired for the occasion in academic cap and gown. Betwixt these a group of mounted dignitaries surrounded a landau of state, as yet unoccupied.

A warning shot announced that the distinguished visitor was approaching. The Dragoons bared their sabres and came to attention; the students formed a line; a file of cavalrymen, escorting the landau, wheeled and departed at a hand gallop in the direction of the gubernatorial mansion.

The doors of the executive mansion had been flung wide, and on the top step, adjusting his beaver and mantling himself against the chilly blast, stood the Governor himself, John Andrew Schulze.

The whining babe, whom the Patriarch had baptized in the chapel under the oak trees on that radiant summer evening half a century before, was grown to a goodly man who attuned well in port and bearing to the high place he now filled.

The snow-white horses had been impressed to draw the vehicle of state, and the wags of Harrisburg did not fail to whisper that the one steed was entirely blind and the other lacked an eye, so that there remained but one optic to the span. But any disposition towards risibility at the deficiencies of the equipage was quickly dissipated by the lofty bearing of Mr. Schulze as he sat bolt upright, collected, dignified, with hands clasped over a gold-headed cane presented to him by his constituents of Berks County on Inauguration Day.

And now the open barouche which bore the great Marquis was to be seen descending the hill. It was preceded by a fanfare from twelve mounted trumpeters and escorted by the deputation of welcome, headed by Justice Tilghman, who had gone out to meet the guest at Middletown. Lafayette was attired in the long blue coat which he effected during his American visit, the lapel ablaze with decorations. By his side sat a boyish figure, his son, George Washington Lafayette. Governor Schulze advanced, closely followed by his escort, and, as the vehicles came side by side, the two men arose from their respective seats, doffed their hats and clasped hands over the interlocking wheels.

Bells rang and cannon roared; the Dauphin Dragoons saluted and the people cheered. The peal of a feu de joie echoed amongst the pillars of the new capitol, and reverberated in the distant Paxtang hills. The nation's guest was welcomed to the loyal town of Harrisburg.

At last the pompous harangues were delivered; the visits of state to the Bar Association, to the Masonic Lodge, to the Senate Chamber, fittingly concluded, the Governor and his guest might enjoy a moment of privacy by the great front window of the executive mansion.

When, in 1812, the Capital of the Commonwealth was removed from Lancaster to Harrisburg, to the disgust of the good citizens of the former town, no provision was made for an official residence. Each governor bought or rented a house in accordance with his respective purse and inclination. Mr. Schulze, during his residence as Surveyor-General and Governor, built and occupied the fine stone mansion on Front Street, designed by Stephen Hills, the able architect who planned the capitol. So now in the fading light of that brief winter afternoon, the two dignitaries looked out upon the broad river.

Lafayette's English in the Revolutionary days attained to some fluency, but now since his long incarceration in an Austrian prison, he had acquired a curious assortment of Teutonic idioms, so that his speech was become a polyglot of three tongues. Governor Schulze listened with the deference due by a younger man to age and distinction.

"An impressive welcome," the General was saying, "and an unexpected one. As the speaker of your Senate told me that I was sitting in the chair of John Hancock, I could not but recall that from this same chair President Hancock signed my first commission as an officer in your army."

"It was only by fortunate chance that we learned of your Excellency's approach," replied the Governor. "You might have come unheralded."

Lafayette took a pinch of snuff to cover an evident embarrassment.

"To tell the truth," said he, "I had expected to visit these parts incognito. Your countrymen have been so courteous to me since my landing in New York that I begin to feel that I am outlasting my welcome. Besides, I wished to traverse these parts alone that I might the better recall the perilous journey through Pennsylvania which I made in 1778.

"It was the eighth of February of that year. I remember that I left York in a sleigh, in the worst of weather, to join the Northern Army, and three days later I found myself at Flemington in the Jerseys. What with the ice and snow, the bad roads and the unspeakable inns, I am not likely to forget my passage."

The Governor nodded.

"I am landward bred, from the countryside which you describe, and can guess its conditions for war-time travel. My boyhood home was in the county of Berks and all my furniture, as you have perhaps observed, is of the Palatine craft. That tall clock, for instance, stood in my father's parsonage at Tulpehocken Church."

The polite Frenchman turned to regard the timepiece.

"You speak of your parent," said he. "Have I not heard that your Excellency was himself in holy orders?"

Mr. Schulze made gesture of assent.

"I was ordained a preacher, as were my father and grandfather before me, but ill health forced me into public life. My neighbors elected me Legislator. I became Surveyor-General. And now sit here in this high place which I so unworthily fill."

Lafayette reflected. "We, too, have had churchmen in politics. You may have met our Monsieur Talleyrand during his residence in Philadelphia? He was once a bishop."

The governor smiled.

"I knew Talleyrand," said he. "And you will pardon me when I express the hope that I graced the cloth in other sort than did the holy bishop of Autun."

The General smiled in his turn and the two men rose.

"The dinner of state," said the Governor, "is set for five o'clock so that we may repose ourselves for a little while before repairing to the hall."

The Lafayette banquet at Matthew Wilson's tavern will long live in the annals of Harrisburg. Crowded about the great oval board were the flower of the Commonwealth, bluff General Cadwalader, gentle Horace Binney, John Binns, the truculent editor from Northumberland, George Mifflin Dallas, James Buchanan, Mr. Justice Gibson, Attorney-General Smith.

At the head of the table sat the Governor with the guest of honor upon his right hand and the venerable Chief Justice Tilghman to his left. Many of those who sat at meat had known the Marquis in other days, but they sought in vain to recall in the thick-set, loose-jowled septuagenarian before them the debonair boy who had ridden at Washington's elbow in the reviews at Valley Forge and on the disastrous day of Brandywine.

Mine host's approved Madeira went its round and the merriment grew apace. Toasts were proposed and drunk in bewildering succession. The band played patriotic airs, and the Marquis himself called for "Hail Columbia," leading the chorus in a high falsetto. All too soon the hour of nine, the usual time of retirement in an artless age, was sounded. Governor Schulze held up his hand.

As the revelry subsided all turned to the lower end of the table where the Attorney-General, Frederick Smith, had risen in his place. The candlelight shone upon the flushed faces of the banqueters and was reflected from the ruby depths of the decanters as the orator, in sonorous phrase, proclaimed the stated toast of the evening.

"Gentlemen of Pennsylvania, I give you:

"Marie Gilbert Motier de Lafayette, once our saviour, now our guest, in honoring whom we honor the nation whose very existence is due to his disinterested service.

"John Andrew Schulze, the chosen of the people, Governor of this Commonwealth—a great man in Israel."

The eager guests were on their feet with hands outstretched, displaying their loyal brimmers. A brief pause ensued for the draining of the beakers and a crash of broken glass as the enthusiastic revelers cast their tumblers into the depths of the great stone fireplace, avowing that they should never be profaned by a meaner toast. The rafters shook with the reverberations of a cheer which penetrated the walls of the old tavern and merged in the roar of the icy blast from the Susquehanna.

PART THREE

THE VENDUE

NESTLING by the upper reaches of the West Branch is the hamlet of Montoursville, a pleasant, kindly place with the shallow river eddying lazily at its feet and the fertile uplands rising behind. Near the eastern end of the village stands a pretentious brick dwelling which is still known as the Governor Schulze Mansion, or, as the cynics term it, "Schulze's Folly."

On a golden October afternoon in the belated Indian summer of 1844, the town and valley basked in an unwonted heat. High up on the stony ridge which marches with the stream, the oaks were in winter dress of silver and brown, but down in the valley the marigolds still bloomed, and the hedgerows were green as in July. About the Schulze mansion were clustered a group of tethered horses and vehicles of the countryside, gigs, buggies, dearborns. People stood in groups upon the lawn or passed down the high steps with articles of household furniture upon their shoulders. From within came the monotonous staccato of an auctioneer crying his sale and upon the wall was pasted a printed bill to advise that by virtue of sundry writs of **venditioni exponas**, the High Sheriff of Lycoming County would that day expose at public vendue the house and farm, goods and chattels of John Andrew Schulze.

At the foot of the garden walk, deep in conference, stood two men, Mr. Hepburn, the deputy sheriff, and Mr. George Bubb of the Lycoming Bank.

The sheriff took off his hat and mopped his brow.

"The nastiest bit of official business I have ever had,—to sell out this good old man. Whenever the sheriff has dirty work to do, he puts it upon his deputies."

"We must all do unpleasant things in the course of our duty," said the banker, sententiously.

"But how did the Governor get into this mess?" inquired the deputy.

"He endorsed," said the other shortly. "As men have done before him and will continue to do, I suppose, until the end of time. He was so honest himself that he could not realize the knavery of others. When he left the capital after his second term as Governor, he had enough for his needs, and more; but you know that no beggar ever went empty-handed from his door. Even the church down there in the village is built upon land which he donated. People imposed upon his kindness, and this is the result."

"I never had to deal with a debtor who was fairer than he," continued the deputy. "When I went to see him he told me that his creditors should have everything and that he would leave without a penny in the world. He said—"

The two men paused in guilty confusion as Mr. Schulze himself appeared descending the garden path. He looked worn and haggard, and leaned heavily upon the gold-headed cane with which in the heyday of his power he had ridden out to meet the nation's guest. He paused to address Mr. Bubb.

"I wish to thank the bank, sir, on behalf of myself and my family for its consideration in this sorry matter. We go to our relatives in Lancaster, and I am not likely ever to see you again."

Mr. Bubb bowed, more embarrassed than he had ever been in his life, and the Governor turned to the deputy.

"You, too, Mr. Sheriff, have done your duty with decency and spared us much mortification. My thanks to you also."

"Is there nothing, Governor," said Mr. Bubb, "that I can personally do at this time? If there is, you may command me."

The old man glanced back to the house which he was leaving forever.

"I have asked favors of no one up to now; but there is one article which I wish might be bought in by some person from whom I could perhaps repurchase it in happier days. It is a high mahogany clock, which stood in my father's parsonage at Tulpehocken. I had it at Harrisburg.

The sheriff shook his head.

"I would gladly buy it for you myself, Governor, but that clock was knocked down only ten minutes ago while you were upstairs."

There came a burst of admonitory voices from within and the great front doors of the mansion were thrown wide. Six struggling forms appeared bending under the burden of a long, unwieldy object, the Urlettig clock. The Governor looked, and for the first time in all his misfortunes gave vent to an involuntary groan. Then with steady gesture he settled his hat upon his head, grasped his cane, and strode away down the garden path, broken and impoverished, but erect and dignified—a great man in Israel.

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In the last issue of the ECK we acquainted our readers with Eva Elizabeth, the second child and eldest daughter of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, and her husband, the eminent Lutheran clergyman, Christopher Emanuel Schulze. We also gave a brief account of their distinguished son John Andrew Melchior Schulze, twice governor of the State of Pennsylvania.

"The Governor's Clock" which appears in the ECK today is a charming narrative from the pen of J. Bennett Nolan, well known Reading attorney and historian. It is based upon three episodes in the life of Governor Schulze. This narrative is here reprinted with the gracious permission of the author and by courtesy of The Lutheran, in which it appeared December 3, 10 and 17, 1931.

'Britain Credits U. S. With Food Profit:' Stettinus

Lend-Lease Administrator Asks Extension of Act at House Hearing

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29. (UP)—Lend-lease Administrator Edward R. Stettinius Jr., disclosed today the British are selling at a profit some of the American food supplies received through lend-lease but he emphasized that all such profits are promptly assigned to the credit of the U. S. government.

Testifying before the House Foreign Affairs committee on legislation to extend the lend-lease act beyond the present June 30 expiration date, he said the British, contrary to some reports, are receiving only a small percentage of their food requirements from the United States.

Rep. Robert B. Chiperfield, R., Ill., asked if it were true "that England sells the food she gets from us at a profit." Stettinius said the shipments were put into the regular British food reserve because it was not possible to set up a separate distribution for the relatively small amount sent over by this country.

"For example," he said, "we send them five per cent of their bacon. It must be sold along with the other 95 per cent, and the United States is given credit for any profit accrued."

Stressing that the exchange of food works two ways, he said the United States and its armed forces have received more beef from Australia and New Zealand that has been shipped out under lend-lease to all the other anti-Axis nations.

Stettinius praised the British for their "splendid spirit" of cooperation in exchanging war materials and their readiness to give the U. S. forces "whatever they needed" in preparation for the North African campaign. The "mean spirit of trading," he added, is kept out of all lend-lease transactions.

He told the committee he is "encouraged" by prospects of sending increased supplies to China. He did not elaborate on this.

Mundt also asked him to discuss the shipments of $13,500,000 worth of farm machinery to other countries at a time when American farmers are having difficulty securing equipment for their own use. He said it is impossible for countries near combat areas to make their own equipment. And, he added, the exports to England have placed an additional 6,000,000 acres of land under cultivation and thereby made that country less dependent on outside food shipments.

The United States, Stettinius said, retains title to all this machinery as well as the right to reclaim it after the war. Asked by Chiperfield if this government is seeking agreements as to post-war use of airports built with lend-lease funds, he replied:

"This is a State Department function and they are aggressively pursuing it."

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Interpreting the War News

Simpson Says Effect of Roosevelt's Stop-over in Brazil with President Vargas Certainly Will Not Be Lost on Other Latin Americans, Including Argentina, Spain and Portugal.

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON

Good neighbor Roosevelt's pause in Brazil to confer with President Vargas could have been foretold easily enough had his air route to and from Casablanca been known. Heads of nations do not pass through the territory of their colleagues without exchanging courtesy calls.

Yet the route chosen necessarily meant the highest authority in Brazil was a party to the great secret of the Casablanca conference from the start. That was a demonstration not only of good neighborism, but of United Nations solidarity and mutual trust.

It drew all Latin American members into the close circle of that fellowship and is of political if not obvious military significance on that account. The Roosevelt-Vargas meeting under the circumstances furnishes a new symbol of Pan-American rapprochement that will not be lost on other Latin American nations, including Argentina, or on Spain and Portugal.

Aside from its political or military relationship to the war scene, however, Mr. Roosevelt's air trip to Africa and back via Brazil gave him opportunity to see for himself one end at least of the Atlantic span that haunted his mind when the fall of France loomed. His intimates know that foreboding visions of an Axis attempted incursion into the new world via the Dakar-Natal route dominated Roosevelt concern then.

It also has served since to shape Roosevelt policy-making both before and since Japan's attack thrust this Nation into the struggle. It was the hub of the strategic conception, ascribed by Prime Minister Churchill to Roosevelt personally, which led to the Allied incursions into French Africa.

Mr. Roosevelt has so often demonstrated his liking for seeing the wheels of policy go round at key centers that no one can doubt he welcomed the chance the Casablanca conference gave to see for himself the western terminus of the Dakar-Natal bridge between the old and new worlds.

The route is still a threat, but no longer a threat to the Allies, only to the Axis. Traffic on that bridge of ships and planes has been reversed by developments in Africa born of Roosevelt policy-making. It flows eastward, not westward, and over it one day Latin-American as well as North American fighting men may pass in more than token strength to emphasize the scope and power of the United Nations fellowship and implement the victory design mapped at Casablanca.

President Vargas probably learned something more definite than is publicly known about the specific policies ratified at Casablanca for intensified prosecution of aggressive war by land, air and sea. Mr. Roosevelt was in a position to disclose to his Latin-American colleague for his own ear more than military necessity would permit to be known generally.

That could apply particularly to whatever new steps are in view to deal with the Axis submarine menace, largely localized for the moment in the South Atlantic. The Natal promontory of Brazil is of vital importance in waging ceaseless air-and-sea war against submarines.

Brazilian airmen have already figured importantly in the anti-U-boat campaign off Brazilian shores.

The presence of Admiral Ingram, American naval commander of that zone of sea operations, at the conference of the two Presidents invites the notion that, aside from war economics, the sea campaign in the South Atlantic was a major topic of discussion.

Former Ambassador Terms Josef Stalin 'Hard Boiled Leader'

NEW YORK, Jan. 29. (AP)—Joseph E. Davies, former U. S. Ambassador to Russia, today termed Josef Stalin "The hard boiled guy of the Russian war machine," adding that the Russian leader missed the recent Casablanca conference because his presence was demanded at the home front.

"Nobody knows whether the German army is on the verge of a smash-up in Rusia," Davies said in an interview, "but Stalin knows better than any one man. He's getting reports every 30 seconds. He's waiting to pick the soft spots in the German lines and he's not going to be 1,200 miles away when they come.

"If I were in Stalin's place I would have acted the same way—I wouldn't have taken by hand off the throttle.

"I don't think the war will end this year," Davies added, "but we can be sure of a preponderance in airpower in 1944 which will be the key to ultimate victory."

Davis warned that Hitler might resort to poison gas before he was finished.

"That crazy man will resort to poison gas, and bacteriological warfare, and everything below the belt," he declared.

Jury Clears Suspects In Poisoning Case

SALEM, ORE., Jan. 29. (AP)—A county grand jury today cleared A. B. McKillop and Mrs. Mary O'Hare of blame in the roach powder poisoning that killed 47 state hospital patients and made 400 others ill on November 18.

The Marion county jury returned no true bills against McKillop, assistant state hospital cook who was charged with manslaughter; and Mrs. O'Hare, head cook charged with withholding information from police.

McKillop was accused of sending George Nosen, a patient, to the basement to get powdered milk to mix with scrambled eggs. Nosen got into the wrong barrel, bringing back roach powder with the scrambled eggs, which were fed to about 467 patients.

The grand jury made no comment, and did not attempt to fix any responsibility.

Jap Envoys in Europe In Session in Rome

BERN, Jan. 29. (UP)—All Japanese ambassadors, ministers and military and naval attaches accredited to European nations convened at Rome Thursday for a conference expected to last several days, European reports said today.

The Basler Nachrichten said the nature of the conference was secret, but expressed the belief that the meeting was of extreme importance. A similar conference was held last year in Berlin shortly after Japan entered the war.

30 McNutt Appointees Under Senate Inquiry

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29. (AP)—Chairman Paul V. McNutt of the war manpower commission was questioned on 30 recent appointments for two hours today at a closed session of the Senate Military Committee.

Senator O'Mahoney (D.-Wyo.) announced later that the committee deferred action until Monday on the appointments, all involving salaries of $4,500 or more annually, to give Senators from the home states of the appointees an opportunity to examine their qualifications.

Dive Bombers Destroy Two Yugoslav Towns

BERN, Jan. 29. (UP)—German dive-bombers were reported today to have destroyed the Jugoslav towns of Cetinski, 25 miles south of Zagreb, and Drvar, 180 miles south of Zagreb, in conjunction with an Axis offensive to wipe out partisan resistance.

Say Hitler Flew To Stalingrad to Rally Nazi Army

Continued from Page 1

Hitler said. Therefore it must resist to the last man without thought of surrender.

As Hitler left the headquarters, each general saluted him and individually promised him that he would fight to the end.

Three days later, the French reports said, the Russians sent the Germans at Stalingrad a demand that they surrender or face annihilation. The Germans refused to lay down their arms and the battle continued.

(The Russians announced early this week that all but 12,000 of the Sixth army had been killed or captured and that the remainder gradually were being annihilated in two isolated pockets. Subsequently, the Soviets reported that batches of Germans numbering more than 1,000 had surrendered, including generals.)

Up until late December, according to the French reports, Hitler still hoped to send a relief army to Stalingrad.

Hitler Oratory May Be Missed On Anniversary

Continued from Page 1

torical fact in the course of the war."

On Jan. 30, 1940: "For centuries Germany and Russia have lived side by side in peace. Why shouldn't that be possible in the future? I believe it will be possible if both nations want it."

On the 1939 anniversary, eight months before he invaded Poland, Hitler said: "For the fifth time the anniversary of the non-aggression pact with Poland is approaching. All true friends of peace will today probably hardly agree with the value of this agreement. I believe in a long peace."

Goebbels will read the proclamation at 4 p. m. tomorrow (11 a. m., Eastern War Time).

The usual deck of flags in the streets and other Nazi theatrics will be absent this year, Berlin announced. The lavish display of flags would be out of keeping with the melancholy news from Russia and North Africa, London observers said.

Reichsmarshal Goering will make an anniversary speech to the army at 11 a. m. (6 a. m., EWT), and Arthur Axmann, youth leader, will speak to the German young two hours earlier.

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Hitler's 10 Years In Power Shown By Chronology

Continued from Page 1

step towards world domination by withdrawing Germany from the League of Nations on Oct. 14, 1933 and began secretly rearming the Reich.

Jan. 26, 1934, he made a non-aggression pact with Poland, to lull that future victim into a false sense of security and to break down France's system of alliances.

June 30, 1934, disaffection with the Nazi party threatened the absolute rule of Der Fuehrer and so Hitler caused the "blood purge" of 77 leading Nazis—some of them his life-long friends.

The next month, on July 25, Hitler's agents in Austria assassinated Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss in an attempted Nazi putsch, but the Austrian army quickly smashed the movement and compelled a postponement of Hitler's ambition to bring his native land into the Reich.

On Aug. 2, 1934, Hindenburg died and Hitler assumed the presidency as well as the chancellorship and began calling himself Der Fuehrer—abandoning all pretense of legal government and setting up a frank dictatorship.

On March 26, 1935, Hitler felt strong enough to declare the Treaty of Versailles no longer binding on Germany and openly reinstituted compulsory military service in the Reich.

Sept. 15, 1935, he was secure enough with the German people—largely because of tearing up the Versailles treaty and making the other powers like it—that he issued the infamous Nuremberg anti-Semitic laws. The bestial persecution of Jews began although it was not until April 26, 1938, that they were by official decree robbed of all their possessions.

In March, 1936, while Europe was preoccupied with Italy's invasion of Ethiopia, Hitlerite troops reoccupied the Rhineland on a gamble that the other powers wouldn't do anything about it. They didn't.

Oct. 25, 1936, the Rome-Berlin Axis was formed and exactly one month later Germany and Japan signed an "anti-comintern" pact against Russia.

Hitler spent 1937 furiously building armaments and in intensively propagandizing the countries he was so soon to invade.

Feb. 12, 1938, he suddenly summoned Austrian Chancellor Kurt Von Schuschnigg to Berchtesgaden and browbeat him into admitting Nazis to his cabinet. Further pressure forced Schuschnigg to resign in favor of Arthur Seyss-Inquart, Austrian Nazi, and on March 12, 1938, German troops goose-stepped into Austria at the latter's request "to enable us to preserve order." The anschluss of Austria with Germany was proclaimed the next summer and Austria became an integral part of the Reich.

Czechoslovakia was next on Hitler's list. Nazi stooges and native fifth-columnists got busy and the German propaganda drums began to beat. By September Hitler's screaming had thrown all Europe into hysterical fear of war—a war for which none but Germany was ready. Munich resulted.

There on Sept. 28 Britain, France, Germany and Italy agreed to the partition of Czechoslovakia, with Germany taking the lion's share of the country and Hungary and Poland sharing in it to the extent of their own minorities there. The Czechs had no choice but to submit.

Oct. 1-10, 1938, German troops occupied Czechoslovakia—a sacrifice to the unpreparedness of France and Britain.

March 22, 1939, Hitler took Memel from little Lithuania and this caused hardly a ripple. But thereafter events moved fast.

Hitler, his 50th birthday past, was determined to put his fortunes to the test in a bigger gamble. On April 28 he scrapped his naval limitations treaty with Britain and abrogated his non-aggression pact with Poland. Next month, on May 22, Germany and Italy signed a military alliance for 10 years. Then came the crowning stone of Nazi pre-war diplomacy, the Aug. 24 non-aggression pact with Russia, and the stage was set.

Sept. 1, 1939—German troops invaded Poland at a dozen points. The quarrel ostensibly was over the free city of Danzig. This time Hitler had played his luck too far. Britain and France immediately declared war on Germany and World War II was on.

April 9, 1940, after more than half a year of "phoney war" in the west Germany invaded Norway and Denmark. On May 10 Nazi armies struck Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and France. In a six-weeks campaign France was prostrate and after Dunkirk Hitler looked across the English channel at the cliffs of Dover.

Sept. 27, 1940, Germany, Italy and Japan made the Axis a three-way affair by signing a military alliance for 10 years.

April 6, 1941, Germany conquered Yugoslavia and Greece, overrunning the latter country to save the Italians from the Greeks they tried to subjugate. This completed the German conquest of Europe.

June 22, 1941, Hitler whirled to the east and attacked Russia without warning, soon driving deep into the Soviet. Hitler thereby did what he had sworn never to do—engage Germany in war on two fronts, the prime cause for her defeat in World War I.

Dec. 11, 1941—four days after the Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor—Hitler supported his Axis partner by declaring war on the United States. His arrogant expectation of taking Moscow in six weeks had failed miserably of realization and his armies in Russia were getting some hard knocks.

Dec. 19, 1941, Der Fuehrer shunted his generals aside and himself began running the war by "intuition." Large Russian gains were made during the winter of 1941-42 but during the following summer the Nazis knifed into South Russia and the Caucasus, although still unable to get near Moscow.

Nov. 19, 1942, is not a date in a Hitler chronology except in reverse. On that day the great Russian winter offensive of 1942-43 opened and in short order the German armies from one of the Soviet fronts to the other, still being commanded by Der Fuehrer's intuition, were staggering back with terrific losses. In the same fateful month of November the whole south side of Hitlerite Europe was opened to attack by the Anglo-American occupation of North Africa and the defeat of Hitler's most brilliant general, Rommel.



STUBBORN-HEADS

A Tale of a Five-Dollar Bill and the Change It Brought to a Household

By OLIVER LENTZ

Published Through The Courtesy of Liberty Magazine

NATHANIEL GREENAWALD and Elisabet, his wife, were a pair of worn-out Pennsylvania Dutch farmers. On their marriage certificate, that was framed and hung above the head of their bed like some austere official license, in their birth records and family Bibles, in a few deeds and orphians' court proceedings, their names appeared as Nathaniel and Elisabet; but for all workaday purposes they were known for sixty years as Sannie and Betz.

Their ten children were grown up and had gone from home for themselves. The old folks lived alone in a stone house, with thirty stony acres of cleared land and ten or twelve acres of woodland, in the shadow of the Blue Mountains in Lehigh county, just across from the Berks county line.

Among their scant possessions was a teakettle that had come to them as a part of the wife's **haussteier** (dowry) from her father when they first set up housekeeping forty years ago. This teakettle was a thick black heavy cast-iron affair. Its handle was a shiny strip of iron barely half an inch in width and very thin, without any arrangement to keep it upright or any insulation to keep it cool to the touch. Naturally, the handle always lay down against the side of the teakettle and the handle always got hot or hotter than any other part of the kettle when it was on the fire.

Sannie had a system for handling that hot handle. He used to take the stove lifter in his left hand and a damp dishrag in his right, pry the lifter under the handle and bring it upright (not too far or it would flop over to the other side), grasp the handle in the right hand protected by the cloth, and lift. But somehow or other he was always getting something wrong. He would overreach the protecting cloth and touch the hot metal; or he would leave a thin fold in the dishcloth through which the heat would strike; or the weight of the water would shift about in the kettle and the cloth would slip. In some way, every couple of weeks for forty years, he had managed to give himself some scald or burn. He had long ago contrived a means of saving himself blisters, by holding the handle up before setting the kettle to boil and plugging a splinter of wood into the hole where the handle was hooked on to the kettle. So arranged it would stay upright and cool enough to be lifted, with a precautionary cloth, of course, but without undue risks.

Over and over again he had demonstrated this excellent invention to his wife. Especially he wheedled her to use his safety device when she got his shaving water ready for him every Sunday morning, the one occasion in the week when he could not avoid handling the kettle. But old Betz was unalterably convinced that all his burns were due to his own stupid carelessness, and the more he insisted the less she listened.

It was Sunday morning, and there was the kettle in full steam, the handle lying down as usual and undoubtedly hot as blazes. Old Betz was pottering around in their room upstairs. Sannie had his razor stropped, his tin basin ready on the two-foot-wide window sill, his little round mirror propped in the center of the window frame, and there remained only the delicate job of carrying the kettle over and pouring his basin full of shaving water.

He approached the business gingerly. He got a good grip on the thin handle—the kettle was very heavy and unusually full and the lid bobbed up and down, emitting little blobs of steam and water. He lifted slowly and cautiously, and he scalded himself a brand-new way. The base of the kettle caught on the edge of the lid hole, the kettle hung sideways, and before his agonized eyes a thin silver stream of vapory water shot out from under the lid and over the edge of the stove. He hollered almost before the drops landed on his bare feet.

"Ouch! Holy thunder!" he bawled. "Mommy, get the bake soda.

She looked him over, on her hands and knees at an empty pipe hole in the ceiling. He was hopping from one foot to the other, shaking his naked feet to cool them.

"So you did it again, you old dumb-head," she growled. "You know where it is in the corner cupboard as well as I do. Get it yourself."

Half an hour later they were seated at opposite ends of the kitchen table. Every other Sunday there were no services in the Lutheran church to which they belonged, and this was an off Sunday. On such Sundays they read a chapter out of the Bible and prayed, in dutiful observance of the day. Or rather, Sannie read, for he was the only one who could read the bold German text in the Bible that had come to him from his great-grandfather. In this sole learned accomplishment of his he took much pride and he made of it a solemn ceremony.

This day he proceeded to open the Book as usual, groping blindly for the near middle which would land him in the familiar province of Proverbs or Psalms; but the heavy leaves slipped in his hand and he found himself confronted with the eighth chapter of First Chronicles, the genealogy of the sons of Benjamin. But wherever his finger was led to point there he reverently must read.

Before he got through he was well snarled and growling to himself: "Such a word now I never saw in my lifetime." "That one I can't say." "Is that now an M or a W?" "What names for to call people!" "Ei, ei, you dear God, what a family!" It took him a good three quarters of an hour, and he slapped the leaves together with a bang as he intoned the final "Benjamin."

"And now, mommy, I want to tell you something," he began as he returned to the kitchen after putting the Bible back in the parlor. "Enough is enough of anything, and I have now burnt myself once too often with your old kettle.

"I have begged twenty years already you should fix that kettle Sundays for me so that the handle stands up. I showed you. It is no trouble at all. And you don't do it! It is now Sunday and I don't want to anger myself, but I will tell you the same as for Mondays. I want to have you shall fix that kettle for me next Sunday so the handle stays up."

"Ei well, then, Sannie, that I can do. But why? Me and all our ten children around here these many years, and nobody ever burns themselves but you. I can't indeed see how you do it. But just think once—such a funny-looking thing to stick a piece of wood in a teakettle that-a-way."

"'Funny,' you say. I guess you think I burn my fingers two-three times a month for fun! If you were half a wife to me you would have fixed it twenty years ago."

"If I was half a wife to you? You I have run after and waited on these forty years—"

"Run after me? How then? Forty years I keep you good, and what do I get for it? Twenty years I burn myself, and ask you one little thing like a piece of wood in the handle—"

"Twenty years you burn yourself—say forty years, you clumsy old biffel-ox."

"'Biffel-ox' you call me. Biffel-ox! I am the boss of this house and you call me a biffel-ox. Now, though, silence. Shut your mouth."

She turned away and went about her work. But the next Sunday morning and all the Sundays after that a whittled wedge held the hands of the teakettle stiffly in the air.

But she did shut her mouth. For two months she never spoke a word to him unless in answer to a direct question or command, and she never uttered his name. As for him, he spoke to her just as though nothing had happened. In fact, he spoke more than usual: for often he would have to speak as though discussing the pros and cons of things for both himself and for her.

DURING the second month of her silence Betz got a young dog. One of the grandchildren had brought it to her out of a litter of far-fetched shepherd pups. It was about six weeks old, just weaned, fat, fluffy, and playful. She called it Woodrow, as many other faithful Democrats honored their farm dogs about that time. Grover, their regular dog, who had held the job of house dog for a decade, was reminiscent of an earlier day.

One chilly night just before the first frosts the old man and woman were sitting in their kitchen. It was getting on toward eight o'clock and bedtime. The old woman sat and sewed by the red oilcloth-covered table, bending close to a squat tin coal-oil lamp. The old man took his ease in the wooden rocker covered with sheepskins, over by the stove.

"Mommy," said the old man, "you must get rid of Woodrow."

She made no answer. He gave her a quarter of an hour to think it over before he renewed the subject: "Now, mommy, Woodrow is a nice dog and I like him, but we can't keep no two dogs on the yard. Grover is enough. It costs too much for to feed two dogs all the time.

"Now understand me right—nothing for ill will. But we got to work Woodrow out of the way."

Again the old lady answered nothing. Presently she put away her sewing and carried the little dog and his box outside.

THEY knelt and prayed, one at each end of the kitchen table. She took the light and went upstairs to put on her nightclothes. In the morning he would be the first up and would light the fire before he went out to feed the stock.

Never in their forty years together had she dressed or undressed before him. When he heard the bed ropes creak he shed his few clothes on the rocker and followed in his shirt tail. But not another word that night about Woodrow.

Two nights later Sannie spoke again: "Well, mommy, did you think it over about the dog? You wouldn't answer me the other time. Now this time you make your stubborn old mouth open.

She answered sullenly, "I did think I would keep him."

"Yes, yes, old one, you did think you would rather keep him. I too. But now be once reasonable. Did you ever reckon what it costs to keep a dog? A pint of milk, and perhaps nearer a quart, and three-four pieces of bread I want to bet you feed him right now every day! So five-six cents a day anyhow. And when he once begins to grow right he eats twice as much. So twenty-five—thirty dollar a year. Did you ever in your life think of that?" Receiving no answer he added, "Say once now, what do you think?"

"If a dog costs so much, why do you keep Grover then?" she mumbled.

Thus meagerly encouraged, Sannie explained: "Well, now, one dog I allow you must be on a place, to help with the cows and chase the chickens and the pigs from the garden and for tramps and nights and robbers. Grover he earns his board. But two dogs would be like two wives: one can use just one, and the two must eat."

"No; you are just begrudging me. The little fellow keeps me such nice company when I am alone around the house."

"Ach, Gott! Be reasonable. Can a man then talk nothing with you with sense any more? Thirty-forty dollars a year for an extra dog—for such 'nice company,' for such a plaything. People like us, that have it as hard as we have, we have no business to throw money away like that. 'Nice company.' Huh!"

"You are just begrudging me."

A week later Woodrow was still around. It was a Thursday night. The old man got his musket, put on a fresh percussion cap, went outside, and fired it. He reloaded it. Then he spoke the doom of Woodrow:

"Two times have I told you you shall work Woodrow out of the way. This is now the third time that I tell you. If he is on the place Monday I shoot him."

Saturday after dinner old Betz loaded a bushel of pie apples into a topless baby coach and went away, with Woodrow toddling after. She went to the state highway a mile or so out in the valley, where her grandchildren usually displayed a variety of fruits and vegetables along the roadside for sale to the motorists. She knew the dog must go, but she was loath to part with him entirely and she intended asking them to keep him for her.

AMONG the few machines that stopped was a shiny big sedan with a six-year-old boy. One of the grandchildren had tied a red hair ribbon around Woodrow's neck, and just then the pup was on his back with his fat little belly up, pawing with all his four feet and growling and biting at the ribbon. The boy instantly yearned for the dog. Betz had never dreamed of Woodrow as a salable asset, and when they asked her whether they might have him she thought they were asking her to give him to them for nothing, and she shook her head. An offer of two dollars was a shock that stupefied her past answering, and the upshot of it was that the bid went to five dollars, and Woodrow was sold—with ten cents extra for the hair ribbon.

That five-dollar bill worried the old lady. It was, by all the custom of a lifetime, her duty to put that bill in the blue sugar bowl in the corner cupboard at home, along with the egg money and other small sums which she occasionally touched. And when Sannie nosed around and found it he would of course transfer it to the central depository in the chaff bag upstairs, and that would be the last she would ever see of it. But then, this was such a peculiar and extraordinary five dollars, hers as clearly as the dog had been. Pending prayer and true enlightenment, she stuck the five-dollar bill in the family Bible in the parlor.

It would have been unbecoming to Sannie's dignity to inquire what she had done with Woodrow and it took him a week or more to find out what had become of the dog. He first heard about it one gray dawn while waiting his turn in line to deliver his half can of milk at the creamery.

The usual smart Aleck was showing off: "Say, Bill, you curly old pigtail!" he bawled to the milk weigher. "Did I tell you already? My daddy makes sale in the spring. He is going to sell out and go in the dog business. There's a big money in it, they say—short hours and light work. Yes, indeedy. They say the state highway runs full of such city fools that drive around buying dogs at five dollars apiece. You surely know old Sannie Greenawald—Well, well! Why, right here he is now! You can ask Sannie once. He is turned dog jockey too. He's going into it big-fashioned. Ain't? Sannie, you want to have steam heat put in your barn. Two hundred pups he raises for next spring. His old Betz has sold already a dozen dogs this fall just for a side line to her wormy apples."

SANNIE knew better than to engage in an exchange of witticisms with his tormentor. But he sensed some grain of fact in the chaff and he was eaten up with curiosity. On his way home he stopped at his son's farm and there he learned the details.

Not a word did he say all day until he and Betz were settled again in their customary places awaiting the time for prayer and bed. Then—

"What has it given of Woodrow?"

He waited a long time before he continued, "What has it given of Woodrow? You hear me. Say it to me."

"Have sold him."

"What else?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" He repeated after her. "You sold him Saturday a week over at the state highway and got five dollars for him. Where's the money?"

"Laid away." But the answer was slow in coming.

"You have laid it away?" This was getting a trifle thick for Sannie. "For what, then? For what have I not gotten it?" He repeated loudly, "Say now, for what have I not gotten it?'

"Shan't have it, either," she snapped.

If she had picked up the lamp and thrown it at him he could not have been more astounded than he was at her answer. Befuddled beyond what little tact he might have had, he blustered:

"I shan't have it? What for craziness do you talk? Since when does any money come in this house that does not belong to me? Go instantly and get those five dollars, and don't be slow about it!"

(To Be Concluded.)

STUBBORN-HEADS, begun in today's ECK and to be concluded in the next issue, we believe to be one of the best short stories of its kind. Readers who know our dialect will also conclude that the English idiom rendering the conversation of the characters in this story is superior to that of most fiction dealing with the Pennsylvania Germans.

STUBBORN-HEADS was published as a prize first story in Liberty Magazine for January 7, 1933. Its author, Oliver Lentz, was born in Berks County, Pa., and graduated from Dickinson Law School at Carlisle. Except for war service and a brief period following this he was attorney in Reading from his admission to the bar until his recent death.

Those who have read Mildred Jordan's recent success APPLE IN THE ATTIC will find in STUBBORN-HEADS the same basic theme, in fact the very kernel of Miss Jordan's novel. Miss Jordan would have us think that her APPLE IN THE ATTIC is based on the true story of a Pennsylvania German and his wife. Did Mr. Lentz, who wrote his story nine years earlier, base it on that same true story? Both authors wrote in Reading. One wonders to what exient Miss Jordan was obligated to her fellow townsman.—P.A.B.

Old Mother Hubbard

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

Noh geht sie zum Becker
Un kaaft en Leeb Brot,
Un kummt sie zurick,
Dart leit er wie dod.

Dann geht sie zum Schneider
Un kaaft em en Rock,
Un kummt sie zurick,
Do reit er der Bock.

Zum Schumacher geht sie
Un kaaft em Paar Schuh,
Do hot er die Katz
Ins Bett geduh.

Sie geht in der Schtor
Un kaaft em en Hut,
Un kummt sie zurick,
Do schpielt er die Flute.

Not geht sie ans Waertshaus
Fer'n Kessel voll Bier,
Un kummt sie, do baerzelt
Er hinnich de Dier.

Mol iss sie am backe,
Macht Kuchedeeg schteif;
Do hockt er am Offe
Un schmokt noch die Peif.

Sie geht in der Keller
Fer'n Pitcher voll Wei,
Do nemmt er der Kiwwel
Un fiedert die Sei.

Sie gebt em aa Schleecksach
So oft wie sie kann,
Do fresst er re aa noch
Die Waerscht aus de Pann.

Des Hundel iss owets
Als wacker gebliwwe,
Hot Bicher gelese
Un alsemol g'schriwwe.

Die Mammi waar aarm,
Doch nie net in Not.
Wann's Hundel noch lebt,
Dann iss es net dod.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

Wann ich Lieb Weis

Wann ich Lieb weis zu alle Leit,
Un was ich duh, des kummt vum Haerz,
Was, wann die Leit net liewe aa?
Des gebt meim Haerz 'n grosser Schmaerz.

Iss des far nix, wann ich des duh,
Wie'n Maryewolk geht des dann hie,
Un niemand weess, was g'schehne iss?
Nix kummt deraus, wie gross die Mieh?

Doch droppst die Wolk en Sege gaar
Un samft die Aerd mit Himmelssaft;
Un schpeeter geht der Bauer naus
Un sehnt dann, was die Wolk hot g'schafft.

Die Lieb die losst aa ebbes do,
As brauchbaar iss far alle Zeit;
Oft weess die Welt nix vun dem Ding,
Un macht, as waer sie yuscht vun heit!

Wann sie mol sehnt, was des aa iss,
Un fiehlt im Haerz es heechschte Gut,
Dann findt sie aus, was mer sei kann,
Un reich iss der, as liewe dutt!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ.

WHERE AND WHAT SATURDAY NIGHT



HOTEL TRAYLOR
DANCE TONITE
in the Beautiful
CONGO ROOM
WITH ROXY REIF'S ORCHESTRA
HENRI CRESPI—Leader
DANCING 9 'TIL 12
BALLROOM ON SIXTH FLOOR
AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE DANCES

SUNDAY DINNERS
served in our
COFFEE SHOP
OR
DINING ROOM



MEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE OMAR LOUNGE

DANCING
Sat., 9-12 P. M.
SAL TAIBI
and His
9-PIECE ORCHESTRA
—Featuring—
ROSALIE MORAN
AMERICUS HOTEL BALLROOM
50c
PLUS TAX

THE CIRCLON
Where Sixth Street Crosses Hamilton
Dancing Tonight
From 9 'Til Closing
THREE CATS and a FIDDLE
Entertaining During Dinner and Nightly
Enjoy Your Dinner Here
Served 5 to 9 P. M.
Luncheon — Dinner — Cocktails



Shankweiler's Hotels
WILSON F. SHANKWEILER



SHANKWEILER'S ON THE SLATINGTON PIKE ROUTE 309 | SHANKWEILER'S ON THE ALLENTOWN-HARRISBURG HIGHWAY—ROUTE 22

Due to the restrictions on pleasure driving there will be no orchestra this week. However, as soon as conditions permit, our orchestra will be back, same as usual. Both hotels will stay open for the duration serving meals, lunches, refreshments and hotel accommodations.
SLATINGTON BUS SERVICE TO OUR DOOR
Monday Through Sat. Every Hour. Sundays—Every Two Hours
"LET'S KEEP 'EM FLYING ★ KEEP 'EM ROLLING"

IF YOU WANT GOOD FOOD
—EAT AT—
Schwep's Restaurant
EIGHTH and TILGHMAN STREETS
SUNDAY DINNERS
SERVED 11 A. M. TO 8:30 P. M.
SEAFOOD — STEAKS — CHICKEN

THE HANOVER LODGE
TONIGHT
Trolley Stops at Door
BOB JOHNSON
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Beers - Wines - Liquors and Light Lunches
Opp. State Hospital
1609 Hanover Ave. Phone 3-9872

CARLISLE GRILLE
TONIGHT
Trolley Stops at Door
THE COMMODORES
Featuring
Vicki Hall & Chet Cressman
Sea Food and Light Lunches - Beer Wine - Liquor
CARLISLE AND E. HAMILTON STS.
PHONE 3-9324

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When You Can Get A
FULL COURSE
SUNDAY DINNER
So Reasonable
at the
Home Restaurant
17 South 7th Street
Several Selections

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DORNEYVILLE HOTEL
Business As Usual
"Tang of the Sea" Food
All Food Prepared As You Order
DORNEYVILLE BUS STOPS AT THE DOOR
Busses Leave 7th and Hamilton Every Hour.
DORNEYVILLE HOTEL
Route 222—¼ Mile West of Hamilton Street Terminus—Phone 3-9536
The Valley's Leading Seafood House

PFINGSTL'S GRILL
Eat, Drink in Home-Like Atmosphere—
9th and Liberty Sts.
ALL KINDS OF PLATTERS
OYSTERS IN SEASON

GERMANIA HOTEL
JOHN HENDRICKS, Prop.
114 S. 7th Street
SPECIAL TONIGHT
Crab Patties—Chicken Salad—Scallops
Deviled Clams—Fried Oysters
BEER—WINES—MIXED DRINKS

—Slatington—

Warren Bachman, 235 W. Washington St.—Telephone 306

Worship to Open Scout Week Here

Boy Scout Week celebrations in the Blue Ridge district will begin with a worship in Bethel Congregational church on Sunday afternoon at 2.30. The worship will be in charge of Rev. B. J. Williams, president of the Slatington Ministerial Assn. The Scouts with their parents and friends are invited to attend.

The Scout family supper to which all Scouts and their parents are invited, will be held in St. John's Reformed church social hall, Monday at 6.30. Rev. Norman Dettra will offer the invocation and David Kern will be master of ceremonies. After the supper, Robert Rettew, funmaker and magician, will entertain. At about 8 o'clock the entire group will go to the church auditorium for the court of honor, during which George Stevens will deliver an address. Mr. Stevens, a G-man, is a graduate of Knox college, Galesburg, Ill.; also a graduate of the Chicago-Kent College of Law in Chicago. He is especially interested in Boy Scouts, having served as a Scoutmaster at Wheaton, Ill.

FEED THE GAME—You can help save the small game in this area by feeding it now while the snow is on the ground. You can get feed to be used for this purpose by applying to Allen Krum, Slatington Sport and Skeet Assn. official.

SERVICE FLAG ROSTER GROWING—If there are any former students of Slatington High school or graduates now serving in the armed forces whose names have not been submitted to Rachel Steckel or the high school office, the receipt of same will be appreciated and will greatly facilitate the completion of the list now being compiled. A suitable program for the dedication of the Service Flag which will be displayed in the high school auditorium is being planned.

ON THE WAY—Upwards of 1,000 coat hangers are now enroute to Camp Davis, N. C. They will be distributed among the soldiers by Lieutenant Karl Fritzinger, a local boy, who is stationed at Camp Davis.

The drive for these coat hangers was sponsored by the air raid wardens of Sector C. Practically all sections of the community added to the big shipment made to the boys in Camp Davis. Other air raid wardens of the borough also aided the Sector C group in the drive for hangers. They were shipped on Wednesday.

MONTHLY SCHOOL REPORT — The monthly report of Supervising Principal Elwood Prestwood includes the work of the school nurse and the enrollment percentages, as follows:

The report of Ara Kern, school nurse, shows: Home visits 116, other visits 12, teacher consultations 83, treatments in school 25, number children weighed 618, vision tested 60, exclusions—measles 1; children accompanied to ear clinic 3, nose and throat clinic 3, orthopedic clinic 1, dental clinic 16, medical clinic 2, children accompanied for eye examinations 17, glasses received 9, glasses repaired 2, glasses adjusted 5, eye exercises 1, X-ray treatment 1, admissions to hospital 3.

The enrollment for January showed 365 in the first six grades, 285 in the junior high school and 354 in the senior high school.

The percentage of attendance in the first six grades was 93, junior high 96, senior high 94. The total average was 94.

WILL RECEIVE DEGREE—Velma Oswald, supervisor of music in the Slatington public schools, will receive her master of education degree from Temple university on Feb. 15. Miss Oswald took her final examinations in music at Temple on Jan. 15 and 16. She passed all tests successfully.

NO CELEBRATION—There will be no special observance of the 53rd anniversary of the Knights of Friendship chamber this year. The affair was called off due to gas rationing and other wartime regulations.

WILL HOLD DANCES—The Diamond Fire Co. of Walnutport has started a series of Saturday night dances in the ball room of the fire hall.

SUNDAY CHURCH SERVICES — St. John's Reformed: Worship at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school, 11 a. m.

Bethel Congregational: Sunday school, 10 a. m; worship, 7 p. m.

Trinity E. C.: Sunday school, 10 a. m.; worship, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m; prayer meeting Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

Christ Episcopal: Sunday school, 11 a. m.; worship, 7 p. m.; communion every fourth Sunday at 10.30 a. m.

St. John's Lutheran: Sunday school, 11 a. m.; worship, 7.30 p. m.

First Presbyterian: Sunday school, 11 a. m.; worship, 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Welsh Presbyterian: Sunday school, 11.15 a. m.; worship, 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.

First Baptist: United Sunday school service, 10 a. m.; worship, 7 p. m.

Church of God: Sunday school, 9 a. m.; preaching, 10 a. m.; prayer service on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

Catholic Church of the Assumption, Slatington, and St. Nicholas church, Berlinsville: Masses Sunday, first and second at Slatington, 8.30 a. m.; at Berlinsville, 10.30 a. m. Third, fourth and fifth at Slatington, 10.30 a. m., at Berlinsville, 8.30 a. m.

—Catasauqua—

Reuben C. Weaver, 115 Howertown Rd. Phone 479R

Jr. Civic Club Elects Officers

The Junior Civic club of the 2nd St. school building, at its monthly meeting elected the following officers: President, Fern Case; vice president, Ethel Varga; secretary, Barbara Kachmarchik.

Patrol force: Captain, Donald Seyfried; assistant captain, Gerald Steele; first patrol, Kenneth Garner; second patrol, Orval Nelson; third patrol, Richard Klinger; fourth patrol, Donald Wagner.

Other helpers: Charles Suther, Andrew Dulik, Harvey Silvius, June Smith, Barbara Yates, Beatrice Nelson, June Breidenbach, William Shaneberger and William Golley.

MEETING OF TRUSTEES — The monthly meeting of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian church will take place on Sunday in the chapel after the evening service. Andrew Junkin is president.

COASTING MISHAP—While coasting near her home several days ago, Delores, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wescoe, 818 5th St., Fullerton, suffered a fractured wrist.

HEALTH MEETING—Monday at 7:30 p. m. the board of health will meet in council chambers, municipal building.

ANNIVERSARY PLANS—Plans for anniversary exercises on Thursday evening, March 4, were discussed at the monthly meeting of the St. Paul's Luther league on Thursday evening. The executive committee, James Frankenfield, chairman, is in charge of the arrangements.

Clara Schleicher announced a workers' conference to be held in St. Luke's church, N. 7th St., Allentown, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17, and a skating party at Coplay, Feb. 24. Both events will be sponsored by the Allentown District Luther league.

Following the meeting members of St. Paul's league adjourned to the church basement, where games were played.

CALLS ON FRIENDS—Mrs. Clara Wright, widow of Oscar Wright, spent several days at her former home in West Catasauqua renewing acquaintances. For several years she has been living at Reading.

SPECIAL SERVICE—Sunday at 10 a. m. a special service will be conducted in St. John's Lutheran church, Mickleys, by Rev. Harvey T. Sell, the pastor. Parents of servicemen of the congregation are invited. Rev. Sell will give the sermon. The congregation expects to keep in close touch with service men and asks cooperation of parents. Sunday evening at 7:15 a regular service will be held in Christ church, Shoenersville, with sermon by Rev. Sell.

HOBBY SALE—The committee in charge of the program to be presented at the meeting of the ladies auxiliary of the Phoenix Fire Co. on Tuesday evening, Feb. 16, has decided upon a hobby sale. Mrs. Elizabeth Guldner is the chairman.

MISSIONARY PROGRAM—A combined missionary service will be held on Sunday at 10:30 a. m. in Christ church, Shoenersville, by the congregation and Sunday school. The sermon will be delivered by Rev. George J. Laubach, the pastor.

MANY BURIALS AT FAIRVIEW—Since the beginning of the new year attaches of Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua, have been unusually busy. Within five weeks 15 burials have been made there, probably the largest number on record for such a short span of time. A majority of the burials were those of former residents of this community who died in neighboring communities and distant points, including one in Washington, D. C. and one at Lansdowne.

JOINT PARTY—The American Legion and auxiliary will conduct a joint public party this evening in the auditorium of the memorial home. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the two organizations.

FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY—Private and Mrs. Anthony Gutleber, 35 2nd St., are celebrating their first wedding anniversary today. Private Gutleber is stationed at Camp Beale, Calif., with an armored division. Prior to his induction in March, 1942, he was employed as a meat cutter.

The couple was married on Feb. 5, 1942, at a nuptial mass in St. Mary's Catholic church by Rev. John P. N. Fries, the rector. Mrs. Gutleber is the former Marie Sperlbaum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sperlbaum. Her brother, Edward Sperlbaum Jr., is celebrating his 18th birthday anniversary today.

TRANSFER PROPERTY — The property at 341 Church St., was transferred from the Northampton Building and Loan Assn. to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Piskanin, the consideration being $950. The home is occupied by Rudolph Rosenblatt and family. The Piskanin family resides at 339 Church St.

MOVE INTO NEW HOME—Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur D. Shinton and family have moved from Church and Crane Sts. into their newly-acquired property at 212 Church St. The couple recently purchased the home from the executors of the estate of the David Morrow, retired railroader, who died suddenly several months ago. The property had been occupied by members of the Morrow family for 80 years or more.

HERE ON FURLOUGH — Private Frederick Hoffman, who is stationed at Fort George G. Meade, Md., is enjoying a several days' furlough. During his stay here he is a guest at the home of his mother, Mrs. Russell Hoffman, 413 Crane St.

Appeal Assessment

An appeal from the triennial assessment made for city and school tax purposes on the Livingston apartment property at 1411 Hamilton St. has been filed in the office of Prothonotary Creveling by the law firm of Butz, Steckel and Rupp for Livingston Apartments, Inc. The court has set March 8 as the date for a hearing.

The appellants claim the assessment of $160,000 placed against the property is excessive and unfair. They declare they appealed to the city but that the appeal was dismissed.

Miserable With A
HEAD COLD?
Just try 3-purpose Va-tro-nol up each nostril. It (1) shrinks swollen membranes, (2) soothes irritation, and (3) helps clear cold-clogged nasal passages. Follow the complete directions in folder. VICKS VA-TRO-NOL



STUBBORN-HEADS

A Tale of a Five-Dollar Bill and the Change It Brought to a Household

By OLIVER LENTZ

Published Through The Courtesy of Liberty Magazine

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT: Nathaniel Greenawald and his wife Elisabet, better known as Sannie and Betz, are a pair of worn-out Pennsylvania Dutch farmers tilling thirty stony acres in the shadow of the Blue Mountains in Lehigh County. For forty years they have been using the iron teakettle which Betz had received as a part of her Haussteier. Its handle always lay down against the side of the teakettle and thus the handle was hotter than any other part. For forty years Sannie has managed to scald or burn himself and for twenty years he has begged Betz to fix that kettle so that the handle would stand up. "Twenty years you burn yourself—say forty years, you clumsy old biffel-ox."—"Biffel-ox,' you call me Biffel-ox! I am the boss of this house and you call me biffel-ox. Now, though silence. Shut your mouth."—Betz did shut her mouth and for two months she never spoke a word to Sannie unless in answer to a direct question or command, and she never uttered his name. During the second month of her silence Betz got a young dog and named it Woodrow. They were staunch Democrats. But Sannie concluded that their regular farm dog, Grover, was enough and that Woodrow would have to go. Betz finds Woodrow "such nice company." A week later Woodrow is still on the premises. Sannie now declares an ultimatum: If he is on the place Monday I shoot him."—Saturday after dinner old Betz loads a bushel of pie apples into a baby coach and pushes it up to the state highway a mile or so away, with little Woodrow toddling after. There her grandchildren usually displayed vegetables for sale to passing motorists. Among the machines that stopped was a big shiny sedan. In it was a six-year-old boy who, on seeing little Woodrow on his back with his fat little belly up, instantly yearned to have the pup. Now Betz never dreamed that Woodrow was salable and when they asked her whether they might have Woodrow she thought they wanted him for nothing and she shook her head. Now they offered two dollars. This big offer so stupified her that she could not answer and the upshot was that the offer jumped to five dollars. She sold Woodrow. That five-dollar bill worried Betz. Should she put it in the old blue sugar bowl in the corner cupboard along with the egg money as was her duty according to the family tradition? Betz rebelled. Sannie wanted to shoot Woodrow. It had been her dog. It was her money. She hid the bill in the family Bible. More than a week later Sannie learns that Betz sold Woodrow so advantageously. Sannie's dignity as the master of his household is deeply injured. "Since when does any money come in this house that does not belong to me? Go instantly and get those five dollars."

CONCLUSION

THE woman neither moved nor answered. She sat with bowed head, looking down at her hands squeezed together in her lap. Sannie shouted at her: "Move yourself, I tell you! Get it."

Presently she looked up at him, level and cool, defiant. Brokenly and slowly at first she spoke: "I know not, God willing, what right is to do. These forty years have I worked for this man, and never no time have I had more than a few pennies at one time to spend on myself. Never he gives me anything without that I beg. And now I have this nice piece of money, so almost like a present dropped in my lap from the skies, and he wants to take it from me." Her grievances had loosened her tongue; she was speaking fast and her voice had risen to a shrill wail:

"My horrible old quilted black sunbonnet! I had still thought sometime before I die I would buy myself a hat like other women, and perhaps a pair of nice black stockings and two-three such ten-cent white snuffrags. It's everlasting not right that he takes this money away from me!"

Here was the parting of the ways and Sannie took the wrong one. Scared and angry at her unbelievable challenge to his authority, he undertook to browbeat her again:

"Go me away with such dumbness! You want to spend money for a hat and for stockings and for snuffrags, and I shall scratch it together. Since when am I a millionaire? Thirty years have I worn my old black suit to church and funerals. Three white snuffrags I have now ten years out of your underskirt that Grover tore up when he was a pup. My old black hat that is now green moldy what I wore to our wedding. Three years now I haven't got a hundred dollars together to pay on the mortgage—such dried-up crops and twenty cents a bushel for potatoes. And now you want to keep another dog for 'such nice company' to eat up my money—"

"'Tain't your money. Would have shot him, and then where would the money have been?"

"'Tis my money!" He was shouting and leaning forward in his chair. "Go get it."

"And when I don't do it?"

"And when you don't do it? Now may the devil fetch me alive if you do not! Who shall be the master here, I or you?" He shook his fist in her face. "Now instantly—get it. Get it!"

She hung her head. She looked at him steadily from under her bushy brows, and then stood up, pushing his fist aside. "It is now enough. Ten children have I carried for you—and you want to hit me That I will not take from any living person. The money you shall have. But touch me never again and speak me not another word so long as I live."

"It is whole-heartedly promised!" he screamed.

She went into the parlor, got the bill, laid it on the table, and went out of the house. She walked two miles to their son's farm.

As to the reason for her coming she said nothing except "He wanted to hit me." To all further questions she said simply, "Ask him."

Three days Sannie stewed in rising anger. Now indeed his manhood was belittled before all the world. For the rest of his life people would talk behind his back about the time old Betz Greenawald walked off from her husband. Some tremendous, awesome gesture he must think up to save his damaged dignity.

The morning of the fourth day his son Eph arrived. He discovered the desolate old man sitting on a log behind the barn.

They talked slowly and sparingly about the weather, the condition of the crops, with hardly a glance at one another.

It was only after Eph had risen and twice stated that he must be going that he came to his subject:

"The mommy is by me."

"So?"

"Since four days."

"So?"

"What ails her?"

"Don't she know?"

And there the conversation stuck till Eph began again:

"Well, all I know is that it is a shame that two such old fools like you two should fight and live apart."

"What does she say?"

"Nothing, only you wanted to hit her."

"It's a lie. Anyhow, it's nobody's business."

"Nobody's business? How do you make that out? How do you think I and my wife and my boys and girls like it when pretty soon all the people know that granddaddy and grandmommy live together like cats and dogs? You must go together again. I naul her back tomorrow."

The old man raised his hand. "Stop once! You do not haul her on to this place. Nobody shall stick his nose in our affairs, you or anybody else. What happened between us we settle our own way. She walked off of her own dumb stubborn-head and she can walk back the same way. I didn't tell her to go and I will never coax her to come back."

The old man considered a while, and then he delivered himself of the solemn pronouncement, the grand gesture, which his injured pride demanded: "Now this much you can go back and tell her. Now listen once. Any time she wants to she can come back. But alone she went and alone she comes back. And from now on she must understand that I am the boss in my own house. And now still another thing.

"Until my tongue rots in my mouth I speak not one word to her except she speaks first to me by name and calls me boss. And that is sworn."

The following Sunday morning she walked into the kitchen while he was shaving. Without a word she went upstairs and put on her Sunday dress. He hitched up and they drove to church together.

But from that day, for eleven years, not a word was spoken by either of these old people directly to the other.

At first they used signs for unavoidable communications, pointing and waving and nodding. Sannie presently supplemented signs with a slate to which he tied a pencil.

But as both of them were unable to write more than their names in script, they were restricted to scratching out their messages in words of capital roman letters and improvised spelling, Dutch, English, with signs and crude diagrams and drawings to help out.

During the sixth winter of sign and slate Sannie invented an improvement. He was sitting in his rocker one Friday night. Grover had gone to his reward, and at the old man's feet lay a new Grover, formally called Grover Two

VAGUE and drowsy thoughts gloomed undefined in his consciousness, presently clarifying themselves and centering about a certain hen that he had marked for the pot. He became actively aware that he wanted something good to eat, chicken for his Sunday dinner. He began to frame his message to old Betz. He would spell CHICKEN on the slate; then he would go to the calendar and point to Sunday and point to his open mouth. He would do it after a while. It was an irksome job. He was half asleep again when the great invention revealed itself to his instantly awakened mind. He sat up and looked for the dog.

"Grover," he said. He was hoarse with fright at his own daring, and he coughed in embarrassment. "Grover, don't you think it is about time that we would have again chicken for our Sunday dinner?"

Grover Two was amazed, and he raised his head quickly and rapped the floor with his tail. But old Betz kept on paring potatoes, cutting a trifle thick and unsteadily perhaps, but without any outward show of perturbation.

After a time Sannie made a fresh attempt.

"Grover," he began, "you know that undesized old black cluck that hatched out her nest two years ago in the rail pile in the pasture?

"I don't believe she lays any more an egg in two weeks and she eats like two others. Two Sundays now we had boiled speck and dried string beans. Wouldn't you like once to chaw a few chicken bones again?"

Grover unmistakably approved; he tapped quite a tattoo with his tail. But old Betz was grimly silent.

When they had prayed and she had the lamp in her hand, ready to go to bed, he made a last despairing effort:

"NOW, Grover—now stop once a minute; now don't be in such a fuss. Now say once, what shall I do? Shall I kill the old cluck tomorrow—and pick her?"

By all the custom of that house of fixed precedents, beheaded the chicken was delivered to the kitchen door by the man, and the scalding, plucking, and singeing of the chicken was the work of the woman. That Sannie should offer to pick a chicken was an astonishing departure.

She hesitated, put down the lamp, and scratched on the slate YES.

At such small price was happiness and victory won. For six years they had struggled along like a pair of uneducated deaf-mutes, and for the next five years, before they spoke freely again to one another, they got on very well through Grover Two as intermediary. Even when the dog was abroad on affairs of his own, pride was satisfied so long as the form of the communication included some address or reference to the absent Grover Two, usually referred to informally as Grover.

But such was the quality of their firmness that never was the "Grover" quite omitted in even the shortest expressions.

It was "Yah, Grover"; "Nay, Grover"; "Verleicht, Grover"; and never "Yah" or "Nay."

It led to incessant absurdities, of course. Thus, the butter being soft, Sannie would declare, "Grover, your butter tastes as strong as an old sheep buck again. What have we a spring house for? Couldn't you once in a summer carry it out to the spring between meals?"

Or he would bawl from the barnyard: "Grover, hurry yourself; shut your windows and get the wash in—it comes a thunder weather." Or perhaps it might be Betz who would speak.

"Grover Two, now three weeks I tell you already about that hole in the garden fence. This forenoon the old sow was in again with all her eleven young ones All of my red beets they have rooted up. I can't get my work done at all when I the whole time must chase pigs."

Or maybe some tailoring to be done and Sannie would call attention from his rocker: "Grover, did you mind I burst the hinder part of my overalls? Can you mend me a patch in the seat before you go to bed?"

But neither one of them ever perceived in the slightest degree the ludicrousness of their behavior.

A decade brought little change in their appearance and none in their lives. Their figures became a little more stooped, their fingers more incurved and stiffened, their joints more swollen and rheumatic, and their movements ever slower and more difficult. But at seventy they still carried on the same changeless routine of daily duties that they had observed at sixty, at fifty, their whole lives long.

One cloud had shadowed them. Sannie was getting cataracts on both eyes. Sometimes in darkening light or doubtful places Betz led him by the hand. But this they accepted with the same uncomplaining fortitude with which they met shriveling drought or freezing winter. It would cost them one hundred dollars for his operation when the cataracts were "ripe." Three years they had been saving and the money would be in the chaff bag when the time came. Somehow they always managed.

IT was another Sunday morning in the twelfth year of their stubbornness. The old teakettle was boiling and bubbling, its handle wedged and upright. Betz was upstairs and Sannie had his shaving kit ready. He peeringly adjusted the wet dishrag to his hand and lifted the kettle.

As he groped toward the window ledge the hook by which the handle was fastened to the kettle, thinned and rusted by fifty years of use and weakened by the constant wedging, broke at the wooden plug A thin sheet of scalding water poured on his legs and bare feet. He swung and threw the kettle away, and staggering about blindly in pain he fell over the dog. In falling he struck his head on the edge of the table.

The clash and clatter of the thrown kettle, the crash of the falling body, and the howls of the scalded dog brought old Betz downstairs on the run. There lay Sannie in the middle of the floor, the blood spurting from a triangular rip in his forehead, his overalls steaming, completely unconscious.

She dragged him away from the puddle and in ten minutes she had his head roughly bandaged, his face washed, and he was slumped barelegged in his rocker, his head on his shoulder, his eyes shut, while she was smearing lard and baking powder on his scalded legs and feet, scraping raw potatoes to plaster them with, and tearing up an old sheet to drap them in. And all the time she was babbling along in a frightened monologue:

"Oh, you God, Dawdy, say then something. Sannie, Sannie, what have you then made again? What has it then given?

"You poor, blind old bat! Aie, aie, aie, what have you done then? How did you then fall? Aie, you dear Heaven, Sannie, can you not talk to me?"

The old man mumbled without raising his head: "Grover, it seems to me somebody calls my name. Somebody calls me 'Sannie.' Not?"

OLD Betz was on her knees wrapping and pinning and tying his bandages, and her only answer was a big sniff that heaved her shoulders as twin tears rolled down her nose.

"Grover," the old man called—and the dog let out a whimper of fright and pain.

"Grover Two, who is nowadays the boss around here?"

"Ach, you stubborn old mule," she quavered. "Grover says you are the boss already fifty years."

"That's pretty good for a dog, Grover. But what says my woman?"

"Well, Grover, if I must I guess I must. I say so too."

The stiff denim of his overalls had not held much of the boiling water and the scald of his feet was but an instant's splash, and in a half hour he was fairly comfortable with his legs and feet hugely wrapped up in lard, potato pulp, baking soda, and soft old rags.

As he lay in the rocker with his feet lifted on another chair, as his nerves settled and his pains eased, Sannie found himself filled with a rising glow of well-being. He was the boss again.

An unaccustomed kindliness swelled within him. He opened his whitened eyes and said:

"Mommy, about your damned old teakettle, now. Throw him out. That bedeviled old iron lump is dangerous. We buy a new one over in the iron store at New Tripoli. A nice big teakettle from what they call this alumynun, so light you can hold him with the little finger, and a handle that stands up from himself, with a black wooden grip that not the dumbest person in the world all his life could burn the fingers. And you do look like the devil in your old black sunbonnet, so perhaps too we buy ourselves a new flower hat for Sundays."

THE END

Was es Hundli denkt

Mei Nochber gleicht kee Kinner,
Awwer sie hot en Pet;
Sie hot e winsich Hundli
Un fiehrt es an der Kett.

Sell Hundli hot es besser
As manches Biewli hot;
Doch muss es oft beneide
Die miensicht glee Gaartegrott.

'S iss rund un fett un glitzert
All iwwer wie en Ool;
Sei Hohr iss glatt mit brushe
Un schwarz as wie en Kohl.

Sell Hundli hot sei Kisse,
Sei Schtiehli an em Disch;
Er hot sei eegner Deller,
Sie Oier un sei Fisch.

Doch kennt sell Hundli schwetze,
Daet's saage, "Loss mich naus;
Ich daet viel liewer schpiele
Im Dreck mit annere draus.

Geb mir en alter Knoche
Un loss mich uff die Schtross,
Un tend die aarme Kinner
Un nemm sie uff dei Schooss!"

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

Die Schillgrott un der Haas

Die Schillgrott un der Haas hen mol
En Race mit nanner ghatt;
Die Zeit waar g'setzt, wie aa der Platz,
So bissel vor der Schtadt.

Der Haas hot g'meent, er yuscht waer schmaert
Un wott mol g'schpassich sei;
Er hupst un ball is er weit draus—
Er rugt un schloft aa glei!

Er draamt un draamt, was er duh daet
Mit so'm Gedier so schlo;
Er schwetzt im Schlof un meent er waer's:
"Ich bleib noch wennich do!"

Es draame halt net immer aus—
Der Schlofkopp kummt net weit;
Wer wacker iss, gaar weit kann geh,
Geb ihm yuscht bissel Zeit.

So waar's aa do in daerer Race,
Die Schillgrott waar net faul;
Sie graddelt fart un halt sich draa,
Graad wie'n getreender Gaul.

Sie kummt ans End in gute Zeit,
Der Haas waar weit zerick;
Dann weckt er uff un saagt "Nau guck—
Des Ruhe iss mei Glick!"

Wie'n Blitzschtraahl dann eilt er dohie—
"Die Grott iss noch net weit",
Saagt er un hupst un weiter blost:
"Ich laern sie ebbes heit!"

Was waar zu duh—'s waar all verbei!
Die Schillgrott hot der Preis.
Em Haas sei Schpass waar aa net lang—
Wie'n Eselsdans uff'm Eis!

Der Schlofkopp kummt mol schur net weit,
Er muss gaar wacker sei;
Weil er dann schloft, der anner geht
Un g'winnt die Race aa glei.

Schnell geh iss net was zaehle dutt—
Wer aahalt yuscht kummt hie;
'S iss net mit Schpott un Brallerei!
'S iss yuscht zu wisse wie!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ.

Weddings - Parties **Women's Affairs** Social Happenings

Engaged

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Mertz, 1436 Madison Ave., Bethlehem, announce the engagement of their daughter, Dorothea Marie Mertz, to Lieutenant John Schaffer, Allentown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Schaffer, Allentown.



Miss Mertz, a member of the Alphi Phi Epsilon sorority, expects to graduate this June from Bethlehem High school.

Lieutenant Schaffer was graduated from Allentown High school and the Kutztown State Teachers college. Lieutenant Schaffer received his commission as first lieutenant in December and is now stationed at Macon, Ga., in the medical corps.

LYRIC Allentown
TELEPHONE 2-7961
BURLESQUE
TODAY Mat. 2:30 All Seats Eve. 8:30 Reserved
BETTY DuVAL with BOB CARNEY

RITZ — COPLAY
CONTINUOUS TODAY FROM 1:15
HENRY FONDA ★ LUCILLE BALL
"THE BIG STREET"
OZZIE NELSON & HIS BAND
ADDED FEATURE MATINEE ONLY
GEORGE MONTGOMERY
"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE"
SUN. MON. "THE FOREST RANGERS" In Technicolor

MIDWAY
LAST TIMES TODAY
YOU'LL LOVE THIS SHOW!
She's a modern Joan of Arc sharing two great loves!



Joan CRAWFORD
John WAYNE
Philip DORN
in Reunion in FRANCE
ADDED FEATURE—MAT. ONLY
CHARLES STARRETT in "WEST OF TOMBSTONE"

MEMO:
"RANDOM HARVEST"
IS COMING
TO THE
RIALTO
THEATRE

LLOYD A. MOLL
Violinist — Conductor
Instruction
Residence Studio
1032 LINDEN STREET
Appointments Received by Mail

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A. J. PERRY'S
EMPIRE
ALLENTOWN, PA.
TONIGHT, SAT.
A. J. PERRY Presents
CHARLIE SPIVAK
And His Famous Orchestra
Adv. Sun Ray, 1.13 Plus Tax
NEXT SAT., FEB. 20th
McFarland Twins

Teacher Bride Of Pike Co. Supt.

The marriage of Edith Gertrude Sommer, daughter of Frantz and the late Alice Sommer of Newfoundland, Pa., and Dr. Chester B. Dissinger, son



DR. - MRS. CHESTER B. DISSINGER

of Rev. S. Neitz and the late Minerva Dissinger of Emmaus, took place yesterday at noon in the Emmaus Evangelical church.

Rev. Dissinger, who last week completed his 48th year in the ministry, officiated at the marriage of his son in the church of which he is the pastor.

Mrs. Dissinger was graduated from the Newfoundland schools and East Stroudsburg State Teachers college. She later attended Johns Hopkins university and Kutztown State Teachers college. At present she is a teacher in the consolidated schools at Newfoundland.

Dr. Dissinger was graduated from the Boyertown High school and Kutztown State Teachers college. He received a B.S. degree from the University of Pittsburgh and an M.A. degree from New York university. For the last 22 years he has been superintendent of the Pike county schools and resided in Milford.

Following a short wedding trip the newlyweds will reside in Milford.

Attendants at the ceremony were Mrs. Elizabeth Cornog, sister of the bridegroom, Summit, N. J., the bride's father, and Mrs. Lillian Shaw, sister of Rev. Dissinger.

Two former associates of Dr. Dissinger were present with their wives at the wedding. Judge Charles Kenworthy of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, a former pupil of Dr. Dissinger while he was principal of the Milford High school, and Dr. Q. A. W. Rohrbach, president of Kutztown State Teachers college, a former teacher of the bridegroom while he attended the University of Pittsburgh.

Chaplain Is Endorsed By Schwartz Auxiliary

Christine M. Schwartz auxiliary, U. S. W. V., Thursday night endorsed Florence Cranage for the office of department chaplain.

The auxiliary also draped its charter in honor of Bella Davis, and Maude Horton, a past president, who died in the past month.

President Catherine Anderson was in charge of the meeting. An assistant conductor will be elected when the auxiliary meets on Feb. 25.

WOMAN'S CLUB CHORUS OF SLATINGTON TO REHEARSE

The Woman's club chorus of Slatington will meet Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Elmer Hausman, E. Church St., Slatington.

Personals

Jacob Follweiler of 907 N. 7th St. is today observing his 73rd birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Estella E. Urffer, 929 North St., will observe her birthday anniversary today.

Lucille Eleanor Warmkessel, 341 N. 6th St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

Mrs. Estella Remaley, 123 Hamilton St., will on Sunday observe her 66th birthday anniversary.

Peter Henry Neumann, 332 N. 29th St., today is celebrating his 10th birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely Mering of Baltimore are visiting at Millerheim, 2221 Chew St.

Phyllis M. Race, 722 Green St., will celebrate her birthday anniversary on Sunday.

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Soreness and Stiffness
You need to rub on a powerfully soothing "COUNTER-IRRITANT" like Musterole to quickly relieve neuritis, rheumatic aches and pains. Better than an old-fashioned mustard plaster to help break up painful local congestion!
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LENTZ BROS. RESTAURANT
7TH and LINDEN STS. ALLENTOWN
Roast Turkey — Chicken
Seafood — Veal Cutlets
And Many Other Selections
½ Portions to Children

Athenaeum Has Its Program At Traylor

An interesting study on "Fine Arts of China" was thoroughly enjoyed by members of the Athenaeum at their semi-monthly meeting and program yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Traylor. Hostess for the occasion was Mrs. George W. Hunsicker.

Mrs. Clara L. Bayless, president, presided at the business session when a report on the last meeting of the Women's Coordinating Council of Lehigh County was given by Mrs. Fred A. Weibel, the Athenaeum's representative, who also announced that an Athenaeum member, Mrs. Harry Hess Reichard, has been elected chairman of the council.

A resolution of respect in memory of Mrs. Walter C. Swartz, a past president of the Athenaeum who passed away recently, was presented by Edna A. Bachman and Mrs. Joseph M. Shumaker.

Chairman for the day, Mrs. George H. Patterson, opened the study program with a topic on "The Myths and Legends," in which she reviewed several Chinese legends, among them being "The Willow Plate" and "How the Moon Became Beautiful." She stated that many of the legends relate to animals.

"Poetry and Music," the topic prepared by Mrs. Clyde H. Kelchner, was presented by Mrs. William J. Hertz. Mrs. Kelchner also sent four of her original poems about spring, summer, autumn and winter.

The third subject, "Drama," was discussed by Mrs. Warren F. Hadsall who declared that Chinese drama was originally based on religion and later on history, and that many Chinese plays have 30 to 48 acts. She also read excerpts from "The Yellow Jacket," a Chinese play written by Americans.

Following the program tea was served at a table decorated with acacias and greens with ivory candles in silver candelabra on either side. Two guests, Mrs. Ralph R. Metzger and Mrs. Sydney H. Matcham, poured.

Other guests of the hostess were Mrs. Ada P. Glover, Mrs. H. Stanley Kramer, Mrs. Walter M. Kenly, Mrs. L. Irving Pollitt, Annie M. Belford, Mrs. E. L. Carty and Mrs. Edmund Collins.

The next meeting will be held on Friday afternoon, Feb. 26, at 2 o'clock at the home of Mrs. George F. Hummel, 30 S. West St.

Jeanne M. Fisher Bride of Ensign

Jeanne M. Fisher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Fisher, 121 N. 17th St., was married to Ensign William B. Van Ness, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Van Ness of South River, N. J., yesterday at 3 p. m. at the home of the bride's parents.

Rev. J. Allen Ranck read the service in the presence of the families and a few friends. Professor Henry Stermer played and Mrs. Stermer sang preceding the ceremony.

The bride wore a chocolate brown suit with brown accessories and an orchid. Her sister, Mrs. Robert Zimmerman Jr., was her only attendant. Mrs. Zimmerman wore a tan suit with brown accessories and an orchid.

Ensign Van Ness' father was his best man.

A graduate of Allentown High school with the class of 1938, Mrs. Van Ness was a cheerleader and a member of Zeta Gamma Phi sorority while at school.

Ensign Van Ness is a graduate of South River High school, Staunton Military academy and Muhlenberg college, class of 1942. He was a member of the first class to graduate in the U. S. Naval Reserve from the midshipman's school at Notre Dame.

The couple left for the South. They will reside in Virginia.

Couple Will Celebrate 25th Anniversary Today

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Mallatratt, 643 Randolph St., Allentown, will observe their 25th wedding anniversary at a family gathering at their home today.

Mrs. Mallatratt, the former Lottie Blanche Sterner, is the daughter of Mrs. Ellen Sterner and the late Alfred Sterner, Bethlehem. The couple were married at the residence of Rev. Schindel, this city, Feb. 13, 1918.

Mr. and Mrs. Mallatratt have two children, Ruth, at home, and Mrs. Ellen Detwiler, Philadelphia. There is one grandchild, Diane Ellen Detwiler, 10 weeks old.

Violinist and Pianist To Broadcast Tonight

The Allentown Musical club will present two of its members, Miriam Erdman Leeds, violinist, and Elsa Guyer Farny, pianist, in a broadcast on Monday night at 8:15 o'clock over the local radio station, WCBA-WSAN.

Compositions by Lionel M. Farny will be played by the two artists. The broadcast is one of a series sponsored by the club.

Joint Farewell and Birthday Party Held

A joint farewell and birthday party was given last night at the Hanover Lodge in honor of Mrs. Henry Stoudt Jr. and Ruth Frantz.

Mrs. Stoudt is leaving for Pendleton, Ore., to join her husband, Corporal Henry Stoudt, who is stationed at the Pendleton air field. Miss Frantz was the birthday celebrant.

In attendance were Kay C. Gifford, Virginia Rehm, Miriam Arbogast, Marie Kramer, Arlene Wark, Beatrice Manley, Billie Pina, Lucille Riedy, Gladys Amey, Mrs. Stoudt and Miss Frantz.

WHITE SHRINE TO ENTERTAIN MONDAY NIGHT AT CARD PARTY

Allentown Shrine, White Shrine of Jerusalem, will entertain at a card party on Monday night at 8 o'clock in the Masonic temple. Members and friends are invited.

To Give Recital



ESTHER LEASER

Talented mezzo contralto of Allentown, will appear in recital at the February dinner-meeting of the Lehigh Valley Voice Teachers Assn. Monday night at the Hotel Easton in Easton.

Miss Leaser, formerly a pupil of George Fergusson, New York, is at present studying with the eminent William S. Brady, also of New York.

Among numerous appearances in recitals, church and radio programs, she has been a soloist in Mozart's "Requiem" and Handel's "Messiah" presented by the choir of the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem. She is a member of the Allentown Musical club.

Mrs. Alexander L. Keech, also of Allentown, will be at the piano for the singer. Mrs. Keech is accompanist for the Allentown Musical club and has been organist and choirmaster of the Church of the Mediator for 12 years.

Friends and guests may make reservations for the dinner, to be held at 6:45 p. m. Monday in the Hotel Easton, by calling Miss Leaser, secretary of the association, dial 2-7552. Mrs. Charles Graham of Allentown, president of the association, will preside at the affair.

Melpothalians Hear Review

A review of the play, "The Eve of St. Mark," by Maxwell Anderson, highlighted the February meeting of the Melpothalians last night at the home of Mrs. Stanley J. Heller, 1617 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Mrs. Earl W. Collins reviewed the play which is currently running on Broadway.

Mrs. James M. Galloway related the story of Margaret O'Brien and Billy Severn, the two children who were featured in the motion picture, "Journey for Margaret."

During a short business session in charge of Kathryn E. Adams of Allentown, president, Mrs. Maybelle H. Meyer announced that her dramatic students at Moravian College for Women will entertain the Melpothalians at a card party on Monday night, March 8, at the college. She also stated that her students will present a play, "Say It With Music," on March 4 for the benefit of the Larger Life Foundation of the Moravian church.

Following the meeting a shower was given for Mrs. Frank Pechacek, who before her recent marriage was Elizabeth J. Schreiber of Catasauqua, a member of the Melpothalians.

The next meeting will be held on Friday night, March 12, at the home of Mrs. Stanley R. Frantz, 1324 High St., Bethlehem.

O.E.S. PAST MATRONS TO MEET TUESDAY NIGHT

Past Matrons Assn. of Anne Penn Allen chapter, Order of Eastern Star, will meet Tuesday night at 7 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Harley R. Ruch, 432 N. 15th St. Mrs. Mary Gensemer is president of the association, while the secretary is Mrs. Irene Mosser.

Oyster, Meat Pie Sale

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Marine band will hold an oyster and meat pie sale today at the band hall, 27 S. 7th St., starting at 11 a. m. Mrs. Eva Arner is the chairman of the committee in charge.

Today's Calendar Of Activities

Daughters Division, Allentown Woman's Club—10:30 a.m., at the clubhouse. February meeting and welfare program. Henrietta Miller, president.

Mary Livingston Chapter, No. 167, Order of Eastern Star—12:45 p.m., at the Woman's clubhouse. Valentine dessert-bridge for members and friends.

Emmaus Woman's Club—1 p.m., in the Emmaus Owls home. Valentine card party and tea for members and friends. Mrs. Roy Dundore, chairman; Mrs. Arthur C. Iobst, president.

A. R. K. Art Club—2 p.m., at the home of Mrs. Arthur Heyman, 2446 Allen St. February meeting and art program. Mrs. Anna R. Krauss, president.

Allentown Junior Musical Club—2:30 p.m., at the home of Joanne Parker, 2219 Gordon St. Semi-monthly meeting and program on "Music in the Home." Patsy Smith, president.

Senior Class, Cedar Crest College—9 p.m., in the lounge of Curtis hall. Annual Senior Ball. Anne Green, chairman.

(SUNDAY)

Scheidt Voice Studio—2:45 p.m., in Grace Evangelical and Reformed church. Informal musicale by voice pupils. Mrs. Nina Scheidt, teacher.

Marriage License Applications

Alfred L. Wechsler, Coplay R. 1, soldier, son of Charles and Theresa Wechsler, and Iona M. C. Meckes, Cementon, factory worker, daughter of Arthur and Helen Meckes.

Charles L. Adams, Ephrata, soldier, son of Aaron M. and the late Stella Adams, and Rita M. Shadicks, 1042 S. Hall St., factory worker, daughter of Elizabeth and the late Thomas Shadicks.

Andrew Stednitz, 338 N. 9th St., laborer, son of Prockup and Anna Stednitz, and Mary Chalupa, 155 Green St., factory worker, daughter of Helen and the late Frank Chalupa.

NORTHAMPTON APPLICATIONS

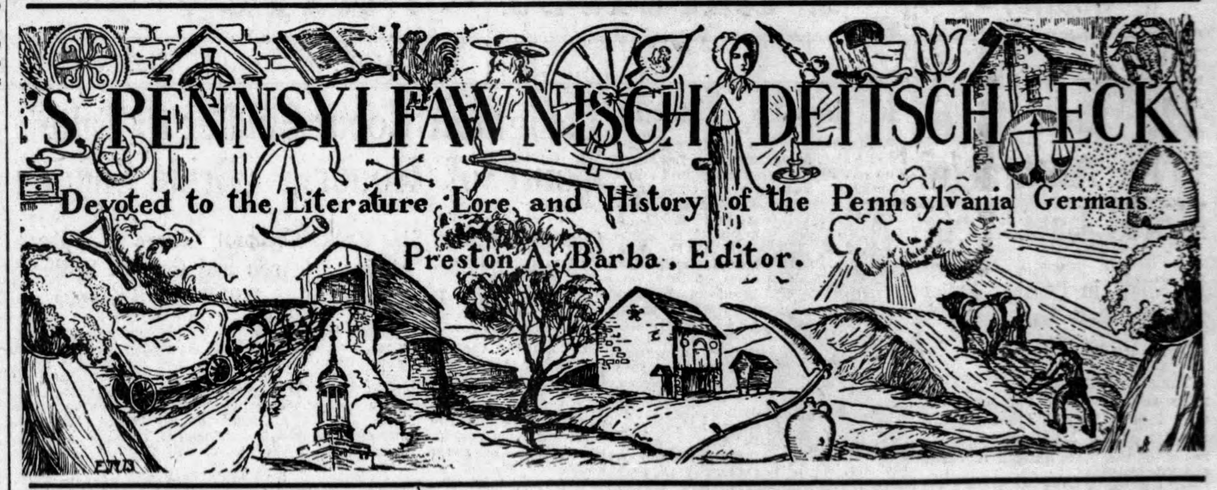
Earl Woodrow Scoble, 817 Center St., and Emma Augusta Gerhart, 602 S. 23rd St., both of Easton.

Stanley Thompson, Bangor R. 2, and Lucy Schianone, Columbus St., Roseto.

Edward W. VanHorn Jr., 516 2nd St., and Antoinette T. Rocco, 518 2nd St., both of Bethlehem.

How To Relieve Bronchitis
Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.
CREOMULSION
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis





Schtimme aus'm Kaerrichhof

vum LLOYD A. MOLL

In this, another of Lloyd Moll's delightful "Voices from the Churchyard" looms large the figure of Hugh Lindsay, the comedian, circus man and puppet player who so delighted our forefathers and who traversed the lengths and breadths of our eastern counties in the early decades of the nineteenth century. For knowledge of his life we are indebted to a booklet "History of the Life, Travels and Incidents of Col. Hugh Lindsay, the Celebrated Comedian, for a period of Thirty-Seven Years. Written by himself." (1859). This curious little item, replete with Pennsylvania German material, was reprinted in 1883 by O. P. Knauss, Macungie, Pa.—ED.

Der Simeon Balliett

ICH HAB GSEHNE, dass der Sim in Phildelphi gebore waar. Es hot mich gewunnert, was den Kerl do uff der Kaerrichhof gebrocht hett, so weit vun seim Geburtsblatz eweck. Wie ich ihm gerufe hab, hot er recht gegrische, "Mach dich aus em Weg mit deinre Fuhr, die Kamele kumme!" — "Ich sehn ken Kamele. Wu sin dann die Diere?" frog ich.—"Wann dei Geil scheie un du verbrechscht der Hals, iss es net unser Schuld. Mir hen dich in Zeit gewarnt!" greischt er zerick. — "Nau Sim, dischder dich, du sehnscht Sache. Wolle mol en Gschpreech mit enanner hawwe un verzaehl mir vun deine Diere. Waarscht in der Schtadt gebore un wie bischt dann do uff der Kaerrichhof kumme?" frog ich.—"Ya, du hoscht recht. Ich hab yo der Lindsay verlosse. Es waar mir yuscht as wann mir noch an de Kamele am dreiwe waere," saagt er.—"Well, es sin kenni do um der Weg, awwer ich daet gleiche zu wisse, wann du Kamel gedriwwe hoscht," saag ich.

"O ye! Muss ich nau widder darrich all mei alt Elend baade!—Ich waar gebore in der grosse Schtadt. Mei Eltre sin gschtarwe wie ich yuscht drei Yohr alt waar, so weess ich net viel vun ihne. Weitlefdichi Freindschaft hot mich genumme far uffzuziege. Sie hen net lang gezogge an mir, weil wie ich zehe Yohr alt waar, hen sie mich zum Adam Fusselmann iwwerbunne fars Schuhmache laerne. Ich weess noch gut uff was far'n Daag des waar. Mei Geburtsdaag waar uff der neint September in 1820, der iss kumme uff en Samschdaag. Selle Daag hen sie mich zu dem wieschtgaschtiche Schtaerndunnerwedder genumme. Hen mich noch dreeschte wolle, wie sie mir gsaat hen, ich kaemt in en guti, grischtlichi Familie! Wann ich faerdich bin mit meinre Schtori kannscht sehne, wie gut un wie grischtlich, dass die waare.

"Es waare noch fimf annere Buwe verdingt zu dem Menscheschinner. Naegschte Daags waar Sundaag un mir sechse hen hinnich em Adam un seinre Fraa nohdrolle misse noch der Kaerrich. Vier Schtunn hen mir dart hocke misse un wann eens vun uns sich yuscht bissel vermuckt hot, hot der Adam schunn gliediche Aage gschmisse. Mundaags iss es an die Aerwet gange. Mir hen uff em ewwere Schpeicher graad unnich em Dach gschlofe, net in Better, es waare yuscht so Schprauseck uff der Boddem gelegt un do hen zwee Buwe uff yedem gelegge. Ich hab beim Tscheek Henrich gschlofe. Er hot mich geweckt, es waar noch net recht hell. 'Sim, mir misse raus, schunscht waerd der Adam bees,' saagt er. Mir sin in die Hosse gschprunge, die Schteg nunner, naus an die Bump un uns gewesche. Noh sin mir in der Schuhschapp, der waar uff em aerschte Schtock. In der Kellerkich hot die Familie gesse. Der Geruch vum Esse hot uns Yunge hungerich gemacht un ich hab schier net waarte kenne far an der Disch. Iwwer e Weil hot die Fraa gerufe. 'Nau Buwe, do runner an der Disch.' Es hot mich gschpassich gedingt, dass die Buwe net in me Huddel waare far die Schteg nunner, doch hawwich mich net vorwitzich mache wolle, weil ich noch fremm waar. Wie mir nunner an der Disch kumme sin, hot der Adam mir mei Blatz gewisse un gebt mir en Singbuch in die Hand. 'Do, des iss dei Singbuch so lang dass du bei uns bischt. Ich will hawwe, dass du des in Ehre haltscht. Die Bicher koschte Geld,' saagt er. Er hot en Lied vorgschlagge, Vaersch far Vaersch vorgelese un nooch yedem Vaersch iss gsunge warre. So hen mir vier Lieder helfe singe un ich bin als hungericher warre. Nooch em Singe hot er en Kabittel aus der Biwel gelese un gebet. Ich hab gemeent, er gebt ewich net uff. Wie er ans Bede iss, hot der Tscheek mir gewisse ich misst mei Kopp ball uff der Deller henke. Dem wu sei Kopp uffghowe hot, iss es schlecht gange. Mol ee Daag hot der Tobias, wu uff der annere Seit vun mir gsotze hot, sei Kopp yuscht bissel uffghowe, noh hot der Adam iwwer allem Beede unnich em Disch riwwer gedrede wedder em Tobi sei Heese, dass es recht gegracht hot. Well, es Amen iss endlich kumme un ich hab iwwer der Disch geguckt mit me wesseriche Maul. 'Nau owwenuff Yunge! Ihr waerre gerufe, wann mir faerdich sin, hot der Adam gsaat. Denk ich, waar des der Mann wu gebet hot, odder bin ich am Draame? Eens ums anner iss die Schteg nuff, sich an sei Bank ghockt un an die Aerwet. Ich hab net gewisst, was zu duh, so hawwich rumgschtanne mit meim leere Maage. Iwwer e Weil hot die Fraa gerufe. 'Nau kenne ihr esse kumme.' Hettscht awwer noh mol sehne solle, wie's die Schteg nunner gange iss! Wie ich iwwer der Disch geguckt hab, iss mir der Mut gfalle. Uff em Deller wu's Schunkefleesch waar, waar yuscht meh der Gnoche un so Schnibble Fleesch mit em Schpeck draa. Ee Grumbeer far yeders. Oier waare kenni meh iwwerich. Mir sin hungerich vum Disch eweck. So iss es gange an allem Iems. Gsunge, gebet, gewaart bis der Adam un sei Fraa sich der Ranse gfillt hen ghatt, noh hungerich vum Disch nuff in der Schapp an die Aerwet, bis in die dunkel Nacht nei. Wie mir dann des Bissel gegnawwert ghatt hen, sin mir in der Schapp zum Adam, wu schunn fleissich an der Aerwet waar. Die iwweriche sin widder uff ihre Benk, awwer der Adam hot mich var sich gerufe? 'Yunger, dir will ich graad die Lefidde (Leviticus) runnerlese, so dass mir nanner verschtehne. Du bischt mir iwwerbunne far drei Yohr, so dass ich en Schuhmacher aus dir mache kann. Des sin die Regel. Halwer sechse musscht uffschteh, dich wesche un die Aerwet duh, das ich dir uffgeb owets devor. Mir hen en heemlicher Gottesdienscht viermol der Daag, maryets am Friehschtick, mitdaags am Esse, so wie am Nachtesse. Am nein Uhr versammle mir uns widder far Gott lowe, eb mir in die Ruh gehne. An all denne musscht du sei. Des Haus kannscht du net verlosse, bis ich dir die Erlaabnis gewwe hab. So iss des uff der Schtross Rumgschpring nichs. Du musscht mir immer gehorsam sei, odder du warrscht gschtroft. Nau geh naus zu der Fraa un helf ihre der Hof uffbutze.' —'Ich hab gemeent, ich sett 's Schuhmache laerne," saag ich. Die Warte waare mir kaum aus em Maul, hot er mir en Leescht iwwers Greiz neigschlagge, dass ich en Briller ausgeduh hab. 'Was? Witt du mir alleweil schunn iwwers Maul faahre? Dich Rotzer daet ich besser graad breche!' greischt er so wiedich wie en Bull. Ich bin gschprunge un er hinnenoh bis mir im Hof waare. Die Fraa iss mir zu Hilfe kumme. 'Nau, Adam, der Bu iss noch fremm. Sei net graad so frech,' saagt sie.

"Well, ich kennt en Buch schreiwe vun dem Satan, awwer noh kaemte mir net an die Kamel, so muss ich die Gschicht karz mache. Mir hen leide misse schlimmer wie's Vieh. Der Winter iss kumme un es waar so kalt unnich dem Dach, dass mir Buwe alsemol all uff eem Haufe gelegge hen, far uns waarm halde. Esse hen mir grickt, das yuscht genunk waar far Leib un Seel bei nanner halde. Hoscht yuscht bissel ebbes aus em Weg duh breiche, iss en Leescht gflogge kumme un der Adam hot gut schmeisse kenne. Er hot net eemol in me hunnert verfehlt. Eeens vun de Buwe hot er net leide kenne, uff dem hot er Daag un Nacht ghanke. Der aarm Dropp hot sich oft schlofe gheilt. Mol ee Daag iss er fart, in der Delaware getschumpt un sich verseeft.

"Im Friehyohr saag ich mol zu mir selwert, 'Adam, du kannscht in die Hell geh, in der Himmel kummscht ennihau net, mit all deim Gebet. Ich geh fart.' Mol ee Owet hawwich gelauschdert bis die annere Buwe all gschlofe hen, noh hawwich mei paar verzottelte Lumpe in en Bindel gemacht, bin die Schteg nunner gschliche un der Welt zum Rache nei. Ich hab mich gedummelt far aus der Schtadt zu kumme. Bis die Daaghelling kumme iss, waar ich schunn im Land. Ich hab en Fuhrwese heere kumme, der Fuhrmann waar am Singe un wie er mir zugleich kumme iss, saagt er, 'Wu witt hie, Biewli, dass du so frieh uff em Weg bischt?' Ich hab mol so schei uffgeguckt un sehn, dass des en Hosckschter vum Land iss uff seim Heemweg. 'Ei, ich will zu meim Grossvadder in Sumneytown,' hawwich geandwart. Es waar wull gelogge un der Adam hot uns die Hell oft vorgschtellt, wann mir liege daete, awwer ich hab em Adam aus die Gluppe kumme wolle un denk es iss ee Deiwel, eb ich in die Hell geh muss odder widder zerick zum Adam Fusselmann. Ich hab die Zeit ausgfunne, dass der Mensch en verflickti Zeit hett far darrichs Lewe kumme, wann er net alsemol en Lieg verzottle daet. 'Do graddel ruff un faahr mit,' saagt er. Der Hockschter hot noch vun seim Sache iwwerich ghatt, do hot er mir gewwe devun un ich hab meh in der Maage grickt uff sellem Wagge, as ich uff en dutzend Iems grickt hab beim Schuhmacher. Es waar mir yuscht bang der Mann gengt noch Sumnytown. Ich hab net gewisst, wu der Blatz iss. Mir sin gfaahre far en gansi Schtunn, ich am Esse un der Hockschter an seine Boddel, das er alle paar Minutte am Hals ghatt hot, wann er net am Singe waar. Wie mir an en Greizwek kumme sin, saagt er, 'Nau Biewli, ich geh der graad Weg. Wann du noch Sumnytown witt, gehscht rechts far noch vier Meil, noh bischt dart.' Ich bin abgschtigge un geloffe bis ich schier ans Schtedtel kumme bin. An 're grosse Bauerei, das bissel vum Weg abgschtanne hot, bin ich neigeloffe. En grosser Hund iss mir entgege kumme un geblafft. Die Hausfraa muss des gheert hawwe, weil sie rauskumme iss un der Hund zerickgerufe hot. 'Ich bin en Waisekind. Breiche ihr ken gleener Gnecht?' hawwich gfrogt. Sie hot mich mol so bedeierlich aageguckt, noh hot sie mich gfrogt far ins Haus kumme. Well, far die Schtori karz mache, sie hen mich aagenumme. Der Adolph Kerschner, wu die Bauerei ge-eegnet hot, waar en schtrenger Meeschder. Ich hab mei Koscht un die paar Gleeder, das ich grickt hab, hart un sauer verdient. Weil der Adolph schtreng waar, hot er doch ken Hand uff mich gelegt far mich zu dreeschde un ich hab Gelegeheit ghatt far mit annere Buwe in Kumpni zu kumme. Wie ich so an de zwee Yohr bei denne Leit waar, hot eens vun meine Kummeraade mich mol gfrogt, eb ich mit noch Quakertown gengt far em Lindsay sei Show zu sehne. Do waere alle Sarte Diere, Leeb, grosse Schlange, Baere un Kamele. In all meim Lewe hawwich noch net so Diere gsehne ghatt un nadierlich waar ich wunnerfitzich. Wie ich der Adolph gfrogt hab far zu geh, hot er mir die Gschicht verbotte. 'Wann du gehscht, pack dei Gleeder un nemm sie mit, noh kannscht bleiwe,' hot er gsaat. Bis die Zeit hawwich gut schaffe kenne un wie er mich so abgekappt hot, denk ich, nooch em Show waerd gange mit sammte Bindel. Ich kann widder en annerer Blatz griege far Hofnarr zu sei.

"Selli Nacht hawwich mei Bindel gemacht, zum Haus nausgschniekt un en in der Schtrohschtock verschteckelt. De naegschte Owet iss der Bauer un sei Familie uff Bsuch gange. Ich hab's schier net erwaarte kenne, bis sie fart waare. Sie waare kaum die Lane draus, bin ich noch em Schtrohschtock gschprunge. Haerriyesses! Mei Bindel waar nimmi dart! Was hawwich duh wolle! Unne Gleeder hawwich aa net uff der Weg gewollt, so bin ich ans Suche. Es waar schier dunkel bis ich en gfunne hab. Die kleh waare um der Schtrohschtock rumgschprunge, hen mei Bindel rausgewiehlt ghatt un er waar gans ins Schtroh neigedrede. Wie ich en mol ghatt hab, hawwich mich awwer abgscharrt.

"Ich waar net so lang uff em Weg noch Quakertown bis es schtock-dunkel waare iss. Noh fallt's mir aerscht bei, dass des Show veriwwer sei kennt, bis ich hiekaemt. Ich hab mich mol ins Fenseck ghockt far kunsiddere. Mied vum Laafe un schleeferich debei, muss ich eigschlofe gewest sei far e Weil. Ich bin verschrocke wie mir ebbes ins Gsicht geblose hot un mich all verschlauwert. Noch halwer im Schlof bin ich uffgschprunge un wedder des gross, brau Dier. Des hot mich so vergelschdert, dass ich die Schtross nausgschprunge bin, was ich geh hab kenne. Im Dunkel bin ich wedder en Mann gschprunge. 'Was fehlt, Yunger? Ferwas schpringscht dann graad in mich?' hot er gfrogt. Er hot hesslich gschtunke noch Brandewei un ich hab mich gfaerricht. 'Ei, der Deiwel waar hinnich mir. Ich hab 'n gsehne,' hawwich gschnipst. 'Ho, ho! Du bischt net's aersche, das gemeent hot der Deiwel kaemt, wie sie mei Kamele sehne hen kumme,' saagt er un hot gelacht. 'Wu hoscht dann hiegewollt, so schpot in der Nacht?'—'Der Showmann Lindsay un sei Gediere sehne in Quakertown,' andwart ich. Noh hot er aafange haerzhafdich lache. 'Do brauchscht nimmi weiter geh. Guck mich aa, noh sehnscht der greesscht Showmann in der Welt. Der Hugh Lindsay! Die Kamel hoscht schunn gsehne, die annere Diere kumme marye frieh der Weg, awwer die sin in zu-ne Wegge.' Ich waar froh, dass ich der Lindsay gsehne hab un noch die Gelegeheit grickt far mit ihm schwetze, doch waar ich verdrosse, dass ich's Show net zu sehne grickt hab. 'Nau kann ich 's Show net sehne,' saag ich. 'Kannscht yo mit noch Sumnytown geh. Awwer ich denk du musscht heem, odder dei Paepp schellt.'—'Ich—hab ken Paepp. Waar verdingt, awwer mei Meeschder waar so wiescht zu mir, dass ich fart bin. Er hot mir verbotte 's Show zu sehne.'—'Was witt dann nau duh?' frogt der Lindsay. 'Ei, ich kann schaffe un verleicht kann ich en Bauer finne, wu mich dingt far gleener Gnecht.' 'Yunger, dir will ich ebbes saage. Loss dich net an der Naas rumfiehre vun denne dumme Bauere. Wann du eischt Haern hoscht, will ich dich laerne far en Hanswarscht sei. Do brauchscht net dei yunge Gnoche verbreche un abschinne wie uff 're Bauerei. Ich nemm dich far mei Brendis. Gehscht mit?' Ich waar en Schklaav zitter as ich schaffe hab kenne, so hot der Blaan gut geguckt zu mir. 'Ya, awwer ich hab noch ken Hanswarscht gsehne. Ich weess net, eb ich des duh kann,' saag ich. 'Ich will dich schunn laerne un du warrscht sehne, dass ich ken schtrenger Meeschder bin,' saagt er. Well, ich bin mit ihm hinnich de Kamele noochgeloffe noch Sumnytown. Dart hen mir sie in die Scheier am Waertshaus gedriwwe. Mied un schleefrich sin mir ins Hoi gegraddelt un eigschlofe. Bis mir wacker warre sin, waar'n die Kewwich mit de annere Diere im Scheierhof gschtanne.

"Die Wegge sin so in en Ring gfaahre warre un en hoch Duch drumrum gschpannt, so dass die Leit net neisehne hen kenne. Do hen mir aa die Kamele neigedriwwe. Was hawwich mich verluschdiert, wie der Lindsay mich gans allee an denne Kaschte rumgeh hot losse. Ich hab ihm noh helfe die Diere fiedre un der Blatz in Ardning griege far 's Show.

"Owets sin die Leit kumme in Druppe far die Diere un die Showleit sehne ihre Gschpichte mache. Eens vun denne Kerl hot Schtrick geloffe, Baerzelbaam gschlagge un sich so verboge, dass mer gemeent hot, er hett ken Gnoche in seim Kaerper. Die Weil dass der Kerl an seine Schtreech mache waar, hot der Lindsay, wu sich ausgschtaffiert ghatt hot wie en Hanswarscht, dumme Capers gemacht. Es waar noch eener, wu Dricks geduh hot mit Kaarde, hot Haase un Oier aus me Hut genumme, Feier gesse un annere unglaabliche Sache gemacht. Die Leit wu ich drin rumgschtanne hab, hen gsaat des waer Verblennerei. Ich waar engschterlich, wie er gsaat hot, nau daet er en Pischtol laade un noch em Lindsay schiesse, noh daet der Lindsay die Kuggel fange mit em Maul. Denk ich, wann er mei Meeschder schiesst, muss ich widder zerick uff en Bauerei. Was der Dricks do drin waar, weess ich net, awwer wie der Lindsay die Kuggel gfange ghatt hot, hawwich widder leichter schnaufe kenne. In aller Nochberschaft hot's so Fechtbullies wu immer Dummbeete mache wolle. Es waare Paar, das gsaat hen sie gengte ins Show far die Diere sehne, daete aa nichs bezaahle defor. Sie hen zu viel in die Boddel geguckt ghatt un waare mechdich unhendich. Wie sie sich ins Zelt zwenge hen wolle, hot der Lindsay sie nausschiewe wolle. Noh iss der Schtarm gebroche! Sie hen 's Zelt zammereisse wolle, awwer des waar net 's aersche Mol, dass die Showleit so Rilps aagedrofte ghatt hen. Mit Briggel, Mischtgawwele un eenich ebbes, das sie die Hend drufflege hen kenne, sin die Showleit hinnich die Schliffel. Es hot biudiche Kepp gewwe, bis die Gschicht verbei waar un die Kerl waare ausgedriwwe. Ich waar unnich der Leewekaschte gschluppt, bis die Fechterei veriwwer waar. Wie die Kerl mol fartgedriwwe waare, hot der Lindsay mir gerufe. 'Yunger, wu bischt? Dummel dich, mach dich bei. Mir misse uff der Weg noch Millerschtedtel mit de Kamele, eb die Seihund zerick kumme mit Hilf.' Mir sin glei fart, noochdem dass der Lindsay sich en Boddel Schnaps am Waertshaus grickt hot. Er hot gsaat, es waer en langer Weg noch Millerschtedtel un do misst en Mann Grefte hawwe. Bis mir an der Blatz kumme sin, waar die Boddel leer, mei Meeschder iss gschrankelt un ich, so mied wie'n Hund, bin hinnich ihm nooch uff der Hoischtall, wu mir die Kamele nei ghatt hen. Dart hen mir gschlofe, bis die Kewwich mit de annere Diere kumme sin. So sin mir vum Blatz zu Blatz darrich der Summer.

"Wann der Lindsay als nichs zu duh ghatt hot, hot er mich laerne wolle en Hanswarscht sei.

FIRST SECOND

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Russian Forces Advance 25 Miles West of Kharkov

Continued from Page 1

Lozovaya, the Russians said, the Germans tried several counter-attacks but were "repulsed with great losses."

The Germans counter-attacked west of Kharkov, too, but mobile Soviet infantry fell on the flank and rear, killing 300 and capturing seven of 20 tanks employed, the Russians reported.

(The German communique said renewed Russian attacks were repelled in the Kharkov area, southeast of Orel and on the Donets front. Continued attempts to pierce the Nazi line south of Lake Ladoga, near Leningrad and southeast of Lake Ilmen also were reported repelled. A break in weather was said by the Germans to have limited fighting around Novorossisk to local engagements.)

French and British Drive Deep Into Nazi Line in North Tunisia

Continued from Page 1

front, demonstrated in the battle of Central Tunisia that it is a formidable factor. Even the heavier type Allied anti-tank guns are finding it hard to stop.

Air activity simmered down with the fighting in the Tunisian area. American and British fighters and fighter-bombers carried out limited sweeps over Axis forward positions. It was disclosed that Wednesday night British Bisley bombers carried out a series of attacks on roads and road junctions around Gafsa, near Sbeitla and south of Kairouan.

A Cairo communique reported that torpedo-bombers from Malta sank a medium-sized enemy cargo ship in the Mediterranean Wednesday night while Malta's intruder aircraft continued raking railway targets in Sicily and southern Italy.

(A German Transocean News agency broadcast from Berlin said that during the occupation of Sbeitla and Gafsa Axis forces captured 2,800 prisoners, 169 tanks, 95 armored cars, 96 guns and many vehicles.

(The German agency asserted that Italian torpedo planes had hit three large Allied transports, one of which probably sank, and a light cruiser in an attack on an Allied convoy off Algiers.)

Plane Design Changes Hinder Ford's Production

DETROIT, Feb. 19. (AP)—A Senate committee investigating war production learned at first-hand today how manpower shortage and design changes have retarded volume production of the giant B-24 bomber planes at the Ford-operated Willow Run factory.

"There is no question," said Senator Wallgren (D-Wash), after a tour through the plant, "that production has been handicapped by constant changes in the model."

At the same time Wallgren added, there has been a vast improvement at Willow Run over what he saw a year ago. Willow Run compares very favorably with any plant in the country on actual work being done."

20,000 Barrels Oil for East

NORRIS CITY, ILL., Feb. 19. (AP)—A train of tank cars pulled out tonight for the Atlantic seaboard with the first oil brought from Texas through "big inch," the world's largest oil pipeline.

Ceremonies were held to commemorate the record-breaking job of building the 24-inch, 531-mile line in less than six months, crossing eight major rivers and numerous small streams. Construction was authorized because the war caused critical oil shortages on the east coast.

But Ralph K. Davies, deputy petroleum administrator for war, asserted the line was "a tool for the quickest possible defeat of our enemies rather than a channel for supplying any but the most essential needs of civilian consumption."

Tonight's shipment totaled 20,000 barrels. Within a few days it will be doubled.

Oil is flowing through the line at the rate of 50,000 barrels daily and is expected to reach a daily maximum of 300,000 barrels within six to eight weeks. In the line at all times will be 1,525,000 barrels of oil.

An 857-mile extension to the east coast now is under construction with completion scheduled for June 1.

The first train shipment was consigned to the Gulf Oil Co. at Philadelphia.

Jap Plane Over Sydney Believed Sub-Launched

SYDNEY, Saturday, Feb. 20. (UP)—A Japanese plane, apparently launched from a submarine, flew over the Sydney area last night but fled back over the sea when anti-aircraft batteries went into action.

A blackout went into effect in Sydney and certain south coastal areas at the first approach of the plane. It was the first enemy threat to this area since June 1 when three Japanese midget submarines entered the harbor.

In Canberra, Prime Minister John Curtin, commenting on the alarm, said that what happened was an indication of how the enemy has "spread itself." He said it is plain that Japanese have seaborne aircraft and that no part of Australia is immune to attack.

Lana Turner Will Not Remarry Stephen Crane

HOLLYWOOD, Feb. 19. (UP)—Lana Turner announced tonight that she had no intention of remarrying Stephen Crane, 27, father of her yet to be born child.

Miss Turner, whose reluctance to say "yes" or "no" reached a climax when young Crane was discovered in a hospital suffering from an overdose of sleeping tablets, said she hated to break her silence.

"I had hoped that it would not be necessary for me to make a statement at this time," she added. "However, because of recent events and speculation as to my plans, I can only say I have no intention of remarrying."

Vichy Bans Transients On Spanish Frontier

LONDON, Feb. 19. (AP)—The Vichy French regime was reported today to have created "a reserve zone" along the Spanish frontier, prohibiting all persons without special permits to circulate there.

The Vichy radio quoted the official gazette to that effect, but did not specify the purpose of the zone.

German troops occupy all France, and have banned civilians from several coastal zones to build fortifications. This may be the reason for the zone along the Spanish frontier.

OPA Plans Huge Drive Against Black Market

CHICAGO, Feb. 19. (AP)—Criminal and civil action against black market operators was planned by OPA officials today in an effort to halt illegal traffic in meat in the Midwest.

Alex Elson, regional attorney for the Office of Price Administration, announced 100 injunction suits would be filed by the end of next week, and predicted that extra legal country slaughtering would be brought under control soon.

Deaths

EHRITZ—At Coopersburg R. 2, Feb. 19, 1943. Caroline, nee Fehrstine, Ehritz, wife of August Ehritz, aged 63 years, six months and nine days.

Relatives, friends and members of the organizations with which she was affiliated are respectfully invited to attend the funeral Tuesday at 9:15 a. m. at the William J. Weber funeral home, 502 Ridge Ave. High mass of requiem will be offered in St. Joseph's Catholic church, Limeport, at 10 a. m. Interment in Calvary cemetery. Viewing from Sunday until the time of the funeral. Weber.

GONTKOVSKY—At Allentown, Feb. 19, 1943. Andrew, husband of Mary, nee Longo, Gontkovsky.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral Tuesday at 7:30 a. m. at the residence of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Brudnak, 138 Bridge St., Egypt. Mass will be sung in Holy Trinity Catholic church, Egypt, at 8 a. m. Interment in St. Andrew's Catholic cemetery, Catasauqua. Friends may call Monday evening.

Ritter and Buzby.

BRENSINGER—In Allentown, Feb. 19, 1943. Alice N., nee Wentz, wife of Lloyd E. Brensinger, aged 42 years, 9 months and 22 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend short services Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, 36-38 S. 5th St., Emmaus, with continued services in Bethel Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, Elm St., Emmaus, and interment in Moravian cemetery, Emmaus. Friends may call Tuesday from 7 to 9 p. m. Ritter and Buzby.

CRAIG—At Palmerton, Feb. 19, 1943, Ruth, daughter of H. Trendale and Annie, nee Roeder, Craig, aged 32 years, 10 months and 14 days.

Due notice of funeral. J. S. Z.

MINTZER—In this city, Feb. 18, 1943, Nora, nee Coleman, wife of Samuel Mintzer, aged 56 years, 6 months and 2 days.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday at the Walter S. Bard funeral home, Schnecksville. Interment in Grandview cemetery. Friends may call from 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday Walter S. Bard.

MOLL—In this city, Feb. 19, 1943, Caroline K. Moll, aged 64 years and 5 months.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited, without further notice, to attend the funeral services at 2 p. m. Wednesday at her late home, 34 E. Emaus Ave. Interment in Fairview cemetery. Friends are invited to call from 7 to 9 p. m. Tuesday. Wm. H. Derr.

Alice H., nee Bitting, Miller, widow of Charles Miller, in her 73rd year.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend short funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Owen S. Hoffman funeral home, 221 Main St., East Greenville. Continued services will be held at 2 p. m. in the Evangelical Congregational church at Hosensack and interment will be in the adjoining cemetery. Friends are invited to call at the funeral home from 7 to 9 p. m. Monday.

Owen S. Hoffman.

Ruth St. Denis, Dancer On Production Line

SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Feb. 19. (AP)—Ruth St. Denis, whose feet once tripped lightly across the Nation's stages, now paces the aisles of Douglas Aircraft's huge plant here as the famous dancer helps speed warplanes off the production line.

Miss St. Denis, now 64 and the wife of Ted Shawn, another noted dancer, is working on production control, on the graveyard shift, and doing well at it, too, Douglas officials said today.

—Alburtis—

Thomas Beitler, Correspondent
Phone Emmaus 297-R-2

Change Fire Co. Siren To Prevent Confusion

The Alburtis Fire company has taken steps to change the siren alarm in order to avoid possible confusion with the signals for air raid drills. Cards will be printed and distributed to all residents of the borough, describing the new signal.

At the same time William H. Hunsberger was appointed delegate to the Lehigh County Clubmen's Assn. and Thomas A. Beitler alternate.

The auditors report was presented and accepted. Auditors were Arthur Kruse, Russell Weida and David Schmoyer. There are seven members of the fire company in the service and these were elected to honorary membership for the duration. Members voted unanimously to reduce the mortgage on the social quarters by $800.

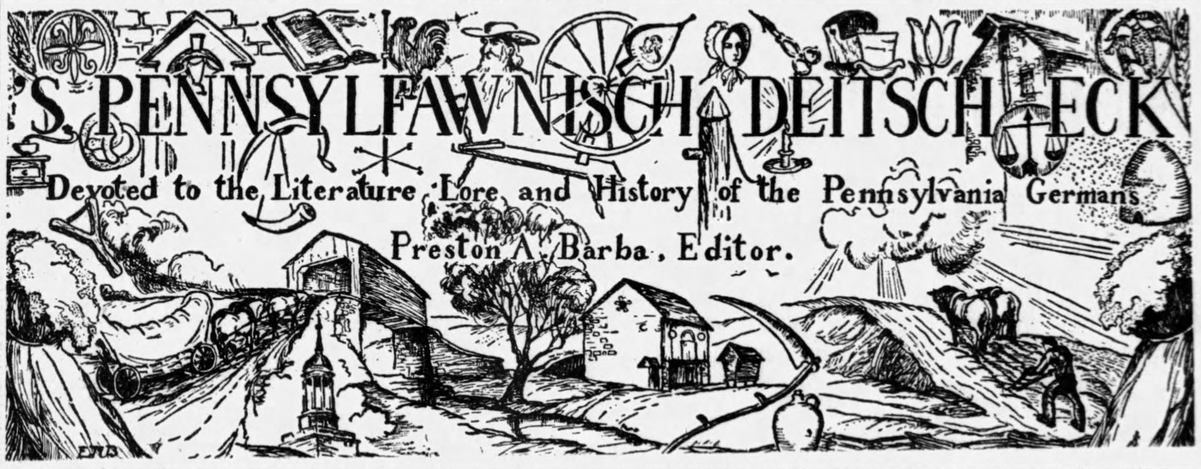
INJURED IN FALLS — Annie Gunkle and Eva Brensinger both fractured an arm in falls on ice.

BIRTHDAYS — Thomas Walbert, William Kramer, Russell Rehm and John Maerkeffer celebrated their birthday anniversaries.

SALVAGE CAMPAIGN—The Campfire Girls are collecting salvage, such as tin cans, fats, silk stockings and metals. The girls will gather this material the second and fourth Saturday of each month.

PATIENT IMPROVING — Ralph Baus, a patient in the Allentown hospital, is getting along nicely, having been gravely ill after an operation.





Es hot noch nie ken Wolf der Winter gfresse

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

WOMELSDORPS

THE PECULIAR spelling of the name Womelsdorf as **Womelsdorps** is that of George Washington. It is recorded in his Diary under the date of October 2, 1794. The full text of his account of that day is as follows:

"October 2—An accident happening to one of my horses, occasioned my setting out later than was intended — I got off in time, however, to make a halt (to bait my horses) at **Womelsdorps** 14 miles and to view the Canal from Myerstown towards Lebanon—and to the Locks between the two places; which (four adjoining each other, in the dissent from the Summit ground along the Tulpihockin; built of Brick appeared admirably constructed. Reached Lebanon at Night, 28 miles."

The occasion which brought the Father of His Country to Berks was a journey to Carlisle. It was at the time when the Whiskey Rebels were stirring up trouble in western Pennsylvania and the President was on his way to Cumberland County in order to obtain first hand information "to be better enabled to determine whether I shall proceed on with the Troops."

From the diary of that chatty Pennsylvania German Jacob Hiltzheimer we learn that on September 30, 1794, "that great and good man General Washington, President of the United States, set out from his house on Market Street (Philadelphia) with Secretary (Alexander) Hamilton on his left and his private Secretary, his nephew, (Bartholomew) Dandridge on his right, to lead the troops called out to quell the insurrection to the westward."

In order to reach Carlisle it was necessary to pass through Pennsylvania German counties. The route taken by the group of distinguished men lay through Norristown, along the present Route 422 to Trappe, where the party spent the night.

The next day the three men breakfasted in Pottsgrove (Pottstown) and had their dinner in Reading. The night of October 1 was spent in Reading, but in which hotel we do not know exactly. Most local historians including Mr. J. Bennet Nolan, are of the opinion that the Federal Inn, which stood on the northwest corner of Fifth and Penn Streets, was host to the President and his party.

After the experiences under the date of October the party set out from Lebanon on the morning of October 3 and breakfasted in Hummelstown, Dauphin County. That night was spent in "Harrisburgh on the Banks of the Susquehanna."

It is interesting to note the impressions which Washington gained by his visit among Germans of eastern Pennsylvania. Certainly the farmer of Mount Vernon was a competent observer. Under the date October 13, after he had reached the familiar Potomac in Maryland ,he wrote in retrospect:

"From the City of Philadelphia, or rather from Norristown to Reading, the road passes over a reddish and slaty, or shelly kind of land, through a very open and hilly Country, tolerably well cultivated by the farmers. The farm houses are good, and their Barns, above mediocrity. The former chiefly of stone.

"From Reading to Lebanon, along what is called the valley, the Country is extremely fine. The lands rich. The agriculture as good as the buildings."

THE FIERY COMET OF 1742

THE HUMAN mind fears that which it does not understand. Astral phenomena have given rise to superstitions among all races and creeds. Perhaps even now the most startling of all heavenly fireworks is the sudden appearance of the comet as it streaks like a ball of fire followed by a glowing tail across the dark sky at night. If in earlier days, the comet's arrival was unpredicted it was all the more mysterious to earth-bound mortals who gazed trembling and fearfully at the curious flash of blazing matter as it plunged on its way into limitless space.

The early Germans in Pennsylvania looked upon the appearance of a comet as a portent of evil and dire forebodings caused the strongest to quake in fear of the disasters which impended. There were comets in the European skies just before the outbreak of the French wars which devastated the Palatinate from which most of the early Germans in Pennsylvania had fled. Therefore they believed the comets came as the precursors of war, famine and pestilence.

In February, 1742, a flaming star appeared in the heavens and there was great consternation among the German residents of the province of Pennsylvania. A group of German mystics, known as the Hermits of the Wissahickon, regarded the fiery symbol as a herald of the coming of the Bridegroom, an exent momentarily expected by the devout followers of Kelpius and his forty disciples.

To the leaders of the Ephrata Cloisters the tail of the comet represented a bunch of fiery switches with which God was about to punish mankind for its erring ways. When the comet of 1742 appeared a group of the Ephrata Brethrer were walking between some of their cloister buildings on their way to the Prayer Chambers. A flash of light appeared in the eastern sky. Their leader, Prior Onesimus, fell upon his knees on the frozen ground and prayed for mercy. A deacon was ordered to ring the church bell as an alarm to the community and as a summons to all the people to gather and pray. During the special service which followed the Fourth Psalm was read and a final prayer was offered pleading for mercy.

THE PAINTED OAK TREE

EVERY American community is entitled to its Indian legend. There is something romantic about the tales which relate the experiences of the first white settlers in their contacts with the original owners of the land. Frequently there is the element of mystery in the legend and the stories are embellished with fanciful appendices as each new generation tells them. The lack of tangible evidence, concrete or documentary, casts a shadow of doubt upon the truth of many of these tales.

It is extremely unusual therefore to find an Indian legend which can be attested by living proof. An oak tree, still alive, standing near Hickory, North Carolina, forms the central figure in the story of Henry Weidner, first settler on the Catawba River in the Carolinas in 1747.

The Weidners had immigrated to America from the Palatinate as early as 1730. In 1747 young Henry, equipped with his gun, two dogs and a long knife, migrated from eastern Pennsylvania and set out to explore the west. When he reached the high Alleghenies he turned south and followed the valleys through the Shenandoah until he reached the Catawba River. There he spent two years in trapping and exploring. In 1749 he returned to Pennsylvania and married a Pennsylvania German girl named Catherine Muhl. But Pennsylvania held no charms for the young couple. They returned to Carolina and built their cabin under a huge white oak tree.

Other Pennsylvania German families now followed the Weidners. Names such as Weaver, Yoder, Lutz, Stroup, Reinhart, Moser, Youndt are to be found among the residents of Catawba county today, and for us here in eastern Pennsylvania these names have a familiar sound indeed.

There were two powerful Indian tribes in the Carolinas. The Cherokees were hostile, but the Catawbas were well disposed toward the white settlers.

The legend has it that the treacherous Cherokees attacked the Pennsylvania settlement and laid most of it in ruins. The Weidners were forced into hiding, and other survivors were forced to flee. However, determined to rebuild their settlement some day, they arranged with the friendly Catawbas, that the big oak tree's trunk should be painted red as long as danger would last.

For two years the oak tree was kept painted red. When the danger was passed scouts reported that the tree showed the clear sign and the settlers returned to their homes.

During the Revolutionary War 160 woodsmen, mostly Pennsylvania Germans assembled and marched from there to gain the victory at King's Mountain.

This information was supplied by the Rev. H. D. Althouse, formerly of Womelsdorf, now of Hickory, N. C.

A Letter To George Washington and Its Reply

To the PRESIDENT of the United States.

The address of the ministers and elders of the German Reformed congregations in the United States, at their general meeting, held at Philadelphia, on the 10th day of June, 1789.

WHILST the infinite goodness of Almighty God, in his gracious Providence over the people of the United States of America, calls for our sincerest and most cordial gratitude to Him that ruleth supremely, and ordereth all things in heaven and on earth, in unerring wisdom and righteousness; the happy, the peaceable establishment of the new governmnet, over which you so deservedly preside, cannot fail, but inspire our souls with new and the most lively emotions of adoration, praise, and thanksgiving unto His holy name.

As it is our most firm purpose to support in our persons, a government founded in justice and equity, so it shall be our constant duty to impress the minds of the people, entrusted to our care, with a due sense of the necessity of uniting reverence to such a government, and obedience to its laws, with the duties and exercises of religion. Thus we hope, by the blessing of God, to be in some measure instrumental in alleviating the burden of that weighty and important charge, to which you have been called by the unanimous voice of your fellow-citizens, and which your love to your country has constrained you to take upon you.

Deeply possessed of a sense of the goodness of God, in the appointment of your person to the highest station in the national government, we shall continue, in our worship, and all our devotions before the throne of grace, to pray, that it may please God to bless you in your person, your family, and your government, with all temporal and spiritual blessings, in Christ Jesus.

Signed by order of the meeting,

W. HENDEL, p.t.praeses
F. DELLIKER, p.t.scriba.

ANSWER

Gentlemen,

I AM happy in concurring with you in the sentiments of gratitude and piety towards Almighty God, which are expressed with such fervency of devotion in your address; and in believing that I shall always find in you, and the German Reformed congregations in the United States, a conduct correspondent to such worthy and pious expressions.

At the same time I return you my thinks for the manifestation of your firm purpose, to support in your persons, a government founded in justice and equity; and, for the promise, that it will be your constant study to impress the minds of the people entrusted to your care, with a due sense of the necessity of uniting reverence to such a government, and obedience to its laws, with the duties and exercises of religion. Be assured, gentlemen, it is, by such conduct, very much in the power of the virtuous members of the community, to alleviate the burden of the important office which I have accepted, and to give me occasion to rejoice in the world, for having followed therein the dictates of my conscience.

Be pleased also to accept my acknowledgements for the interest you so kindly take in the prosperity of my person, family, and administration. May your devotions before the throne of Grace be prevalent in calling down the blessings of heaven upon yourselves and your country.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Reprinted from The American MUSEUM Magazine for September, 1789

Die Ald Uhr

Un die "Daylight Saving" Zeit

Tick — tack — tick — tack!
Langsam — weiter — ruhich — gnack!
Aldi Uhr vum Graempaepp haer,
Halde dich recht hoch in Ehr!

Ehrlich schlakschte yedi Schtunn,
Haltscht dich awwer nooch der Sunn;
Weess mer aa wann uffzuschteh
Un fer Owets schlofe geh.

Graempaepp in der ewich Ruh,
Hot nichs mit der Zeit zu duh;
Schtaune daet er awwer heit
We-ich der "Daylight Saving" Zeit.

Mensche hen en Schtiwwer grickt
Un die Zoiyer vorgerickt;
Reeche yuscht so hinners Glaas,
Drehn die Uhr an ihre Naas.

Daageshelling werd uns g'schpaart?
Ya, des hot ken rechti Aart.
Waerd eem Owets zugezaehlt,
Iss es maeryets wuh's eem fehlt.

Kinner baade daerrich der Schnee,
Maeryets in die Schul zu geh;
Awwer'n ganzi Schtunn zu frieh,
Kumme dann so schlaefrich hie.

In der Schul waerd Licht gemacht,
Waer yo schunscht so halwer Nacht;
As mer do noch Helling schpaart?
Will's net saage—'s waer net zaart!

Haahne graehe in der Frieh,
Uhre brauch mer net fer die;
Die Nadur, die gebt's ne ei,
Wann sie wacker solle sei.

Lewe gebt's im Bauerehaus,
Was im Bett iss, des muss raus;
Fiedert Geil un melkt die Kieh,
Awwer net en Schtunn zu frieh.

Bauer schafft im ruhiche Glees,
So wie er's am beschte weess;
Ganz altfraenkisch will er sei;
Huddelwese bringt nichs ei.

Middaagesse waerd gerischt,
Zwelf Uhr waerd's aa uffgedischt.
Bauer esst sich gut un satt,
Schtadtleit hen's am Elfe g'hatt.

Summers hot mer frieh die Sunn,
Un bis in die Owetschtunn;
Zoiyer muss verschowe sei
Un gewinnt doch nichs debei.

Nachtschift an die Aerwet geht,
'Lectrisch Licht waerd aagedreht;
As mer do noch schpaare kennt,
Wann des maeryets als noch brennt?

Soll die Aerwet besser geh
Mit dem Uhrevorgedreh?
Rumzubeschdle, hie un haer,
Bleibt die Aerwet graad so schwer.

Aldi Uhr, dart an der Wand,
Gell! Des iss en rechti Schand?
Uhreg'sicht iss yuscht en Schpott,
Wann's mol ken Gewisse hot.

Tick — tack — tick — tack!
Langsam — weiter — ruhich — gnack.
Will die Welt net ehrlich sei,
Du bischt immer noch gedrei!

—JOHN BIRMELIN—February 8, 1943

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STORY BROOKS & FINLEY
New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
—Montgomery.

AMERICANS' FIRST CLASH WITH ROMMEL

There is no question that Americans had a rather black weekend and not until our troops in Tunisia had chased the Axis forces out of Kasserine Pass on Wednesday did the skies clear for us.

A "clean-cut repulse" is the manner in which Secretary of War Stimson has described the magnificent work by young Americans who had been under battle conditions for virtually the first time when Rommel made his surprise attack against a very thin line and did it with terrific mechanical power. For several days the Americans fell back and then, with the support of aircraft, moved on against the Axis forces, to drive them from all ground gained and to litter the desert mountains with their wrecked and abandoned machines and arms.

A newspaperman on the scene noted the natural scramble of the young Americans for souvenirs. He reported that perfect rifles could be bought for $5 and slightly damaged ones for $2 but there were few takers because any one could go out into the pass himself and set himself up in the souvenir business by gathering any amount of booty.

According to their commander, General Eisenhower, the Americans dropped all their previous complacency; became thoroughly mad and were ready for fight.

Thus troops which had been highly trained but were "green" as to action under fire, have repulsed the veterans of desert warfare, both Germans and Italians in what the German and Italian communiques dismiss as an unimportant engagement. However, in that they crowed mightily about the taking of the Kasserine Pass they gave the lie to their own statements now about "breaking contact with the enemy," in "methodical withdrawal" that was "absolutely unhampered by the enemy."

However, there is no promise in this victory of early or even complete success. A long and a hard fight is ahead. The Axis is operating in a very small area with short supply lines. It is constantly receiving new strength from Europe in spite of attacks by planes, subs and surface ships against ships and planes bringing reinforcements and supplies. American lines back to their bases in Algeria are long and those across the Atlantic ocean are still longer and more difficult and tedious as to travel.

GET RUML PLAN OUT OF COMMITTEE

More and more congressmen are getting together for a move, which if strong enough as to votes, can take out of the hands of the Ways and Means committee the proposal to adopt a pay-as-you-go plan for income taxes and bring it to the floor of the lower house of Congress.

That committee for months has done virtually nothing with the question in spite of all the pressure of public opinion for the adoption of a plan whether it be known by the name of Beardsley Ruml—economist-author of one idea—or by any other term. The Ides of March are approaching and it is obvious to the people and to their congressmen that if something is going to be done, it ought to be done quickly.

A NATURAL LIMIT TO HOURS OF LABOR

Mrs. Roosevelt in a talk to the employes of a large aircraft factory on Thursday suggested as a cure for "absenteeism" a plan that has worked in Britain, according to reports, and might work here too if it were practicable to adopt it. Under that plan when absenteeism was seriously affecting British production, foremen and small groups of workers in war industries that were suffering from absenteeism were sent to the fighting fronts to gather at first-hand accounts of the war. When they brought back those terrible reports, production went full-steam ahead.

In this country such solution would be entirely too difficult. Our fighting fronts are so very distant and the time factor is so important in this matter. Then there would be the matter of accommodations as to shipping for such committees.

The plant to whose workers Mrs. Roosevelt spoke appears itself to have solved the problem to some degree. It has done it by having meetings of workers which are addressed by wounded soldiers and sailors who have returned from Guadalcanal and New Guinea, from North Africa and the Battle of the Atlantic. As a result absenteeism is reported to have dropped to 2.6 per cent for the men and 4.5 for the women.

Those who have not heard the reports of such men, have in many cases heard the report of Eddie Rickenbacker. Eddie perhaps has been rough and has not pulled a punch, but he certainly has seen more and felt more than any of those who have been criticising his excoriations of those who are "soldiering" on war production all the while that the soldiers and sailors are going through hell on earth in order to make it possible for any slackers to work and live.

There is however an angle as to absenteeism that has not been presented any too clearly in the reports which have brought the seriousness of the matter to American public attention. One should know the number of days per month that any worker has been at his job and compare that number fairly with the period of so-called absenteeism.

Recently a former shipyard worker returned to this city after more than a year of such employment. In that yard the seven-day week was in order. After nineteen days of successive employment he reported that he could go on no longer. Even though he had been able to sleep, he found his mind unresponsive to his job which he liked otherwise and for which he was well-paid. "You can't work men seven days a week and get good results out of it. You lose in the long run and I know it," said this shipyard worker.

Something in the physical makeup of man demands a day's complete rest in seven. Any violation of that law which was given down from Mount Sinai and which appears to be a natural law as well is automatically punished.

AN AIR FORCE DOUBLE THAT OF AXIS

By the end of this year the United States expects to have 900 squadrons of airplanes in readiness or upon the battlefields for bombing and fighting purposes, according to reports of plans made to a Senate committee this week.

This number, General I. H. Edwards, assistant chief of staff, says will equal the entire strength in the air of Germany, Italy and Japan. Furthermore, he added that the total strength in the air of Great Britain, Russia and other Allies is about 900 squadrons, so that potentially the strength of the Allies will be as 2 to 1 for the Axis.

While the total number of fighters and bombers was not revealed it is known that usually a bomber squadron consists of twelve or thirteen planes and a fighter squadron consists of 25 planes. To carry on such huge activity in the air, a force of nearly two and a half million men—2,450,000 is the figure—will be required for the handling of the planes on the ground, in the air and for all other activities incident to air warfare.

Aviation Barrier

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26 (Special Dispatch)—With all the importance that civil aviation has achieved already and is likely to attain in the post-war world, some overzealous though well-meaning friends of aviation have started a controversy in the House of Representatives which can hardly result in any benefit to the industry or to the progress of aviation itself.

The plan brought forward is to create a separate committee in the House devoted to civil aviation which now is handled by the House committee on interstate and foreign commerce. Such a new committee would not, of course, encroach on the handling of military and naval aviation by the House Military and Naval committees but would endeavor to separate civil aviation from consideration along with other forms of transportation.

* * * *

If the war has demonstrated one thing it is the unfortunate effect of the peacetime tendency to overdepartmentalize and thus separate functions that ought to be coordinated or unified. There is a difference between specialization within limits under unified supervision and the grant of coordinate authority to a unit which then becomes responsible to no general command. If anything there is more and more need to integrate related units under a single head so as to get the proper interplay between them.

In the case of the House Interstate and Foreign commerce committee, a sub-committee on civil aviation has been created which specializes in aviation, but the work of this arm of transportation is reviewed in the light of experience with other forms of transportation—an excellent arrangement.

* * * *

"What will happen if a separate committee in the House on civil aviation is created?" was the question asked of Chairman Lea, Democrat, of California who has presided so long over the House committee of interstate and foreign commerce.

"In the first place," he replied, "you will be throwing away the benefits of more than 20 years of intimate experience. The committee on intrastate and the committee on interstate and foreign commerce has the perspective which experience can give and which the aviation industry needs if its problems are to be handled with sympathy and understanding. That committee knows what has been happening not only yesterday or last year but ever since aviation started. It knows what the fundamental needs and problems are; it knows enough not to be carried away by some passing event of the moment.

* * * *

"In the second place, if a separate committee on this one subject is created, you will be inviting a rash of legislative activity which can do great harm to the industry. Before the industry's problems were fully consolidated into one place in 1938, civil aviation was gravely harmed by constant new legislation and legislative proposals. Since then it has received the stability that has permitted sound growth. But if a new committee be established with nothing else to do, there is the greatest danger that this industry will be in a perpetual investigation, with perpetual legislative activity keeping it perpetually on our doorsteps.

"In the third place, if a new committee is established, you will lose the greatest benefits of the coordination of transport policy which we gain through one transportation committee of the House. This industry is rapidly approaching the point where it will encounter many of the same types of problems which other modes of transport have encountered. In such matters as regulation of rates, issuance of securities, relations between contract and common carriers, mergers and consolidations, it is essential that this industry be treated on a fair basis, as compared with the treatment to other carriers, that tested and tried fundamentals of policy be applied to it, that we avoid some detour into the speculative areas of unprecedented controls.

* * * *

"Problems such as these are the great problems of the future so far as air transportation is concerned. If you do not maintain some consistency with the treatment found sound in other modes of transport, you may ruin the aviation industry in its dealings with its competitors. Moreover, if you set up a separate committee it is inevitable that you will promote a clash of interest as between the several modes of transportation.

"You will subject the aviation industry to attacks from powerful surface interests which today the committee on interstate and foreign commerce can and does control and prevent, as our experience with the transportation act of 1940 demonstrates."

Interpreting the War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON

The Allied crisis in Central Tunisia has passed sufficiently to recall attention to Russia and to a marked change in tone of Nazi outgivings concerning events on the eastern front.

In contrast with the recent terse acknowledgements of "embittered" but always "successful" defensive fighting against overwhelming Soviet odds, Berlin now describes the situation, at least from Kharkov southward to the Sea of Azov coast near Taganrog, as generally stabilized. It says that the main Russian attack has shifted northward, above the early thaw range in the lower Ukraine.

Whether due to over-extended Red army communication lines, to thaw conditions that have made the drainage region east of the Dnieper bend a sea of mud, or to the stepped-up Nazi resistance in that sector, it seems true that the Russian push in the south is lagging at its most critical stage. Little significant progress toward the Dnieper bend crossings or through the Mius river line to unhinge the Nazi hold on Taganrog has been reported recently from Moscow. Nor have Soviet forces yet succeeded in closing the Donets basin trap east of Stalino on the enemy.

There is no question, however, that new and dangerous dents in the Nazi defense front west of Kharkov and Kursk have been carved. It is also indicated by German reports that another vast Soviet pincer movement is being attempted northward, possibly designed to enfold the whole south face of the Nazi hedge-hog center bastion to Smolensk within its deadly embrace.

Moscow has admitted only the widening encirclement push against Orel, next German key base north of Kursk. It is being pressed over heavy new snows, from the east, south, southwest and north. A southward surge from Belev on the Oka above Orel was noted by the Russians some days ago but lacks further detail.

To cap that, a German broadcast picked up in Stockholm a day or so ago said a widefronted Russian attack had been launched from Suklinichi junction, northwest of Belev. That implies that the scene of main action is definitely shifting well northward into the Moscow perimeter although no mention of this operation has yet appeared in Soviet announcements.

Bryansk, the vital southeastern anchor of the Nazi line west of Moscow seems to be the Russian objective. It is far more important in every respect than Orel and its fall would leave the Orel bastion completely up in the air, a potential little Stalingrad, and expose Smolensk.

Coupled with the Russian thrust westward from the Kursk-Kharkov line, that indicated new drive at Bryansk from the northeast has great possibilities. It suggests an ambitious Russian attempt to reach the eastern slopes of the Dnieper valley far above Kiev in the region of Gomel. Success would cut the main Nazi communication and supply line for all forces still east of the Dnieper bend, within the bend and also on the broad front from Gomel to Kremenchug covering all eastern approaches to Kiev.

Deaths of a Day

ARTHUR L. MARSH JR.

Arthur L. Marsh Jr., 59, a former resident of Ackermanville, died Friday morning at the home of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Jones, 134 Kline St., Bangor, where he resided since the death of his wife last November.

Mr. Marsh was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Marsh Sr., Hamilton township, Monroe county, and had resided in the vicinity of Bangor for many years. He was employed by the Sterling Silk Co., Bangor, and was a member of Easton Aerie, No. 111, Fraternal Order of Eagles.

He is survived by a foster-daughter, Mrs. Stanton W. Bittenbender, Wisconsin; two brothers, Charles Marsh, Stroudsburg, and Leslie Marsh, Jamestown, N. Y., and by five sisters, Mrs. Jones, with whom he resided; Mrs. Herbert C. Cann and Mrs. Elwood Wallwork both of Bangor, and Mrs. Garnet Grey, and Mrs. E. G. Dietz, both of Nazareth.

Funeral services will be held from the late home on Monday at 2 p. m., with Rev. J. Frederick Stolte, Ph. D., pastor of Trinity Lutheran church, Bangor, officiating. Burial will be in East Bangor cemetery.

MRS. PETER [illegible]ONIS

Funeral services for Mrs. Peter Stonis, 239 Orwigsburg St., Tamaqua, will be held at 8:30 a. m. Monday from the Davis funeral home, Tamaqua, with requiem mass at 9 a. m. in SS. Peter and Paul's church, Tamaqua. Interment in the parish cemetery, Owl Creek.

Mrs. Stonis, 36, died at 2:25 a. m. yesterday in the Coaldale hospital. Ill for four weeks, her death was caused by embolism, it was reported by Deputy Coroner A. R. Snyder.

The former Catherine Witkus, daughter of Anthony and the late Anna Witkus, she was born at Shenandoah and was a member of SS. Peter and Paul's church.

She is survived by her husband and three children, Dolores, Anna and Peter Jr., at home; her father, Anthony Witkus, Tamaqua; a sister, Mrs. Anna McClosky, Minersville, and three brothers, Anthony Witkus Jr., Missouri; Joseph and Edward Witkus, Manville, O.

CATHERINE M. BOYER

Catherine M., nee Seibert, widow of Charles Boyer, died yesterday at Souderton in her 87th year.

A former resident of Spinnerstown, she resided with her daughter, Mrs. Henry Moyer of Souderton for the past six years.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Edwin Heidler of Norristown; Mrs. Henry Moyer of Souderton; two sons, Elmer of Souderton; Charles of Palm; a brother Frank Seibert of Philadelphia; 16 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held in St. John's Lutheran church, Spinnerstown on Tuesday at 2 p. m. with the Revs. William U. and Henry M. Kistler officiating. Interment in the adjoining cemetery.

MRS. CAROLINE ZINGONE

Mrs. Caroline Zingone, 58, wife of Frank Zingone, 152 W. Canal St., Easton, died at 3 p. m. Thursday in Easton hospital, where she was admitted Feb. 22 as a medical patient.

Mrs. Zingone was a native of Italy and was a member of St. Anthony's Catholic church, Easton, and of the Sacred Heart society of that church.

She is survived by her husband, four children, Paul, Nazareth; Anthony, Stockertown, and Joseph and Grace, at home, and by a brother, Angelo Simonetta, Easton, and two grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held from the late home on Monday at 9:30 a. m., followed by a high mass of requiem at St. Anthony's Catholic church at 10 a. m. Burial will be in St. Anthony's cemetery.

DANIEL H. WEIL

Daniel H. Weil, for many years a resident of Allentown, died yesterday following a heart attack in his home at 2414 Rambo Terrace, Pasayunk, Philadelphia. He was in his 57th year.

Mr. Weil had been employed in the Philadelphia Navy Yard since last April 16 as a sheetmetal worker. Prior to that he was engaged for many years in Allentown as a tinsmith, operating at different times on Liberty St. and N. 2nd St., but more recently as an employe of Joseph Pfeifer. He resided at 507 S. Bradford St. prior to moving to Philadelphia. A native of Lebanon, he was a son of the late David and Elmira Weil.

He was a veteran of the Mexican border campaign just before World War I, although he was honorably discharged because of eyesight just prior to the start of the World War. He had a son, Robert D. Weil, serving in this war, at Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Mr. Weil held membership in Allentown Aerie, No. 110, Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Surviving are his wife, Abbie, nee Snyder, Weil, Philadelphia; his son, Robert; two stepsons, Wayne D. Trump and Edward H. Trump, both of Allentown; a stepdaughter, Mrs. Virginia M. Hahn, Allentown; one brother, P. V. Weil, Allentown, and four sisters, Mrs. Elmira Wilt, Catasauqua; Mrs. Dora Weidner, Zionsville; Mrs. Cora Trump, Allentown, and Mrs. Mary Walck, Allentown.

The funeral home of William J. Weber, 502 Ridge Ave., is in charge of funeral arrangements which will be completed today.

MRS. FLORENCE STOCKER

Mrs. Florence Buskirk Stocker, 52, wife of Charles Stocker, 274 W. Madison St., Easton, died at 4 p. m. Thursday in Easton hospital, where she was admitted 10 days ago as a medical patient.

A native of Bangor, she was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Buskirk and was a member of Christ Lutheran church.

Surviving are her husband, four sons, Edwin, Charles Jr., Elwood and Leon, all at home; two daughters, Mrs. Mabel Noone and Mrs. Iona Wismer, both of Easton; a brother, Private Martin Buskirk, U. S. Army, stationed in Mississippi; a half-brother, Adam Andrews, Easton, and seven grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held from the Adams Funeral home, Easton, on Monday at 2 p. m. Burial will be in St. John's Reformed church cemetery, Bangor.

ROYAL D. F. WERST

Royal D. F. Werst, 55, of 1801 Hanover Ave., Allentown, died in the Allentown general hospital, Friday at 2:15 p.m., where he was a medical patient.

Mr. Werst, husband of the late Mayme Remaley Werst, was born in Lehigh county, Sept. 11, 1887, a son of the late Harrison and Catherine nee Mack, Werst. He had been employed in the Lehigh plant of the Bethlehem Steel Co. since 1905.

There survive, one daughter, Mrs. Edward Blakely, of 1801 Hanover Ave.; a brother, Forrest, Bethlehem, and a sister, Mrs. Paul Weaver, Bethlehem.

The funeral service will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p.m. at the Steyers funeral home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem, with Rev. Warren C. Heinly officiating. Burial will be made in the Rittersville cemetery.

Words of Wisdom

Nothing in this life after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge—nor is there anything so easily attained, or so cheaply purchased—the labor, only sitting still, and the expense but time, which, if we do not spend, we cannot save.—Sterne.

Pumpernickle Bill—By WM. S. TROXELL

Shpetzelcher

Shpetzelcher sheinds, weara ols besser bakont gawest yohra tzurick wie heit tzu dawg. Shpetzelcher worra gakochder dake, ferbesser'd mit brau g'shmoltzner budder odder onnerra fet socha, un woh m'r heit tzu dawg noch fiel leit fin'd os wissa dafon, ow'r wenich may sawga kenna wie sie ols gamocht worra. Net long tzurick hen m'r etlicha Shpetzelcher resata grick'd darrich ains fon unserra radio programs, un woh m'r die ledshd woch fershprocha hen die woch darrich tzu drucka im Call.

Doh is die airsht resate, un woh kumt fon ra gawissna Bertha fon da Nord Penn shtross don in da shtadt. Ihra resate frog'd fer tzwae kupcher male, 'n drit'l taeleffel sols, ae oy, un drei fartel kupchie wosser, odder ewwa dannnk wosser fer 'n guter waicher dake mocha. Noh sot m'r 'n kessel odder diefie pon fol kochich wosser howwa, un der dake uf 'n shpetzel board laiga un ferschneida in gaina shticker. Ebber os ken shpetzel board het secht die Bertha, kent der dake aw uf 'n daller laiga un glaina shticker darta druf ob schneida, un ins kochich wosser falla lossa. Der dake gang'd 's airsht unner, un wie er owwa druf kaimt mist er runner g'fonga werra mit ma lechericha leffel. Sel weara noh shpetzelcher, un woh ob g'shwank'd sotta werra in low warm wosser, uf 'n daller galaig'd sei, un g'shmoltzner budder mit brode grimmla drin driwwer gaduh werra. Noh sot m'r sie inna pon du, un broda. Mit sourkrout secht die Bertha weara sie "Scrumptious," un wos iwwerich wear, wear da nagshda dawg noch iwwerous gute uf gawarm'd. 'S habt tzu duh fer guta shpetzelcher mocha secht die Bertha, wear fer die shticker dake glae gaunnk griega, un sel kent ebber yusht larna mits etlicha mohl brovierra.

Noch 'n resate, awenich koshdborer in tzeita wie now woh oyer dire sin, is ra gawissa Kathryn ihra resate fon da Washington shtross doh in da shtadt. Sie secht, wie sie uns da airshda owet hoera hei froga fer 'n ra resate fer shpetzelcher mocha, wear sie grawd gonga un het gamocht fer supper. Des is ihra waig fer shpetzelcher mocha. 'S aller airsht secht sie, sot m'r 'n kessel fol kochich sols wosser ready howwa fer der dake nei faila lossa woh sie mocht mit finf oyer glabberra, un ganunk male nei riehra fer 'n dake mocha. Selar dake laig'd sie noh uf 'n daller, un schneid glaina shticker ob, un lust 'n ins kochich wosser falla.

Der dake gait aw unner, un mus owwa fom wosser g'fonga werra mit ma lechericha leffel won er gore is. Noh lust sie brauner budder driwwer lawfa, un secht m'r kent aw ketsup yusa in tzeita wie now, woh der budder rohr un dire wear.

Ferbrenta Bohna

Shwetza fon shpetzelcher mocha, gamohnt uns om Bill Henritzy fon owwich Slatington seina ferbrent bohna os er da onner dawg gamocht hut wie sei fraw die Erma 'm moryets g'sawt hut er sot gabockna bohna mocha. Die Erma shoft in Weissport, un hut 'm Bill g'sawt won er moryets hame kaimt fon da arwet, sot er 's lecktrick om offa ob draya, so os die bohna os sie druf het net ferbrenna dade. Der Bill hut fershprocha er dade, un secht er het aw gamaint er hets lecktrick ob gadray'd, ow'r mists sheinds harder druf gadray'd howwa, un die bohna weara ol in die ginnie nei ferbrent die weil os er drunna im kaller wor shofa om heater. Anyhow wie er wenich shpaiter nuf in die kich kumma wear, wear allas dunkle shwartz mit shmoke gawest, un het fer iwwer 'n shtun g'shoft fer der bohna kessel reinicha.

Wos m'r doh yusht ferzailt hen is 'm Bill sei shtory. So wie die Fegelcher peifa, mawgs sei os die socha aw wenich onnishder worra. Wos etlicha wunnert is, woh der Bill wor wie der telefone finfa garunga hut, un drei hut g'ontwert. Sel uf kours is oft mohls der fol tzu tzeita wons Bills' net dahame sin, un woh die om onnerra end aw gawainlich hoerra kenna. Die uhr gnacker'd so loud os sie immer wissa eb finfa odder drei ontwert, un wor net notewenich fer des gawissa mohl sawga, "Nay die Erma is net dahame." Uf kours die weil os finfa don net gaonwert hut, mus der Bill aw sheinds net dahame gawest sei, un fnaina sel wear die tzeit gawest woh die bohna ferbrent weara. Dale fon da Fegelcher maina, der Bill wear fert gawest fer 'n buss ride nemma un die bohna weara sellie weil ferbrent, war wase.

Aenicha waig, die Erma hut owets g'shwind onnerra socha tzomma sucha missa fer supper, un der Bill hut yoh awbafohla sie sot ihra moul halta fon der ferbrenta bohna os sei Mam die Ed Henritzy'n 's net ous finna dade, un woh er shure wor os es 'm Pumpernickle aw drawga dade, won sie wind dafon graich'd.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

So shae os es wedder shun wor fer die ledshd woch unna half, duts ma mensch so wohr os allas laid, os der mohnet Harning net tzwae mohl 28 dawg long is.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

25 Years Ago Today

February 27, 1918—A Wednesday

William Jennings Bryan, Samuel Gompers and Senator Bailey of Texas packed the assembly chamber of the New York State Capitol at Albany and debated for more than five hours on the constitutional amendment of Prohibition. Bryan led the prohibition forces and Gompers and Bailey the opposing view.

The Most Rev. Edmund Francis Prendergast, archbishop of Philadelphia, died yesterday in his 75th year. Archbishop Prendergast was a former rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Ridge Ave., serving here from July 31, 1870, to Feb. 8, 1874.

Citizens of Allentown were advised to boil all their drinking water for the next 36 hours in order to prevent any danger from contamination as the result of flood waters from the Little Lehigh seeping into the Crystal Spring basin.

A. L. Hacker, Lehigh county farm agent, outlined a comprensive program for 1918 which was to place the county at its peak of food production. The program, as adopted, fell into four classes: Crops, livestock, general farming matters, and home economics.

Butterine under several trade names headed the advertising bill of foods for the day.



Those who do not treasure up the memory of their ancestors do not deserve to be remembered by posterity.
—EDMUND BURKE

YOUR NEIGHBORS

By the HON. JAMES F. HENNINGER, Judge in the Lehigh County Courts

In an address made before the Lehigh Valley Southern Society on Feb. 21, 1942, Judge Henninger set out to acquaint the members of that Society with their Pennsylvania German neighbors. The address was later set down in the form of a paper and read before the members of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society at its meeting in Lancaster, Pa., in May, 1942. Judge Henninger has approached his subject in so genial, impartial and original a manner that those Pennsylvania German neighbors of the members of the Southern Society for whom it was originally prepared also deserve to read this paper. We are grateful to Judge Henninger for his gracious permission to print it here.—Ed.

I WANT to speak about the people among whom you are living, and, I suppose, to whom some of you are married, the Pennsylvania Germans or Pennsylvania Dutch. I haven't yet decided whether I'm going to call them Pennsylvania Dutch or Pennsylvania German—that's one of the many moot points. You know, they call themselves Pennsylvanisch Deitsch. The word 'Deitsch', of course, in High German is 'Deutsch', and the word 'Deitsch' means 'German,' just as the word 'Deutsch' means 'German.' Why we contrary English—if you'll allow me to join the English for a few minutes — have taken this word 'Deutsch', that means 'German' to a German, and have applied it to Hollanders alone, I don't know, but I want to say right here that the Pennsylvania Dutchman has no relationship whatever with the Netherlands. The name 'Deitsch' that the Pennsylvania German uses he understood to mean 'German', but as he settled in a neighborhood where people spoke English they mistook that word 'Deitsch' for 'Dutch' and the label 'Pennsylvania Dutch' was given to these Pennsylvania German people.

Now, there are two schools of thought and you can take your choice. The one school of thought says, 'Well, the label Pennsylvania Dutch has been given to them and it's an affectation to try and get away from it and call them Pennsylvania Germans—right or wrong they have been called Pennsylvania Dutch.' The other school of thought says, 'It's wrong to call them Pennsylvania Dutch because they are really of German extraction and, therefore, the sooner we get away from the wrong designation the better and so we'd better call them Pennsylvania Germans.' Now, you can take your choice—one of those arguments is just as logical as the other, and I compromise by calling them Pennsylvania Dutch half the time and Pennsylvania German the rest of the time.

Who are these people, these Pennsylvania Dutch? Well, here again there are arguments and all sorts of disputes on the subject. I think you're rather fortunate in having an ignorant man address you on the subject, because if I knew a great deal about it I'd probably spend the whole evening trying to define who they are.

There have been a good many emigrations from Germany to America. We must distinguish between those first Germans who came over here about 1683 at the invitation of William Penn, and who settled in Germantown. They came, probably, from the same general neighborhood as other Pennsylvania Germans but they didn't continue to form what is called a racial or linguistic island. They were soon influenced by the English in their neighborhood and, therefore, lost many of their characteristics in the early generations. Rittenhouse was a Pennsylvania German, as were the ancestors of many other prominent Philadelphia families, but those people have lost all trace of German ancestry and have practically passed out of the picture as Pennsylvania Germans.

Most of the Pennsylvania Germans, as we know them, came over from Germany in the early Eighteenth Century—fairly accurate records begin about 1727—and most of the old settlers in this neighborhood came over between 1727 and 1750. They came mostly from that part of Southwest Germany, West of the Rhine River, known as Rheinpfalz or the Rhenish Palatinate and from neighboring Switzerland. They settled in Northampton, Lehigh and Berks Counties; they settled in Dauphin, Lancaster, Lebanon and York Counties and over into the bordering counties; they leaped over the western part of Pennsylvania and out into Ohio; they went down the Shenandoah Valley into Virginia and into North Carolina. Some came in through Georgia and worked their way north from the South. That accounts for the bulk of what purists call Pennsylvania Germans, but there were others. You remember there were Hessian soldiers, Hessian mercenaries, who never went back to Germany. They recognized a kinship with the Pennsylvania Germans — although on principles of supposed loyalty the Pennsylvania Germans at first looked down upon the Hessians—and the Pennsylvania Germans gradually took them into their bosom and the Hessians became practically indistinguishable from other Pennsylvania Germans. Today it would be impossible to point to a particular person and say he's a Hessian and another one and says he's a Pennsylvania German.

There are some German immigrants that we can rule out as Pennsylvania Germans. First, there are those who came over here in 1848. They were a different type of people. The Pennsylvania Germans came from the country, from the rural sections and they went into the rural sections — they were peasants or artisans — the only nobility that they can claim is the nobility inherent in their character. We can't boast, like so many of the Irish, of having been descended from kings; we're descended from farmers and from artisans, and there's no getting away from it. Those Forty-Eighter's, however, were university men, they were city men, they were men who, on worldly standards, were on a higher social level than the original Pennsylvania Germans. They were proud of what they considered their purer tongue and their higher education and they kept aloof generally from the Germans they found here. They were not influenced and did not adopt or accept the dialect of the Pennsylvania Germans and they would probably turn over in their graves if they heard the speech of their descendants who have settled among the Pennsylvania Germans.

Our general German immigration after the Civil War that took place, I believe around the year 1880, just before and just after that, consisted mostly of working men, but they were working men who came from the cities and went to our cities and obtained employment in factories instead of going to the farms. Some of them were the same stock as our Pennsylvania Germans, some came from the same territory, but they came from all over Germany, and here again we must make a distinction. Some of them settled in the smaller Pennsylvania German communities and took up their life with the Pennsylvania German and accepted the dialect of the Pennsylvania German and you can't tell the difference today between those men and our Pennsylvania Germans. But many of them, if they came to a city, found enough of their own fellows to enjoy their society without associating with the Pennsylvania Germans they found here and they kept their own tongue and preserved their language by joining singing and beneficial societies. So that you'll find that the men of that immigration, who belong to the Singing Societies, cannot properly be called Pennsylvania Germans because they have not adopted our customs and dialect. Then, of course, there are Austrians here who speak German.

There's another group we have to mention, the group of Huguenots, who came to America with our ancestors before the Revolutionary War. The Huguenots, of course, were French Protestants who, by reason of persecution in France, went over into the neighboring Palatinate, where they found refuge among the German Protestants. They lived there for about two generations before our ancestors left the Palatinate, and most of them lost any trace of their French character before they came to America. Some few of them had French books and some signs of French ancestry, some few of them may have continued to seek intermarriage with Huguenot families, but today there's no practical difference between a Pennsylvania German with a French name and a Pennsylvania German with a German name. It's purely a matter of accident as to whether or not the French name or the French blood has come down through the male line or whether it has come down through a female line, and a person by the name of Balliet or Mickley may be just as German as a person by the name of Druckenmiller. Today there are a great many Pennsylvania Germans who are proud of their Huguenot blood, and with it their French name and ancestry, but it's like my Irish ancestry, it's just a few grains of pepper on top of a big crock of sauerkraut.

We are now ready to define the word Pennsylvania German. In the first place, it does not include every person of German origin or descent, residing in Pennsylvania. Next it does not exclude persons residing outside of Pennsylvania. There are many persons properly designated as Pennsylvania Germans residing in Maryland and Ohio. He need not be able to speak or understand the dialect. I don my coat of mail and lower the vizor of my helmet and proceed to define. A Pennsylvania German, and a Pennsylvania Dutchman is the same, wherever residing, is the descendant of German immigrants, who migrated to America from the Rhenish Palatinate or from Switzerland before the Revolutionary War and who has retained the characteristics — in language, accent, character and customs, or any of them—of his German ancestors; and also any other person of predominantly German ancestry, who, by reason of his association, or that of his ancestors with the Pennsylvania German, has been so influenced by the language, accent, character and customs of the Pennsylvania Germans as to be practically indistinguishable from the descendants of the pro-Revolutionary Pennsylvania German. We avoid the question of just when dilution of blood — or as the rabid Pennsylvania German might say, pollution of blood—denies one the right to call himself a Pennsylvania German and also when the absence of Pennsylvania German characteristics produces the same result. In other words, our definition is not definitive. The ability to speak the dialect does not necessarily make one a Pennsylvania German. While very few persons master the language after childhood, many children of other races have learned it from their playmates, provided they have been forced to use it. So I have known persons of English and Irish origin who were most proficient in the use of Pennsylvania German. In Berks County I heard negroes speak Pennsylvania German, but that did not make them Pennsylvania Germans. For each non-German who can speak the dialect, there are probably a hundred or more Pennsylvania Germans who cannot speak it.

What kind of person is the Pennsylvania German? The people who have not met the Pennsylvania German personally have gotten their picture of him from books written about him. Those books usually place undue emphasis upon a very small proportion of the Pennsylvania German people — the Amish, Dunkards and Plain Mennonites—because they stand out by reason of their peculiar customs and their peculiar costumes. Now, I never did believe in statistics, but I'm willing to wager that less than five per cent of the Pennsylvania Germans wear a distinctive costume and few more entertain fanatical ideas. The only reason that these people have attracted the attention of authors is because they are the more spectacular, the more unique of the Pennsylvania Germans, but they are by no means typical of that race.

When we get to the religion of the Pennsylvania Germans I can get into a peck of trouble, but I want to try to tell you where you can place them. Originally any Catholic element among the Pennsylvania Germans was negligible. The vast majority of the Pennsylvania Germans belong either to the Lutheran or to the Reformed Church. The Lutheran Church is one of the more conservative churches of the Protestant Reformation and in that respect it would compare with the Episcopalian movement in England. The Moravian Church claims descendancy from the Hussites, from John Huss, a Protestant martyr who lived and died a hundred years before the Reformation. They ran a tremendous risk at one time; they almost became Lutherans when Count Zinzendorf took them under his wing and protected them. The only thing that saved them from Lutheranism was that they converted Zinzendorf to the Moravian Unity of Brothers instead of having him enfold them in the Lutheran Church. They may tell you themselves what English church they may resemble. The Reformed Church is the German phase of Calvinism. They sometimes go to the Presbyterian Church and say, 'we believe the same thing, why not unite' and the Presbyterian Church says, 'our doors are open, come in anytime you please'. There are several brands of Evangelicals. If any of you ever lived in the Middle West you may have run across Evangelicals who represent, I believe, former members of the Union Church of Germany. The Evangelicals in our neighborhood, however, are a group of people who broke away from the other churches, perhaps a hundred or one hundred fifty years ago and they would most nearly resemble, in the English speaking churches, the Methodist Church. Then, of course, you have your Dunkards, your Mennonites and your Amish. The Dunkards, as the name implies, are 'dippers'; they would be the German phase of the Baptist Church. The Mennonites and the Amish are the German phase of the Quaker Church—that is, in their simplicity, in their refusal to take an oath, and in a good many things of that sort. As a matter of fact they came under the influence of William Penn and the other Quakers before they came to America.

To Be Continued

REMEMBER

Think how your fathers left their native land—
Dear German-land! O sacred hearths and homes!—
And, where the wild beast roams,
In patience planned
New forest-homes beyond the mighty sea,
There undisturbed and free
To live as brothers of one family.
What pains and cares befell,
What trials and what fears,
Remember, and wherein we have done well
Follow our footsteps, men of coming years!

From the Latin of FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS, founder of Germantown, Pa., 1688.

OF THE many thousands of our early ancestors who braved the perils of the sea and the hardships of the long voyage unfortunately but few have left any written accounts. Perhaps the pictures we visualize of them are only too often colored by the self-effacing, submissive and nonresistant traits that characterized certain small religious groups. That these early Palatines could also be aggressive and rebellious would go forth

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The fundamental truth, that in all economic reasoning must be firmly grasped and never let go, is that society in its most highly developed form is but an elaboration of society in its rudest beginnings and that principles obvious in the simpler relations of men are merely disguised and not abrogated or reversed by the more intricate relations that result from the division of labor and the use of complex tools and methods. —George.

VICTORY EMPHASIZES AIR POWER

The War Department through one of its undersecretaries has said that U. S. production of planes during the month of February was about 5,500, of which approximately two-thirds —say 3,500—were tactical or combat planes.

The figures do not touch the goals which the President had set for production this year. But the hope will be that production will be so stepped up from month to month that in the twelve-month such an overwhelming number of combat ships can be built and put upon the fighting fronts as to crowd our enemies out of the skies, chase them out of their entrenched lines on the battlefields, destroy their systems of communication upon land and their ships upon the seas, batter their war industries to powder and if it be necessary and unavoidable in the attack to level their cities.

While the power of the battle plane has been emphasized again and again in this war, the Battle of Bismarck Sea early in the week served to reemphasize it even more certainly. In that battle which was ended in two days with the complete destruction of a convoy of 10 warships and 12 transports, bomber planes alone participated on the part of the United States. These planes operated from shore bases and in no case from carriers. For much of the period the weather was unfavorable to flying and favorable, as the Japs probably knew when they sent the convoy forth, to a rapid, surprise movement by sea in the direction of New Guinea. Yet in the brief periods of favorable weather, American bombing planes with the aid of reconnaissance planes found the big fleet of ships, hunted down every last one even after they had scattered for safety and with daring attack sank every ship.

Much in the same fashion and favored by the same good fortune that characterized the Japanese attack upon and destruction of the Prince of Wales and Repulse more than a year ago, American aviators flying over and through the clouds came upon rifts through which the sea below was revealed and with it the Japanese convoy. Then, dropping through the clouds upon the ships, they plunged them to their doom.

The power of the air arm in warfare has been emphatically demonstrated again and the way to the winning of the war is thereby shown. We must have the most powerful air armadas and the greatest force of capable fighting men in that element. Beneath the umbrella of their protection and following in the wake of their effective blows, our forces by land and sea will be able to advance to the victory which we seek and do so more speedily and less painfully than otherwise would be possible.

NEUTRALS REFUSE NAZI BAIT

That Germany has become desperate and fearful as to loss of the war has been evident in the tone of Hitler's proclamations and other Nazi pronouncements. In this desperation Germany is almost demanding that as a "moral duty" all European neutrals should contribute actively to Germany's "total war against Communist Russia," just as the subjugated nations have been informed that they will be "required" to join in this war.

One neutral at least has given the cold shoulder to such proposals, namely Sweden where newspapers at once took up the issue and indicated that Swedish public opinion declines to accept either "Communism or the German New Order." The Swedes are determined now, as they have been all along, to maintain their own order. They want no interference either in the political or the commercial spheres and they intend to meet with armed force every endeavor to force her into the war on either side. That is what the Swedes consider their "moral duty" and they are not being alarmed as to the scarecrow of Communism which the Germans have set up.

The Swedish papers went even further to say something about the hints coming out of Germany that Sweden should not be so strict about business relations with Germany. Hitherto according to treaty, Sweden and Germany have been doing business on the "no-credit basis." But the Germans are finding it difficult apparently to deliver the goods which, by treaty, they must supply in turn for iron ore, lumber and wood products. They would like to get those needed products without paying for them in cash or in kind. But Sweden is saying no to this also and as one paper put it: "We neither can nor want to."

If Sweden could be convinced that it must fight Communism, it would be only a little time before she would be as completely under German domination as the conquered countries. Under such domination she too would be bled white to meet the insatiable demands of the German war machine and to keep the Germans at home better fed and housed than any people in Europe.

RZHEV BIG GAIN FOR RUSSIANS

The words of Adolf Hitler have been recalled following the recent recapture of the large city Rzhev by the Russians. When threatened once before Der Fuehrer said that the loss of this city would be more critical than the loss of half of Berlin.

Conditions may have changed greatly since that remark a year ago, but it can hardly be believed that they changed so completely as to make Rzhev entirely useless to the Germans and that it was abandoned, as the Germans reported, "according to plan."

Certainly the Germans would not have abandoned the city had the Russians remained back around Moscow and Stalingrad. They abandoned it because their foes were getting uncomfortably close.

So Rzhev, in spite of all German protestations and excuses, was a big loss for Germany and a corresponding victory for the Russians. Possession of the city has enabled the Russians to strike out and recapture scores of towns and push on westwardly against the Germans. It has enabled them to gain complete possession of a railroad into Moscow and thereby maintain their communications eastwardly and it must encourage the other Russian armies which are advancing in the north and south in threat against such important military points as Orel, Bryansk, Vyazma and Staraya Russa.

Common Sense Triumph

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 5 (Special Dispatch)—Common sense and a faith in the power of voluntary cooperation by the American people in time of war has at last triumphed in at least one war agency—the OPA—and the man who has put into effect that simple doctrine is Prentiss Brown.

Mr. Brown says that no longer will citizens be arrested for so-called pleasure driving but that he will depend on the "honor system." This is a mark of such progress in governmental administration that it deserves widespread applause. Mr. Brown is a former United States Senator. As such he had to go before the people at the polls and he learned something of the currents of public opinion and citizen psychology. Unlike most of the other administrators President Roosevelt has appointed, who are bureaucrats first and public servants second, if at all, Mr. Brown puts service to the public ahead of all other considerations. It is refreshing, for instance, to hear these words at a press conference as the OPA administrator declares:

"The time has now come to stop all unnecessary inconvenience of the public . . . this action is in line with my general ideas on all OPA regulations. Positive enforcement measures must be used with criminals but they are not necessary with the general public. Instead I expect to secure voluntary compliance by the public through understanding of the need for regulation."

* * * *

Had that simple rule been in effect months ago, Mr. Brown himself might still have been in the Senate, for he was defeated in Michigan for re-election on the Democratic ticket by the narrowest of majorities mostly because of public resentment over just such fool things as the ban on pleasure driving.

In the first place, there is no law on the statute books which legally authorizes penalties for pleasure driving and, in the second place, what is pleasure driving anyway—the following of normal everyday family pursuits or high-speed driving over the highways to night clubs or resorts? Common sense should have told the administrators that when gasoline was rationed down to three or four gallons a week, the public would do little or no wasteful driving.

* * * *

Certainly, there will be chiselers. There always are, but it has been a fallacy of New Deal philosophy for ten years that it is more important to irritate and harass the 95 to 99 per cent who are honest and cooperative than it is to let the small minority get away with something, little realizing that no matter what the law or the regulation the dishonest will find a way to circumvent, and that often the bother of a cumbersome enforcement machinery is more trouble than it is worth.

All the gasoline and tires wasted, for instance, by the few who don't heed the government's appeal for conservation is infinitesimal compared to the amount saved by a program operated with understanding of public psychology.

* * * *

The difference between voluntaryism and coercion is a difference between faith in the people and loss of confidence in the democratic process. The tendency to copy totalitarian methods and to assume that the American people cannot be depended upon to help voluntarily but must be coerced is so palpable in the New Deal approach to administrative problems that it was no wonder the people elected such an overwhelming number of Republicans last November and brought about a virtually new majority control in the House of Representatives.

Prentiss Brown's policy is not just a sudden decision. He held this view when he was asked last December by the President to take the job. He has not yet gotten rid of the clique in the OPA who are responsible for the mess in rationing various products, such as fuel oil, and it is a safe assumption that he never would have handled the problem of canned goods rationing as is being done today if the scheme had not been so far under way and machinery set up when he took office.

But Prentiss Brown is getting results in the right way and will be heard from in the coming months. He will give an example by contrast with his fellow administrators which they would do well to study and emulate.

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Interpreting the War News

By JOHN M. HIGHTOWER

It might seem at first glance that the walloping defeat administered to Japan by MacArthur's airmen in the Bismarck sea battle would work in reverse for American forces striking at enemy strong points in the Pacific.

If land-based Allied airpower can completely wipe out a 22-ship convoy coming within its range, the advocates of this reasoning argue, then land-based Japanese airpower can be expected to cause heavy damage to any similar American force coming within its range.

By this conclusion such Jap bases at Truk, 1,000 miles north of the Solomon Islands, or Rabaul, northeast of New Guinea, or other enemy positions in the Dutch East Indies could be judged virtually invulnerable.

The conclusion had some merit last summer when Japan's air force was still a formidable weapon. In fact, Admiral Ernest J. King, the American naval chief, said last June in comment on the victory at Midway that land based planes had contributed largely to Japan's defeat and that a similar fate might have befallen our forces had they been caught in similar circumstances.

The admiral's view, entirely valid then, undoubtedly has been revised since. For a long series of engagements has shown that in aerial combat Japanese fliers and planes are distinctly inferior to American.

Our plane losses in the Solomons, for instance, have been in the ratio of about one to four or five for the enemy. On various occasions our convoys in the Solomons area have been heavily attacked but have come through with relatively minor damage. In late January the Japs managed to sink the cruiser Chicago while it was on convoy duty south of Guadalcanal but no other ship was lost. In mid-February, when they assaulted another convoy south of Guadalcanal they lost heavily in planes but not one of our ships was scratched.

The Bismarck sea battle points up the lesson of these earlier actions. The enemy loss list for that important engagement now stands at 10 warships, 12 transports, 82 planes and an estimated 15,000 men. General MacArthur's headquarters has announced the loss of four American aircraft.

The Japanese plane loss proves that the surface fleet was heavily protected by fighters and since there is no evidence of aircraft carriers in the vicinity, they must have been land-based. Moreover, they were operating much closer to their bases than were MacArthur's bombers and fighters.

The only tenable explanation for what happened in the Bismarck sea and for what had happened many times before in the Solomons attack area is that American fliers and American equipment are decisively superior.

This is borne out by circumstantial evidence as well as by combat results.

The Japanese entered the war with their forces at maximum strength. Their opportunity lay in winning what they wanted quickly and trying for a series of decisive victories before American and Allied potential strength could be converted into front line fighting power. After they made good their territorial conquests in the China sea, they moved upon Australia and were defeated in the Battle of the Coral Sea; they struck at Midway and suffered a devastating reverse; they fought for an advance offensive base on Guadalcanal and lost it.

Each of these efforts and many smaller engagements cost them heavily in planes and trained men. The effect of the defeats has been cumulative—the Japs with sharply limited production facilities have grown steadily weaker while the Allies have grown stronger both in numbers and quality.

As the impending American offensive develops it can be expected that the Japs will fight hard and to the death. They may score here and there a temporary triumph. Undoubtedly they will inflict losses on America's advancing forces. But it seems certain now that they will not be able to inflict enough losses to prevent the advance from enveloping all the island strong points necessary to their eventual defeat.



YOUR NEIGHBORS

By the HON. JAMES F. HENNINGER, Judge in the Lehigh County Courts

In an address made before the Lehigh Valley Southern Society on Feb. 21, 1942, Judge Henninger set out to acquaint the members of that Society with their Pennsylvania German neighbors. The address was later set down in the form of a paper and read before the members of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society at its meeting in Lancaster, Pa., in May, 1942. Judge Henninger has approached his subject in so genial, impartial and original a manner that those Pennsylvanian German neighbors of the members of the Southern Society for whom it was originally prepared also deserve to read this paper. We are grateful to Judge Henninger for his gracious permission to print it here.—Ed.

Continued

As to the character of the Pennsylvania German people I'm determined not to try to flatter them, but to be as honest in my judgment as a fellow Pennsylvania German can be. I suppose there's little difference between the Pennsylvania Germans and any other race of, shall I say, civilized and God-fearing people, but I do believe that I can point out a few characteristics which we can honestly say apply to the majority of the Pennsylvania German people. Now, of course, there are some at one extreme, there are others at the other extreme, but I'm speaking only about the average. I think you all agree that they're thrifty. Others may call them stingy, if they please; I prefer to call them thrifty. We have records for years and years where a farmer has worked a lifetime to pay off his farm and then when he's broken down in health he has conveyed his farm to his eldest son, charged it with certain payments that the eldest son must make to the other sons and daughters, and then that eldest son has worked for a long time in order to own it clear and do the same thing in his old age.

Well, I think that we can say he is phlegmatic. There is a story about a Pennsylvania Dutchman that fell off a high building in the course of erection but he didn't hurt himself because he fell so slowly that he landed gently on the ground. I think it's true that he moves slowly his wonders to perform.

He is taciturn—I don't think there is any question about that. The Pennsylvania Germans have broken the hearts of the most resourceful supersalesmen. Their system is never to say a word to a salesman; they won't ask a question; they won't raise objections. The salesman may have answers to a hundred objections but if the Pennsylvania German doesn't make any objection the salesman doesn't know which one to answer. It has saved our people a great deal of money. I suppose you could say that he is inarticulate, and I think that's true of them all, though there are some garrulous ones—if you are on a party line with any Pennsylvania Dutchman you find they're not as inarticulate as they might seem to be. Frequently a Pennsylvania German seems inarticulate because of his fear of stumbling in the English tongue. He may be fluent in his native tongue.

You certainly can say that they are honest. I went to college with a typical Pennsylvania Dutchman. He only paid for what he himself got—which was his privilege. He wasn't a sport; he didn't treat; but he was consistent about it, he never went anywhere unless he could afford to pay his own way and he didn't ask anybody else to carry the burden for him. I think you'll find they're hospitable. Now, perhaps you haven't found that. If you don't find them hospitable at the front door, don't sit at home waiting for them to come calling on you. That may be the thing that they ought to do, but I'm afraid they won't do it. Try to catch them in the back yard, over the back fence. If you can't do anything for them the way to get to their heart is to let them do something for you and I'm sure you'll find that at heart they are really hospitable.

You'll find that the Pennsylvania German is pious, but usually not in a demonstrative way—and, by the way, in their piety they frequently carry out the Dutch-Treat idea. In the by-laws of some of our churches you'll find they prescribe a certain fixed amount as church dues during the year. And, then, of course, the man with the big family, he pays for the baptisms that he has, he pays for the weddings that take place in his family. They pay for what they get. Some are very generous with their church; some consistent tithers are be found in all of the Pennsylvania German churches; the Moravian Church has a great missionary policy; the Mennonite Church has as high a per capital donation to the church as any church in the world.

There's no use denying that we're superstitious. Before you condemn us for that, look into your own hearts and if you find no superstition there—if you'll sit down thirteen at a table, or if it doesn't worry you to break a mirror, or if you'll walk under a ladder, if you can do all those things—then you may first cast the stone at our superstitions. I don't believe the Pennsylvania German really takes his superstitions seriously. Here again we have had a stamp put on us that applies only to a small group of the Pennsylvania German. We have many maxims that seem to show a wealth of superstitions. We may plant in the full of the moon, or something of that sort; we believe that we're going to have wet or dry weather depending upon the weather on St. Swithin's Day; we pay lip service to the groundhog as a weather prophet and things of that sort, but I don't believe we take it any more seriously than any other people. I'm sure we're not nearly as superstitious as some other races who deal with fairies and ghosts.

We have our barn signs. There again there's a lot of argument about those things. Ons group says that the signs are on the barns to chase away the witches. The other group say it's a sign of piety as a religious symbol. Well, all I have to say about it, again out of the profundity of my ignorance is, to use a good Pennsylvania Dutch English expression, that those barn signs are there 'for nice.' Some painter came along, he was able to paint a variety of patterns, he found out what pattern the farmer wanted on his barn, and that pattern he painted on the barn, and I'm quite convinced it has absolutely no more significance today than simply the matter of decoration

They are a humorous race — it's hard for outsiders to believe that, but it's true—and they have two brands of humor that seem to be opposed to each other. They have a sort of a dry humor—some of the words that they use every day have a really humorous connotation. And then, of course, I'm afraid that being plain country people we also have some rather broad humor.

I think you'll find us determined. You can call it stubborn, if you want to, I prefer to call it determined. A Pennsylvania Dutchman is hard to move when he has his mind set on something. You can try to change him, if you want to, but I wouldn't bet on your results.

He is hard-working. That, of course, goes with the virtue of thrift, and many of them have carried that to excess—many of them have led very dull lives, simply working hard every waking hour of the day and they wake long before you or I ever think of it. And, of course, he's conservative. That goes with all of the rest of the qualities that he has.

I believe I can honestly say he is temperate. Now, of course your Evangelicals and your Mennonites are abstinent—they are a church with a discipline, while the Lutheran and the Reformed Church hold to the comforting doctrine of eleventh hour salvation, which some few members misinterpret to mean that you needn't become virtuous until you have ceased to find pleasure in vice. In your Lutheran and Reformed Church you will find some who'll preach abstinence, most who preach temperance. Many drink wine, many drink beer, I'm afraid some of them drink 'schnaps', if you know what 'schnaps' is. That's hard liquor, in English. Some few drink too much; some, not at all; most, in moderation.

The language of the Pennsylvania German—and here again we must correct some vague and some incorrect impressions—is a dialect of the German. Now, let's get that clear, Pennsylvania German is a dialect of the German. When our ancestors came over here they brought the dialect of their native land with them. They settled in groups that were large enough to be self-sustaining; they did business with each other in dialect; and for many years Pennsylvania German remained a dialect of the German changing only as groups of different localities in Germany or Switzerland learned from each other different words, pronunciations or forms of expression. Now, believe it or not, Pennsylvania German is a High German dialect. To understand that statement we must remember that the expression 'High German' has one significance to the German and another to the Pennsylvania German. The German recognizes High German as opposed to Low German. High German to him includes the language and dialects of Southern Germany. Low German is the tongue of the lowlands in Northern Germany, of which the Dutch (Holland) language is a phase. As between High German and Low German, therefore, Pennsylvania German is High German.

The Pennsylvania German, however, distinguishes between his dialect, Pennsylvania German, and the language of the German Bible, German literature generally and the polite language of Germany, which he calls High German. If we understand this alternative use of the phrase, High German, all difficulties should fade. Pennsylvania German, as applied to our language, does not mean a German language or dialect corrupted by the interpolation of English words. Of course, in recent years, as we have had more and more contact with the English, as new expressions have had to be used, we have, instead of adopting a German word for a new idea, adopted an English word. For instance for a 'telephone' there was no German word because when our ancestors arrived in America, there was no such thing as a telephone and, therefore, it's perfectly proper for us to say 'g'phoned' as a good Pennsylvania German word. So that today it's true our dialect has been corrupted, if you'll permit me to say that, by the incorporation of English words; but when we speak of the Pennsylvania German dialect it isn't Pennsylvania German because of the English words in it, the English words are a recent adaptation by people who have not learned their dialect thoroughly—it's a Palatinate dialect brought over here bodily by our ancestors. Furthermore, particularly in humorous speech and writing, English words are used freely. I have here a reprint of Bonastiel, a humorous writer, who flourished about fifty years ago. In what is supposed to be Pennsylvania German, he uses these words: He uses the word 'except' as a German word, the word 'different', the word 'generally', the word 'g'managed' —I suppose without knowing any Pennsylvania Dutch you can guess what 'g'managed' and 'g'seemed' mean. This author said there were some trees that were too 'close g'trimmed'. He uses the words 'tread-power' for a 'tread-mill'; he uses the word 'g'used' He uses the word 'g'centered', the word 'schure' which is our word 'sure', pronounced the same way. Now, there were good Pennsylvania German words for all these English words and the author must have been familiar with them. It is such usage that has given rise to the common opinion that Pennsylvania German is German plus English, rather than a pure German dialect.

I saw a man the other night who said that if Martin Luther had been born in the Palatinate he would have translated the Bible into that language and that would have become the official German language of today. As a loyal Pennsylvania German I should agree, but I can't honestly do so. I am bound to concede that the language of the German Bible is a much more dignified language and has a much finer grammar than ours, and that's why Luther, when he was selecting a language or a dialect, if you prefer, that all German speaking people would be willing to use, selected the one he did.

While our people spoke Pennsylvania German and while they began to incorporate English words into it as they forgot the German word or where the dialect failed to have a German word for a particular meaning, when these people came over here, so far as I know there wasn't a word written in Pennsylvania German. Instead they brought over with them High German Bibles, and the Pennsylvania Germans' literature, whatever they had, was also in what they called High German. They learned the Catechism in High German; their preachers, when they spoke to them, spoke in High German; all of the church services, the hymns, the scripture lessons were all in High German, in what is called, I believe a Bible German.

To Be Concluded

"In the spring of 1874 the senior class of Muhlenberg College elected Milton C. Henninger to recite a Pennsylvania German poem at its class-day exercises; he elected to compose one himself, and this production, happily adapted as it is to the tune of Michael Schneider's Party, soon became, as it has continued to be, the most popular song ever written in the dialect.

"From the windows of his room at college were visible for a stretch of about a mile the tracks of two railroads on either side of the Lehigh River and the two stations at Allentown; the time schedule on each road brought a passenger train in at the precise moment, 4:30 in the afternoon, when the students were returning from their last hour's recitation, and they presently perceived or thought they were witnessing a race taking place before their eyes each day; and so it came that they often watched which train should win that day by getting into the station first. In this fashion Henninger came by his subject—Des Faahre in der Train, or the delights of traveling by steam . . .

"There is no schoolhouse in German Pennsylvania, in which this poem has not been sung at an entertainment or at a meeting of "speaking school," the boys of a dozen colleges in Eastern Pennsylvania have sung it in glee; many years after its composition the author, when state senator, traveled in Northwestern Pennsylvania and heard it sung by logging trains in the lumber regions of the state; it has even been intimated that the composition was rendered by church choirs, and the name of at least one church was whispered where it was so sung, but be the truth of the matter what it may, one would rather think this an 'ortsneckerei,' aimed at some out-of-the-way settlement."

Thus wrote Harry Hess Reichard in his PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN DIALECT WRITINGS AND THEIR WRITERS. Lancaster, Pa. 1918.

ES FAAHRE IN DER TRAIN

Milton C. Henninger
1851-1921

It is quite fitting that we should reprint here the best known of all the dialect verses of the late Judge Milton C. Henninger, father of our present Judge James F. Henninger, whose address, "Your Neighbors," is continued in today's ECK.

'S iss alles hendich eigericht
In unsere gute Zeit,
Es brauch sich niemand bloge meh
Unless er iss net g'scheit;
Der Schtiem dutt alles far die Leit,
Sell iss yuscht was ich meen,
Un wann mer aryets hie will geh,
Dann faahrt mer in der Train.

'S waar net so gut in alter Zeit,
Sell weess ich vorne naus;
Des macht verleicht deel alte bees,
Doch saag ich's frei heraus;
Sie sin geloffe alldewegs
Vun fimf bis fufzich Meil ;
E paar die eppes reicher waar'n,
Sin gange uff de Geil.

So waar der Schteil in alter Zeit,
Es Laafe waar ken Schand;
Was iss mer als dohie gedrollt,
Sell iss eich gut bekannt;
'S iss nimmi so in unsre Zeit,
'S faahrt yeder, wann er kann,
Un wer gaar nimmi laafe dutt,
Der iss der Gentlemann.

Nau faahrt mer mit der Inschein Cars,
Des iss en eis'ner Gaul,
Der schnauft un hechzt wie anner Vieh,
Doch sicht mer gaar ken Maul;
Der waerd net mied un wann er schpringt
E hunnert tausend Meil;
Do hot er schur der Vorzug weit
Vor all de ann're Geil.

Die Train iss immer zimmlich voll
Mit alle Sarte Leit,
E Deel, die sin gaar hesslich dumm,
Un ann're sin zu gscheit;
'S hot uffgeputzte Gentle-leit,
Deel schwarze un deel weiss,
Un Ladies vun der rechte Sart,
Was sin sie doch so nice.

Do sitzt en Rascal in dem Sitz
Un dart en guter Grischt,
Glei kummt so'n dummi Wunnernaas
Un frogt dich, wer du bischt;
En Fratzhans sitzt in sellem Schtuhl,
Sei Ticket uff em Hut,
Er meent, er waer es gans allee,
Was fiehlt er doch so gut.

En Preddicher sitzt net weit weck,
Der macht en langes G'sicht,
Un driwwe iss so'n roter Kerl,
Der guckt as wie en Licht;
Un weiter draus iss noch en Paar
Uff ihrem Hochzich Trip,
Sie bleiben net so eenich lang,
Des weit ich aa en Fib.

Do sitzt en Weibsmensch mit ihr'm Kind,
Es kreischt em doll un daab;
Die Cars geht maerrickwaerdich schtark,
Was reest des doch der Schtaab;
Mer waerd verdreckt vun Kopp zu Fuss
Mit Kohle, Esch un Schmok;
Doch all des nemmt mer gneedich aa
Far'n ziemlich guter Tschok.

Die Cars dunnert darch Berg un Daal,
En liewl langi Schtunn,
Un wann sie darch en Tunnel geht,
D'noh sicht mer gaar ken Sunn;
Mer muss aa immer engschtich sei,
Sie schpringt ab vun der Boh
Odder trefft verleicht en Rindsschtickvieh,
Was geht es dann denoh?

D'noh geht's en wieschter Accident,
'S iss alles gans verkehrt;
Die Weibsleit warren unmechtich,
Die Mannsleit sin verschteert;
Der Ingineer blost maerderlich,
Die Inschein geht druff los,
Nau schpringt sie wedder'n alti Kuh,
Was gebt re des en Schtoss!

So'n Schtoss, der iss mer net gewehnt,
Er macht em daab un Schtumm;
E Deel die schlagge Barzelbaam
Un kumme net recht rum;
Un ann're schtehn uff Hend un Fiess,
Sie halte fascht am Floor;
En yeder winscht er waer deheem
Aus daere grosse G'faahr.

So geht es Faahre uff der Train,
Ich heess es arrig schee;
Mer grickt ken Koppweh vun der Hitz
Un aa ken schteife Bee;
Mer kaaft sei Ticket vorne naus,
D'noh iss mer all O. K.
Un wann's heesst "Tickets, if you please",
Dann reecht mer'n ewwe hie.

Deaths of a Day

STEPHEN R. MILLER

Stephen R. Miller, business agent for Carpenters' Local Union No. 368, died at 1:45 a. m. Friday from a heart attack at his home on Allentown R.1, near Mickleys. He was 64 years old.

A son of the late George and Dorothy, nee Pentland, Miller, he was born on Oct. 17, 1878. He had resided in the vicinity of Allentown for the past 20 years and was a member of the Orioles lodge.

Surviving are his wife, Selina, nee Nuttall, Miller, and the following children: Lillian, Mrs. Howard Conrad, 521 Wayne St.; Nora, Mrs. Lewis Danish, Baltimore, Md.; Maude, Mrs. Robert Bosley, Baltimore, Md., and Stephen, California, Pa. There are also a sister Mrs. Walter Sample, in California, Pa.; a brother, Robson, in Homestead, and seven grand children.

Rev. Milton Klingaman will officiate at services to be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., with interment in the West End cemetery.

MRS. HENRY LORAH

Mrs. Henry Lorah, 80, of Andreas, died in the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Roy Miller, 5 W. Elm St., Tamaqua, at 3:30 a.m. yesterday. She was ill a week and was removed to the Miller home at 8 p.m. Thursday, in the community ambulance.

A native of West Penn township, she lived in that section nearly all her life. A member of Trinity Evangelical and Reformed church, she was the former Emma Elizabeth Daubenspeck, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Daubenspeck.

Her husband and one brother, John Daubenspeck, of Andreas; three grandchildren, Mrs. Miller, Oscar Leibensberger, Tamaqua, and Mrs. Joseph Bainbridge, Philadelphia, survive. There are also 13 great-grandchildren.

FRANK HEIZER

Frank Heizer Jr., 52, 1249 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, died Thursday. A native of Hungary and a resident of Bethlehem for the past 29 years, he was a son of the late Frank and Theresa Weber Heizer.

A bricklayer by trade he had been employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. and made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hancrik at the E. 4th St. address.

Surviving are three sisters, Mrs. Anthony Tavald, Hungary, Mrs. Michael Stadinger and Mrs. Joseph Grund, Bethlehem.

Funeral at 9 a.m. today with high requiem mass in St. John Capistrano's church. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

HENRY J. WERTMAN

Henry J. Wertman, 72, who for 17 years operated a service station at his residence, 2nd and Race Sts., Catasauqua, died yesterday at the Allentown hospital, where he had been a patient for two months.

The husband of Susan, nee Wuest, Wertman, he had resided in Catasauqua since 1908, taking over the livery business there formerly conducted by his brother, George, who died in that year. He and Mrs. Wertman observed their 49th wedding anniversary the 17th of last month.

He belonged to St. Paul's Lutheran church, Catasauqua, and was a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Junior O.U.A.M. of Lehighton.

A son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Wertman, he was born in New Tripoli on Sept. 23, 1870. In his youth he located in Lehighton and was employed at the Packerton Car shops. Before coming to Catasauqua he was yardmaster at Jersey City for the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

In addition to his wife, Mr. Wertman is survived by two sons: Clarence E. and Robert A., both of Catasauqua; two brothers, Moses of Lehighton and Edwin of Palmerton; a sister, Mrs. Sarah Held of Lehighton; three grandchildren, two of whom are in the Army Air Forces, Gerald and Robert. Charles, the third, is employed in the Navy Yard at Philadelphia.

Rev. James F. Lambert will conduct funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the home of his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Wertman, 800 Race St., Catasauqua. Interment in Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.

JOSEPH WINGERT

Joseph Wingert, 80, Bethlehem R. 4, below Hellertown, died Thursday night in St. Luke's hospital where he had been a medical patient for two weeks.

Born in Austria, Dec. 17, 1862, he and his wife, came to America 35 years ago. The latter, the former Helen Miller, died last November.

Employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. for many years, and a member of Holy Ghost church, he is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Helen Andrako and Mrs. Mary Dimler, of Bethlehem; one son, Paul Wingert, at home; 12 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

Funeral at 8:30 a.m. Monday from the Weierbach funeral home, 835 Broadway, Bethlehem. Requiem mass will be offered at 9 a.m. in Holy Ghost church, with interment in the parish cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Fom Lond Unna Drunner

'M Dinshdawg morya wors unser blessier 'n brief tzu griega fon unser'm freind Stanley "Dyke" Knoll fom lond unna drunner, gakent ols Australia. Der Stanley is 'm fendu groyer Eddie Knoll doh fon da shtadt sei boo, un hut fer etlicha yohr doh om Call in da classified advertising offis g'shoft, un woh fiel leit 'n larna hen kenna. Der Stanley is free fert im draft, un noh widder tzurick kumma wie boova fon ocht un tzwonsich yohr un driwwer tzu alt worra, un noh glei widder garufa werra noch Pearl Harbor. Er un die boova in seinra outfit sin in Australia fer siva mohnet. Er hut der brief g'schriva da 16d, Harning, 'n g'shick bei waig fon "air mail," un hen 'n grick'd 'm Dinshdawg morya, odder ewwa fuftzae dawg noch dem os der brief gadawdt'm is. 'N Soldawdt nadierlich kon net schreiva wos er wil, alla brief wert "censored," odder ewwa iwwer guck'd, os yoh nix rous kumt os da Japs odder da Deitscha gute dade won sie der brief ferwisha sotta.

'M Stanley sei brief is gapass'd beim "censor" mit ous ae wert ous gakrotzt. Er hut g'schriva uf ra schreib mashine, un der brief in gons'm hut gaguck'd wie won er gamail'd wear werra doh in da shtadt, un net wie won er kumma wear fom lond unna drunner. Er secht sei gonsie kumpany dade in tzelter wohna tzitter os sie galond weara, ol wie etlicha net, un woh er ainer dafon is.

Die leit fon Australia secht er, weara arrick freindlich un dada 'n lot fon da boova ei lawda fer noch ihra hameta kumma. Er wor etlicha mohl sella waig drous, un hut iwwer rousa guta tzeita kot. Ihra g'shpraich, waig fer lava, uns gelt arbadich, weara gons onnishder gaeich doh howwa bei uns. Ol die hameta woh er is, weara uf shteltza gabout waeich da eemansa, 'm raya, un da hitz. Die eemansa un mushkeeters weara 'n lot freindlicher os da boova lieb is. Die mushkeeters bardich dada maina die boova weara gons arbadich gutie kosh'd, un dada na so gore in die hemmer shluppa un ihra glaina hunds tags rum draya wos sie on da hels hanka hen, fer sehna wos ort (type) blute os sie in sich hetta. 'S lava im kamp wear 'n aeland won sie net blenty mushkeeter netting hetta. Drous in da bish hetta sie 'n, shun 'n monich mohl shlofa g'sunga. Die mushkeeters weara wenich glanner wie doh in Allentown, ow'r ihra shnevel weara ol 's same.

So weit os die gelt bisnis aw gait, werra sie batzawlt in Australian gelt un woh ol in "pounds, shillings, sixpence," un so aw nunner gait, wies English gelt. 'S hut da boova 's airsht 'n lot druvel gamocht bis sie die socha gawaint worra, ow'r der Stanley maint, 's kaimt na now gawiss widder grawd so kayose fohr won sie mohl widder gelt tzaila kenta in finf un tzaea cent shticker, un fartel dahler. So weit os es g'shpraich aw gang'd, hetta sie aw 'n lot tzu larna kot, un wie m'r aw selwar denka kon noch wos er doh schreibt. Fair Dinkum, means, its the truth; Dinkie Die, means no kidding; Dutch Pegs are girls legs and push bike, is a bicycle; casket shop, is a place to buy lottery tickets; good day means, goodmorning; goodnite means good evening; and hurray, means goodnite." 'N maid'l het ihm g'sawt, die Yanks kaimta ihra fohr, wie won sie ol 90 dale wind weara, un 10 dale chewing gum.

Woh sie alla weil weara, wear wenich socha fer sich blessier ra. Ol sei meesichie tzeit dade er tzu bringa laisa, brief schreiva, un noch da moovies gae. Die moovies in ol da glaina shtedt weara drous im freia, im uffna, mitous decher. Bei shae wedder wears keel, ow'r yusht tzu shlim wons rayerra dade weil sie nix wissa fon "Rain Checks." Die moovie sitza weara "Stalls," un gamainer hond dichna shteel. Alla woch hetta sie familia owet, un woh die moovies g'shtopta fol weara. Sie dada gamainer hond tzwae longa pickters weissa, odder ewwa 'n "Double Feature," mit ma wild west pickter in der barya.

Der Stanley wor farna im Harning noch 'm hospital galoffa, un woh er tzwae nursa fon doh dahame bakont is werra. Die aint wor die Doris Klein, 's Clayton Kleina dochter doh fon da shtadt, un die onner, die Doris Oswald fon Catasauqua. Die maid hetta sich arrick ershtouna missa wie sie ous g'funna hetta os er fon Allentown wear, uns same het aw ous k'halta bei ihm. Sel tzeit wear aw 'n USO show im kamp gawest, un woh da boova 'n aryie gutie tzeit gawissa hetta. 'S weara ken grossa, guta bakonter shpieler dabei gawest, ow'r sel het ihna nix ous gamocht tzu da boova, wear USO "tops."

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The cause of all the blunders committed by man arises from excessive self-love. For the lover is blinded by the object loved; so that he passes a wrong judgment on what is just, good and beautiful, thinking that he ought always to honor what belongs to himself in preference to truth. For he who intends to be a great man ought to love neither himself nor his own things, but only what is just, whether it happens to be done by himself, or by another. —Plato.

KILL THIS CRUEL MEASURE

While proposed in a spirit of economy for which public officials in general are to be commended, the bill before the Legislature by which ten general hospitals conducted by the State—six in the anthracite region alone and two in the soft-coal area—would be discontinued is a measure that is little short of cruel.

In our own immediate area we know what would be the effects from the closing of the hospital in Coaldale, the nearest institution of this group to Allentown. We know that the institution in that town has served the many people of that community well. We also know that but for the hospital in that town, the many victims of accidents in the mines and in the local industries as well as the victims of illness would have had to be taken more than a score of miles over the mountains to other hospitals.

Coaldale hospital is the only institution of its kind in the Panther Valley and the people of that community require the services of such an institution. It will be cruel if the State removes it from their midst.

If economies are to be effected they should not be effected at the cost of human suffering and even human life.

HITLER NEEDS BREAD BASKET BADLY

There would seem to be more than military significance in the determined effort of the Germans to retake Kharkov which they lost to the Russians some weeks ago and in which they are battling today much as they battled, street by street and house to house, in Stalingrad during the months that the two sides struggled to hold that big industrial city.

In the case of Kharkov, its possession determines control of practically all of the Ukraine whose vast level plains are among the most fertile on all the earth and have been known as the "Bread Basket of Europe."

So in the determination of Germany to get and hold the Ukraine may be evidence of the plight of Germany and her conquered countries as to food—a situation that can be believed to exist under the nature of the circumstances of war.

Until the American and British invasion of North Africa, vast amounts of food could be shipped to Europe from Africa. For more than four months probably not a pound has gone across the Mediterranean. Nor has it been possible to get food from any other parts of the world. Continental Europe has been forced to live upon its own resources. Those resources can be believed to be very limited. In the first place millions of men have been under arms for 3½ years and have done nothing to produce food all the while that they have been eating more than they would eat if engaged in civilian pursuits. We know all about this through the requirements as to food by our own armed forces and those of our Allies. Then there has been vast destruction of food in warehouses which cannot be believed to have escaped while "hospitals, schools and monuments of culture" were being razed by RAF and American air attack. Furthermore, the summer of 1942 was a bad one for crops throughout most of Europe.

So Adolf Hitler, or those who acting as his regents, must have food for the German millions and a few crumbs for the people of the conquered countries. The best place to get it is the Ukraine if the Russians can be driven out and the fields can be planted. That would seem to be the very best reason for the current drive to get and hold Kharkov.

MORE HELP BY AIR FOR CHINA

The nation has been thrilled in recent days by the stirring appeal of Madame Chiang Kai-shek for more help to China and it has been impressed with her conviction that it is through a victorious China that we ourselves can most assure ourselves of victory over our Japanese foe.

The appeal of China has been the most modest in some respects that has come from any country. All that China has asked is a thousand planes, with which their leaders guarantee that they can provide such an umbrella over the Chinese troops that they can drive the Japs into the China Sea. Our own air commander in the Chinese sector is even more optimistic about the matter. He has said that, given five hundred planes, he could drive the Japs out of the skies and then the Chinese could crowd them off the earth. The problem of course has not been giving the Chinese five hundred or a thousand planes. The problem is one of getting 5,000 tons of supplies monthly to those planes and their men. With the Burma road closed and China isolated from the rest of the world, the matter of supply except in dribbles is impossible.

But something seems to be "cooking," as the saying is and it is odd and perhaps significant that it has followed so closely upon Madame Chiang's appeal which developed so much sentiment favorable to China. Announcement was made on Wednesday of the formation of the 14th U.S. Air Force in China with Brigadier-General Claire L. Chennault in immediate command.

Thus there has been a change in the name of the organization which would seem to be predicated upon decision to send satisfactory reinforcements to our able flyers now in China.

As the head of the Flying Tigers, Chennault made a world name for himself and later as the commander of the small American force in China he has given splendid account of himself. He has demonstrated what he can do with only a few men and a few machines. Given large reinforcements and assured continuing supplies, he can be expected to make things very hot for the Japs all over China.

War Needs Big Army

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 12 (Special Dispatch)—Somebody in the government of the United States will soon have to appeal to the American people for an understanding of the needs of our Army, Navy and Air Forces. This seems a strange and somewhat paradoxical requirement to be reporting in the midst of war. But there seems to have arisen lately the idea that the war can be won somehow without the big-sized Army and Navy requested by the joint chiefs of staff.

Congress is debating the size of the armed forces. Members are asking for more deferments for agricultural workers. Senators and Representatives are saying the Army plan is too big. All this merely indicates that the relationship between the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and the Congress is not what it should be.

What the forces should be to win the war overseas is not a political question or a theory which laymen are qualified to settle, though an academic debate on the subject doubtless is educational. But in the end the decision must be made by the high command if responsibility for victory is to be vested in them.

* * * *

It is all very well for members of Congress to contend that the home front must be protected and that food must be produced on the farms, but the answer is not to cut down the size of the Army and Navy and Air Forces so as to defer agricultural workers. The answer lies in finding ways and means for those who are not eligible for military service to be mobilized for the home front. Women and men who are over draft age can and should bear the burden of supplying the home front while every able-bodied man who is within the draft age limits should be given the opportunity to enter the armed services.

One way to shorten the war is to provide the manpower for the high command. And one way to get that manpower trained quickly is to appeal for volunteers from among those of draft age. This is opposed on the ground that it would disrupt industry. The answer to that objection is to stagger the schedule of acceptances so that the volunteers can be inducted in 90-day intervals.

* * * *

A Nation-wide call for volunteers addressed to men of draft age would meet with a tremendous response. A special insignia for those who volunteer ahead of the time for induction under the draft might be given to encourage early enlistments.

But as the drive to get manpower for the Army gets under way, there could be a drive to mobilize the civilian population for duty on the home front. For both plans to succeed requires a change in psychology here in Washington.

* * * *

The drift lately has been toward ways and means of avoiding the hard facts of war—the realities that must be faced if we are to win. High Army and Navy officials know the sacrifices ahead. They have not painted the picture publicly in its grim proportions because it is supposed to be bad for morale. This is not a justified fear.

Secretary Knox recently told a congressional committee that heavy casualties were expected by the Navy. Secretary Stimson says the same thing about the Army. But, with due respect to these two eminent secretaries—who, by the way, are doing a splendid job with their respective departments—the American people would be more readily persuaded if the chief of staff of the United States Army, General Marshall, and the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet, Admiral King, addressed the American people.

* * * *

The public has confidence in our high command, and if the latter says we must have the manpower and the reasons are plainly given, the entire atmosphere will change. The size of the Army is not a question for civilian debate except in peacetime. In wartime the size is determined by the objective—and this is determined by the military men who are acquainted with the strategy.

It is a dangerous situation to let confidence in our military program be weakened by the doubts that have been raised concerning the size of the Army. The Berlin and Rome governments must lately have derived what to them is simple confirmation of the charge that America is too soft to carry on a long war. Joseph Stalin is believed to have expressed the same doubt. If the joint chiefs of staff are interfered with in their plans for a large-sized Army and Navy and Air Force, it will be tantamount to informing the world that in America there is still a deep-seated adherence to the idea that the war may be won in some easy and cheap way and not by the sacrifice of human lives.

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Interpreting the War News

By GLENN BABB

The swing of the battlelines in Russia gives the appearance of a standoff, with dramatic Russian advances west of Moscow offsetting German success in the Ukraine. The Red army has recovered Vyazma, last bastion of that menacing salient which has been pointed at Moscow for a year and a half. The Germans assert they have reentered Kharkov, have even, according to one unofficial version, reoccupied it.

But the apparent balance is deceptive. The way the battles are going indicates that the Germans have seized for the moment at least more than their share of the initiative.

The fight for Kharkov, invaded again by a resurgent Nazi army after only 24 days in Russian hands, seems at this juncture likely to have a greater effect on the coming spring and summer campaigns than the Red army's triumphant return to Vyazma. No matter how much further it may carry them, the comeback of the Germans in the Ukraine, from the brink of a disaster that might have matched Stalingrad, to their present position of dominance in the Donets basin, must take rank among the major military achievements of the war.

There is grave danger that it will give them an advantage in tactical position and in morale that could carry them far in the climatic 1943 campaign. Much depends, of course, on the reserves Joseph Stalin is able to shift to meet this peril. The next few days or weeks may show how much striking power he was able to hold back from the wearing winter offensive.

It is not intended to imply that the recovery of Vyazma and the reduction of its salient does not represent a victory of the first magnitude. But as a turn in the fortunes of war it does not rank with the Ukraine battle. The fate of Vyazma was sealed weeks ago; the Russians only now are harvesting the full fruits of the winter's attacks all along the front above the hinge at Orel. But their abandonment of the city means for the Germans another long stage on that disastrous road back from Moscow by memories of Napoleon's Grand Armee. It lays bare Smolensk, Hitler's 1941 headquarters, to Russian thrusts from the east, northeast and north.

Berlin asserts that the retirement on this front is according to plan and there is evidence to support this claim. The German command announced the surrender of Rzhev, Gzhatsk and Vyazma from six to 12 hours in each case before Moscow recorded their reoccupation. The whole operation has the appearance of a competent strategical retreat, a conservation of forces in the north at a time when the greatest possible driving power was being concentrated in the Ukraine. It has the trademark of the German great general staff, so different from the Hitler brand on that semi-hysterical adventure of Stalingrad.

Today's situation indicates that the German army, despite the disasters that befell it this winter, retains tremendous reserves and recuperative powers. Dispatches from Turkey report that Hitler is cracking the lash over his satellites and drawing further on German manpower to put an army of 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 in the field this spring for one more terrific effort to destroy the Red army.

This time, it is said, he will not be seeking territory or oil or cities rich in sentiment or prestige but merely the end of Russian resistance before the Allied invasion of Europe comes.

These Turkish reports—it was from Turkey that first word came of Hitler's preparations to invade Russia in 1941—may well be close to the facts. All the logic of his situation impels Hitler toward one more mighty blow of just this kind and it would be foolish to blink the possibility that he might succeed.

It is not strange therefore, that the Russians, despite their confidence in ultimate victory born of the Red army's great achievement of the winter, are returning to the theme of the second front. If the Allies were only on the European continent, they imply, that drive on Kharkov would have been impossible.

The next few months probably will see a grim race on which the war's duration, perhaps even its outcome, may depend, a race between Hitler's efforts to gain a decision in Russia and the Allies' program for gaining a lodgment on the continent and breaching his fortress of Europe. It is difficult to see how Hitler can win but the speed with which his generals have struck in the Ukraine and the painful rate of Allied progress in Tunisia leave little room for complacency.



YOUR NEIGHBORS

By the HON. JAMES F. HENNINGER, Judge in the Lehigh County Courts

Conclusion

I don't know whether I can tell you any of the differences between Pennsylvania German and High German. The Pennsylvania German always makes his conversation and his language a little simpler than the High German. Perhaps the simplest explanation is to say that the Pennsylvania German skirts the ridges and cuts the corners. Now, for one or two examples, you take the word 'milch,' which means 'milk,' which is as hard for me to say as to swallow, he just puts an 'i' in there and calls it 'millich,' which is easy to pronounce. He telescopes 'hinauf' into 'nuff.' He says 'appel' for 'apfel.' Instead of the German 'diesen abend' which means this evening, the Pennsylvania German simply says 'denowed,' which is much simpler. He can't get the umlaut sound, he simply uses the dominant sound such as 'a' for 'oe;' 'e' for 'ue.' Where you'd say 'Goethe' he'd say 'Gatey.' Thus his speech requires much less effort and attention. He has, however, retained the German gender for nouns and the vowel change for plural nouns as stumbling blocks for those not to the language born. There's a lot of interest in the way the family names have changed and probably the best illustration is the name Mueller. Some pronounce and spell it correctly; others spell it correctly but pronounce it Muler. Still others, seeing the name spelt with an umlaut, but failing to recognize its significance, simply dropped the umlaut and gradually they became known as Mullers. Others adopted the Meeler pronunciation and since the 'ee' sound was represented by 'i' in German, they soon adopted the English spelling and eventually the English pronunciation.

Now, I once knew a man whose Christian name to his friends was 'Wayne,' but those initials were 'S. A. J.,' so I inquired of him, "How did you ever get the name Wayne?" "Why," he said, "my first name is Sylvanus, and from Sylvanus they got Venus, and from Venus they got Wayne." And that same man has a grandson who was named after him, but whose name is W-a-y-n-e. If I hadn't had that experience I could never have explained the name of a man who lives near Allentown whose name is Venus Hinkel. Now, here is a farmer whose Christian name is Venus, but, of course, it's a contraction of Sylvanus or of Lavenus and in Pennsylvania German that 'e' would be pronounced like 'a' and, therefore, somebody wrote it down 'Venus' as a contraction for 'Sylvanus.' One of the most peculiar things that I have noticed and have never been able to explain, is that where we have a man whose Christian name is George, the Pennsylvania German will call him 'Yorick'—and I presume that's perfectly all right, that Yorick is a nickname although it really sounds more Dutch than German. But we have men in Lehigh County whose surname is George, and I have seen a Pennsylvania German look at a telephone book, for instance, in which the name is William George and he'll read that William Yorick. We had a man by the name of Holben in Allentown, my father always called him 'Holvick' for some reason or other—the pronunciation had been changed to that.

Pennsylvania German literature is comparatively recent, even in Germany, remembering, of course, that in Germany the dialect would not be called Pennsylvania German. Our early ancestors never wrote anything in Pennsylvania German. If they wrote at all they wrote in High German or in English. I think the ordinary Pennsylvania German with any knowledge of High German would have thought it beneath his dignity to write in the dialect. Perhaps one of the greatest Pennsylvania German poets was a Reformed preacher by the name of Harbaugh, who wrote many hymns and many fine poems in Pennsylvania German, and I'd say he wrote about seventy-five years ago. There have been many others since, but the names would not interest a non-German audience. Now, I don't claim that my father compares with Harbaugh or the more serious Pennsylvania German writers, I mention him now because of my relationship with a Pennsylvania German poet. My father wrote a few poems in Pennsylvania German. The interesting thing about his Pennsylvania German is to see how it progressed. He had three different periods. He started to write Pennsylvania German in college when he was studying German, and you can see the German influence in his Pennsylvania German—he would be more likely to use a German word than a Pennsylvania German word. Then you find the period when he was out in life practicing law, and when he was meeting farmers instead of college students, and then you'd find what might be called the purest Pennsylvania German that he used—you'd find very few English words, you'd find very few High German words in it. Then you'll find the later development, later in life, after he had lived in the city for fifty years, when he freely used an English word without going to the trouble of finding the proper German word. This development is interesting because that is the trend today. Now the poetry that I prefer today is written by John Birmelin in Allentown. He's an organist and he seems to have a sense of rhythm and melody. I think you'd call him a blithe spirit and he does have a lively touch and a racy vocabulary in his poetry. Lloyd Moll is another writer in Allentown, blessed with a fine sense of humor. I must confess ignorance on the question of other than local writers, but there are many others who lend grace to our tongue.

There is a school that warns that the interest in Pennsylvania German today is a symptom that the language itself is doomed. Many Pennsylvania Germans are beginning to believe that the English impact is becoming too great and that, as in the case of foreign languages, the children may learn Pennsylvania German but the grandchildren don't. My own children haven't the slightest idea of Pennsylvania German, outside of a few instances that I intend to give you. Now, it will take many generations before it will die out, don't misunderstand me, but I'm afraid the impact of the English and the freedom from insulation are exceedingly strong. They are invading our linguistic island and infiltrating and eventually only a few scholars will master the language. The most recent efforts to perpetuate the language and literature lie in 'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck, conducted in the Allentown Morning Call by Prof. Barba of Muhlenberg College and in the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, with its annual volume containing articles about the Pennsylvania German and writings in that language.

What probably interests you most about our language is what you yourselves learn and can understand of the Pennsylvania German language. Now, a lot of our expressions, and of course, a lot of the illustrations that are given, are apocryphal. There's a play over in New York right now, 'Papa is all.' Now, I have spoken to a good many Pennsylvania Germans and I haven't found one who ever heard the word 'all' used to indicate that a person was dead. We all know what the word 'all' means, we know that it means a thing is exhausted—it's only a Southerner that wouldn't know that—but it's never used by a Pennsylvania German, even when he's struggling to speak English, to mean that a person has died. I suppose you've all heard the story about the hostler who was the only one in the neighborhood who could speak English and one night he had gone to bed, I think it was already very late, about eight-thirty or quarter of nine, and just then a guest came to the hotel who couldn't understand Pennsylvania German, who spoke only English, and they came to haul out the hostler, because he was the only one who could speak English to him. This hostler, when he was called out of bed and knew what they were after, said, "Oy, oy, oy, this is terrible, here I work hard all day and now I have to talk English at night." Now, I think that most of the popular sayings that you've heard are probably apocryphal. They tell about the sign on a front door, "Bell don't make, bump." Now, I don't believe it ever happened, but it could have happened. I wonder how many of you Southerners can translate this for me. There was a girl down at Atlantic City at a hotel and as she went to the cashier to pay her bill, she said, "Well, I must go home now, my off is all." Do you know what she meant? Why, of course, she meant her vacation is over, 'her off was all.' And you've heard about the little boy who was waiting at the railroad crossing and who became impatient as car after car kept going over the crossing and then his mother said to him, "Oh, never mind, Johnny, when the little red house goes by then the train is all." And there's the story about the man who was leaning up against the pump at the gas station when a customer drove up to the gas station and said, "I want ten gallons of gas." This fellow that was leaning against the pump said, "I ain't here and the men that is here ain't here right now." Now, of course, you know what he meant by that, he didn't belong there and the man that did belong there wasn't there at the time. I think those are apocryphal, but the thing that annoys us, and I'm sure it also annoys you who have children who associate with our Pennsylvania Germans, is the Pennsylvania German words that the Pennsylvania German uses in an English sentence, only half conscious, or unconscious altogether, that they are not English words. I'm sure you're all familiar with the most famous of them, the word 'sprits.' I try to tell my children that if they're talking Pennsylvania German they have a perfect right to use the word 'spritz,' bu if they're talking English it's out of place. Of course, you know what 'spritz' means. I figured it out very carefully. It means more then 'sprinkle,' you know that. It means, and I had to write it down to be sure that I get all of its meaning, it means, "To intentionally, usually maliciously (pardon the split infinitive) direct a stream at a specific object." Now, you see 'sprinkle' doesn't mean that, but 'spritz' means only that. Have you ever heard a Pennsylvania Dutch mother say to her child, "Don't rutsch around so?" Well, for years we didn't have a good English equivalent for that, but Hugh Johnson has given it to us, Hugh Johnson has given us just the right expression. Being unfamiliar with the word 'rutsch,' he invented 'ants in your pants'—it means 'to squirm about uneasily.' Did you ever hear somebody say, "I was all verhuddelt?" Well, now, 'verhuddelt' means to be confused. If you ever rode in an automobile or in a wagon with a Pennsylvania Dutchman in the old days when the roads weren't as smooth as they are today, and you got a bump, he'd say, "Well, we just went over a blutzer." A 'blutzer' is a 'thank-you-ma'am' or a ditch or hump in the road. I'm sure you have very fine children but Im sure they're 'struwwelich' once in a while, at least when they get up in the morning. That's a word a lot of us know, because there's the story of "Struwwelpeter"—that's 'Peter with the tousled hair'—and when a child is 'struwwelich' then his hair is dishevelled; it doesn't mean that his hair is occupied.

My mother had an experience with such a word while she taught school. She was trying to teach one of her pupils fractions, and the pupil wasn't very apt at it, so she took an apple and divided it into two parts and held up one part. "What is that?" Well, the pupil knew that was a half—that was easy. So she took that half and divided it into two parts. "What is that?"—"Well, that's a quarter." She thought the pupil was beginning to learn, so she took the quarter and divided it into half and said, "What's that?"—Why, that's a schnutz." Now, if you dont know what a 'schnutz' is I'm sure you're familiar with the plural of 'schnutz' which is 'schnitz' and I'm sure that there isn't a Pennsylvania German who does not use the word 'schnitz' for dried apples, which, of course, means a cut up apple. Nobody around here would think of saying anything but 'schnitz' whether they're speaking English or Pennsylvania German—'schnitz' is the right word for dried apple. We have an expression 'schnitz and knepp.' Knepp is the plural for 'knobs or lumps,' and it's a dumpling, so when anyone serves that dish they'd never think of calling it anything but 'schnitz and knepp.' Now, there's one interesting word we use, the word 'lattwaerrick.' 'Lattwaerrick' means apple butter, and if you think that that is a sign of our ignorance you're very much mistaken, because the Pennsylvania German wasn't satisfied with the Anglo-Saxon word 'apple butter,' he had to go back to the Latin, and the word 'lattwaerrick' comes from the Latin 'electuarium,' from which we get our English word 'electuary,' and, therefore, when we speak of apple butter we use 'electuary,' a very polite name for it.

I've tried to give you the Pennsylvania German words that the Pennsylvania German will use in an English sentence, hardly knowing that they are not English words, but the Pennsylvania German is also likely to make some errors in English because he uses a Pennsylvania German idiom translated into English. Some of us, of course, make the same errors that are made by anybody who speaks English in a careless fashion or who doesn't use his education. People accuse us of using the word 'outen.' Well, 'outen' is a good old English word. I think you'll hear that in the Tennessee mountains. Some of us use the double negative. Well, thats used by people who use careless English all over the world. The educated Pennsylvania German, if he uses his education, won't use the double negative. The uneducated Pennsylvania German, just as any uneducated English person will use the past participle of irregular verbs in place of the past tense. He will say "I seen him" or "I done it," things of that sort—the educated Pennsylvania German doesn't say that, only the uneducated. But the expressions that annoy us are those where we translate a perfectly good Pennsylvania German into English. A Pennsylvania German is likely to say "I thank myself," for something or other. He has simply translated the Pennsylvania German 'Ich bedanke mich." It's wrong in English but it's perfectly good Pennsylvania German. I have heard people say, "And then I went at and did a certain thing." Such a person is simply translating his Pennsylvania German into English. Now, I find two things that are used, one is good English and one is not. I have heard people say "He be-used me" instead of saying "He abused me." Now, I don't know where that comes from, but we hear it around here. Then there is the word 'belie'—but 'belie' is a good English word, as you know. We have some expressions that we think are more forceful than using the English equivalent. When a Pennsylvania German says "I give you right,"—he doesn't often say it, but when he says it—it's much more of a concession than simply to say "I concede the point to you." It's an unconditional surrender. And the same way with our word 'learn.' Well, now, the Pennsylvania German insists that it's a better word than teach—when you teach you're simply directing your information at a person, but when you learn that person, then the teaching has taken effect. And, of course, they are likely to say, "I went the road up," or "It wonders me" for "I wonder." Now, there's another interesting development of the Pennsylvania German. Sometime ago I met a Lutheran preacher who had no trace of a Pennsylvania German accent at all. He told me that he couldn't speak Pennsylvania German, but he had been raised on a farm at Nazareth and had spoken only Pennsylvania German until he started to school. He said that on the farm he learned all farming nomenclature in Pennsylvania German. Now, two things happened to him simultaneously—he left the farm and he broke his association with Pennsylvania German at the same time. He went into the ministry, he served city charges, he never got back to the farm, and the result is that to this day, while he can no longer speak Pennsylvania German he knows the name of farm implements only in the Pennsylvania German because that's how he learned them there and he has never learned them in the English language. That reminds me of a true story, one that is not apocryphal. We had a case in court in which a witness said that she could not understand English. Now, we have lots of people who prefer the Pennsylvania German—they say something like this, "Es geht besser in Deitsch." It goes better in German for them, because they think in German and therefore they can speak more fluently in German, but there are only a few of them that can't manage English. This woman, however, insisted that she wouldn't testify if she couldn't testify in Pennsylvania German, so we had to accommodate her. Well, we always hire an interpreter for Italian or for Hungarian, or something of that sort, but when we get to Pennsylvania German, well, that's our native tongue, we were born in that, so we take it for granted we can go ahead with that, so I asked the jury, "Are there any jurors who do not understand Pennsylvania German?" and somehow or other two Irishmen got on that jury and they said that they didn't understand Pennsylvania German. So I said, "All right, my Court Reporter will translate it for you and if he gets stuck I'll help him out." This lady went on, and finally the lawyer asked her, "What does the plaintiff do?" So the woman said, "Why, er schafft an re Drehbank." Well, I knew that she meant he worked at something or other, but I didn't know what 'drehbank' was, that was beyond my Pennsylvania German. I looked at my Court Reporter and he looked at me—he didn't know what 'drehbank' was, he was calling my bluff to help him out. I didn't know what it was. So we had a Clerk of the Courts there and I said, "Howard, do you know what 'drehbank' is?" He smiled and said, "Sure, I know what 'drehbank' is." This was his opportunity, he was going to show up the Court, he was going to show up the Court Stenographer, he knew more than the two of us together. Well, he didn't tell me what 'drehbank' meant. So I said, "Well, Howard, what is a drehbank?" Then he hung his head, scratched it ruefully and said, "Sure, I know what a drehbank is, but I don't know what it is in English." Well, it turned out to be a lathe, and just as soon as I knew it was a lathe I knew that a 'drehbank' meant a 'turning bench,' but then it was too late. I had already shown my ignorance. By this time, I'm sure I've demonstrated my own ignorance not only of English but of Pennsylvania German as well.

UNSER BU

Die Nachte sin lang,
die Daage dezu,
Die Heemet iss leer
unne unser Bu;
Sei Deller uffem Disch
iss nimmi verschmiert,
Der Hund un die Katz
sin net uffgeriehrt;
Im Parlor sei Schtuhl
iss immerfart leer,
Sei Bett net verschteert,
ken Kleeder rumher;
Unser Haerze sin weh,
bis mer draadenkt,
Er's draus an re Aaerwet,
wu Freiheit druffhenkt.

Nau Onkel Sam,
yuscht en Wart odder paar,
Geb acht uff unser Bu,
nau in der G'faahr;
Iss Dienscht mol geduh,
un brauchscht en net meh,
Dann schick en 'gschwind z'rick
iwwer Land un See;
En Licht brennt im Fenschder,
die Dier 's uffg'schtellt,
's iss niemand meh willkumm
in all der Welt;
Schteh bei ihm, Onkel,
dass er kumme mecht
Z'rick zu uns sicher
un g'sund vum Gefecht.

5 November 1942 RALPH S. FUNK

The theme for the above verses was suggested by an anonymous English poem.

Deaths of a Day

JOHN S. KUCHARIK

John Stephen Kucharik, for many years operator of the oyster bar in the Hotel Allen and for the past five years employed as bartender at Wirth's cafe, died at 2:15 a. m. Friday in the Sacred Heart hospital, where he had been a patient since Wednesday. He was 64 years of age.

Kucharik came to Allentown from Austria-Hungary in 1906. He had been in poor health for the past two months, but he remained at his work until Saturday.

Surviving are his wife, Mary, nee Katerinec, Kucharik, and the following children: Michael, Joseph, Stephen, Mrs. Joseph Molloy and Mrs. Paul Menges, all of Allentown; Mrs. Paul Smetana, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Mrs. John Herega, Carteret, N. J.; Mrs. John Smalley, Newark, N. J.; Paul, Long Beach, Calif., and John, in the U. S. Army at Ellington Field, Texas. There are also eleven grandchildren.

Mr. Kucharik was a member of the Church of St. John the Baptist, the Jetnota lodge and the Sokol lodge.

MRS. ELIZABETH McMICHAEL

Funeral services for Mrs. Elizabeth McMichael, 82, who died in her home, 2nd ward, Mauch Chunk, yesterday morning, will be held from the home at 2 p. m. Monday with Rev. Joseph Grottenthaler, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Mauch Chunk, officiating. Interment will be made in the Mauch Chunk cemetery.

Mrs. McMichael was a member of the First Presbyterian church, Mauch Chunk, and belonged to the B. of R. T. auxiliary.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. L. D. Mills, with whom she resided, and Mrs. B. R. Shirer, Mauch Chunk; two sisters, Mrs. C. Milligan and Mrs. A. Nicholson, Carbondale. Four grandchildren also survive.

MRS. ANGELINA MASTRIA

Mrs. Angelina Mastria, 62, 1059 Jackson St., Easton, died Thursday at the Easton hospital where she was admitted last Friday for surgical treatment.

Mrs. Mastria was born in Italy and had resided in this country for 35 years. She was a member of the St. Anthony's Catholic church.

Surviving are six children: Joseph, Frank, Lewis and Dominick Mastria, Mrs. Rose Guffy and Mrs. Anna Petty, all of Easton, and six grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 9:15 a. m. Monday from the late residence, followed by solemn high mass in the St. Anthony's church at 10 a. m. Interment will be in the St. Mary Magalene cemetery, Easton.

MRS. ANNA M. NAGLE

Mrs. Anna M. Nagle, 80, widow of Amelius Nagle, 1644 Washington St., Easton, died Thursday at her home after a long illness. She was born in Bangor and had spent her entire life there until six years ago when she moved to Easton.

She was a member of the First United Evangelical church, Bangor.

She is survived by the following children: Carlin Nagle, Santa Monica, Calif.; Mrs. Florence Foulkes, Lynbrook, L. I.; Mrs. Harriett Abelbert and Amelius Nagle of New York City; Mrs. Elizabeth Nirdekk and Mrs. Clifford Johnson of Easton; Melvin and Gladys Nagle of Chicago, and Mrs. Paul Ruch of Bangor. She is also survived by her stepmother, Mrs. Christine Frutchey; a brother John Frutchey, both of Bangor, and 10 grandchildren and four half sisters.

Funeral services will be held 2 p.m. Monday from the Stoddard funeral home, 31 N. Third St., Bangor, with Rev. G. H. Seidel, Bangor, officiating. Interment will be in the St. John's Lutheran cemetery, Bangor.

C. RAYMOND MOWREY JR.

C. Raymond Mowrey Jr., 14, son of C. Raymond and Helen Young Mowrey, 1731 13th St., Bethlehem, died at 4:25 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital, of blood poisoning.

Student in the eighth grade of the Washington Junior High school and a member of Boy Scout Troop 33, he was born Jan. 30, 1929, in Seidersville.

Surviving besides the parents are the paternal and maternal grandmothers, Mrs. Elizabeth Mowrey and Mrs. Isabel Young, respectively, and two sisters, Jeanette and Beatrice Mowrey, both at home.

Rev. Daniel D. Kistler, of Coopersburg, will officiate at funeral services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday in the Steyers home, 70 E. Broad St., Bethlehem. Interment in Leithsville cemetery.

HARRY HAFNER

Harry Hafner, 71, died Friday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grove, 2438 Freemansburg Ave., Wilson borough, with whom he had resided for three years. He had been ill for the past two years.

He was born in Egg Harbor, N. J. A retired baker, he was a Spanish War veteran and was a member of the Moose lodge at Beverly, N. J.

Mr. Hafner's only survivors are a niece, Mrs. Grove, with whom he resided, and three nephews in Philadelphia.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Domp Nudla

Grawd wie m'r 'm Dinshdawg owet fershprocha hen tzu duh iwwer die luft, so wolla m'r now aw duh, unserra laiser die domp nudla resata gewwa os m'r grick'd hen fon da Mary Stahl fon East Greenville, un da Emma Markley fon Almont. Die Alice Brader fon Laurys hut uns ow'r 'm Dinshdawg owet uf garufa sawga, os sel ken domp nudla weara wos m'r dafon g'shwetzt hetta iwwer die luft, ow'r domp kneb. Die Alice hut noh g'sawt da Mary ihra waig fer brode dake mocha wear bout 's same wie aw ihra waig, yusht os sie drei kupcher halb un halb grumbierra wosser un milich yusa dade fer der dake aw riehra, in blotz fon blain wosser wie die Mary g'sawt hut os sie yusa dade. So weit os "Domp Nudla," un Domp Gneb" aw gain kumts uns fohr, wie won sel yusht 'n unnershit in nahma wear so weit os gagenda aw gait. M'r dada arrick gleicha tzu hoerra fon onnerra wos sie tzu sawga hen dawaiga, wies uns fohr kumt wor sellie kosh'd gakent ols "Domp Nudla," 's Perkiomen Dahl nunner, un "Domp Kneb" owwa nous woh die Alice har kumt.

Der awfong fon da domp nudla is brode dake. Die Emma Markley hut sie immer gamocht won sie brode gabocka hut, un die Mary Stahl so aenichie tzeit won sie un ihra Isaac lushda kot hen dafor. Des is da Mary ihra resate fer der dake mocha, un woh yusht gute altfrankisher hame gamochder brode dake is. Owets dafor koch fier odder finf gute g'siz'da grumbierra in sols wosser bis sie gute waich sin. Noh fermash ae grumbier im wosser woh die grdumbierra drin gakoch'd worra, un riehr 'n tae leffel sols nei, tzwae tae leffel tzugar, unna kucha sots. Los sel iwwer nocht omma warma blotz shtae.

Da nagshda morya nem drei kupcher wosser, un ae kupchie fon da sots bree os da owets dafor gamocht hosh'd, un riehr ganunk garaida waitsa male nei fer 'n waicher dake mocha. Selar los shtae fer bout 'n shtun omma warma blotz bis er gonga is, un noh shof ols noch may male nei fer 'n guter shteifer dake mocha. Los selar noh shtae bis er gonga is tzwae mohl die grase os wie fom awfong, noh ferrub 'n, un rol 'n in labe, un huck 'n nocha mohl weck fer gae bis er ready is fer bocka.

Un grawd doh is noh aw woh die domp nudla shtarta. Nem gnuddla dake bout die grase fon gens oyer, un huck sellie weck uf 'n duch, uf 'm bock board onna warmer blotz bis sie gonga sin, un nocha mohl so gross sin os wie im awfong. Sellie balla dake laig'd m'r noh inna doublder beiler, secht die Mary, un shteam'd sie bis sie gore sin. Sie sotta gessa sei won sie hase sin, un mus sie owwa uf bracha, un tzugar un milich nei lawfa lossa, odder seesie milich. Da Mary ihra boo der Homer Stahl woh doh om Call shoft, kon net sawga wie gute os sie weara.

Now wie die Emma Markley ihra brode dake mocht kenna m'r net sawga. Sie secht, sie dade ihra dake aw in glaina rolla mocha, un woh sie kocha dade imma grossa kessel won sie gonga weara, in wosser woh sie wenich sols, unna tae leffel shmaltz nei het. Sie dade sie kocha fer bout 12 minuta, un secht 's wear gross notewenich fer senna datzu, os m'r 'n gross ganunker kessel odder beiler het, well sie sich gahairich uf kocha dada. 'S same wie die Mary, secht die Emma aw, m'r mist sie essa mit tzugar un milich.

Now so weit os da Alice Brader ihra "Domp Gneb" aw gain, sie secht sie hetta sie aw gamocht mit brode dake, un sie noh ols gakoch'd owwa uf schnitz wie schnitz un gneb, gawainlich mit ma shtick shunka flaish dabei. Tzeita weiss hetta sie die schnitz aw gessa, un onnerra tzeita y

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

'Tis good nature only wins the heart;
It moulds the body to an easy grace
And brightens every feature of the face;
It smoothes the unpolished tongue with eloquence
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.
—Stillingfleet.

SEWING GIRLS' PRACTICAL SYMPATHY

Madame Chiang Kai-shek has apeared before large groups in a number of Eastern cities and now, after recuperation from renewed illness, has resumed her American good-will tour in the course of which many more large assemblies will be addressed and appealed to for China's cause.

In all her appearances up to this time she has received tremendous ovation and welcome and doubtlessly will so be received at all other appearances.

But ovations are one thing and real help is another. That real help was afforded in recent days when the International Ladies Garment Workers union gave a check to Madame Chiang in the respectable sum of $100,000 for the relief of the victims of war and persecution in China.

Thus hundreds of women and girls in this city and surrounding community who are members of this union—one of the most intelligently and ably handled groups in the country—have contributed to this magnificent gift which in a country like China will go so much farther than a similar sum in this country.

It is a practical expression of sympathy by the toilers of America for the suffering toilers of China—the men and the women who want nothing so much as peace and the opportunity once more to return to their tasks and to produce the necessities of life for themselves and for trade. It is far better than plaudits that fade into the empty air.

WHITTLING AWAY AT JAP SHIPPING

Secretary of War Knox announces that sinkings of Jap ships by American warships to date total more than 1,800,000 tons or about a third of Japan's supposed tonnage upon her entrance into the war. However, in the first months of the war Japan seized about half that amount of tonnage in her conquests and so her present position can be believed to be about a million tons short of her status before Pearl Harbor. In addition it must be believed that her shipyards during fifteen months have turned out a good deal of tonnage.

The entire calculation then suggests that Japan as to shipping is about 15 per cent under her pre-war status.

In the belief that Japan will fight to the last man and the last ship, the war then may require as much as six years, unless the rate of attrition can be stepped up very considerably.

This is of course the hope. American shipyards now are turning out bottoms at a rate equal to the entire shipbuilding resources of the rest of the world. Our damaged battleships either have been repaired or will soon be in action. A Seven-Seas Navy, not merely a two-ocean Navy, is in prospect within about two years.

If and when the fight can be carried by sea closer to the Japanese archipelago and to its trade and military supply lines then the sinkings of Japanese ships both naval and commercial should be upon the increase. By inverse ratio to such increase, the length of the war should be decreased.

MOVING VANS OF THE AIR

An interesting hint as to transportation in the future is given in the application made yesterday to the Civil Aeronautics Board by a Pittsburgh firm for permission to transport household goods by air, via cargo planes and gliders, to some thirty cities in Pennsylvania which have airports. Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton being among the cities which thus will be served.

It will be an interesting day when giant cargo-planes, towing one or more huge gliders, alight upon the runways of the Allentown-Bethlehem airport and spew forth such miscellaneous items as furniture, crockery, baby carriages and even grand pianos.

The thing is being done already. It was done before the war. It has been demonstrated that it can be done upon almost any scale that is desired. It promises to be a commonplace in the years after the war.

PRESSURE TO REDUCE POINT-VALUES

When the OPA put a 20-point value upon raisins and prunes, it promptly "froze" practically every pound and every package of these perishable foods upon the shelves of the storekeepers and the warehouses.

The women of America are carefully conserving their 48 points per person and to surrender 20 of the precious assets for just one pound of raisins or prunes was unthinkable.

So for the past three weeks dealers have had a "headache." They know that raisins and prunes deteriorate quite rapidly; that insect pests develop in both after some period of time and make the food unsalable. They have been worrying about a complete loss and probably told the OPA so.

At any rate the point value has been reduced to 12. A buyers' strike has pulled it down. Housewives well may be wondering whether the same kind of pressure will work along other lines.

MORE CARRIERS, BUT SMALLER ONES

In the early days of the war when sea-battles in the Pacific were being decided largely by planes operating from carriers, a clamor arose throughout the country for the building of more and bigger carriers. Because so many battleships had gone down under such attack, clamor was directed also against the big "battle-wagon" program and emphasis upon carriers was urged.

Then came the losses of the Yorktown, Lexington, Wasp, Hornet and Langley or more than half our carrier strength at the same time that Japan was being cleaned out as to her carriers. Then we were not so certain that the carrier was the complete answer after all.

Now the answer seems to lie in the production of many small carriers as against such huge ships as the four first named, meanwhile however, continuing the building of battlewagons.

To this end quite a few ships have been converted into carriers and out on the Pacific Coast Henry Kaiser promises in short time to be building six a month. Furthermore, while it required two years to build a huge carrier such as the Wasp it will take only six months to build these smaller 500-foot ships.

'Why We Fight'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 19 (Special Dispatch)—Every man, woman and child in America should see a new movie called "Why We Fight." It was prepared by the special service division of the War Department and has already been shown to more than 2,500,000 members of our armed forces and before long will be seen by all of them. Whether it will be released to the public is a decision shortly to be made by the Office of War Information.

This film—two of the series of seven have been produced thus far—represents the high point of effectiveness in the use of the movies to teach a patriotic idea in wartime. It is effective because it doesn't try to reach down to some allegedly low level of intelligence or to reach up too far. It is effective also because it doesn't exaggerate but merely tells the truth. As a matter of fact, the whole film is taken largely from actual newsreels assembled from foreign countries before Pearl Harbor or captured since then and from the files of American newsreel companies extending back more than a decade. Pieced together—some 35,000 feet of film out of 4,000,000 feet actually reviewed—the story told is a powerful and dramatic narrative which leaves the observer with only one central thought, namely, the need for the immediate defeat and extermination of the militarism of Germany, Italy and Japan.

* * * *

The film was shown privately to an official group in Washington this week by Brigadier General Frederick H. Osborn, head of the special service division of the War Department, whose associates developed the idea and gave it to Frank Capra, noted movie man, to execute. In private life for more than two decades General Osborn has devoted his time and resources to the study of the scientific aspects of mass population, and the work he has done or projects he has sponsored represent an outstanding contribution to scientific research in that field.

* * * *

The special service division is the formal name adopted recently in place of "morale division." Its purpose is to carry on educational work of all kinds among the armed forces, including off-duty vocational training and recreation. Instead of relying on statistics, it has actually made case studies of 500,000 enlisted men, and the conclusions reached, among others, are that the American Army is the best educated army in the history of the world—far higher than the level of our Army of World War I.

Hence, it was decided that the troops could be given and would understand the panorama of European events as they unfolded from the days when Japan launched her attack on Manchuria, through the period of Mussolini's seizure of Ethiopia, together with European and American reaction to these events, constituting a "prelude to war." The film gives a remarkable portrayal of Nazi propaganda as it is taught to the youth—scenes taken from Germany's own newsreels—and shows how freedom of speech and of religion were disregarded and the public intimidated.

* * * *

The scenes from the attack on innocent Polish people in 1939, the story of Poland's brave resistance, the actual combat pictures taken by German army photographers, and the picturization of brutal assassination of innocent men, women and children in civilian life constitute chapters from a world drama which no scenario writer could ever make more vivid than the actual truth happens to be.

Most effective is the sensible way the makers of the new movie have drawn a distinction between the German and Italian people and their fanatical and brutal rulers. In contrast, for instance, the pictures of the Bundists in America and the Quislings in Norway who have insisted on loyalty to the Fuehrer even though resident in foreign lands, the movie shows pictures of first and second-generation Americans of German ancestry who have become an integral part of the American way of life—Admiral Nimitz, Wendell Willkie, Senator Wagner of New York, Henry Kaiser and others.

* * * *

The film significantly points out that there are about 15 per cent of the soldier's comrades who have German or Italian names or are of immediate German or Italian descent—a thoughtful warning against indicting a people for the sins of the madmen known as Nazis or Fascists.

Altogether the film must leave the soldier with the feeling that, whatever loose talk he may have heard about the war as something we should have ignored, the causes of the conflict are of deepest concern to us and victory is imperative if human liberty is not to perish from the face of the earth.

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Interpreting the War News

By GLENN BABB

While attention is focussed on the terrible battle of the Atlantic, in which Secretary Knox says we face "a menace of formidable proportions," we are apt to overlook the fact that Japan in the Pacific is facing a submarine peril even more threatening to her chances of survival in this war.

The Allies are fighting two submarine campaigns, one defensive, one offensive. The former, against the German and Italian wolfpacks striving to bar the Atlantic to the convoys that carry American striking power, is even now probably entering its critical phase. It comes first on the American and British priority lists. Our measure of success in it will have much to do with determining the duration of the war. We are assured that we have good hopes of winning it.

But Japan definitely is losing her war against the American undersea flotilla. Despite our heavy shipping losses in the Atlantic our tonnage totals are rising. Japan's are declining.

When the Japanese dream of a great maritime empire lies in ruins a major share of the credit will go to the United States submarine and air fleets. That "greater East Asia co-prosperity sphere" can not be held together without abundance of shipping.

Secretary Knox said this week our oriental enemy had lost about 1,857,000 tons of shipping but had been able to replace about half this by new buildings, seizure of foreign ships and salvage. Other sources estimate the new construction at 450,000 tons; the other gains at 475,000 tons.

Since the best authorities agree that Japan had about 6,000,000 tons at the outbreak of the Pacific war this means a net loss of about 15 per cent in 15 months. And unless there is a drastic change in the trend of the Pacific sea and air war this percentage is due to rise sharply. The Japanese can not hope for another windfall of foreign ships such as they gathered in a year ago and it is doubtful whether their building can rise much above 500,000 tons annually.

The Tokyo radio only yesterday indicated a lively realization of this peril. "America," it declared, "is planning to carry out her warfare in the air and on the sea. * * * We must further exert our efforts to increase our submarine strength and * * * to achieve the destruction of enemy submarines."

Credit for the inroads into the enemy's diminishing shipping resources probably must be divided about equally between the American submarine and air fleets. This week the Navy reported the sinking of the 138th Japanese merchant ship by a submarine, in addition to 23 probably sunk and 38 damaged. This would indicate a total of perhaps 900,000 tons.

This has been matched by American and other Allied airmen in the south and southwest Pacific, the most recent example being the battle of the Bismarck sea, in which probably 50,000 tons of cargo carriers, exclusive of warships, was sent to the bottom. That was a big bite out of the shipping resources available to the enemy in that theatre, although later reports tell of more heavy concentrations.

The Japanese may be compelled to adopt drastic measures to conserve their tonnage.

Some of their most distant outposts, in the Solomons and New Guinea, for example, already have been abandoned, but not voluntarily. It may come to the relinquishment of others even before American pressure is applied. That long haul around the Malay peninsula to Burma is a heavy burden that the enemy would like to be rid of and he is known to be working on shorter overland routes to replace it.

This is by way of reminder for the coming spring, when things may look dark in the Atlantic, that our enemy on the other side of the world is in even worse case.



'S Friehyohr Kummt

Vum ISAAC S. STAHR

Der Winter hot lang gedauert,
Uns mit Froscht un Schnee umschauert;
Die Friehlingsluft fangt aa zu weh',
Vertreibt der Froscht un schmelzt der Schnee.

Die Sunn schteigt hoch am Himmelszelt,
Mit waarme Schtraahle fillt die Welt;
Die Daage warre lenger nau,
Es zwitschert dart uff der Au'.

Der Schpecht hockt uff em Schtarre alt,
Der Winter waar ihm lang zu kalt;
Er hemmert uff der Schtarre los,
Der Laerm wu er macht iss gross.

Weescht du ferwas er sell als duht?
Er sucht sich so en Esse gut;
Er gleicht die Waerm im alte Holz,
Er findt sie aa un fiehlt ganz schtolz.

Alsball sucht er en Wohning aus,
Er hackt sie aus em Holz sich raus;
Dief in en alter Schtarre nei,
Dart macht er dann sei Nescht hie glei.

Der Schpringegraawe waerd nau grie,
Mer sehnt's uff beede Seite hie;
Mit Eis un Schnee waar er bedeckt,
Die Sunn hot ihn nau uffgeweckt.

Ball iss mit Grie der Schwamm bedeckt,
Die Sunn aa ball die Blumme weckt;
In scheene Farwe sin sie g'schmickt,
Wie freet's em wann mer sie erblickt.

Die Erle griege Schwenzcher nau,
Wann's Wetter iss aa noch ganz rau;
Die Weide dart im Deich sin grie,
Mer meent es waer doch noch zu frieh.

Der Blovoggel hot sich aagemeldt,
Er singt sei Lied so froh im Feld,
Dass Eis un Schnee vergange sin,
Un Friehlingswind so lieblich sin.

Die Amschel heert mer aa mit Lust,
Sie singt Ihr Lied aus voller Brust;
Sie waar lang fart im waarme Land,
Doch iss sie besser do bekannt.

Ball findt mer Blumme unni Zaahl,
Uff Berge hoch un aa im Daal;
Ball bliehe die Baem in grosser Pracht,
Un warre grie mit aller Macht.

Dann singe die Veggel unni Zaahl,
Begeistert vun de Sunneschtraahl';
Sie rufe uns, mer solle naus
In die Natur, 's iss Gottes Haus.

Die Welt iss so en Tempel gross,
So herrlich g'schmickt, vum Falsche los,
Wu Blumme, Graas un Sunnelicht
Uns weise Gottes Angesicht.

Es Friehyohr lehrt uns Gottes Giet',
Un fillt mit Trost es ganz Gemiet;
Die Welt iss schee un aa voll Freed,
Gott macht's, dass sie im Sege b'schteht.

Review

CULTURE OF A CONTEMPORARY RURAL COMMUNITY. By Walter M. Kollmorgen. Rural Life Studies No. 4, U. S. Department of Agriculture. Bureau of Economics. Washington, D. C.

EVERY farmer in the eastern counties of Pennsylvania should secure a copy of the 100-page monograph issued free by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, entitled "Culture of a Contemporary Community," or "The Old Order Amish of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania". Every person who buys from and sells to farmers should know its contents, for it deals with the farming methods of the bearded men who have made Lancaster County the "Garden Spot" that it is. Much of the information is not new to those who have lived on farms in Eastern Pennsylvania and the author makes the mistake of attributing many practices to Amish farmers which are common to all who till these limestone soils; but there is a great deal that is not generally known, even by the neighbors of the Amish people.

For purposes of comparative study the Bureau of Economics of the Department of Agriculture selected five rural communities in the United States, ranging from the Dust Bowl at the lower level of prosperity to Lancaster County, particularly Leacock Township, at the upper level. Walter M. Kollmorgen, a native of Utah, was assigned to study the methods and the cultural pattern of the Amish farmers. He made his home among these farmers for four months, learned to speak their language and studied, quite objectively, their culture and agriculture. His findings are set forth in the department release titled as above.

A great deal has been written, perhaps too much, about the unique features of the social customs of the Plain People. However, there are very few writers who have focused their attention upon Amish and Mennonite economy. Too often this phase of their culture has been passed over as merely parsimony and stinginess. Kollmorgen shows how farms can be made to pay through the application of skill and effort. In spite of the fact that a large percentage of the farmers of Leacock Township are share croppers it is a far cry from the squalid life of the "Tobacco Road" of fiction to the tobacco farms of Lancaster.

In his survey of the Amishmen's attitude toward education the author leads us to the somewhat startling conclusion that there is no correlation between higher learning and good farming—rather the opposite. There was no dust-bowl, no erosion, no depletion of soil, no need for relief, no WPA, CCC or dole necessary in Leacock. Mental derangements and nervous breakdowns are uncommon.

One revealing passage explains the Amishman's attitude toward farm cooperatives. The farmer will join them to the extent of paying his membership dues and he will "permit" the "Co-op" trucks to come to his farm to deliver and collect goods, but he will not participate in the administration of the organization.

The religious, social and economic factors are so closely interwoven in these communities that it is difficult to separate them and Kollmorgen deals with all of them in good taste. He explains that the Amishman wears a beard and no moustache, accounting for this oddity by explaining that a moustache was the mark of a soldier several generations ago and the non-resisting Amish eschew all military trappings. This aversion accounts for the opposition to the use of buttons on outer garments. Buttons mark the soldier.

There are a number of illustrations in the monograph; some of them are scenes of Amish children at school. Children can be photographed because they are unaware of what is taking place at the time, but adults will resist the camera man's efforts by refusing to pose.

A letter to your congressman, requesting a copy of this publication should bring it to you in the course of a few weeks.

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

'S ECK IM GRIEG

'S ECK verglennert,
Bild verennert,
Guckt verschtimmelt,
Gans vergrimmelt;
Iss verpetzt,
Rumgesetzt.
Drucker schiewe
Unne iewe,
All die Leine,
Gropp un feine
Weiter zamme
Mit ihr' Glamme.
Guck yuscht mol!
Zwee so Zoll
Muss mer schreiwe,
Do drin bleiwe
Un neirichte
Sei Gedichte,
Wie beim Mos
Net zu gross.

Warte karze
Macht em Schmaerze.
Ernscht un Gschpassich,
Dumm un Klassisch,
Wohret, Liege
Neizugriege,
Macht em schwitze,
Nemmt sei Witze
Mit so Sache
Gut zu mache.
Mer muss schpaare,
Kann net faahre;
Aa in Laafe
Kann yuscht kaafe
Drei Paar Schuh
Aazuduh.

Raar Babier,
's hot kens schier,
Waerd uns gsaat,
"Schpaar am Blaat."
Dinte raar,
Un sogaar
Grickt der Drucker,
Wie mit Zucker,
Net so viel
Aus der Miehl.
Raeschon Kaarde
Aller Aarte,
O. P. D.
Priority,
Nemme schier
All's Babier;
Congressleit
Babble heit
Viel zu viel;
Hen ken Ziel,
Duhne hetze
Iwwer'm Schwetze;
All die Gschichte,
Dumme Gschpichte,
Gehn zum Drucker.
Aarme Schlucker
Duhn sie taxe
Far des Gachse.
All's Babier,
Dinte Schmier,
Geht verhaust,
Abgelaust
Unserm Eck—
Hot ken Zweck.
Wer will lese
All des Wese?
Hette mir
Sell Babier
Breicht vum Eck
Nichs eweck.

—LLOYD A. MOLL 1. Maerz. 1943

EN SCHNECKE HAUS

'N Schneckehaus! Hoscht schunn betracht
Wie wunnerschee es iss gemacht?
Es hot ken Fundament, ken Eck,
Es iss gebaut aus Schleim un Dreck,
Langsam un net mit Angscht un Yacht.

—CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER

En Schneck legt vun dreissich bis fufzich Oier drei odder viermol 's Yaahr. Sie gleicht sie unnich en grosser Salaat Schtock zu lege, weil Schnecke arrig gleiche Salaat zu esse. Wann die gleene Schnecke gebore sin gucke sie wie gans gleene Perle. So wie sie ihre Haus greesser baue, duhne sie die veddersche Dier weider naus pusche. Des Haus wachst im me Zwaerwel; es yingscht Deel vum Haus iss der Middelschpitze. Des Haus iss gemacht vun Kallick un Schleim, graad wie die Gnoche in de Mensche un Gediere. Wann die Schneck sicher sei will, dann schluppt sie gans in ihre Schaal. Sie draagt ihre Haus immer uff em Buckel. Sell iss hendich wann en Reggeschtarm kummt.

En Schneck iss wunnervoll erschaffe! Loss mich en wennich verzaehle. Der Kopp iss an eem Eno un der Schwans am annere. Wann sie argets hie will, puscht sie sich vaersich uff me schleimiche Weg, as sie sich selwer schmiert wie sie geht. Mer kann der glitzeriche Schtreeme als sehne. Wammer en Schneck uff en Schtick Glaas legt un guckt uff die unnersht Seit vum Glass kann mer sehne wie sie sich vorwarts puscht.

En Schneck hot die Zaeh uff der Zung. Sie guckt as wie en Raschbel. Sie yust sie als wie en Mann die Raschbel yuse dutt. En Schneck hot vier Fiehlhaerner; zwee devun sin lenger wie die annere. Uff yedem lange Harn iss en Aag, awwer die Scientists saage, sie kennte net gut sehne. Far sell yuse sie ihre Haerner als en Fiehler. Sie kenne die Haerner in sich ziege, wann sie welle un wann eens vun de Haerner abbrecht, dann wachst ball widder en Harn un en Aag raus. Iss es net wunnerbaar?

Die Schnecke lewe uff Blanse—Salaat, Andivdi, Kraut un der gleiche. Der Winder schpende sie unnich Warzle, Schtee, Holsbleck un Laab.

Deel Schnecke hen ken Haus; sie sin gans nackich; mer heest sie Slugs. Sie lewe awwer graad wie die Hausschnecke yuscht as sie net so gut var de Veggel bewaahrt sin. Die Veggel un die Hinkel gleiche die Schnecke un die Slugs, as wie die Leit die Eischder eschdemiere duhne. In deel Lenner vun Europa duhn die Leit die Schnecke ziehe, so wie mir die Marrichle bauere. Sie sin arrig geeschdemiert bei de Leit. Sie mache en gudi Supp.

Schnecke gehne ihre seeme, langsamer Weg iwwer Glaas, Hols, Graewwel odder eenich ebbes schunscht, un kenne an me Wedder-bord odder an me Baam nuffgraddle.

Wieviel Fuss kenne sie in re Schtunn geh? Es geht sehr langsam. Waer es net Gschpass far en Schneckerees sehne?

Ich hab mol gelese, en Schneck kennt en Lod vun drei Pund ziehe. Wie sie eigschpannt waar un was far Gschaerr sie gabraucht hen far der Test zu mache, weess ich net.

Aus'm FRANK W. MATZ seim NADURBUCH. Mohnton, Pa.

'N PAAR RAETSEL

Was hot's Haerz im Kopp?
'N Grauikopp.

Was iss elder as sei Mudder?
Der Essich.

Wu hot der Aadam der erscht Naggel hieg'schlagge?
Uff der Kopp.

Fer was macht der Haahne die Aage zu wann er graeht?
Weil er's nusweenlich kann.

Was guckt me halwe Hinkel gleich?
Die annet Heilt.

Deaths of a Day

FLORA REIHMAN

Funeral services for Flora Reihman, 72, who died in her home, 519 North St., East Mauch Chunk, at 9 a. m. yesterday, will be held from the home at 2 p. m. Monday. Interment will be made in the Evergreen cemetery.

Miss Reihman, who was ill since January, suffered a heart attack. She was a member of the First Reformed church, East Mauch Chunk.

Survivors are five sisters: Mrs. Russell Strohl, with whom she resided; Mrs. William F. Angle, Mrs. Arthur Kuebler, Mrs. August Long, East Mauch Chunk; Mrs. Olive Brown, Stroudsburg; a brother, Charles Reihman, East Mauch Chunk.

MRS. MINERVA RHOADES

Minerva, nee Womer, Rhoades, who conducted a grocery store at 8th and Gordon Sts., Allentown, for 15 years following the death in 1928 of her husband, Daniel Rhoades, died of embolism in the Allentown hospital yesterday at 12:25 p. m. She was in her 77th year.

Mrs. Rhoades had been admitted to the hospital four weeks ago when she fell in her kitchen and suffered a broken hip. She was apparently recovering until embolism set in yesterday morning.

She was born in Newlin, Columbia county, but had resided in Allentown for more than 35 years. Her late husband opened the grocery store at 8th and Gordon Sts. 34 years ago. She was of Reformed faith.

Surviving is a sister, Mrs. Alice Yerger, and a brother, John Womer, both of Berwick; four stepsons, George Rhoades, Harry Rhoades and Oliver Rhoades, all of Allentown; Phillip Rhoades, Watsontown, and a stepdaughter, Mrs. Mary Skelly, Bethlehem. There are seven grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at the convenience of the family on Monday at Numidia. Interment will be in the Numidia cemetery.

J. WILLIAM SCHLOSSER

Funeral services for J. William Schlosser, 55, of 225 Clay St., Tamaqua, will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the E. Franklin Griffiths funeral parlors, 655 E. Broad St., Tamaqua, with Rev. M. C. Hallock, pastor of Zion's Evangelical Lutheran church, Tamaqua, officiating. Interment will be made in the Odd Fellows cemetery, Tamaqua.

Mr. Schlosser died suddenly at 10:40 a. m. yesterday in the Coaldale hospital, where he had been a patient for the past 10 days.

Born at Hollywood, Luzerne county, he was the son of the late Daniel and Martha Kelly Schlosser, and resided in Tamaqua most of his life. He entered the employ of the Reading Co. as a fireman on May 28, 1907, and was promoted to engineer, Dec. 11, 1916. He was last employed as a switcher at Haucks.

He was a member of Zion's Evangelical Lutheran church, the Citizen's Fire Co., and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen.

Surviving are his wife, the former Anna C. Schmidt; a son, Theodore Schlosser, Clay St., Tamaqua; two daughters, Mrs. Elwood Kohler, Tamaqua; Mrs. Charles Blakeslee, at home; seven grandchildren; three brothers, Daniel Schlosser, Benjamin Schlosser and Ario Schlosser, all of Tamaqua.

MRS. MARY ANEWALT

Mary Anewalt, 109 N. 2nd St., wife of John A. Anewalt, Americus hotel clerk, died Friday evening in the Sacred Heart hospital. She was 57 years old.

Born in Allentown, daughter of the late George and Lucy (Downing) Fosselman, she was a member of the First Church of Christ Science of Allentown. Her only survivor is her husband.

Services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Bachman funeral home, 1030 Walnut St. Burial will be made in West End cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Tzum Ledshda

Tzum ledshda sheinds, kaimt Lechaw kounty aw mohl owwa uf der haufa so weit os 'n recht shoffender museum aw gait. Won m'r allas glawwa darf os m'r hoert, sols alt posht offis gabei om eck fon da Sex'd un Turner shtross doh in da shtadt tzu ma museum gamocht werra, un woh die Lehigh County Historical Society der tzwet floor howwa sol. Sis nix os ma mensch os alta socha gleich'd ols wae'r gaduh hut, os wie fer noch onnerra kounties um uns rum gae, so wie Barricks, Montgomery un Bucks, un die shaina grossa museums sehna os sie hen, un mier doh in Lechaw, hen bout nix kot. "Ow'r" hut m'r ols gadenk'd "fon sella gagenda hen mohl reicha leit kot mit ra lieb fer alt socha, un sellie hen na hinner lossa wos sie hen."

Shpaiter nous hen m'r ow'r ous g'funna os sellie museums aw net allas g'shank'd hen grick'd wos sie hen. Die Schwenkfelder leit fom Perkiomen Dahl hen hard g'shoft fer ol die fiela socha tzomma griega os tzu sehna is in ihr'm museum drunna in Pennsbarrick, uns same halt aw ous drous in Reading, woh sie so tzu sawga, 'n Barricks kounty shtoss'd uf kours Fackenthal un Merse gelt fohr, un woh imma grossa waig, feruhsoch'd fer der iwwer rous gute museum os sie hen in Doylestown. Leit wie sel, hen ow'r imma grossa waig g'fail'd doh in Lechaw kounty, un allas os unser Historical Society so weit uf tzu weissa hut is Trout hall, uf da Walnut shtross, 'n iwwer rous shae alt shtaina hous bout finf un fartsich foos eckicht, tzwae shtuck unna halb hoch, un so g'shtopt fol socha sawga soicha os shun drin worra, os m'r net rum kon. So weit os uns selwar aw gait, hen m'r shun may os 'n halb dudsend mohl gabroviert fer nei die socha sehna, ow'rs noch nee mohls gadroffa os es sellie woh die shlissel kot, hen gaboss'd hut fer ebber nei lossa.

Mit ous wissa wos ol im Trout hall sei mawg so weit os alta Lechaw kounty relicks aw gain, huts em shun fer yohra laid gaduh ol die fiela shaina folks socha noch onnerra gagenda gae, weil ken blotz doh dahame wor, fer sie uf hava un weissa. Sis wohr os ols noch so dale socha rum sin, ow'r der rawm is so hard owwa runner g'shebt fon wos recht shoffenda alta museum ardickle sin, os may arrick wenich tzu finna sin. Soicha os sel net glawwa, breicha numma mohl nous gae guckа fer 'n gutie John Murphy's hochie uhr, un woh doh in Allentown gamocht sin werra so on da 1775 rum. Uns same halt ous mit onnerra hocha uhra; woh kon m'r 'n Jacob Geigers uhr may finna, odder 'n Henry Rentzheimers uhr, 'n Jacob Blumers uhr, 'n Jacob Stein uhr, 'n Joseph Weiss uhr, 'n Peter Miller uhr, 'n Heltzingers uhr, so wohl wie aw 'n lot onnerra uhra, os ol doh in Lechaw kounty gamocht sin werra, ow'r shier nimmy tzu finna sin. Uns same halt aw ous mit hunnerda fon onnerra socha os ols worra, ow'r bout nimmy tzu finna sin. Die tzeita worra, woh wenich londs hameta tzu finna worra os ken eck shank, odder 'n glaws shonk kotta hen. Heit tzu dawg sin sellie socha so weit os guta shticker aw gain grawd so rohr wie aw 'n gutie ocht dawg Peter Millers uhr, odder ferol sel, 'n gutie altie ebbel jack shtil.

Die tzeit wor, woh bol alla londs gagend sei shtil kot hut, un woh sie alla hond shnops gabrent hen. Sellie freea shtilla sin aw bout ol fert, 's same wie aw die alta grossa blose bollick, os die flinta un grub schmidt ols gayus'd hen fers fire om gae halta in ihra schmidt shep. Noh sin aw die hunnerda fon hame gamochta folks ardickle fer da leit ihra arwet wenicher un leichter mocha, un wie m'r heit tzu dawg shier net sehna kon wie die leit sich mit p'helfa hen kenna. Hame gamochda ebbel shailer, hame gamochta flaish meala, un alla hond onnerra ardickle fer kich un shire, gawainlich gamocht ous eisa, blech odder huls. Fiel fon sella ardickle sin da ledshda tzwonsich yohr fert mit 'm gadrash, un woh heit 'n blotz howwa sotta, imma recht shoffenda Lechaw kounty museum.

So weit os glaws un china g'shar aw gait, wor aw ols fiel fom alta tzu finna ken longa yohra tzurick. Sis unser winsch os Trout hall 'n lot Gaudy Dutch, Spatterware, Stiegel glaws, un onnerra ardickle wie sei fershteck'd mawg howwa, odder 's sol uns wunnerer, eb fiel leit sei lava in Lechaw kounty sehna kenna, wos fer shaina socha in sella line, os unser fohr elterra ols kotta hen. Sis wohr os alla gabut so ardickle uf kumma on fendua, so wohl wie aw onner blummich g'shar in rote, bloe, pink un onnerra farva, ow'r sol uns wunnerra, eb 'n Lechaw kounty Historical Society, sei lava affordа kon fon tzwonsich bis fuftsuch dahler un noch may 's shtick batzawla fer so g'shar, odder freind hut, os willins sin fers kaufa fer inna museum shtella. Uns same halt aw ous mit 'm alta ardna socha, un woh ols reichlich gamocht sin werra in unnershittlicha gagenda fon Lechaw kounty. Sellie heffa, daller shissla, taepotta, gadeckorate mit fegel, blumma odder schreivas druf sin aw so rohr wie sie ols sawga "die weissa mice," un so koshdbore wie aw Gaudy Dutch un farvich chinaware, odder so gore, shaina ei galaigda Molla flinta, woh aw doh in da shtadt gamocht sin werra.

Won der museum in der gong kumt wie m'r numma hoffa os er dut, wolla m'r shoffa, shtain die leit os alta socha hen net yusht bei, ow'r aw, os die woh 'n gonsie tzeit drous rum gain alta relicks kaufa, der museum net nemma maiga ols ae may blotz fer na helfa alla ledshder hocher cent rous goucha, os sie griega kenna fer wos sie howwa maiga. 'N museum sot sei fer die indressa fon ol da leit, un net der brofit fon paar, wie so oft mohls der fol is on bletz wie sel. Unser hute is ob tzu ol os om shoffa sin fer der museum ons gae griega, un mawg er in der gong kumma, so g'shwind os miglich.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Won der griek mohl feriwwer is un die kerricha sin widder ready fer Porra un Missiones leit noch fremma lanner shicka, brovierra Grishda ous da Heida tzu mocha, breicha sie net so weit gae os wie fer'm griek.

In blotz fon gons uf die onner side da welt gae bodderra mit leit fon ra onnerra farab, kenna sie noch 'm alta lond gae shtarta,—sis 'n shond tzu sawga, on leit os fom sama blute shtrawm har shtomma wie aw 'n lot fon solla—Deitschland.

Sis Wunnerbore, wos 'n Wunnerfolk fon Heida os der Hitler un sei Heida awhanger in so ra kartza tzeit fon tzaca yohr odder bissel may, ous ma gonsa lond fon wos Grishda sei hen wolla, mocha hen kenna.—net wohr?

—PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

If you are celebrating a birthday today you are a diligent worker and have a sharp, perceptive mind. Your memory is excellent and you find much pleasure in recalling happy events in your past. Though studious and very serious in your work, you are fond of gaiety and travel. Get up early on this, your birthday, to do an important job. It should turn out well. Compose a speech to raise money for a welfare fund. Enthusiasm and faith in what you do can accomplish miracles. Be on time for an appointment today, but don't let anyone hurry you, or you will make a mistake. Be accurate in following recipes and instructions so as to avoid a mixup.

25 Years Ago Today

MARCH 20, 1918—A WEDNESDAY

The shipbuilders at Baltimore walked out on strike without notice, demanding 100 per cent increase in wages. Officials understood that the men wanted $10.55 a day for caulkers and $25 a day for rivet men.

Edwin Woodring, Lehigh county's hermit, died at the age of 94 years.

Enrollment for the junior Red Cross in Lehigh county was well over the 10,000 mark. The Stevens building, Mayden E. Barner, principal, was the first grade building in the district to enroll all 500 pupils in the junior Red Cross.

Two concerts were to be given in the high school auditorium, one by the high school orchestra, assisted by Marie Stone Langston of the Philadelphia Operatic society, and the other by the high school chorus with 200 voices directed by Prof. Warren F. Acker.

Prof. Hans Roemer of Bethlehem, well known director, took formal charge of the Lehigh Saengerbund chorus. He was graduated from the Royal Conservatory of Music in Stuttgart in 1889.

Francis A. March, English professor at Lafayete, former mayor of Easton, announced his candidacy for the Republican Congressional nomination in the 26th district.

The Art of Public Speaking

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Washington, D. C.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

When a man is laboring under the pain of any distemper, it is then that he recollects there are gods, and that he himself is but a man; no mortal is then the object of his envy, his admiration or his contempt, and having no malice to gratify, the tales of slander excite not his attention. —Pliny.

EAKER PROMISES GERMANS SEVERER BLOWS

The American air force in Great Britain, which is committed to attack and then more and more attack upon the Germans upon the continent, has cut its wisdom teeth. Now it is ready to go after the enemy hammer and tongs, according to the straight and strong talk given in London recently by Major General Ira C. Eaker, commander of the 8th Air Force.

As has come slowly to realization by the people in this country is the fact that American airplanes, designed years ago, were not planned for attack upon Germany. Practically all American thought as to warfare was that of defense of our continental area and of our outlying possessions. Defensive airplanes are of entirely different character from those of an offensive nature.

So General Eaker in his talk did not pretend for a moment that our principal bombers—the Flying Fortresses and the Liberators—are exactly what he would like to have for the job, good as they are for the jobs for which they were designed. But he told the newsmen that new and larger types of planes will be available for his men during the coming summer and then more extensive and more destructive bombing of Germany and of German-held territory will be possible. It is also anticipated that fighters with far greater range and therefore more effective in their aid to squadrons of bombers will be flying out of Britain and over Europe in short order.

When this eventuates General Eaker promises unusual punishment for the Germans and he expects his men to inflict it almost with impunity.

Up to this time our losses undoubtedly have been relatively great. While the figures have shown that the Americans in their attacks upon Germany and German-held territory have shot down more than three times the number of planes which the Americans have lost, the disparity is not so great when it is realized that when a big American bomber goes down upwards of half a dozen men also go down and are lost, whereas when a German fighter plane goes down over Europe, only one trained man, the pilot, goes down and he even may escape if he takes to his parachute in time.

So we can't measure these results simply by counting planes. Furthermore there is vastly more material and time represented in a bomber than in a fighter plane.

But there are satisfactions in that the Americans and British, by reason of two different conceptions of air warfare of the kind now in practice, are keeping the Germans busy round the clock. By night the RAF, which is trained for and experienced in night bombing, plasters the big German cities. Then by day, the Americans with their precision bombing technique (highly effective when weather is perfect) can put on the finishing touches.

In contrast with so much bombastic and pompous American popular opinion as to what our aviators are doing to Germany is the modest position taken by General Eaker. He is not claiming the earth. He is not claiming that American planes can do the impossible and he is not complaining that they were not designed for the task that they are trying to perform over Europe. But he does show that the men are doing an even better job than their planes ordinarily would justify and he promises that with the arrival of new ships and more trained crews an even bigger job is going to be performed. And he "does not give a damn if the Germans know when the Americans are coming" in order that they may arrange a reception committee for them.

BETHLEHEM STEEL CALLS FOR WOMEN

Reverting to World War days when many hundreds of women were taken into the plants of the Bethelhem Steel Co., that company has decided it must resort to the same practice in this war if production is to be maintained.

The long delay in taking a step which was taken months and months ago by many industries indicates that Bethlehem Steel would rather operate with men only than with a mixture of the sexes. The reasons for the delay have not been given but it is easy to believe that many problems, developing from the employment of women in types of work where men traditionally have been used, have been avoided for as long as possible. It is now determined to face them only when it has become absolutely necessary.

Production in quantity and quality cannot be among these factors for everywhere it has been and is being demonstrated that the women in the operation of machines do produce effectively. They are punctual by general habit, they are careful and ambitious for the most part and in the war effort their patriotic ardor is if anything even warmer than that of their brothers.

So more and more women in this area will be donning overalls to operate the machines which really do the heavy work through mechanical power. They will be taking the places in many instances of young men who are needed in the armed services and for whom manufacturing industries cannot much longer seek deferments. Comparatively small will be the number in many industries of workers absolutely essential to those industries. Even though many men may not like the idea, the fact will be that their jobs can be performed as effectively by women. Since the armed services need more members and women cannot go into them, it is the men and particularly the young ones who will have to go.

JAPS BELATEDLY TAKE UP SWIMMING

Although the Japanese have not yet announced the loss of transports and some 15,000 men in the complete wiping out of a 22-ship convoy in the Bismarck Sea, a significant order to the Japanese army has been announced over the Tokio radio.

This order directs that every Jap immediately must learn to swim. Thus Tokio seems to indicate belief that future losses through sinking of ships but want to see the men have some chance for their lives even though it will be a contest with the sharks of tropical waters.

No Mediator Needed

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 26 (Special Dispatch)—For some time now there has been developing in London the belief that Britain might act as an intermediary between Russia and the United States with respect to questions arising both during and after the war.

Just why the United States and Russia cannot come to a harmonious understanding on all pending questions or just why it is assumed that the United States and Russia are far apart is not explained. It certainly runs counter to the general impression which has prevailed in Washington for some time that if any mediator is needed, it is probably to bring Russia and Britain closer together.

For many months the comment has frequently been heard hereabouts that one of the reasons that the Russians do not permit military observers from the United States is that they would also have to admit British observers and that the feeling between the British and Russians is not all that it should be.

It will be recalled that before Stalin decided in the summer of 1939 to make a non-aggression pact with Germany, there had been months of negotiations between London and Moscow. The complete story of why the British failed to win the trust of the Russians in that fateful period has never been told, but it would be surprising if the British had so improved their position with Moscow as to be permitted to mediate alleged disputes as between the United States and Russia.

* * * *

There are points of difference between the United States and Russia, and there is little use blinking that fact. A substantial part of the American citizenry feel that the Russian government did not live up to its pledge to refrain from communistic propaganda in the United States—a pledge solemnly given when formal recognition was given to the Moscow government by the American government. A substantial part of the American people also have not forgotten the way the Russian government destroyed the freedom to worship and for a time permitted the despoiling of Christian churches. No amount of mediation which any foreign government may undertake will ever do for Russia what the Moscow government can do for itself—namely, to accept wholeheartedly the Four Freedoms. This is so much the heart and soul of the crusade which the American people have undertaken in the present war that it cannot but cause an estrangement if ignored. Mediators can never compromise the principles involved in the Four Freedoms. Our allies either accept them in the letter as well as the spirit or they frankly discard them. But these are our main war aims and our main peace aims.

* * * *

But even such differences cannot obscure the fact that Russia and the United States are fighting common enemies. Lend-Lease aid is being sent in ever increasing quantities to Russia because of a deep-seated confidence that the United States and Russia will be better friends than any two other nations in the world after the war with the possible exception of that growing out of our blood relationship to the British people.

There are many more reasons for a close friendship with Russia than for coldness. For one thing, Russian territory is directly adjacent to ours in Alaska. The airplane will bring us closer in the North Pacific. Likewise, Russia's great undeveloped resources will sooner or later be the basis for the reciprocal exchange of raw materials and facilities—we shall become business partners in developing those resources.

* * * *

Furthermore, it may be assumed that the Russian people after their heroic sacrifices in this war will tend more and more toward democracy and less and less toward totalitarianism. The notion that Russia will become so powerful in a military way as to become an aggressor state has its source more in Axis propaganda than in any known circumstances that would warrant any such inference. The Russians may want certain territory in Europe on the Baltic, so as to maintain naval bases. They may want certain bases in southern Europe. But there is always the opportunity, if there is a clash of nationalities and conflicting claims, for a solution to be worked out whereby strategic points will be internationalized.

Certainly if an international police force is to be set up, there will be no need for disputes about military or naval defenses. The airplane, moreover, is bound to become of increasing radius, thus making less valuable the so-called strategic points of pre-war psychology.

Russia and the United States can be friends, but they will forge that friendship more rapidly and more effectively if they deal directly with each other on a basis of frankness, mutual respect and mutual trust.

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Interpreting the War News

By GLENN BABB

The major short circuit in the United Nations' war effort against Japan persists; the same is true of the Axis war on Russia. Tokyo and Moscow have given renewed evidence of their present determination to remain at peace by renewal of their perennially troublesome fisheries pact.

Again Adolf Hitler's most powerful and successful ally has given notice that she is having no part of his crusade against Bolshevism although six years ago it was the Japanese military clique, now in control of imperial policy, that was the guiding spirit of the anti-Comintern treaty which led to the three-power Axis military alliance.

The fisheries pact fixes the terms on which Japan is permitted to send her fishermen into the Far Eastern territorial waters of the Soviet Union, a right granted by the 1905 treaty of Portsmouth. Since 1936, when the Kremlin, offended by the anti-Comintern treaty, refused to consider any long-term agreement, it has been subject to annual renewal. Each year the negotiations have been difficult and protracted, but somehow the renewal has been negotiated. This annual performance is anxiously watched by all the major powers; failure to renew would be taken as evidence that the long-expected Japanese-Russian conflict was at hand.

The indications are that the Russians held the whip-hand in the parleys which led to the accord initialed in Kuibyshev Thursday. For the second year in succession the Japanese had to pay an extra fee. The Siberian fisheries are an important factor in the Japanese food supply. Fish takes the place of meat in the Japanese diet and in normal times 10 per cent or more of the entire supply comes from Russian waters, chiefly around the Kamchatka peninsula. Under war conditions this source of food is probably of more importance than ever to the Japanese people, for years on slender rations.

It is understandable that neither Japan nor Russia wants to take on new military commitments at this time, when each is engaged in a fight for life. But the Japanese appear to be even more anxious than the Soviets to avoid war.

One reason undoubtedly is the fear of air assault. The Japanese command probably feels that on the east, south and west it has pushed the United Nations beyond the range of effective and intensive air attack; it hopes at least that it can hold the ever-growing American air power beyond that protective cordon.

But in the north there is no such security. There are bases around Vladivostok from which bombers could reach Tokyo in less than three hours, Osaka in two. War with the Soviet Union might mean that these would be placed at disposal of the United States. It might not, Russia's penchant for playing a lone hand being what it is, but in any case the Red army also has an air force of terrible power.

The fisheries renewal reinforces Foreign Minister Tani's declaration two months ago of Tokyo's intention to honor the Moscow neutrality accord of 1941. It would be unwise, of course, to place full reliance on Japanese professions of peaceful intent. But it should be remembered that although Japan has struck treacherous blows to open her two major wars of this century—against Russia in 1904 and against us in 1941—in neither case was the blow delivered entirely without warning. Tojo was blustering about expelling the white man from Asia for weeks before Pearl Harbor.

For the United Nations it undoubtedly is an advantage to have Russia free to concentrate on Germany at this juncture, probably outweighing the immediate gains which would come from a Russian-Japanese war. But it has its obverse side.

As long as the wily generals and admirals who direct Japanese policy are content to leave well enough alone on the Siberian frontier, Allied hopes of obtaining Russian bases from which to blast the cities and war industries of our oriental enemy are dim.



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.

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 farm-houses 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 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 thought I was only twelve. I would have slept in the stable to be near him.

I hung around 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 postmaster-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 a large 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 compliments 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.

As 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 everyone'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 pack-horses 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. 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 wall 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 around 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.

By courtesy of Elsie Singmaster and the Pennsylvania Book Service, publishers of two interesting volumes entitled "Stories of Pennsylvania" (Harrisburg, Pa., 1937), whose charming narratives about historical and cultural events in the history of our state deserve to be read by every schoolboy and schoolgirl in Pennsylvania.

ANCIENT RIMES

The following very old and popular nursery rimes are widely spread and continue to be sung in part, if not in total, by many Pennsylvania Germans of today. They were no doubt brought here by those of our earliest immigrations, for we know that they were also carried by the Mennonites from Germany into Southern Russia in 1798. And now Mennonite refugees who have fled to America to escape Soviet persecutions inform us that these rimes are also familiar in Russia, where some 70,000 Mennonites had settled in the fertile regions along the Black Sea, and thus these simple little rimes, the rythmic throbs of the everlasting mother-heart of humanity, steadily persist while governments rise, flourish and vanish!

Bei-o, Bobbeli schlof!
Der Daadi hiet die Schof,
Die Mammi hiet die rode Kieh
Un kummt net heem bis marye frieh.

Bei-o, Bobbeli,
Was robbelt im Schtroh
Es Ketzli 'iss gschtarwe
Un 's Meisli iss froh.

Reide, reide, Geile,
Alle Schtunn en Meile,
Alle Meil en Waertshaus—
Hol en grosser Kuche raus.

Tross, tross, trille,
Der Bauer hot en Fille;
Es Fill will net laafe,
Der Bauer will 's verkaafe.

Schlof, Bobbeli, schlof!
Der Daadi hiet die Schof;
Die Mammi hiet die Lemmer,
Nau Bobbeli schlof noch lenger.

Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

IF MANY MEN KNEW

Wann manche wisste,
Was annre g'sehne,
Wann manche gengde,
Wu annre gehne,
Wann manche daede,
Was annre duhne,
Dann waer die Welt besser
Fer drin zu wuhne.

I HAD A LITTLE COW

Mer hen en gleeni Kuh,
Hei-diddel, ho-diddel!
Mer hen en gleeni Kuh,
Die hot en gleenes Kalb,
Hei-diddel, ho-diddel!
Mei Lied iss nau schun halb.

Mer hen en gleeni Kuh,
Hei-diddel, ho-diddel!
Mer hen en gleeni Kuh,
Ich dreib sie in der Schtall,
Hei-diddel, ho-diddel!
Mei Lied iss nau schun all.

Goosey, Goosey, Gander

Gense, Gense, Genserich!
Saag, wu soll ich naus?
Uff un ab die Schpeicherschteg,
Rum im ganze Haus.
Drowwe iss en wieschder Mann,
En rechter alder Dunner;
Grick en halt am linke Bee
Un schmeiss en owwe runner.

Pussey Sits Beside the Fire

Bussi hockt am Feierhaerd,
Schpinnt im Waarme dart.
Kummt en gleenes Hundli rei:
"Bussi, bischte dart?
Daerf mer froge, Misses Bussi,
Froge wie's der geht?
"Denki, Hundli, 's geht mer gut,
'S iss mer net verleed!"

HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE

Hei, Diddel, Diddel!
Die Katz mit de Fiddel,
Die Kuh schpringt iwwer der Munn;
Es Hundelche lacht
Un weddelt un blafft;
Die Schissel un Leffel,
Die schpringe um's Effel,
Wie ewwe so Schussliche duhn.

Deaths of a Day

ANDREW HATRAK

Andrew Hatrak, 65, of 252 E. Kline Ave., Lansford, died at 2:30 p. m. yesterday at his home. He was a resident of Lansford for 40 years.

Surviving are his wife, Anna; three children, George, Michael and Mrs. John Sniscak, all of Lansford; three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Mr. Hatrak was a parishioner of St. John's Greek Catholic church.

MRS. EMMA L. MOSER

Mrs. Emma Louise Moser, 64, widow of John Moser, died Thursday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Whildin, 479 S. 21st St., Easton. She had gone for a walk and upon returning went to her room where she was found some time later dead in her bed from a heart attack.

Mrs. Moser was born in Tamaqua and resided at the home of her daughter for the last 14 years. She was the last living member of her family.

She was a member of the Zion Lutheran church, Daughters of America, Ladies Auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, Daughters of Pocahontas and the Rebekah lodge all of Tamaqua.

Surviving are a son, Private Charles Moser, Fort Bragg, N. C.; her daughter, Mrs. Florence Whildin, a grandson, and a great grandchild.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. from the Franklin Griffith funeral home, Tamaqua. Interment will be in the Odd Fellows cemetery, Tamaqua.

MRS. EDWARD SCHWEERS

Funeral services for Mrs. Edward A. Schweers, Mauch Chunk, will be held from her home at 2 p. m. Monday, Rev. Joseph Grottenthaler, pastor of the first presbyterian church, Mauch Chunk, officiating. Burial in the Mauch Chunk cemetery.

Mrs. Schweers, the former Eva May Reed, died at 12:30 a. m. yesterday in her home, 135 West Broadway, Mauch Chunk.

A daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed, Mauch Chunk, she attended the First Presbyterian church, Mauch Chunk, and was a charter members of the Mauch Chunk Sunergoi.

Survivors include her husband, two brothers, Russell and Walter Reed of Niagara Falls, N. Y.; four sisters, Mrs. Edward Neitz, Allentown; Mrs. Carrie Kiefner, Philadelphia; Mrs. Bernard Durnin, Mauch Chunk; and Mrs. Alvena Felton, Jenkintown.

ZACHARIAH C. THOMAS

Zachariah C. Thomas of 730 Chew St., a patient in the Allentown hospital since November, died at 1 a. m. Friday after an illness of a year. He was in his 79th year.

Born in Washington township, Mr. Thomas was a son of the late Zachariah and Catherine, nee Custer, Thomas. A slater by trade, he had been retired for the past ten years. He was a member of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church and belonged to the Buffaloes lodge.

Surviving is one brother, Daniel, in Fullerton; several nieces and nephews, and a sister-in-law, Alice Reedy, with whom he had been residing for a number of years. His wife, Mercy Lilly May, nee Reedy, preceded him in death.

Services will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Trexler Funeral home, with interment in the Greenwood cemetery. Friends are asked to omit flowers.

HARRY L. VAN BILLIARD

Harry Luther VanBilliard, 70, of Kintnersville, died Thursday night in the Warren hospital, Phillipsburg, N. J.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday in Freemansburg Lutheran church. Interment in Freemansburg cemetery.

Survivors include his wife, Alice; his mother, Catherine; two sons, Lewis, Newtown, Conn., and Ralph, Allentown; a daughter, Mrs. Ruth Butler, Bethlehem; three brothers, Howard, Rochester, N. Y.; Reese, Montour Falls, N. J. and Russell, Kintnersville.
ADD OBIT

MRS. MARY HARTMANN

Mrs. Mary Schall Hartmann, wife of William F. Hartmann, 1797 W. Union Blvd., Bethlehem, died on Thursday night at her late home.

She was a daughter of the late James D. and Sabina Balliett Schall, and was a member of the Moravian Congregation and Bethany Circle of King's Daughters.

Besides her husband she leaves two sons, William and Edward P. Hartmann; a sister, Mrs. Gertrude Parratt; two brothers, Fred T. Schall and Warren W. Schall, and three grandchildren.

Private services will be held in the Lena E. Grim funeral home, 817 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Interment in Nisky Hill at the convenience of the family.

Pumpernickle Bill—By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Hute Kartz

Won ebber mohl unna badenk'd 'n ferlorner hute finna sot imma moovie hous doh in da shtadt, der Charlie McCafferty fon da Tilghman shtross, firemon in da jail, hut da onner owet seiner ferlora. Der Charlie hut sei maid'l, die Gertrude Schlaefer fon da Nord 9d shtross, un woh im Ralph Diefenderfer seinra deed reckording offis shoft, noch da moovies ganumma. Alla wor ol recht bis sie ous 'm show gawolt hen, noh farhoftich sei hut der Charlie sei hute ferlora kot, un 'n yusht naryads, im dunkla finna kenna.

Die weil os sie noh ken uf ruhr raisa hen wolla, hen sie ous gamocht fer 's pickter nocha mohl iwwer sehna, un worta bis es show ous gang'd so os sie belling hetta fer der hute sucha. Ebs pickter gute wor kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r hen anyhow gawort bis die leit ol drous worra, un hen noh der manager fom blotz g'frok'd fer helling, ow'r der hute wor ewwa net tzu finna. Woh os er onna kumma is wil niemond wissa, der Charlie maint, ebber shunshd het 'n haisa mit gae, un dale fon seinra freind maina, 's pickter het der Charlie so arrick uf g'shoft kot os er der hute g'shluck'd het, un wists net.

Aenicha waig, der Charlie hut die Gertrude blut keppich hame ganumma ferol os es sel tzeit noch grisslich kalt wor. Wie long os der Charlie gabliva is kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r wor 'm anyhow so'n gahairicher grissel fer blut keppich hame gae, os die Gertrude 'n gadauert hut, un hut 'm ihr'm Pap, 'm John sei hut galain'd fer hame gae. Die barichda sin, der hute het tzimlich gute gaboss'd, uns het der Charlie aw gute gaboss'd fer der hute tzu, howwa, so os er da nagshda owet wider 'n ousret kot hut fer ruf kumma die Gertrude sehna. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wolla sie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga nix may weiter, so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Hut Gawunna

Sis net dawert os aenich ebber ebbes sawga wil fon shaina bavies won der Bob Schaffer fon da Nord Rigelwaiga shtross Walnisport um dawaig is, er huts shandshd kinds, kinds kindt os aenich aryads tzu finna is. Evens die glaina bubba uf ra grossa kort ins Deiberts un Hahna shtore, kenna net uf kumma tzum Bob seim glaina Clarence, 's Arthur Atherholds glainer boo fon Bussards Korner. M'r sin da onner dawg yusht datzu kumma wie der Bob 'm glaina Clarence sei bild noch 'm gshtore gabrocht hut fer 'm Clayton Deibert weissa os selile wos sie uf hanka ken, net nagshd so shae wear wie der glae Clarence. So weit os die elt aw gait, sin sie bout ains, so fon ma yohr un a halb bis tzwae yohr alt, ow'r so weit os die shae hate aw gait-wel ol rum Clarence sei bild noch 'm shtore gabrocht hut fer 'm Clayton Deibert weissa os sellie wos sie uf hanka ken, net nagshd so shae weara wie der glae Clarence. So weit os die elt aw gait, sin sie bout ains, so fon ma yohr un a halb bis tzwae yohr alt, ow'r so weit os die shae hate aw gait-wel ol rum hen g'sawt der Bob wear recht, 's wear kens fon da ochta nagshd so shae un lieb, wie der glae Clarence.

Der Bob fermuthlich wor aw mohl 'n shae bavy-now os er shun 80 yohr yung is tzitter 'm ledshda August dada 'n niemond nemma fer 'n yohr may, wie so etlicha sechtsich.

Blenty Ties

Der Victor Smith, watchmon in da jail, hut all'm noh ken glawk os er ken neckties hut fer weara. Er hut yusht 'n gabutzdawg kot, un so wies sheind, missa die ties gute garota sei. Aenicha waig, ferol os er yusht kartz dafor mohl moryets noch da jail kumma is un hut gore ken tie aw kot, is er uf sei gabutzdawg kumma un hut tzwae aw kot. Un won sel net ebbes gons arbadiches wor, dad m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear. 'N aryer Victor, net wohr?

Hut Sich Fersehna

Won ebber sich fersehna hut darrich 'n tzeiting bild, don hut die Emma Dilcher fon da Sid Madison shtross doh in da shtadt. Die Emma is 'n aryer mensch fer essa, un is da onner dawg shier fom shtuhl g'falla wie sie 'n bild in da tzeiting g'schna hut fon ma flaish shtore, os ous g'shtopt wor mit wersht, g'shmokda shunka, un alla hond onner flaish socha fom budda bis owwa wedder die ceiling. Un die prica-himmel weit, shtakes worra yusht so fon ocht bis fartzae cent 's pund, un koch flaish so nidder os fier cent 's pund. Sis leicht tzu denka os die Emma grawd hungerich is werra, un is mohl ob nous die shtadt nummer, fer der shtore sucha won sie so fiel flaish hetta on so olmechdicha nidderra prica. Ow'r die Emma hut der blotz yusht net finna kenna, un is ra noh ei kumma sie het die socha ferleicht letz aw gaguck'd, un is nocha mohl g'shwind hame 's tzeiting bild bagucka.

Noh ferhoftich sei won sie net g'sehna hut os tzwae bilder bei nonner worra, ains owwich 'm onnerra, un wohs ewwershd 'n bild wor fon ma butcher shop tzurick in 1916, uns unnershd fom sama shop heit, un woh nix may im shtore wor os wie paar buddla milich. Wos noch mainer is, die bilder worra evens net doh fon da shtadt, ow't so gore drous in Seattle, Oregon, un woh sie net mohl evens gas het fer onna won sie ols noch 's flaish uf hond hetta, wie sie kotta hen in 1916.

Oh yar, m'r maichda aw noch weiter sawga, wars net glawwa wil os die Emma nous wor der butcher shop sucha brouch net, weil won sie aw net gonga wor, wolla m'r wetta os sie g'fiel'd het fer gae, ebs noch Oregon wor odder net.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Ebbes os 'n lot leit alla weil wunnert is, eb m'r summer wons picknicks gebt, rations shtamps gewwa mus won m'r hamburgers un doggies ess'd.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Horoscope

If your birthday is today, you should regard every new opportunity as another step toward the success which is your goal. If you feel rested, don't waste time waiting for the alarm clock to rout you out of bed. A joyous congenial existence is your lot in life. You make friends easily and are not hard to please. There is a great deal of originality in you, and you possess a keen sense of humor which enables you to find happiness wherever you go.

25 Years Ago Today

MARCH 27, 1918—A WEDNESDAY

The American positions on a certain part of the Toul front in France were bombarded with mustard gas shells at the rate of six a minute, but ineffectively, a report stated. The American artillery replied with a heavy fire and demolished segments of the German front lines.

Stanley Laudenslager of Guthsville and Charles L. Schart of 930 S. 9th St., drivers for the Bethlehem Motors Corp., were witnesses of the big explosion in Jersey City which destroyed a six-story warehouse and caused damage amounting to $1,500,000.

Plans were made for women to take jobs as rural mail carriers. The first local examination was scheduled for April 27. This was to fill the vacancies left by men going into the armed forces.

Allen Lodge, No. 71, I.O.O.F., held an election of officers, selecting as its noble grand Earl Bignell. Other officers were: Vice grand, Ray Weidner; trustee, Frank Erb; degree master, Earl Bignell.

John Kerschner won first prize in an oratorical contest of the Junior class of Emaus High school. The prize was donated by Dr. Wickert. The second prize went to Guy Schwoyer.

A busy night was had by all as the Red Hawk Tribe, I.O.R.M. No. 55, met and elected Edgar S. Kist

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There is in stillness oft a magic power
To calm the breast when struggling passions lower,
Touched by its influence, in the soul arise
Diviner feelings, kindred with the skies.
—Newman.

GET READY TO FILL ALL THOSE CANS

It may have looked like a little thing to mere men in high official position but the matter of getting enough tops and rubber rings for the billions of empty quart and pint jars on American housewives' shelves is highly important and must have been brought strongly enough to their attention to get prompt action.

In recent days the War Production Board has directed the manufacture of three billion covers of all kinds for the containers in which, it is hoped, America's women will store an immense amount of food against next winter's needs.

Some of these are going to be three-piece units consisting of rubber rings, steel screw bands and glass caps; some of them tops for preserve jars and so on. The hope of course is that there will be enough rubber rings inasmuch as that is all that many women will need in order to make use of their current supply of glass jars and tops. It is well known that these rings either are ruined when a jar is opened or become useless after they have been used just once.

Through the WPB order the average American family will be able to get just about a hundred such jar tops but inasmuch as many people, even in wartime, will can and preserve little or nothing at all, the average for those who do use them should be even higher. And because many women will can little more than a few dozen jarfuls, it is likely that the women whose work runs into the hundreds of cans will find enough stock to meet all their needs.

END OF BREATHING SPELL FOR JAPS

Warnings issued to the Japanese over their radios and caught through the air by American and British radio systems indicate belief on the part of the Jap military men that the American program in the Southwest Pacific is to change shortly from what largely has been a defensive operation to a very pronounced offensive.

With this can be coupled the news from Washington that high ranking Army and Navy officers from the commands in the Pacific have just completed a series of conferences on plans for future activity.

While the overall strategy in this war is to dispose of the two Axis powers in Europe first and then turn attention to Japan, it has not been believed that Japan is going to be neglected entirely. Rather it is to be believed that we have not been ready for the kind of action that is required in the Pacific. In the first place half of our initial carrier strength was lost during the first year of the war and yet it has been demonstrated that warfare in the Pacific is going to demand this type of craft and in abundant numbers. It is probable that by this time results are showing from the change in program that came early in the war when the battleship sank in favor and the aircraft carrier rose. That change was to convert ships of other types into carriers—a job that of course has taken much time. Then, too, other ships formerly in commercial service have been taken over for conversion into small carriers so that it is probable the Navy now is or shortly will be stronger as to carriers than it was at any time in 1942.

It is not indicated that these and the many other warships which have been built since Pearl Harbor are required for action in the Atlantic except for the destroyers, sub-chasers and other fast ships required in the submarine campaign. Much of the other strength that is in new construction is pointed toward Japan and much of it now must be ready for a challenging attack in that part of the world.

Whether enough air power is being produced, over and above what is needed in Africa for the Tunisian campaign and in England for the attacks upon Germany, in order to wage devastating offensive in the Southwest Pacific cannot be known. We shall have the answer to it if and when a big offensive in those parts is initiated.

Evidently the Japanese believe, or know from their intelligence system, that this is the case. At any rate they are seeking to prepare their people for attacks and even reverses.

MORE OIL NEXT WINTER

Indications are that Americans who depend upon oil for physical comfort will not be inconvenienced next winter as they were during the season that has just ended.

Officials of the Petroleum Administration have told congressmen and in turn the public has been informed that, unless unforeseen demands and conditions develop during the year, fuel oil requirements can be met without rationing.

The reasoning for this is that two pipelines from Texas to the Atlantic seaboard should be completed soon and should be delivering oil by the many thousands of barrels daily. These pipelines, one of 24-inch diameter and the other 20 inch, are expected to deliver 535,000 barrels daily. In addition to this there will be continued use of the thousands of tank cars operating on the railroads, the existing pipelines will undoubtedly be pushed to their capacity and many barges are being built for hauling oil through the inland waterways.

Motorists can also hope that with increased delivery of petroleum to the East Coast relief may be provided for them as well unless of course the demands of the war are stepped up even higher and take any and all extra fuel which can be made.

Another Paper Cut Due

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 2 (Special Dispatch)—Newspapers and magazines face another cut in the amount of paper they can use. Just when the cut must be made, whether for the third or fourth quarter of this year or for sometime in the spring of next year, is not yet determined. What seems to be certain, however, is that a cut within the next 12 months amounting to about 10 per cent, making a total of 20 per cent in all, is practically assured.

This means that the American people have been luckier than the peoples of allied nations, where drastic cuts in the size and content of publications have had to be applied. Hence, any irritations over changes made in favorite newspapers or magazines must be compared with the actual hardships suffered by the reading public abroad. The other countries have been affected by shortage of shipping as well as materials. On the North American continent there is today a shortage of manpower needed in cutting the logs out of which woodpulp is made and a shortage also of certain chemicals used in making paper for books, newspapers and magazines.

* * * *

The problem has been handled in a very efficient and cooperative way by the various elements of the printing and paper industry and by a special division in the War Production Board which is staffed by practical men who come from the publishing and printing business. Each group—namely, the newspapers, the magazines and the commercial printing companies—has a section in the WPB devoted to the particular categories. There are industry advisory committees composed of competitors, who are vigilant in observing what the governmental staffs do in allocating the paper to the users.

It is an excellent example of industry and government cooperation. There have been, of course, difficulties and embarrassments in getting the curtailment program under way. Thus, when the first cut of 10 per cent became effective on Jan. 1st, it was assumed that there would be another cut of 10 per cent for the second quarter, but at the last moment the Canadian producers of woodpulp were able to complete their survey and show that a second cut would be held in abeyance for a while.

* * * *

The facts and statistics with respect to consumption requirements in America and the manpower and materials available in both Canada and the United States for the main ingredients used in making paper have not been easy to gather. Not until a canvass was ordered through lists made available by the Census Bureau was it possible to get a scientific measurement of what the various amounts of tonnage really were in the different categories of use.

* * * *

Likewise, the big user of paper—the government—has not been required until recently to put its own facts and figures and needs on record so that the degree of essentiality could be ascertained with respect to government agencies. It is obvious that in the Army and Navy the need for paper for maps and field work is abnormal during wartime and that rationing routine and necessary steps in carrying on production of war weapons all require an amount of paper not ordinarily figured in the Nation's consumption.

The WPB's division on printing and paper is delving into the figures and endeavoring to keep governmental consumption down to the minimum. Likewise, efforts are being made to prevent the paper mills from losing too many of their employees, some of whom are being drawn away by other war industries through failure of the War Manpower Commission promptly to classify the paper business as essential.

But, based on the facts thus far available, it appears that a second cut is coming and that the only thing uncertain is when it will be ordered, the general impression being that it may be possible to defer the cut until the autumn and perhaps to the first of the year.

* * * *

Readers of newspapers and magazines will find that changes are being made gradually and that in the main the service given them will approximate that which they have been receiving. Where they are in for surprises, however, is in the prospect that once a subscription is discontinued, many publishers will not find it possible for some time thereafter to reinstate it. Many publications today already have waiting lists of and checks from would-be subscribers, hoping to take advantage of somebody's discontinuance. People who are careless about renewing subscriptions may find real inconvenience thereby. A trend toward lending copies is developing.

But the interesting thing is that at the time of biggest demand for information, the materials for furnishing it are not adequate to meet the public's desires. The reason is that other industries using the same materials need the supply for making war weapons. So conservation of paper by the publishers of America is in a real sense a direct aid to winning the war.

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Interpreting the War News

By GLENN BABB

Premier General Tojo is making a state visit to the puppet empire of Manchukuo, obviously looking over Japan's military and political fences in that outpost facing the Soviet Union. A year ago this would have released a flood of speculation about an early Japanese invasion of Siberia. Against the background of today's oriental situation, however, it excites little interest.

It seems to be merely part of a farcial program the Japanese government is carrying through in an apparent attempt to convince somebody—the Japanese people or their Asiatic subject races—that the "great East Asia co-prosperity sphere" is one big brotherhood leagued to keep the wicked white man out of Asia.

Japan's relations with Russia have never seemed more firmly based on their neutrality pact of two years ago. For both peace along their common frontiers seems eminently desirable as long as each is fighting for survival against a mighty adversary elsewhere. For Japan this condition will persist until the end of the war except in the improbable event that she destroys the U. S. Navy and invades the American continent.

For Russia, however, a change is possible in, say, 1944 or 1945, to take Mr. Churchill's conservative guess at the date of Hitler's defeat.

These premises lead to the conclusion that instead of it being for Tokyo to choose whether and when the gap in the global war shall be closed by conflict between Japan and Russia the choice is more likely to lie with Moscow. Any such decision, quite understandably, would be dictated primarily by the interests of the Soviet Union as they are understood by the strong, single-purposed man in the Kremlin. In other words Russia, should she enter the Pacific war, will do so to assure herself of security and peace in the east and perhaps also to pay off certain accounts she has been carrying on her ledgers for decades, rather than to furnish Siberian bases for the United States air force.

It is hardly to be expected that Russia as a great Asiatic power, perhaps the strongest of all when this war is over, will be content to leave the redrawing of the frontiers of northeastern Asia to other nations when Japan is stripped of her continental conquests. The surest way of reserving a seat at the table where this is done is to participate actively in the liquidation of the Japanese war machine. It is not illogical to assume, therefore, that this may be done in Russia's own good time.

It may develop that Russia's eastern frontiers will confront the United Nations with problems just as knotty as those already apparent in the west. Russia has historic ambitions and undeniable interests in eastern Asia which may not be easy to reconcile with the purposes of some of her Allies, notably China, with whom after this war she may have a common boundary of some 5,000 miles.

It is not intended here to ascribe to the Soviet Union predatory designs or a desire to make friction. But a speculative look into the future of eastern Asia suggests strongly that the western powers may have to decide their attitudes toward the following possible Russian actions:

She probably will demand the return of southern Sakhalin, lost to Japan in 1905.

She may ask for restoration of her old paramount interests in northern, perhaps even southern, Manchuria, in disagreement with China's purpose to regain full sovereignty there. Manchuria was the scene of the last surge of Russian expansian toward warm water under the Czars.

She may want a major voice in the destiny of Korea.

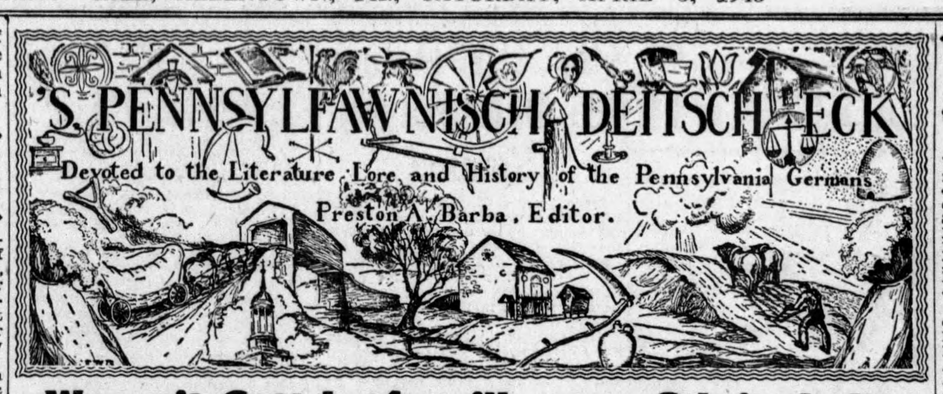
She may ask recognition of her position of protector of Outer Mongolia.

She may call for recognition of Russian paramount interests in Sinkiang (Chinese Tukestan), already within the Soviet economic sphere.

She may call for some form of autonomy for China's northwestern provinces now largely dominated by the Chinese communists, Shensi, Kansu, Ningsia.

Soviet desires, it is recognized, do not always follow the same channels as did Czarist ambitions. Moscow long ago renounced many of the imperial regime's claims on China and it is not to be assumed that these necessarily will be revived. But it is highly probable that in this list are questions that will confront the victorious alliance about 1945 or 1946.

Ironical Antithesis: The more people appear shocked at vulgarities in public; the more they are inclined to indulge in them in private.



Wer mit Gott laafe will, muss Schritt halte

—Charles More.

SCHTIMME AUS'M KAERRICHHOF

Vum LLOYD A. MOLL

Der Kaschpar Schtrohl

NEWICH em Sim Balliet seim Graab waar en Mann begrawwe, wu gschtarwe waar so an der Zeit wie sie der Sim verschtarrt hen. Es hot mich gewunnert, was der Kerl zu saage hett. Ich hab gedenkt, er waer verleicht aa im Lindsay seim Show gewest un kennt mir noch meh vum Hanswaerscht verzaehle. Wie ich ihm gerufe hab, hot er aa bletzlich geandwart. "Ich hab gewaart uff dich," saagt er. "So, ferwas? Hoscht du mir ebbes indressant zu verzaehle?" hawwich gsaat. "Ya, un wann ich den verfluchte Sim in mei Gluppe griege kennt, kenntscht du aa noch ebbes heere!"—"Was hot der Sim dir in der Weg gelegt?"—"Der Rotzleffel greischt in der ganse Welt rum, mei Fraa hett mich gegaerbt mit der Amberell in Ellsdaun uff em Schquaer. Ich hab gheert, wie er dir die Gschicht verzaehlt hot die anner Nacht!"—"Weil, iss es eegentlich waahr?" hawwich ihn gfrogt. Er hot net graad geandwart, hab ihn nochemol froge misse. "Ich un die Alt hen ebbes vun Schtreit ghatt an der Fair selle Daag."—"Do hot sie dich doch gut geweecht mit der Amberell. Well, wolle sell mol vergesse. Verzaehl mir ebbes vun deim Lewe. Was iss dei Naame, wu waarscht gebore un wu hoscht die Zeit zugebrocht?" hawwich ihn gfrogt.

"Ich heess Kaschpar Schtrohl, Waar gebore in Oley. Wie der Trexler ruff noch Macungie gezogge iss, iss mei Vadder mit ihm gange. Hot ihm helfe sei Waertshaus baue. Er waar en Rau-mauerer un hot aa en Blockhaus baue kenne. Des Handwaerrick hawwich aa laerne misse, wie ich mol alt genunk waar far schaffe. Wie ich so naegscht an de zwansich waar, saagt der Vadder, "Nau Kaschpar, es iss ball Zeit, as du dir en Fraa suchscht. Des iwwerall Rumkessle, ee Mol do un en anner Mol dart, iss nichs. 'S naegscht, as du weesscht, hoscht du meh Weibsleit uff em Hals, as due ernaehre kannscht.' Ich muss saage, ich hab die Maed gegliche un hab die Waahl vun me ganse Dutzend ghatt far zu heiere. Ich denk ich hab zu en grossi Waahl ghatt, far sell hawwich die beescht verwischt. Die Suss Schumacher waar so schee as mer en Bild mole kann. Sie hot feierrote Hoor ghatt. Wie ich em Vadder gsaat hab, ich daet die Suss heiere, saagt er, 'Kaschpar, ich denk du laadscht dir en unhendich Schtick Gschaerr uff der Hals. Die Rotkeppiche hen Schpank! Ich will dir en guter Rot gewwe — mach dich graad Meeschder, odder du musscht dei Lewelang danse wie sie peift.' Was mer sich doch Sache weismacht, wann mer noch yung un dumm iss! Mer will meh wisse, as wie die, wu schunn alle Erfaahringe ghatt hen, denkt sie waere altfrenkisch, haerricht net uff sie un dutt graad wie mer will. Well, ich hab die Suss gheiert un Daags nooch der Hochzich iss es schunn losgebroche. Ich hab mer Geld verdient ghatt, so dass der Vadder un ich mir en Haus baue hen kenne. Des waar all ausgschtaffiert far uns, wie mer vum Parre kumme sin. Ich hab zu mauere ghatt beim Add Yeagel, der yuscht en glee Schtick vun uns eweck gewuhnt hot. So maryets saag ich, 'Suss, ich kumm heem far Mitdaagesse so an de Zwelfe. Waartscht uff mich?' Sie hot gsaat sie hett's Esse uff em Disch far mich wann ich kaemt. Well, ich hab ebbes faerdich mache wolle, eb ich heemgengt, so iss es schier ee Uhr warre, bis ich in die Kich kumme bin. Heilich Gewesser! Was hot sie en Zarn grickt! Die waar gliedich bees. Ich glaab, wann ich sie aageregt hett, hett sie gepietzt! 'Wie der Deiwel kann mer so verdrickelt Sache fresse? Mei gans Mitdaag iss verhaust! Un dir will ich ebbes saage, so dass mer nanner verschtehe. Wann du dich net in Zeit beischaffe kannscht, wann's Esseszeit iss, fresscht Hutzle!' hot sie recht gegrische. Wie sie sich mol ausgedobt ghatt hot, fangt sie aa zu brille. Ich hab sie dischdre wolle, awwer sie hot mich yuscht vun 're eweck gschowe. Graad dart hett ich mich uff mei hinnere Fiess schtelle solle. In Blatz vun sie browiere zu dischdre, hett ich sie gut gaerwe solle. In e paar Daag waar die Gschicht bissel iwwergeblose, awwer es hot doch immer nohgebrennt. Die Kinner sin kumme eens ums anner, bis mer siwwe ghatt hen. Nooch allem Kindsbett iss sie beeser warre. Hot mich gschtumblert, as wann die Yunge all mei Schuld waere un es nemmt doch zwee, des weess yeder Mann. Ich hab ken Wart saage daerfe in die Kinner rechtschaffe uffzuziege, so hen die Yunge mich aa 's letscht verhasst. Ich weess net, was de Mauerer so en Darscht gebt. Hab schun oft do driwwer gedenkt un meim Rechle nooch, muss es der Schtaab vum Kallick un die feine Hoor, was neikumme, sei, dass em der Hals so gratze macht. Nooch re harte Daagsaerwet, wann 's so gebasst hot, hen mer als am Waertshaus neigschtoppt far en Schnepsel odder paar. Mer waar mied, verschtaabt un darschdich, so hot es em gut gschmackt. Wann ich ins Haus kumme bin nooch der Aerwet, hot die Suss die Naas in die Heeh geringelt un gschnupst as wie en Veggelhund, wann er uff der Yacht iss. 'Hoscht mol widder Brandewei gsoffe?' hot sie als gsaat. Awwer sell waar net 's End vun der Gschicht. Sie hot de gangse Owet so fart gaballaadscht un noch im Bett, bis ich driwwer eigschlofe bin. Mer schtinkt bissel noch em Fass, wann mer Brandewei drinkt, so hawwich aafange Zimmet esse, wann ich als eens gedrunke ghatt hab. Wie ich's aerscht Mol den Zimmet gesse ghatt hab un waar heem kumme, saagt sie, 'Was hoscht nau gsoffe? Es riecht net wie Bier un aa net wie Brandewei, awwer gsoffe hoscht widder ebbes.'—'Ei, ich hab en Glaas Mied gedrunke,' saag ich. 'Ich finn awwer beidemmt aus, eb des gsoffe macht? Ich frog der Doktor wann er 's naegscht Mol kummt,' hot sie gschnarrt. "O ye! So kennt ich fart mache un dir verzaehle bis die Kieh heemkaemte,' saagt er.

"Well, wie waar's an der Fair in Ellsdaun?" hawwich der Kaschpar gfrogt. "Kannscht aa net vergesse, was der Sim gsaat hot!" hot er zerickgemault. "Nee, ich daet gleiche zu wisse, was es dart gewwe hot," saag ich. Er hot net recht rausgewollt mit der Gschicht, awwer wie ich druffgschtanne hab, er misst mir's verzaehle, hot er doch aagfange.

"Es waar en gross Gegrisch vun dem Lindsay un seim Show, das noch der Schtadt kaemt. Die Suss hot do devun gheert un will mit Deiwelsgewalt geh. Es waar mir ewweviel, weil ich hab gewisst, dass ich ken guti Zeit hawwe kann mit ihre hinnich mer nohdratsche. Wie in alles schunscht, hot sie gewunne. Mir sin gange. Es waare en Meng vun Leit dart uff em Schquaer un ich hab viel Bekannte aagedroffe. Mer hen varem Kaschde gschtanne, wu der Lindsay sei Bobbe schwetze hot mache. Do waar die Suss gross eigenumme mit. Wie ich so hinnich 're gschtanne hab, kummt der Ed Schmael, schtoppt mich un pischbert mer, ich sett niwwer ans Waertshaus geh. Die Suss waar so geindressiert im Lindsay seine Dummheete, dass sie net gsehne hot wie mer do eweckgeloffe sin. Wie mer iwwer der Schquaer sin, wer dreffe mer aa as wie der Pitt Danner, der Mike Fischer un der Til! Schlemmer. Die hen en Grisch nausgeduh, wie sie uns gsehne hen. 'Do kumme awwer mol die gute Mauerer zamme! Nau muss Brandewei bei! Kumm an, Buwe!' Well, mir sin ins Waertshaus un ich denk du weescht aa wie's geht, wann so gute Freind zammekumme an re Boddel. Mir hen ortlich gedrunke. Ich hab gsehne, dass ich do ewek schnieke muss, odder die Suss misst eleenich heemgeh. So bin ich fartgschliche. Die Suss waar alsnoch an denne Bobbe zugucke un ich glaab ehrlich net, dass sie gewisst hot, as ich vun 're weck waar. Wie em Lindsay sei Bobbegschpiel veriwwer waar, hen sie en Race ghalde mit Oier in en Karreb draage. Eener hot en hunnert Oier, drei Fuss vun nanner, eens ums anner, in en Karreb lese solle, un der anner hot yuscht ee O: zu griege ghatt, awwer ee Meil eweck. Do hen die Showleit druff wette wolle mit denne wu zugeguckt hen. Denk ich, do kann mer gschwind fimf Daaler mache un hab der Lindsay gewett, der Kerl wu die hunnert Oier in der Karreb draage daet, daet gewinne. Well—ich hab verlore. Dunnerunsgnalleise! Was hot die Alt hellwedders ghaust! Un net sie eleenich. Die annere wu verlore hen, hen gegrische, 'Wolle die Schwindler darre un feddere! Die verfluchte Showmenner duhne mer beidemmt riggelreide!' Far die Haerd zu dischdre, saagt der Lindsay, sie daete nau en Sackrace halde. Graad so viel Menner, as wotte, kennte sich in en zweebuschel-Sack binne losse bis unnich die Aerm un der wu 's erscht um der Schquaer rum schpringe daet, greecht zehe Daaler. 'Dart mach dich hie. Kannscht dei Fimfe un noch fimfe dezu verdiene. Awwer mind! Schpring un loss dich net dehinner finne, odder du heerscht vun mir.' hot die Suss gsaat. Die Gschicht hot mer net aagschtanne, ich waar bissel schwindlich im Kopp vun dem Brandewei, das ich gedrunke ghatt hab. Awwer wie immer, die Suss hot gewunne. Ich hab mich eibinne losse. Der Lindsay hot en Pischtol abgschosse un die Keri in de Seck sin aafange zu schpringe, hupse un graddie. Mitte in der Schtross hawwich mich verhobbelt un de Fiess un schtarz langs in der Dreck nei. Ei, Ei! Was hen die Leit gegrische un gelacht! Mei Suss hot awwer net gelacht. Sie iss gschprunge kumme mit der Amberell un hot sie in feine Schticker verschlagge uff mer. 'Du verfluchti Sau! Fuddersche dei Geid eweck mit so Schwindler un wann du en Gelegeheet hoscht far's widder zerick zu griege mit Indresse, bischt zu verflammt dappich,' hot sie gegrische un all die Weil druffgebeitscht bis die Amberell in Fetze waar. Sie hot mir net so wehgeduh, awwer ich hab mich gschemmt as wie en Bettschisser. Die Leit hen uns umringt ghatt, wie sie der Suck vun mer gerisse hot. Wie ich mol haus waar, saagt sie, 'Nau mann dich uff! Mer gehne heem.' Ich hab's Fuhrwese grickt un mer sin uff der Weg.

"Eb die Suss ihre Schelte der Joe so schpankich gemacht hot, weess ich net, awwer ich hab mei Gaul yuscht net hewe kenne. Er iss gschprunge, as die Schtee hiwwe un driwwe am Wagge nuffgloffe sin, un die Fraa als arriger am Schelte all die Weil. Am Haasebarrick iss er mer in der Graawe kumme, 's Raad hot en Schtee gedroffe un mer hen umgschmisse. Ich kann mich yuscht noch so erinnere, wie mir en Hufeise zum Gsicht nei iss. Noh waar alles dunkel. Wie ich do uff der Kaerrichhof kumme bin, kann ich net saage. Wie ich mol eweil do waar, heer ich der Sim Balliet mit seine Kamele. Sei Schtimm waar mir bekannt, noh fallt's mir ei, dass des der Yung waar bei de Showleit, wu so ghupst iss un hot so gelacht iwwer mich, wie ich gschtarzt bin uff em Schquaer in Ellsdaun. Wann ich yuscht mol mei Hand uff ihn lege kennt, den daet ich grebbiere. In der ganse Welt rumzugreische, wann mer 's Unglick hot far falle!

"Well, dart hoscht mei Lewenslaaf. O, eb ich's vergess! Wann du mol heiere witt, bewaahr dich vun denne Rotkepp, die hen Naube.—Ich hab dir net gsaat, dass mei Joe en Fuchsgaul waar un Fuchsgeil hen aa rote Hoor," saagt er, un waar fart,

Prices of Krauss Organs in 1831

A mere tuning-fork brought to this country in 1733 by the Schwenkfelder Krauss family gave rise to the subsequent organ-building carried on in Kraussdale and Palm, Montgomery county, Pa., from 1790 onward for more than a hundred years.

Balthasar Krauss (1743-1805) with his three sons John, Andrew and George founded the business. The tuning-fork was their only musical guide, and all the tools they had to evolve and forge themselves.

Andrew Krauss, who died in 1841, was the leading spirit and made 48 organs, or about one a year during his productive period. He moved the business a few years before his death to Kraussdale, then in Upper Milford township, Lehigh county, to Palm, Pa., a few miles down to the Perkiomen creek, to utilize the available water-power. Here his sons and grandsons continued the trade in a shop which is still in existence.

Mr. Claude W. Unger of Pottsville, Pa. has in his possession an original letter of Andrew Krauss, written in German, which gives valuable information about the prices of organs made by him. It is addressed to Daniel Yost who was born in Montgomery county in 1759 and moved to McKeansburg shortly after the turn of the century. He was a man of considerable prominence in his day, a Whig in politics and held the office of Justice of the Peace in Brunswick township, while it still was part of Berks county. When Schuylkill county was formed, he was made one of the first Associate Judges. His death occurred in 1839.

The letter has been kindly made available for translation by Mr. Unger, and follows herewith:

"Upper Milford Township
Lehigh County
June 26th, 1831

Mr. Daniel Yost, Esq.
Honored Friend,

I learned from Abraham Meringer that you are in good health and that you are domiciled in McKeensburg. He further said you have built a new and beautiful church and are considering to acquire an organ, and that he was to inquire about the cost of one. Not knowing how big an organ you want and how many stops it is to have, I shall quote prices as cheaply as organs can be made from four to twelves stops.

1. A small organ with four stops, eight feet high.....$200
2. An organ with 5 stops. 10 feet high $300
3. Organ with 6 stops. The price now increases because the bellows will be placed without the organ case & the frontal pipes will be larger & placed in round towers. 14 feet high.$450
4. With eight stops $600
5. Ten stops. 16 feet high. The largest pipe to be 9 feet long and 5 inches in diameter. Manual placed that the organist faces the congregation $800
6. Twelve stops, 17 feet high, 10 feet wide $950

The workmanship will be good and the front pipes polished to look like silver. We have an organ with ten stops ready in stock. I am looking forward to your reply to let me know whether any or which plan appeals to you. In answer please address your letter Allentown Post Office, Lehigh County.

I remain your well-wishing friend
(S.) Andrew Krauss

Because there is still another And. Krauss in Lehigh County please add to the address: Organbuilder."

—RUDOLF HOMMEL

IKE AND SCOOP EISENHOWER

Lest we be accused of too much familiarity in referring to the two distinguished brothers, Dwight and Milton Eisenhower, in the above caption, let it be pointed out at once that the whole purpose of this sketch is to point out that these men are our neighbors by heritage and neighborly appellations are not disrespect. We have pointed out elsewhere that the Eisenhowers are descended from the Stovers and Eisenhowers who migrated from eastern Pennsylvania to Kansas a generation ago. At that time we were not in possession of all the facts and those we did have were unconfirmed.

But now we can supply our readers with direct information, confirmation by no less an authority than Milton S Eisenhower directly in a letter to the writer. Particular care has been exercised to obtain exact information in view of the importance of the data to be submitted here.

Miss Jessica Ferguson, genealogical librarian of the State Library at Harrisburg, informs us that the census of Washington Township, Dauphin County, 1870, shows the following records: "Jacob Eisenhower, 43; Rebecca Eisenhower, 44.—Children: Susanna, Lydia, Manda, David, age 6; Abraham, age 5; Ire, age 3."—In 1878 the family moved to Kansas.

The above David Eisenhower became the father of the two distinguished brothers. He was born and reared on a farm on the edge of Elizabethville, Pa., a town then known as "Benderstedtel" and still referred to by natives as "Greizweg" because it forms on the crossroads of east and west and north and south traffic. The name Elizabethville was taken from the name of the wife of Bender, the founder.

Living in the same house with the Eisenhowers in 1870 was a young man named John D. Miller and an elderly woman, Elizabeth Miller. We do not as yet know what relationship existed, if any.

Strangely, the Eisenhowers were Plain People and belonged to the little Dunkard Church known as the Free Church near Elizabethville. Some of the members of the family are buried in Keefer's Cemetery, a Dunkard churchyard.

Milton S. Eisenhower informs us that Manda, his father's elder sister, now Mrs. C. O. Musser, lives at Abilene, Kan.; the brother, Abraham, lives in Pasadena, Cal., and Ire in Topeka, Kan.

After Milton S. Eisenhower completed his work as superintendent of the resettlement of Japanese aliens he returned to his love for newspaper work and accepted his present position as associate director of the Office of War Information.

"My father and mother had six children," he writes. Dwight, the general, is the third and I am the sixth."

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Deaths of a Day

ELMER J. OBERHOLTZER

Elmer J. Oberholtzer, 46, veteran of World War I and employed as a roofer in this city for the past decade, died at 1:15 a. m. Friday at the home of Benjamin H. Baker, 210 Turner St. Ill since May, 1942, Mr. Oberholtzer had been in the Allentown hospital from Jan. 10 to Feb. 2 of this year, when he was taken to the Baker home. His residence was at 401 N. 7th St.

Mr. Oberholtzer was born in Egypt on July 10, 1896, son of the late John D. and Alice, nee Fatzinger, Oberholtzer. He entered the U.S. Army on Aug. 6, 1918, and was discharged on April 5, 1919, having seen overseas service for several months. He belonged to the Roofers union and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Post No. 13. He was of the Lutheran faith.

Surviving are three sisters: Mrs. Charles Miller, 1036 Walnut St., and Mrs. Angelina Fink and Jennie Oberholtzer, 1510 Liberty St. There are also two nieces and two nephews.

Rev. William L. Katz, pastor of St. Luke's Lutheran church, will officiate at services on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment will be made in the Egypt cemetery.

CHARLES W. KEHM

Charles W. Kehm, who has been in ill health for the last 20 years, died at his home at 310 Ridge St., Emmaus, last evening. He was in his 75th year.

Mr. Kehm was born at Lower Macungie, a son of the late Michael and Catherine, nee Meitzler, Kehm. He had resided in Emmaus for nearly 50 years.

He was a watchman at the Donaldson Iron Co., Emmaus for 35 years and was forced to retire in 1923 because of illness. He was of the Reformed faith.

Surviving are five daughters, Mrs. Joseph Witman, Emmaus; Mrs. Stanley Miller, Allentown; Mrs. John Diller, Emmaus; Mrs. Leroy Schlott, Emmaus, and Ruth Kehm, at home; three sons, Joseph, Norman and Arthur Kehm, all at home. Two sisters, Mrs. Tevilia Baumer Allentown, and Mrs. Sara Walker, Emmaus and 14 grandchildren also survive. His wife, Elmira, nee Schafer, died 12 years ago.

Funeral services will be held at the Reinsmith funeral home, 32 N. 4th St., Emmaus, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Rev. D. E. Schaeffer will officiate. Burial will be in the Lutheran and Reformed cemetery, Emmaus.

MRS. JAMES T. JONES

Funeral services for Mrs. James T. Jones, 69, who died in her home, 1 Plum lane, Lehighton, Thursday will be held from the Lamont H. Zimmerman funeral home at 2 p. m. Monday with Rev. A. P. Snyder of Mahoning Valley Lutheran parish officiating. Interment will be made in the Union Hill cemetery.

The former Mabel Davis of Mauch Chunk, Mrs. Jones resided in Lehighton for the past 27 years. She is survived by her husband and several grandchildren.

WILLIAM STROHE

William Strohe, 82, well-known farmer of Bangor, R. 2, near Richmond, died Thursday at Easton sanitarium, where he was admitted Jan. 16 for medical treatment.

He was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Strohe and spent all his life in Upper and Lower Mt. Bethel townships.

He is survived by his wife, Carrie Weaver Strohe, and a nephew, William Bowers, Bangor, R. 2.

Funeral services at 2:30 p. m. Sunday at the Norton Funeral home, Johnsonville, with Rev. W. E. Wenner, Allentown, former pastor of Christ Lutheran church, Stone Church, officiating. Burial be in Stone Church cemetery.

MRS. MILLIE M. ERDMAN

Mrs. Millie M. Erdman, widow of Edwin J. Erdman, died at 3:10 a. m. Friday at the residence of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fenstermaker, 247 E. Susquehanna St. after a heart illness of eight weeks. She was 66 years of age.

Mrs. Erdman was a resident of the Mountainville section for a number of years, but for the past 19 years she had lived in the 16th Ward. An employe of the Royal Manufacturing Co. until the time of her illness, she was a member of St. Mark's Lutheran church and the Willing Workers of the church.

Her husband preceded her in death 19 years ago. Survivors include one daughter, Esther, wife of Frank Fenstermaker; three grandchildren: Joyce, Robert and James, and one sister, Mrs. Samuel Kuhns, Bethlehem.

Rev. Carl E. Neudoerffer will officiate at services on Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment will be made in the Woodlawn cemetery, Blue Church.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Grumbierra Shilgrutta Haasa

Doh is 'm Norman Barndt fon Colesville sei resate fer "Grumbierra Shilgrutta Haasa" mocha, un woh m'r die woch darrich owets om finf uhr gewwa hen iwwer die luft. Der Norman secht, m'r sot shaina grossa grumbierra nemma, sie wesha un shaila, un 'n loch da longa waig darrich bora gross ganunk fer 'n dinner wersht odder doggie darrich shtecka. Noh sot m'r noch 'n shtick sida shpeck nemma, un owwa driwwer laiga, un fosht shpella mit ma tzawblicker. Sel gaduh, die grumbierra inna pon laiga mit 'm wersht un sida shpeck un roashda bis sie gore sin. Sel secht der Norman wear wos sie "Grumbierra Shilgrutta Haasa" haisa dada, un kon net sawga wie gute os sie weara.

Tzu Arrick Gadumm'ld

Sis ol recht fer air raid wardens sich dummla won die peif gait, ow'r sotta doch net so arrick imma shuss sei fer nous gae, os sie fergessa die hossa aw tzu duh. Un sel wase niemond besser os wie der air raid warden Charlie Beers fon Bowmanstown. Der Charlie wor 'm onnerra Fridawg owet shun im bed wie die peif gonga is so wenich noch da tzaea, ow'r hut 'n gore ken lang ganumma fer ous 'm bed jumpa, sich aw duh, sei badge griega un die shtake nunner shpringa fer nous uf "Duty" gae.

So weit os sel aw gait, der Charlie hut sei socha immer ol shae bei nonner wos es nembt fer 'n air raid warden sei. Sei glaider hut er uf shteel rum hanka, sei hute im shonk, un wor imma auga blick ready fer tzu da dier nous. Sei fraw die Mabel is noh aw uf g'shtonna un mit die shtake nunner fer die dier shleesa bis er widder tzurick kaimt. Yusht eb er nous is, hut die Mabel g'sawt, "Ei Charlie, duh konsh'd net sella waig nous gae, wos mainsh'da don?"

"Wel, ferwos net," hut er g'sawt, "ich bin warm ganunk aw gaduh, mainsh'd net?"

"Shure bish'd warm ganunk aw gaduh owwa rum, Charlie, ow'r guck mohl, duh hosh'd yoh fergessa hossa aw tzu duh."

Un shure ganunk wie er mohl on sich nunner gagu

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I sought for the greatness and genius of America in her commodious harbors and her ample rivers, and it was not there . . . in the fertile fields and boundless forests, and it was not there . . . in her rich mines and her vast world commerce . . . and it was not there . . . Not until I went into the churches of America and heard her pulpits flame with righteousness did I understand the secret of her genius and power. America is great because she is good; and if America ever ceases to be good, America will cease to be great.
—De Toqueville.

SEARCHING FOR PROFITEERS IN FOOD

A great deal of the excitement and indignation about rising prices for food have vented themselves against the producers of food, namely the farmers. In the heat and dust of the excitement the groups that almost certainly are profiting the most are lost sight of.

In Washington this indignation is taking form in investigations that are under way on the part of the Senate and House of Representatives. Thus Senator Nye, through information already received by him, indicates that one of his committees is on the trail of that old, old complaint—the great spread between the price paid to a farmer for his goods and the price that the consumer pays for it on the counter of the food store.

In the House just a few days ago a North Carolina congressman told his colleagues that retail grocery stores in Washington are selling tomatoes at the rate of $700 a ton, spinach at the rate of $200 a ton and green peppers at $900 a ton. In resolving the price per pound into price per ton the congressman probably was talking a language best understood by the growers of these vegetables in the Southern States. He was trying to tell them that the articles which they produce are being sold at prices many times that which is paid to them and at the same time he was telling the people in Washington that the farmers are not getting anything near those prices; that if there be complaint about high prices, the farmer should not be the target for all the brickbats.

If there be thought that the prices quoted for Washington are exceptional a little calculation based on current prices will show that they represent the general situation. Thus spinach on the local markets yesterday was quoted in the neighborhood of 10c a pound, or at the rate of $200 a ton, and other fresh vegetables noted were quoted at about the figures cited by the congressman.

Of course if any householder wishes to have a ton of spinach he can certainly buy it for far less than $200. And there are a thousand and one factors that pile up the price upon an article before it goes on sale in a store and must be perfect to stand up under the critical scrutiny of the housewife.

It is a highly complicated matter and one that the profiteers (when there are any in the picture) have always found it advisable to complicate still more. But with patience something of the truth can be extracted. Local organizations might set themselves to the problem and while the matter of fresh vegetables may be attractive at the moment, the most satisfactory results should be available from less tricky and therefore more staple lines.

Those studies almost certainly would reveal but little advantage accruing to the farmer from the high prices on foodstuffs of all kinds and would show the big profits have gone to groups which do not know a rake from a hammer-handle.

PROSAIC TOUCH TO HISTORIC EVENT

For more than five months American troops have been in Africa and for five months they have been looking forward to the day when they would meet the veteran British Eighth Army that was fighting westwardly from Egypt. Likewise the British, after a chase of nearly two thousand miles across a hot, dusty desert, were eager to meet the Americans.

Since this is war and only a strong enemy was keeping the two forces apart, it might have been expected that when the union of the two friends was effected it would be amid the thunder of artillery, the roar of tanks and the droning of mighty planes overhead.

But American newspapermen are with the troops and they have told an entirely different story of the meeting early this week on the road from Gafsa to Gabes.

Half a mile apart on this road men in two armored cars spotted each other and halted for reconnaissance. It took a while for each crew to determine that the other was friend, not enemy. Then meeting was effected between the two outposts of two great armies and a mere handful of men filled the last few feet of a gap that had been thousands of miles in length just a few months ago.

American soldiers had come all the way from the Western Hemisphere to meet Britons who had come 2,000 miles from Egypt. This certainly was an occasion of historic importance. It may prove to be one of the great moments in this perhaps greatest of all wars. So it is interesting to note what the actors in this great historic scene had to say about it all as they met so quietly and yet dramatically.

Again the newspapermen supply the important information. At once an American private observed: "Well, it's good to see somebody besides a Nazi" and a dapper British sergeant answered: "This is certainly a pleasant surprise," whereupon the two crews began handshaking and the thirsty British asked almost in chorus: "Do you have any beer?" and the Yanks answered: "No, but we do have cigarettes and chewing gum."

New Order Is Wrong

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 9 (Special Dispatch)—Sometimes in the strangest ways issues arise which might better be left slumbering, and then, when they do arise, they raise questions far more embarrassing than would otherwise have developed.

Such an incident is the well-intentioned but too comprehensive order issued by the War Department forbidding officers on active duty in the Army from seeking or accepting an elected position.

President Roosevelt says he knew nothing about the order. Secretary Stimson accepts full responsibility for it. Senator Vandenberg of Michigan thinks the order, strictly interpreted, would bar Mr. Roosevelt from running for a fourth term.

This is a serious question to precipitate now because many folks really want Mr. Roosevelt to run for a fourth term, and it would be in their mind a calamity if he isn't renominated and re-elected.

But Mr. Vandenberg's interpretation, it may be stated in reassurance to the President's supporters, is not technically correct. Examination of the language of the order reveals that no military officer on active duty may "become a candidate for or seek or accept election to any public office not held by him when he entered upon active duty."

This plainly excludes Mr. Roosevelt from the restriction, because he certainly held the office of President when he entered upon his "active duty" as Commander-In-Chief of the Army in time of war. So Mr. Roosevelt is safe from the effects of the War Department order, and even though he did not know about it in advance, it is a fact that someone who drafted the order was not unmindful of the situation of the present incumbent.

Many Wanted Military Duty

It is puzzling to many that there should be any active Army officers who still hold public office, but presumably mayors and governors and members of state legislatures who have entered upon active duty in the Army are the ones Secretary Stimson has in mind. It will be recalled that members of Congress last year started asking for leaves of absence from their constituencies to serve in the Army and Mr. Stimson had to issue an order declaring that legislators, whether in Congress or in the states, must choose between their two jobs. As a matter of fact, the Constitution of the United States says that members of Congress cannot hold office in any other branch of the government at the same time that they are in the Senate or House.

To avoid the entanglements among the many local offices throughout the country, where members of the armed forces might consent to run back home for positions to be filled at some later date or under some special leave of absence arrangement, the War Department has had to promulgate regulations. There always have been restrictions as to the extent to which officers on active duty could become involved in political matters. The new regulation was aimed to consolidate all previous orders.

There has been recently a nationwide discussion about a military man as a possible candidate for the presidency. Some Republicans have thought in terms of General MacArthur. If between now and June, 1944, Mr. Roosevelt were, by the hand of fate, taken from office and Vice President Wallace succeeded, it seems certain that the Democrats would begin thinking, too, in terms of a military man to take charge of the conduct of the war. To say now that an officer on active duty is prohibited from accepting election to any public office not held by him when he entered active duty is going a bit too far, and it seems plausible that this phraseology can be amended by Secretary Stimson. The order can well remain a prohibition against the seeking of public office. The War Department can readily be the judge of whether any officer allows his name to be used or otherwise encourages the customary political activity in which candidates indulge even when they profess not to be active candidates.

MacArthur Not Interested

General MacArthur is too interested in winning the war to permit his name to be used in any primary or in any political campaign. He disavowed political ambition in a recent interview with a newspaper correspondent who told him that in America there had arisen rumors that he was being shelved because he might be considered a presidential candidate.

General MacArthur is a soldier and will obey any rules or regulations the War Department imposes, but if he or anybody else is drafted for the presidency, it ought not to be under the embarrassing circumstances of being forced to resign, even as he is recorded as having disobeyed a War Department order. Such a situation would be intolerable, and President Roosevelt ought to be quick to see that acceptance of high public office should be open to anybody in the military service just as it is open to the Commander-In-Chief of the Army to run for a fourth term.

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Interpreting the War News

By GLENN BABB

While the world's attention is concentrated on the storm that is rolling up over the Mediterranean against the southern bulwarks of Hitler's Europe another tempest which may prove equally destructive to the Nazi fortress is gathering in the north.

Hitler must prepare for the defense of the northwestern shores of his new dark continent, which have proved of immense value in his strategical plan, amid increasing turmoil and hostility. After three years under the Nazi heel, Norway's always seething spirit of revolt is nearer the bursting point than ever. Her exiled King Haakon broadcast to his captive people last night his prayer and hope that "the liberation be not far off." Certainly the hope of freedom is rising in Norwegian breasts and with it the fears of the conquerors.

Elsewhere in the north, Finland watches anxiously for any break in her luck that would permit her to abandon her alliance with Hitler and drop out of the war. Sweden, the sole remaining free and neutral nation of Scandinavia, gives signs of increasing anxiety that she be counted among the freedom-loving nations when the final lines be drawn.

In any consideration of possible avenues of invasion Norway comes among the first. Whether a thrust there actually is on the schedule drawn up at Casablanca must remain the secret of the Allied high commands until the proper day. Nothing is done, however, to discourage this speculation, that being part of the war of nerves which the United Nations are waging with increasing effectiveness. Hitler must assume that Norway will become one of the first continental battlefields and keep a large part of his resources locked up there.

There are many reasons why the Allies would want to attack the Germans in Norway. Success there would go far toward making safe the Murmansk route of aid to Russia, never more important than now, since the Soviet Union probably has at least one more terrible summer ordeal before the final victory.

The Norwegian coast furnishes some of the most valuable havens for Grand Admiral Doenitz' U-boat flotillas; their destruction would be a mighty contribution in the Battle of the Atlantic.

There is the possibility that a descent on the Norwegian coast would compel the German grand fleet, of which the best units, including the Tirpitz, have been harboring in Norwegian fjords, to come out and fight. The invasion convoys would have to be backed by all available power of the British home fleet. Victory in such a show would give the Allies another big lift in the war against the U-boat, releasing considerable units of the British fleet which now keep watch on the German surface units.

Among sentimental considerations are the desire to liberate a people who even with their homeland enslaved have contributed greatly to the Allied cause and the British desire to avenge the humiliating failure to rescue Norway in 1940.

Against the Norwegian invasion is the argument that the convoys would have to cross 400 or more miles of the North sea, beyond the umbrella range of land-based fighters, as compared with the few score miles to be crossed for an assault on France or the Lowlands. But German communications also would be long and hazardous. And a successful invasion of Norway would have tremendous influence on the summer campaign in Russia, perhaps as much as could be accomplished by the use of much larger forces across the English channel or the Mediterranean.

With these possibilities impending there is growing realization in Sweden that there are historic choices to be made. There is rising clamor for repudiation of the agreement which permits unarmed German soldiers on leave to cross Sweden from Norway to Germany or return by the same route. The ultra-careful prime minister, Per Albin Hannson, recently referred to this traffic as "one of the burdens Sweden has been forced to carry" during the war and expressed belief it could not "continue under all circumstances." The strong intimation is that Sweden, with Allietd fortunes rising and the day approaching when the mastery of Europe changes hands, wants to remove any doubts as to her place among the Democratic nations.

The New Deal ideologists who try to regulate the lives of the rest of us have taken the old maxim, "A wise man changes his mind; a fool, never," and are switching their doctrine from "Share-the-wealth" to "Share-the-taxes."

It looks like a lot of us that took an "art" course because of easy credits are going to wish we had majored in agricultural or animal husbandry.

The best way to measure a man's character is to find out how much trouble it takes to make him feel sorry for himself.



ICH WOTT

Die Feggel sin so luschtich,
Die Feggel singe so schee;
Ich wott ich waer e Foggel,
Hett Fliggel anschtatt vun Bee.

Ich wott, dass ich kennt singe
Un fliege hie un her;
Un braucht net hocke in der Schul
Un schaffe nimmermehr.

Die Mammi saagt die Feggel
Schaffe immerfort;
Sie baue Neschter un suche
Futter vun aller Sort.

Sie misse ihre Eltere meinde
Un hen ihr eegne Rule;
Doch brauche sie net hocke
Un laerne in der Schul.

Ich daet's gleiche browiere
Zu schwinge uff de Baem;
Un daet die Mammi schelte,
Daet ich fliege weit vun heem.

Sie saagt sie hot kee Glaawe,
Dass ich Keffer esse daet,
Un suche mit de Amschele
Far Warmer frieh un schpaet.

Doch ich daet's gleiche browiere
Zu schwinge uff de Baem,
Un fliege, fliege, fliege,
Weit naus vun heem.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Among the Hoosiers

We have at various times called the attention of our readers to those linguistic islands outside the state of Pennsylvania where our dialect continues to be spoken with such modifications as time and place have brought about. Such islands exist in Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Canada and elsewhere. The following extracts, taken from a letter written from Kendallville, Indiana, are presented here by courtesy of Elsie Singmaster.

The writer had seen a menu and program of the annual festivities of the Allentown Grundsau Lodge, and wrote:

"Als ich a Bub wor, hen ich auch viel experience mit ground hogs g'habt. Der Pap hot mer a Pennsylvania beagle hound g'kauft. Ja, grad von Lancaster county is selli Hund g'komme. Es wor a schehner Hund, mit so schehne lange Ohre. Ich hen ihn Moses gehease, well der Mose der schmartste Mann im alt Testament wor. Es wor im Juni un die Schul wor noch net aus, awwer die temptation wor zu gross, so hen ich g'dacht ich dhu mohl hookey spiele, un hen ich die bichs g'nomme un bin mit dem Mose in de Wald gange, un gleich hot der Mose a woodchuck gefunne. Der woodchuck wor awwer gross, beinah so gross wie a Jersey bull—nee er wor net ganz so gross. Ei, henne awwer der Mose un der woodchuck a fight g'habt. Der woodchuck hot den Mose ans Ohr gepackt un hot ihm des ganz Ohr verfetzt. Ach, hot sell awwer mich bees g'macht, un do hen ich den woodchuck geshosse. Dann sin mer heem gange, awwer des schlimmste hot noch komme misse. Die Mutter hot dem Pap g'sagt, dass ich net in der Schul gewesse wor, un do hot der Pap g'sagt: "So, schtudiere willst net, awwer im Wald kannst rum bummele, wort nur, ich will dich lerne." Un do hot der Pop mer de Buckel verkloppt un nu bin ich in de Stall gange un do wor der Mose, un er hot mit seim wehe Ohr gewimmert un ich hab mit meim wehe Buckel geheilt, un mer henne enanner consoled. Ja, es wor des End von 'm perfect day."

"Mei Fraw is a A-1 Koch, awwer net lang z'rick hot sie a lemon pie gebacke un der pie is net gut worde, un frogt sie mer was ich von selli pie denke dhu, un ich hab's net bees g'meent, ich hen nur g'sagt, dass mer den pie mit dem Leffel esse muss. Ei, ei, do hen ich awwer ina hornet's Nest neig'stoche. Was is sie awwer bees g'worde. . . . Sie hot g'sagt, sie het e notion mer mit der rolling pin den Kopp zu verkloppe, un dann hot sie den pie zum Hund gewwe, un der Hund hot ihn uffgefresse un 's hot em gut g'schmeckt, er hot's Maul g'schmatzt. Awwer die Fraw, fer a ganz Woch hot sie net mit mer schwetzte wolle."

The Hoosier correspondent then continues in English on the subject of our humor: "We know that Irish wit is keen and sparkling, but in my opinion Pennsylvania German humor occupies a much loftier pedestal. It is regrettable that there are not many people who can appreciate this wholesome humor.

"I notice there is a difference between the P. G. in your state and that which is spoken here. Of course, this is easy to understand. We know that each community develops its own patois through the course of the years. The first Pennsylvanians came here about one hundred years ago. They and many of the second generation have gone to their "Father's house of many mansions." Not many of the third generation can speak the 'Mutter Schproch.'"

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Isle of Que

THE ISLE OF QUE, situated near Selinsgrove, in the Susquehanna River was at one time the property of Conrad Weiser. There is an interesting legend connected with the transaction by which he became the owner. According to tradition Weiser and his boon companion, the Indian Schickellimy, were resting along the banks of the Susquehanna when the sachem broke his silence:

"Friend Conrad," he said, glancing at the musket which the white man carried, "I had a dream last night and I dreamt that you made me a present of that musket."

Without a moment's hesitation Weiser handed the weapon to the chieftain bestowing it upon him with an eloquent speech of presentation.

A few moments later Weiser spoke to Schickellimy:

"My good friend, I too had a dream last night," and, pointing to the Isle of Que, he continued: "I dreamed that you made me a present of that island."

Not to be outdone in gallantry Schickellimy at once agreed to the transfer of possession and Weiser became the owner of the Isle of Que.

A few moments of silence ensued, when the Maqua chieftain spoke again: "Friend Conrad, let us dream no more!"

Selinsgrove and the Isle of Que were originally settled by immigrants from Berks County who poured over the Blue Mountains and occupied what is now Snyder County before it was purchased from the Indians. The first settler of the region was George Gabriel.

The Isle was the scene of the apprehension of one of the most notorious brigands of colonial times. Joseph Disenberry perpetuated many major crimes in the young settlement along the Susquehanna during the period of the Revolutionary War. After running afoul of the law it was his custom to taunt the officers who were trying to capture him. He took daring risks but somehow always eluded their clutches until in 1784 he was captured on the Isle of Que by a party which was led by George Kremer. This is the same George Kremer who, 40 years later, as a member of Congress from Snyder County rose from his seat in the House of Representatives and delivered an address to that august body in the Pennsylvania German dialect. John Randolph of Virginia, who delighted in delivering orations in Latin, rose to protest against the use of the dialect in the halls of Congress. Kremer retorted: "If the gentleman from Virginia is permitted to speak in a dead language, I should be permitted to speak in a live one."

A jury of twelve men tried Disenberry. It included such famous Pennsylvania Germans of colonial times as Peter Hosterman and Adam and Michael Groff, scouts. The sheriff was the well known Henry Antes. The verdict rendered was one of the most curious in legal history. The prisoner was to have 39 lashes; stand in the pillory for one hour; to have his ears cut off and nailed to the post, together with a fine and imprisonment.

Rye Coffee

The Pennsylvania Germans were never great tea drinkers. Their tastes ran to other beverages such as brews and fruit juices, fermented and raw. The tea taxes imposed in colonial days did not work a hardship upon the early settlers of Pennsylvania. If the people of Berks and Lehigh wished to concoct a brew of tea leaves they could find native "teas," such as the commonly known "Blue Mountain Tea," peppermint and balsam. Because tastes were not cultivated the consumers did not sense the inferiority of these ingredients as compared with the leaves imported by the East India Company. But coffee was another matter.

High taxes upon imported coffee beans forced the price to 34 cents a pound in 1765. Compared with modern prices this does not appear to be an exhorbitant charge, but when one bears in mind that commodity prices have quadrupled during the last century and a half we must think in terms of more than a dollar a pound for unblended and unground coffee beans.

As a substitute coffee the early settlers resorted to the use of roasted rye grains which could be bought for two cents a pound. The editor of a German newspaper in Philadelphia in 1765 urged the use of rye coffee as preferable to imported beans. Heinrich Miller, early German printer and editor of the paper argued that imported coffees "dried out the blood." In those days it was a common practice to prescribe a pudding made of rye paste as a remedy against tubercular coughs. If it has beneficial results as a remedy, argued Miller, it should prove to be a better ingredient for a beverage than the blood drying coffee.

As a further argument the editor pointed out that huge sums of American money could be kept at home. He argued vehemently against the notion that imported goods were superior to American products. In a manner of speaking he was advocating a "Busy American" program ten years before there was a United States.

In further support of his theory he pointed out that a form of chocolate could be concocted from rye grains. A recipe is provided as follows:

Take a proportional quantity of rye meal, roast it until it turns light brown. Then take an equal amount of water and an equal amount of milk and cook it with the ryemeal, just as one would with chocolate. When it is removed from the fire add beaten egg yolks—one for two people and two for four servings.—(Recipe from Der Philadelphische Staatsbothe, No. 168, April 11, 1765. Translated by M. Whiteman.)

The Reverend William Stoy and the Fox Chase

THE REVEREND WILLIAM STOY was one of the earliest clergymen of the Reformed Church to come to America. He was a fellow passenger with Waldschmidt and Otterbein in their journey from Rotterdam to America nearly two centuries ago. From 1752 to 1755 he served the Tulpehocken church in present-day Lebanon County. He served a number of congregations in western Berks county but the one with which he was most closely associated was the Reformed congregation at Host, not far from Womelsdorf. There he preached for nearly half a century and his remains are interred there.

Most of the things we know about Stoy are austere and professional. One story exists, however, which throws some light upon the human characteristics of the parson. One Sunday morning, when the Rev. William Stoy was on his way to services at Host, a fox, pursued by several dogs and huntsmen, crossed his path. The clergyman had a passion for hunting and, forgetting his appointment, joined in the chase. For two hours he followed the fleeing fox, heedless of rents in his clothing and scratches on his hands and face caused by thorns and underbrush. Meanwhile his parishioners waited at the church doors.

Two hours late for services he rode up to the church doors, his steed foamy and his clothing in disorder. "Ei, Parre, wu in aller Welt waarscht du dann?" inquired a deacon.—"Well," replied the preacher, "the fox would not let himself be captured any sooner."

Thereupon the Rev. William Stoy ascended into his pulpit and exhorted his parishioners as well as his wounds would allow.

Catherine Larisch

Indian Captive

PIECE by piece the story of Berks county colonial history is taking shape. After nearly two centuries of neglect a revived interest on the part of many persons has begun to retrieve the scattered fragments to place them in the record. One of the unique findings came to light a short time ago when Miss Edna Albert of Gardners translated an inscription written in German on the reverse side of an old Taufschein. The discovery of the inscription was made by William Allen Wood of Indianapolis, the owner of the old birth certificate. He sent the message to Miss Gardner for translation and the following story came to light:

During one of the Indian outrages which occurred in the Blue Mountains of northwestern Berks in 1755 a beautiful maiden named Catherine Larisch was carried off by the Indians. The girl's mother was slain in the massacre and a brother and sister were taken captive, as well as the oldest daughter of the house. After a time the other children were released and returned to the settlements but, because of her unusual beauty, the Indians refused to set Catherine free. The girl acted as the servant of the chief until she was rescued by a group of men who were surveying the Ohio country. One of the surveyors made the captive girl his ward and brought her to his home in Philadelphia where she lived the life of a refined young lady of leisure, as a member of an aristocratic family. Her benefactor had hopes of making a match by having his ward marry his own son. But Catherine Larisch had never forgotten her childhood romance with a lad named Peter Schaeffer, of Fort Dietrich Snyder, Berks county. Ever solicitous for the girl's happiness, her guardian set out to find the Schaeffer boy. The Schaeffer family, meanwhile, had joined the trek to Penn's Creek in present-day Snyder county. Peter was located and the happy reunion culminated in marriage in Philadelphia.

Eight children were born to the union. One of the daughters married George Boyer who moved to Haines township in Centre county, Ohio, in 1805. Mrs. Peter Schaeffer spent her declining years in the home of the Boyers in Ohio and died there in August, 1818, aged 75 years.

UNSER SCHPROCH

Wer kann en liewer Glockeklang
So schreiwe wie er klingt?
Un wer kann schreiwe mit der Schrift
Wie schee en Amschel singt?
Des kann mit aller Mieh kee Mensch,
Denk yuscht mol bissel noch;
Un wie mit Glock un Voggelsang,
Iss es aa mit unser Schproch.

BISSKATZEGRAUT

Alle Friehyohr, wann die waarm Sunn die schleefrich alt Welt widder uffweckt, dann iss en Blans in unsere Nochberschaft, as der Rekord hot far 's erscht, das bliehe dutt, Die Lewwerblumme (hepatica) sin aa frieh am bliehe, awwer der Kredit muss mer dem Bisskatzegraut gewwe. Es sin arrick wennich Leit, wu die Bisskatzegraut Blumme seilewes gsehne hen. Sie bliehe schunn im Harning, wann 's alsnoch Schnee un Eis hot. Sie wachse yuscht in de nasse Wiss un Schwemm.

Des Bisskatzegraut iss en wunnerbaare Blans. Die Blumme, die Bletter un der Saame wachse all uff unnerschiddlichi Zeite; die Blumme im Harning, die Bletter im Abril un der Saame so im Oktower; die drei sin gans fremm zu enanner.

Die Ursach, dass so wennich Leit die Bisskatzegraut Blumme sehne, iss weil sie unnich me purple-g'farbte Hut wachse. Der Schpeik puscht darrich Dreck un Schnee un Eis, dass mer yuscht der Schpitze seht. Unne drin sein die Blumme; mer muss der Hut verbreche, wann mer die Blumme sehne will. Die Blumme hen nadierlich der seem Geruch, wie die Blans — en unabbeditlicher Geruch, wie ewwe en Biskatz schtinkt.

Die Blans g'heert zu der Lily Familie. Der Hut iss zum Biskatzegraut, was der weiss Kopp iss zu re Calla Lily.

Wann die Blumme veriwwer sin, dann kumme die Bletter ruff; sie wachse schtarrick un eens bis drei Fuss hoch, hen en dicki Midrib un schmicke des nidder Land, dass es guckt as wie en blessierlicher Gaarde. Die Bletter sin dinn, glitzerich, dunkelgrie un schtarrick, as wie Grautbletter.

Die Warzel iss scharf un beissich un iss veralters geyused warre fer der Schnuppe, Rumadis, Naerwe un die Fallendgrankheet zu kyure.

Die Saamebeere wachse uff me Kolwe un warre ersht im Schpotyohr zeitich; die Beere sin schallach rot; alsemol sin zwee Beerekolwe an eenre Blans.

Des Bisskatzegraut wachst alldewegs vun Kanada bis Florida un de weider siddlich de greesser un schtarricker es wachst. Yeder Deel vun der Blans schmeisst der unabbeditliche Geruch. Es iss en wunnerbaari Blans wammer sie vergleicht mit alle annere Blanse un iss recht benaamt—Bisskatzegraut.

1. Harning 1943.

Aus'm FRANK W. MATZ
seim NADURBUCH

Deaths of a Day

PATRICK J. GARRAH

The funeral of Patrick J. Garrah, 65, W. Broadway, Mauck Chunk, will be held from his home at 9 a. m. Monday with a solemn requiem mass at 9:30 a. m. in the Immaculate Conception church, Mauch Chunk. Burial will be made in the parish cemetery.

Mr. Garrah, a lifelong president of Mauch Chunk, died at 8 a. m. yesterday following a short illness. He was last employed at a supervisor of streets in Mauch Chunk borough. Previously he had worked in the shops of the Central Railroad of New Jersey Co., and formerly in the machine shops of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co. in Packerton.

He was a member of Damien council, No. 548, Knights of Columbus. Surviving are the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Stanley Perry, Newark, N. J.; Annie, Marie, John and Joseph, at home; and Michael, East Mauch Chunk.

GEORGE PEKARIK

Funeral services for George Pekarik, Lansford, will be held from his home, 312 W. Ridge St., at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday, with a requiem high mass at 9 a. m. in St. Michael's Catholic church, Lansford. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery, Summit Hill.

Mr. Pekarik, a former employe of the Coaldale colliery of the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co., died yesterday in the Coaldale hospital where he had been a patient since March 22. He was a member of St. Michael's Catholic church, Lansford.

He is survived by his wife, Susan, and the following children: Mrs. Joseph Macenka, Lansford; Rose, New York; Joseph, Lansford; Julius, U. S. Army; Michael, Philadelphia; Margaret, New York, and Susan, at home. Six grandchildren besides a brother, John, Summit Hill; a sister, Mrs. Theresa Pavelko, California, and a nephew, Rev. Paul M. Pekarik, Emmaus, also survive.

MRS. PETER SHEARS

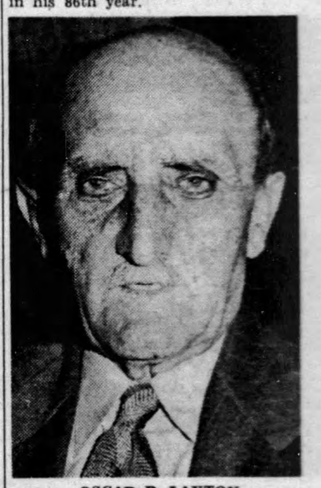
Funeral services for Mrs. Peter Shears, Lansford, will be held from her home, 348 W. Patterson St., Lansford, at 1:30 p. m. Monday, with further services in St. Mary's Russian Orthodox church, Coaldale. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery, Summit Hill.

Mrs. Shears died yesterday in the Coaldale hospital, where she had been a patient for the past week. She was a member of St. Mary's Russian Orthodox church, Coaldale, and the Ladies Aid society of that church.

She is survived by her husband, Peter; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wash Fedora, Lansford; and these children: Irene, Peter Jr., at home, and Jerome, U. S. Army. The following brothers and sisters also survive: Andrew, Allentown; Wash Jr., stationed with the U. S. Army in Michigan; Michael, U. S. Army, Louisiana; Theodore, U. S. Army, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Mrs. Anna Trechak, Lansford, and Helen, at home.

Oscar B. Layton Aged 86

Oscar B. Layton, well known for his activities in the Evangelical church, died at 9:30 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital, where he had been a patient since April 2. He was in his 86th year.



OSCAR B. LAYTON

Mr. Layton was born in Ruppsville, Lehigh county, on Aug. 18, 1857, a son of the late Joseph and Elvina, nee Shankweiler, Layton. He was a blacksmith in this city for many years, retiring about 15 years ago. For the past eight years he had lived with a daughter, Mrs. W. H. Diehl, at 1815 Washington St., and since December, when he was taken ill, he had resided with another daughter, Mrs. Stella Fogel, 1130 Chew St.

Mr. Layton was born into an Evangelical family, through which he gained the warm Christian ardor and zeal evidenced in his many church activities. He was a charter member of Seibert church in this city and served for many years as leader of the Tuesday night prayer meetings. He was also superintendent of the Sunday school and teacher of the Young Men's Bible class.

He is survived by four daughters: Helen, wife of William Diehl, and Mrs. Stella Fogel, both of this city; Beatta, wife of F. R. McLean, Hazleton, and Lillian. There are also five grandchildren; a brother, Victor, in Allentown, and a sister, Mrs. Anna Dreher, in Herndon Home, Herndon. He was preceded in death by his wife, the former Mary Beidleman, and two brothers who were ministers in the Evangelical church, Rev. John Layton and Rev. C. M. Layton.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Kumt Gute Aw

So wie die Fegelcher uns yusht gapifa hen, kumt 'm gasoline truck fohrer Ramie Sechler fon nagshd on Tzaderville sei glainie sow gute aw os er doh weil tzurick kauft hut fom Will Henninger drous nagshd om Independent shule hous. Der Will hut weiters nimmy fiel glawwa kot on da sow, un huts 'm Ramie ferkauft fer 'n halva dahler. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hets 'm fernix gewwa won der Ramie net abissel awwerglawwich wear, un hut g'farrich'd won er die sow fernix graich'd het er ken glick mit. Wos noch mainer is, won er die sow fernix ganumma het, hets net gaguck'd fer sich net badonka, un der Ramie wor net shure eb die sama socha ferleicht ous halta maichda mit si, 's same wie aw mit blumma shteck. War sich badonk'd fer 'n blumma shtuck, hut nee ken glick mit, is die alt sawg, un der Ramie hut gadenk'd er dade besser die sow batzawla fer druvel wie sel ferheeda.

Fer die wohret tzu sawga, won m'r "sow" secht ferwos der Ramie grick'd hut fom Will fer 'n halva dahler, shwetzt m'r weit farna nous. Wos er grick'd hut is yusht 'n sichie, un des noch so gore so'n glae ferbutztes, os der Will shure wor 's dade 'm Ramie druf shnoppa eb ers hame graich'd. Ow'r so wie m'r hoera, kumts iwwer rous gute aw. Der Ramie feeder'd 'm fom aller beshda si pulver os tzu griega is, un reib'd 'm die bae moryets un owets mit linament fer die rhumadis ferdriva. So wies sheind, pock'd allas gute aw os der Ramie dut fer sei sichie, un sawga 's dade woxa wie 'n barshda brenner.

Der Ramie fraid sich now net yusht ufs gute shunka flaish, die frisha wersht un gollerrei 's shpota yohr, ow'r aw uf die tzeit won Dorney Park widder in der gong kumt. Er wohnt net weit fom park drowwa, un tzailt fer da summer ols 's sichie runner noch 'm park nemma wie won er 'n hund'l om band'l het. Er hut shun allas gablawn'd os er duh wil, wil 'm sichie 'n shae ladder hols bond kaufa mit brassna gneb, 'n roter bond shlup draw binna, un paar onnerra farvicha bond shlip yusa fer 'n holfter fers rum fiehrra. Bei selra tzeit sots sichie noh aw der shwontz ringla wie 'n garrick tzieger, un woh er 'n flag nei shtecka wil, un tzailt aw fer 'n barshd griega fer 'm die tzae barshda, un finger negel polish fer die glova glansa mocha wie die hel un glore sun on hocher middawg.

'N Neiie Ort Ice Kream

Doh net long tzurick hut der Stanley Hill fon nagshd on Newside 'n neiie ort ice kream gamocht,—budder ice kream, un kenna net sawga wie gute os es wor. Un die budder ice kream bisnis is ol in der gong kumma darrich tzwae drei, yairicha anda os er 'm Hayden Peters seinra fraw da Hattie gewwa hut fer tzu rishda. 'M Stanley sei Edna hut sich all'm noh g'shteibert fer die anda mocha, wert wol all'm noh gadenk'd howwa sie weara tzu alt un tzae, un die Hattie maich'd sich draw ferwella bis sie gore weara. Uf kours 's wor fershtonna os der Stanley un sei Edna, so wohl wie aw die kinner, nunner nochs Haydens kaimta fer helfa die anda ferreissa.

Der dawg woh der anda fress sei hut solla, is es 'm Stanley doch duddlich werra, die anda weara ferleicht so alt un tzae os die Hattie sie net gore griega kent, un dade besser noch ebbes shunshd mit hee nemma so won sie die anda net essa kenta, os sie anyhow ebbes mit gabrocht hetta ols ihra dale fom essa. Wos tzu nemma wor noh die froke, bis ebber ice kream ganann'd hut. Grawd hut der Stanley g'sawt, "Sel is wos m'r nemma, ice kream, ich helfs mocha."

Noh hen sie shtarta ice kream mocha, un der Stanley hut da Edna ihra lecktrick glabber mashine grick'd fer die oyer, rawm, un milich glabberra wos es ganumma hut fer die ice kream bree mocha. Die Edna hut 'm g'sawt er sot die socha net tzu arrick glabberra, ow'r der Stanley, woh uf ra maining wor des da aryer os m'r die bree glabberra dade, des da tzorter dades ice kream werra, hut fert gaglabber'd bis die glora budder gnuddla nava on da shissel k'honka hen. Die Edna wor noh grawd net shure os es ice kream werra dade, ow'r der Stanley hut gamaint 's wear shawd fer die bree, un kent net sehna wos es ous mocha dade, budder wear

Continued on Page 8, Column 4

Horoscope

You who have a birthday today are endowed with tremendous energy and an indomitable will that should enable you to realize your fondest hopes. You are loyal in affections and adapt yourself easily to people and changing conditions. Your married life will be happy. Today's is a powerhouse aspect that can animate even a slumbering hope into radiant forcefulness. Keep a record of new ideas today. One or two may turn out to be as rich as a treasure trove. Do not be envious or resentful, nor take stock in false rumors than can hurt a friend's reputation.

25 Years Ago Today

APRIL 10, 1918—A WEDNESDAY

Joseph F. Gorman announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for congressman-at-large.

Experts in garden work told the Chamber of Commerce that Lehigh county could raise enough foodstuffs to feed a million men.

"Auf Wiedersehn" which appeared on signs at the Allentown railroad stations was to come off if th sense of the board of governors of the Allentown Chamber of Commerce prev

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One Week	.12	.03	.15
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Representative in the General Advertising Field:
STORY BROOKS & FINLEY
New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Man-like it is to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein;
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.
—Logau.

'THUNDERING HERD' SEEKS A SYMBOL

It is not so long ago that a Coast Guard unit, newly established in an important port, was prompted by its Allentown membership to appeal to Allentonians to equip their new but very bare recreation hall. The story of the swift results has been told before; how Allentown merchants and friends contributed all manner of furniture and the greatest variety of games from those requiring very high-priced equipment to those requiring very simple material. The Coast Guardsmen were overwhelmed by the unanimity and generosity of the response and although they had planned but one trip to this city to remove the gifts, they found that a second trip was necessary even though one of the biggest trucks which it had been possible to find had been secured to do the hauling.

Now some Allentown soldiers who are in the 8th Armored Division down in North Camp Polk, Louisiana, have another idea although not a tenth as pretentious as that which popped into the heads of those Allentown Coast Guards and was so liberally developed by Allentown's merchants.

This 8th Armored Division has become known as "The Thundering Herd" and its symbol is the American bison or buffalo—certainly an apt name and symbol for a mechanized unit of the Army. The division has established a service club or recreational hall in its quarters in Louisiana and just a few days ago, letters were sent out to Senators and Chambers of Commerce in Western States asking whether some one of them can find a mounted buffalo head to be placed in conspicuous position in the service club.

The Allentown men in the division, who know that there are more buffalo in Lehigh county than in almost any one of the Western States, now would like to surprise their fellows down there in Louisiana. Nothing would please them more than if a mounted buffalo head—and there must be some such hereabouts which are not working any too hard as decorations—were to be sent to the camp as the gift either of this city or some organization or some individual.

They'd like to tell the world, and especially the thousands of men in their division, that when they want to see buffalo they do not have to go into what used to be the wild and woolly west but they can come right here to Allentown and in half an hour they can get an eyeful.

LOOKING AHEAD TO DAYS OF PEACE

While it is of course true that the major business of the moment is the fighting and winning of the war, it also must be true that enough people have enough time and desire to do some thinking and also planning about what to do after the war even though what can and will be done is going to be determined very largely by the results of the war and the time required to fight it and bring it to an end.

It is proper that communities like Allentown are thinking of improvements that will be necessary and others that will be desirable when energies can be employed along peacetime lines.

It is proper that the national government is considering post-war developments throughout the country and it is proper that the group of democratic nations now engaged side by side in the war should be talking of such subjects as post-war food problems, an international system of currency and many other subjects for the general welfare that are quite apart from those pesky political problems that will be an outgrowth of the war.

Because the British have been in this war so much longer than the people of the United States and because they have taken such a beating during its early years, much has been learned from them. It may be that just as we have adopted lessons learned by them with respect to defense against air raids, rationing of foods and shoes and other articles that have become scarce during the war, so we may be able to get some ideas from them regarding post-war planning. Although they have been under attack for three and a half years and for a time were almost down and out, they have found time to do some planning, (for whatever it is worth) as to a better world after the war is over. In this matter public opinion has received government approval and a summary of the ideas that have been developed has been prepared and published. In this publication topics that are covered include international cooperation, rehabilitation of occupied territory, industry, town-planning, agriculture, education, health, science and the churches. The wide range of subjects and the extent of interest in them evidence the public's strong realization that peace must not catch Britain unawares.

The British Government itself has set up several committees to consider essential problems of the future, and although official statements are not included in the pamphlet, there is one section devoted to an account of the Ministries and the officially-appointed bodies dealing with the reconstruction.

These include committees on agriculture, building, land utilization, civil aviation, demobilization, trade and education. In many cases the Government has asked the professional groups involved to submit recommendations.

The pamphlet reveals that virtually every kind of group is debating post-war policies: statesmen, workingmen, technicians, educators, mechanics, students, dentists, architects. Most of these groups have formed special post-war planning committees, with the three-fold object of defining the place of the group in post-war Britain, outlining what they believe the "new Britain" should be, and the part this Britain should play internationally. On this last point the booklet says, "It is generally agreed and openly stated that isolationism is ended for Britain."

An account of the work of these various organizations is given, and a general summary of public opinion and current trends of thought on each topic is also provided.

Employers Right to Talk

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 16 (Special Dispatch)—A unanimous opinion of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, delivered by Judges Learned Hand, Augustus Hand and Jerome Frank, upholding the right of the employer to express his opinions on unionism even in a period preceding the holding of a collective bargaining election has drawn widespread attention to the facts of that particular case.

It seems that the employer made a speech and wrote a letter to his employees and did not conceal his belief that he thought they would be better off without a union to deal for them, but the circuit court held that, since there was no evidence of any intent to coerce or punish employees for disagreeing, the National Labor Board did not sustain its charge of an unfair labor practice.

In rendering the decision, the judges pointed to a previous decision by the Supreme Court of the United States which was believed to be on all fours with the instant case, namely that of the American Tube Bending Co. of New Haven, Conn.

* * * *

"Had it not been for the decision of the Supreme Court," said the judges of the Circuit Court, "in the case of the National Labor Relations Board versus Virginia Electric and Power Co., we might have considered that court's earlier decisions as requiring us to grant an enforcement order in the case at bar. Those decisions might be interpreted as holding that any address or other communication from an employer made directly to his employees may have, and ordinarily will have, a double aspect: on the one hand, it is an expression of his own beliefs and an attempt to persuade his employees to accept them; on the other, it is an indication of his feelings which his hearers may believe will take a form inimical to those of them whom he does not succeed in convincing. Insofar as it is the first, the Constitution protects him; insofar as it is the second, it does not. The board being composed of those especially versed in the subject matter must decide how far the second aspect predominates, and if they conclude that it will seriously coerce the employees' freedom of choice, they may forbid it."

* * * *

In the new case—that of the American Tube Bending Co.—there were no collateral circumstances, no reprisals, no action in evidence that could sustain a charge of coercion, the only thing in the record was the employer's letter and the speech of H. W. Jones Jr., president of the company, to his employees. Standing by themselves the Circuit Court of Appeals found they were really protected by the free speech clause of the Constitution.

The court appended copies of both the letter and the speech and they are models of impartiality and objectivity. Most employers get caught on the matter of advising employees, because they do it in conversation or they accompany their public statements or letters or speeches with some other activity which the Labor Board manages, as a rule, to tie into the letter or speech so as to argue that the written words or speeches are merely part of a coercive process.

* * * *

What makes the present case significant is that the employer urged his employees to vote, told them there would be no reprisal if they disagreed, but merely painted the three choices and even went so far as to indicate a belief that the situation without a union was in its own judgment best.

"Twice before," said President Jones, "when I have talked to all of you I have stated the company's position regarding the open shop, and I again repeat it to you, that this is an open shop in a true sense of the word. Members of labor unions and non-members of labor unions are employed without any discrimination whatsoever, and so long as I am connected with the management of this company the policy will continue.

"What then is the issue and why are we having an election tomorrow? It all boils down to this: Can one or the other union get more for you than you can get in any other way? Of course, the important thing that all of us are thinking about is wages, so let's talk about them a little."

* * * *

Then the company president reviewed the wage policy and said it was higher than the average for "equivalent jobs in this locality" and went on to say that his wage rates are flexible and some men have had as high as four increases a year but that "under a collective bargaining contract wage rates usually tend to be established for a period of a year and this may interfere somewhat with the personal contact we have had regarding individual rates and may interfere with the recognition of improvement.

"Lastly," said Mr. Jones, "regarding wages, if you decide to have someone represent you, you have got to make up your minds to be willing to pay for that representation."

* * * *

The management concluded with a statement that there were three choices—a union of fellow employees, a union of "outside people having no connection with the plant and working with a committee of employees" (namely, the Machinists' union) and, finally, "the last choice on the ballot is the present management of your company."

In this election by secret ballot, 280 votes out of 413 were cast for no union, as against 105 for the A. F. of L. union and 28 for an employees' union.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

Before the last war, Poland had been partitioned three times, but Poland always came back to life, and always the question arose, what would Russia do about it? And that is still Poland's problem.

And that brings me to a letter which the Polish ambassador, J. Ciechanowski, wrote to Henry Luce, editor of "Life," replying to a statement of Ambassador Joe Davies in that magazine to the effect that Poland's eastern territories were "carved out of and taken away from Russia." Of course, Joe Davies seems to have forgotten the partitions of 1772, 1793 and 1795.

In fact, Soviet Russia actually recognized what Joe Davies denied, for on Aug. 29, 1918, a decree was issued by Soviet Russia, stating:

"All agreements and acts concluded by the government of the late Russian Empire with the governments of Prussia and of the Austro-Hungarian Empire relating to the partitions of Poland are forever annulled by the present resolution, considering that they are contrary to the principle of free determination of peoples as well as to the juridical revolutionary conception of the Russian nation which has recognized to the Polish nation the 'imprescriptible' right to decide of its own fate and its unification."

Now, I am sure that it will not and cannot help the United States to become involved in the very complicated question as to whether the Ukraine is Russian or Polish or just plain Ukraine. At any rate, Poland and Russia agreed by the Treaty of Riga that persons, no matter of what prior nationality, became citizens of the country that held the territory by virtue of that treaty. Joe Davies contends that 5,000,000 Ukrainians "were arbitrarily converted into Polish citizens after the last war." Of course, he says nothing about how many persons were arbitrarily converted into citizens of all sorts of countries by treaties which were designed to save the world for democracy and to end all wars.

The difficulty in the whole matter is that Poland is today held by Germany. Her territory is coveted by Soviet Russia. The Poles maintain a government in exile and are recognized as one of the United Nations. On the other hand, no one at this time wants to quarrel with Soviet Russia. Therefore, Poland is asked to hush-hush about being partitioned all over again. They are asked to be loyal to the general situation.

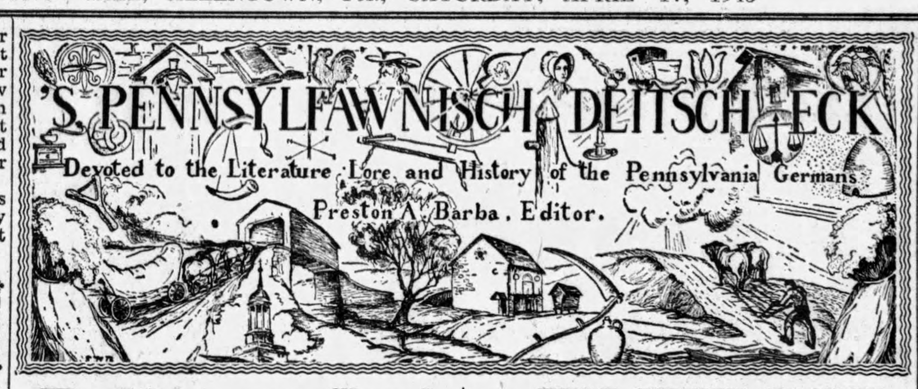
Of course, we might be truthful about it all. We might say to Poland, this war started in your defense. You made absolutely the greatest sacrifices in the war. Your country is being destroyed and your people are being annihilated. However, we need the Russians more than we need you. We cannot afford a quarrel with the Russians. So it is just too bad.

That would be truthful. That would be close to the fact. But we do not like to tell the truth about anything. Poland's voice is feeble as is the voice of every country-in-exile. These countries have to be good or they will not even enjoy the promises for which there may be no performance.

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Truism: You may have noticed it too, that most men who are as honest as the day is long will bear watching after sunset.

Why does crime continue? Well, the cattleman keeps on breeding scrubs as long as he doesn't cull out the scrubs.



The Longswamp Church

By CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ

THE LONGSWAMP CHURCH, near Mertztown, Berks county, is known by that name because of its location in Longswamp township—"Der Lang Schwamm." Some have ventured a guess and claimed that it was named after a Long family. This is however incorrect, for at the time the township was named there was only one Long—Jacob Lang—who arrived August 30, 1737.

Since the early ministers were irregular and left few or no records the date of the actual organization of this early Reformed congregation is not known. However, the church record states that on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 1849 the centenary was observed. We know that the building of a church was begun in 1748, but when we consider that this section was settled as early as 1733, soon after the purchase from the Indians, Sept. 7, 1732, and knowing the spirit of the fathers, as we do, we are inclined to believe that an organization existed much earlier than 1748.

Let us look at the picture more closely. The following is a list of some of the founders and the date of their arrival:

Joseph Biery (Aug. 27, 1739), Samuel Burger, Jacob Burger, Philip Burger, Leopold Kreber, Theobald Carl, Nich. Schwartz, Michael Neitenauer (Sept. 3, 1739), Jacob Lang (Aug. 30, 1737), Bernhard Fegely (Aug. 28, 1733), who ,however, came to Longswamp some years later, Nicholas Mertz, David Mertz, Peter Mertz (Sept. 28, 1733), Philip Fenstermacher (Aug. 30, 1737), Joseph Fenstermacher (Sept. 9, 1738), Peter Butz (Nov. 9, 1738), Henry Bollinger (Sept. 5, 1738), Christian Ruth (Aug. 30, 1737), Johannes Deal (Aug. 27, 1739), etc.—Let him who cares draw his own conclusions.

Jacob Weimer, the teacher of this early congregation, states in his chronicle, that the building of the church was begun about September, 1748, on ground secured by Jost Heinrich Sassamanshausen through a warrant. The "Baumeister," or in today's parlance, the building committee were Joseph Biery* and Samuel Burger, who were assisted by the following fellow members: Leopold Kreber, Theobald Carl, Jacob Fenstermacher, Friedrich Hoelwig, (Cantor), Christian Fenstermacher, Johannes Diehl, Peter Butz*, Nicolaus Schwartz, Nicolaus Mertz*, David Mertz, Peter Mert, Christian Bollinger, Christian Ruch, Michael Nitenauer, Philip Burger, Nicolaus Keiser*, Peter Keiser*, Jost Sassamansheusen, Peter Walbert, Benard Fegli*, and Heinrich Stricker. (The names with an asterisk were ancestors of the writer).

Action to raze the old church and build a new one was taken on Oct. 24, 1791, when the following committee was appointed: the Rev. Heinrich Hertzel, John Butz*, Jacob Richstein, Samuel Schwartz, Jacob Lang Sr., Samuel Butz, Joseph Folk, Christian Fegeli, Henrich Fegli, Daniel Fenstermacher. (Names with an asterisk were ancestors of the writer).

The first church had stood for 43 years at the lower northern corner of the graveyard, some distance inward from the present wall. When the second church was planned there was a division among the members, some favoring the old site and others a different site. To come to a decision by majority they turned to an old German custom "the throwing of hats." They tossed their hats into the air and selected that place where most hats had fallen. It was the upper western corner of the land, about midway between the present church and the tool house, where most hats fell. A beautiful terrace was erected and there the corner stone was laid on May 28, 1791.

The present church was built in 1852, on "Mt. Zion" at a cost of $5777.20. Dr. W. A. Helffrich called this church "the most beautiful in the land." The two pastors, Rev. W. A. Helffrich and Rev. Jeremiah Schindel were on the committee. Other members were Stephen Butz and Aaron Hertzog of the Reformed congregation and David (?) Seip and John (?) Ginginger of the Lutheran. Carpenters were Charles Weller, William Butz, Stephen Dornblaser and Reuben Butterweck. William Butz was the father of the writer. He did the fine hand carving on the interior of the church. This church building has been several times remodelled and some of the beautiful colonial effects have unfortunately been destroyed.

When the present church was built, Dr. W. A. Helffrich, the Reformed pastor, and Rev. Jeremiah Schindel, the Lutheran pastor, manifested a spirit not often seen in modern times in so-called Union Churches. Dr. Helffrich relates the following: "The old church had to be torn down. Subsequently Schindel and I selected May 4th and 5th when the last service was to be held and as a joint Communion service for both congregations—Reformed and Lutheran. Saturday afternoon we held preparatory service. Schindel preached the sermon and I conducted the liturgical service at the altar. It was impressive to see the entire congregation to kneel for the last time in the old church.

"Sunday morning I preached and Schindel conducted the altar service. Then we took the communion. I gave the elements to Schindel and Schindel to me and all the members came and united in the service. More than 400 united. O how I was saddened by the division of the two congregations. Why this schism? Why not one Church of the German tongue? The entire congregation felt the same way. Many expressed themselves thus after service. Schindel answered, 'If it would depend on Brother Helffrich and myself, it certainly would be different.'

"It required the entire summer to complete the church. We preached under the trees at the spring where the pulpit of the old church had been fastened to a tree." And how beautiful were those stately chestnut trees, where we as boys had often played!

Dedicatory services were held on Dec. 25 and 26. On the first day the Rev. Messrs. Hinterleiter and Erasmus Helffrich preached and on the following day the Rev. Messrs. Brobst and Schindel

The following Reformed pastors have served: Fred. Cassimer Miller, 1748 —; Philip Jacob Michael, — 1754; Rudolph Kitweiler, 1754-1762; Philip Jacob Michael, 1763-1774; Johann Henrich Helffrich, 1775-1780; Philip Jacob Michael, 1780-1784; Heinrich Hertzel, 1785-1795; Johann Henrich Helffrich, 1796-1810; William Dechant, 1810-1816; Johannes Helffrich, 1816-1852; William A. Helifrich, Dr. 1852-1894; Nevin W. Helffrich, (until 1894 assistant), 1879-1906; Wm. Meckstroth, 1907-1933; Donald Englert, 1934 —.

The Lutheran pastors, according to the church record were: Jacob Miller, D. D., 1817-22; Conrad Miller, 1822-31; Isaac Roeller, 1831-37; C. A. Griebler, 1837-40; Jeremiah Schindel, 1840-41; Peter Oberfeld, 1844-46; Jeremiah Schindel, 1847-1855; G. A. Hinterleiter, D. D. (supply), 1856-57; Ferdinand Berkemeyer, 1857-59; E. M. Sell, 1859-62; Alfred Croll, 1863-68; Simon Boyer, 1868-72; David Humbert, 1871-1903; Henry W. Warmkessel (assistant through several years); J. W. Early, (supply), 1903-04; Wm. F. Bond, 1904 —.

It should be remembered that the Longswamp Church was originally Reformed. The section had been settled by Swiss, Huguenots and Palatines who were of the Reformed faith. Before 1837 the Lutherans had no church of their own in Longswamp township. As early as 1817 the Lutherans had formed an organization and rented the Reformed Church at Longswamp for their services. In 1837 the Reformed congregation voted equal rights to those Lutherans who had remained after the Lutheran congregation as an organization had removed and erected their own church, St. Pauls, at Mertztown.

Here along the Swamp the Indian once lived and roamed, to which relics found here in large quantities bear silent witness. The valley from Topton east slopes toward the direction of Macungie Valley, which is the Indian term for "the place of feeding the bears—Baere Dahl. The valley was once covered with low shrubs and scrub-oaks and the bears came here to feed. But the onward march of civilization pushed all these back and the valley became a garden spot of beauty and fertility.

Strange as it may seem, Topton, only a few miles west of the Longswamp Church, bears the right name—it is on the top! It is midway between Reading and Allentown, 18 miles from either place. South of Topton starts the Little Lehigh which flows thorugh Longsdale to Lower Longswamp, then takes a leap northward and thence via Trexler's Mill (now gone) thence to Wagenhorst's mill (also gone) thence to what was once Butz's mill (now Deysher's) thence to Romigs Mill ,etc.

On the north side of Topton is the source of the Grotte Creek, which flows via Hancock, Mertztown, etc., until it reaches the "Butze Gass," where it flows into the Little Lehigh. All this means fertility and beauty.

An unusually large number of the sons of Longswamp Church have entered into the learned professions.

Into the Ministry: Dan. Y. Heisler, Jacob Weimer, Stephen Schweitzer, Henry A. Keiser, D. D., Alexander Keiser, Morris H. Brensinger, D. D., James W. Mabry, Fred Wertz, Jacob Wagenhorst, Charles A. Butz, Ph. D., C .E .Keiser, Martin Fritch, George Fritch.

Into Medicine: Agustus Long, Levi S. Long, Wilmer Seli, M. S. Long, Howard A. Long, D. Alonzo Long, John A. Long, Wilson P. Long, Wilson DeLong, Daniel Long, Wm. F. Long, Peter Wertz, James Frank Wertz, Fred C. Knappenberger, Herman Meckstroth, Milton Fritch, J. A. Trexler, John Long.

Into Law: Samuel A. Butz, Reuben J. Butz, James P. Long, Dr. Levi S. Long, Daniel Young (Ass. Judge of Berks Co., 1851).

Records of the early days are only too scant. Of some interest therefor is the following passage from the Diary of John Daniel Young (Jung), Schoolmaster and Vorsinger (Choirmaster) from 1799 to 1808, which gives us a clear idea of what was expected of a man serving in that capacity in those early times:

"Congregation in Longswamp, 1799, April 19. I moved here under the following conditions, namely, I must play the organ and lead the singing at every public service of worship; also at such times as desired hold public catechization on Sundays; and am not to demand any compensation at funerals. On the other hand, I am to have the use of all the land belonging to the church; and am to demand from every child that attends the school three shillings nine pence per month; and from the congregation annually 12 pounds currency and 25 bushels of rye (Korn)." At first Young (Jung) taught wholly in the German language. There was an English school in Longswamp as early as 1801, to which he sent his son Daniel. In 1805 we find that Young also taught English. He gave music lessons and conducted night school. The term of school extended from the latter part of August to the middle of June, ending just in time for haying. However, the average length of attendance was only three months. It is interesting to know that his son Daniel, who was elected Associate Judge in Berks Co. in 1851, was a son of the Reformed congregation at Longswamp and served for many years as church organist at Reading.

Of the early organists and Vorsinger (choirmasters) we mention Fred Hoelwig, who was serving in 1748, Jacob Weimer, 1752 to the time he entered into the ministry in 1768: Frederick Sannow, who was serving in 1785, but we do not know how long. We plan to offer later a brief sketch of that grand man, Squire William Schubert, grandfather of our friend and poet laureate of our dialect, John Birmelin, who served Longswamp as organist and Vorsinger for the long span of 52 years.

In conclusion it may be of interest to note the growth and decline of population of Longswamp township: In 1800—860; 1810—998; 1820—1371; 1830—1695; 1840—1836; 1850—1868; 1860—2217; 1870—2910; 1880—3426; 1890—3007; 1900—2507. In 1885 $239,340 were on interest and in 1908 only $89,462. In 1885 the iron ore industry was at its height in this region.

THAT CHURCH OF MINE

(Longswamp)

On lovely hill the pillars rise,
'Mid sylvan charm and smiling skies,
Of church so dear in childhood days!
With silver tongue rang precious lays
From belfry, raised so high and strong,
Like bugle sounds the trees among.

'Twere happy days with grief unknown,
And heaven about in beauty shone;
That holy shrine we oft did throng
And God, the Giver, praised in song;
Sweet dreams of youth brought their delight
And sires' God still glowed the height.

'Twere pious men so brave and true
Who promised land afar could view;
Heroic faith of Fatherland
Supported still the noble band
That onward pressed, God in the lead,
And here Him found His flock to feed.

'Mid hearths uncouth rang earnest prayers,
Oft covered vans the nightly lairs;
Triumphant faith, though fierce the blows,
Transcends the waste and brighter grows.
From darkened shores fled ravaged race
To share anew God's truth and grace.

Not wood and stone was Bethel then,
But faith enshrined in living men;
Unmixt with pride, the simple Truth
Charmed cabin's hearth, God's court, forsooth;
What lofty thought them onward led,
And heaven's shield around them spread.

Ere freedom's song rejoiced the heart,
When red men still plied crafty art,
Rose from the ground the cabin-shrine,
By sires reared of crude design;
'Twas holy place, in forest drear,
Where praises rang in accents clear.

From Pisgah's heights they viewed the land
With vision far of vast extend;
Its latent charm lured on the strong;
O'er waste soon rang the harvest song;
By sturdy strokes the sodden ground
Like garden smiled, with plenty crowned.

Soon bruins sly—where brimming brook
Meandered far—their haunts forsook,
And wigwams crude, with sudden haste
Pass on beyond the moorish waste;
From oak-laced heath rose garden fair,
No more the hold of surly bear.

As fortune smiled and years passed by
Rose other shrine to greet the eye;
Soon crestward strode a third instead,
There with delight to lift its head.
That church of mine crowns Zion's hill;
May it there e'er its office fill.

Methinks I see, though softly veiled,
The friends of yore I oft had hailed;
Again I stand with beating breast
Where oft in God my soul found rest;
I breathe once more the native air
As midst my friends I tarry there.

But morning glow, so warm and bright,
Merged all too soon with common light;
Dreamlike it seems, but fancies still
Somehow with joy my bosom fill;
Long seems the time since yester's joy
A freshness bore for dreaming boy.

But as I pause and lift my eyes
To sloping field that yonder lies,
My heart is grieved beyond compare,
To know my friends lie buried there;
The names once dear are carved in stone;
My heart is there, but they are gone.

How queer and strange—have I gone mad
To seek my friends with heart so sad?
In vain I pause the shades to peer
Or echoes faint from vault to hear.
Names carved so bright in memory's wall
Are furrowed deep on surfaced pall.

But yester's joy clings still to me
My saddened heart from paint to free;
Time's soothing touch all grief does heal
And broken bonds anew will seal.
The long ago gleaned precious store;
Its garnered wealth cheers more and more.

Time's speeding stream sweeps on with haste
The pleasant fields like desert waste;
The passing train bears treasured trust
That all too soon lies in the dust;
Hope still remains our hearts to glow,
And evermore will friendship grow.

The years have brought their earthly freight
That rests on soul like heavy weight;
But church still stands though friends are gone
And sweetly rest in death's own zone;
Embosomed there are they in love;
Though night has come, they live above.

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ.

Deaths of a Day

DR. NICHOLAS P. VLACHOS

Dr. Nicholas P. Vlachos, 68, professor of the classics at Temple university for 40 years and oldest member in service on its faculty, died Wednesday night, at the residence, 320 Plymouth place, Merchantville, following an illness of three months.

Anne Vlachos, of Bethlehem, executive director of the Northampton county branch of the Pennsylvania Assn. for the Blind, is a sister.

Born in Holland, Dr. Vlachos attended the University of Amsterdam for a year before enrolling at the University of Pennsylvania in 1898. There he received three degrees, the last that of doctor of philosophy in 1903.

After serving as an instructor at Penn from 1901, Dr. Vlachos was named professor of the classics in the college of liberal arts and sciences at Temple in 1903, and held that post since.

Dr. Vlachos is also survived by his wife and two children, Mrs. Richard Wescott, of Merchantville, and Nicholas P. Jr., serving with the Army Air Forces.

MRS. MARGARET ZELLER

Mrs. Margaret McConnell Zeller, 25, wife of Rev. Paul F. Zeller, pastor of Fry's Valley Moravian church, Ohio, died at 3 p.m. Funeral services will be held on Sunday.

Her husband is a brother to Professor Samuel Zeller of the faculty of Moravian theological seminary, Bethlehem.

She was born Jan. 11, 1918, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McConnell, and was graduated from Gnadenhutten High school, Ohio, the city of her birth, and Ohio university. She was married May 30, 1941, in Gnadenhutten, by Rev. Frank Zeller, Bloomfield, N. J., father of the bridegroom.

Besides the husband and parents Mrs. Zeller is survived by an infant son born at the time of her death; a sister, Mrs. Sarah Kavage, Ohio, and grandfather, Rev. Philip Gutensohn, of Orlando, Fla.

GEORGE DUNN

George Dunn, 32, died Tuesday morning at his home in Dominguez, Calif., of a heart attack. He is the husband of the former Annette Caiazzo, Roseto. He is a native of Philadelphia, and moved to California four years ago.

He is survived by his wife and two children, nine brothers and three sisters.

Funeral services will be held 9:30 a.m. Wednesday from the Hough funeral home, Market St., Bangor, to be followed by high requiem mass in Our Lady of Mt. Carmel church, Roseto, with Rev. Joseph Ducci in charge. Burial will be in the new Catholic cemetery, Roseto.

THOMAS F. SOURS

Thomas F. Sours, 87, who resided at the home of Mrs. Mamie Fritts, 2445 Sycamore St., Easton, died last Thursday evening at the Easton hospital.

Surviving are three sons, Charles, Robert and Herbert Sours all of Easton, a daughter, Mrs. Agnes Bartos, Phillipsburg, N. J. He also leaves three grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

MRS. MARY E. YASSO

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Yasso, wife of the late Andrew Yasso, died Friday morning at the home, 705 E. 6th St., Bethlehem, following an illness of a few days.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a. m. Monday from the residence. Solemn requiem mass will be offered at 9 a. m. in SS. Cyrillus and Methodius church. Interment in the parish cemetery.

Surviving are two sons, Andrew, Allentown; George, Fountain Hill; three daughters, Margaret, Easton; Mrs. Stephen Thomas and Anna, at home; 10 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

A native of Czechoslovakia she was a devout and zealous member of the SS. Cyrillus and Methodius congregation.

She was affiliated with the following societies: Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, No. 74; First Catholic Slovak Ladies union, St. Anne's society, Woodmen's circle, Branch 63 and the Altar and Rosary society.

JOHN J. JONES

John J. Jones, a resident of the Lehigh Valley for the past 50 years and a slater by trade, died at 11:30 p. m. Wednesday at the Lehigh county home, where he had been residing since December. Mr. Jones, who would have been 84 years old on July 3, fell about a week ago at the home, and it is believed that injuries received in the fall contributed materially to his death.

He was born in Harford county, Maryland, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Jones. His wife, the former Anne E. (nee Jones) Jones, died in 1926. After her death Mr. Jones boarded in Allentown for some years, and shortly after his retirement from active business life several years ago took up residence with a son, Richard E. Jones, in Fullerton.

Surviving besides Richard is another son, Owen C., Akron, O.; six grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Services will be held this afternoon at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St.

HARRY J. KIST

Harry John Kist, 65, 650 Northampton St., Easton, died Friday morning at the Easton hospital, where he was admitted April 2, for medical treatment.

Mr. Kist was born in Easton Aug. 6, 1877, a son of the late John A. Kist and Mrs. Julia Baur. A brother, J. Franklin Kist died last Saturday. His mother still lives at that address and is 85 years old.

For 37 years, Mr. Kist was employed by the Rinek Cordage Co., and he was a member of the St. Paul's Lutheran church.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. May Hioxn Kist, his mother, Mrs. John Kist, two children, Charles Maurice and Harry John Kist Jr., residing at home; one brother, George H. Kist, Easton, and three sisters, Mrs. Lillie Gies, Mrs. William Wright and Mrs. Max Pasch, all of Easton.

Funeral services will be held 2 p.m. Monday from the Bender home, Easton, with interment in the Easton Heights cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Hen Sie Fergessa

Sawg, worra n'r aw shun owets fert mit leit os eich widder mit tzurick hame nemma hen wolla, un hen eich fergessa? Wel won n'r net-worra un wolla wissa wie 'n mensch noh fiel'd, shwetza mohl mit 'm Abbot Rothrock seinra fraw da Mary fon g'shwishich Bath un Beersville. Die Mary hut 'm ledshda Somshdawg owet sellie erfohring kot, un ihra Abbot wase all'm noh alla weil noch net os es George Spenglers fergessa hen fer sie mit tzurick hame nemma.

'S George uns Abbots wohna net weit ousa nonner, un die Mary hut ous g'funna os sie 'm Somshdawg owet noch Bedlahame uf bisnis un uf p'such wotta. Die weil os sie gawist hut os sie darrich Bath mista fer kumma un gae, hut sie noh gawunnert eb sie net ungfare mit na noch Bath kent fer freind p'sucha, un noh widder won sie hame gangda, mit tzurick gae. Der George un sei Minnie hen ra grawd fershprocha un die Mary shae mit ganumma. Wie die Mary fon da mashine is, hut sie na nocha mohl g'sawt os sie numma net fergessa sotta un sotta shtoppa fer sie widder mit tzurick hame nemma.

Die Mary is noh gonga ihra freind p'sucha, uns Georga sin ihra waigs nunner noch Bedlahame. Die Mary hut 'n sonderborie gutie tzeit kot, un hen da gonsa owet gablauder'd fon aim tzum onnerra, bis die uhr bol halb nocht gawissa hut. Endlich is es de Mary ei kumma 's George weara ferleicht hame un hetta sie fergessa, un is mohl on der fone fer uf rufa. Sie hut der fone ordlich weil gae lossa, un wie niemond gaontwert hut, ous gamocht der George un sei Minnie hetta sich fermuthlich awenich langer ferblauder'd os sie gamaint hetta os sie wotta, un kaimta bol fer sie hola.

Bout tzwonsich minuta shpaiter hut die Mary noh nocha mohl uf garufa, un hut ihra aigna ohra shier net glawwa kenna, wie sie die Minnie endlich so fershlofa hoerra hut der fone ontwerta. Die Mary hut noh gawunnert wos die maining wear fer sie in Bath hucka lossa, un die Minnie hut sich gore mechdich gaeffendiert sie hetta sie gons un gore fergessa mit tzurick tzu nemma, un kaimta ains gongs fer sie hola. Un sie sin aw kumma, so shnell os sie fergessa hen sich fartich aw tzu duh. Sie hen da Mary noh fertzailt sie weara shun long dahame gawest, un weara grawd ins bed un ei g'shlofa, un mista all'm noh der telefone 's airsht mohl net hoera howwa gae.

Ow'r 's beshd fon ol wor, 's Georga uns Abbots sin 'uf da sama telefone line, un da Mary ihra Abbot hut der fone hoerra gae, un gore net fershtae kenna ferwos aenich ebber sie sel tzeit fon da nocht uf rufa wot. Wos noch mainer is, der Abbot huts gons hous uf galeicht kot fon owwa aw bis unna nous wies George ferbei sin, fer die Mary hola, un hen die lichter on ihra mashine ous gadray'd, so os er sie net sehna sot gae. Fermuthlich hen sie gadenk'd er dade shelta won er wist os sie die Mary fergessa hetta, un dades aw net gleicha os sei Mary so shpote in da nocht drous wear, un fer net Somshdawg owets dahame beim bleiva.

So wie m'r fershtain, wor der Abbot ow'r gore net base wie die Mary tzurick kumma is, un sie hut aw ken wert gabeeb'sd os es Georga sie fergessa hen kot. Ebbes os der Abbot ow'r net fershtae hut kenna wor, ferwos es Georga ihra telefone so arrick gonga wear, so shpote in da nocht. Evens da nagshda morya wie die Mary fert noch da Sundawg shule un kerrich is, hut er nocha mohl awbafohla sie sot yoh net fergessa fer da Minnie sawga waeich 'm telefone, un hut fershprocha sie dade. Ow'r wos die Mary net g'sawt hut wor, os es sie selwar wor os es George uf garufa hut, fer sie hame hola.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

"Allas os nuf gait," is die alt sawg, "kumt aw widder runner," un grawd so sheinds gang'ds, mit 'm Hitler seim "Deitscha Kultur," os er ols doh riwwer g'shick'd hut.

Wos riwwer kumma is gait now aw widder tzurick niver, yusht in blotz fon da galehrta Deitscha dick kep os er g'shick'd hut fer leit doh hiwwa ferfiehrra, gain now tzwae un fier don boms niver, fer sie driwwa hee shicka woh sie onna kaira.

Der aintsich'd waig fer die socha driwwa ow'r om gae halta, is dawg fer dawg may war bonds un shtamps kaufa mit gelt os m'r net weck gebt, yusht 'm Unkle Sam lain'd, un woh widder bei da tzeit mit indressa tzurick kumt.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

If your birthday is on this date, you will find the silver lining of happiness shining through the dark clouds of doubt. Make a wish that can become a reality. Don't make yourself unwelcome as a guest this evening or be tactless to your visitors. Treat stubborn people and children with kindness and consideration. In character you are aggressive and tenacious in your determination to improve yourself. You are fond of literature and are effectionate. Control your emotions. Avoid the extremes of despair or unrestrained gayety.

25 Years Ago Today

APRIL 17, 1918—A WEDNESDAY

Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Co., became director general of the Emergency Fleet Corp. and ass

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Preach the defeat of death and the triumph over the grave as historic facts. Preach it as the great middle truth, as the potent truth out of which all others of our faith flow forth. Keep it ever lifted up as the justification of all our best endeavors. Preach it as the one great thing that rails off the children of God from the children of death. Hold it out as the beacon across all the dark waters of time's tumult. Throw it out in the face of human fears, and tell it increasingly with joy. —Haldemann.

MAY WOMEN APPEAR IN ALL THEIR FINERY

If there be less emphasis than in former years upon garb by the women of our country upon Easter Day, the traditional day for modish dress, they will have before them excellent precedent and example from the first ladies of America and Great Britain.

In the latter country the queen was asked about her Easter Day array and she replied that clothes, already five years old, would be worn upon that day. She did not moralize about it, but simply answered a simple question that newspaper women put to her. In this country Mrs. Roosevelt then was asked a similar question and her reply was in similar vein. But when the newsmen sought to get a moral out of it, they failed for the first lady answered that she was following her tastes and in no way sought to set an example. If women needed and desired new frocks and hats, not merely for one day but for the spring, it was all right.

It was not merely a clever but it was a sensible answer. The President's wife undoubtedly has so wide and varied a wardrobe that even if the war goes on for years, and she is so inclined, she need buy little or no clothes. The same must be true for the queen. But there are millions of women in this country who are not in such position. There may be many who until this year had been forced to wear clothes and hats of very ancient vintage. They may now have the means whereby they can satisfy long-felt desires and it can be believed that if the question were submitted to their men-folk in the armed services, the reply would be: By all means, if you want that nice hat and that pretty new dress, get it. And many a son or husband will be ready to foot the bill.

It can be taken as a general principle that the men in the services wish their women folks at home to be happy, not gloomy; to be well, even prosperously dressed, not togged out in outmoded even if not outworn finery.

Time may come for sacrifices such as these. Time may come when necessity may require them. But it has not yet arrived and certainly the men in the services will wish and will fight hard to see to it that it never does come.

INCHING IN UPON THE JAPS

Seizure of the largest island in the Ellice group in the Pacific ocean, 1,200 miles east of Guadalcanal, may indicate the line upon which a new advance is to be made against the vast and widespread Japanese holdings in that part of the world.

With seizure of Guadalcanal and the holding of that island against all Japanese assaults and attempts to retake it, the supply lines to the Southwest Pacific were kept open successfully. It would appear that the Japanese realize Guadalcanal is in American hands to stay and that it is futile to challenge American possession.

With Ellice in American possession another great area of the Pacific becomes American waters for ships of the sea and the air cannot successfully range in any area unless they have bases and the Ellice islands, as long as they are in America's hands, become an American instead of a Japanese base.

To what degree the Japs value these islands as an element in their strategy and to what degree they can marshal strength to regain the islands will provide interesting developments in weeks and months to come.

ALL BOND SALES TO LEHIGH'S CREDIT

Because it is the biggest selling job that ever has developed anywhere in the world at any time, it can be known that the biggest and the finest sales organization ever formed had to be established to sell billions and billions of dollars of bonds for the prosecution of the war.

There is an interesting difference between this and all other sales organizations for which the American people must be truly thankful. All other sales campaigns are costly because some of the highest-priced people engage in it. But the American people through their Government virtually pay nothing for the bond sales campaigns and yet they enjoy the services of the great majority of these same high-priced people, plus high-priced people in just about every other phase of selling, and there are many such in American business.

It is significant of and a tribute to the enthusiasm of these sales people that competition is keen. Not one but many seek to make sales of War Stamps and War Bonds to just about every prospective purchaser. Naturally every one desires to make the largest possible volume of sales, partly because of personal pride in the qualities of salesmanship which is their forte and in many cases their passion.

It is understandable therefore if there be some clamor and competition at times for even the very small and ephemeral credit that goes to outstanding salesmanship. But never should there be unseemly squabble about such credit for after all the predominant desire in the heart of every salesman must be that through sales, and more and more sales, the war will be won.

Even if at times it may be felt that credit has not been received where credit is due, the satisfaction in this respect is that every stamp and every bond that is purchased locally goes to the credit of Lehigh county—and that is the ultimate or rather the only credit that any individuals must be concerned in conserving.

MAKE EVERY DAY BETTER THAN "SUB DAY"

The visit of the one-man submarine to this city on Thursday stimulated public purchase of War Stamps and Bonds so that a total of nearly quarter of a million dollars' worth were purchased during the ship's stay here.

The sub has gone away and this single stimulus is gone. However, much stimulus must continue to operate for quarter of a million dollars per day is not going to be enough to enable this community to meet its quota in the thirteen billion dollar national campaign.

If and when the stimulus of the sub subsides, then let there be thought as to the savage, barbaric treatment accorded to the flyers who went with Major General James Doolittle on the raid over Tokio. And if that subsides, then let there be thought as to the whole horror and injustice of this war so as to stimulate the buying of bonds and stamps for prosecution of the war on all fronts to the earliest possible successful conclusion.

Aid for Pacific

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 23—Perhaps the time has come to revise the agreements made at Casablanca and give the Pacific theatre of war the planes and ships and troops needed to intensify our war against Japan.

Whatever commitment President Roosevelt made secretly at Casablanca can hardly be disclosed, but it is apparent from the news that has leaked out from Australian sources and from General MacArthur and General Kenney that there are not enough weapons being made available to engage in a large-scale offensive against the Japanese.

The American people did not have the benefit of an inquisitive-minded press at Casablanca, so it is not known to what extent the President yielded to the British request for more shipping to sustain the British isles. It is a question whether what was agreed upon at Casablanca has been told to the Senate and House military and naval committees. If it has been disclosed to them, the American people have a right to present for the consideration of those who know the inside of the secret diplomacy the thought that perhaps it would be better to divert some of the ships allocated to maintain the British civilian and military set-up and to ask our British ally to make even further sacrifices, so that we may begin to clean up the Pacific situation.

Shipping Crucial Factor

Shipping is the crucial factor in the war. There is squabbling among the governmental agencies concerned with it. The question may well be asked whether the military men are being given the ships they need for their overseas tasks. It is being contended that some ships are not being properly loaded, but it is also true that lack of disembarkation facilities and the time element prevents peacetime efficiency. What is more important is that the British seem to have argued very persuasively for the use of more tonnage, and that there are certain elements on this side which feel that, even if it means tightening the British belt, more ships should be allocated to American military and naval forces.

It would seem to be desirable to let the facts come into the possession of the committees of Congress charged with responsibility for watching over war operations. It isn't necessary to disclose to the public the military secrets. If the people can feel that they have representatives in Washington who know the inside, they will be inclined to accept what is being done with our ships as necessary.

But the people do not like the idea of one man keeping all these secret agreements and arrangements in his own head. There is always the possibility that decisions reached on one set of circumstances may have to be revised later on.

Did the joint chiefs of staff of the United States propose the allocation of shipping that was made at Casablanca? Was their own plan rejected, and did the President side with the British chiefs of staff and the Prime Minister against the judgment of his own military advisers? The answer to that question need not be given to the public, even if the implication be true, for there may be sound reasons for such a decision. But do the members of Congressional committees know what happened at Casablanca and why we cannot fight the war against the Japanese more intensively than we are fighting it?

Senator Chandler of the military affairs committee has spoken publicly in favor of more aid to the Pacific theatre of war. He says the British have pledged their help when Hitler is beaten and he feels that the government then in power will sincerely try to carry out that policy, but that once demobilization starts no British cabinet will be able to stem the tide of disorganization that will ensue.

Tonnage to Beat Japs

The tonnage is available to beat the Japanese in less than two years—even before Hitler. Maybe the British plan calls for a slower war than our authorities have heretofore visualized anyway—a sort of slow strangulation of Hitler. If that be the case, it would appear that the American desire to get at Japan can be harmonized with the reported British concept of a different tempo for Europe than we have envisaged. Certainly the British ought not to hold us to the commitments made at Casablanca when now the American people have become so aroused over the execution of our fliers by the Japanese as to bring the national feeling to the boiling point.

But without more tonnage the Navy cannot move supplies and without tonnage we cannot send fighter planes and octane gas and repair parts and troops to storm the airfields and break up the forthcoming Japanese offensive, to say nothing of the need for taking the offensive before Japan has entrenched herself too strongly.

These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

When the Four Freedoms were blazoned before the world, the phrase "Freedom of Expression" was employed to cover a multitude of forms. I asked at the time whether by expression, eurythmic dancing was intended, for it also is a form of expression. The Constitution of the United States uses simpler English to define the freedoms; there is no possibility of confusion there. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt, whose love for the novel once caused him to change the date of Thanksgiving Day but not of Christmas, probably could not avoid the temptation of improving on the Constitution.

Now we are told that when the President intimated that he would keep the press away from the Food Conference, he was being humorous. Maybe so. The likelihood is that having sensed the humor of the country about secret meetings with foreigners, the President, whose sensibility to public reactions is most keen, has changed his tone if not his mind. For unless provision is made for the press to stay at or near the hotel in Hot Springs, the newspaper men will have no access to the delegates and the meetings anyhow. Anyone who has ever been to that resort knows that it can be segregated and isolated.

Mr. John Riquet, who is a veteran of the first World War, suggests the following to appear with each news story:

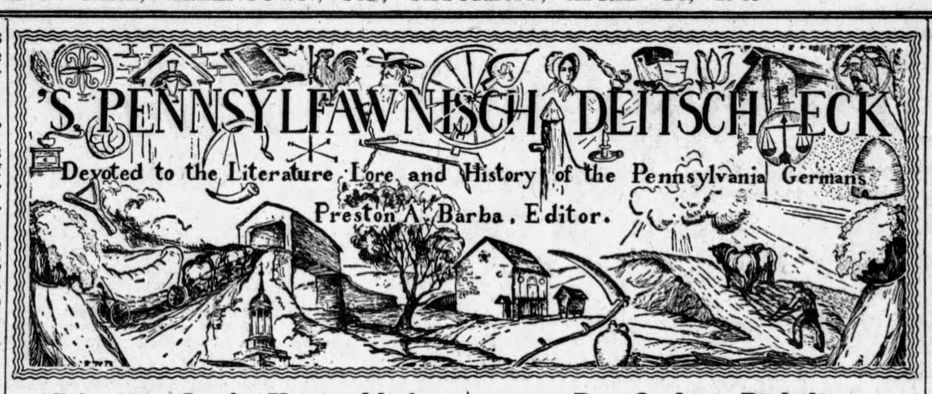
"EDITOR'S NOTE: The above is the only information given the newspapers by the Food Conference officials. We do not know how complete or accurate it is. If the reader feels complete, detailed information should be made available to the public, he should immediately write his Congressman, protesting the exclusion of newspaper reporters from the Food Conference."

And it strikes me as a very wise suggestion. If the public knew that the stuff it read was a "handout" issued by the OWI and not the product of eye-witness and ear-witness reporting, it would assess the information as such and discount it accordingly. The only way to prevent the OWI from becoming an imitation of Goebbels is to have a mob of Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Communist and just bread-earnings reporters on hand to compete with each other for the story. Only by such competition can the truth appear in the news.

Nobody knows exactly why this conference is being held at a time when shipping and other difficulties make world-wide redistribution of food supplies impossible. Certainly there has been no explanation for holding this conference in the former concentration hotel for Japanese diplomats. Apparently, the scheme was to get the United Nationers together in the least accessible spot so that they might get acquainted.

But the foreign delegates had better not do any voting about what this country ought to do with the food that remains in these parts. Our folks may not like it. And if anybody says I'm wrong, I suggest he talk it over with the womenfolks in any market any day between 10:30 and 12 in the morning when most women are pretty angry these days.

And there is one more point to make. Our folks dislike secret sessions. Nothing good for them ever came out of one, particularly with a lot of foreigners around. A session that has to be so secret that no reporter is welcome, not even a peephole columnist, must be about how to reconvert rubber into liverwurst or some such other atrocity. American folks won't like that.



Schtimme Aus'm Kaerrichhof

Vum LLOYD A. MOLL

Der Joel Schantz

EM SCHANTZ sei Naame hot mei Aage efters grickt darrich der Daag, wie ich uff em Kaerrichhof rumgeloffe bin fer sehne, wem das ich rufe wott selle Owed. Awwer es iss mir immer en anner Graab meh indressant vorkumme, so hot der Joel Ruh ghatt far en langi Zeit. Mol ee Owed hawwich endlich ihm mol gerufe far sehne was far'n Schtori er mir gewwe kennt. Ich hab aa lang rufe misse, bis er mir Andwart gewwe hot. Wie er mol gschwetzt hot, hawwich gemeent, ich hett so'n alter Schtrawwler Parre geweckt, seinre Schproch noh. "Wer en Grub graabt far ebber schunscht, der soll selwert neifalle," hot er gsaat un far eweil hawwich nichs schunscht aus ihm griege kenne. "Witt mir en Breddich gewwe?" frog ich.—"Wer en Grub graabt, fallt selwert nei."—"Well," saag ich, "hoscht du eeni gegraawe, weil du des in eem Schtick fart saagscht?"—"Ich hab gegraawe un bin aa neigfalle," hot er geandwart. "So! Ich daet gleiche zu wisse, wie, wann un wu?"—"Oh Eddemiene! Oh Eddemiene!" hot er recht gebrillt, so drauwerich. Wann ich net gewisst hett, dass der Kerl schunn lang unnich em Grund waer, hett ich gedenkt, des waer sei letschter Ochdem. "Was, hot die dich neigschmisse?" hawwich ihn gfrogt. "Nee, nee, en Engel daet so ebbes net!" saagt er. "Well, verzaehl mer die Schtori, verleicht kann ich dir helfe in deim Elend," hawwich so droschtmiedich gsaat. Ich hab awwer widder sei Lammediere heere misse, far sei Andwart. "Nau hald mol's Maul vun deinre verflammte Grub! Saag mer ebbes vun deim Lewe!" hawwich gsaat un des recht schtreng.

"In re Hitt drowwe uff em Bloe Baerrick waar ich gebore, der eensichscht Suh vun meim Vadder. Es Hoffmans, en alter Mann un sei Bu, waare unsere naegschte Nochbre. Die hen siwwe Meil eweck gewuhnt. Brieder un Schweschtre waare kenni, so hawwich nie ken Schpielkummeraade ghatt. Ich hab mich vergnieche misse un hab gut gekennt mit Gewilbert das mei Vadder gezaahmt ghatt hot far mich. Mei Vadder waar en Kohlebrenner un so gschwind, dass ich gross genung waar far schaffe, hawwich ihm helfe misse. Die Fuhrleit, wu kumme sin mit ihre grosse, lange Wegge far die Kohle fart zu faahre, waare die eensichschte fremme Leit, wu mer zu sehne hen grickt vun Yohr zu Yohr. E paar Mol 's Yohr iss der Vadder noch em naegschte Schtedtel far so Schtorsache zu hole, das mir gebreicht hen. Bis ich achtzeh Yohr alt waar hawwich ken Weibsmensch zu sehne grickt as wie mei Mutter. Im Winter wie ich selli Elt grickt hab, iss mei Vadder gschtarwe. Sei letschte Warte waare, ich sett en Graab mache net weit vun unserm Blockheisel un ihn beaerdiche. 'Oh Joel! Mir kenne der Paep doch net verscharre as wie en Schtick Vieh! Des daet mei Haerz gans verbreche. Du gehscht noch's Hoffmans, saagscht em Hessikeie er sett noch em Schtedtel geh zum Parre, ihm saage vun unserm Elend un der Parre bschtelle far en regelmeesichi Leicht zu halde,' hot die Mutter gsaat. Es hot mich bis Mittdaag genumme, far die siwwe Meil darrich die Schneebenke baade noch's Hoffmanns. Es waar dunkel Nacht bis ich widder heemkumme bin. In re Laad, das ich gemacht hab, hen mir der Vadder de vierte Daag uff unser Holsschlidde un sin noch der Kaerrich gfaahre. Voll waar die Kaerrich net, weil mir ken grossi Bekanntschaft ghatt hen un Freindschaft gaar kenni. Ich denk die Leit, wu in der Kaerrich waare, waare yuscht dart far wunnerfitze un mol sehne eb des aa Mensche waere, wu aus de Hecke un Glifte kumme sin. Es waar em Vadder sei Leicht, awwer ich kann dir net viel verzaehle vun was der Parre gsaat hot. Mei Aaage un Gedanke waare yuscht eff e paar Maed, wu so schraeks vun uns niwwer gsotze hen. Wie ich mol uffgewachse waar un die Nadur hot in mir gschafft as wie die Saft in me Zuckermaeble, hawwich oft mei Mutter aageguckt, gewunnert eb yunge Maed aa so gucke daete. Ich hab gemeent die Mutter waer schee, awwer die Maed hen en anneri Scheeheet ghatt. Darrich die gans Leichtbreddich hawwich gewinscht ich kennt mol mit denne Maed schwetze. Es waar mir awwer net so gelunge! Die Mammi hot alsemol ihre Biwel gelese. Wie mir heemkumme waare nooch der Leicht, hot sie awwer alle Owed gsotze un zu sich selwert gelese. Mol ee Owed waar sie schunn noch ihrem Bett, wie's mich gewunnert hot, was sie lese daet. Ich hab die Biwel grickt, uffgemacht un graad var meine Aage schteht die Schtell, wu es saagt, es waer net gut far en Mann eleenich zu sei. Saag ich, 'Joel, des muss schunn so gewest sei vun Ye harre. Du grickscht dir aa en Fraa.' Es hot awwer net so sei solle!" saagt er un losst en langer Seifzer.

"Welschkarn im Gaarde drauert, wann's far Woche lang ken Regge ghatt hot, aerscht henke sich die Faahne, noh die Bletter un es letscht biegt sich der Schtock, bis er zum letschte verwelkt umfallt. So hot die Mutter gedrauert. Wie ich der Vadder der Baerrick nunnergfaahre hab noch seinre ewiche Ruh, waar die Welt kalt un weiss mit Schnee. Wie die Inschingzwiwwel am Baerrick gebliet hot un 's Hechtgraut sei griene Bletter in de Sump gschowe, un es Schpetzel hot schunn gsunge in de Darnche, hawwich die Mutter genumme un newich den Vadder gelegt. Wann Maed in der Kaerrich waare selle Daag, hawwich sie net gsehne. Mei Aage sin iwwerloffe. In e paar Munet all sei Naegschte zuverliere, iss ken Gleenichkeet! Eleenich kann ich net do bleiwe, saag ich noochdem, dass ich den weite Weg zerick heem gemacht hab. Uff der annere Seid un unne am Baerrick hot der Michael Schtrassberger en Saegmiehl uffgschlagge ghatt schunn Yohre devor. Ich hab gedenkt do gengt ich hie un daet mer Aerwet suche. En Ax waar yuscht en Schpielwese far mich, weil ich gross un schtarrick waar un bin uffgewachse mit eenre in der Hand. Es waar ken Baam zu hoch far mich zu graddle, kenner zu dick far mich gans elee unmache un den hawwich schmeisse kenne, graad wu ich en hawwe hab wolle. So waar es mir net bang, dass ich eenich ebbes duh kennt, das der Michael vun mir foddere daet. Er hot gewisst vun meine Eltre ihrem Dod un mich gekennt als en guter Holsmann, so hot er mich gedingt. 'Kannscht graad aafange un wann du unnich em Dach schlofe witt, kannscht bei uns bleiwe,' saagt er, wie ich ihn gfrogt hab far Aerwet. Far en Wuhnhaus hot der Michael sich en gross Blockhaus gebaut, net weit vun der Saegmiehl. Mittdaags hot er mich noch em Haus genumme mit meim Bindel un mir mei Schlofblatz gewisse. Er un sei Fraa, die Eddemiene, hen hunne im Kemmerli gschlofe. Wie ich die Eddemiene gsehne hab, iss mir der Verschtand schteh bliwwe. Sie waar gross, doch net grobbgnochich, hot en Koppvoll kohlschwarze Hohr ghatt, un ihre Backe hen em gemaahnt an en Paersching, wann er recht gut zeidich iss. Awwer ihre Aage! So Aage hawwich noch kenni gsehne ghatt! Sie waare en diefi, bloi Farb un wann sie dich aageguckt hot, hettscht denke kenne, dass du eenicher Schmaerz vergesse hettscht. Ihre Aage hen gschwetzt, sie hett ken Schproch gebraucht. So schee wie sie waar, graad so sauwer waar sie. Sie hot immer geguckt as wie ihre Gleeder frisch gebiggelt waere un im Haus waar alles wie geblose. Was so en absenaad Weibsmensch sehne hot kenne am Michael, hawwich net verschteh kenne. Er waar en grubbicher, grummbeenicher Mann un doch so schtarrick as wie en Bull. Sei unnerscht Maul hot nausgschtanne, die Ohre vum Kopp eweck, sei Aage waare glee un hen dief im Kopp gelege un die Naas hot geguckt, as wann ebber sie gschtaucht hett, eb sie recht gebacke waar. Wann er gschtanne hot mit de Aerm an sich nunner, waare sei Hend unnich die Gnie. Sei Gsicht waar all zughohrt mit rote, grussliche Hohr un wann er so gedaucht geloffe iss, hot mich gemaahnt an der Aff in der Mammi ihrem A B C Buch. Der Michael waar en Mann vun wennich Warte. Gschpreech hot er kens gfiehrt mit seinre Fraa, gschweiye mit fremme Leit. Doch hot es gscheint as wann alles friedlich haergengt in daere Familie. Selle Summer hen mir gsaegt, was im Winter vum Baerrick iwwer der Schnee runnergschleeft waar. Ich waar gans vergniecht in meinre neie Heemet. Wie die Daage lang waare, hen mir gschafft bis schier Dunkel. Wann noch Daaghelling iwwerich waar, hawwich mich gedummelt far mich seiwere eb ich gange bin far die Eddemiene ebbes schaffe. Sie hot mannichmol ewennich gezankt zum Michael, wann er so verdreckt waar. Ich hab 're gholfe im Gaarde, Wasser an der Schpring gholt, Hols feigemacht un in die Holskischt gedraage un eenich ebbes, das ich gsehne hab, wu ich ihre Aerwet schpaare hab kenna. Wann die Owede lang, kiehl un zum letschte widderlich kalt warre sin, hen mer beinanner gsotze in der Kich. Nooch em Nachtesse, hot der Michael sich in der gross Schockelschtuhl geblotzt. Glei iss sei grusslicher Baart uff die Brusht gfalle, noh hot er gschnarrickst bis nein Uhr. Wie die Uhr neine gschlagge hot, iss er wacker warre, uffgschtanne un ins Kemmerli ins Bett. Die Eddemiene hot ihre Schtrickes hiegelegt un iss ihm noh. Es waar nichs schunscht far mich zu duh, as wie die Leeder nuffgraddle un aa ins Bett zu geh. Was hen mer als en scheeni Zeit ghatt, die Weil as der Michael 'Riewe gekocht hot' uff seim Shockelschtuhl! Die Eddemiene waar noch net so viel Yohre in denne Baerye drin gewest. Sie waar in me Schtedtel uffgebrocht. Sie hot mich ausgfrogt weeich meine Eltre, wie ich uffgebrocht bin warre, vum Lewe so eleenich in der Wildernis drin un der Yacht vun de wilde Diere in daere Gegend. Es aerscht waar ich bleed, awwer sie hot mich so ans Schwetze grickt, dass ich des glei vergesse ghatt hab. Sie hot mir verzaehlt vun de Bletz, das sie schunn waar. Wann sie als verzeahlt hot vun Lewe in der Schtadt Phildelphi, wie wunnervolle Sache as es do gaebt, wie die Leit sich dart blessiere daete un so weiter, hot sie als en langer Seifzer gelosst. Ihre Aage hen geguckt, as wann sie aeryets weit fart gucke daete. Ich waar net zu faul far schaffe, awwer ich hab oft gewinscht en Owed waer vierunzwansich Schtunn lang. Wann ich ins Bett waar nooch so me blessierliche Owed hawwich mannichmol wacker gelegge un gedenkt. Waer es net en Haerrlichkeet far so'n Fraa zu hawwe? Ya—wann's yuscht die Eddemiene sei kennt! Awwer niemols hawwich ihre ee verschaemt Wart gewwe! Sie muss en verleedlich Lewe ghatt hawwe—eb ich kumme bin far schaffe far der Michael. Nochbere waare kenni naegscht un Kinner hen's Schtrassbergers kenni ghatt. Die Fuhrleit, wu kumme sin far Hols eweck zu faahre vun der Saegmiehl, hen oftmols gezaerrt mit 'nanner, wann es en Bobbel gewwe hot in eem seinre Familie. Wann die Eddemiene des gheert hot, hot sie en Seizer glosst un iss fartgeloffe. En Kind waer gewiss en gross Vergnieche gewest zu 're, dart in de Hecke drin. Wie gsaat, ihre Mann waar vun wennich Warte. Ich lieg net, wann ich dir saagt, dass er mannicher Daag yuscht zwee Warte gschwetzt hot—Ya un Nee. Well, bis die Feierdaage kumme sin, waar ich iwwer Kopp un Hals in Lieb. Am Nachtesse zwee Owed var Grischtdaag, saagt sie, 'Michael, waer 's net schee wann mir en Grischtbaam uffschtelle daete?'—'Ya well,' saagt er un hot net mol uffgeguckt, wie er die gebrotne Grummbeere zum Maul neigschaufelt hot. Oweds var Grischdaag iss der Vollmond yuscht so schepp iwwer der Baerrick uffgange. Es Licht vun de Schtaerne hot recht gezingelt. Es waar glaar un kalt. So kalt, dass em die Naaselecher zammegebabbt sin iwwerm Schnaufe. Der Schnee hot gegraechelt un gegraunst unnich meine Schtiwwel un wu er en Gruscht ghatt hot, bin ich alsemol gerutscht, wie ich der Baerrick nuff bin. Des waar net die aerscht Nacht, dass ich unnich so Umschtende draus waar, awwer ich hab gemeent, in all meim Lewe waer die Welt net schenner gewest. Die Baem hen gsunge zu mir, wie der Wind so leis darrich die nackiche Neschte gsaust hot. Die Schadde vun der Nescht hen recht gedenselt uff der Schneegruscht. Die Nadur hawwich gemeent daet sich freehe mit mitleidichem Haerz, dass ich uff em Weg waer far'n Grischtbaam hole far die Eddemiene. So en Fred hawwich niemols in meim Haerz ghatt. Ich hab en Zedrebaam vun weitem gsehne un bin aafange schpringe as wann ich bang waer ebber schunscht kennt en griege. Wie mei Ax die Schpee eweck ghackt hot, dass sie uff de Schneegruscht der Baerrick nunnergschliffe sin, hawwich gsunge. Der Baam hawwich heem un der Michael is wacker warre wie ich die Dier uffgemacht hab. Er hot sei gleene Aage recht uffgerisse, die Gschicht bedracht, saag 'Huh' un hot widder fartgschlummert. Die Eddemiene hot gschtanne graad wie ich mir als eigebild hab, dass em Lot sei Fraa hot, wu mer in der Biwel lest devun. Es iss ken Wart gschwetzt warre. Sie hot net gebreicht, ihre Aage hen gsaat was sie zu saage ghatt hot un ich hab net gekennt. Mer hen der Baam uffgschtellt un die Eddemiene hot so Gleenichkeete druffghenkt. Naegschte Marye hot en Paar abbadiche dicke Schtrimp un en Kapp drunner gelegge far der Michael un far mich waare en Paar Hensching. Des Sach hot sie hehlingerweis gschtrickt ghatt. Zu dem karyose Mann hot der Baam un die Sache nichs gemeent, er hot sie kaum aageguckt. Daags denooch hot der Michael mich vun der Saegmiehl noch em Haus gschickt far ebbes hole. Wie ich neikumme bin, sehn ich die Eddemiene var em Offe sitze am Heile. 'Was fehlt, fiehlscht net gut?' hawwich gfrogt. 'Oh, so'n Mann! Ich bin net meh zu ihm as wie die Kuh im Schtall! Hoscht achtgenumme, er hot net ee Wart zu saage ghatt vun de Sache, dass ich so schee gemacht hab far'n? Geschter hawwich mei Beschtes gebrowiert far en recht gut Esse mache vum Welschhaahne, das du gschosse hoscht far unser Mittdaag weil es Grischtdaag waer. Er iss vum Disch uffgschtanne, sei grossi Hand iwwer's Maul gewischt, ab naus noch der Miehl unni ee Wart zu saage. Wann mer sei Beschtes browiert ebber zu titteliere un grickt gaar ken Dank, iss em die Welt verleed.' Noh hot sie gheilt, dass sie gschttelt hot. Ich hab mei Hand so uff ihre Kopp gelegt un saag, 'Oh Eddemiene, ich—' awwer weiter bin ich net kumme mit was ich en dausendmol schunn uff der Zung ghatt hab. Sie iss zammegfaahre, ihre Kopp eweck gerisse un hot mich in die Aage neigeguckt. So'n Guck aus Aage hawwich yuscht eemol in all meim Lewe gsehne. Des waar wie ich mol en Haerschkuh gschtoche hab, noochdem dass ich sie newich ihrem Gleene eweck gschosse ghatt hab. Die Eddemiene ihre Aage hen mich do draa gemaahnt. 'Nee, nee, Joel! Es kann net sei! Er iss alsnoch mei Mann,' hot sie gsaat. In e paar Daag waare die Sache vergesse un mer hen im alte Graad fartgelebt. Der Winter veriwwer, die Bleck vun de Baem das mer ungemacht ghatt hen, warre all vum Baerrick gschleeft, noh iss es widder ans Saege gange. Mer hen en grosser Weisseeche Block ghatt—awwer, saag du—do fallt mir yuscht ei—du kummscht verleicht vun der Schtadt un hoscht noch ken Saegmiehl gsehne. Ich zweiwel eb du weescht was en Wenring iss. Des iss en langer Briggel, an dem en Schtick Eise, geboge as wie der Halb Mond, en Schtick zerick vum eem End fascht gemacht iss. Es los End vum Eise iss karz umgeboge un so schpitzich as wie en Nodel. Wann mer's End vum Briggel, wu's Eise fascht iss, uff en Block legt, der Schpitze vum Eise an die Rinn vum Block setzt, noh am annere End vum Briggel in die Heeh ziegt so, dass der Schpitze zum Block neibeisst, hot mer Gewalt far den Block zu rolle odder hewe. Der Michael hot en grossi Zerkelsaeg ghatt, gedriwwe mit der Gewalt vun me Wasserraad. Mit holsne odder eisne Zappe, das mer die Hund gheesse hot, sin die Bleck faschtgemacht warre uff en Boggi. Der Boggi iss uff Kamme gege die Saeg geloffe so, dass es der Block zu de Saegezaeh neigfiehrt hot. Hinnerschich odder vaerschich hot mer den Boggi gehmache kenne. Der Michael hot naegscht an der Saeg gschtanne un hot immer selwert zu dem gsehne. Wie gsaat, mir hen en grosser Weisseeche uff em Boggi ghatt. Der Michael hot gsehne, dass die Bleck net zu schtarrick in die scharfe Saegezaeh geloffe sin. Uff ee odder der anner Weg hot der Block sich loss gschaaft hinne uff em Boggi. Des hot der Block schepp zu der Saeg neilaafe mache. Der Michael hot des Ding graad mache wolle unne die Saeg abschtoppe. Ich bin gschprunge far zwee Wenring un hab ihm eener gewwe. Ferwas er aaghenkt hot varne am Block, weess ich net. Ich waar ans Hinnerend gange. 'Mach dich do vor!' hot er gegrische. Sei Aage hen recht zum Kopp rausgschtanne, wie er am Wenring ghanke hot un gschowe. Selle Marye hawwich die Eddemiene gaar net aus meine Gedanke griege kenne. Wie ich newich ihm aahenke hab wolle, waar sie mir var die Aage. Ich hab gsehne, dass er sei Kopp gans nunnergelegt hot un sei Aage uff der Saeg, wie der Schpitze vun meim Ring in die Rinn vum Block gebisse hot. Ich hab gemacht as wann ich en frischi Hald griege wott, mei Schpitze unnich seiner ghenkt un gerisse. Wie sei Wenring losgelosst hot, hot der Schwang ihn grickt un er iss mit em Kopp wedder die Saeg gfalle. Die Saeg hot sei bludiche Kaerper uff mich gschmisse un schtartzt mich langs iwwer der Block. Ich hab mich losschittle wolle vun der grausame Lascht, noh fangt mei Rock in eens vun de Hund un dart hawwich ghanke, fascht wie en Ratt in de Fall. All des iss bassiert im me Aageblick, awwer ich hab gemeent es waer en Ewichkeit bis die Saeg mich gepackt hot. En schrecklicher Dod! Ya, wer en Grub graabt, fallt selwert nei," hot er gsaat un waar widder fart."

Des Oschter Biebeli

Ei du schee, glee, wollich Oschter Biebeli,
So geel, so weech, so wusslich;
Ich schtreich dich, heb dich in mei Hand—
Dei gleener Schwans iss schund grusslich!

Dei Aage, schwarz wie en rundi Karreli,
Sehne die Micke, un Graas, un Fresse;
Du schwetscht aa zu mir: biep! biep! saagscht du—
Meenscht dei Mammi het dich vergesse?

Awwer glei bischt du draus in de kalte Welt,
Musscht scharre far dei Lewe
Musscht hocke uff me alter Nescht,
Uns Oschter Oier gewwe.

Du aarmer Dropp, ich dauer dich!
Ach, ich muss dich widder bosse;
Nachts bhald ich dich imme waarme Karreb,
Kann dich schier gaar net verlosse.

Ball laafscht du draus im Hinkelhof,
Der Kopp hoch in de Heeh;
Un gackscht un fresscht, un wann du schlofscht,
Schtehscht uff eem geele Bee.

O ya! des iss en kalti Welt,
Un der Bauer hot aa Indresse;
Er will dei Oier glei verkaafe,
Un dich aa ee Daag esse.

Du schee, glee, wollich Oschter Biebeli,
Kennt ich dich yuscht so bhalde!
Un schone vun de wieschte Welt,
Un dich unschuldich halte.

Awwer wie mei gute, alte Freind,
Musscht du mich aa verlosse;
Ich lieb dich, schee, glee, Oschter Biebeli—
Muss dich nochemol "good-bye" bosse.

—MABEL G. SAYER

Deaths of a Day

CLAYTON H. FRY

Clayton H. Fry died on Good Friday in the Allentown hospital, where he had been a patient for several days, in his 72nd year. He was in failing health for some time.

Mr. Fry was born March 21, 1871, a son of the late Alfred S. and Annie M., nee Sieger, Fry. He resided in Catasauqua for a number of years and later made his home with his aunt, the late Mrs. Lillie C. Knauss, at Shoenersville. The only surviving relative is a sister, Mrs. Joseph D. Matchette, of Lebanon. There is also one niece, Anny L. Matchette, of Alexandria, La.

The funeral will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m., with services at the Erdman funeral home, 143 Front St., Catasauqua, Rev. Harvey T. Sell officiating. Interment will be made in the Shoenersville cemetery.

STEPHEN G. TIMKO

Stephen G. Timko, 903 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem, died at 6:40 a. m. Friday in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown.

A native of Czechoslovakia, he was a member of SS. Cyrillus and Methodius church and affiliated with a number of societies of the congregation.

Surviving are his wife, Veronica Kolar Timko, and 11 children: Anna R., Barbara F., Sofia, at home; Mrs. Mary Broski, Hazleton; Mrs. Veronica Werszner, Bethlehem; Mrs. Helen Schiller, Philadelphia; Sergeant Francis P. Timko, U. S. Army, stationed at Camp Phillips, Kansas; Patrick M. Timko, of the U. S. Navy; Stephen Timko Jr., Raritan, N. J.; Cyril Timko, Newark, N. J.; John Timko, Bethlehem. Two sisters, Mrs. Stephen Thomas, Bethlehem, and Mrs. Andrew Saziske, of Europe, and 11 grandchildren also survive.

A daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Ruyak preceded him in death nine years ago.

Funeral arrangements will be completed when the sons who are in the service return home.

FRANK J. FEIST

Frank James Feist, 58, a native of Lehighton, residing at 228 Northampton St., Hellertown, died at 9 a. m. Friday in the Quakertown hospital, where he had been a medical patient since April 5.

Mr. Feist was an employe of the Bethlehem Steel Co. for the past 26 years and at the time of his death had been in the employ of the maintenance department, main office building of the Steel company.

He was born in Lehighton, Nov. 17, 1884, a son of the late Samuel and Maryann, nee Goldberg, Feist. He was a member of St. Matthew's Lutheran church, Bethlehem, and Washington camp, No. 39, P. O. S. of A., also of Bethlehem.

There survive the wife, Gertie, nee Young, Feist; a son, Elmer J. Feist, Bethlehem; two daughters, Dorothy, at home, and Mrs. Cora Singer, Easton; three sisters, Mrs. Lizzie Eckhart and Mrs. Annie Frey,

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
My starry wings
I do forsake,
Love's highway of humility to take.
—Moore.

THE SUPREME TEST COMES TODAY

An important test of strength and authority will come today at 10 o'clock, the hour at which President Roosevelt has ordered the 100,000 striking coal miners to return to their work. It will then be determined whether a few willful men, led by the stubborn John L. Lewis, can refuse with impunity to obey the orders of the Nation's chief executive when the soldiers and sailors, whose commander-in-chief he is also, must obey his orders or face the most serious punishment.

For weeks the threat of strike by half a million men in an industry that is vital to the war production effort, to transportation and to the comfort and welfare of the American people has been hanging over America. In the impending crisis for the war effort the leaders of this half million men have done nothing to ease the situation but rather have done much to make it more serious.

While the miners have been submitting a lot of arguments and demands for "working agreements," wage increases and the like, there is one bald fact that makes the American people callous to all their talk. It is the fact that the country is at war, that coal is vitally needed for every enterprise that keeps the American production machine in operation and that refusal to produce that coal is as disloyal to the nation as would be the refusal of a soldier to go out into the fighting line or the crew of a ship to sail into action against a Japanese warship.

Without any doubt the miners have "their side" of the question but they are getting scant hearing for their side from the American people because of the tactics pursued in presenting their side and the fact that we are in a war.

If an Administration hostile to the miners were in power in Washington; if there were no machinery for the presentation of claims and the adjustment of grievances and the power and will to enforce any adjustments that had been ordered, there might be more consideration for and sympathy with the use of force. But with all the safeguards that have been set up, strikes have been made almost unnecessary in times of peace. In time of war they are utterly indefensible.

Without a doubt Mr. Roosevelt coddled Mr. Lewis and his tactics in times of peace. But the time for coddling has passed. The scene has been changed completely. The actors upon the stage should realize it.

Millions of men have gone into the armed services and many of them did not go any too willingly. Many of them can be presumed not to be liking their state of life any too much. But they are not griping. They are not deserting by companies and regiments and divisions. Except for the very rare deserter, they are sticking to their jobs and they are doing their best. In turn, they have the right to expect everybody else in the country to stick to their tasks and responsibilities. The miners are no exception. They especially are no exception because their product is so vital to the war effort.

ROBERT "PUT IN HIS PLACE"

After years of fussing about Martinique, after all the effort since the fall of France to wean Admiral Robert, the boss in that area, away from the influence of the Nazis, defeat now is acknowledged in the cancellation by our State Department of all pacts entered into with the government in that island and Guadeloupe.

Last November all shipments of food to the islands, which are not self-supporting, were ordered halted and have not been resumed since. Effort was made to get Admiral Robert to take sides with General Giraud after he had for more than two years refused to take sides with General deGaulle. But that failed. Instead only a few days ago Admiral Robert issued what was a rather impudent statement to The Associated Press in which he sought to take advantage of the Allies' failure to effect a satisfactory union between the Giraud and deGaulle groups.

But now the kid gloves have been removed by Secretary Hull. He has told Admiral Robert emphatically that he is finished with him. He has told him that he is a tool of Vichy and therefore a tool of the Nazis and under these conditions there is no basis upon which the United States can collaborate and cooperate for the benefit of the French people and their cause in the West Indies.

Secretary Hull has been very patient. He has been far more patient than the American people and their press. If they had had their way, Admiral Robert would have been put in his place long, long ago.

NEWSPAPERS' GIFT TO WAR EFFORT

A newspaper is a business enterprise that buys many things, employs many people to produce an article that is sold to the public at nominal price, leaving it with but one profitable thing to sell, namely the space that is in its columns and pages.

Contrary to the apparent opinion of a great many people, the cost of a paper is not covered by the 2c, 3c or 5c charge that may be made for it. That charge does not even cover the cost of the ink and the paper that is in the publication, let alone the cost of its production. It's the sale of space to advertisers which makes newspaper and even magazine publication possible.

So when newspapers give abundantly and freely of their space for the advertising of the war effort they are making a donation that is as truly a donation as the act of a merchant who takes goods from his shelves and counters and turns it over to some war cause.

What this space has amounted to in dollars and cents was calculated for the American Newspaper Publishers' association at their meeting last week in New York when they were told that it has been figured to amount to more than $50,000,000 since Pearl Harbor. And it was added that probably no other single business or line of industry in the nation has made such an unpaid-for contribution of actual "stock-in-trade" to the war effort on the home front.

Real Honor System

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 30 (Special Dispatch)—Intimations are emanating from the OPA that, because the honor system didn't succeed in cutting down "pleasure driving," the principle of voluntary cooperation will be relied upon less and less—and presumably coercion or disciplinary action more and more—in the handling of gasoline rationing.

It would be most unfortunate if the impression were permitted to grow that the honor system really failed in the matter of using gasoline for "pleasure driving." The truth is that, with the exception of one or two brief announcements about it, no nation-wide campaign of education to urge the people to avoid "pleasure driving" was undertaken by any governmental agency. Nor was any satisfactory explanation ever made authoritatively as to what was the legitimate difference between "pleasure" and "occupational" or "necessary" driving for household purposes.

One of the prerequisites to an effective application of the honor system is that the people shall have complete confidence in the honor and integrity of the agency which issues the appeal. It cannot be denied that the OPA was in bad repute around the first of this year because of the inept way it sought to handle rationing. One of the first things necessary was to rebuild confidence in the OPA itself. But more important still was the dissemination of accurate information to automobile users.

It can be assumed that millions of auto users never had anybody tell them there was such a thing as an honor system on "pleasure driving" in existence. In fact, when the policy of threatening penalties was withdrawn, no substitute policy was formulated which could be regarded as in effect. The belief prevailed widely that with the lengthening of the time when coupons could be used—so that, in effect, one and one-half gallons per week were allotted—all regulations as to how the gasoline could be used were withdrawn. If this is not so then the OPA might well consider a pronouncement to the public, explaining just what it hopes and expects the people to do with the meager allowances they are permitted, especially in the eastern states.

The truth is that the facts about the gasoline shortage are still not as widely known as they should be. There isn't much need for secrecy now from a military standpoint, as most of the facts have been revealed before congressional committees or in official statements. It would be helpful if the people were told how the existing supply can be or is being distributed so that the individual can realize the extent to which his conservation is of help in the war effort.

It is discouraging to hear that a breakdown in the honor system is blamed for something that doesn't even remotely involve the honor system. For unless the people are told all the facts and given all the data and full explanations are made as to what gasoline should or should not be used for, it cannot be expected that a policy of voluntary cooperation is really in effect.

The difference between a democracy and a totalitarian state is in the manner by which each is organized for war. America depends on the principle of volition and, while in some instances penalties must be imposed in order to punish the small minority who can do damage by their infractions, it usually happens that even the few who chisel do not make it worth while to put under discipline the many who conform.

It was a mistake, for instance, for the OPA under the Henderson regime to threaten arrest of citizens for the use of their gasoline in ways which they deemed legitimate. It would be a mistake now to introduce penalties either for the violation of a so-called "pleasure driving" ban or any other so-called misuse of ration coupons, except well-known fraud practices.

What is ever so much more important is to organize a nation-wide campaign on rationing similar to that which has been accomplished with the drive to sell war bonds. But mere appeal or exhortation will not be effective. There must be more facts, more reasons to justify the rationing policies that have been announced, so that the people will shame those who are not cooperating. It would be a wonderful thing if the national administration really tried voluntary cooperation in rationing policy. The result would mean considerable conservation and a triumph for the principle of organized democracy as against organized coercion.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

ADMINISTRATIVE CONFUSION

It must be understood that William M. Jeffers, Judge Robert P. Patterson, Harold Ickes, Donald Nelson and Elmer Davis are not fighting each other for personal gain or even personal glory. Each man believes that he is right. Each man seeks to serve his country. The administrative tangle is clearly due to the fact that there is no central administrative authority who fixes policy precisely and delegates both responsibility and authority. Woodrow Wilson did exactly that and his conduct of the war was not marred by unseemly rows which must aid and comfort the enemy.

The present quarrel, which has continued for five or six month, is over the allocation of supplies which are needed, in equal urgency, for four purposes:

Escort vessels, rubber, high octane gasoline, airplanes.

There must be one central authority, the President to decide which of these four items takes precedence and for how long.

Naturally, Mr. Jeffers is anxious about rubber which is his responsibility; Mr. Ickes about gasoline which is his responsibility; and Judge Patterson about escort vessels and airplanes which is his responsibility. And Mr. Nelson is badgered by all of them who want valves, heat exchangers, tubing, compressors and a thousand and one items which they all require to do their jobs. Actually there is not enough of anything to go around and what there is seems to be going to too many places for practical results. This is one of the difficulties that we face.

Of course, all this should have been anticipated. Practical engineers can work out the requirements of any given program, if the program remains stationary for the period proposed, or they can leave margins for probable revisions. This is a matter of the intelligent mobilization of industrial production and that Mr. Baruch has been wailing for since 1938 when his voice sounded like a prophet's in a desert. But there has been no intelligent mobilization of industrial production. There has been a hit-and-miss response to public pressures. Heat has been put on certain activities when the complaint concerning them has been too articulate. It has been all politics and insufficient engineering. Such an opportunism could not but result in chaos and when to that is added the single, outstanding fact that the final decision must be with the President and that he shifts decision—we witness the spectacle of grown, serious, earnest, honest officials fighting each other like kilkenny cats.

Jeffer's case is simple. He was given a job to do and he did it. The other gentlemen were apparently asleep on the job and Jeffers walked off with the supplies which they might have had had they been on the job.

Yet the fact remains that we have to keep our own boys supplied or they will be slaughtered. That is the central fact in all this quarrel. That is the fact with regard to which we shall hold all these men and even the President accountable. There is no shifting that. There can be no propaganda concerning that. Even if censorship and propaganda and lies can cover up the facts now, one day they will come out. Yes, one day facts that are pretty well-known today and cannot be mentioned without advantage to Hitler, will come to light. And the American people will demand an accounting—will demand it in no uncertain language.

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Pert and Pertinent

The ideal town is one not too large to be bothered with a crime wave and yet large enough for people not to become so well acquainted with you to gossip about you.

Some people measure success in terms of money, some by fame, and some by achievement.

One disadvantage to being a township school teacher is that you have to take the "sass" of the kids whose dads are members of the school board.

Perhaps it would help some if we could breed a variety of corn borer that would live in the radio broadcasting studios.



REVIEW

RHINELANDERS ON THE YADKIN. The Story of the Pennsylvania Germans in Rowan and Cabarrus. By CARL HAMMER, Jr., M.A., Ph.D. Member of the Department of German, Vanderbilt University.—Rowan Printing Company, Salisbury, N. C.

This slender volume sets forth the history of the Pennsylvania German settlements in Rowan and Cabarrus counties of North Carolina. Upwards of two centuries have passed since the kith and kin of our own Pennsylvania German ancestors settled in piedmont Carolina and their descendants were forgotten. This little book will serve to acquaint us here in Pennsylvania with our remote cousins.

In his first chapter the author reviews the well-known facts that lead to the early Rhenish and Palatine emigrations to the Valley of the Hudson and to eastern Pennsylvania. Also he mentions briefly the company of 600 Palatines and Swiss who, under the leadership of Christoph von Graffenried and Louis Michel, arrived in 1710 and founded New Bern at the confluence of the Neuse and the Trent rivers in North Carolina.

But it is the later Palatine migrations to North Carolina with which this book is chiefly occupied, migrations which came into full swing between 1750 and 1775, continuing through the Revolution over a period of about forty years. These Palatines did not, however, come directly from Europe. Seeking to better their condition they left the more densely populated areas of eastern Pennsylvania and journeyed overland southward, conveying their household goods and farm equipments by wagon and driving their livestock before them. They made their way into Virginia, down the Shenandoah Valley where many settled, while others continued the long trek, following the Staunton river through the Blue Ridge into the Valley of the Yadkin. In North Carolina they settled over a territory embracing a number of counties, but the author is concerned chiefly with those in southeastern Rowan and in the adjoining section of Cabarrus county.

But for the small group of Moravians who began to arrive in North Carolina in 1753 and established the settlement of "Wachovia" (named for Count Zinzendorf's domains in the Valley of Wachau in Austria) most of these German settlers were adherents of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches. Two significant chapters "Lutheran Heroes" and "The German Reformed Church and Its Builders" set forth the activities of these two churches in these parts.

This book should strike a responsive chord in the hearts of us Pennsylvania Germans who continue to dwell in the home state, for there in North Carolina, in the Valley of the Yadkin, there are rural sections which are very like our own in Pennsylvania; there our kin established themselves upon farms, which became models of excellent tillage; there they prospered and built themselves houses of substantial workmanship proudly inscribed with date and names of builders; and reared churches of fine stone masonry. The book contains illustrations of the Lutheran "Organ Church," completed in 1794 and thus called because of the pipe organ which one Johannes Steigerwalt built for it; and also of the Reformed Lowerstone Church, begun in 1795, with its quaint inscriptions above the outside doors. Both these edifices are fine examples of Pennsylvania German masonry and remind us strongly of some of our own fine old Pennsylvania German rural churches (those few which have escaped our ambitious vandal clergy who, have alas! razed so many of them and reared architectural monstrosities in their stead). The old cemeteries contain many tombstones with German epitaphs, similar to our own here in Pennsylvania. Here we read such familiar names as: Edelman, Klein, Berger, Lentz, Eisenhauer, Weaver (Weber), Yost, Klotz, Kern, Reinhardt, Richter, Schenck, Schwenk, Seip, Wenzel and Wehrle.—And if you meet a Mr. Carpenter in these parts he was probably a Zimmermann, and pioneer Schneider's posterity are now known as Taylor. The great-grandchildren of a settler named Klein today sign themselves variously: Peter Klein, John Kline, Jacob Cline, John Small, George Little and William Short!

Here in the Valley of the Yadkin our own dialect was spoken up to yesterday. Here in autumn they cooked their "Latwaerrick," baked their excellent bread in out-door ovens and bake to this day their pie in deep, earthenware plates. Nor do they forget to bake their **Fastnacht** cakes at Shrovetide. They help each other at the barn-raising and corn-shucking (yes, the finding of the red ear carried with it the same osculatory privileges). They had the same superstitions and planted only when the moon and zodiac were right; they were not without their "Hexe," practiced the art of "brauche" or pow-wowing and had their **Belsnickel** and **Grischtkindel**.

From the chapter "The Way the Old Folks Talked" we learn that there was no longer much preaching in German after 1850. The dialect itself gradually died out and at the turn of the century but few remained who spoke it. Of the four men from whom the author gathered the fragments he includes in this chapter three are gone. It is regrettable that no earlier linguistic studies were made for this region.

The author makes only casual reference to the period of the Civil War and the relation of these Pennsylvania Germans to it and the question of slavery. Here the reader will wish for more thorough treatment.

The author concludes his retrospect over nearly two hundred years of Palatine traditions in the Valley of the Yadkin with two fine paragraphs which deserve to be quoted here:

"Thus our citizens of German blood have followed consistently in the footsteps of their ancestors from the Palatinate. Those Rhinelanders were poor immigrants, mainly farmers and artisans. With strong, willing hands, resolute minds, and reverent hearts, they set to work and made their hopes of a promised land come true.

"To posterity they bequeathed no great wealth, but rather the heritage of diligence, constancy, sincerity, and withal kindliness—qualities which have lived on to this day among Carolina folk of Rhenish extraction. Among the more enlightened there is still a proud consciousness of that lineage, notwithstanding occasional slurs at the hands of time-serving political chicanery and despite aspersions cast by those who are ignorant of the heroic past and worthy present belonging to the German element in the Old North State. Even as their forefathers helped establish a great country, so successive generations have unfalteringly built upon that foundation. . . . Theirs have been the world-sustaining arts of peace, and upon that merit they have stood and will stand. While making no spurious claims to once-great ancestry or imaginary relationships with royal or ducal families, they can look back, with well-deserved satisfaction, to 'the nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil.'"—ED.

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

The "Conrad Weiser"

A letter from the Honorable Daniel K. Hoch, well-known Representative from Berks in the Congress of the United States, informs the editor of the ECK of his efforts and success in having one of the Liberty vessels named for Conrad Weiser, distinguished Pennsylvania German pioneer, diplomat, Indian agent and interpreter. Representative Hoch on January 11 wrote to Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, presenting his request in behalf of the Historical Society of Berks County that one of the Liberty vessels be named for Conrad Weiser. On January 15 Representative Hoch received a letter from Admiral Land saying "The Commission will be glad to assign the name of Conrad Weiser to a vessel in the next group to be turned out by the Bethlehem-Fairfield Shipyard at Baltimore, Maryland." "We are now awaiting the time when we shall be told that this vessel is ready for launching when we are having a direct descendant of Conrad Weiser, Miss Katherine F. Muhlenberg who is now serving with the WAVES, to christen the vessel."

This information will be gratifying to all who have followed Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's detailed life of Conrad Weiser as published in the ECK, beginning with Oct. 5, 1940 and concluded in the ECK for Jan. 9, 1943.

The "Molly Pitcher"

From the same source of information we learn that through a recommendation which came from school children during the scrap drive conducted several months ago one of the Liberty vessels launched some time ago was christened the "Molly Pitcher," thus honoring a Pennsylvania German maiden. "Molly Pitcher," the heroine of the Battle of Monmouth was Mary Ludwig of Carlisle, Pa., who married John Casper Hayes and accompanied him to the war. It was not altogether uncommon for wives to accompany their husbands during the Revolutionary War. Mary carried water to the thirsting soldiers, hence the name they gave her. When her husband, an artillery man, was wounded behind his cannon she took his place at the gun. She remained with the army to the close of the war, rendering service as a nurse. Widow Hayes later married a John McCauly, an army companion of her former husband. On Feb. 21, 1822, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a bill granting her an annuity. The bill was approved and signed by Gov. Joseph Hiester. Molly lived to the age of 79 and died in Carlisle. She was buried with military honors. In the centennial year of 1876 a modest monument was reared to her memory. It bears the inscription: "Mollie McCauly. Renowned in History as "Mollie Pitcher." The heroine of Monmouth. Died January, 1833. Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County, July 4, 1876".—For a detailed account see "Molly Pitcher, A Pennsylvania German Woman" in the ECK for July 3, 1937.

* * * *

Editor of the ECK:

It has been my pleasure for many years to read the ECK under your editorship in the Allentown Morning Call. I am especially grateful for the translation and printing of a letter (in the ECK for April 3) written by Andrew Krauss, the organ builder, inasmuch as he belongs to my ancestral family stock. I have the diary in translation of his brother John, the original of which is preserved in the Schwenkfelder Historical Library. During the last year the original will of George, another brother, came to light and I have translated it into English. It also is now preserved in the Schwenkfelder Historical Library. But I had never seen any writing of Andrew Krauss, nor did I know of the existence of any.

The three Krauss brothers, John, Andrew and George, were the sons of Balthasar Krauss (1743-1805) and his wife Susanna Yeakel. Balthasar was the son of Balthasar (1706-1774) Krauss and his wife Susanna Hoffman. The latter was the oldest child of Anna Krauss (1675-1755) the wife of Melchior Krauss, who died on the way to the port of embarkation in 1733. She and the children arrived in Philadelphia on Sept. 22, 1733.

The three Krauss brothers, John, Andrew and George were in many respects exceptional characters. John was exceptionally well educated, wrote, translated from Latin and Greek into German, and edited in all some 19 books. He wrote an original book on algebra and geometry with considerable problems in surveying and navigation, beautifully illustrated with diagrams and mathematical figures. The original is preserved in the Schwenkfelder Historical Library. He kept an excellent diary which shows that the brothers aided and assisted each other. The price which my congregation paid for a pipe organ in 1806 is there stated as well as that of organs built for other congregations. He was a surveyor and his original instruments are also preserved in the Schwenkfelder Library. He did a lot of surveying, writing of deeds, agreements, etc. Besides organs, these three brothers also built melodeons, weavers' looms and tools used in the weavers' trade. They conducted a distillery, built a sawmill and made their own tools. They constructed their own houses and barns and did artistic work in making doors, windows, cornices, etc. It does seem that Andrew spent more time at the lathe, and carpenter's bench than either John or George. George seems to have spent more time on the farm, in the orchard and among the cattle. They did their own grafting, raised their own stock and went to market in Allentown, Reading and Philadelphia.

Rev. F. W. Geissenhainer who was pastor here at St. Paul's from 1793 to 1808 is said to have influenced the boys in their organ-building. At that time the Schwenkfelders were still greatly opposed to instrumental music in the church. The Krauss boys were greatly agitated and perplexed because they were looked upon as more or less in league with the evil one because of their genius in organ building.

The last pipe-organ built by a direct lineal descendant of Andrew Krauss was built by Edwin Krauss at Palm, and singularly enough my wife's father not only helped Mr. Krauss build it but actually did most of the work.

Sincerely yours,
REV. HOWARD H. KRAUSS

St. Paul's Lutheran Church,
Red Hill, Pa.

GLAAWE UNSRER VAETER

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Glaawe unsrer Vaeter, lewendich als noch,
Trotz dumpfe Bressende, Feier un Mord—
O wie unsre Haerze mit Freed heftich gloppe
Allezeit mir heere sell prachtvolle Wort.

Glaawe unsrer Vaeter, heilicher Glaawe,
Dir sin mir drei bis in den Tod.

Unsrer Vaeter, in dunkle Lecher gekeit',
Waare doch in Haerz un Gewisse frei;
Wie siess waer's dann, wenn ihre Kinner, wie sie,
Zu sellem Glaawe kennte schtaerwe geirei.

Glaawe unsrer Vaeter, heilicher Glaawe,
Dir sin mir drei bis in den Tod.

Glaawe unsrer Vaeter, mir wolle liewe
Feind sowohl wie Freind in all unser Schtrewe;
Un dann noch dich bredditche wie die Lieb uns weisst,
Mit freindliche Warte un gottselichem Lewe.

Glaawe unsrer Vaeter, heilicher Glaawe,
Dir sin mir drei bis in den Tod.

Tr. by MICHAEL A. GRUBER.

IM 88. YOHR

Ich loss mich alsnoch heere un sehne,
Die Weil mei Gedanke noch wacker sin;
Obwohl wennich schwecher, die Blutschtreeme gehne,
Un ich uff de Beh bissel wacklich bin.

—MICHAEL A. GRUBER.

Professor Gruber, whose contributions have frequently appeared in the ECK, recently sent us the above lines. The well-known Berks County historian and dialect poet is at present confined to the Sibley Hospital, Washington, D. C.

DER GRIEG GAARDE

Do sin mer im me grosse Grieg, doch misse mer aa esse,
Mer wohne lengscht schund in de Schtadt, des Bauere iss vergesse;
Nau wolle mer blanse, Sache reese, kenne gaar net waarde—
Wolle Frichyohr, wolle Land, wolle schaffe draus im Gaarde.

Die Schtadtleit hen yo viel zu laerne, des Gaerdele iss ken Gschpiel:
Der Grund zu graawe, Some saee, Hols hacke far Bohneschtiel;
Es gebt so Blodere in die Hend, un blendi Buckelweh;
Mer wolle Regge, mer wolle Sunn, noh wachse Sache schee.

Mer blanse Welschkarn in die Roi, dann kummt der gross rot Haahne;
Er hot sei Hinkel-harem bei sich mit scheene rote Kamme;
Sie fresse Welschkarn, schpicke sich, un martsche alle Wege;
Mer kennt sie keppe, doch darfe net, sie duhne die Oier lege.

Nau kumme die Bohne, en yeder Bohn hockt owwe uff de Blans;
So gschpassich sin sie rum geringelt, es guckt wie de Sau ihr Schwans;
Mer reisse sie raus, un drehe sie rum, un schtecke sie in der Dreck;
Mer wisse net, wann sie wachse duhn, kumme sie raus being Chiang Kai Shek.

O mer hoffe far Gummere wie Fenseriggel un Peffer rot un geel;
Grautkepp wie en Weifass, un Weeze far maahle zu Mehl;
Un Grumbiere Baem so hoch gewaschse in re gans karze Zeit;
Mer misse die gross Welt fiedere, mir helfe de aarme Leit.

Was gewwe mir um die Keffer, as die Grautkepp fresse welle;
Mer denke an der "Deitsch" un gehne graad ans Schelle;
Selli wieschte geele Warrem, wie die Tschaps mache sie uns Kummer;
Awwer mer hacke ihne die Kepp ab un die Sunn geht widder nunner.

Des iss ken Gschpass, mer wisse sell, en yeders muss ebbes duh
Fer helfe unser Feind zu dresche, un aa Friede gewinne dezu;
Un wann eens meent, er breicht nix duh, iss er dumm wie en Schtall voll Kelwer.
En Mann macht en gleener Bundel, das gewickelt iss in sich selwer.

So blanse mer im Gaarde heit die viele Sache zu esse.
Weil mir die Aarme in de Welt un Saldaate net vergesse;
Awwer wann die Deiwel gedrosche sin, un die Buwe kumme heem,
Will ich hoffe hen mer Blummegaarde, un die Sunn scheint darrich die Baem.

Un schtandhaft schaffe mir yeder Daag, un sin aa net verdrosse;
Es kann uns niemand leddere, mir duhne sie net losse;
Mir schaffe far unser Freiheit, mir fechte far unser Land,
Weil mir Gaarde graawe un Some blanse mit Blodere in die Hand.

—MABEL G. SAYER.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ANNA ROBERTSHAW

Funeral services for Mrs. Anna Robertshaw, 65, of Owl Creek, Tamaqua R. 3, who died Thursday in the Coaldale hospital, where she had been a surgical patient, will be held on Monday from the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Robertshaw, Owl Creek, with Rev. J. Arthur Schaeffer, pastor of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church, Tamaqua, officiating.

Born in Tamaqua, she was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greasing. Her husband, John Robertshaw, died 12 years ago. She was a member of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church.

Surviving are 10 children: Leroy Robertshaw, Owl Creek; Mrs. William Ohl, Owl Creek; Mrs. Howard Olyphant, 170 Penn St.; Mrs. Walter Schimpf, Owl Creek; Mrs. Wilbur Ohl, Owl Creek; Ernest Robertshaw, Tamaqua; Edwin Robertshaw, of Owl Creek; Clyde Robertshaw, New England; Mrs. George Rex, Summit Hill, and Mrs. Edmund Frick, New England. Four sisters also survive: Mrs. Lena Price, Philadelphia; Mrs. Edward Rinker, 301 Arlington St., Mrs. James Morgans and Mrs. Henry Fenstermacher, Hunter St.

GUS TATUSKO

Funeral services for Gus Tatusko, a former Coaldale resident, who died suddenly in Endicott, N. Y., on Tuesday will be held from the home of his son, Michael, 320 Elizabeth St., Tamaqua, at 2 p. m. tomorrow with further services in St. Mary's Russian Orthodox church, Coaldale, Rev. Andrew Vanyush officiating. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery, Summit Hill.

Mr. Tatusko is survived by 13 children: Ann, Palmyra, N. J.; Andrew, Chicago, Ill.; Michael, Tamaqua; Julia, Merchantsville; Joseph, Theresa and Mary, Endicott, N. Y.; Dorothy, Philadelphia; Nicholas, in the U. S. Naval Air Forces; George, in the Army; Philip, in the Navy; John, serving with the Army overseas, and Olga, New York. A brother, John, Frackville, also survives.

HILBERT E. KERN

Hilbert E. Kern, a salesman of general household supplies in the northern section of the Lehigh county for many years, died at his home at Slatington, R. 2, at 11:45 p. m. Thursday. He had been ailing for several years and was in his 58th year.

Mr. Kern was born at Slatedale, a son of the late Cornelius and Mary, nee Ferber, Kern. He was a member of Slatington lodge, No. 6, Knights of Friendship.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Ellen Smith, Slatedale; a brother, Irvin Kern, Slatedale, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Tevillia Smith.

Rev. Robert Urffer will officiate at funeral services to be held from the Ellwood Heintzelman funeral home, Slatedale, Monday, 2 p. m. Interment will be made in Slatedale cemetery.

LEWIS A. FREED

Lewis A. Freed of 729 S. 5th St., died at 2:45 a. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital, where he had been admitted for medical treatment on Tuesday. He was in his 74th year.

Mr. Freed was a son of the late Albert and Sarah Freed.

Surviving are his wife, Nora, nee Angstadt, Freed, and the following children: Horace, George and Howard Miller and Edwin Freed, Elsie, wife of George Thiergartner, Sarah, wife of Harry Wolf, and Helen, wife of Joseph Ellow, all of Allentown; Albert Freed, Allentown R. 4; Ruth, wife of Albert Motzer, California, and Margaret, at home.

Rev. Blatt will officiate at services to be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Derr Funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St., with interment in the Zionsville Reformed church cemetery.

CHARLES BUSSELMYER

Charles Busselmyer of Bucksville passed away at 9:20 a. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital, where he had been admitted on March 10 for surgical treatment. He was 81 years old.

Funeral arrangements are being made by Undertaker Winfield Schuman of Bucksville.

MRS. AUGUSTA LA VELLE

Mrs. Augusta LaVelle, 46, wife of Martin J. LaVelle, 847 Lincoln St., Easton, died at 5:25 p. m. Thursday at her home after an illness of several months.

Mrs. LaVelle was born in Easton Aug. 3, 1897. She was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church.

Surviving are her husband, two sons, Private Martin J. LaVelle Jr., Tacoma, Wash., and Henry Rudolph LaVelle, Easton; five brothers, Julius, Rudolph, Frank, Ernest and Leo Snyder, all of Easton; three sisters, Mrs. Dora Sterner, Mrs. Herbert Smith and Mrs. George Edwards, all of Easton.

Funeral services will be held at the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith, 522 Iron St., Easton, 2 p. m. Monday, with Rev. Samuel E. Kidd officiating. Burial will be in the South Easton cemetery.

DIES WHILE VISITING—Mrs. M. G. Hammond, formerly a resident of this borough and widow of the late Rev. Benjamin Hammond, died in her sleep Thursday night while on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Robert Wheeler, in Providence, R. I. Mrs. Hammond resided here when the late Rev. Hammond was pastor of Bridge St. Presbyterian church for about eight years. They left here in 1909. Mrs. Hammond had been making her home with a son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Craven Jr., in Scranton. Funeral services will be held in that city Monday and interment will be made on Fairview cemetery, here, at about 3:30 p.m.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Dannie Buchman G'shicht

'N laiser fon da Penn Securities doh in da shtadt hut uns widder 'n Docktor Dannie Buchman g'shicht rei g'shick'd, un woh er secht wear wohr. Des is die finft Dannie Buchman g'shicht os m'r grick'd hen in gons kartz 'm. War kon uns noch may fertzaila?

Der schreiver secht, der docktor Dannie wear mohl ae dawg hard im bux gawest un woh aw gore nix neias g'sawt er het 'n graiserrie load fohra kenna uf seinra tzwae radderricha gig wie aenicher onnerer mon os er gakent het. Anyhow den gawissna dawg wor der Dannie widder gute galawda un hut omma hous nei g'shtopt fer 'n gronk maid'l sehna, un woh weil danoh aw g'shtarva is. 'S maid'l het uf ma grossa shtuhl k'huck'd wie der Dannie nei kumma wear, un ihra hand un arm uf da arm fom shtuhl leia kot.

Der docktor Dannie het sie noh awenich baguck'd, un endlich ra die bulse fiela wolla fer sehna wie ihra hartz wear. In blotz fon ow'r sei finger uf ihra ohm'r laiga, het er die finger uf der orh'm fom shtuhl galaig'd, un weil g'shtonna mit da watch in da onnerra hond, fer sehna wies hartz glubba dade. Wie er 's hartz noh net shierra het kanna glubba, het er g'sawt. "Duh hosh'd yoh ken bulse may, duh gaisht ferdult sei dote."

Noch 'n G'shicht

Noch 'n onnerrie Dannie Buchman g'schicht, fertzailt wie er aw mohl tzimlich gute galawda wor uf seinra gig un der wind hut 'm noh sei shwartzer hute ob gablosa, nagshd on ra shire woh der bauer die kee yusht die shtross nous noch 'm wosser droke gadriva hut kot. Nadierlich wor die shtross fol kee blotcher, un woh der Dannie ainer ganumma hut fer sei hute. Die sawg wor ols, er het gore mechdich drei ous g'sehna wie er gagrabb'd het fer sei hute, un het 'n g'shwind iwwer der kup runner tziega wolla os der wind 'n net widder fert blosa dade.

Fert 'mma Huddle

Sis net dawert os aenich ebber broviert fer die frocka mocher'n Patch'n tzurick halta won sies wert mohl grick'd fer aryads onna kumma bingo shpiela. Wie sie 's wert "Bingo" hoert, gait sie ob fert wos bishda wos hoshda, un die gute hate is ols, os sie noch naryads hanka gabliva is mit 'm kup, odder sie dade shun long rum lawfa un breich'd ken hute. Doh da onner dawg wors gute darrich ihra grosser huddle fer g'shwind fert noch ra bingo party gae.

Die socha sin uf kours ol rous kumma darrich die Howard Landis'n, un die Louie Kopfer'n woh hee worra fer da frocker mocher'n Patch'n, gneb bringa fer on frocka mocha. Wie sie hee kumma sin worra die fenshter shades ol owwa drous, un die dier wor uf, wie ewwa der gabrouch is bei ra frocka mocher'n un sin noh nei ins hous, ow'r wor allas ruich un shtil, un hen naryads niemond hoerra kenna rum waverra. Sie hen weil k'huck'd blauderra, un endlich ober hoera glubba on da hinnershd dier, un sin mohl he fer sehna war drous wear. Noh ferhoftich sei wors die Harry Bartholomews'n, un woh aw kumma wor fer die frocha mocher'n sehna.

Sie hen die Bartholomews'n noh aw haisa nei kumma, un hen fer ordlich weil k'huck'd drei handich blauderra. Iwwel odder wohl is es na doch kayose fohr kumma os doh naryads niemond um dawaig wear, un hen mohl da Patch'n ihra dochter die S. Oplinger'n garufa, ow'r woh aw net sawga hut kenna woh ihra Mam wear. Die dochter hut ow'r net gamaint os sie weit fert wear won die dier uf gawest wear, un hut g'sawt sie sotta yusht noch wenich langer fertziega, sie wear shure os sie iwwer dem bei g'shtiv'ld kaimt.

Ow'r die frocka mocher'n is net kumma, un net kumma. Iwwel odder wohl sin sie alla drei ous gatzoga, un wor

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Much on earth is hidden from us, but to make up for that we have been given a precious mystic sense of our living bond with the other world, with the higher heavenly world, and the roots of our thoughts and feelings are not here, but in other worlds. That is why the philosophers say that we cannot comprehend the reality of things on earth.

—Dostoyevsky.

AFRICA WIPED CLEAN OF AXIS

Just six months today the world was electrified by report of the swift and successful invasion of North Africa by British and American troops. Today on that anniversary the peoples of all democratic countries well may rejoice at the virtual completion of the job begun so dramatically half a year ago.

Yesterday the German and Italian forces which were driven up against Tunis and Bizerte suddenly and unexpectedly collapsed when attack was made against the two large cities in which their last stand was expected. Instead of a siege lasting several weeks, the two cities fell under the initial drives—Bizerte to the Americans and Tunis to the British.

What remains of the Axis forces may be retreating to Cap Bon or it may be hiding in the mountains and hills between the two cities. Wherever it is, it cannot be expected to put up much resistance and in the long run either must be annihilated or submit to capture. Some of the forces may be able to work their way across the narrow Mediterranean to Italy but it has not appeared that the Axis tried a retreat similar to the British at Dunkirk. They may have wished to effect such evacuation and they may have planned it but British control of the Mediterranean undoubtedly broke up any plans in this direction.

By the wiping out of the Axis in Africa some important objectives have been attained. The last vestige of Axis power in Africa has been destroyed. The proud empire that Benito Mussolini sought to rear upon that continent in emulation of the Caesars now has passed completely into other hands. From Ethiopia to Tunisia the only Italians in evidence are those in prison camps or those civilians who went to North Africa as colonists while pursuing the Mussolini rainbow of empire.

More important to the Allied Nations' war effort is the clearing of the south shores of the Mediterranean as to Axis power. For all intents and purposes the Mediterranean has been opened for commerce and it can be kept open against the vanishing Italian navy and the Axis air fleets, now that North African airfields are completely in American and British control.

Hitherto in order to ship supplies to Russia, via Persia, or to our own forces in India, Burma and southern Asia, ships had to make the long trip around the Cape of Good Hope. Ability to go through the Mediterranean will cut many weeks from the sailing time of ships and that will be just as effective as if the number of Allied ships had been increased.

With all of Africa in Allied hands, invasion of Europe can be begun at an early date and from any point that our strategists elect. It will be up to Hitler to guess what the jumping off point will be and what the point of attack will be.

Of course Hitler and his satellites are crowing that the conquest of North Africa took the Americans and British six months and that those six months were precious time lost by the Allies for the invasion of Europe. In that period of time Hitler boasts that he was able to get his defenses in order.

But six months have not been absolutely lost. Those six months have served as a very important training period for our fighting men. Every American who went into North Africa went there as a novice in war. They were trained of course as far as the military camp can train. But they had not been trained as the battlefield alone can train men.

In Africa the Allied armies have been fighting what had been boasted to be the best trained Axis fighters under their greatest general—Rommel. In every phase of fighting the Allies proved themselves superior and a trained, a tried and battle-tested army now is ready for invasion.

PUSHING BACK COST OF LIVING

In all the discussion that preceded the recent mine strikes argument for increased wages was based upon continuing rise in the price of the necessities of life. That same rise in prices was expected to bring a wave of strikes throughout the country this spring and summer.

It has been realized that, to prevent inflation, prices of everything including wages had to be kept in control. But it was also realized that here and there constant seepages were occurring in the dike of price control which sought to hold back the flood of inflationary prices.

Now the most unprecedented wartime move has been made in an order for the reduction on June 1 of prices of meats, coffee and butter by ten per cent. Thus effort is going to be made to halt dangerous inflation by reducing prices and by removing the principal arguments for higher wages.

An important point in this new policy of the Government is that Government expects to subsidize if necessary the production of these foods whose price is being cut by ten per cent.

Effort is to be made to roll back the cost of living instead of permitting it to advance in the way that it has been advancing in spite of the price controls that were set up as to virtually everything that men buy and sell. Simultaneously it was announced by the War Labor Board that there is hope for an effective wage stabilization program which will be in harmony with this reduction in the cost of living.

Inflation could and would wreck the country. Inflation has been a companion of war in all times. It is especially dangerous and threatening in a war that is so vast in its operations as the one in which this country now is engaged. So it takes an intelligent and strongly determined Government to battle the many forces that temporarily at least thrive upon inflation and especially the forces that merely seek their own interests and expect to advance them without disastrous effect to others. However, the entire social system is so completely interlocking that any change in one element immediately affects all other elements. Accordingly every inflationary element has to be subdued unless the avalanche is to be permitted to get upon the move and overwhelm the entire country.

Rolling back the cost of living, through subsidies if necessary, apparently is the course which President Roosevelt has decided to adopt in the present emergency of rising prices.

In Awkward Spot

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 7—Spokesmen for the Treasury and the administration have placed themselves in a rather awkward position by their comments on the tax bill which has just passed the House and on the Ruml plan.

For many weeks the administration spokesmen have been telling the country that it is a crime or a sin or something very terrible for taxpayers to be put on a pay-as-you-go basis by "cancelling" 1942 taxes. The American people have been told in solemn phrases that the Treasury needs the money, that the Ruml plan is a windfall for the taxpayers, and that it is wrong in every sense for the Treasury to "lose" several billions of dollars.

Now comes the Treasury spokesman before the Senate finance committee and says it is all right to cancel $7,238,000,000, as would be accomplished under the Robertson-Forand bill, but it isn't all right to cancel $8,319,000,000, which is what the Ruml-Carlson plan would do.

Just why the principal of "forgiveness" or "abatement" or "skip-a-year" is approved by the Treasury for taxpayers owing $7,238,000,000 but not for taxes totalling $8,319,000,000 is a little difficult to understand. The only explanation given, of course, is that the extra billion might possibly treat certain successful, thrifty American citizens on the same basis as those who are also thrifty and successful but who happen to obtain a somewhat lesser income.

Discrimination between citizens on the basis of capacity to pay is a fundamental principal of taxation, but when the government dispenses its favors it should treat all citizens alike, lest it be charged that the favors are dispensed to those with the most votes. To protect the minority against discrimination is essential in a constitutional system, especially during wartime. When the government asks for the sons of its citizens, to be offered as the supreme sacrifice, it doesn't make any discrimination between its citizens. It asks them all to share alike the burdens of war. The pay-as-you-go plan was brought forward as a means of putting everybody on a current basis and thus actually increasing the amount of money coming into the Treasury this year. But now it appears that the pay-as-you-go plan will apply only to persons in lower income brackets and that those in the upper income brackets will be compelled to stay a year behind unless they happen to have the resources available to become current at once.

The present administration has sowed the seeds of class war in America. It has stirred hate and bitterness as has no other administration in all American history. Even in the midst of war, it cries out for equal sacrifices and appeals for national unity, but it has its dagger out for those who happen to be successful under the American system of private initiative.

The principle involved in treating all taxpayers alike when the government adopts a change in the collection system is fundamental. Because some citizens happen to get an advantage is no reason to complicate and confuse the collection system. Unless America adheres to the principle of recognizing the incentive to reach the top ladder of income brackets, the initiative which must some day save America from statism and collectivism will be swept aside by an all-powerful state.

When depression comes, it is the man with savings, the man of ingenuity and resourcefulness who creates employment and thus gradually diminishes the burden to continue artificial employment. The tax system of the last decade has done everything which reformers and class-minded zealots could do to break down the American system of private initiative.

Labor politicians in America have overreached themselves, and an angry public opinion is beginning to demand a change. So also have the reformers and left-wingers inside the administration overreached themselves. The latest argument in favor of cancelling taxes for some but not for others reveals clearly and persuasively that the tax policy of the United States is being made by those who still cherish punitive ideas toward the successful men of America. The salary limitation bill was one example. The attitude toward the tax bill passed by the House as contrasted with the Ruml-Carlson plan is another.

Little by little the administration is proving its own ineptitude—a regrettable and sad state of affairs at a time when socialistic reform should be set aside and a square deal applied to all citizens in administering the laws of the land.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

THE COURTSHIP OF JOE STALIN

It is to be hoped that Ambassador Joe Davies will be successful in his errand to Moscow. No man is more deserving of reward. His motion picture which the "liberals" call "Submission to Moscow," is beyond doubt the best propaganda job that has been done in this war for any country.

His new mission is one of the most difficult in human history. His role is that of a tryst with Joe, and always the shy Joe has left the lady waiting at the church.

There was that ardent moment at romantic Casablanca. Franklin had flown at great peril and really at enormous sacrifice—for it was just then that the Senate was mulish about Ed Flynn—to meet his unwilling Joe, and he had taken with him Winston Churchill. But Friend Stalin did not show up. He was otherwise engaged at that precise moment. They waited but Joe, who loves the native stones of Moscow, would not leave them for the desert sands of Africa.

If only we could know of all the letters, cables, telegrams, emissaries, telephone conversations that have passed between Washington and Moscow to make it possible for our President to gaze upon the face of Joe Stalin and to hear his voice and to look into his eyes and to see there the riddle of the universe. But nothing has come of it. Even such a one as Wendell Willkie has been permitted a view of the Master (in person), but not the President of the United States.

And so the other Joe—Joe the diplomat, author and scenarist, Talleyrand's successor in the politics of words—Joe Davies will speak to Stalin on the virtues of such a meeting.

And all Americans will hope that Joe Davies succeeds. For we are all of one family, and it grieves us to know that our President has been treated so cavalierly. In the past, our Presidents sat peacefully in the White House and potentates called upon them, but we now have a peripatetic President who likes to do the visiting and it is inhospitable, to say nothing about undignified, to refuse to receive him. Maybe if Theodore Roosevelt had taken that trip to Japan instead of sending William Howard Taft, his Secretary of War, we should today have in Japan an ally instead of a foe. And maybe not.

Of course, there are several thoughts about this. The President, noting how his wife gets around, finds the lust for motion infectious. There seems to be no place to go now that he has been to Mexico on an inspection trip to southern Democrats; therefore he might as well go to Moscow. Harry Hopkins must have told him something about the place that whets his appetite. And, of course, one of the arguments for a Fourth Term is that the President alone can settle all the problems of the universe because he alone of all Americans knows everybody involved in the case. But he does not know Stalin. He has never seen him. He must have a look at him to cherish in his old age the memory of once having gazed upon the face of the man who has subjected so large a part of the human race, including the Uzbegs and the Kazaki, to his will. It's something!

And another reason is that no Roosevelt can ever take a no for an answer. You remember how it was with Theodore. They gainsaid him and he organized the Bull Moose. And certainly no one can tell the Lady Eleanor anything. Nor any of the clan, Oyster Bay or Hyde Park. It is the Dutch in them. Stalin's refusal to meet the President must only stir decision to greater pressure.

May be after Joe Davies has succeeded in arranging this meeting, contact will heighten affection—and then again, you never can tell. There was a time, for example, when Frankiln D. Roosevelt and John L. Lewis were so much like that, that John L. gave Franklin D. a gift of half a million dollars. And look at them now

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THE CUCKOO'S A FINE BIRD

Der Guckuck iss en feiner Voggel,
Singt aa wann er fliegt;
Er bringt uns gudi Nei-ichkeet,
Net hendich as er liegt.

Er sauft die Voggelsoier aus,
Sell macht sei Schtimm so fei;
Un wann er eemol "guckguck" singt,
Dann kummt der Summer bei.

TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN

Der Taffy waar en Welschmann,
Der Taffy waar en Dieb;
Der Taffy schtehlt mei Rinsfleesch,
Sell waar mer net so lieb.
Noh gehn ich an sei Haus,
Der Taffy waar nett dart;
Un kumm ich dann zurick,
Waar'n Suppegnoche fart.
Verwisch ich ihn deheem,
Dann waerr ich awwer grobb;
Ich nemm der Suppegnoche
Un ich schlack ihm uff der Kopp.

—Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

REVIEW

THE STUDY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN DIALECT. By Otto Springer. The Journal of English and Germanic Philology. January, 1943—Published Quarterly by The University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.

This excellent article grew out of a paper read at the Pennsylvania German Conference held in the headquarters of the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation at Philadelphia on January 10, 1942.

Professor Springer reviews here the progress made in the academic study of our dialect from the earliest grammars and handbooks which appeared in the eighties of the last century down to the present day, but en route he offers many valuable suggestions as well as new themes for future scholars in this field. He points out that the study of the Pennsylvania German dialect has passed through phases similar to the study of other languages, proceeding namely from the practical and the descriptive to the historical, phonetic and geographical approach. Within the last years, it is pointed out, two new approaches to a scientific study of our dialect have developed, one in the form of field records and charts and the other in the form of systematic monographs devoted to definitely restricted areas. From such systematic study of the dialect now in progress Professor Springer thinks many linguistic phenomena and problems will become evident and present new tasks for the future scholars in linguistics. He lists the following, considering each at some length:

1—Word formation, which was altogether neglected by earlier scholars such as Haldeman and Learned, or only briefly touched upon by Buffington and Frey.

2—Syntax, which has received considerable attention on the part of Haldeman and Learned as well as from Buffington and Frey by way of comparison with standard German, but which Professor Springer thinks must ultimately be treated descriptively.

3—Lexicography, which has continued over a long period of time to be a popular subject, culminating in Lambert's most inclusive Pennsylvania German Dictionary, with 16,438 entries. Younger scholars have delighted in finding hundreds of words "not in Lambert." It is to be hoped that Dr. A. L. Shoemaker will be able to complete his dictionary planned according to subject matter, a process which should yield many more words not found in Lambert. Professor Springer is of the opinion that the future lexicographer should give special attention to the inclusion of Pennsylvania German proper names, not only for their historical and genealogical value but also for much interesting linguistic information to be obtained from them.

4—The influence of standard German upon the dialect should be traced, inasmuch as a bilinqualism of standard High German and the dialect existed among the Pennsylvania Germans through at least a full century of their history. However with the gradual passing of standard German in religious worship that influence naturally receded and gave way to the influence of English as the official language. The latter influence also needs to be traced in turn.

5—As a vehicle of literary and poetic expression. This subject has received but little treatment, perhaps because it is at the same time the most intangible and illusionary and does not permit of an approach through scientific processes.

6—Under the subject of the involvements of **a uniform spelling** for the dialect the author reviews the efforts that have already been made toward that end.

7—The desirability of a more systematic investigation of the effects of **the mutual impact of English and Pennsylvania German** in a gradual linguistic Americanization. Such study would involve the percentual introduction of English loan-words, their adaptation to the phonemic patterns of our dialect and particularly the gender the dialect assigns to English loan-words.

8—The question of the exact original homes of the Pennsylvania Germans abroad rests eventually, notwithstanding the serious research already done, upon far more extensive preliminary work. While we have long recognized that our speech and our ancestors hailed from the Rhenish Palatinate with infiltrations of Swabian, Swiss, Hessian, etc., we have not yet succeeded in narrowing down the particular areas in the Palatinate from which the dominating elements have come. Nor is it at all certain that such areas can be determined on linguistic grounds. But this is a purely scientific question which can well be postponed and which can have little purport for the Pennsylvania Germans themselves. Professor Springer aptly points out that while much of our dialect literature is nostalgic it is always only a "Heemweh" for the old homestead, early school days and childhood memories, the haunts and pleasures of youth and of the long ago. One seeks in vain for any vestiges of "das grosse Heimweh" for the distant fatherland. That has receded forever under the Stars and Stripes of the New World.

A Bibliography is appended to this very stimulating article.—P.A.B.

DER MAI

Ach, wie lieblich iss der Mai!
Macht er uns net Frucht un Hai?
In der Wiss un uff em Feld
Wachst en yede Halm zu Geld;
Iss er ebmols wennich schpot,
Geht's doch Rose, weiss un rot.

Nooch de Baemlin haucht er 's Blieh
Iwwer alle Noschtlin hie;
Sehnscht en darch die Wiese geh—
Uff em Berg un Hiwwel schteh?
Haucht er Duft vum Himmel blo,
Graad iss 's Laab un 's Blimmli do.

Nooch seim Odem, mild un lau,
Glitzert schunn der Morgetau;
Alles grient un alles blieht,
Wu mer numme anne sieht,
Un an yedem Schpitzli Graas
Henkt en Treppli g'faerbtes Glaas.

Guck, wie dart en Lerchli schwingt,
Harch, wie es so lieblich singt!
Scheoni Aussicht, siesser Schall,
Luscht un Freede iwwerall;
Alles lebt un webt wie nei,
Ach, wie lieblich iss der Mai!

Adapted from H. L. Fischer's KURZWEIL un ZEITFERTREIB. York, Pa. 1896.

BULL BANDS

THE CUSTOM of serenading newly married couples goes back to antiquity, and it may be that the Pipes of Pan were used for mythological newlyweds. To the English the serenaders were known as a Calithumpian band, to the French the serenade was a charivari and to the Pennsylvania Dutch it was a Bull-band. In earlier days no wedding was considered complete until the serenade had taken place. Couples that were separated also were entertained when they became reunited.

Several days after the wedding the concert would take place wherever the couple was living. The players assembled quietly after dark and then suddenly the stillness of the night would be blasted by the sound of the band. There was nothing sweet or melodious about the music of the Bull-band. The main instrument was the "Sei-geig" and the sounds that came from this can only be described as "farrichderlich"!

According to Charles "Butch" Schoener and "Cal" Grimes of Womelsdorf, the "Sei-geig" gets its name from the fact that the trough used for scalding hogs (der Briedrog) furnished the body of the Geig or fiddle and hence the name Sei-geig or pig fiddle. Wires were stretched from one end of the trough to the other and as the ends were higher than the sides, the wires, which acted as the fiddle strings, were elevated and could be played upon. When a scalding trough could not be obtained a strongly-made box, such as a tobacco case, was used as a substitute.

A piece of two-by-four or narrow board, one side covered with rosin, was the bow and was drawn across the wires. It required a man on each end of this to operate the geig and the noises produced were indescribable. Squeals, groans, moans, roars, rumbling howls and just plain noise came forth.

Along with the "Sei-geig" were all kinds of noise-makers, cowbells and dinner bells were rung, tin horns and conch shells were blown, dishpans were beat upon—anything and everything to make a racket. This uproar continued until the groom either invited the serenaders into the house for refreshments or took them to a hotel for a treat.

As the manufacture of the "Sei-geig" represented quite a bit of labor the band was allowed to play for a half hour or more before the groom appeared. Sometimes the new husband was contrary and refused to act as host, then the noise continued until the neighbors put a stop to it.

* * *

DIE BULL BAND

"Oh Yammer! Was iss des ich haer
An so re Zeit in der Nacht?
Es schlaagt em schier gar vun Verschtand,
Die farrichderliche Yacht.

Verleicht sin em Check sei Kieh los
Un schpringe uff un ab;
Alsemol laut es en bissel
Wie en verlore Kalb."

So saagt die Kate zu ihrem Mann,
Wie sie die Yacht erscht haert;
Saagt der Hen, "Ich denk sie bande
Die Sallie un der Maert."

Hinne in der Wasser Schtross
Schtehne die Bander rum;
Deel schlagge uff alte Kessel,
Die Sei-geig geht "zum-zum."

Die Bull Band schpielt en halwi Schtunn,
Es laut so schauderlich;
Die Sall kann's nimmi schtende,
Sie waerd so narrifich.

Der Maert hot aa genung devun,
So geht er an die Dier;
Saagt er, "Buwe, geht ans Waertshaus,
Ich setz es uff fer Bier."

Er geht nuff mit de Buwe,
Drinkt Bier un esst aa Kees;
Sie hen so Schpass, er bleibt so lang,
Die Sall waerd wennich bees.

So bande iss nau vergesse,
'S iss aa ken arrige Schand;
Die Leit kenne yuscht so gut duh
Unnich so me Zuschtand.

—DR. LOUIS J. LIVINGOOD.
Wyomissing, Pa.

EN DENKZEECHE

(MOTHER'S DAY)

'S sin Zeite in eem seim Lewe,
Mer weess net recht ferwas,
'S batt nichs degege zu schtrewe—
Die Aage warre nass.
'S iss net, dass mer schlecht fiehle
Odder leide mit viel Schmaerz;
'S dutt ebbes awwer schpiele
Uff de Saete unser Haerz.

Un die Traene in de Aage,
Eine schtille Symphonie,
Kumme aus dem Haerzensklaage
In sanfter Harmonie;
Vun Sehnsucht un siesser Wehmut,
Vun Kummer, die friedlich lacht,
Vun Freindlichkeit un Demut,
Sin selli Traene gemacht.

Un wann mit selle Traene
Mei Aage warre trieb,
Mei Haerzgedanke gehne
Nach Plaetz un Zeite lieb.
Erinnerungsvoll do sehn ich
In die Vergangenheit;
Gedankenvoll noh schteh ich
An mein're Mutter Seit.

Mit Fleiss im friehe Marye
Fing sie ihre Aerwet aa;
Mit Fleiss darch Daages Sarye
Ging sie ihre Aerwet naa;
Un als der Daag vollendet
Un der Owet kam herbei,
Findt sie viel Sache geendet,
Die maryets waare nei.

Doch waar's die seem alt Leier,
Die Daage ei un aus;
Am maryets Haus un Scheier,
Un owets Scheier un Haus.
Am Disch, am Schank, am Offe,
Uff des un sell ihr Aag.
Vun eem zum ann're geloffe
En hunnert Mol der Daag.

Dann Sunndaags in die Karch,
Zu heere vun himmlischi Ruh;
Des helft 're ihr Lewe darch,
Was bescht waar allfert zu duh.
Dann endlich heem gegange
In die Freede un himmlischi Ruh;
Ihr Ziel des Lewe erlange,
Ihr Beschtes immer geduh.

MICHAEL A. GRUBER

(This poem, which here appears for the first time in print, was written about 1916 as a memorial to the poet's mother.)

DIE WINDER PAERDIS BEI DE LYNNDAUNER BAUER

Es iss als dennewek bekannt gemacht warre: "Am Dunnerschdaag Owet, den 21schte Yenner waerd en Paerdi odder Winder Owet Versammling am Haus vum John Doe in Lynndaun ghalde. Der Platz iss gschwische Lynnport un Tripoli. Alle Leit sin eigelaade." Un wie der genannte Owet kumme iss, dann waar alles am gen un en Wewwering in der Gegend um em John Doe seim Haus. Vun alle Direktion sin Leit g'faahre kumme. Wann Schnee gelegge hot, dann sin die Leit ewwe uff de Schlitte g'faahre. Deel hen grosse zwee-geils Schlitte voll Leit g'hatte un annere hen gleene Yacht Schlitte g'hatte. Un wie hen die Schlittebelle en Musik gemacht! Deel Leit hen g'sunge un wie in allem schunscht, so waare aa deel Wilde debei un die hen gegrische. Was en Herrlichkeet! Net yuscht die yunge Leit, awwer die gans alde Leit hen mitgelacht un sich heere losse un g'saat: "Meent mer as es sei kennt, dass die Leit so lache, peife un singe!

Es waar noch kaum dunkel an dem gewisse Owet fer die Winder Paerdi beim Bauer John Doe, so waar's schunn voll Fuhre dart ums Haus un um die Scheier rum. Un du hettscht sehne solle, wie der John Doe gelacht hot un rumhaer getschumpt iss fer die Leit bewillkumme un freelich saage: "Mei gute Nochbere, sin ihr aa kumme un hen uns net vergesse? Wie gaern sehn ich eich do bei uns; gehne yuscht nei ins Haus un mache eich deheem!" Iwwerdem geht en Rumor aa un der Mann vum Haus tschumpt uff un klatscht in die Hend un greischt: "Mei gute Freind, mer gehne nau all ins Haus. Die Weibsleit, scheint's, wolle uns hawwe fer Kaarde schpiele odder danse un mer misse sie entertaine." Un wie sie nei ins Haus kumme sin, iss der Rumor aerscht recht losgange. Sie hen der Kaerpet in re Schdubb uffgenumme un der Geigschpieler, wu der John Doe eigelaade hot g'hatte, den hen sie imme Eck in der Schdubb in die Heeh g'setzt. Dann hot eener vun de Nochberschaft gegrische. "Formd eire Sett" un dann "Hands all rum—Gents zur Rechde, Ladies zur Linke" un so weider. Wer hett's gedenkt, dass die alde Lynndauner Bauer so danse kennte!

In re annere Schaubb hen acht Mannsleit um en grosser Disch rum g'hockt un heftich Kaarde g'schpielt. Sie schpiele Hassimpeffer un 's aldfashioned Yucker game. Un wie en grossi Blessier hen sie selle Owet g'hatt! Ken Wunner iss oft g'saat waare vun de alde Paelzer, de Voreldere vun de Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche, dass ihre greeschte Freede die Schpielluscht waar.

Die viele Leit waare noch net lang am sich Blessiere, dann saagt der Mann vum Haus, 'Wer geht mit mir in der Keller fer ebbes zu Esse un ebbes zu Drinke hole?" Es waar noch kaum g'saat, so hen schunn en halb Dutzend uff g'schtanne un ausgerufe, "Ich geh mit." Un im Keller weist der John ihne en Haufe Ebbel. In en grosser Henkekarb sollen sie scheene Ebbel lese. In en Eemer solle sie Seidereil zappe un in en annerer Seider, un mit dem sin sie noh nuff zu der Paerdi. Un die Leit esse Ebbel un drinke Seidereil un Seider—un die Herrlichkeet hot ken End! Die Leit hen yuscht gewundert, "John, wie hoscht du den gute Seidereil gemacht?"—"Ei," saagt er, des iss leicht. Im Schpotyohr hawwich en Baerl guter Seider gemacht un der seem Daag 6 bis 8 Quart Ebbeltschaeck nei, noh hawwich 's geere losse wie Wei un dann tight zugemacht. Un nau saufe net zu viel, der iss schtarrick, awwer gut fer die Niere. Fer gut muss mer alles sauer un siess mache un graad wie mer heem kummt vun der Press den Seider an sei Blatz duh.

Es iss yuscht noch am End zu berichte, dass bei all dem Esse un Drinke an de Winder Paerdis mer de Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche den gute Rekord un Respekt gewwe muss, dass es sich kenner b'soffe hot an de Paerdis. Nau, iss sell net Saages waert?

PARRE J. J. REITZ
Walnutport, Pa.

Deaths of a Day

FRANK SHEERAN

Frank Sheeran, 54, a native of South Easton and a son of the late Patrick and Mary Ann Sheeran, died at 8:30 a. m. Friday at the home of his cousin, Mrs. Thomas Ferris, 102 Milton St., Easton.

He had been in ill health for a year with heart and kidney trouble and was bedfast for three months. Mr. Sheeran was a machinist by trade and formerly was employed at the Ingersoll-Rand plant.

He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Frank Weiss and Rose Sheeran, both of Easton. He was a member of St. Bernard's Catholic church, Easton.

MRS. MARY LUKAC

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary Lukac, who died in her home, 322 E. Kline Ave., yesterday morning, will be held from her home at 8:30 a. m. Monday with requiem mass at 9 a. m. in St. Michael's Catholic church, Lansford. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery, Summit Hill.

Mrs. Lukac, whose husband preceded her in death 26 years ago, was a member of St. Michael's Catholic church, Lansford, and is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Stephen Brinkos, Lansford, and three grandchildren.

MRS. TURZAH WEIDMAN

Mrs. Turzah Weidman of 1315 N. 19th St., died at 6:35 p. m. Friday at her home after suffering a heart attack last Sunday. She was 67 years old.

A native of Curwensville, she was a daughter of George and Maggie, nee Morrison, Stephens. For the greater part of her life she lived in Harrisburg. Her husband, Harry P. Weidman Sr., died in 1935. She was a member of Olivet Presbyterian church, Harrisburg.

Surviving are two children, Harry P. Jr., of Allentown and Mrs. Mervin Bingaman of Harrisburg; three grandchildren; two sisters, Edna Stephens of Harrisburg and Mrs. Russell Ryder of New Buffalo; two brothers, William of Harrisburg and Samuel of Marysville.

Services will be held Tuesday at the Dugan Funeral home, 16th and Market Sts., Harrisburg.

MRS. JANE SUSAN SPENGLER

Mrs. Jane Susan Spengler, widow of Alfred Preston Spengler, died Friday morning at the residence of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Magee, in Baltimore, Md. In her 85th year, she had been ill with influenza for several days.

Mrs. Spengler was born in Bethlehem, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Laubach. For 40 years she resided in Easton at 375 Shawnee Drive, but she had lived in Baltimore with her daughter for the past three years. She was a member of the First Presbyterian church in Easton.

Surviving besides Mrs. Magee is a son, Alfred Leroy Spengler, in Charleston, W. Va., and seven grandchildren and a great-granddaughter. There is also a sister, Mrs. Henry Smith, in Bethlehem.

Services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. in the Ralph R. Pittenger funeral home, Northampton and 18th Sts., Easton. Interment in Nisky Hill cemetery, Bethlehem.

VIRGIE M. OTT

Virgie M. Ott of 1520½ Gordon St. died at 8 a. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital, where she had been a patient since Wednesday. She had been ailing for a year.

She was the daughter of A. Osville and M. Margaret, nee Herman, Phillips, and she was born in Weisenberg township, although she spent most of her life in Allentown. She attended the local public schools and was graduated from the Allentown Business college. She was a member of St. Andrew's Evangelical and Reformed church.

Surviving are her parents and a sister, Millie, wife of Harold Kromer, Allentown. She was preceded in death by a brother, Nevin, who was killed in action in France in World War I, and by an adopted sister, Jeanette.

Rev. Henry Aulenbach will officiate at services to be held at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., on Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. Interment in Greenwood cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Ols Noch Ferhudd'ld

So wie die barichda rei kumma, is der mailmon Earl Dewalt fon Lanark ols noch net gons iwwer sei shpree da onner dawg, wie er fergessa hut mit seinra fraw Betty noch da shtorra gae. 'S Earls wohna in Lanark woh er arrick om shoffa is fer 'n hinkle bauerrei in der gong griega, ow'r shoft doh in da shtadt mail drawga in da nochbershoft fon da 12 un Turner. Wie londs leit ewwa duhn, kumt 'm Earl sei Betty aw alsa mohl ruf noch da shtadt ei kaufa wos net tzu griega is in da Lanark department shtorra. Doh da onner dawg wor sie noh ruf kumma, un der Earl hut ra shae fershprocha kot fer middawgs darrich sei rug shtun mit nous noch da shtorra gae eikaufa fer die nagshda paar wocha.

Woh sie tzomma kumma hen wolla kenna m'r net recht sawga, ow'r die barichda sin, aenich ebber kent der blotz finna weil die Betty 's payment bol darrich gadribb'ld het, worta uf ihra Earl, un woh net kumma is. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, der Earl hut gons un gore fergessa kot os die Betty ruf noch da shtadt kumma wor, bis er shun uf 'm waig wor nous gae sei nommy dawgs mail drawga. Die barichda sin, er wear 'm glaina Billy Boyer bol owwa tzum truck doch nous gajump'd wies 'm bei g'falla wear os die Betty howwa in da shtadt wear, un os er fergessa het fer mit ra gae ei koufa. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, der Earl is so arrick gajump'd, os der Billy in aim hoar sei folsha tzae g'shluck'd het.

So wie die barichda rei kumma sin fon doh un darta, wors owets fer 'n weil gore mechdich shtormich on da Dewalts hamet in Lanark. Die Betty hut gore in da welt net sehna kumma wie 'n mon fergessa kent fer kumma mit seinra fraw gae ei kaufa won er noch moryets fershprocha het fer sie middawgs om halver tzwelfa meeta, omma gawissa shtrossa eck. Ow'r fergessa hut ers kotta, sel wor ol datzu, un der Earl is ains gongs nous in die lut un hut frish nei shtarta shoffa on seim hinkel shtol os er om uf duh is. Da barichda noh, sots des yohr gore ken hinkle un oyer mongel gewwa in Lanark, un aw net in da Allentown posht offis. Der Earl wil gross ordich in die hinkle bisnis gae, un is shun fer wocha long omma iwwer rousa hinkel shtol uf duh hinna die lut drous.

Der Earl shport ken gelt un aw ken arwet fer so'n shainer handicher hinkle shtol uf duh, os aenich ebber hut in selra gagend. Er is evens om kunsiderra fer kondla ous da hinkle neshder nei ins hous laiga, so os die oyer grawd so shtarrick nei rolla os die hinkle sie laiga. Sei Betty maint er, kent sich noh drin im hous uf 'n shuckle shtuhl navich der kondle hucka, un die oyer ob fonga, so shtarrick os sie nei garoll'd kaimta. Noh wil er aw haise un kalt wosser nei duh, so wohl wie 'n hase wosser hitz, fer winders der shtol warm halta. Noh gebts aw 'n gymnasium nei woh er die hinkle larna wil fer roller shkata fer exercise, un woh er maint os 'n lot aw ganaimer wear, os die hinkle 'n gonsie tzeit drous in da nochberra ihra garda howwa krotza un sharra fer waram. Ebber hut 'n weiss gamocht, hinkle mista raya waram howwa fer recht gute laiga, un wil sella socha fohr kumma, owets 'n rote licht brenna im shtol, un da hinkle gakochda noodla feedra.

Der Earl hut uf kours aw shun druvel un aeland kot ganunk huls un negel griega fer der shtol baua. Un da ledshda barichda, hut er drei side, der budda un 'n shtick fom doch uf kot, ow'r wor noh shun widder ous huls. Er maint er wear aw ferleicht awenich graiser nei gonga os grawd notewenich gawest wear, ow'r fiel'd 's wear ol mit da sama arwet onna gonga, un het aw net tzu gute rum gakent, fer shoffa won er 'n fiela glanner gamocht het. So wie m'r fershtain, wert der shtol bout fier foos braid, un sex foos long, un hoch ganunk, os die hawna net owwa wedder kumma mit da kam, won sie die hels nous shtracka fer graya.

Wor 'n Aeland

Der George Jones fon New Tripoli wos ols der butcher wor, un now in da pulver meal shoft, shure hut doh da onner dawg druvel unna aeland kot bis er fartich wor gorda grawwa. 'S wor net 's grawwa os 'm der druvel gamocht hut, ow'r der hoch waitsa os er garais'd hut kot. Sis 'm George 'm shpote wohr ei kumma der gorda kent wenich ferbessering shtanda, un liever wie noh bodderra mit fosfate odder misht, hut er der gons gorda nous g'sayd mit waitsa. Oft tzeit wert waitsa liceich, wie ma gawissna bauer seiner werra is woh er 'm ledshda sphote vohr g'say'd hut noch dem os der budda g'frohra wor. Dadarrich, hut er noh shier 'n dousand dahler

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.
—Holland.

BLASTING JAPS FROM ALEUTIANS

Almost a year ago Americans were surprised and annoyed to hear that the sly Japs had sneaked into some of the islands in the far western part of the Aleutian chain. It became evident that they were there both for offensive and defensive reasons. They were deathly afraid of raids upon their paper empire and so were determined to establish defensive positions along one of the routes which American airplanes could and might take in raids by air upon Japan.

Offensively, it became evident that by taking Attu, Kiska and other islands they were in position perhaps to carry out their great ambition—attack upon cities in the United States. To be able to do that, probably half the Japanese army and navy would be willing to lose all. It would not so much matter how successful the attack might be but just to attack, to satisfy their spirit of hate in which they have been educated for decades, they would be willing to give their lives and then present themselves as candidates for their own special Valhalla.

For almost a year there has been sparring up there amid the gales and the dense fogs that almost constantly envelop the Aleutians. The American forces have sought to make it as miserable as possible for the Japs to be in that area while the Japs appear to have been taking advantage of every opportunity afforded to bring new men to the islands and to strengthen the positions which have been built in order that the islands may be held against attack.

Americans by no means have been indifferent to all that was going on. Nor have they been idle but instead have taken the position that if the Japs can find something of value upon these hitherto neglected islands, then we want that military value for ourselves. So airfields have been built and fortifications have been established. More and more troops and more and more planes have been sent into that part of the world.

On Tuesday the campaign which has been in the making apparently was begun. According to Japanese reports, which are confirmed in part by American reports, the Americans have attacked in force, selecting Attu as the point of initial attack. There, it is believed, the Japs have been digging into the mountains and establishing defenses perhaps as difficult to penetrate and clean out as were the defenses on Guadalcanal, although of a type as difficult as the climate of the Arctic is different from the climate of the tropics.

But it appears that from the land and the sea the Americans expect to submit the Japs to a blasting that will clean them out of the island and make possible American use of any airfield that they may have developed. It is also believed that by attack against Attu, the island of Kiska lying closer to Dutch Harbor and Alaska will be flanked and made untenable for the Japs.

There has been much clamor in Alaska during almost a year about the presence of the Japs so near the mainland. The U. S. Navy and Army have refused to be pushed into what might have been premature and therefore unsuccessful attack. They have waited until it was believed that thorough and sufficient preparation had been made. If the strength of the Japs and of their position have not been underestimated, then they will be shoved out of the Aleutians just as they were shoved out of Guadalcanal.

SAVING FINE THINGS DESPITE WAR

It is a matter for rejoicing that even though a great war is being fought and American energies and thought are so largely concentrated upon just one thing—the winning of the war—there is enough time left in the lives of many for the enjoyment of such fines things in life as great music, all the other arts, and all the beautiful things that make life so well worth living.

One is particularly mindful of this fact as this community at this time of the year is entertaining so many lovers of the best in music at the Bach Festival in Bethlehem and when so many of our finest musicians are engaged in the production of that festival for the American public.

It is good that nothing has been permitted to interfere with this splendid institution. It is to be hoped that nothing will hamper or interfere with in the years to come. Amid all the destruction which war will cause not only physically but spiritually and amid all the changes which it will bring, the finest edifices must keep their spires reaching to the skies.

NAZIS GETTING REAL PUNISHMENT

American bombers returning yesterday to England after a flight over Kiel announced: "Bet we don't have to bomb that place again, soon."

The foray was only one of a number made by formations of heavy bombers on various parts of Northern Europe in the effort to smash the Nazis' factory system, their transportation and even their sources of raw materials. The bombers' confidence as to a good job performed was based upon evidence of damage to Kiel and its military and naval installations which were left a mass of flames.

We can believe that the damage which is being done to German industrial centres through the quickening tempo of American and British attack with heavier and heavier loads of explosives must be very great.

When the Germans flew over England at will the wreckage they caused to British cities, to their industries and transportation facilities was enormous. Americans have gotten very good idea as to the damage through the many motion pictures which have been brought to this country since the war began.

Pictures are not coming out of Germany but the damage must be even greater to her cities than the damage which was wreaked by Goering's Luftwaffe in raids over England. In the first place more planes are flying over Germany than Germany ever sent over England. The British and American planes are carrying and dropping more weight in explosives upon German targets than were dropped upon the British targets. It can be believed that the British planes, flying almost entirely at night, are quite as accurate in their firing as were the Germans. But there is no doubt about the fact that the Americans, flying almost exclusively by day and using the famous Norden bomb-sight, are putting their bombs at just about the spot that they want them to land.

So when the American airmen do a daylight job it can be believed that they will not have to return in a considerable while. It will take the Nazis a long, long time to repair the damage, if in fact they ever can make the repairs.

Another Coal Crisis

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 14 (Special Dispatch)—The federal government, through the fuel administrator, wisely requested the coal operators to refrain from imposing fines on miners for violations of the contract which was in existence prior to the time when the government seized the mines.

But having eliminated this phase of the old contract, why, it will be asked, does the government of the United States permit the operators to deduct from the miners' wages the union dues? Is the United States government turning over these funds to a closed shop union?

It has been argued heretofore that the government really is not the employer but merely a custodian of the property of the coal operators under a sort of temporary trusteeship. Theoretically this would mean that the government isn't the employer but is watching the interests of both in a sort of status quo arrangement, whereby the customs and practices hitherto in existence would be continued till a new contract could be worked out.

The mine operators doubtless felt that since they were appointed government agents and were expected to continue in force the previous contractual clauses, they were justified in regarding the whole contract as still operative, including the feature relating to fines for absences. The fuel administrator, it appears, has not ordered the mine operators to desist from imposing the fines but has "requested" them not to do it, presumably to avoid aggravating the whole coal controversy. Maybe the "check-off" of union dues is merely a courtesy to the unions and not an act of the federal government. Strange situations are being created by the government's seizure of the mines, and the retention of the "check-off" is not the least of the extraordinary precedents which will be looked back upon some day as governing the government's relations with unions.

Meanwhile, it is clear that no settlement of the coal situation is in sight. The fuel administrator evidently cannot act as mediator in order to bring the employers and the union together, but must wait on some further action or hearing by the War Labor Board. Undoubtedly the administration would be pleased to have representatives of the miners' union appear before the War Labor Board while the fifteen-day truce is extended.

On the surface it would appear that the new directive, broadening the powers of the War Labor Board to correct gross inequities in wage rates in order to aid in the prosecution of the war, means that the situation against which Lewis protested a fortnight ago has been changed. His point was that the Board was bound by the April 8 executive order and hence could not take a judicial attitude toward evidence or data submitted to it thereafter. While, however, the new directive seems to restore the judicial position of the Board somewhat, the rise in wages must come within the "Little Steel" formula and cannot be straight-across-the-board increases. If this interpretation is correct then there is really little in the new directive to assist toward a settlement of the controversy.

Two other important points, however, could be the basis of an agreement. One is the so-called portal-to-portal method of computing wages already approved by the courts, and the other is the retention of the six-day work-week. If the operators and the union got together on some agreement covering these points, it would seem that the War Labor Board would ratify it and there would be no need for hearings before the board. The President in his broadcast made it clear that the way was still open for Lewis and the operators to get together and that the only requirement was that the agreement must meet with the approval of the War Labor Board.

If no agreement is worked out by May 18 and no decision is made of its own initiative by the War Labor Board on the basis of testimony thus far taken, an interruption of work in the coal mines would seem to be a certainty. The miners are still under discipline not to work unless they have a contract. They will gladly work for the United States government, but their employment arrangement must be formalized—a request that is within their legal right.

It would not be surprising if the whole situation drifted into another crisis next week unless government mediators and conciliators can work out some ingenious plan to save everybody's face.

These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

WHAT IS REALLY NEEDED

Ten years of legislation by Presidential decree, by NLRB and WLB decisions and now by the quiet and often unpublicized exercise of authority by Senator Byrnes has produced a confusion of rights, authorities, precedents and purposes which can only lead to such an upset of the home front as may become utterly demoralizing. Already A. F. of L. and C. I. O. unions are adopting policies antagonistic to the government policies and independent of the announced attitudes of their parent organizations. And over all of it hangs the shadow of face-saving, of personal animosities, of the Andy Hardy type of intrigues perpetrated by those twins of power politics, Harry Hopkins and Felix Frankfurter.

What this country needs is an orderly, thoughtful handling of the labor problem by legislation in Congress—an omnibus act that will specify by definition what the rights, immunities and limitations of all parties concerned are. Now we witness the spectacle of many government agencies operating in the labor field where one would do, and each one setting up different criteria while the President sometimes overrules all of them and operates wholly on his own. Or, as happened in the Ickes-Lewis negotiation, an additional governmental agency is brought into the picture with the apparent purpose of being utilized for a single task and then being set aside with the object of vitiating an agreement already reached.

None of this is efficient administration, and it imperils the country because of the dimensions of the problems involved. In fact, the entire structure seems to have gone haywire when the WLB gives the appearance of a sit-down strike against the decisions of Stabilizer Byrnes, who seems to have stabilized nothing to date.

May I suggest that the Congress of the United States pass an Act, written not in anger nor in the spirit of partisan politics, nor under the pressures either of the war nor of the Fourth Term campaign, which would consolidate all the current authorities, include a formula which would give the labor union precise legal status and precise responsibility, and at the same time recognize that the object of collective bargaining is not to destroy the function of management nor the private enterprise system nor is it to be utilized to serve the opportunist purposes of those in power? Such an act ought to define the word "strike" and "lock-out" and the term "labor union" and ought to limit the political activities of unions as the Corrupt Practices and other acts limit the political activities of corporations.

In a word, let us have a fundamental labor law. John L. Lewis must by now know that the protectives which he erected through the LaFollette Committee, the NLRB and the WLB can be used against labor unions as for them, that what he designed as a structure to serve his ends is being used to destroy him and his associates in organized labor, and that the politician in search of power serves only his own ends. And it was obvious as far back as the Automobile and Little Steel strikes that this might be so, because an Administration that functions by fiat rather than by the strict letter of the law, will turn on its favorites as unmercifully as it fought their enemies. Only a just law, impartially enforced by competent and honest officials, with adequate appeals to courts of law, can protect the individual of any group in a representative republic.

I should like to witness the patriotic spectacle in wartime America of a committee of fine minds appointed jointly by the labor organizations and the National Association of Manufacturers, sitting not in hatred and antagonism but in the spirit of love of country and service to it—I should like to see such a committee meeting to draft an act for rationalizing the labor laws of the United States. And I should like to see such an act passed by the Congress and signed by the President. Is there to be no balm in Gilead?

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THE STORY OF A CHANGED INSCRIPTION

By PAUL D. YODER

MT. PENN is a mountain rising rather abruptly on the eastern side of the city of Reading. On the highest part of this mountain is a tower on the top of which one may look over the whole domain of Berks county. The view that greets the spectator from this tower is one not soon to be forgotten. It is only the view towards the setting sun that particularly concerns us in this little historical tale. Directing our eyes in that direction we see, first of all, between the foot of the mountain and the Schuylkill river, on a plain about a mile in width, the busy city of Reading. From the tower one can trace the course of the Schuylkill as it breaks through the Blue Mountains on the north to where it begins to serve as a boundary line between Chester and Montgomery counties on the south, a distance of perhaps 40 miles. Eight miles directly towards the west from the tower is a peculiar cone-shaped hill called Cushion Hill, and this hill may be said to be the eastern terminus of that range of hills known as the South mountains. The tract of land lying between the Blue mountains on the north and the South mountains on the south is known as the Lebanon Valley. This valley extends from the Schuylkill river on the east to the Susquehanna on the west, and is one of the most fertile regions in Pennsylvania. In it are situated many towns and villages, none of which has a more beautiful location than the little town of Wernersville. Situated only a short distance from the picturesque Cushion Hill, famous for its many summer resorts and sanatoriums, and surrounded on all sides by a rich farming country, it is a typical rural village, and yet in sufficient proximity to the city of Reading, with which it is connected by railroad and trolley, to spread around it a suburban atmosphere. Just one mile north of this town is the old Hain's church, where the scene of this tale is laid, commanding an elevated position and overlooking the little valley in which Wernersville is located. This church as it appears today is a very handsome brick building. It is exclusively Reformed, and the people of the neighborhood have worshiped there for 171 years. [Written 36 years ago.—ED.]

Before the white man had appropriated the land of the Lebanon Valley to himself it was a vast wilderness. The red man roved unmolested through the thick forests of chestnut and oak in pursuit of his game, or rowed his light bark silently along the clear waters of the Tulpehocken. In the little clearing where the storm had blown down the trees or tall vegetation refused to grow, there he built his wigwam and lived in perfect security and contentment. The Indian cultivated only a few stalks of corn and tobacco, where now the thrifty farmer leaves not an acre of land to lie in idleness. The Indian loved this particular land, and it was more than ordinarily populated by them, as is shown by the numerous evidences of Indian villages and the immense number of Indian relics that have been found there, and I am not surprised to read that he bitterly protested against the coming of the white man and the taking away of his land.

We read of the first white settlers in this valley in 1723. These consisted of Germans and Huguenots. The Huguenots had escaped from France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and had taken up their homes in the Palatinate, Germany. A company of these Germans and Huguenots consisting of 150 families, after varied experiences in Holland and England, came to New York in 1713. In the spring of 1714 they settled at Schoharie, N. Y., among the Mohawk Indians, where their sufferings for a time were very great. Having come in conflict with the laws of New York in settling and improving the land, and feeling that they had been dealt with unjustly, they decided to accept the offer of Gov. Keith, of Pennsylvania, who had invited them to settle in his colony. They came down along the Susquehanna river to where Sunbury now stands. There they struck out into the wilderness towards the southeast. After some days of weary toil and hardship they came to the last range of the Blue mountains. Standing on the top of these mountains they must have thought that they came at last to the "promised land," for the country stretching towards the south and east, which was no other than the Lebanon Valley, must have seemed like a veritable paradise to them in its virgin garb. It was in the spring of 1723, just as the leaves were coming forth from their long winter's repose and the birds returned from a warmer climate, that these sturdy German settlers entered into this beautiful valley, there to establish their future and permanent homes. They settled in that part of the valley between what is now Wernersville and Myerstown, among a hostile Indian tribe. Here they founded some of the oldest churches in Eastern Pennsylvania. These settlers saw a faint resemblance between the land they came to live in and their old home in Germany, and so they called this region Heidelberg. The abrupt hills and narrow valleys continually reminded them of the Fatherland, for although they were persecuted for their religious views they were nevertheless intensely patriotic, and did all in their power to remember and transmit to their posterity the family traditions which they brought along with them from the Fatherland.

These settlers had entered the valley from the west and settled eastward. About the same time other Germans and Swiss came to this country, but instead of going to New York they came by way of Philadelphia, and settled in the neighboring regions. As the country around Philadelphia became more and more settled the later arrivals pushed farther and farther into the interior. About 1715 to 1720 these hardy settlers had already taken possession of Oley and nearly all that part of Berks county east of the Schuylkill river. Just at the time when the Germans from New York came into the Lebanon valley from the west, the other German and Swiss settlers entered it from the east, and there was an interlapping of the settlers coming from opposite directions. Some of the present inhabitants of the country around Wernersville are descendants of the settlers that came from the west and some of the settlers that came from the east.

A people that are driven out of their own country on account of religious principles will soon build churches in their adopted country and worship even more zealously where greater freedom is allowed them. The early settlers of the Lebanon Valley were either Lutherans or Reformed. Those that came by way of New York under the leadership of the celebrated Conrad Weiser, were mostly Lutherans, while those that came by way of Philadelphia were the greater part Reformed. The Lutherans built St. Daniel's church near Robesonia, now more commonly known as the Corner Church, while the Reformed element founded their church three miles further east, and called it St. John's Reformed church, usually and better known as Hain's Reformed church. The first building at this place was a rudely constructed log cabin erected in 1735. Tradition tells us that Rev. Michael Schlatter, the pioneer missionary and scholar of the Reformed Church in the United States, preached here on several occasions while on his way visiting different outlying Reformed communities. This rude church is said to have been surrounded by a strong stockade, and sentinels constantly on guard to avoid sudden Indian attacks while the church service was in progress.

After this log building had served its purpose for a period of 30 years, and after there was less danger from Indian attacks, they planned to build a more commodious edifice. The result was a massive stone building, 40 by 50 feet, with walls three feet thick. About 10 feet above the main door of the building they placed a big rectangular stone, which is there to this day, and which by its age and quaintness excites the curiosity of all who behold it. The stone bears the following plainly visible inscription, which has defied the ravages of wind and rain for 140 years:

17—Heidelberg Township—66
Hoch Deutsche Reformierte Kirche.
"Alle die ein und aus gehen sollen Gott und dem ——— getrei bleiben."

With the missing word in the inscription is connected an interesting tale. The Pennsylvania Germans were loyal patriots during the dark days preceding the Revolution. When the church was erected in 1766 the colonies were under the sway of England, and the builders found no fault with the inscription on the stone. But perilous days were in store for them, and soon the time came in which they had to choose between Whig and Tory. The Colonial Records of Pennsylvania tell us that one of the first regiments that came to Boston after the opening of hostilities and offered their services in the cause of freedom hailed from the German counties of Pennsylvania. There was no important engagement during the whole Revolutionary War in which the Pennsylvania German did not take an active part. They had no reasons to love the policy of England, but they longed as much for freedom and liberty as did the people of New England.

I imagine that during the course of the war the worshipers in Hain's church often looked up to the stone above the doorway with mingled hope and fear, and wondered whether they would be compelled to continue to recognize two superior authorities and manifest obedience to both.

On a beautiful October morning in the year 1783 while the farmers were busily husking their corn and housing it the whole neighborhood was suddenly startled by the ringing of the old church bell. It seemed as though it had never pealed forth so loudly or that the ringer, whoever he was, had ever pulled it more vigorously. Its melodious sound was carried many miles in all directions, telling the country side that something of great importance had taken place and which was of interest to all. At that time the ringing of the church bell meant a public meeting to be held in the open space in front of the church door. Notice of such public assemblies was usually given by the pastor of the church the Sunday before the meeting, and when the time for the meeting came the sexton rang the bell to remind the people in the neighborhood of their duty. No such notice had been given to the congregation on the Sunday before this particular ringing of which we are speaking, and the very fact that no such notice had been given aroused their curiosity all the more, and every adult man felt that he must lay aside all work and go as quickly as possible to the church. The farmers and their sons came hurrying from all directions eager to know the cause for such a violent ringing of the church bell, and each one felt that it was no ordinary circumstance that caused such a stir in the neighborhood. In the short space of an hour many people had gathered in the churchyard. The bell suddenly ceased ringing, and a young man all beamed with dust and his face beaming with excitement mounted a bench standing under the young aspen trees in front of the church door and announced the glad news that peace had been signed between England and America. Such a cheering as they had! Many a hat was flung high into the air, and their hearts filled with pride and joy that they were at last free from the hated rule of England and King George III. These farmers became at once Americans and freemen. They were now convinced that they owed absolute obedience to one superior power only, and that was to God.

Suddenly, after these demonstrations of joy had somewhat subsided, one Johannes Ruth sprang out of the crowd, mounted the bench aside of the messenger, pointing to the stone in the wall above them, and while the crowd was wondering what their neighbor might have to say, and fixing their eyes in the direction he pointed, he shouted forth in a voice of thunder, "Der verdammt Koenig muss raus!" (The accursed king must come out.) Suiting the action to the word he ran to a nearby barn, brought a ladder, chisel and hammer, raised the ladder up against the wall, mounted it and proceeded to cut out the word "Koenig" in the inscription, which had been there for over 15 years. The rest of the assemblage, perfectly acquiescing in the proceeding, yelled and shouted until there was not a single evidence remaining to remind them of the hated and despotic king of England.

All those who were present at that glorious meeting now sleep beneath the sod in the very shadow of the old church which they loved, but the patriotic spirit that pervaded them has been preserved in their children and their children's children in the same degree and fervor. There are no people anywhere in this broad land who love God or their country more than the descendants of those good old Pennsylvania Germans.

(The above story, which appeared in The College Student of Franklin and Marshall College about 36 years ago, is here reprinted by courtesy of Prof. E. M. Hartman, Franklin and Marshall Academy, Lancaster, Pa.)

DE MAMMI IHRE KALENNER

Der Glaawe hot doch viel zu duh
Mit unser menschlich Lewe;
Der Lawyer glaabt an grosser Luh,
Der Parre glaabt an Beede;
Die yunge Maed hen grosse Freed
Far glaawe an die Menner;
Die Mammi nemmt der gud alt Weg
Un glaabt an der Kalenner.

Sie watcht die Zeeche immer uff,
Eb mir als Gaarde graawe,
Un geht beim Moon, verloss dich druff,
Far sell iss ihre Glaawe.
Far wachsich sei, muss alles nei
Im Zunemmede vum Moon,
So blanst sie als in sellre Sign,
Wie aa noch ann're duhn.

Grumbiere blanst mer in der Wog,
Noh duhn sie schee gross warre;
Du denkscht verleicht sell iss en Joke,
Awwer ich bin net so narrow.
Also ich weil, sie schluppe net
So dief nei in der Grund,
Un wann's ken so en Zeeche helt,
Waere sie net so rund.

So wann mer net des Zeeche watcht
Graad wie 's iss im Kalenner,
Dann sin Grumbiere glei verbatscht,
Un Marrick hen mer kenner.
Ich saag dir yetz, blans net im Krebs—
Sie graddle zu dief nei,
Un warre waarzich wie en Grott,
Un schmacke schlecht debei.

Die Gummere, waerklich, darf mer net
Im Zeeche Zwilling blanse,
Schunscht bliehe sie yuscht graad ahead
Un graddle rum wie Wanse;
Die Sign iss ab far'n guder Crop—
Sie henke gaar net aa;
Wer Gummere hawwe will, geht net
Im Zeeche Zwilling draa.

Awwer nau wer scheene Blumme suit,
Des Zeeche iss am beschte;
Die bliehend Yungfraa iss aa gut
Far Blumme naus zu setze.
Es Friehyohr do, Yungfraa also,
Setzt mer die Glucke naus—
Wer geht beim Zeeche, grickt dernoh
Die Yunge besser raus.

Wann Ieme schwarme in der Wog,
Waerd Hunnich schwer im Kaschte;
Wann die Katz versauft im Wasserdrog,
Dut sie ennihau net verdarschte.
Wann Obschtbaem recht am Bliehe sin
Im Zunemmede, gebt's Frucht;
Wann awwer die Bliet ins Abnemme kummt,
Gebt's net viel zum Versuch.

Im Unnergehnde deckt mer's Haus—
Sell halt die Schindle drunne;
Un wer net beim Kalenner baut,
Sei Schindle sin glei hunne.
Im Iwwergehnde decke 's duh,
Sell iss en letzi Sach;
Die Schindle ringle sich graad uff
Un's gebt en schtruwwlich Dach.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

DER BASSEM

Du kannscht iwwer gans Amerika draewwle, uff alle Baem un in alle Eehling gucke un du finnscht naryets ken Gedier wie der Bassem. Du kannscht sei Gleichnis naryets finne unne du gehscht noch Australia. Dart sin viele Gediere wie der Bassem. Selli Gediere gheere zu der Marsupial Familie un sell meent, die Mutter hot en vollschtendicher Sack un in sellem Sack draagt die Mutter ihre Yunge, bis sie gross genung sein far sich selwer helfe. Unser eensichscht Gedier vun sellre Aart in Amerika iss der Bassem.

Die Marsupial Gediere in Australia sin der Kangaroo, der Wombat (ebbes wie unser Grundsau), Koala, as guckt wie en gleener Teddybear, Eechhaase, as fliege, un noch etliche annere. Die menschte suche ihre Esse darrich die Nacht un bringe ihre Zeit uff de Baem zu, so wie der Bassem ewwe aa dutt.

Die yunge, wann sie gebore sin, sein arrick glee un hilflos. Die Mutter dutt sie in ihre Sack, noh henke sie an de Ditz un die Mutter draagt sie mit sich rum. Wann sie mol greesser sin, noh kumme sie aus em Sack un henke sich an de Mutter ihre Hoor un Schwans. O so karyos un gschpassich! En wolfler Weg far en Reit nemme!

Der Bassem hot en grossi Familie, fimf bis fimzeh, un so glee, wann sie gebore sin, dass mer sie all in en Suppeleffel lege kennt, un net greesser as wie so gleene Bulmer.

Sie hen lange, schpitziche Nees un en nackicher Schwans; un des Wunnerbaare am Schwans iss as der Bassem sich dras hewe kann. Er kann uff me Nascht naus graddle, sich an der Schwans henke un unne draa Schparwle robbe. Er hot was mer uff Englisch en prehensiler Schwans heesse dutt. Er kann sei Schwans um ebbes rum wickle.

Sie hen fufzich Zaeh im Maul. Sie fresse so zimmlich eenich ebbes—Hinkel, Schparwle, Niss, Beere, Meis, Feggeloier, yunge Haase, Bullfragge, Schlange un Ungeziffer.

Mit ihre lange Klowe kenne sie gut graddle. Ihre Kaerper iss mit lange, grohe Hoor bedeckt. Der Sack iss aa schee mit Hoor geleined. Die Ohre sin nackich. Sell iss net so blessierlich im Winter. Sie wiege so vun fimf bis siwwe Pund un sin gut zu esse.

Der Bassem iss dumm un doch fiehrt er en selbstschtennich Lewe un iss zefridde, wammer ihm sei eegner Weg losst. Awwer es iss gscheit genung fer die Leit un Hund zu vernarre. Wammer eener fangt un ihn uff der Bodde schmeisst, noh schickt er sich aa als wann er dod waer. Er zittert alliwwer un hot's Maul uff. Wammer weck geht, noh schnickt er widder fart. En alt Schprichwart heesst, "Du schickscht dich aa wie en Bassem." Fer die Hunde zu vernarre, dutt der Bassem uff der Fens um en Feld rum geh fer an sei Nescht kumme, liewer as graad zu, wann 's aa viel naegschter iss.

Wann der Bassem viel Ratte, Meis un Ungeziffer fresst, dann iss er en waertvolli Kreatur. Im Schpotyohr sin die Bassem dick un fett. Noh iss die Zeit nachts bei Mondlicht nauszugeh mit de Hund uff die Bassem Yacht. Noh gebt's als en Bassemroscht un Siessgrumbeere. 'S Fleesch iss arrick eelich. 'S iss reichi Koscht un nemmt en guter Maage, das sie schtende kann. In waarme Lenner sin noch meh Sarte Bassem un dart vermehre sie sich aa viel schtarricker as wie in de nardliche Lenner.

In unsere siddliche Staate waar der Bassem alsfert en geliebt Gedier uff der Yacht un kummt oft vor in de Lieder vun de siedliche Neger, so dass der Bassem eens vun de bekanntschte Gediere iss, as in gans Amrika zu finne iss.

Aus'm FRANK W. MATZ seim NADURBUCH.
9. Maerz 1943. Mohnton, Pa.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. MARY DEST

Mrs. Mary Dest, wife of Stephen Dest of Nazareth R. 1, died at 9.10 p. m. Thursday in the Sacred Heart hospital, where she had been confined since May 6. She was 47 years of age.

Born in Hungary, she was the daughter of Frank and Teresa Korpic. Surviving her are three sons, Corporal Phillip, Private Stephen and Frank; seven daughters, Mary, Anna, Helen, Agnes, Pauline, Elizabeth and Cecilia, and a brother and two sisters in Europe.

Funeral services will be held from the Bartholomew funeral home in Bath Monday at 8.30 a. m., with interment in the Sacred Heart cemetery, Bath. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

MRS. J. J. O'BRIEN

Funeral services for Mrs. J. J. O'Brien, 1219 Church St., Reading, who died at 6:15 a. m. yesterday in St. Joseph's hospital, Reading, where she was admitted last week, will be held on Monday. She was the mother of Rev. Ralph O'Brien, captain in the U. S. Army, stationed in California, who is a former curate of St. Mary's church, Coaldale.

Born in Girardville, the former Mary Horan, Mrs. O'Brien is survived by her husband, eight children, four sisters and two brothers.

MRS. ELIZABETH SIEBLER

Mrs. Elizabeth Fuehrer Siebler, wife of Harry G. Siebler, died suddenly Thursday evening of a heart attack at her home, 26 S. 16th St., Easton.

Besides her husband she is survived by four sisters, Mrs. Madison Engler, Phillipsburg; Mrs. Charles E. Reichard and Mrs. Andrew S. Linn, Easton, and Mrs. Roger Ripley, Washington, D. C.; two brothers, George Fuehrer, Carlisle, and Nicholas Fuehrer, Philadelphia.

She was born in Phillipsburg, a daughter of the late John and Martha Elizabeth Fuehrer. She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, and the ladies auxiliary of Hugh DePayens commandery, No. 19, Knights Templar.

Funeral services will be held at 3:30 p. m. Monday at the residence, with Rev. Henry Cornehlsen officiating. Interment will be in the Memorial Shrine cemetery.

EMMA WOMER

Emma Womer died at 11:30 a. m. yesterday in the home of Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Shifferstine, Hunter St., Tamaqua, where she resided. She had been bedfast for a year and a half.

Born in Tamaqua, she was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Eli Womer and would have observed her 81st birthday anniversary next Wednesday. She lived with the family of the late Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Dreher and then resided with the Shifferstines.

She was a member of Calvary Episcopal church, Tamaqua. A sister, Ella, and a brother, Will, survive.

Martin O. Lehr, Cement Plant Superintendent

Martin Oliver Lehr of Fogelsville, assistant superintendent of the Lehigh Cement Co.'s Fogelsville plant for the past 13 years, died early yesterday at the Allentown hospital, where he had been a patient for two and a half weeks, following an illness of five months. He was 55 years of age.

Mr. Lehr was born in Beaver Valley, Columbia county, a son of the late Samuel and Esther, nee Harmon, Lehr. He had been with the cement company since 1906. For 15 years prior to becoming assistant superintendent he had been general foreman.

He served as a member of the consistory of St. John's Reformed church in Fogelsville, was a trustee of the Union Cemetery Assn., Fogelsville, and was a director of the Lehigh Community park. Among his fraternal affiliations were the Odd Fellows, No. 231, Macungie, and Lehigh Encampment, Fogelsville; Allentown Lodge, No. 129, Loyal Order of Moose, and the Fogelsville Fire Co.

Surviving are his wife, Mamie, nee Leiby, Lehr; a son, Woodrow, Wescosville R. 1; three brothers, Wilmer, Wescosville R. 1; Austin, Allentown, and Harvey, Allentown R. 3, and one sister, Mrs. Daisy Teter, Reading. A brother preceded him in death.

Services will be conducted on Tuesday at 2.30 p. m. in St. John's Reformed church, Fogelsville, by Rev. William Wolford. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

OSCAR MILLS

Oscar Mills, 807 Berwick St., Easton, died Thursday at his home after a month's illness. Mr. Mills conducted a store at Berwick St., and prior to that was employed as an engineer by the Alpha Portland Cement Co.

He was a son of the late Henry Mills and Sarah Transue Mills, of Upper Black Eddy.

Surviving are his widow Sarah Jane Mills, two brothers, William Mills, Frenchtown, N. J., and Craven Mills, Alpha, N. J., and one sister, Mrs. Sarah Davis, Little York, N. J.

Mr. Mills was a member of the Tinicum church, and Easton lodge No. 45, Loyal Order of Moose.

Funeral services will be held at the convenience of the family, with Rev. Frederick Shafer, officiating.

MRS. NORA MAYER

Mrs. Nora Showalter Mayer, 65, wife of John Mayer, Quakertown R. 1, died Friday morning in the Grand View hospital, Quakertown.

Besides her husband, who is also a patient in the Grand View hospital, she is survived by a brother, J. S. Showalter, of Fresno, Cal.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday from the Strunk funeral home, Quakertown, with Rev. John Justice, officiating. Burial will be made in the Trumbauersville cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill—By WM. S. TROXELL

Hut Sich Fersehna

Die Hester Frye fon Bowmanstown hut sich doh weil tzurick doch now gore mechdich fersehna wie der pisabet awfonga is gute werra. Da Hester ihra mon der James is fert, 'n shiffermon, un is ihra noh ei kumma, sie kent ferleicht helfa fer 'n g'shwinder hame bringa, won sie ols noch mainer defense shtamps un bonds kaufa dade. Sel tzu duh nembt uf kours gelt, 's same wies aw dut fer gae bingo shpiela un woh die Hester sich ordlich weil dfuf ferlossa hut fer defense shtamps un bonds griega. Wie ihra bingo glick ow'r awfonga hut noh lossa, hut die Hester ous gamocht fer onnerra socha driva nava bei, un is nous fer pisabet sucha, woh sie shure wor os sie gute ferkaufa kent in da nochbershoft, on finf un dreisich cent 's pund.

Noh is die Hester nous ons pisabet sucha un is ol iwwer rum g'shtiv'ld mit karrab un messer. Er wor noch tzimlich rohr on da tzeit, un hut ordlich suchas ganumma bis sie endlich der karrab fol kot hut, un is hame fer 'n butza. Grawd wie da Hester ihra Mam die Flossie Sherer der pisabet g'sehna hut, hut sie g'sawt, sie dade net glawwa os sel pisabet wear, 's kaimt ra fohr 's wear ebbes shunshd ow'r wist net recht wos es sei maich'd. Die Hester wor ow'r shure 's wear pisabet, doch uf die fohr sarrick hee hen sie die Pauline Butz nei garufa woh selwar 'n altie rot is om pisabet sucha, un grawd g'sawt hut, "Nay des is sei lava ken pisabet Hester, duh hosh'd yoh nix doh wie louder laedich si ohra bladder."

Die weil os die Esther net shure wore os die Bowmanstowner ferleicht obadit howwa maichda fer si ohra bladder, hut sie noh 's gons waisa niver in da Puriette Straup ihra hinkle ben g'shmissa, un woh sie ae grosser hartzlicher donk dafor grick'd hut fon da hinkle in blotz fon finf un dreisich cent 's pund fon da nochberra, wons recht shoffender pisabet gawest wear. Ow'r ferol os 'm'r wissa, wil die Hester die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Hut 'N Shier Kot

M'r hoert alla gabut woh bauer unnich waltza kumma drous in da felder, ow'r kumt uns fohr, wie wons ebbes gons neias wear fer 'n lawn mower brovierra fer iwwer 'n mon shpringa. Un sel sawga sie, wear grawd wos da onner dawg in aim hoar g'shaina wear wie der Harvey Hallman fon Emmaus om hofe maya wor drowwa uf 'm hivel on "Muirheim." 'S wor 'n aryer haiser dawg, -grawd die ort dawga woh der lentz so bahoft is fer, soicha dreffa os drous in da sun shoffa. Ebs uf kours der lentz wor, odder die bardich ort wosser os der Joe dart drowwa uf 'm hivel hut kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, der Harvey hut sich tnnich 'n shodda baum hucka wolla ruga, un hut net may os wie k'huck'd kot, bis der lawn mower kumma is fer'n, un os er net fol shpeed owwa iww

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

UNION LABEL

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

So don't despise the little things
Which happen daily round us,
For some of them may chance take wings
To startle and astound us.
Trace back the greatest deed—it springs
From trifles which no poet sings.
—Halpine.

UNTIMELY END FOR ARCH ENEMY

If we can believe the Japanese reports, then in some very slight measure the treachery of Japan at Pearl Harbor has been avenged through the death of Admiral Yamamoto.

According to the Japanese version Yamamoto was killed while flying in a warplane more than a month ago. Time and place have not been exactly specified so that the American authorities have not been able to check it for its accuracy and agreement with military events as reported either by our aviators in that area or by naval or military men.

Until there is such check against the Japanese story we may suspect with some authorities in Washington that Yamamoto was not killed in action but that he probably committed hari kari because the tide of the war had turned against him. While he was a master hand in planning treachery he has not been such a master mind in maintaining naval supremacy in the Pacific. In fact the reverses which he encountered in the Coral Sea, at Midway and in the Guadalcanal area should have been enough to drive any self-respecting Jap to commit hari kari. Or he may have been killed during a routine flying or inspection trip, an unsensational end for a man who has lived such a sensational life, especially during the past year and a half.

Some Washington authorities believe that the Japs have sought to maintain a legend of heroism about the man who plotted and successfully carried out the raid upon Pearl Harbor and who captured the Jap imagination by his effrontery when he promised the Japanese people he would make peace with America in the White House. It would not be a good thing for Jap morale to have it be known, if true, that Yamamoto had lost heart and face through successive defeats. Furthermore all the Jap reports as to the Coral Sea, Midway and the Solomons have claimed victories for Yamamoto. So it would be giving the lie to all these reports if a presumed hero had committed hari kari for heroes do not do such things.

But no matter how death came to Yamamoto there is an end to a Jap who had entertained life-long hatred for the people of the United States, a man who had smashed the best efforts to maintain peace among the peoples of the Pacific ocean area and the man who schemed and perpetrated the international crime that was the attack upon Pearl Harbor.

The pity is that he could not have been spared by fate to see the day of complete defeat for Japan and the collapse of all his devilish contrivings. He deserved to suffer the humiliation and remorse that to a Jap would have been worse than any form of death.

WE ALL FACE PERSONAL ENEMIES

The soldier who meets a Jap or a German in hand-to-hand combat immediately knows the armed man before him to be a personal enemy who is there to destroy him. Sailors upon a ship realize when naval combat arises that they have a group of personal enemies out there firing shot and shell at them in an attempt to sink their ship and drown the crew to the last man. The American aviator who sees a Zero or a Messerschmidt flying down upon him from the clouds knows that a very dangerous enemy is right at hand.

But Americans at home do not always realize that they too have personal enemies just as do the soldiers and sailors. These enemies are not so immediate and therefore not so awing and impressive but they are there all the same. They can win over Americans on the home front or they can be defeated by the same Americans. It is up to the Americans themselves, as the National Safety Council points out in a very quotable publication. As the Council graphically puts it:

"Your job, let's say, is putting instrument panel brackets on the framework of a plane. That makes your personal enemies a man in Germany and another in Japan, both of whom work every day, putting instrument panel brackets on their training planes.

"The girl who lives across the street is a bomb fuse maker. Her personal enemies are a girl in Germany and another in Japan, both of whom work every day making bomb fuses.

"The fellow in the seat across the aisle from you in the street car has a job on a tank assembly line. His personal enemies are a man in Germany and another in Japan, both of whom work every day on a tank assembly line.

"Don't kid yourself that the only people in this war who can win it are the soldiers and sailors who clash face to face with slinking Japs and murderous Nazis on the firing line.

"For every man, woman or child in this country who is doing a war job, there is a man, woman or child in Germany and Japan doing the same kind of job.

"Every one of them hopes with every breath he draws that every turn of his machine and every move of his hand produces something that will kill more of our boys, sink more of our ships and bring down more of our planes.

"Don't forget it. You've got a personal enemy in Germany and another in Japan. So have I. If we don't stick to our jobs and keep production flowing smoothly and safely, we'd better move to Tokyo or Berlin."

The 1913 Tax Pledge

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 21 (Special Dispatch)—Will the American government keep faith with the people and redeem the pledges it gave them when the first income tax law was passed in 1913?

This question may well be asked today because President Roosevelt has erroneously spoken of the Ruml plan as a means of cancelling or "forgiving" taxes. The man who gave the pledge and wrote the first income tax sits in the cabinet of the President today. He is Cordell Hull—member of the House ways and means committee and author of the first income tax law.

A debate arose in July, 1913, over an amendment suggested by Senator Root, of New York, who argued that until the amendment to the federal constitution was adopted and legislation passed permitting income taxes to be levied, the money possessed by the citizen was his property and could not be subjected to an income tax retroactively and could take effect only on the date of the passage of the law, which happened subsequently to be Oct. 3, 1913. To meet Mr. Root's argument, a memorandum was prepared by the then Representative Hull and by the attorney general and his assistants in the Wilson administration. In the memorandum submitted to the Senate Aug. 26, 1913, which helped to sway the vote against the Root proposal, Mr. Hull wrote:

The Pledge

"The proposed measure would require no act of the citizen until the first of January next. It would assess and collect a tax off the individual during next year. Until the first day of January the citizen could not balance off against his gross profits his losses, expenses, etc., and ascertain his net income for the preceding year. Until the close of the year the citizen could not know whether his income would be absorbed by losses, expenses, etc., or otherwise disposed of without even being received, nor in fact could he know whether he would have any net income until he had balanced his receipts and expenditures after the end of the year. Within the meaning of the proposed tax the cumulating items of profit must necessarily remain in abeyance until the expenditures for the year are deducted therefrom at the end of the year before it could be known whether there was any sum remaining that would or could become capital. . . .

"An income tax is assessed and collected during the year subsequent to the accrual of the income returned and by which the tax is measured. Under a tax imposed with respect to net incomes the citizen may be required to return for the purpose of the measurement of the tax either his income for the preceding year, or his average income for a designated number of preceding years, or his estimated income for the current year. That view is sustained by previous citations herein."

What Mr. Hull insisted on was that the new income tax law "would provide for the doing of no act prior to December 31 next which would otherwise have been done by the citizens," and he reiterated that the income during the year 1913 was merely a basis for "measurement" of the liability due during the year 1914.

Measured by the Preceding Year

The attorney general and his assistants in the Wilson administration cited court decisions declaring that it was lawful for the income tax system "to take as a measure of taxation the profits or income of a preceding year."

Likewise Senator Shields of Tennessee, Democrat, one of the great constitutional lawyers of his day, prepared a memorandum which had the approval of the Senate finance committee, in which he said:

"As before stated, the provision of the bill requiring the computation of incomes received by taxpayers during the periods mentioned in the bill is merely the basis for the assessment of the tax, and it is well settled that incomes received before the law is passed may be considered in ascertaining the tax to be paid for the first year."

Nowhere in these debates can there be found the slightest justification for President Roosevelt's contention now that the citizen has a tax liability for the preceding year and actually owed the federal government, for example, for the year 1913, when he paid during 1914 or that he today owes for the year 1942 when in truth, following the sequence throughout the history of the income tax law, the citizen in paying today his 1943 tax bill as measured by his 1942 income. A simple correction of that fact by statutory action would eliminate the controversy over the Ruml plan altogether and it should eliminate also any suggestion that the citizen is getting something for nothing. What is happening is that the federal government has wrongly described his preceding year's income.

The President has made the serious mistake of misconstruing a portion of the citizen's own property as constituting an actual liability or debt to the government. There is no debt for 1942 and never has been for the preceding year, and it is time that the government redeemed the pledge to that effect given by the Wilson administration, and the Democratic majority in Congress in 1913.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

THE GOLD FISH BOWL

Of course, it is possible to suggest that the Food conference needs to be secret because no one wants to live in a gold fish bowl. It was even suggested that the next thing the President will have to submit to is reporters intruding on the privacy of his bath. Yet, it can truthfully be said that no family—with the possible exception of Theodore's—that ever inhabited the White House has so completely publicized itself. We are familiar with the affairs public and private of all the Roosevelt children and even the grandchildren, and Mrs. Roosevelt makes copy like no other woman in this country. Any experienced newspaper man can tell you that none of the personal stories about the President's family could have been available unless given out with their authority. So much for gold-fishing!

It is possible to ignore the President's lust for privacy, however, in any discussion of the Food conference. That conference is as much our business as it is that of any person who attends it. We, the people of this country, are paying for that conference with our money by taxes. And we shall probably be paying for many years to come in taxation for any decisions reached at that conference, although it is now suggested that the conference is only to meet but not to decide on anything. Nevertheless, it is our business. And we have a complete and indisputable right to know what is happening there. And curiously enough, we shall in time know exactly what happens there by the ordinary processes of journalistic ingenuity.

I see by the newspapers—they let that bit out—that on the very first day some of the countries attending the conference formed a French bloc and demanded that the lingo of the diplomats be limited not to English but also to include French. There is life left in the old French apparently. There was a time when the language of diplomacy was French and in those days all other tongues were barbarous. But alas! The diplomats may now have to put over their gags in English, a difficult language to foreigners. Of course, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek know neither English nor French and therefore they do not attend conferences. Maybe that is why they never went to Casablanca.

After these delegates all make speeches pro and con on whether they should speak in English or French or in both languages, or perhaps in Esperanto, they may get down to the question of potatoes and cabbages. It needs to be explained why these two vegetables—or are they rare fruits—which are eaten by the most lowly of peoples are scarce in the land of abundance. That should be the first item on the agenda of this conference. Maybe the experts from afar can explain exactly how it happens that this land of the French fry ran short of the most usual of all foods. The meat shortage can be explained simply: go back over the records of the past ten years when little pigs were slaughtered and the framer was paid not to grow feed and not to raise animal herds, and you have that story. He took the checks and obeyed the rulings. But potatoes! No one can explain what happened to the spud. Oh, where, oh, where is the old-fashioned potato? Someone ought to write a poem on Acres of Potatoes instead of Acres of Diamonds.

When the delegates to the Food conference get through talking about chow, they might take up the Four Freedoms. To be or not to be free! In a word, what about the freedom of the press? Or, do the diplomats mean by freedom of the press, freedom of the publicity agent? The newspaper men and newspaper women down in Hot Springs are the vanguard of an army for human liberty. They are having a tough time maintaining the Four Freedoms against its repudiation by the Food conference. Give them a hand, fellow citizens! They are fighting your battle for the truth.

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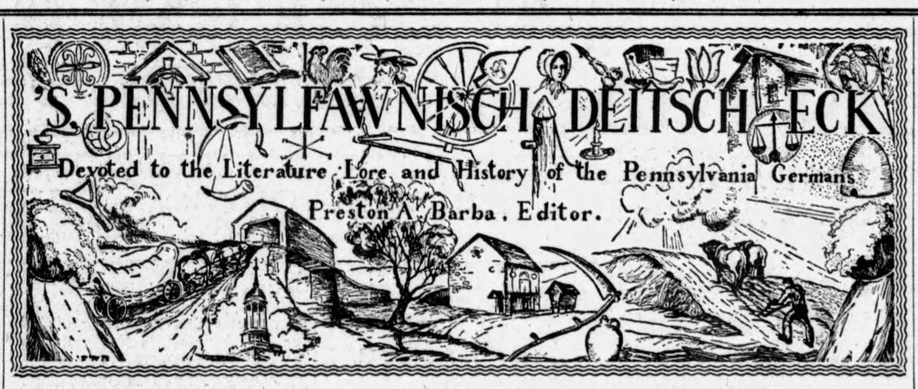
Pert and Pertinent

Truism: Of course we must have a good aim, but that is not enough. You have to pull the trigger.

We sometimes wonder what does a vice president think about when a president is away?

Many a father doesn't realize how much credit he has until his children grow up and start charging things to him.

One of the possible ideological theories that the post war planners will have to consider is the effects of repudiation.



AN ADDRESS

Delivered by Henry K. Landis, of the Landis Valley Museum and President of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, at the annual meeting of the latter held in Philadelphia, May 8, 1943.

A FOLK MUSEUM—WHY?

THE HISTORY of the world is written upon the works of the peoples of the world. They lived and labored and fought and what they left behind of recorded speech and in works of stone, clay, metal or wood, remain as meager sources of their lives and deeds. Language was the result of a progressive development and the alphabet followed in the same halting effort to convey thought. Perhaps the ancient Egyptians made the first attempts at writing, but one wonders what preceded. Discoveries continue to uncover unsuspected relics of the unknown past, the deciphering of which has developed antiquarians and archaeologists of ability whose writings fill libraries. What becomes of these discoveries? Some have been preserved in museums where they can be studied, but what has become of the greater number and of what value will these be to science, history and the arts? We have gone far in the development of libraries and collections of curios and of the finer arts but antiquarian collections have been neglected and even diverted to trivial ornament as passing fancies and thoughtless fashion dictated. Eventually they are destroyed and lost, which is regrettable. They should be preserved. We should become more museum-minded.

THE PRESERVATION OF FOLKLORE

Unless an endeavor is made to record the characteristics and accomplishments of the present as well as of the past, the coming generations will know little about them. We assume, of course, that they will want to know something of our culture as well as that of our ancestors. The folklore section of any good library contains valuable records and discussions of certain features of the life and customs of former generations and this is a good beginning, but there is still much to be done, particularly in the preservation of the artifacts of our ancestors. Not only what they did and why, but with what did they do it, future generation will want to know. That means museums, organized for safety and permanency. It means the study and written results of such research, as well as the developing of interest in the subject. Perhaps the latter is at present the most important consideration and that is why students have taken much interest in the development of the Landis Valley Museum with its wealth of such material.

The museum has the usual collections of reference books relating in some way to the collections in the several buildings, but on the shelves are also books which are in themselves antiques and source-books for research, such as books on early travel and exploration, full of facts regarding early pioneer development. The later period of development is represented by books on industries, crafts, statistics and even literature. Certain books have achieved success and it is of interest to study just what makes a book successful; so there are shelves of books on literary topics, selected for their popular approval or recognized value. And what makes a book successful? Many writers would like to know the answer to that question.

BOOKS

Another question is: What makes a library? Consequently we have on the Museum library shelves library catalogs of famous libraries in addition to the usual bibliographies. What about folklore? Our Pennsylvania Dutch dialect is the topic for a whole section; also almanacs, even a "Poor Richard" series; cook-books inclusive of Dutch cookery; powwow books and books on medical lore fraktur, wall pictures (such as Himmelsbriefe, Hausegen, Taufscheine, samplers, etc. in quantity); there are about 3,000 volumes on the North American Indian and on comparative anthropology; about 2,000 volumes on ornithology and natural history; 1,000 on the early West, a two-horse load of old schoolbooks and as many church-books, including hymn-books. By developing such groups it is possible to make an interesting and valuable library. But there is no merit in numbers of volumes alone, for even a small library may be made of value and interest by specializing in several groups of really desirable books. Of course our field is folklore and antiquities, but other interests account for other groups apparently not closely related.

COLLECTIONS

Having explained how a reference library becomes a necessary adjunct to a museum, we now pass to the collections themselves. It so happens that the Dutch settled in what was truly Penn's woodland. This fertile garden spot of today was then a picturesque composite of woods and meadows, of winding creeks and rounded hills abounding in fish and game. Soon after the packtrains of newly arrived immigrants had returned to the City of Brotherly Love the axes, thoughtfully brought in by the settlers, resounded in the woodland and in a surprisingly short time log-houses had risen near springs and a little later log barns followed. The axe was the pioneer's first aid, but there followed a numerous family of wood-carving tools, soon to be augmented by the skilled blacksmith, the potter and the weaver, and in this way came civilization into the back woods, with its many inventions, comforts and prosperity. Out of the wilderness came cultivated fields producing in such abundance that there was much left over for the distant cities; local artisans therefore created the Conestoga wagons which took this surplus out and brought back needed supplies from the shops as provided by the shipping of the world. An old proverb says: "Great oaks from little acorns grow" and so the woods and meadows became farms and villages; and the wild life went West, ever westward, and thus began the great story of the march of Empire.

Do we know what these pioneers did and how? What proof have we? That is where the folk museum comes into the picture. There unfolds the story of how the primitive ways and tools were developed through necessity into more productive and efficient methods to meet the demands of progress. A great thinker said that progress was from the simple to the complex. So it was with the tools which eventually became machines; and so it will be in the future—if man measures up to the demands of new days and other ways. The motives of the pioneer were industry and frugality and they built a nation. Times have changed and the problem now before the world is how shall we be saved from the retrogressive tendency toward indolence and indulgence, insecurity and inhumanity, insatiate greed and foolish vanity? I read the other day that the more the Indians of Patagonia were paid the less work they did and the more idle they became. Why go as far as Patagonia?

And so we wander through our museum and muse over those golden days when there was no gas to worry about and there was plenty to eat; when common sense prevailed rather than text-book economics. The story is written there as plain as the nose on your face. So why wonder what is going to happen next?

DIE SCHTOWWERKEPP

Vum JOHN BIRMELIN

(In this notable ballad the poet has dressed in its native garb a well-known legend employed both by Mildred Jordan in her recent novel "Apple in the Attic" and in Oliver Lantz's excellent story "Stubborn-Heads" (see Eck, Jan. 30 and Feb. 6, 1943). Mr. Birmelin read this ballad at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society held in Philadelphia, Saturday, May 8, 1943. ED.)

"Autsch!" So hot der Naethan g'saat,
"Des Ding iss deiwelsheess!
Noch allemol die Hand verbrennt;
Ken Wunner waerd mer bees!"

Teekessel waar mit Wasser g'fillt
Un iwwer'm heesse Feier;
Do haucht er dampich aus der Zott
Un singt sei aldi Leier.

Die Henk leit immer newe druff,
So silwerglatt un schee;
Un iss der Kessel noch so heess,
Die Henk noch viele meh.

Nau wann der Naethan sich balwiert,
Dann macht's ihm viel Verdruss;
Weil er fer seller Schtobblebaart
Heess Wasser hawwe muss.

Ah hah! Er hot's mol iwwerlegt
Mit aller Geischtesgraft,
"Mer schtellt die Henk mol in die Heh.
Mol sehne wie sell schafft.

Un wu die Henk am Kessel schwenkt,
Dart schiebt mer'n Keitel nei;
Dann waerd die Henk net gaar so heess,
Noh kann mer besser bei."

Vum weeche Beindi olz hot er dann
En gleener Keitel g'schnitzelt;
Waar schtolz mit seine G'scheitich-keet,
Es hot ihn recht gekitzelt.

Er schiebt der Keitel an die Henk
Un ruft emol der Fraa,
Un saagt, "so hawwich's nau gemacht,
Vun nau ab duschte's aa!"

Ya well, mer weess, wie Weibsleit sin
Mit denne neie Sache;
Mer grickt sie ewwe net so leicht
Fer alles nohzumache.

E paar mol hot sie 's wull browiert,
Doch schteht's re gaar net aa,
Sie hot der Keitel weggelegt;
Glei denkt sie nimmi draa.

Am naegschte Sundaag Maerye will
Der Naethan sich balwiere;
Er waar schunn bissel hinner Hand
Un daerf ken Zeit verliere.

Un guckt er dann fer selli Henk,
Do leit sie widder newe;
Er hot der G'schaerrweschlumbe grickt
Fer'n Kessel runner hewe.

Er hot so dabbich hiegereecht
Un in der Baart gegnaerrt;
Noh hot er bissel draa geluppt,
Der Kessel runner g'schnaerrt.

Des Wasser fliegt zum Deckel raus,
Hot in der Luft gezischt;
Der Naethan duckt sich uff die Seit
Un 's hot ihn doch verwischt.

Er hot die Heese wiescht verbrieht,
Schtrimpfiessich wie er waar;
Er hickelt um der Offe rum
Un yaemert sonderbaar.

Noh kummt er awwer in die Wut
Un ruft de alde Beltz,
Demiedich kummt sie frogt so schei,
"Ei Naethan, was iss letz?"

"Ya, was iss letz? Do frogschte noch?
Du dummer Dibbel-dabbel!
Hir Weiwer hen ke Haern im Kopp,
Mer heert's an eierm Gebabbel!"—

"Mer hen verleicht meh Haern wie du,
Du Biffel-Ochs, du dummer!
As ich mich noch beyuse loss?
Nau hoschte mol dei Nummer!

Hab, so wie so, genunk zu duh;
Un kennt mich schunn beglaage,
Mitaus den dumme Keitel Holz
Dir aa noch beizudraage!"

Do faahrt der Naethan in die Luft,
"Nau haltscht mer awwer's Maul!
Des hett dich aa net dod gemacht,
Doch bischte wull zu faul!"

Dann hot die Betz vun sellem Daag
Der Keitel Holz versaerrigt;
Doch wie sie nau verennert waar,
Des hot mer wull gemaerrikt.

Der Naethan, mit seim Schtowwer-kopp,
Waar wull der Baas im Haus;
Die Betz kann graad so schtowwerich sei,
Des find er nau erscht aus.

Wann ebbes noch zu schwetze waar,
Dann waar's yuscht "Ya" un "Nee,"
Un in der allergreeschte Not
Waar's aa net viele meh.

Un so sin dann, vun sellre Zeit,
Die Daage schtill vergange;
Ya, wann yuscht bissel Kumbni waer;
Der Mensch dutt's yo verlange.

Do kummt de Betz ihr Enkelkind
Ur bringt en Hundel bei;
Das waar en wusslich, wollich Ding
Un kennt net schenner sei.

Es schpringt der Betz mol uff der Schooss,
Sell macht sie awwer schmunzle;
Nau macht sie widder'n freindlich G'sicht,
Vergehn sogaar die Runzle.

Do sehnt des Kind wie'n grossi Freed
Des macht bei dere Alde,
Un saagt, "Ei Mammi wann de witt,
Des Hundli maagscht du b'halde!"

"Ei Kind, do bin ich yuscht zu froh!
'S bringt Lewe do in's Haus.
Mer hen wull noch so'n alder Hund,
Doch dem macht's gaar nichs aus."

Ya, seller Hund waar dick un fett,
Un Grover waar sei Naame;
Er hot geblafft, so hie un do,
Doch waar er oft am draame.

Des wusslich, wollich Hundelche,
Des hot sie Woodrow g'heese;
Er hot am Grover rum gezaerrt,
Waar ganz en anner Wese.

Sie barzle um enanner rum,
Doch duhne sie ken Schaade;
Der Iwwermut hot sie geblogt,
So wie die Demograade.

Un kummt der Naethan owets heem,
Des Ding e Weil bedracht,
Do hot er weiter nichs druff g'saat,
Ken gaschdich G'sicht gemacht.

Es waar aa yuscht paar Daag dernoh,
Do leert er sich mol aus;
Er saagt der Betz, "Nau heer emol,
Des Hundel muss mer naus!

Fe Hund im Haus iss graad genunk!
Der fresst sich dick ur fett.
Un hot mer noch des Grippsel do,
Dann fresse sie zu zwett."

Do hot der Grover mol gegnaerrt;
Der Woodrow hot gewinzelt.
Er schwenzelt niwwer zu de Betz
Un hot sie aageblinzelt.

Sie nemmt des Hundel in der Schaerz
Fer's bissel zuzudecke:
"Ya, Hundel bleib du numme do
Un loss dich net verschrecke!"

Der Naethan hot so schtill gebrutzt,
Zwee Daage odder drei;
Do hot die Betz sich weisgemacht
Der Schtiwwer waer verbei.

Doch nee! Der Naethan Grienewald
Waar net so leicht zu biege;
Browiert, so schteif as wie er waar,
Fer immer's Bescht zu griege.

Nau holt er mol sei largi Flint,
Es waar schunn owets schpot,
Er giesst e wennich Pulfer nei
Un laad sie aa mit Schrot.

Noh dret, er var die Kichedier,
Do hot's aa glei gegracht;
Am Hiwwel naus do heert mer's noch,
Die Hunde hen geblafft.

Un kummt er in die Kich zurick,
Waar alles meiselschtill:
"Der Hund muss maerye aus em Weg,
Un do maag's geh wie's will.

Am naegschte Maerye, in de Frieh,
Die Betz geht uff der Maerrik;
Des Hundel hot sie uff der Fuhr
Un 's freet sich gaar so aerrig;

Un Ebbel hot sie, Riewe, Graut
Un gudi g'schmokdi Waerscht;
En Fessel Cider hinne druff
Waar ebbes fer der Daerscht.

Glei hot sie alles ausverkaaft,
Yuscht's Hundel waar noch do;
Des wusselt iwweraalich rum,
Geht seine G'schpichte noh.

Die Betz hot dem so zugeguckt,
Do kummt en Fraa dohaer,
Hot's Hundel uffgepackt un frogt
Eb des zu kaafe waer.

"Ei Haerriyaerem!" saagt die Betz,
Sell fallt mer gaar net ei!
Des Hundel iss mer'n grossi Freed,
Kennt gaar net drunner sei."

"Ich geb der'n Daaler," saagt die Fraa
Ach, well! Ich geb der zwee!"
Die Betz hot's Hundel aageguckt,
Un saagt net "Ya," net "Nee."

"Ich geb der Fimfe!" saagt die Fraa,
Un reecht en Goldschtick anne.
Gaar so viel Geld fer'r gleener Hund—
Un hot sie recht verschtanne?

Doch ya, die Fraa hot's wull gemeent,
Des kennt en Handel sei;
Fimf Daaler iss en schee Schtick Geld
Un kaemt aa hendich rei.

Sie nemmt des Geld so recht verzaagt,
Mit Draene in de Aaage,
Sie saagt dem Hundel "Faerrewell!"
Die Fraa hot's fartgedraage.

Un kummt die Betz dann Owets heem,
Do hot sie's doch geblogt;
So eegehendich aazugeh,
Der Naethan gaar net g'frogt.

Ya well! Der Naethan hett am End
Des Hundel zammeg'schosse;
Nau hot sie mol ihr eege Geld,
Des muss er ihre losse.

Un wann sie's Geld verschteckelt hot,
Des waar doch gaar ke Sind—
Die Weiwer finne immer Bletz
Wu's niemand hendich find.

Der Naethan hot in dere Zeit
Des Hundel wull vermisst;
Hett's doch verschtanne, wann er nau
Vum Goldschtick hett gewisst.

So wie's mol ebbes Neies gebt,
Dann kann mer's net verhehle;
Die Schpatze draage's in die Luft,
Die Weiwer duhn's verzaehle.

Un des iss gaar ken Retscherei,
Mer saagt yuscht vun so Sache;
Die Menner halde net viel druff,
Doch duhn sie's aa so mache.

Do hot der Naethan unverhofft
Sei Schwoger aagedroffe;
Der waar gewiss ker, iwwler Kerl,
Doch immer halwer g'soffe.

Un wie er do der Naethan sehnt,
Do fangt er aa zu lache;
Der Naethan guckt so recht verdutzt,
Weess net was draus zu mache.

"Ya, Naethan, dir geht's aerrig gut,
So wie die Leit uns saage;
Dei Aldi bringt dir Blendi ei,
Do hoscht du nichs zu glaage."

Des bringt der Naethan in die Heh:
'Ei Schwoger, was iss letz?"—
"Un hoschte noch nichs g'heert devun?
Ya, weeschte net? Die Betz—

Die Betz, die hot der Hund verkaaft,
Fimf Daaler hot sie grickt;
Ich weess net wie, in aller Welt,
Deel Leit so alles glickt!"

Der Naethan schtosst en Seifzer aus,
"O, sell iss was es iss!
Ich hett re yuscht so halb gedraut,
Nau weess ich's doch gewiss."

Noh laaft er heem mit lange Schritt,
Im Schwung die schwere Schtiwwel.
Fimf Daaler, hot er sich gedenkt,
Des waer yo net so iwwel!

(To Be Concluded)

Deaths of a Day

JOHN F. DURNIN

John F. Durnin, pensioned employe of the Universal Atlas Cement Co., Coplay, died at 3:15 p. m. yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital where he had been a patient for the past eight weeks. He was in his 85th year.

Mr. Durnin was born at Mauch Chunk, a son of the late Charles and Cecelia Durnin. He moved to Allentown when he was 4 years old and later moved to Coplay. He was employed by the Universal Atlas Cement Co. at Coplay for many years, going on pension in 1930. In recent years he lived in Allentown.

He was a devout member of the Immaculate Conception Catholic church, Allentown.

Mr. Durnin's wife, Frances, nee Gallagher, Durnin, died 19 years ago. He is survived by a daughter, Sister St. Regis, Order of St. Joseph, stationed at St. Joseph's villa at Cheltenham, Pa.; a sister, Mrs. Cecelia Kelly, Riverton, N. J. Two daughters preceded him in death.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday, 8:30 a. m., from the Mary K. O'Donnell funeral home, 232 Ridge Ave., Allentown. Solemn requiem mass will be held at the Immaculate Conception Catholic church, Allentown, at 9 a. m. Burial will be in the English Catholic cemetery.

Has 15-Day Furlough

Corporal Robert Happel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd J. Happel, 612 N. Fountain St., is spending a 15-day furlough at the home of his parents.

Corporal Happel is stationed at Camp McQuaide, Calif., and has been there since he entered the Army last October. He was promoted to corporal last April. He is in the artillery.

Prior to entering the service, the corporal was an employe of the Allen Laundry. He attended Allentown High school.

A brother, Private Kenneth Happel, is stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C.

CHARLES SAYLOR

Charles Saylor, 81, a life-long resident of Richlandtown, died early Friday morning in the Quakertown Community hospital. Mr. Saylor was born in Richland township, a son of the late Zachariah and Deborah, nee Benner, Saylor.

There survive one daughter, Mrs. Wilson Benner, of Quakertown; two sons, Frank Saylor, Bethlehem, and Arthur S. Saylor of Somerville, N. J.; also one grandchild.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday, May 25, at 2 p. m. at the N. F. Benner funeral home, Richlandtown, with Rev. C. C. Schlitzer and Rev. Elmer Link officiating. Interment in Richlandtown cemetery.

MRS. MOLLIE WILSON

Mrs. Mollie Wilson, wife of Arthur Wilson, Martins Creek, died Thursday evening at her home after an illness of several days.

She was 45 and besides her husband she is survived by a brother residing in New York City. She formerly resided in Easton and was a member of the Union A.M.E. church, Easton.

BERNICE E. STRINGER

Bernice E. Stringer, 12-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Stringer, 847 Greenleaf St., Allentown, died at 7:45 p. m. yesterday in the Allentown hospital.

Miss Stringer had been ill for more than a year with a kidney condition. She was admitted to the hospital yesterday morning. She was born in Allentown. She was a member of Grace Episcopal church, Allentown.

Surviving are the parents, three brothers, William J., Richard and David, all at home; paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Stringer, Allentown, and maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton C. Eisenhard, Allentown.

Pumpernickle Bill—By WM. S. TROXELL

Alias Hut Sich Feranner'd

'S mocht nix ous woh m'r onna gait blauderra mit elterlicha leit os eisht 'n lang in da gagenda dahame worra woh sie now wohna, allas hut sich feranner'd tzitter os sie die bletz bakont sin. Un grawd sellie sama socha halta aw ous drowwa uf da Union shtross Fullerton, woh m'r da onner dawg ordlich weil gablauder'd hen mit 'm William Wolbach die weil os der Eddie Knoll sei housrote socha om ferkaufa wor on fendu. Der William is 'n painter un paperer, un huts hous 44 yohr tzurick gabout woh da onner dawg die fendu wor. Sei fraw die Carrie, wohs George Washington Bogha dochter wor is g'shtarva, un ains fon seina maid, die Grace un ihra mon der Albert Schaffer sin hame gatzoga fon Nei Yarrick, un woh der William now tzailt sei hamet dabei tzu mocha.

Fier un fartsich yohr tzurick wie er sei hous gabout hut worra yusht tzwae onnerra heiser uf selra shtross, un woh shpaiter nous gonga is beim nahma Kasa lane, so wie der Frank Wolle fon Mertztown uns fertzailt hut. Der Frank un sei fraw die Florence worra aw on da fendu, un er hut uns fertzailt wie er fer yohra long shtore fuhr darta ferbei g'fohra hut, fers Knerr and Wolle's shtore fon da shtadt. 'N Kase familia het gons der waig drous gawohn'd, un woh da shtross der nahma, Kasa Lane gewwa het, un woh now gakent is ols die Union shtross. Die heiser os sella mohl worra, is es gross gableshder'd hous wohs Charl Shoenenbergers now drin wohna, un fier un fartsich yohr tzurick gaaigen'd un bawohn'd wor bei da Mrs. Shoenenberger'n ihr'm grampap Lewis Snyder. 'S onner hous wor sel drous om eck bawohn'd, bei's Sam Kahlers, un shpaiter nous bei ihr'm boo John, un now die hamet wohs Howard Boids wohna.

Heiser baua 44 yohr tzurick wor gons onnishder gaeich heit tzu dawg so weit os es huls un lumber aw gonga is, ow'r 's ob batzawla wor bout ains. 'S aller beshd hemlock huls, board may os 'n tzol dick hen 18 dahler 's dousand gakosh'd, uns onner huls wor aw so wolfel, os sie drei bei fier shtudding ol darich gayus'd hen, un bolka un bleg oft mohls nocha mohl so shwear os sie sei hen breicha. So weit os es fartich ob batzawla aw gonga is, hut der William uns g'sawt, 's het 17 yohr gadauert bis er endlich 'n dousand dahler shuld ob batzawla het kenna. Darrich sellie weil, hut er uf kours 'n familia fon ocht kinner garais'd, un aw alla gabut annerringa gamocht on da hamet.

Der William wor in Bedlahame uf gabrocht, un woh er dahame wor bis er 18 yohr alt wor, un sei fraw hut er grick'd in Catasauqua. Ebbes os em oft mohls wunnert is, wos gawissna leit noch gawissna gagenga gabrocht hut, un woh aw widder der fol wor so weit os der William aw gonga is. Tzu wissa os er fon Bedlahame wor, un sei Carrie fon Catasauqua, hut er uns noh fertzailt wie er sei hame shtadt ferlossa het wie er 18 yohr alt wor weils owets noch da ocht uhrr tzu ruich un dote gawest wear in Bedlahame. In Allentown wear fiela may lava gawest un wear noh doh riwwer kumma darrich sei kousin, der docktor Irvin Heebner, un der Harvey Farr, un het shtarta klerricka ins Helfrich un Weavers shtore uf da Hamilton shtross. Shpaiter nous hut er shtarta klerricka imma shtore on da 12d un Chew shtross, un wor darrich sellie weil os er k'heiert hut. Fon darta is er noh ons painta un paperra, un hut shtarta shoffa fer der Mandus Young fon Northampton. Die weil os er noh tzeita weiss in Allentown g'shoft hut, un tzeita weiss in Northampton, hut er ous gamocht fer sich 'n hamet baua so g'shwisha drin, un hut sich die lut kauft woh er now shun fer 44 yohr dahame is.

So weit os die Dent hardware kumpany aw gait woh grawd uf da onner side da shtross is fom William seinra hamet, wor sel tzeit noch arrick wenich darta om gae. Der Henry Newhart, woh ols lond gagend hut darta rum, hut yusht ae glainie foundry om gae kot, un woh sie gons glaina brassna ardickle gamocht hen wie jacks fer kinner mit shpiela, onnerra glaina shpiel socha, un brassna handles fer on refrigerators, un housrote socha mocha.

So weit os die fendu da onner dawg aw gonga is, hut allas gute k'hold wie dale fom housrote socha het. Sei uf kours worra ardickles so wie side boards, bed sets un so 'n gleichas, socha os naryads fiel hola.

Hens Aw Fersuch'd

Doh net long tzurick huts uns gore mechdich gakitz'ld der Shquire Elmer Kistler fom Kistlers Dahl hoerra fertzaila, wie er nous noch Reading wor fer sich 'n paar shoe kaufa, un hut fergessa kot sei nummer 17d'r shtamp mit tzu nemma. Dadarrich hut noh 'n Allentown shtore 'n dawg danoh 'n paar shoe ferkauft os sie so net hetta. Der Elmer hut 'n mechdichie tzeit kot fer 'n paar shoe finna drous in Reading os 'n gabost hut. Endlich hut er ow'r 'n paar g'funna, un hut 'm klerrick g'sawt er dade sie nemma. Der klerrich, woh sheinds ken chance nemma hut wolla mit ma fremma kustomer, hut noh gawunnert eb er sei nunner 17d'r shtamp bei

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

From out our crowded calendar
One day we pluck to give;
It is the day the Dying pause
To honor those who live.
—Wilson.

RECORD MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVANCE

Observance of Memorial Day tomorrow will be both memorial and patriotic in its nature. Because of its falling upon Sunday opportunity will come to the maximum number of people to take part in it either as participants in the huge parade that has been arranged or as spectators of the parade and auditors at the program in West Park. Weather permitting, it is safe to predict that the celebration will break all records for an event of its kind.

Such prediction can be based upon the patriotic spirit of the community in war-days, especially in these days which are so different in many respects from those of any war in American history.

Always there has been a home front in the course of war but never has the home front been made so conscious of its importance and never has it been so well organized. Never before was it necessary to effect such wide and complex organization because there never has been a war like this one.

In other days the home front did not have to have a single worry about air raids, out of which have developed so great need for preparation on the part of civilian populations. Battle could be raging as close to Allentown as Germantown and Gettysburg but unless armies could defeat other armies the people of the community could go on peacefully with their routine activities.

Today no community anywhere in the world can feel that it is immune from attack. In recent days Italian boasters have proclaimed a bombing feat by one of the country's squadrons which has encouraged them to believe that New York could be attacked successfully and the aviators could reach home. Repeatedly impudent Japanese make threats not merely to bomb American cities but actually to invade the North American continent, not merely the Aleutian islands. Many Americans believe our Axis foes will not attempt such attacks because of their almost certain suicidal consequences. However, many believe that some big raids will be attempted.

Against the possibility and the probability of attacks by air there is the most complete organization of women and men. The result is that almost everybody is in this war in some very active capacity and therefore is thinking a great deal about it. In like manner then there is much thought as to the men who are upon the combat lines and there is deep and serious thought as to those who have made the supreme sacrifice and as to those unnumbered thousands who will make that sacrifice before this war has ended.

So the nature of Memorial Day itself, dedicated to the memory of the heroic dead of other crises in our history, prompts wide observance in times of peace. But in time of war even wider and more sincere observance is stimulated and in a war such as the present one there is prompting to almost universal observance.

HE WAS OF THE SALT OF THE EARTH

In the passing yesterday of Frank A. Arner the community lost one of its most useful citizens—a man who for more than forty years was identified with and active in many worthwhile activities that are vital to the soul of our people.

When the phrase "salt of the earth" is used we think of men like Frank A. Arner. They are the type of men who do not get into the headlines, who create no excitement, but who steadily and faithfully carry along, day in and day out, with the cares and problems of family life, with the activities of organizations like the church, the school and others so important to the communal life. Allentown—every community in fact—has lots of these unsung men who plod on faithfully and sustain the very best traditions of the American home and family and of the American social system. But not all of them have the energy and the vision to engage as widely in community activities as did Mr. Arner, or have the background of training and ability to serve so usefully in them.

He devoted his years to the promotion of Boy Scout work in this Lehigh Valley and to that other valuable activity for boys, the Order of DeMolay. Throughout his life his fealty and devotion to the work of his church were known to all who knew the man, while as a lover of music, his associations with the Arion Society during practically all its history testify to the culture that he cherished for himself and always sought to promote for the benefit of others.

In every organization in which he served there was always the feeling that he was a man to be depended upon absolutely. Given a task and it would be performed; summoned for a meeting and the roll-call would be answered. Though mild-mannered, he was the kind of a man who put backbone into an organization and that brought accomplishment for such organization. Every one of those in which he served is going to miss him sorely.

SWEDEN'S VIEWS ON COMINTERN

Sweden is such a close neighbor of Russia that she can be expected to sense a little better what is going on in that country than can those who live far away, separated by great continents and wide seas.

So it is interesting to note what reaction has taken place in Sweden as to the recent order dissolving the Comintern. According to reports, reported by the American-Swedish News Exchange, the dissolution is generally regarded in Sweden as a gesture to promote friendly relations between Russia and her democratic allies, although the Swedish press does not hide its skepticism concerning the Communists ceasing their international activity. On the whole, however, the decision is viewed as a logical consequence of the development of Communism under Josef Stalin. An editorial in today's issue of the Stockholm newspaper Social-Demokraten says: "There is hardly a more nationalistic political party in the world today than that of the Russian Communists." Adding that affiliated branches of the Comintern have recently been used as agents, not for bringing about a world revolution, but for promoting purely Russian political interests abroad, the editorial says: "This is no longer necessary since the Soviet Union has succeeded in obtaining powerful capitalistic allies. Therefore the previously favored proletarians have now been discarded." Stating that it does not believe the German claim that the decision is a bluff, the paper says: "The Comintern is dissolved—through clear political expedience—as being a hindrance to Soviet Russia's relations with her allies. It may be revived under changed conditions, but this is hardly to be expected during the present war."

Delegation of Power

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WA5SHINGTON, May 28 (Special Dispatch)—Senator O'Mahoney, Democrat, comes from the wool-growing and cattle-raising state of Wyoming, and hence anything that touches the tariff system could conceivably touch the interests of his constituents.

So the Wyoming senator wants to make sure that the people of the state of Wyoming will have a voice in the making of reciprocal trade agreements or that they will have a veto against agreements which affect them adversely.

This is the position which many other senators, irrespective of party, have also taken. But the Wyoming senator has put his finger on a weakness in the American system whereby power is delegated to the executive and there is no joint responsibility by the Congress and the executive for an agreement made with another government.

Too often the same issue has been raised for the mere purpose of defeating tariff revision. Too often it has been plain that the effort to bring about congressional ratification of reciprocal trade agreements is a device to kill the trade agreement process altogether or weaken the hands of the negotiating body in America.

* * * *

But the truth is, as Senator O'Mahoney states in his latest utterance on the subject, other countries do have in their legislative bodies under the parliamentary system a right of ratification. The Department of State under Secretary Hull has instituted the system of reciprocal trade agreements through a delegation of legislative power granted in advance of the making of the trade agreements themselves. The process has been ruled to be constitutional.

Mr. O'Mahoney points out, however, that the American people are at a disadvantage through that delegation—or abdication—as he calls it.

"The legislative system of free government," he says, "is preserved in Great Britain and in Canada. Here it is being transformed into an executive bureaucracy.

"We cannot preserve representative government in the United States if Congress continues to throw its power away to the executive. I care not how respectable and good-intentioned the executive may be, he should not be permitted to exercise the legislative power. If we desire to retain representative government in this country, Congress must stop delegating its functions. This is the time to begin. At this hour when we stand upon the threshold of a new free world to be erected after the United Nations have won their victory, Congress must retain its power to regulate foreign commerce, its power to levy taxes, and the Senate must retain some supervision over international arrangements or else the people themselves will have been excluded from the reorganization that is to come."

* * * *

What the Wyoming senator apparently does not advocate is the establishment of a parliamentary system for the United States. He indicates that the American system of separate branches of the government is satisfactory. And yet the very thing which would put the United States on a par with Britain in matters of trade negotiations would be a flexible system enabling this country to adjust itself overnight to changing conditions in the economic world—a circumstance that persuaded the sponsors of the reciprocal trade agreements for the last ten years to insist that Congress delegate the power for two or three-year periods and take it back if the process doesn't work satisfactorily.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

REPUBLICANS SEEK A LEADER

There seems to be too great an anxiety among Republicans and their friends to form their lines forthwith behind a standard bearer, and, of course, there are any number of men ready and willing to take on the job. It is so early in the 1944 campaign and the circumstances of June, 1944, and, even more, November, 1944, are so uncertain that it seems altogether unnecessary to make a decision today. As a matter of fact, almost any man who fits the picture today may be unavailable then.

Among the leading candidates are still Wendell Willkie and Governors Tom Dewey of New York and John Bricker of Ohio; Stassen of Minnesota is in the Navy and for the moment need not be considered any more than General MacArthur, although both and many others may be powerful figures when the day of nominations arrives.

It is impossible to exclude Wendell Willkie from consideration, although most Republicans are distressed by him. He has hardly any support among Republican leaders, but he continues to hold a fanatical following among the rank and file of the party, particularly the women. Many Republicans say that if Willkie runs they will vote even for Franklin D. Roosevelt, but it is equally true that some Willkieites say that they will bolt the party if Willkie is not nominated. Professional Republican politicians fear that Willkie may become the Republican William Jennings Bryan, keeping their party in turmoil and out of power for many years to come.

* * * *

Willkie has the best pre-convention organization, which is on the job all the time. He keeps his name, his photograph and his remarks on the front page of newspapers throughout the country. His recent book, selling a million copies or more, serves as a first rate pre-convention publicity job, but it establishes his program so positively that if his party in 1944 cannot go along, then he cannot be nominated. On the other hand, he is the only candidate who has established a take-it-or-leave-it position. As much as the politicians fear Willkie, however, they feel that the liabilities in his situation are identical with those that face Roosevelt, namely, an unfortunate prolongation of the war, a Russian defeat, hunger and discontent within the United States, the breakdown of the home-front, squabbling among the anti-Hitler coalition at a Peace Conference or even before such a conference is held.

* * * *

John Bricker is avoiding too many intellectual entanglements, biding his time until it becomes necessary for him either to project himself or to step down. His tactics are exactly opposite to Willkie's. Politicians say that it is a better and a wiser procedure and goes well in many parts of the country. In the East, where Hollywood intellectuality exhibits itself in a constant array of photographs and sound effect speeches, Bricker's activities are not so impressive.

Tom Dewey continues to maintain the fiction that he is not a candidate. Nobody believes the fiction. He has built, in New York State, a tight and effective organization as bossed and controlled as Republicans have not been since the days of Tom Platt. But it is an organization of politicians, job-holders and prospective job-holders. It does not reach the rank and file of the party. Unless Tom Dewey discovers a formula for making himself more popular among the ordinary Republicans, he may find that this professional politician steam-rolling organization, which he has so painstakingly built, will not hold up in a bitter contest with Willkie who ignores the professional politician and goes to the rank and file.

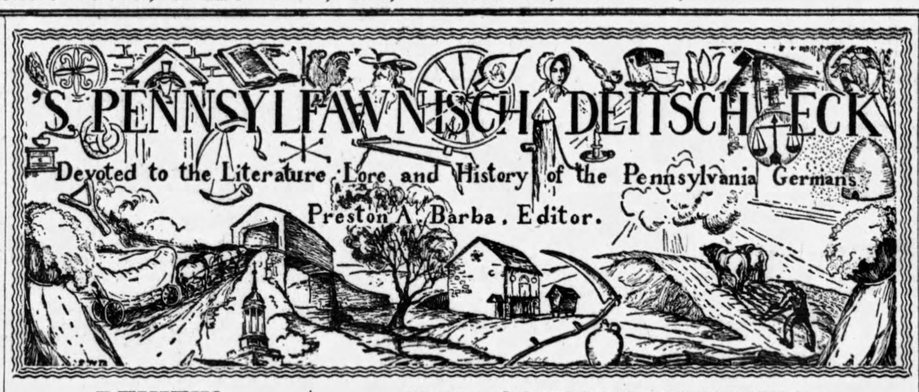
The real issue will be Franklin D. Roosevelt and who can defeat him. The nomination will probably be made solely on that basis and nobody knows the answer to that today.

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Today's grammar: "Give me three collective nouns." "Flypaper, wastebasket and vacuum cleaner."

He only is a man who does regard other men as mortal as himself—no matter what elective office he holds.

No, dearie, eating horse meat won't give some people horse sense.



REVIEW

THE STORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH. Lithographs by C. H. DeWitt. Text by Ann Hark. Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York. 1943.—$1.00.

Among the numerous publications expressing the extensive resurgence of interest in the various activities of the Pennsylvania Germans there has been no lack of books created to appeal especially to our younger readers. The public has not forgotten "Henner's Lydia", Marguerite de Angeli's story about the little Amish girl who lives on a farm near Lancaster, with a profusion of illustrations by the author herself, showing Amish boys and girls at work and play (Junior Books, Doubleday Doran and Company, 1936.) It was dedicated: To the Children of the Little Red Schoolhouse in the Conestoga Valley of Pennsylvania. This was followed in 1939 by Mrs. De Angeli's "Skippack School", also written about Pennsylvania German children. "Being the Story of Eli Shrawder and of one Christopher Dock, schoolmaster about the year 1750 (also Junior Books, Doubleday Doran and Company). In the wake of these successes Charles Scribner's Sons published in 1940 "Lovina, A Story of the Pennsylvania Country." Story and pictures were both by Katherine Milhous. Again it was a little Amish girl who held the center of a story pleasantly woven about the folksy art of the potter. Miss Milhous had become widely known through her beautiful posters of Pennsylvania German life, designed as a part of the work of the Federal Arts Project.

And now Harper and Brothers, New York and London, have also joined the ranks of notable publishers of Pennsylvania German material, publishing on the 19th of this month the book under the above title. Although nowhere so stated it is very apparently also meant for younger readers. It is however a serious attempt on the part of Miss Hark to acquaint the reader with the historical and cultural backgrounds of a people in which the general public is now so greatly interested. This she sets out to do in a series of detached chapters presenting familiar facts in an easy and objective manner.

The first chapter "The Promised Land," tells briefly of the backgrounds of the Palatinate immigrants and the causes of their migrations; in the second chapter "Conquering the Forest," is related the story of their first settlements and their gradual spread throughout the wilderness; "The Woman in the Wilderness" is the story of Johann Kelpius and the hermits of the Wissahickon", in "Brother Friedsam" we are taken to the Cloisters at Ephrata; "The Printer of Germantown" acquaints the reader with Christopher Sauer and his herculean task of setting up the type and printing Luther's Bible, the first American edition of the Bible in any European tongue; in "Baron Stiegel" we are taken to Lebanon County and the famous glass-works of that glamorous colonial character; "Inland Ships" is a short chapter on the development of the Conestoga wagon (better done in the author's Hex Marks the Spot); "The Printed Word" takes us once more to the Ephrata Cloisters and the labors in translating and printing the Dutch Mennonite Martyr's Book; the biggest printing undertaken in colonial times. There is a short chapter on the dialect, in which Miss Hark quotes from the poems of our John Birmelin; another on "An Almost Lost Art" (pottery), is followed by a few short chapters on the Pennsylvania Germans of today (The Plain People, An Amish Singing, God's Country, Market Day in Lancaster, Christmas Day in Bethlehem). In the last short chapter "Land of Peace and Plenty" the author remarks: From a vast, uncharted wilderness into a farmer's paradise—that is the story of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. . . . . There, in a land of peace and plenty, live those staunch and sturdy citizens who help to make the backbone of America—the Pennsylvania Dutch."

Readable as these chapters are the chief glory for many will be the wonderful lithographs by C. H. DeWitt. They are more than charming, they are, to resort to common parlance, a knock-out. They are not only conceived with a deep and sympathetic understanding but executed with all the phantasy and imagination and playful grotesquerie which we associate with the folkart of the Germanic race. In at least two of the illustrations, The Woman in the Wilderness and Brother Friedsam, the artist approaches real creative genius.—P.A.B.

A VIRTUOSO IN OVERALLS

The following account is adapted from an article entitled "A Photographic Ramble in the Millbach Valley," published in "The American Journal of Photography," September, 1896. The article was written by Dr. Julius F. Sachse, the eminent historian. Dr. Sachse was a member of the party touring the Lebanon Valley to secure photographs of historic scenes. In the course of their journey they came upon Fort Zeller on the Mill Creek, near present-day Newmanstown.

The old colonial block-house caught the fancy of the men who were capturing pictures for posterity. While they stood admiring the antiquity of the structer and reflecting upon the legends which center around it, the owner of the Zeller farm approached them. He was Monroe Zeller, the eighth generation of the family of that name to live on the banks of the Mill Creek. We shall allow Mr. Sachse to describe him: "He appeared the typical Pennsylvania German farmer who had just returned from the harvest field. His home-spun clothing and cow-hide boots, wide-brimmed straw hat, horny hands, bronzed face and heated brow seemed to verify the old biblical injunction that one should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Cordial was the greeting; the sun, now at meridian, was exerting its full force, and the invitation to enter the cool stone mansion was cheerfully accepted."

Adorning the walls of the living room of the Zeller home there were portraits of the great masters of music — Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber and an autographed portrait of the great Hungarian composer, Franz Liszt. Surprised to find this array in a farmhouse the members of Sachse's party were even more astonished when the farmer in homespun overalls seated himself at the piano, and without any flourish played an etude of Cramer. This was followed by selections from Bach and Beethoven and Gottschalk, ending with a rendition of the Faust Valse by Liszt. A master was playing and his guests were charmed.

It was an ideal setting for a photograph, this blending of music-culture and agriculture. Would Mr. Zeller pose for a photograph? No, kindly but firmly, no! Some treasures are too precious for the eyes of a scoffing world bent only upon sensations and untutored in the finer impulses which come from the freshening wellsprings of the soul.

But why hide your light under a bushel, Mr. Zeller? After all, there are a few of your fellow men who could find rapture in your gifts.

And then the photographers learned something which caused them to exclaim in wonderment. Their host was the world-famous Professor Monroe Zeller, concert pianist, well known in all of the musical centers of the old world, entertaining audiences in all the major cities from Paris to Moscow! But that was his winter employment; during the summer months the great virtuoso returned to his farm in Millbach and attuned his ear to the songs of the birds, the sighing of the winds through his willows and the liquid gurgling of the Mill Creek as it spilled its way through his farm to join the Tulpehocken.

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

April 22, 1943

'DIE SCHTOWWERKEPP

Vum JOHN BIRMELIN

(In this notable ballad the poet has dressed in its native garb a well-known legend employed both by Mildred Jordan in her recent novel "Apple in the Attic" and in Oliver Lantz's excellent story "Stubborn-Heads" (see Eck, Jan. 30 and Feb. 6, 1943). Mr. Birmelin read this ballad at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society held in Philadelphia, Saturday, May 8, 1943. EDI)

(CONCLUSION)

Deheem im Haus waar alles schtill,
Mer heert schier nanner denke;
Der Grover, alder dreier Hund,
Dutt yuscht die Ohre henke.

En schwerer Druck iss in der Luft,
Der Naethan zoppt am Graage;
Fer froge iss er schier zu schtolz,
Doch muss er ebbes saage:

"Well, was hot's gewwe mit em Hund?"
Des bringt er endlich raus.
"Des Hundli hawwich schee verkaaft;
Un macht's der ebbes aus?"

"Un was hot's gewwe mit em Geld?
Ich sehn yo nichs devun!"
"Hab's weggelegt. Verdenkscht mer's wann
Ich mir mol ebbes gunn?"

"Was do im Haus iss, des iss mei;
Nau bringschte mir des Geld!"—
"O nee! Des fallt mer gaar net ei!"
Sie hot sich waerklich g'schtellt!

"Wann du mer's Gelt net bletzlich holscht,
Dann sehn du numme zu!"
"Un hol ich's net, wie basst dich sell?
Was meenschte wettschte duh?"

Der Naethan schiebt sei dicki Fauscht
Dem aarme Weib in's G'sicht,
Do weicht der Glanz aus ihrem Aag,
Yuscht meh so'n mattes Licht.

Noh geht sie an der Kicheschank,
Reecht newe so zurick,
Un bringt dem Naethan uff der Disch
Des gold Fimfdaalerschtick.

Sie hot sich halwer abgewend,
Im Aag die dicke Draene,
Un saagt, "Nau hawwich graad genunk!
Vun nau ab hoscht mich g'sehne.

Die viele Kinner hawwich dir
Eens nooch em annre g'schenkt;
Du hoscht mir alles abgegnapst
Un yuscht an dich gedenkt.

En schwarzer Schtripphut hawwich noch,
Is alt un abgedraage;
Un frog ich dich fer'n neier Hut,
Noh witt dich noch beglaage.

Mei Sundaagsfrack, ich schemm mich ball
Fer nooch der Kaerrich zu geh;
Un dann, mei schwere, dicke Schuh,
So sehnt mer kenni meh.

Vun nau ab, reg mich nimmi aa,
Un brauchscht nichs zummer saage;
Vun heit ab, heerscht ken Wart vun mir,
Noh hoscht aa nichs zu glaage."

Dann geht sie ruhich an die Schteg,
Zum Schpeicher owwe nuff.
Es waar schun duschper in de Schtubb,
Der Naethan hockt noch uff.

So hockt er dart noch maeryets frieh,
Die Haahne hen gegraeht;
Nau schpiert er nichs meh vumme Zarn,
Doch waar's ihm recht verleed.

Er hot sich endlich uffgerafft,
Geht naus, mol in die Luft;
Un wie er an die Scheier kummt,
Was gleicht er seller Duft.

Dart schwetzt er freindlich zu de Geil,
Bedracht sei scheene Kieh,
Dann schmeisst er Fuder in der Drog,
Versaerrigt all sei Vieh.

Dann iss er widder rei ins Haus,
Die Betz waar aa schun hunne;
Sie draagt ihm's Esse uff der Disch,
Sich gar net weiter b'sunne,

Ya, do waar alles graad wie schunscht,
Doch o, so kalt un hart!
'S hot kens es anner aageguckt,
Mer heert ken eenzich Wart.

Un so waar's dann vun sellre Zeit,
So waar's Yaahr aus, Yaahr ei;
Do waare mol zwee Schtowwerkepp,
Un kens devun gebt ei.

Weil kens vun ihne's Maul uffmacht,
Do sin sie notgezwunge
Fer hiezuweise mit de Hend
Un schwetze wie die Schtumme.

Zum Beischpiel, will der Naethan mol
En Iems gebrodner Mosch,
Do schtellt er's Moschmehl uff der Disch
Un weist nooch seinre Gosch.

Die Betz guckt in die Holzkischt nei
Un sehnt des Holz iss all,
Do losst sie yuscht der Deckel uff,
Noh maerrikt der Naethan's ball.

Der Naethan kaaft en gleeni Schleet
Un henkt en Pensel draa;
Noh hot er an die Betz geguckt,
Un sell verschteht sie aa.

Ya, manchmol waar uff selli Schleet
En Pickter hiegegritzelt;
Em Naethan hen die Warde g'fehlt,
Sell hot die Betz gekitzelt.

Der Naethan hot ken Laerning g'hatt,
Doch waar er net so dumm;
Er hot en neier Blaan im Kopp,
Den dreht er paar mol rum.

"Nau wann ich schwetz zu meinre Betz,
Sell scheint mer net so g'sund;
So denk ich, iss es graad so gut
Ich schwetz emol zum Hund.

Un wann der Hund mich net verschteht,
Ei dann verschteht's die Betz;
Un sell iss was ich hawwe will,
Do geht mer gaar net letz!"

"Well, Grover!" Hot er endlich g'saat,
So var sich hie gelacht,
"Des schiwwerschteenich Hinkel draus
Ich denk des waerd mol g'schlacht.

Des wiegt so an de siwwe Pund
Un legt ken Oiyer meh—
O ya, verleicht so eens die Woch,
Doch fresst's genunk far Zwee.

Sell waer emol en gudi Iems,
Un du gricksCht aa die Gnoche."
Der Grover schnuffelt in de Luft,
Mer meent er hett's geroche.

Dann guckt die Betz der Grover aa,
"Sell waer gewiss net schlecht!
Wann ebber's Hinkel keppt un roppt,
Dann mach ich's schunn zurecht."

O ya, die Betz waar aa debei
Fer mit dem Hund zu schwetze;
Do brauch mer, in de Schtowwrichkeet,
Sich gaar net runner setze.

"Nau Grover, fix die Gaardefens,
Die Hinkel gehne nei!
Am End iss alles zammeg'fault,
Dann kumme noch die Sei."

Der Naethan ruft vum Scheierhof,
"Nau Grover, dabber, g'schwind,
Un mach doch all die Fenschtre zu!
'S iss Regge in dem Wind.

Un nemm die Wesch doch vun de Lein,
Des blost der alles runner!
Ya, guck emol wie's wetterleecht!
Mer heert yo schun der Dunner!"

Dann heest's mol widder, "Grover, kumm
Un flick mer doch die Hosse!
Ich hab sie hinne wiescht verschprengt,
Du waerscht's doch net so losse!"

Was immer as mer saage will,
Mer schiebt der Grover vor;
So iss es gange, Daag var Daag,
Un aa vun Yaahr zu Yaahr.

Dann kummt des Alder aa noch bei,
Der Mensch iss so gebrechlich;
Browiert yo noch so gut er kann,
Doch iss er, o, so schwechlich.

Nau waar der Naethan halwer blind
Sei Aage hen der Schtaar;
Er sehnt die Betz so zamme g'schnaerrt
Un bucklich wie sie waar.

Am Owet, wann's so duschper waar,
Do hot sie ihn als g'fiert;
Un schwetzt sie aa yuscht zumme Hund,
Mer sehnt sie hot browiert.

So wie der Naethan elder waerd,
Do wachst der Baart noch schtaerryer;
Un wann's mol an's balwiere geht,
Des hasst er immer aerryer.

Doch wann emol der Sundaag kummt,
Do will er sauwer sei.
Un sin die Schtobble runnerg'schaabt,
Dann guckt er yo wie nei.

Der Schpiggel henkt am Fenschterschloss,
Dart sehnt er nimmi viel;
Doch waar er's nau mol so gewehnt;
Verlosst sich meh uff's G'fiehl.

Heess Wasser muss er hawwe nau,
Er drippelt an der Offe;
Dart waar der Kessel kochich voll,
Waer schier gaar iwwerloffe.

Un mit dem Lumbe in der Hand,
Do dutt er's aa noch waage
Der Kessel mit de heesse Henk
An's Fenschter hiezudraage.

Des waar schunn gut, doch selli Henk,
In all de viele Yaahre,
Waar runnerg'schaabt un schliwwerdinn,
Ya, schier gaar daerrichgewore.

Der Naethan zittert an de Hand,
Er guckt net links, net rechts;
Un gebt er noch so Achding druff,
Uff eemol awwer brecht's.

Des Wasser hot ihn wiescht verbrieht;
Er schmeisst der Kessel weck
Un fallt im Schwung noch an der Disch
Un schlackt der Kopp an's Eck.

Sell hot ihn awwer hiegemacht,
Im Elend leit er dart;
Do helft die Betz ihm widder uff,
Un geht's 're noch so hart.

Sie schafft ihn uff der Schockelschtuhl
Verbinnt ihm dann der Kopp.
"Ei Naethan! Was hoscht du gemacht?
Du aarmer, aarmer Dropp!

So ebbes sottschte gaar net duh,
Du kannscht yo nimmi sehne!"
Doch sehnt er wie sie heilt un schluchst,
Die Backe nass mit Draene.

Em Naethan scheint en neies Licht
In seine driewe Aage;
Die Betz iss noch sei beschter Freind,
Doch daerf er's schier net saage.

Es geht ihm ebbes daerrich der Kopp
Un endlich bringt er's raus;
"Waarscht gut zu mir, wie schteht's dann nau,
Bin ich der Baas im Haus?"

"Du aarmer, dummer Esel, du!
Die letschte fufzich Yaahr
Waarscht du noch immer Baas im Haus,
Un heit noch wie devor!"

Sie weess as sie noch Meeschter iss,
Doch daerf er sell net wisse.
Er legt sei mieder Kopp zurick;
Sie bringt ihm dann en Kisse.

Un wie er so zufridde waar,
Er bild sich ebbes ei;
Do geht die Betz un holt ihm noch
Sei Peif un Duwack bei.

Er blost so gleene Wolke naus,
Sogaar en bloher Ring;
Un saagt vergniecht, so var sich hie:
"Des heest mer'n anner Ding!

Nau muss en annrer Kessel bei,
Un ken so'n schwerer Glumbe;
En leichter, mit re hilzne Henk,
Noh brauch mer aa ken Lumbe.

Un Betz, du kaafscht dir'n Sundaagsfrack;
Der soll dich gut bekumme.
Un kaafscht dir aa en scheener Hut,
Mit grosse rode Blume.

Wann ebber an der Kaerrich frogt:
'Ei Betz! Was hot's dann gewwe.'
Noh saagscht, 'Des hot der Naethan kaaft:
Ja, well! So iss er ewwe.'"

Deaths of a Day

MRS. SARAH LAFFERTY

Funeral services will be held today in the Evangelical church, Pottsville, for Mrs. Sarah Parry Lafferty, late of 511 Norwegian St., that city. Interment in Plainfield cemetery, near Nazareth.

Mrs. Lafferty is survived by five sons, three of whom are in the service, John, Stanley and Carlson and Thomas and Owen, Pottsville; and three daughters Mrs. Howard Berger, Pottsville and Betty and Lorraine reside at home.

Sisters, Mrs. John Williams, Easton; Mrs. Owen Jones, Bethlehem, and Mrs. Harold Simons, Bethlehem, and two brothers Thomas Parry, Bethlehem, and William Parry, Freemansburg.

ROBERT E. BROWN

Robert E. Brown, 44, who was graduated from Lehigh in 1920, died on Wednesday at his home in San Mateo, Calif., according to a telegram received by his brother-in-law, Ezra D. Groman, 522 Center St., Bethlehem.

Besides his wife, Mrs. Brown, a former Bethlehem resident, three children, Robert, in the U. S. Air Force; Mercer, in the Naval Air Corps, and Natalie, at home, also survive.

While at Lehigh, Mr. Brown served four years on the college paper, the Brown and White, climaxing his work when he became editor-in-chief. Other field of activities included the Epitome board and Arcadia. He was a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity.

Although his home town was Butler, Pa., he went west after becoming an employee of the Electro-Metallurgical Co. At the time of his death he was an official of the firm.

RICHARD F. MILLER

Richard F. Miller, for 30 years an employe at the Bethany Orphans home, Womelsdorf, died Thursday in the Allentown hospital. He was 81 years old.

A native of Womelsdorf, son of the late Franklin and Emma (Wenrich) Miller, he had been living in Maxatawney for the past year. His wife, Agnes (Klopp) Miller died September, 1940

A daughter, Mrs. Alvin Fegely, Maxatawney; a son, Clayton, Philadelphia; three brothers, Edwin of Lebanon, William of Robesonia; Harry of Newmanstown; and a sister, Mrs. Wilson Dundore, Womelsdorf, survive.

Revs. Harvey J. Miller and Luther Schlenker will officiate at services to be held Sunday at 2 p. m. in Zion's Reformed church, Womelsdorf. Burial will be made in the Womelsdorf Union cemetery.

MRS. ERVIN M. FREED

Elsie M. Freed, widow of Ervin M. Freed, died at 7:30 p. m. yesterday at her home, 303 S. 17th St., Allentown. She was 54 years old.

Her husband died 10 years ago, and her mother, Mrs. Dorothey Fry died five years ago. Her father, Harry Fry, 128 S. 14th St.; a daughter, Mrs. Dorothea Brady, 303 S. 17th St.; two grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Clara Wetherhold of Emmaus, Florence Fry of Allentown; two brothers, Harry Wagner of Allentown, Carl Fry of Philadelphia, survive.

She was a member of Christ Lutheran church, Allentown.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Grosser Uf Ruhr in Locust Valley

Locust Valley is ken so'n grosser blotz, doch gebts alsa mohl dale arya g'shpichta un g'shichta im Elmer Carl seim kreitz waig shtore. Doh weil tzurick is der grubschmidt Bill Shoenenberger fon seim shop ruf noch 'm shtore kumma, un woh er glei om blauderra wor mit ma fremma mon. Der Bill hut 'm fremma mon glei fertzailt wie er yusht 'n goul p'shloga het on da fier fees, un 'm aigner net ae nummer 17 d'r shtamp of ganumma fer died fier shoe os er 'm goul aw k'hank'd het. Der frem kerl hut sich arrick ershtouna missa os er so socha dade, un glei worra sie om bladerra wie rohr os die grubschmidt heit tzu dawg weara.

Der frem kerl hut noh bayoh'd die yunga schmidt weara shier so rohr wie brode wersht imma hunds shtol, un gawunnert ferwos es wear os niemond may 's schmidta larna wot. Der Bill hut uf kours grawd 'n ontwert kot darta dafor, un fertzailt wie wenich geil os may rum weara, un aw wie fiel fon da leit os ols nimmy gadenk'd hetta fer ebbes fixa lossa wons ferbrocha wear, ow'r weara gonga un hetta sich neit socha kauft. Un die same socha dada heit tzu dawg ous halta so weit os negel mocha aw gang'd. Yohra tzurick wear ken grubschmidt gawest os net gawist het wie negel tzu schmidta, un woh der Bill on so'n altie g'shpicht gamohnt hut os er froh wor tzu fertzaila.

Der Bill hut g'sawt, 's wear mohl 'n schmidt gawest os arrick notewenich hilf gabreich'd het in seim schmidt shop, un het niemond finna kenna fer 'm helfa. Net bis mohl ae dawg 'n rumlaifer dawaig kumma wear os sich aw gewwa het, fer 'n schmidt, un g'frok'd het fer arwet. Der schmidt het noh g'sawt er sot 'n shtick nogel eisa nemma un weissa wie er negel schmidta kent. Der rumlaifer hets eisa ganumma, wear uf der chob, un hets eisa ol in die ginnie nei ferbrent. Noh het der schmidt 'n shtick eisa ganumma un 'm rumlaifer g'sawt "des is der waig wie m'r negel schmidt," un tzwae negel gamocht mit ainra hitz. Danoh het der rumlaifer g'sawt er dade glawwa os ers now aw duh kent, un het drei negel gamocht mit ainra hitz. Der schmidt het noh g'sawt sel wear yoh besser os er selwar duh het kenna, un sot grawd awfonga shoffa.

Der frem kerl ins Carla shtore hut die socha ol shae ei ganumma, un gawort bis der Bill fartich wor fertzaila fom rumlaifer schmidt, noh hut er g'sawt sel dade ihn onna altie g'shicht gamohna woh mohl ainer rum kumma wear tzu ma shreiner, un he aw g'frok'd fer arwet. Sie weara on ra shire baua gawest, un der frem kerl het sich ob gewwa ols 'n aryer guter hondwarickamon. Der boss het noh g'sawt er sot moh'l 'n hatchet nemma un 'n tzoppa hocka wie sie ols gayus'd hen fer die framer fon gabeier tzomma halta. Der frem kerl het noh g'frok'd fer 'm boss sei shnubduch, un woh 'm 'n seidnas onna garaich'd het, unna wissa wos er im sin het tzu duh. Der frem kerl het noh 's shnubduch shae ousa nonner galaig'd uf der hock klotz, un shtarta der tzoppa hocka. Der boss het arrick gabid, "Nay, nay, net uf mein seidna shnubduch," ow'r der frem kerl het net uf k'hairt, yusht grawd fert k'hock'd un g'sawt, "Ich duh deim lumba ken shawda."

Der kerl het noh der shanshd tzoppa gamocht os der boss sei lava noch g'sehna het kot.—'n fiela shannerer tzoppa os der bos selwar mocha het kenna. Endlich het der frem kerl nunner uf der hock klotz galong'd un 'm boss sei seida shnubduch hee garaich'd, un woh er gore ken shawda gaduh het kot. Noh het der boss g'sawt, "Duh konsh'd 'n chob howwa, un gamaint der frem kerl dade grawd sawga os er 'n nemma dade. In shtadts fon sel'm, het der frem kerl ow'r so bissel g'shmuntz'ld un g'sawt, "Ich hod dier gadrout os duh 'n guter boss wairsh'd, ow'r duh hosh'd mier net gadrout os ich 'n guter shreiner bin, now sawg ich dier wos ich duh. "Ich geb dier 'n chob."

"Ei wos is m'r don des," het der shreiner boss g'frok'd. Noh het der rumlaifer g'sawt, "Ei ich wil dier sawga wos duh duh konsh'd, duh konsh'd mier der buckle nuf groddla,"

odder ewwa werta fiel uf sellie hee sich'd hee.

Sel tzu hoerra hut der Bill so arrick locha mocha, os er die tzwae hand owwich der kup in die hae k'hova hut, un is awfonga hinnersich tzurick lawfa bis er fol shpeed wedder 'm Carl sei naids koshda galoffa is. Der koshda is bartzelbaum owwa fom kounter runner uf der budda g'falla, un der naids fon nummer ochat bis nuf tzu ochsich, is allaw waiga im shtore rum garoll'd, so wohl wie aw nodla, shpella, finger heet un onnerra nay socha. Allas is owwa iwwer der Bill nei g'falla, un er hut auga gamocht wie 'n kotz wons dunnert.

Der frem mon hut noh g'sawt, "My freind duh hetshd sel ledshd net drinka solla," un woh der Bill no

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The chiefest action for a man of great spirit is never to be out of action. The soul was never put into the body, which has so many rare and curious pieces of mathematical motion, to stand still. —Webster.

REVOLUTION BLOW TO AXIS

Internal politics of Argentina yesterday brought about brief and almost bloodless revolution which in its success bodes no good for the Axis cause and, by the same token, is favorable to the cause of the Allied Nations.

Ever since declaration of war against the United States by Germany and Italy all the South and Central American countries except Argentina have either taken sides with the Allied Nations by declaring war against the Nazis and Fascists or at least in their neutrality have been friendly to the United States. But the government of Argentina, under its President Castillo, not only maintained what it termed a condition of "prudent neutrality" but undoubtedly had leanings toward the Axis powers. Inasmuch as the great majority of the people of Argentina have sympathized with the people of the United States and the cause of the Allied Nations the government of President Castillo long has been unpopular.

However, it remained for domestic issues to bring the crisis yesterday in characteristic Latin-American fashion. A group of determined military men moved in upon the capital in a well-executed coup. President Castillo got wind of it in sufficient time and with a few friends and cabinet members who continued loyal to him made escape. Then for a few hours there was the usual impassioned appeal by both parties to any and all forces that had not yet taken sides in the matter. When the Navy, upon which Castillo firmly had counted, deserted him and when the Air Force decided to throw in its fortunes with the Army which initiated the revolution Castillo knew that his jig was up.

As a result of all this it is expected that the Axis powers' many diplomatic and business representatives and their big espionage system will be chased out of their last foxhole and listening post in the Western hemisphere. These Germans and Italians undoubtedly contributed to the successes of submarine warfare in the South Atlantic by information which could be relayed from many points in South America, through Argentina, to the boats at sea.

When the Axis representatives have been chased out of Argentina the Axis powers will find themselves confined to two continents—Europe and Asia. North America has been a bad place for them since December, 1941. All of South America except Argentina speedily followed the example of the northern neighbor. Africa was mopped clean as to Nazis and Fascists during the past month. So they now are hemmed in on the large land-mass that is Europe and Asia. They are blockaded at all points on the sea. They cannot reach out very far even with their air arm. Big and strong as they are, they are like a caged giant or gorilla that must depend upon outside light, air, food and water. Through the bars of the cage an unrelenting enemy hacks at any part of the giant that is exposed. The Axis giant is surrounded by a world of foes and about all it now can do is snap and snarl while it vainly staves off the inevitable.

MINERS YIELD TO NATION

The miners will go back to work on Monday and whether individual or group action will have been decided by the orders of President Roosevelt as chief executive of the Nation or by the orders of the policy committee of the UMW as recommended (and, in effect, dictated) by John L. Lewis does not especially matter. Production of coal because of loyalty to the war effort is the first and primary consideration. Obedience to law and order follows close upon those matters. Who won a point or who achieved a personal victory is entirely secondary to all the rest.

Whatever point has been won has been won by the entire nation for President Roosevelt plainly put the issue as one between the miners as a recalcitrant group and the American people who are engaged in a tremendous effort to produce arms and munitions for the winning of a gigantic world struggle.

It is only a matter of unnecessary face-saving on Mr. Lewis' part that in a speech to the policy committee there was indulgence in a lot of his oft-repeated statements and charges. They could as well have been left unsaid. These remarks, plus the order to resume mining coal, have done nothing to make Lewis a hero.

Now, without the menace of a strike, negotiations on the matter of pay for the miners can be resumed. The War Labor Board had halted those negotiations when it was felt that the miners through Mr. Lewis were trying to coerce and force action by the threat of strike. It was evident that if the miners by threatening to strike (in violaion of their war pledge) could intimidate the government, then every wartime labor difficulty by threatened strike could intimidate. That promised chaos. The threat had to be stopped. If the miners chose to be made the example, that was their ill fortune.

It now has been shown that half a million men, no matter how strong they consider themselves, are not bigger than their nation of more than a hundred million people.

UNNECESSARY FUSS ABOUT SECRECY

The famous conference on food down at Hot Springs has adjourned, the delegates from scores of countries probably have started on their way home and the American people still must be wondering, as American newspapermen are wondering, why the entire business had to be kept such a deep, dark secret.

Almost three weeks ago the newspapers tried by every means possible to break down the ban against admission of their representatives to the sessions. The President of the United States answered criticism about violation of one of the Four Freedoms in facetious and entirely unconvincing manner. But daily the newspapermen got announcements that had some degree of interest but were generalizations almost entirely.

Nothing at any time seems to have suggested to any newspaperman that any deep military or economic secret that might prove of aid and comfort to our enemies had been discussed behind those closed doors. The secrecy seems to have been just a lot of fuss and feathers.

Law Limited Operators

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 4 (Special Dispatch)—No matter from what angle the situation is surveyed, the employers who manage the coal mines are getting it in the neck. Their mines have been taken from them by the government, and there are plenty of persons in the government who would like to see government ownership of mines as a permanent policy.

Even if the mines are returned to their owners, John L. Lewis will have gotten almost all the major points he asked for. Yet the mine managers were prevented from bargaining on the $2 wage increase because the War Labor Board had established a formula beyond which the mine owners could not go. In any negotiation between management and unions it is a well-known fact that no final agreement is made until all the points have been taken up. By intervening in the midst of the negotiations, the government has this time put into effect all the concessions granted by the War Labor Board in its inquiry into the situation. Thus these issues are formally disposed of, and the operators have nothing left with which to bargain. Indeed, it is stipulated by President Roosevelt that when the miners go back to work, they will get even more because the unsettled points will be taken up and decided by the War Labor Board.

* * * *

Thus, by exposing to view the weaknesses of national labor policy and taking advantage of the conflicts of jurisdiction among government agencies, John Lewis has won for his miners more than he has lost by pursuing the course he has. Abuse may come in his direction from those who look at the problem superficially and allow their emotions to obscure the facts. But the workers know who has been their champion. The administration has done much to raise Lewis' prestige among the rank and file of the workers.

It is, of course, true that the A. F. of L. and C.I.O. leaders do not share that view. They think Lewis has lost ground, but they must know also that when a labor leader wins something substantial for a labor union he gains rather than loses.

* * * *

The average observer who doesn't follow the manipulations and maneuvers of labor politics, of course, blames Lewis, and anybody who points out that the President's own vacillating policy has given Lewis his chance is merely called a critic of the administration. Unfortunately, that sort of reasoning and unwillingness to look the facts in the face is what is really causing most of our difficulties on the home front. Truth cannot be brushed aside by denunciation and cries of treason. The public sooner or later must discover that we are not operating today under a government of laws but under personalities and that sooner or later someone like Lewis, who knows the defects and has the courage of his convictions, challenges such a set-up and a national crisis results.

* * * *

It is an extraordinary method for the Chief Executive to use—to order citizens to work when there is no manpower statute governing such a case. Threats and coercion by the Executive are not the methods of a democracy. The methods of a democracy are to pass laws governing the use of manpower.

Why doesn't the administration want the law? Because it hesitates to offend the 99 per cent of workers who have been faithful to the no-strike pledge. But these workers would have more respect for a government that insists on a law that applies to all intsead of an executive-order system which can be flexibly applied according to the wishes of the Executive.

* * * *

Everybody wants to see the coal strike ended, and there is little sympathy for anyone who interrupts war production. But candor requires the statement that the President has no authority to "order" anybody back to work. He has the power to declare martial law and put everyone on a military basis, but no step of that kind has been taken. The administration has not proceeded under law and has gotten into trouble thereby. Its troubles will not be over till it gets a no-strike law from Congress.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

HENRY FORD TAKES OVER

It is hard enough for any father to outlive his son, but Henry Ford, at 80, faces the responsibility of maintaining the largest and most productive "family" business in the world. About the Fords has grown a sentimentality which is not based either upon size or accomplishment, but upon the single fact that in spite of its size and accomplishments, Ford has remained a "family" business. Ford did not go to Wall St. He did not sell out to bankers. He did not float all kinds of issues in the public markets. He operated his immense empire as a man and his son might a grocery store. Americans liked that even though at times Mr. Ford's notions on public questions irritated them.

And now that son is dead and the "old man" has come back to take over and run the business even though he has reached four score years and is entitled to a rest. There are three grandsons but they are in the armed forces, fighting in a war about which the grandfather has his own ideas:. But with Americans—real Americans—differences of opinion never interfere with loyalty. When the bugle blows, they march.

I believe in the "family" business. I am convinced that the fact that any enterprise could become as large as that of the Ford's out of work and earnings is an inspiration to thousands of young people who still believe that this is a land of opportunity. There is a spiritual continuity in the Ford business—from father to son—which is lacking in enterprises in which ownership and management are so completely divorced that the owner is remote and exercises no control. Ford ran counter to that trend and even if today the death of Edsel leaves the firm in a quandary as to how to carry on and places this heavy burden on the shoulders of an old man, Henry Ford has the satisfaction of knowing that what he erected was a product of his own initiative and ingenuity and was not taken over in the process of mergers and bankers' arrangements. Running counter to any trend is a satisfaction in itself, but running counter to the American corporate trend is particularly pleasing—must be to Mr. Ford—because it proves that families can hold on to their businesses if there is the will not to sell out.

Were there no war, one of the grandsons would undoubtedly have stepped into his father's job, and among the three there is surely one who has been fitting himself for that task. But that one is in the armed forces, whichever one he may be. He is not available at the moment, although it would seem to me advantageous to the country to make him available, for what more valuable work could any man do today than to help old Henry Ford to run the River Rouge plant and the new one at Willow Run? Perhaps he will be ordered to leave the job he is doing to take on the more important one. Perhaps someone will have the foresight to make arrangements to preserve the largest and most important of America's "family" businesses so that it need not be reorganized and new blood in the form of bankers brought in to run it.

Few large businesses are left in the United States which are being managed by the men who founded them. Usually when an enterprise reaches large enough dimensions it is taken over and reorganized and in time bureaucratized with a flock of vice presidents and an outside board of directors who know little of what is going on inside of it. All his life, Henry Ford fought that and he won his fight, and one of the biggest factors in his victory was his son Edsel, who could and did take over. And now, it is to be hoped that one of Edsel's sons can be freed to take over and that the continuity of both ownership and management might remain within a single family.

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Many a man misses the port while he is harboring a grudge.

I wonder how a lazy man can tell when he has spring fever?

The only women who don't worry are those who have too much sense....and those who haven't enough.

It is much easier for some men to make good without a college education than it is for them to keep still about it.



Schtimme aus'm Kaerrichhof

Vum LLOYD A. MOLL

(This sketch, based upon an incident said to have taken place at Millerschtiedtel, now Macungie, during the time of the "Hot Water" Rebellion, was read at the meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society held in Philadelphia, Saturday, May 8, 1943).

Der David Schaeffer

Es ISS KARYOS wie unbedenkte Sache, das vorfalle in me Mann seim Lewe, ihn ziege, ya, oftmols zwinge, far aus seim gewehnliche Paad zu geh. Wann ich mich mol ee Owed net uff en Graabschtee unnich me Henkeweide gsetzt hett, waer ich net Owed nooch Owed uff der Kaerrichhof geloffe. Ich hett mei Laaf aeryets schunscht hie gemacht. Hett der Schwammbach, wu unnich dem schteene Kaschte leid, as ich druffgsotze hab, net sei Eckschtee vun Yohr zu Yohr gerickt, bis er seim Nochber dreissich Schritt vun seim Land gschtohle ghatt hot, hett er sei Ruh in der Ewichkeit ghatt. Er hett ken Barye mit mir mache breiche, far den Schtee widder an der Blatz zu duh un do dedarrich sei Ruh griege. Wann so en Geischt schritte kennt un net yuscht in der Luft rumschwewe daet, hett der Schwammbach sei Schtee selwert an der recht Blatz. Er hett mich net gebreicht far die dreissich Schritt abschritte. Awwer nob hett er aa mir net verzaehlt, wie die Zauberei zu rufe, mit ihne zu schwetze un en Schtori vun ihrem Lewenslaaf zu griege.

Ich bin uffgebrocht warre naegscht an me Kaerrichhof. Wie ich so'n Rotzer waar, hen ich un mei gleene Kummeraade oweds oft Schteckle gschpielt hinnich denne Graabschtee rum. Em Schwammbach sei Graab unnich em grosse Weidebaam iss gans bedeckt mit fimf Schtee; viere mache die Seide noh iss noch en grosser, as die Dienschte dutt far der Deckel vun dem Kaschte, un do iss die Schrift neighackt. Die Wind saust, wann eischt en Liftel darrich die lenge Wippe geht, das iwwer un runner bis uff des Graab henke. Des macht alsemol, as wann ebber schwetze daet. Iwwer em Schteckle schpiele, hawwich mich oft hinnich den Kaschte gelegt. Ich waar immer sicher dart, weil e Deel vun de Buwe sich gfaerricht hen. Sie hen dem Graab en grossi Umgrees gewwe.

Ich bin uffgewachse un vun heem kumme. Yohre denooch, wie ich mol noch der alte Heemet kumme bin, waar ich mol ee Owed uff der Kaerrichhof un hab mich uff em Schwambaam gsetzt. Mei Kummeraade waare all fart un ich schunn bei Yohre, awwer der Wind hot alsnoch gepiffe darrich die Wippe, graad wie er hot wie mir als Schteckle gschpielt hen. Do hawwich draadenke misse un hab laud gelacht iwwer die Buwe, wu sich so gfaerricht hen. Iwwer meim Lache heer ich en Schtimm. Was iss des? Der Schwammbach waar verhafdich am schwetze! Er hot mir sei Elend geglaagt un dart hen mir en Barye gemacht, so dass ich die Zauberei mache kennt far die Dode schwetze mache, wie ich eich schunn verzaehlt hab. De naegschte Owed bin ich widder uff der Kaerrichhof un hab der Sal Schlemmer ihre Schtori grickt. Wie ich heem kumme waar, denk ich, do loscht dei Finger devun. Doch wie es Duschter warre iss naegschte Owed, hot die Wunnerfitz mich widder gezwunge far uff der Kaerrichhof geh, far noch meh Schtories vun denne, wu schunn lang dart gelegge hen, zu griege.

Gschwischich zwee Schtee, das der Dadum 1800 druff ghatt hen, waar so'n gsunkner Blatz unne me Maerricker. Ich hab gedenkt, do kennt aa so'n alder leie, bin hie, hab mei Gschpichte gemacht un aa glei Andwart grickt.—"Du Federalischt! Du Schtempler! Besser machscht dich fart! Es iss ken gsunci Luft im Millerschtedtel far die verfluchte Sesser un Taxkalleckter!" hot der Kerl recht gegrische.—"Ich will ken Tax vun dir. Ich daet yuscht gleiche zu wisse, wie du mol gheese hoscht, was du im Lewe gedriwwe hoscht, eb du en Familie ghatt hoscht un wu du dei Lewe zugebrocht hoscht," saag ich, "Hu! Du witt aa net viel wisse! Nee, mach dich fart, du Schpion!"—"Kumm, kumm, saagt mir, was dei Naame mol waar?" frog ich.—"David Schaeffer."—"Wann waarscht gebore?"—"Im Yohr 1770 in Magunschie," hot er geandwart. "Well, David, ich denk du hoscht schunn lang nimmi gschwetzt mit me lewendiche Mensch, verzaehl mir ebbes vun deim Lawenslaaf," saag ich. Ich hab awwer ken Andwart grickt; er waar ruhich. "David," saag ich, "du weesscht, wann du's Wart heerscht, dass ich dir gewwe hab, musscht du schwetze. Nau mach mich net so lang waarte!" Noh iss er recht wiedich rausgfaahre, "Wann yuscht der Deiwel den Schwammbach hole daet mit samte Eckschtee! Ferwas hot er dir's Wart gewwe, dass du Wunnerfitz uns verschteere kannscht! Wann ich hald en ihn griege kennt, daet ich ihm sei verschowner Eckschtee iwwer der Scheedel neischlagge!" Noh waar widder alles ruhich. Der David waar en schtarrkeppicher; ich hab ihm noch dreimol rufe misse, bis ich en ans Schwetze grickt hab.

"Ich bin em Michael Schaeffer sei Suh," saagt er. "Mei Vadder hot giochte im Freiheitsgrieg. Ich kann mich noch erinnere wie er heemkumme iss nooch em Grieg. Er waar so verzottelt, verlumpt, dreckich un ball verhungert, dass die Mutter ihn net gekennt hot. In 1780 hot der Vadder en Lot kaaft vum Peter Miller, wu en Schtedtel ausgelegt hot un iss schpeeter Millerschtedtel gheesse warre. Schpeeter hot er noch meh Land kaaft un mit der Hilf vun meim Bruder Jakob un mir, hot er gebauert. Mir hen schee in Friede gelebt bis der Bressident Adams den verfluchte Haustax gelegt hot. Des waar en grossi Unrecht! Hot mei Vadder Blut vergosse uff em Schlachtfeld, sich schier verfriere losse im Winter un ball verhungere losse far so'n Freiheet zu gewinne? Nee, do muss gebrodeschtiert warre degege, hen ich un der Bruder gsaat. Es waare noch meh Leit in unsere Nochberschaft, wu aa so geglaabt hen. Sie hen die Congressleit verflucht un gsaat, die waere net neigschtimmt warre, far uns zu raawe. Ya, es hot so Federalischte un verfluchte Schtempler ghatt, das der Regierung beigschtanne hen. Awwer des waare es mehrscht vun denne Tories, wu zu England gschtocke hen darrich der Freiheitsgrieg. Am Waertshaus, an der Schmidt, an der Miehl un iwwerall, wu sich Leit versammelt hen, iss gscholde warre iwwer der Haus—un Schtemptax. Der John Fries vun Bucks Kaunti waar eens vun de beschte Vendu Groiyer uff weit un breed. Er hot en Vendu gegroiyert ans Trexlers Waertshaus, wu ich un der Vadder hie waare far en Fuhr kaafe. An der Vendu hot er gebreddicht gee-ich die gross Unrecht, das der Adams un der Congress uff uns gschprengt hen mit dem Tax. Er hot verzaehlt, wie die Leit iwwerall wu er hie kaemt, uffriehrisch waere un uns gsaat mir misste uns ufflege degege. Wie mir heemkumme sin, hen mir mit annere gschwetzt do dewege. Mol ee Owed sin mir zu der Grandy Miller, wu mir mit noch annere, wu sich dart versammelt hen ghatt, Blaane gemacht hen far die Sesser un Tax Kalleckter zu biete. Wie die Sesser kumme sin far die Heiser messe un die Fenschderscheiwe zaehle, sin sie so verflucht un verscholde warre, dass sie sich glei abgscharrt hen. Der John Romig, wu neigschtimmt waar far Sesser, hot gsaat, net far fimf hunnert Daahler daet er des Amt bediene. Wie die verhasste Sesser ausgedriwwe waare, hen mir gemeent mir hette gewunne. Mir hen en grosser Freiheits-Baam mit me Paahne owwedruff var em Waertshaus uffgschtellt. Die Schpitzbuwe in Phildelphi waare awwer schlau. Sie hen yuscht Fremme in die Nochberschaft gschickt. Des hot die Millerschtedtler awwer noch recht wiedich gemacht.

"Der Jacob un ich hen ausgfunne, das so'n Sesser uff em Weg waar vuns Trexlers noch em Schtedtel. Mit noch vier vun unsere Kummeraade, sin mir en Schtick die Schtross naus, uns verschteckelt in me Bischel un uff den Kerl gewaart. Wie er der Weg geridde iss, schpringe mir naus, hen ihn vum Gaul gerisse, gebunne un ins Bischel genumme bis es dunkel waar. Noh sin mir noch Millerschtedtel mit unserm Gefangne. An der Schmidt iss der Kerl funkefaase nackich gschtrippt warre, der Darrlodel grickt un noh iss der Sesser mol gut gschmiert waare. Der Jacob iss zu der Grandy Miller gschprunge, en aldi Fedderdeck gholt, noh hen mir die ausgeleert iwwer den Schpitzbu. Heilichgewesser! Was hot er gschpaut, wie die Feddere ihm ins Maul un die Naas kumme sin! Er hot so gschpassich geguckt, dass mir lache hen misse. 'Nau waerd er noch Riggei geridde' saagt der Jacob. Mir hen en Riggel aus der Schtaakefens gerisse, gschwischich seine Bee darrich gschowe, die Bee zammegebunne un vier Mann hen der Riggel uff ihre Schuldre. So sin mir die Schtross naus gege Phildelphi, bis mer mied warre sin. Dart hen mir ihn in der Wassergrawwe geblotzt un sin heem. Des hot en hellwedderser Gschtank gemacht unnich denne Federalischte in der Nochberschaft! Awwer es hot die Schpitzbuwe net eweck ghalde. Wie eener verfolgt warre iss, hen sie yuscht en annerer gschickt. Der Vadder hot mich noch em Parre Buskirk seinre Gaerwerei gschickt mit 're Haut vun me Bull, das mir gschlacht ghatt hen. Wie ich die Schtross nausgfaahre bin, hawwich gsehne, dass en gleeni Haerd Weibsleit schtehne iwwer der Schtross vun der Grandy Miller ihrm Haus, eiferich am Babble. Des hot mich karyos gedinkt, weil selli Zeit vum Daag waare die Weiwer gewehnlich an der Aerwet. Es iss mir beigfalle, dass es gebobbelt hot bei der Grandy e paar Daag zerick. Ich hab so zu mir selwert gsaat, 'Ich will Gott hoffe, die Grandy iss net gschtarwe un hot des Kind hinnerlosse!' Wie ich naecher kumme bin, hawwich schunn gsehne ferwas die Weibsleit am belaadsche sin. Zwee fremme Sesser waare ans Millers Haus messe un die Fenschdre zaehle. Ich hab 'Gie' zu meim Gaul gsaat, noh iss er unnich der Geilskeschte zu de Weibsleit geloffe, wu ich dem Ding vum meim Wagge zugeguckt hab. 'Daewi Schaeffer, du settscht dich schemme dart hocke un ken Wart zu denne Schpitzbuwe saage! Wann ich yuscht en Mann waer! Ich meen so wie so, ich wott die Gaardehack hole un 'ne 's Haernschaal neischlagge,' hot die Em Schtettler gsaat. 'Loss sie mol an unser Haus kumme! Ich hab en Geilsgrischdierschtritz voll Seefelaag far sie!' saagt die Ell Hains. 'Schmeiss sie mit faule Oier,' hot en anneri gegrische. Die Yacht muss die Grandy gheert hawwe im Kindsbett. Die Ell holt en Blarrer aus. 'Herriyeses Gott im Himmel, Weibsleit! Gucken mol dart driwwe iss die Grandy am Fenschder! Ei, des meecht ihre Dod sei!' —'Wann's iss, griege die verfluchte Sesser es in die Schuh gschitt,' hot die Menda Grim gsaat. Die Grandy hot yuscht so zum Fenschder rausgeguckt, noh waar sie widder fart. Eens vun de Sesser hot gschtanne die Fenschderscheiwe gezaehlt, weil der anner am Schreiwe waar, wie es Fenschder am zwette Schtock uffgange iss. Dart waar die Grandy mit me Kessel voll kochich Wasser, mer hot der Damp devun sehne kenne. Unne viel gezielt hot sie des gliedich Wasser denne Kerl iwwer die Kepp neigschitt. Noh hettscht mol die Kerl heere solle! Sie hen gegrische as wie gschtochne Sei, sin rumgedargelt, as wie en Hinkel wann's gekeppt iss un hen sich in der Dreck vun der Schtross falle losse, wu sie sich rumgewelst hen far Schmaerze. Die Weibsleit hen in die Hend geblatscht, gegrische un gelacht dodriwwer. Wie die verbriehde Schpitzbuwe mol ihre Verschtand widder ghatt hen, sin sie noch em Waertshaus. Der Schankweiler, der Waert, hot gheert vun dem Ding un hot sie net eigenumme.

"Es waar so varne im Maerz, 1799, wie der Col. Nicholls, Marshal vun unserm District, der Col. Balliet, en Sesser, un der Jacob Eierly, der Tax Commissioner, zum Parre Buskirk vun Bethlehem riwwer geridde kumme sin. Sie waare kumme far zu sesse un so Leit reschte, wu sich gege den Tax gschtellt hen. Ihre Geil hen sie beim Parre gelosst un sin zu Fuss gange far der Yarrick Schaeffer hole. Die Nelichkeete sin darrich die Nochberschaft as wie en Feier iwwer 'n Schtobblefeld. Wie die Kerl der Yarrick net deheem gfunne hen, sin sie zerick kumme un ans Waertshaus. Bis selli Zeit waar en gleeni Meng vun Mensche var em Waertshaus gschtanne. Der Marshal, Eierly un der Balliet hen mol so bees iwwer die Haerd geguckt. Ich hab den dickseckiche, gemeschte un uffgsoffne Balliet noch var Aage, wie er der Schankweiler, der Waert, verrote hot zum Nicholls. Er hot sich so bredaal hiegschtellt un die Bee ausenanner gschpraddelt as wann er bang waer er daet umfalle. Er hot aa des verleicht geduh, far sei silwerne Schnalle uff de Schuh zu weise. Noh hot er die Bruscht nausgschowe, as wie en Daubert wann er am gullere iss, un der Kopp zerick gschnarrt bis sei dobbelter Bart geguckt hot, as wie en Kummet. Bis dies Zeit waar er gans rot wiedich in seim uffgsofne Gfress. Uff eemol schiesst er sei rechter Aarm graad naus un weist uff der Schankweiler. 'Dart, Marshal, iss dei Mann. Rescht ihn. Des iss der Hetzer gee-ich der Haustax in daere Nochberschaft,' hot er gsaat. Der Marshal iss uff geloffe zum Waert, hot em uff die Schulder geduppt un frogt ihn far mit ihm noch Bethlehem geh. Der Schankweiler iss fart noch der Scheier gschprunge un greischt zerick, er wott em Marshal nichs duh, awwer der Balliet un der Eierly waere nichs as wie verdammte Schtempler un Rascal. Mit denne wott er nichs zu duh hawwe. Der Balliet hot mit Deiwelsgewalt hawwe wolle, der Marshall sott em Waert nooch geh un ihn fange. Des hot die Leit um sie rum hesslich verzaernt. Sie hen gegrische, mer sette die Seihund ausdreiwe. Ich bin var der Balliet un hab ihm sei rot-weiss-un-blooer Schlupp vum Hut gerisse. Wie der Col. Nicholls sehnt, as es do Druwwel gaebt, wann er der Schankweiler nemme daet, hot er en Barye mit ihm gemacht. Der Waert hot verschproche freiwillicherweise noch Bethlehem zu geh. Die Leit hen in Druppe gschtanne, der Parre Buskirk, der Nicholls, der Eierly un der Balliet verflucht un verscholde. Wie sie fart sin, iss gehurraht un gegrische warre far Freiheit. Sie sin awwer net elee heem. Sie hen der Adam Schteffi, der Herman Hartmann un der Daniel Eberly mit als Gefangne. Dr. Nicholls hot in de zwansich so geresecht ghatt. E Deel devun hot er geh losse uff Bail un die annere hot er in Bethlehem ghalde far noch Phildelphi nemme var's Gericht.

Ich meen, es waer gewest uff der sechste Maerz, wie der Jacob ausgfunne hot, as der Fries in Bucks so-iche wu gee-ich der Tax waere, gsammelt hot far geh un die Gfangne zu freie. Mir sin uff der Weg, far aa do debei sei. Ans Ritters Waertshaus uff der anner Seit vun Emmaus, hen mir noch meh aagedroffe, das mithelfe hen wolle. Wann der Balliet zu sehne gewest waer, hette mir ihn in Petze gerisse. An der Bethlehemer Brick hen mir der Fries un sei heemgemachte Saldaate aagedroffe. Wie es vun dart ab aagange iss, warrscht du wisse, ich brauch dir die Gschicht net widder verzaehle. Der Bruder un ich sin heem wie die Gfangne frei waare. Mir hen widder in Friede gelebt, bis der Bressident Adams Saldaate gschickt hot far die, wu em Fries gholfe hen, zu fange. Der Jacob hot ausgfunne wie die Saldaate uff em Weg vun Reading waare. Er hot sei Gaul gsaddelt, Fuder un Esse genumme un iss in der Lecha Baerrick neigeridde, wu er sich verschteckelt ghalde hot. Ich hab gheert, wie sie ans Trexlers Waertshaus waare. Owwe in unserm Schpringheisel waar en gleeni Hieling, do hawwich mich verschluppt.

"Wie sie an unser Bauerei kumme sin, hen sie graad gfrogt far der Jacob. Wie er net zu finne waar, hen sie alles ausgschtiert far ihn suche. Sie hen ihre Dege darrich die Schprauseck gschtoche, in der Hoibore gschosse, en Schtrohschtock abgebrennt, un wie sie nichs finne hen kenne, sin sie hinnich mei gleener Bruder. Mit me Schtrick um sei Hals hen sie ihn iwwer en Balke in der Scheier gezogge, bis er schwarz un bloo waar, far ihn saage mache, wu der Jacob waar. Der aarm Dropp hot's net saage kenne, weil er es net gewisst hot. Wie sie ihn gehgelosst ghatt hen un waare uff em Weg far fart, iss es em Capt. Leiper eikumme, dass sie net owwe uff em Schpringheisel geguckt hette. Well, dart hen sie mich verwischt. Sie hen mich grickt, die Hend uff der Buckel gebanne un wie en Ochs var sich haer gedriwwe noch Bethlehem. Var em Gericht in Norristown hawwich en Schtrof vun 150 Daahler un en Yohr im Gefengnis grickt. En gans Yohr in so'n Wansenescht gschparrt zu sei wann mer en gut Bett gewehnt iss, iss awwer ken Gleenichkeet, sell will ich dir saage. Ich hab mannich Mol gewinscht, far vun sellem gliediche Wasser, das die Grandy Miller die Sesser mit gebrieht hot, so dass ich die Wanse, Fleeh un Leis aa verbriehe kennt. Wie ich nem Munet in dem Schmaraagel gelegge hab, hot's Schallach Fiewer mich grickt. Ich bin mol ee Daag verwarrt warre un sell is es Letscht as ich weess vun dem Wansenescht. Hab gut gerugt, bis du Esel mich verschteert hoscht un des iss all dem verrickte Schwammbach sei Schuld. Nau, mach dich fart, du Schtempler, du Federalischt! Tax uff Fenschderscheiwe bezaahle mir mol beidemmt kenner," saagt er un ich hab aa nichs meh aus ihm griege kenne.

5. April 1943.

GELD

O Geld, was bischt du mir en Lascht,
Un doch muss ich dich draage;
Du lossche mich oft in Ecke fascht,
Un darf mich net beglaage.

Die Menschheet hot far den ken Lieb,
As du net helfe duscht;
Des macht en mancher Mann en Dieb,
Mit Schmaerze in seinre Bruscht.

Der Sohn, der schlaggt sei Vatter dod,
Un all weeich deinem Glans;
Am Galye iss er in der Nod,
Un dart verlosscht ihn gans.

Der Geizhals dreht sei Kinner naus,
Er gebt yo dir meh Lieb;
Ihr Hunger macht zu ihm nix aus,
Sei Aag iss net mol drieb.

Du setzscht die Schweschter gege Bruder,
Mit deim verhext Geglingel;
Ihr Hend sin g'schmiert mit deinem Luder,
Sie schpiere des Gezingel.

Die Fraa vum Mann loksch du eweck,
Mit deim scheiheilich G'schmunsel;
Un lossch sie leiye in ihrem Dreck,
Mit ihrem G'sicht ee Runsel.

Wu Hungersnot un Aarmut wuhne,
Do bischt du net bekannt;
Du gebscht ken Hilf die Zwee zu schune,
Du reechscht net mol dei Hand.

Nau witt du mich en Liegner mache,
Du saagscht des waer net waahr;
Du daetscht yo so viel gude Sache,
Far Leit des ganse Yaahr.

"Wer hot, der grickt," geht's alt Schprichwart,
Es iss yo gans verdreht;
Der Reich, der lebt in Friede fart,
Em Aarme iss verleed.

Wann ich noch waer en yunger Mann,
Dann gengt ich gans allee,
Wie Thoreau an en Walden Pann,
Noh kennscht zum Deiwel geh.

—LLOYD A. MOLL

Deaths of a Day

MRS. LAURA JANE WILLIAMS

Laura Jane Williams, wife of Walter Williams, Pen Argyl, R. 1, formerly of Pen Argyl, died last night at the Allentown General hospital of complications, age 54. She was born in Pen Argyl and lived here practically all her life and was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Sandt. She was a member of the St. John's Lutheran church, Pen Argyl. Her only survivor is her husband.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. from the Pullis funeral home, 126 Pennsylvania Ave., Pen Argyl, with Rev. Charles J. Shimer, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, Pen Argyl officiating. Interment in St. John's cemetery, Bangor.

WILLIAM DODSON

Funeral services for William Dodson, 76, of 207 North St., Mauch Chunk, who was found dead at 8 a. m. yesterday near the retaining wall at the rear of the Central Railroad of N. J., round house, Mauch Chunk, will be held at 3:30 p. m. Monday from his home with Rev. Paul K. Christman of the Ebenezer church, Mauch Chunk, officiating. Interment will be made in the Mauch Chunk cemetery.

Mr. Dodson was a retired car inspector for the Central Railroad Co. He is survived by his sister, Mary, and brother, John Dodson, Mauch Chunk, with whom he resided, and a sister, Mrs. Maggie Stultz, Newark, N. J.

IGNATZ GERENSER

Ignatz Gerenser, 55, died yesterday afternoon at 2:40 o'clock in the Allentown hospital, where he had been a patient the last four weeks. He resided at 143 N. 10th St.

A native of Austria-Hungary, he came to this country 37 years ago. He was employed at the Universal-Atlas Cement Co. for about 12 years but was retired at the time of his death.

Surviving are two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Golatz, Glendale, L. I., and Mrs. Nicholas Kuntz, New York City, and a brother, Stephen, New Rochelle. He is also survived by a number of nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 8:15 a. m. at the funeral home of William J. Weber, 502 Ridge Ave., followed by high mass of requiem in the Church of Our Holy Family, Nazareth, at 9 a. m. Interment in the parish cemetery.

IZADINE FOREL

Izadine Forel, 15-year-old resident of East Mauch Chunk, died suddenly at 12:15 a. m. yesterday at the home of her grandfather, John Hascher, 424 School St., East Mauch Chunk, with whom she resided.

Miss Forel a student in the ninth grade of the East Mauch Chunk High school was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, East Mauch Chunk.

She is survived by a brother, Corporal John, California; sister, Mrs. Betty Gershey, Jacksons, her grandfather and several aunts and uncles.

Jennie A. Flexer Passes Away

Jennie Adelaide Flexer, wife of Rev. Arthur G. Flexer, who before her marriage in 1903 was a teacher in the Allentown school system, died at 7.55 a. m. Friday at her home along Coopersburg R. 2. She had been ill for 11 weeks.

A native and resident of Allentown for most of her life, Mrs. Flexer was the daughter of the late Hugh and Sarah, nee Jones, Griffith. She was a graduate of Allentown High school and taught for six years in the local McKinley and Franklin schools. She and Rev. Flexer were married Sept. 2, 1903, with Rev. J. F. Pollock, then pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Allentown, officiating.

Rev. Flexer, retired for three years, served two churches in Allentown during his career: Trinity and Boulevard E. C. Other charges held were in Herndon, Lancaster, Reading, Mauch Chunk, Shamokin, Harrisburg and Schuylkill Ha

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Whether I am on the winning or losing side is not the point with me; it is being on the side where my sympathies lie that matters, and I am ready to see it through to the end. Success in life means doing that thing than which nothing else conceivable seems more noble or satisfying or remunerative. —Alan Seeger.

PANTELLERIA FALLS BUT MALTA STANDS

Surrender of the island of Pantelleria yesterday by the Italian forces further tightens the grip which is being put upon the European mainland by the United Nations and must add to the concern of both Italy and Germany.

In Pantelleria Mussolini thought he had an impregnable fortress such as Gibraltar and Malta have proved to be to the Axis nations. Although Malta became known as the most-bombed spot on earth during the years that Germany especially and Italy had pretty much their own way in the Mediterranean and were able to chase British shipping out of that vast inland sea, the Axis never was able to soften it. The Axis never made an attempt to follow up the immense destruction which had been done by their planes with a landing from the sea. Such of course might have been attempted if Mussolini's navy had been only half as strong and resourceful as he had boasted it was to the Italian people and to the world and if the British Navy had not proven to be so good. Nor did the Axis nations, in spite of many threats during the period of their land and air supremacy, ever get to making an attack upon Gibraltar. Mighty as Hitler and Mussolini appeared all along, especially after the fall of France three years ago, they never were bold and brave and strong enough to venture against that fortress.

When Mussolini developed Pantelleria as the Italian Gibraltar he considered it invincible. Today Malta and Gibraltar stand firm and have not changed hands whereas the impregnable Pantelleria is in United Nations' hands. It all suggests a very striking suggestion as to the relative strength of the forces which today are opposing each other in Europe.

It shows especially where supremacy as to air power lies today for Pantelleria will go down in history as the first island probably to be conquered almost completely by air power. And, for the information of Herr Hitler and et al, it was carried out according to plan—the plan of General Carl A. Spaatz, formerly of Boyertown.

Spaatz followed the theories that have ruled his thinking for quarter of a century that air power can do exactly what it did to Pantelleria. For thirteen successive days the island was pounded by day and night. First the airfield was knocked out. Then the port city was rendered useless. Then the final attack came, moving like a curtain from the sea coast inland upon all points where military installations were to be found.

After the curtain had covered the island, the white flag was hoisted in tribute to the scientific demolition which had occurred to the island fortress.

True it is that sea-borne forces had to land upon the island and take over, but it was the air force which had pounded the large garrison thereof into submission. The next job will be to repair the airfield as a base for attacks upon nearby Sicily and counting the prisoners. For Italy it is finis as to the fortress from which she expected to harry British shipping in the Mediterranean. It is another Mussolini bubble which has been punctured.

FARMERS PLAN AGAINST FIRE

The hopelessness of a fire in the rural areas long has prompted fire-fighting authorities to urge communities and even farm groups wherever possible to establish dams and reservoirs as the source of abundant water when fires must be fought.

Repeatedly fire equipment has been dispatched out of the boroughs and even from those townships in which there are fire companies to rural fires only to be found useless because there was little or no water available. Cisterns speedily were emptied; springs found inadequate.

Where such reservoirs have been constructed rural folks feel a great deal more comfortable. In the case of a Neffs farmer, his foresight in building a dam was the deciding factor which saved his valuable property in a recent fire.

Every community well may consider the example of the group of farmers near Egypt who are at this time completing a reservoir that will hold more than half a million gallons of water. Eleven farmers are cooperating in the big job of building this reservoir whose dimensions will be 200x60 feet, with depth of six feet. It is so located as to make it possible for firemen to lay hose to a fire on any one of the farms and have abundance of water to fight it. The maximum amount of hose required to reach the most remote barn and farmhouse will be less than half a mile.

Many other groups ought to be able to build similar reservoirs. They should not be dams in streams which will be filled up with rocks and silt during floods. Such reserve supply of water can be useful for other purposes. In times of drought it ought to be possible to draw upon it for water for cattle. In spraying seasons it can be drawn upon by the sprayer outfits. In some cases it may be possible even to develop bathing and swimming opportunities for rural folks.

As farmers know, they never can have too much water stored up against all sorts of emergencies and the biggest and most serious emergency for which it is needed is fire.

More Bungling

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 11 (Special Dispatch)—Did the coal miners' union have a contract between May 31st when they walked out and June 7th when they reported back for work?

When Fuel Administrator Ickes on June 4th proclaimed that he had extended the old miners' contract, did that automatically put it into effect back to May 31st after the miners had already gone out on strike?

These are the questions which envelop the new phase of the coal controversy, and it seems most unfortunate that Fuel Administrator Ickes has issued an order which is based at best on a confusing and unprecedented set of circumstances. It may well be doubted whether the Fuel Administrator did this of his own initiative or whether he found himself compelled to do it in order to follow out the program of some of the other agencies of the government involved in the coal dispute.

It is true that the old contract under which the miners have been working calls for a penalty if the men go out on strike, and that penalty is a fine of $1 a day. But the miners' leaders have been meticulous about insisting on a contract to govern the days worked. When the truce expired on Monday, May 31st, there was no contract in existence. Nobody in the government asked that the contract be extended, though there is reason to believe the miners' union would have agreed. No formal request on this point came till Fuel Administrator Ickes, in a telegram to John L. Lewis, asked that he order the miners back to work. In that message, the fuel administrator said the terms of the old contract would be in effect presumably retroactively from May 31st on. This was to preserve continuity.

But at the same time, now, when penalties are imposed, no recognition is given to the interval between May 31st and June 4th when the miners did not know whether or not they had a contract. Here is a case of negligence by the government itself, and it seems unfair to take it out on the miners. Such sharp and technical application of the contract provisions at a time of stress and strain is not calculated to protect the public interest but merely to create new resentments and more bitterness.

It is all the more regrettable because there is no law on the statute books which explicitly empowers the President or any other governmental agency to impose a new contract or extend an old one on seized plant operations. There is such authority in the proposed legislation just reported by the conference committee of both houses of Congress. That measure says that the terms and conditions in effect when a plant is seized shall remain in effect during the period of government seizure or until such time as the government turns the plant back to the owners.

Should the miners be penalized under the terms of a law not yet passed? This is a question which clearly involves administration policy and tact. The interjection of such an issue at a time when the miners' union and the operators are being brought before the War Labor Board to resolve all issues is unfortunate. It may be that the government trumped up the issue so as to have something to give back in the negotiations, something else to use in its pressure on Lewis. But even that explanation ignores the fact that the penalty is applied against the individual miners and comes out of their pockets.

And what can a miner do if he disapproves of the leadership of John Lewis? He cannot go back to work as some of the amateur labor experts in the administration seem to think. Any miner who wants to work when his union chief orders him not to work is blacklisted, and President Roosevelt himself approved that form of blacklisting when he insisted that the closed shop issue be arbitrated—a circumstance that led to the imposition of the closed shop by a board appointed by the President himself.

The theory that the President could appeal to the miners over the head of Lewis is a mistaken one. Nobody can appeal to the miners or any other workers over the heads of their union officers if the latter stand their ground. On the contrary, the dissenting workers lay themselves open to the charge of disloyalty, and, of course, the employer must fire them when work is resumed, because the union can expel its members at will and the employer must adhere to such order of expulsion. That's what a closed shop means.

The Roosevelt administration has helped to apply that straightjacket to the employers of the miners. Now the administration has sought to penalize the individual miners for following the instructions of their leader. It's one way to provoke unrest in the labor world, and it's in line with the bungling policy of the administration from the beginning in handling the coal controversy.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

Monday is Flag Day. It is our Flag Day. Usually this celebration passes unnoticed. This year it must not pass unnoticed. Too many forces are confusing us, betraying our traditions, discoloring our perceptions, poisoning our minds and memories. They are the forces against which Americans have always protected themselves by their devotion to their flag and their loyalty to the history of which it is a symbol.

Our flag has never been changed since we became a nation; 13 stripes to recall to us the little colonies from which we descend; a star for each State as the country grows. Each State has its own flag, but the national symbol has never bowed to one of them. Although the Confederacy had its own banner during its short existence, the Stars and Stripes never really lost its place in the hearts of the Southerners.

That flag represents a tradition and a history. It speaks of Pilgrim, of Quaker, of Catholic, of Huguenot, of Jew, of Amish and Mennonite—of the peoples of every country in Europe who sought a sanctuary from every form of oppression. As with no other people, that flag has even been the inspiration for those who were heavy-laden with fear and want and who in it alone found the hope for personal liberty.

Let each father of a family in this country call his children about him on this day to tell them of the first of their blood on American soil, not in pride, but within the grace of humility, so that the children may know that they are American not by accident of birth but by the conscious bravery of a pioneering ancestor who tore himself away from home and kin and the known ways of life, to discover here, upon this soil, a new world and a sure way to freedom.

Such a flag cannot be mere bunting. It cannot be lost in a profusion of flags, some of which represent the oppressors from whom our people originally fled. Such a flag must not be sullied by any alterations which symbolize not our story but a fantasy of meaningless universality. That flag is ours and ours alone and to it we owe an allegiance that transcends any man upon this earth and is second only to our love for God.

That is what Flag Day should mean to us. And soon we shall be celebrating the Fourth of July, the moment that fixes our national existence. I suppose that there will be some who might even suggest that we postpone the Fourth of July lest it give offense to one of our Allies, or that we do not speak of the causes that led to the Revolutionary War. Instead, I recommend our old-fashioned Fourth of July, with old-time oratory, with the songs of our country and with a reading everywhere of the Declaration of Independence. For there is much in that document that fits our world today. There is that charge that "He has erected a Multitude of new Offices, and sent hither Swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out their Substance." And again "He has combined with others to subject us to a Jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws...." And that magnificent paragraph which we used to be taught to memorize, beginning with the sentence: "We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness—That to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the Consent of the Governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government...."

It profoundly affects the emotions of a people to hear again and again the words which established them a Nation and formed the foundation of their being. It is such a spiritual anchor which keeps a people sure on the course of its history.

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Pert and Pertinent

Pride of possession is a strange thing: Every car owner thinks HIS car has the best engine the factory ever turned out.

It is axiomatic that a bricklayer needs more ration points than a campus-farmer.

A dominating personality is one that can make an installment collector act apologetically.

Somehow or other it seems that we don't notice the narrow-mindedness of others until our conscience begins to bother us.

The ban on two pants' suits is a blessing in disguise: Five less pockets for friend wife to explore in the still night watches after the household has drifted off to sleep.



DINNER WAS LATE

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Surely the hearts of all local readers will expand with just pride upon reading the following sketch by our eminent Pennsylvania German novelist, in which she pays tribute to an Allentonian who was the pioneer in the now nation-wide cement industry. Elsie Singmaster wishes to express her indebtedness to Mrs. Charles H. Moyer, of 1402 Hamilton St., Allentown, Pa., without whose valuable assistance this story could not have taken its shape. Mrs. Moyer is "Miriam," the sole survivor of the characters mentioned herein.—ED

FAMISHED for her dinner, Miriam Saylor raced in wide circles on the campus of Muhlenberg College in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Pursuing Miriam, ran Alice, aged five, and Mary, aged four. With them in one of the pretty houses of Allentown lived George, who was only two; Father, whose name was David Oliver Saylor; and Mother, whose name had been Emma Saeger.

Father was very tall, with beautiful white hands and strong arms which could swing a child almost to the ceiling. Miriam always remembered his hands because they never seemed to be soiled, though they were always busy with the earth. He had two wonderful gardens, one behind the house, the other at his place of business at Coplay, three miles away. In these he raised flowers and vegetables which were familiar to everyone, and others which were new. Gardening was his entertainment and relaxation; his real business was making cement.

Miriam shouted, "I'm hungry!" Alice shouted, "I'm hungry!" Mary shouted, "I'm very hungry!"

The reason dinner was late was not because the Saylor family had no regular hours for meals, nor because Mother hadn't given orders in good time, nor because Ellen hadn't cooked or her sister Jane hadn't set the table, nor because there wasn't a good stove in the kitchen. There was no better stove in Allentown; on none were chickens more delicately fried, waffles more crisply baked, or beef roasted more juicily. Certainly the children were not to blame. They were always ready and waiting, "with their mouths open," said Mother. Sometimes she would pop in a cooky to take off the edge of their appetites.

It was Father who was responsible for the near-starvation of his family. He loved them dearly, and provided them with the best of everything; but sometimes he was late coming to meals. And sometimes, when he came promptly, he wouldn't let Ellen finish the dinner. The dinner might be on the stove, but it was of no importance in his eyes beside the queer grayish bricks of cement shaped like flat dumbbells or the cross section of a railroad rail, which he was drying on a rack. He experimented with cement-making not only on his office stove at Coplay but here at home. When he arrived, he would test the bricks; if they were not right in texture, he would shake his head; if they cracked, he would sometimes utter a mock groan. If they were exactly right, he would shout, "Full steam ahead, Ellen! I'm surprised you don't think of these starving children." Ellen would snort, or answer saucily, but she was never really cross with them underneath it all.

Miriam was old enough to have the making of cement explained to her; but of course Alice and Mary could not understand, though they always remembered the late dinners and how hungry they were, and how Father would laugh. When they grew older and saw concrete roads wind like ribbons across the country, and buildings lift their proud heads far above the highest trees, and bridges span broad rivers, they understood that Father's cement was in all of them.

Father explained the making of cement to Miriam. He showed her a picture of a mammoth Egyptian monument, a pyramid whose tip was five hundred feet above the earth and which measured a seventh of a mile on each side. The huge stones of the pyramid had held together for five thousand years because between them there was a cement made of burned limestone. He showed her the picture of an aqueduct which carried water to the city of Rome. Its stones, he said, were bound together by a still stronger cement, which grew hard under water.

He showed her also a picture of a tall English lighthouse which had stood straight and sound against the pounding surf for a hundred and twenty-three years. The English cement was so strong that it could be used not only to bind great stones together, but to coat the outside of buildings. The English called it "Portland cement" because it looked like building stone from the island of Portland.

When the Americans began to construct canals, Father said, they searched for limestone to make cement with which to line the canals so that the water would not escape. The engineers of the Lehigh Canal, running from Easton to Mauch Chunk in Pennsylvania, found large limestone deposits. When the canal was finished, the limestone was forgotten by most people, but Father did not forget. The Civil War was over; the country was coming to life like a garden after a devastating storm, or a human being after a long illness. Factories were being built, wharves reached into bays so that ships could receive and discharge their cargoes, fortifications were erected, walls called "jetties" were constructed to hold back rivers in flood. Men were no longer satisfied to ride on rutted roads or walk on muddy paths. Cement was needed for building and road-making. In liquid form it could be poured into molds; it was stronger and cheaper than stone. To satisfy the many demands, Portland cement was being shipped from England.

Father believed that he could make cement as good as English Portland. So he and two friends, Adam Woolever and Esaias Rehrig of Allentown, bought land at Coplay on which lay a deposit of limestone, and set to work. Powdering and burning the stone, mixing the powder with other ingredients and pressing it into molds, he dried the oddly shaped bricks on the office stove and on the Saylor cookstove. He called the first product Anchor cement, the second, Saylor's cement.

When Miriam grew up, she could not remember when the United States Government gave her father his patent for Saylor's cement in 1871, because that was the year she was born, nor when the Centennial Exhibition gave him an Award of Merit in 1876, because then she was only five, but she always remembered this day when she was seven and dinner was so dreadfully late. It was noon, then half-past-twelve, then one, and still Father had not come.

Each time she swung round the circle she stopped and looked up Fourth Street, and the little girls stopped with her. When he came, Father would be driving a black horse attached to a high buggy with a shiny top and red wheels. She squinted her eyes. He was not in sight. Nor was anyone else in sight, either on foot, or on horseback, or in a carriage. This was the time when all sensible people were eating.

"Everybody has dinner but us!" she shouted. "Come on, Alice and Mary!

'The farmer in the dell!
The farmer in the dell!
High ho the merrio,
The farmer in the dell!'"

Twice her mother came to the door; once Ellen tramped along the side of the house to peer up the street. Ellen looked angry; then she shook her head.

People on foot, on horseback and in carriages reappeared; Muhlenberg College students came from the dining rooms at the end of the long building. They laughed and shouted. They were happy, Miriam thought, because they were fed.

At the same minute, Mother waved from the doorway. "Come, children, we'll eat our dinner!" Miriam didn't like to eat without Father; when he was absent, everybody had to try to be gay; when he was present, everyone was gay without trying.

"He's coming, Mother!" she shouted. "I see him!" Into Fourth Street from Hamilton trotted a black horse. The shiny top of the buggy glittered, the red wheels shone. Miriam and the little girls screamed—could they beat Black Harry to the house? Doubtless he was hungry, too!

Jane had a washcloth and towel ready for their faces and hands. Father strode through the kitchen and washed his hands at the sink.

"You act excited, Mr. Saylor," said Ellen.

"I am excited." Father came into the dining room. He kissed Mother and lifted each of the three girls to her chair and set her down with a little smack and asked for George.

"George!" echoed Mother. "He's asleep, I'm thankful to say."

"He ought to be awake," said Father.

"I'd like to know why! Quiet, girls! Miriam, say grace."

"God bless this food, amen," said Miriam quickly.

Under ordinary circumstances Father would have told her to repeat her grace slowly, but now he issued no such command. He sat with his hands on the arms of his chair, so quietly that Miriam was frightened. Before him lay a roast chicken; flanking it were bowls of corn and mashed potatoes; near by were hot rolls and jelly and coleslaw. At Mother's end of the table stood a coffee pot and cups and saucers. In the refrigerator, Miriam knew, ready for a dramatic entrance when the plates of the first course were removed, waited an ice-cold chocolate pudding. Wasn't Father going to eat and let them eat, now that he was here?

Father lifted neither the carving knife nor the serving spoon. Mother looked at him; he looked back at her. Her hands, too, were idle; they lay in her lap as though she had no intention of ever lifting them.

"You have good news, David?"

Father's lip quivered. Even sixty years later, Miriam, thinking of him, believed she remembered that moment. Perhaps he recalled his boyhood, and his life of responsibility when his father died. Perhaps he remembered the masses of limestone fixed deep into the earth, the source of incalculable riches, or the friends who had invested their money along with his, or his disappointment when the gray cement cracked.

"Did you have good news or bad, David?" asked Mother.

When still he said nothing, Mother sighed and reached for a hot roll and broke it apart and buttered it and spread it with jelly and gave one piece to Alice and one to Mary. "Spread one for yourself, Miriam. After a while, Father will come to."

Father laughed, but still for a moment he did not lift the carving knife. "There's no hurry," he said. "We've got the Eads jetties."

"You have?" said Mother. "That's good."

"What are the Eads jetties?" asked Miriam.

"A famous engineer, named Eads, is building jetties below New Orleans to hold the Mississippi River in its proper channel. The government has specified Saylor's Portland cement to be mixed with sand and crushed stone to build these walls."

"Carve that chicken, David, for these starving children," urged Mother.

"You're not surprised, Mother!" cried Father.

"Not in the least."

"Well, well! Father's hands flew. "Hungry, Alice? Hungry, Mary? Hungry, Miriam?"

"Yes!" shrieked Alice and Mary.

"I'm so hungry I'll soon break in two," said Miriam. "That's how hungry I am."

"The walls have to be stronger than iron," said Father, piling the plates high. "Building stone can't be used. There's none there, and it couldn't be hauled. So they must have my cement. And you're not surprised, Mother!"

"Not a bit!"

Possibly even today, after so many, many years have passed, Mother would not be astonished by what Father accomplished. She had listened to all his dreams and hopes, and she believed he could do anything he set out to do. But Father would be surprised; perhaps he would even be bewildered.

There are now many cement plants. Hundreds of tons of explosives tear apart vast deposits of limestone, not only in Lehigh County or in Pennsylvania, but in thirty-five states. Into acre upon acre of loosened rock plow mammoth steam shovels. Machines of incredible power break the rocks, grind them, add to them ingredients carefully specified by chemists, and in giant retorts burn the resulting mixture into fine powder. In one year two hundred and fifty million barrels have been shipped from a hundred and fifty plants. At the places where the cement is to be used, it is combined by hand or machinery with sand and crushed stone to form concrete.

The enormous plants would astonish David Saylor; so would the uses to which his invention is put. The Eads jetties still hold back the Mississippi: that would not surprise him, for he knew his cement would last forever. He knew nothing, however, of concrete bridges a hundred feet high or five miles long. He knew nothing of roads spanning the country from east to west and north to south. He could not foresee the Empire State Building or the Grand Coulee Dam, as thick through its base as the Washington Monument is high, and more than three times the height of Niagara.

Miriam must have seen the Empire State Building, and other giant structures which owe to his invention their strength and size. Certainly she walks or rides daily on concrete sidewalks or roads. I wonder whether she ever stops to think of the miracle which has come to pass, whose beginning she saw. Oftener, I believe she thinks of her father's merry laugh, his bright eyes and strong arms.

Possibly you do not know of him; perhaps you never heard his name—David Oliver Saylor. His monument towers over our heads and lies under our feet, it supports us when we cross rivers, it preserves us from destruction when we travel in subways, it holds back the tides and the floods; of it are built the bases for our cannon, the foundations for our forts. We cannot imagine our lives without it.

By Courtesy of the American Junior Red Cross News, May, 1943

REVIEW

EPHRATA. Play in Two Parts by **Frank Neusbaum** and **Kathryn M. Popp.** Foreword by Sylvester K. Stevens, State Historian, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.—Dramatists Play Service, Inc. Price 50 cents.

No one who has followed the numerous publications over the last years concerning the history of the Pennsylvania Germans, could fail to recognize the alluring themes that offer themselves for dramatic treatment. It has remained for Frank Neusbaum and Kathryn M. Popp to show the stage possibilities of such material in their **Ephrata.** This play, already known to many through its various stage presentation during the past year, has now been made available for further use on the part of dramatic organizations through the Dramatists Play Service, Inc.

This play was originally written and produced in co-operation with the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and as Sylvester K. Stevens, State Historian, points out in his Foreword, this endeavor "May be said to represent a step forward in a growing nation-wide recognition of the fact that there are all kinds of opportunities in the dramatic, literary, and other fields to emphasize properly long neglected local backgrounds of the development of our democratic institutions and ideals."

The authors have not only seized upon one of the most picturesque phases of our historic past, but they have also with understanding and sympathy re-created the atmosphere of that cloistered 18th century sectarianism as a background for the conflicts in the life of Father Friedsam, the all too human Conrad Beissel. Both parts of this play are enacted in a room in Sharon, the house of the Sisterhood.

There is no more fascinating chapter in the annals of our Pennsylvania German life than that of Ephrata and the religious experiment made in its cloisters. At long last the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has acquired possession of the Cloisters (or rather what remains of them) and has designated them a State historical park area. The buildings are to be carefully restored and the park surrounding them is administered by the Pennsylvania Historical Commission.

Concerning the genesis of this play we can do no better than to quote from the program of the first presentation at the Pennsylvania State College: "This play is an experiment in the promotion of interest in Pennsylvania historical and cultural backgrounds.

"The playwrights and the State Historian believe that the function of such a play should be to present the spirit of the places and people involved, rather than a long series of facts, which in themselves might be dull and unrememberable.

"On the side of fact, however, the following items should be noted: Conrad Beissel really existed as the fanatical leader of the Seventh Day Baptist sect which settled Ephrata; the sect, particularly at Ephrata, fell into a process of disintegration after Beissel's death; Sister Tabea and Daniel were real people and their romance occurred as indicated, although the details are imagined; the costumes and architectural details of the setting are in general authentic, being carefully reproduced from contemporary drawings and from actual details in the Cloisters as they exist today; the music as recorded by the special choir is believed to be the first modern rendering of the intricate and unique seven-part harmony composed by Beissel."

We believe the authors have well achieved what they set out to do, without on the other hand having achieved a great piece of literature.

If this is a closet drama rather than a stage drama, it is so in part because of the nature of the dramatic conflicts. That the authors have failed in giving full embodiment to the larger aesthetic elements inherent in 18th century mysticism is also true. But it is perhaps too much to inquire what a Maeterlinck or a Hauptmann (compare his Narr in Christo) would have done with this material and opportunity. That the authors have proceeded in good taste, if not with genius, and that we have been saved from the vulgarities and commercialism of "Papa is All" (none but its author remained to weep over its early and inglorious demise) is indeed something for which to be grateful.

The play was first produced at Penn State College on Aug. 2, 3, 4, 1942. The demand for tickets was so great that the performances were continued during the week of August 10th. On Oct. 30, 1942, a private performance was given before the State Historical Society at Harrisburg. On Jan. 29th and 30th, 1943 three performances were given by the Woman's Club of Allentown. On April 9th, 1943 the Hamilton Players (employees of the Hamilton Watch Co.) gave a performance of the play at Lancaster.—ED.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELIZABETH L. HAAS

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Haas, 67, who resided with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Nester, New Ringgold, died Thursday in the Dr. Warne hospital, Pottsville.

Born in Rehrersburg, Mrs. Haas was the daughter of the late Benjamin and Salesa Miller Rollman and lived in New Ringgold for 43 years. Her husband, A. Howard Haas, who conducted the Haas hotel for a number of years, preceded her in death 18 years ago. She was a member of the Lutheran church.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Nester, and two grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held from the home tomorrow at the convenience of the family. Rev. Elmer S. Noll, D.D., Schuylkill Haven, will officiate. Interment will be made in Rehrersburg.

BABY SACKS

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sacks, 236 N. 7th St., died Friday at 9:30 a. m. at the Sacred Heart hospital. The child was born at the hospital on Tuesday.

ANDREW SOBOTA

Andrew Sobota, 410 First Terrace, Bethlehem, died at 10:30 a.m. Friday in the Allentown hospital where he was a patient for surgical treatment. He had been in the employ of the Bethlehem Steel Co. for some time as a machinist.

Surviving are his wife, Veronica Havach Sobota, at home; three daughters, Theresa, Rose Marie and Patricia Ann, all at home; two sisters, Mrs. Anna Kuruc and Mrs. Joseph Mitchell, both of Bethlehem, and three step-brothers, Stephen, Charles and John Sobota, also of Bethlehem.

He was a member of the Bethlehem Catholic Sokol society and a member of SS. Cyril and Methodius church.

The funeral will be held from his late residence Tuesday at 8:30 a.m. Solemn requiem mass will be celebrated at 9 a.m. in SS. Cyril and Methodius church. Burial in the family plot in the parish cemetery.

JOSEPH YOST

Joseph Yost, husband of the late Teresa, Schlener, Yost, 343 N. 2nd St., Allentown, died at 11:45 p. m. Thursday in Sacred Heart hospital in his 64th year. He had been ill for five months and was admitted to the hospital a week ago.

Mr. Yost, a native of Austria, was a cobbler by trade and was engaged in his own business for the past 20 years. He came to America in 1913.

He was a member of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, German-Austrian Veterans society, Allgemeiner Arbeiter Unt Verein, and Allentown-Turner-Leiderkrantz.

Mr. Yost is survived by the following children: Frank, William, Mrs. Joseph Casandl and Mrs. Frank Schmidt, all of Allentown; Mrs. Adolph Wallitsch, Brooklyn, N. Y.; a brother, John, St. Louis, Mo., and six grandchildren. His wife died in 1937.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday, 8:30 a. m. from the William J. Weber funeral home, 502 Ridge Ave., Allentown, with high mass of requiem to be sung in the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at 9 a. m.

DAVID D. BIERY

David D. Biery, 122 Main St., Pennsburg, died yesterday at his home, in his 85th year.

Mr. Biery was born in Whitehall township, Lehigh county, a son of the late Daniel and Catherine, nee Roth, Biery. Surviving are his wife, Elmira, nee Kolb, Biery; two children, Macie, wife of William Johnson, Pennsburg; Irma Biery, at home; two grandsons and one great-granddaughter.

He was a member of the New Goshenhoppen Reformed church, East Greenville.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at his late home, with Dr. C. M. DeLong officiating. Interment will be in the New Goshenhoppen Reformed cemetery, East Greenville.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Neia Socha

Andreas, 's Lizard Kricka dahl drowwa hinnich 'm barrick, is 'n aryer blotz, 's sin immer neia socha om aw gae. 'S mocht nix ous wos shunshd in da welt gaduh, odder g'sawt wert, nine mohl ous da tzaea hut shun ebber shunshd fon Andreas die sama socha gabroviert, odder anyhow draw gadenk'd m'r so socha duh kent. Die gadonka uf kours kumma oft tzeita langshd noch dem os ebber shunshd die socha gaduh hut. Ow'r doh is ebbes neias fer Andreas—ebbes gons neias os darta gaduh wert, un woh leit fon onnerra bletz aw shun oft draw gadenk'd hen, ow'r nee net gaduh hen. Der "Hap" Haas will 'n facktory uf shtarta fer weibsleit shoe bossa mocha fer aenichie ort fees os woxa.

'N yaders wase wie fiel weibsleit os druvel hen mit da shoe os sie kaufa. Won sie die shoe faufa, maina sie, sie kenta 's ous shtae un maichda petza so arrick as sie wotta. Fer da rationerrei wor sel ol recht, won sie 'n paar shoe kotta hen as tzu kartz un ang wor, sin sie yusht gonga un hen 'n onner paar kauft, un die wos tzu glae worra 's airsht nuf uf die garret drebba g'shteld bis es nagshd mohl hous gabutzt is werra, un die shoe noh nous g'shmissa. Ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg woh 'n yaders ae ticket grick'd alla drei mohnet fer shoe kaufa, un uf tzu yader'm is fer shoe griega os bossa. Now mus 'n yaders sehna datzu os es shoe grick'd os bossa, odder mus borefeesich lawfa bis der nagshd ticket rei kumt.

Die socha weara noh noch ol recht won weibsleit net so hard rum tzu gawaina weara. Ow'r sie sin so arrick in da gawained fer ihra shoe tzu glae kaufa, os der "Hap" uf 'n noshion kumma is fer shoe os tzu glae sin shtracka, un won don un won 'n paar tzu gross is, sie ei gae mocha so os sie bossa wie won sie aw gamessa weara. Wie der "Hap" sellie socha dut wissa m'r net, un is aw net gatzailt os es rous kumma sol. Sel sin 'm "Hap" sei socha, un wohs ihn shun yohra un yohra ganumma hut fer rous kunsiderra. Dale hen shun gamaint er dade die shoe os tzu glae weara filla mit nossa welshkern kerna fer sie shtracka, un shoe os tzu gross weara, reiva mit ollau fer sie ei gae mocha. Der "Hap" locht ow'r yusht iwwer socha wie sel, un secht sel weara alta socha woh leit shun fer yohra wista dafon, wos er het wear shtawl nei, un dade aw shoffa alla waiga, ebs wear fer grossa shoe ferglannerra, odder glaina shoe gross mocha.

'N lot fon da Andreas eiwohner nemma shweara indressa in de socha. Der John Strouse, 'm Callie Steigerwaut sei barkipper, un der Bill Bailey sin shure der Andreas Chamber of kommerce dade na 'n lot gelt fohr shtracka won die note 's erfotterra dade. Die Ida Steigerwalt hut na aw der garret fon ihr'm grossa department shtore fershprocha fer 'n facktory, won sie ihra die fiela shoe os sie uf hond hut os tzu glae sin shtracka, os sie sie widder weara kon. Die Ida maint net os sie die shoe tzu glae kauft het im shtart, ow'r is shure ihra fees hetta sich g'shtrack'd fon dawg fer dawg hinnich da posht offis shtae tenda tzu da mail, un im shtore rum shpringa sucha fer socha os sie forna har wase os sie nimmy in shtock hut.

Leit os maina der "Hap" dade sei bisnis net fershtae, griega glei onnerra gadonka won sie hoerra fer wie fiel yohr os er shun shoft fer die Atlas Pulver kumpany drowwa om Reynolds plant. Er is shun so long darta os er im shlofe onna lawfa kon, un hut 'n paid'l paar foos braid, un etlicha tzol dief gadribb'ld, fon seinra hamet bis hee woh er shoft. Won er halver so gute tend tzu da shoe ferannerrei facktory wie er dut tzu seim chob, is gore ken g'fohr os leit fon weit'm net iwwer dem extra gas ration shtampa griega kenna fer 'n bisnis trip noch Andreas mocha—shoe ferannerra lossa os sie so nimmy bossa.

'N Kalbs Ride

In Fegelchie hut uns yusht g'schriva fon ra kalbs ride os 'n gawissner Ali Hatter fon nagshd on Santee's meal ganumma hut may os fuftsich yohr tzurick. Der Ali wor knecht in ra familia os 'n glainer boo kotta hen. Der Ali hut immer awenich g'sheid sei wolla, uns mohl ae dawg iwwer 'm kee shtol mishda, gahairich ins gnick grick'd wie sies kalb in der shlaif shlitta g'shpont hen fer der misht nous ins feld fohra.

'S wor 'm Ali sei blawn fers kalb ei shponna, un allas is gute gonga nous ins feld. Der boo huts kalb g'fiehrt un der Ali is hinna noh galoffa un hut gapifa. Wie sie der misht ob galawda hen kotta, hut der Ali g'sawt er dade net fiela fer tzurick hame lawfa, er dade sich uf der shlitta hucka fohra. Un so hut er aw, hut sich shae uf der shlitta k'huck'd wie sie fartich worra, 'm kalb die lina iwwer die hinnerra shunka g'shloga, un die g'shpass is ob gonga.

'S kalb is frei fom budda in die hae gajump'd, hut paar riss gamocht un is ob fert 's feld nunner gaeich da shire tzu mit 'm shlaif shlitta hinna draw allas os es gae hunt kenna. Der Ali wor uf kours nimmy uf 'm shlitta noch 'm tzweta jump. Er is bartzelbaum nous ins feld garoll'd, uns kalb wor shun ordlich weit fert eb er widder tzurick uf da fees wor. Er hut ow'r 'n lot tzu sawga kotts. Er hut 'm kalb 'n lot socha noh gagrisha os net tzu finna weara in aenichma werta buch, un aw so net gute gucka dada in shwartz un weiss, won m'r sie drucka wotta. 'S kalb hut der shlitta ow'r shae hame g'shlaift, ow'r hais'd der Ali het noch sel'm nix may hoerra wolla fon shlaif shlitta fohra mit ma kalb fer 'n goul.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die weil os ol die parks alla weil awenich shlow sin darrich die rohrichkate fon gas, huts uns shun gawunnert ferwos fer Bob Plarr fon Dorney Park noch net draw gadenk'd hunt, fer fon seina fiela batows os er hut, da Vicktory gardner lainer fer ihra garda shoffa.

Bei all'm raya wedder os m'

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Do what thy manhood bids thee do,
From none but self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest dies
Who makes and keeps his self-made laws.
—Burton.

THE BATTLE OF TITANS BEGINS

The War Labor Board by a vote of eight to four—the four people's members being aligned with the four operators' representatives against the labor members — yesterday denied the demands of John L. Lewis for any increases in pay beyond those already granted in a previous decision. At the same time it directed the miners' through their organization and the operators to sign contracts which are substantially the same as those presently in effect.

Now, if the miners carry out the threat to strike that was implied when John L. Lewis extended the mine truce merely to midnight of June 20, the mines will be idle from Monday on and another scene in the drama whose protagonists are President Roosevelt and John L. Lewis will begin.

In fact the strike already has begun for word got out late yesterday as to the decision and in various parts of the soft coal fields night shifts at mines refused to go to work. It can be expected that the strike will be general for the miners without any doubt have been determined all the time to take exactly such action if by June 20 their demands had not been met.

The miners seem to be determined to fly into the face of public opinion by flaunting the decisions of agencies which have been set up to dispose of exactly such matters and by refusing to work as soldiers on the important production front in the course of a war in which millions of men are hazarding their lives on the fighting front.

They appear determined to match their own strength and vital importance in the national war effort against the strength of the government, which has taken over the mines and in effect is their employer; against the American people who very definitely believe that refusal to produce is as serious as refusal to fight and against the American armed forces which are demanding and depending upon the steady flow of arms and ammunition—a flow that is possible only as the basic fuel for production of power is being mined.

Greek mythology records the story of a mighty giant who defied the lightning and the thunderbolts that could be hurled by Jove from Mount Olympus. But pride in his strength and will availed him not in the unequal battle.

Half a million men are and must be strong when actuated by single purpose and with powerful if obdurate will to achieve that purpose. But 130,000,000 people in America and several million Americans now abroad also constitute a mighty force that may be just as strongly actuated and be possessed of just as stern will.

The contest has begun. The question is going to be whether the United Mine Workers in the soft-coal fields are bigger, stronger and more determined than the government and people of the United States.

EVEN TRAIN TRAVEL MUST BE LIMITED

When the Office of Defense Transportation just a few days ago issued suggestions to the people as to summer travel and in general advised that all such trips be abandoned unless absolutely necessary, it was speaking entirely of travel by rail and without any thought of or reference to travel by motor car.

There has been no change in the regulations governing travel by motor car. They stand as the public has known them for some time. Anybody traveling anywhere by motor car must expect spotters at any time and any place who will inquire into the reasons for the car being in operation at the point where it is found. Furthermore if it be found that the car is being operated contrary to the regulations and contrary to the program for the conservation of gas then the owner of the car can know that he is in for it; that he may lose some or all of his driving privileges for a considerable time.

The recent suggestions thus pertain only to travel by train. They are mere hints and pleas, not rules and regulations. They put the question of travel up to the good judgment of the people and ask them to make a conscientious decision. Such decision will be to do no traveling anywhere at any time unless such travel be absolutely necessary.

BRITONS SAVE COST OF NAVY ON CLOTHES

Americans have not yet been able to calculate what they have saved in expenditures through the rationing of shoes, but the figure certainly must be great. And if there were rationing of clothing—which happily has not yet been necessary—the figures would reach huge proportions as the experience of Great Britain indicates.

In that county, with a population less than a third that of the United States, it has been calculated that savings of $2,400,000,000 have been effected in the past two years through rationing of clothing and shoes. That, it is calculated, was enough to buy a navy of 15 battleships, 50 cruisers, 130 destroyers and eight aircraft carriers.

Very important to the cause of the war has been the fact that this rationing saved half a million tons of shipping space, which has been so badly needed for the transport and supply of armies. Furthermore half a million persons who would have been employed on the production of such clothing and shoes were released for essential war work.

The British, in spite of small rations, even managed to save on clothing coupons and it was found that the average was about three coupons per person per year.

All of which shows what the American people also can do if they be pressed hard enough. It already has been indicated in the matter of shoes. Today the shoe repair shops are piled high with completed jobs that are awaiting the call of their owners. Instead of new shoes Americans are getting fuller wear out of old ones. Millions of Americans undoubtedly could get along for a year or more without the purchase of a single new pair.

We too can build a navy with savings in almost any line we choose.

Eliminating 300,000

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 18 (Special Dispatch)—When the committee on "economy" headed by Senator Byrd of Virginia issued a report saying that 300,000 employees could be eliminated from the federal payroll as not essential to the war, it was merely repeating the most severe criticism that could be levelled against President Roosevelt's wartime administration.

For despite all the appeals and demands that have come from spokesmen of the administration arguing that industry must convert to wartime uses, that manpower must be drained from every non-essential industry and that the public must make sacrifices, the major fact remains that the government itself has done a poor job of "conversion" to wartime from peacetime habits.

It is a commonplace that Washington is congested and that important war work is impeded by the difficulties of getting personnel. Hiring has continued at a rapid pace and the influx of clerical workers to Washington has tied up nearly every cubic foot of living space, jammed the hotels and apartment houses and the eating places—all because the administration has bungled its personnel problem.

Plenty of Authority

There are, of course, governmental agencies for the handling of personnel. There is also plenty of authority given the President by Congress to transfer persons, eliminate bureaus or consolidate governmental activities. But there has been a strange inertia about getting government to convert to wartime needs and to eliminate non-essential work.

The reason perhaps is that bureau chiefs and department heads do not like to eliminate personnel. Persons with a vested right in a job feel they have a life tenure. This is more often heard in government circles than elsewhere. Yet private industry has been ruthlessly treated. A simple order from a war board will put a business on the rocks. The employees are forced out without the slightest concern about their future—the assumption is they will find jobs in the greatly expanding war industries.

But when the subject of government wartime conversion first was broached more than two years ago, the idea was advanced that it wasn't necessary to drop federal employees but to give them the wartime jobs. Fears arose that old employees might lose their civil service status. This could have been corrected by an executive order overnight.

Had some system been used to convert from peacetime to wartime inside the government, there would have been little need for the big inflow of new workers. The whole governmental personnel should have been classified and put in a pool and the necessary war activities should have had first call on the various classes of employees.

Now Washington finds itself with an unprecedented number of new employees and with almost as big a number of peacetime employees doing the usual peacetime jobs. Not only is this a waste of public money at a time when the government is appealing to the people to buy war bonds and pay high taxes, but it actually acts as a retarding force in the attainment of efficiency in the war agencies. This is entirely apart from the acute shortages of space which have become the nightmare of operating executives in the wartime agencies.

Constant Reshuffling

An investigation of the space situation would disclose that there is a constant reshuffling and moving around of important offices and that little is being done to acquire the space from the non-essential activities. Congress now has the responsibility of meeting the issue and, evidently in response to public demand, there is a general slashing of appropriations not only of peacetime but of wartime agencies.

It's about the only way that results will be gotten. It is most unfortunate that the reduction of employees has to be forced in this manner, but it's the only means of getting action on a problem that the President has neglected, although he has made gestures every now and then toward doing something about it. Army and Navy men and others who are engaged in important wartime work could do a better job if they had elbow room and competent personnel. The time has come to reduce the non-essential activities if only to acquire personnel for them and to prevent further congestion in an already congested national capital.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

THE FOOD OF THE PEOPLE

I have been trying to discover what the Food Conference actually accomplished but to no avail. It reminds me of that wonderful quip in the movie, "The More the Merrier," in which Mr. Dingle says something like this, "It all depends upon whether you're engaged to be married or just engaged." It would seem that this was just a conference.

President Roosevelt apparently found that this Conference had accomplished something. He said:

"You have recognized that society must accept this responsibility. As you stated in your declaration, 'The primary responsibility lies with each nation for seeing that its own people have the food needed for health and life; steps to this end are for national determination. But each nation can fully achieve its goal only if all work together.' And on behalf of the United States I accept this declaration."

Now, that primary responsibility of government is as old as the hills—in fact, it is one of the reasons why government exists at all. Read the story of Joseph in Egypt—read it in the Bible where the telling is good—and you will not only discover that way back there governments were worrying about the food of the people and assuming very full responsibility for it but also that one of the solutions then offered was Henry Wallace's Ever-Normal Granary which did not work then just as it does not work now. Maybe the New Dealers would save themselves a lot of heartaches if they would learn something from the past—from both the near and far past.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, the philosophic anarchist and one of the really fine minds of the 19th century, in his book, "The Conquest of Bread," tells how during revolutions great ideals are set before the multitude in a roseate haze; but meanwhile the people starve, just as our people here in New York are going without meat this week. "Bread, it is bread that the Revolution needs!" Kropotkin cries. He goes on:

"The idea of the people will be to provide bread for all. And while middle-class citizens and workmen infested with middle-class ideas admire their own rhetoric in the 'Talking Shops,' and 'practical people' are engaged in endless discussions on forms of government, we, the 'Utopian dreamers'—we shall have to consider the question of daily bread.

"We have the temerity to declare that all have a right to bread, that there is bread enough for all, and that with this watchword of Bread for All the Revolution will triumph."

Quite so. Now, Prince Kropotkin did not live long enough to witness a vast country, the United States, where there was bread for all—not under the utopias of socialism but within the practicalities of capitalism. Even when there were 10,000,000 unemployed—as the statisticians alleged—we were able to provide not only bread but butter and jam and even meat out of taxes. There was always a surplus of products for our own people. It is true that the mixed economic complex of depression, unemployment and provision of supplies cost the American people more than $30,000,000,000 but we did not go broke on it. There was a ripening hope for the future.

However, 3,000,000 square miles of the United States cannot feed the entire human race. Nor can the 135,000,000 inhabitants of this country produce enough for the 2,000,000,000 inhabitants of the earth. The problem then is to find by some wholesome economic formula of production and distribution a way to keep food growing—not moving, but growing. If food does not grow, it will not be available to be eaten. For after all, the basic food of a people needs to be grown close to home. Curiously, this is no war problem. Europe has been grappling with it for centuries. That is why Malthus wrote his famous book, "Essay on Population." He feared that there would be too many people for all to able to eat and he made a law about it—which proved incorrect in America. That problem was not solved at the Food Conference—despite the secrecy that attended it.

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One way to counteract absenteeism is to get a flock of movie lovelies to visit the war plants in between their activities at war bond rallies, and let them put on an entertainment for the hired hands the same as they do for the sweethearts of the girls back home.

Then there was the captain who said to the pretty nurse accompanying the convoy: "Remember, if anything happens on this trip, I want you on my raft."



WANN DIE FRAA GRANK ISS

'S iss yo gaar nix wie's als waar,
In de Supp do find mer Haar,
Es Fleesch des iss yuscht halwer gaar,
Wann die Fraa grank iss.

Die Better sin yuscht zammeg'schmisse,
Deppich g'heifelt uff de Kisse,
Gleeder sin ball all verrisse,
Wann die Fraa grank iss.

Alles iss so voll mit Dreck,
Ganser Haufe dart im Eck,
Offe iss verschmiert mit Schpeck,
Wann die Fraa grank iss.

Es Hause nemmt so viel meh Geld,
Ich kumm so schpot naus uff em Feld,
Es iss graad wie en annri Weld,
Wann die Fraa grank iss.

—LOUIS J. LIVINGOOD, M.D.
Wyomissing, Pa.

ICH WOTT ICH WAER EN GLEENI GROTT

Ich wott ich waer en gleeni Grott
Un hett dann nichs zu duh,
As hupse in de Felder rum,
Wie'n froher, gleener Bu.

Ich weess, ich bin en rechter Gees
Un kann aa nichs verschteh;
Dumm iss der Mensch in daere Welt
Un oftmols mechtich glee.

Die Grott, die hupst, der Mensch, der mopst
Un weess net, was er will,
Wuhaer er kummt, wuhie er geht—
Ach hett er doch en Brill!

—RUSSELL W. GILBERT.
Selinsgrove, Pa.

ES FAAHRE IM TROLLEY CAR

Vum H. Horace Romig

Des Faahre uff em Trolley Car
Iss schee un hendich—wunnerbaar!
Mer watscht un harricht mit Ohre g'schpitzt
Un sehnt en glei—was hot's geblitzt.

Verleicht waar'n Ketzer uff em Track,
Den's schier verwischt, ya im me Crack!
Du besser machscht dich immer safe,
Noh iss ken Unglick un ken G'chleef.

Der Car nau schlaeckt un was es brummt,
En yunger Mann graad runner tschumpt;
Sei Fraa iss krank, der Doktor will
Far Hilf un Troscht—un meh wie'n Pill.

Wie wunnerbaar iss Faahre g'schwind
Mit Trollley Car, wann Not's so find;
In kaerzer Zeit dann iss mer dart,
Grickt Hilf so gut un liewes Wart.

Der Trolley Car hot oft viel Leit,
Die kumme sin vun weit un breit,
Wann's voll im Car, ken leere Sitz,
Geb doch dei Fare un hab ken Hitz.

Wer hot en Sitz, der gut schteh kann,
Will sei en guter Gentlemann;
Der gebt sei Sitz zu Ladies froh—
En liewer Mann iss der schur noh.

Wann sin viel Leit im Trolley Car,
Dann sehnscht viel Sarte—wunnerbaar;
Dicke, dinne, lange, karze,
Alde, yunge, weisse, schwarze,

Schwere, leichde, reiche, aarme,
Parre, Grischde, kald un waarme,
Agents, Sinder, Advocaade,
G.O.P.'s un Democraade.

Nau schtoppt der Car, dart schteht en Mann,
Das net allee nuff schteppe kann;
Sie helfen em nuff un ziegen 'n nei,
Dieweil er brallt un brummt debei.

Noh fallt er nunner uff der Floor—
Was letz mit ihm, des iss gans glor—
En g'soffner Mann mit Bee zu mied,
Un noch sogaar en Kaercheglied.

Die Trolley Cars die schpringe schtark
Uff eisne Rails, mit 'lectric Werk;
In karzer Zeit sin weit vun heem;
Viel Heiser sehnt mer, Land un Baem.

Die Zeit die waerd em gaar net lang,
Un 's Rabble macht uns aa net bang.
Es geht un geht—das alles biet—
O, was en Luscht un was en Treat.

So geht der Trolley Meile viel
Un nemmt die Leit zu ihrem Ziel;
Doch dann un wann en Bewi heilt,
Doch glei waerd ruhich—die Zeit verweilt

Mit suckle an 'rer Boddel Millich—
Fer schtill zu sei iss dann gans willich.
Dann mach ken Schpott un denk yuscht draa,
Wie du als g'suckelt die Boddel aa
(Odder velleicht aa ebbes schunscht).

Was grosser Wert fer unser Land
Die viele Trolleys nau—ge-runned!
Millione Mensche transportiert,
Die Schaffleit zu ihr Aerwet fiehrt.

Die mache Planes un Guns un Tanks,
Dass em Onkel Sam sei bolde Yanks
Die Dieb un Maerder nunner schiesse.
Des macht en End zum Blut vergiesse.

Suppose ken Trolleys in deim Land—
Was waer des doch en schlimmer Schtand!
Viel Dausend kennte dann net geh
Noch Factories gross—o weh! o weh!—

Fer Schtofft zu mache fer der Grieg,
Fer Sieg zu bringe, Fried un Lieb,
Fer unser Buwe auszurischde,
Fer der Deiwel auszublitze.

Als Citizens im beschde Land,
In ganser Welt als Macht bekannt,
Im Land vun Trolley Cars un Planes,
Vun Schteamboats gross un Railroad Trains,

Macht mer fart mit Mut un Glaawe,
Losst sich net die Freiheit raawe,
Faahrt mit Lusch un Recht un Geld
Fer's Menschegut in ganser Welt.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PEOPLE

(AS SEEN BY ONE OF THEM)

By GEORGE F. DUNKELBERGER

The followtng paper was read by Dr. George F. Dunkelberger, Professor of Psychology and Education at Susquehanna University and Dean of the College, before a joint meeting of the Selinsgrove Rotary Club and The Snyder County Historical Society, held in the Governor Snyder Hotel at Selinsgrove on Thursday evening, Feb. 4, 1943.—ED.

TO CHARACTERIZE the Pennsylsylvania German people with reasonable accuracy constitutes a very difficult task. It is difficult for "an outsider" because he is too far removed from them. He cannot know them as they really are for a Pennsylvania German is likely to open his heart only to a Pennsylvania German. The task is equally difficult for "one of them" because he is living too close to them. Neither characterization can contain the whole truth. Psychologically speaking, we see people from where we are, and people are to us as we think they are. This practically makes correct characterization almost a hopeless task. I have no illusions, whatever, about Burns' hope for a gift "to see ourselves as others see us." The characteristics of the Pennsylvania German people as set forth either by an "outsider" or "by one of them" must therefore be accepted as only relatively accurate. Persons have a certain intelligence quotient, not as an absolute, but according to a certain instrument of measurement. When a book is highly praised or sharply criticized, we need to know who did the reviewing. The characteristics of the Pennsylvania German people as set forth in this sketch must be accepted as the viewpoint of "one of them."

Based upon personal experiences, I feel certain that the Pennsylvania Germans have suffered much from unjust criticisms. They have been a much-misunderstood people. The professional historian has never given them much recognition. American history has given much recognition to the colonists of the South and New England but has strangely neglected the German element of Pennsylvania. This is probably the result of the numerical superiority of the population of the other colonists. They were also more demonstrative and aggressive than were the Pennsylvania Germans and the English Quakers. The record of the Pennsylvania Germans in their treatment of the Indians is much better than that of many of the other settlers. While others deceived them, disregarded treaty rights, and shamefully treated them, the Pennsylvania Germans treated the Indians as though they were rational creatures.

The Pennsylvania German people have also been thought queer folks and their loyalty to the government questioned in times of war. Some persons have even declared them stupid, superstitious, inclined to be clannish, provincial in their outlook and backward to new modes of life. In fact some people have had the effrontery to declare that these "Pennsylvania Germans are so dumb they can't even speak English." As one of them I must admit there is some truth in most of these accusations. The thing for these accusers to keep in mind, however, is the fact that some of these characterizations are not especially peculiar to the Pennsylvania German people alone. I know some English-speaking people that are queer, some French people who can't speak English, and still we don't call them "dumb." In fact I have learned to know some students and even faculty members on college campuses that are extremely superstitious. If Pennsylvania German people believe in "hexen", so did the Puritans of Massachusetts, but so far as I know the Pennsylvania Germans never burned a single witch at the stake. They were more tolerant in their attitudes. Is it worse for a Pennsylvania German to consult the "pow-wow" woman, than it is for some of our English speaking friends to consult quack doctors? There isn't much sense in people throwing stones when they are guilty of the same thing.

We are now ready to take up the distinctive traits of the Pennsylvania German people as I know them. Since this sketch is to be an historical document, I am referring especially to the Pennsylvania German people of a generation or two ago, and not particularly to the Pennsylvania Germans of today. I feel certain that the Pennsylvania Germans of today no longer represent the real Pennsylvania Germans. Twelve characteristics will be named and briefly described in the hope that they may give an approximately correct picture of these people.

I. Hard-working and Thrifty
(Hart-schaffich and Spaarsam)

The Pennsylvania Germans are primarily an agricultural people. The happy ambition of parents is to leave behind a goodly inheritance for their children. A farm for each child is a consummation "devoutly to be wished." All the members of the family work from early morning till late at night. By dint of hard work, the gravel hill and red shale farms of the county afforded a good comfortable living with considerable savings besides. None ever thought of taking a vacation. Vacations are for the lazy and the idle rich of the town, and country folks do not belong to that class. In addition to general housework, the women work in the hay and harvest fields. As a boy I well remember my mother frequently declaring she was so tired, and that she had to take a rest, but instead, I found her sitting on the kitchen rocking chair, mending, sewing, or knitting. A change of work was the only rest she got. No wonder they became prematurely old and scarcely ever knew anything else in life but hard work.

The Pennsylvania Germans are hardworking and thrifty to a fault. By sheer industry they made the soil produce, and then carefully harvested everything it did produce. They were so saving that they turned the products of the soil into cash money as speedily as possible. Throwing away a piece of bread was unthinkable, and such a thing as pouring milk into the drain was considered sinful. Everything possible was used. Left-overs were warmed up for the next meal or made into some other kind of food and served again. The meals were plain and simple but plentiful. Bread and milk was a delicacy for a growing boy. Often the breakfast consisted of nothing but mush and molasses, and perhaps pie, but there was plenty of it and no lack of a healthy appetite. When the potatoes were scarce and high in price, the potato pealings were planted as seed. In spite of the fact that the seeding was done sparingly, the harvest nevertheless was reasonably bountiful. They saved what money they could, and scarcely ever spent any for luxuries. As a boy the gift of an orange was a great luxury, and a penny was much wealth. Probably this is the reason why most of them had money. Those who were financially poor were charged with lack of management or mis-management of their business affairs, and had little status in the community. It was the hope of the parent that each of the children might enjoy greater financial prosperity than he did.

The pioneer Pennsylvania Germans revealed this characteristic of thrift and industry in the choice of their settlements. They showed keen insight and knowledge in selecting lands that were heavily timbered, knowing full well that those were the areas that also had the most fertile soils. While clearing such lands for farming meant hard work in felling the trees and in digging out the stumps, they were industrious and thrifty enough to do it in sharp contrast to other settlers who chose less heavily timbered areas but also less fertile. In consequence they usually surpassed neighboring settlements by the quantity and quality of their crops and in the material prosperity they were privileged to enjoy.

II. Honest
(Du kannscht dich verlosse uff was sie saage.)

The genuine Pennsylvania German is scrupulously honest. His word is as good as his bond. In fact I personally would have preferred to lend money to a typical Pennsylvania German a generation or two ago without any legal security whatever than to lend money to some people today with the best security. I would feel more secure. In fact in those "good old days" for the most part these legal documents were frequently dispensed with. I know of several cases in my boyhood days where the promissory note was retained by the debtor so that he might know just when the principal and interest were to be paid, and when the obligation to pay couldn't be met on the designated day, a straight-forward explanation of the reason would always be forthcoming. A debt was considered a sacred obligation and as such had to be sacredly kept. The man who wasn't honest was quite generally pock-marked as dishonest and the rank and file of the people who knew him refused to have any business dealings with him. Public opinion was decidedly on the side of the honest man, and the dishonest soon found it convenient to move elsewhere.

III. Loyal and Patriotic Americans
(Sie sin gedreie Amerikaaner)

Despite the contrary, the Pennsylvania German people have always been active in promoting the cause of liberty and independence. There weren't any special ties that bound them to England for England was not their homeland, and when the war for independence began in 1775, many of the areas settled by the Pennsylvania Germans furnished more than their proportionate share of the soldiers. They also furnished large quantities of food supplies, horses, rifles, and Conestoga wagons, for the Continental Army, taking Continental money in exchange while other settlers sold their products for gold to the British in Philadelphia during the terrible year of 1777-1778. Their contributions to the Continental Army by their flour-mills and iron-furnaces proved invaluable. The Pennsylvania Germans furnished also some of the best physicians and surgeons for the army. Nor need such patriotic service and sacrifice on the part of the Pennsylvania Germans be restricted to the Revolutionary War. The Pennsylvania Germans have served their country well in every war in which America has ever participated. Even in the present World War, many of the top-notch combat officers of the American army are Pennsylvania Germans or at least of Pennsylvania German descent. In literature the Pennsylvania Germans haven't been as progressive as one might wish because they have been isolated from the rest of the population by their dialect and by their ways of living, and by their rural-mindedness. Their seclusive spirit and their ancestral background have militated mightily against a literary life. Many of the best governors that Pennsylvania ever had were Pennsylvania Germans. To say the least, the Pennsylvania Germans have played their part in preserving the American way of life, and have played it well.

IV. God-fearing and Religiously-minded)
(Sie hen Reschpekt far Gott un Kaerrich)

The old-line Pennsylvania German people were very religious in many of their professions and practices. Perhaps some of these professions and practices may be regarded as crude, superstitious, and even sacreligious, but the underlying motive was genuine. The Pennsylvania German may be thought peculiar but nobody even dare question his sincerity. To appreciate fully the moral and religious worth of the Pennsylvania German, one must fully know the Pennsylvania German. In my grandfather's day family worship was quite common. The entire family gathered in the parlor before breakfast ,and there grandfather read by lamplight from the large Family Bible, and then all knelt while God's mercy and blessing were invoked. Of course all was done in the German language. On Sundays the entire family attended church. During the services, the men sat on one side and the women on the other side of the church auditorium. Promiscuous seating was considered not only a breach of etiquette but an indication of the absence of all spirituality. On funeral occasions all the men kept their hats on during the services as an expression of deep mourning.

V. Slow to make up their minds
(Sie sin net so gschwind bsunne)

It takes the Pennsylvania German a long time to reach a decision. The Pennsylvania Germans are far from quick, impulsive and prompt to act. They are much disposed to think things over before they act. The person who has had business transactions with them that called for a major decision knows this very well. As illustrations may be mentioned selling a life insurance policy, the purchase of a farm, or the buying of an automobile. It is next to an impossibility to stampede them into an important business enterprise. When pressure is resorted to, they immediately tend to become suspicious; when the agent is a total stranger, they refuse to have any dealings at all with him. They want their own way and their own time in doing their own business.

(To be continued)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ROSE FRIEDMAN

Mrs. Rose Friedman, 70, of 43 Webster St., Bethlehem, died Friday morning at her home of a heart attack, according to Dr. David F. Bachman, Northampton county coroner. She had retired at 9 p. m., Thursday night apparently in good health, and according to the coroner's report, she was stricken at about 11:30 p. m.

She was born in Austria-Hungary, and had been in America for 51 years. She lived in Bethlehem for the past 25 years, and is survived by three sons, Jacob, Harry and William, all of Bethlehem and two daughters, Mrs. Louis Miller and Anna, at home, both of Bethlehem.

Funeral services were held at 2 p. m. Friday.

MRS. JENNIE HOCH

Mrs. Jennie Hoch, wife of Printon Hoch, 2173 Eaton Ave., Bethlehem, died Friday morning at the family residence.

She was born in Bethlehem in 1885, a daughter of the late C. Preston and Margaret Hartzell Flores. She lived in the same neighborhood all her life.

Besides her husband, she is survived by a son, Melvin, Bethlehem; a sister, Mrs. Minerva Mack, Bethlehem, and a brother Harold Flores, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. Monday, at the Daniel B. Snyder funeral home, 701 New St. Rev. Robert Dilliard, pastor of St. Peter's Evangelical and Reformed church, Allentown (Rittersville section), of which she was a member, will officiate.

MRS. ELIZABETH DEVAN

Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong Devan, wife of William E. Devan, a former resident of Easton, died Thursday at White Plains, N. Y. She is survived by a sister, Mrs. J. C. McIntire, of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Devan was a niece of the late Eli Fulmer, Easton.

Funeral services at 3:30 p. m. Sunday at her late residence, 30 Hazleton Drive, White Plains. Interment in Easton cemetery at 2:30 p. m. Monday.

FRANK HALLEMAN

Frank Halleman, late of Bethlehem, died Friday. He was 69 years old, a son of the late Andrew and Theresa Rosler Malleman, and was a native of Austria.

Surviving him are three brothers, Charles, John and Andrew, Bethlehem; and a sister, Mrs. Fannie Korpf, Bethlehem.

Private funeral services at the Miller funeral home, Wyandotte St., Bethlehem.

MRS. MARIA SANDT

Mrs. Maria D. Sandt, 88, widow of G. Llewellyn Sandt, died at 10:15 a. m. Friday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kressler, 48 N. 5th St., Bangor. She was a native of Mt. Bethel, and resided in Bangor for 47 years. She was a member of Trinity Evangelical Lutheran church, Bangor.

In addition to her daughter, she is survived by two grandsons, Carl and Warren Kressler, of Bangor; a granddaughter, Mrs. Albert Devinney, Elizabeth, N. J.; four great-grandchildren, and a sister, Mrs. William H. Miller, Mt. Bethel R. D.

Funeral services at 2:30 p. m. Monday at the Hough Funeral home, 50 Broadway, Bangor, in charge of Rev. J. Frederick Stolte. Interment in Union cemetery, Stone Church.

FRANK WALDBEISER

Frank Waldbeiser, 87, husband of the late Eva Hoffman, Waldbeiser, died at 10 p. m. Thursday at his home in Hecktown. He was employed by the Lehigh Valley Transit Co., retiring 10 years ago.

Surviving him are these sons, Godfrey, Easton; Fred, Easton; Roland, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Frank, Roselle Park, N. J.; three daughters, Mrs. Annie Herringer, Whippany, N. J.; Mrs. Charles Hitzelberger, Philadelphia; Mrs. Elizabeth Brandenbeurg, Belmar, N. J.; 13 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Sunday, at the Bartholomew Funeral home, 211 E. Center St., Nazareth. Burial in Easton Heights cemetery. Rev. J. A. Klick will officiate.

MRS. PRINTON HOCH

Mrs. Jennie Hoch, wife of Printon Hoch of 2173 Eaton Ave., Bethlehem, died early Friday at her home. She was 58 years of age.

Born in Bethlehem in 1885, the daughter of the late C. Preston and Margaret, nee Hartzell, Flores, she lived in the Rittersville section all her life.

Surviving are her husband; one son, Melvin, of Bethlehem; one sister, Mrs. Minerva Mack, of Bethlehem, and one brother, Harold Flores, Allentown.

Services will be held on Monday at 2:30 p. m. from the Daniel B. Snyder funeral home, 701 N. New St., Bethlehem, with Rev. Robert Dilliard of St. Peter's Evangelical and Reformed church, Allentown, officiating. Mrs. Hoch was a member of that church. Burial will take place in the Rittersville cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Whoa Huff Back

Wons is os geil mohl g'shlocht werra darfa fer flaish doh in Lechaw kounty, wolla m'r wetta as der "Butch" Moyer fon Emmaus grawd wase woh aw tzu fonga. Der "Butch" der Jim Schuler, der Nick Haberstrump un noch ainer, ol fon Emmaus, hen doh da onner owet 'n aryie tzeit kot im unnerra end fon kounty. Der Nick wie m'r wissa, gait tzu da maid drunna nagshd on da Keshda Baryer kerrich, un wor 'm 'n gahairicher fer ol dawaig tzu foos darta nunner lafwa. Doch hut er aw sei altie sehna wolla, un endlich der "Butch" un der Jim un selar onner kerl fershwetzt, fer 'n nunner nemma mit goul un wogga.

Der "Buteh" selwar is shun so long weck fon da geil os er sich net unner numma hut fer fohra, un hut noh 'm Jim die lina gewwa. Allas is gute gonga bis sie drunna aryads on Dillingers Station rum 'n grossie fireichie droch aw gadroffa hen, un der goul is na shy werra, un hen sunfersht saversht um g'shmissa. Der goul tzu all'm glick hut fershtond kot un is shae leia gabliva bis sie tzum wogga hous worra. Die g'shpass hut ow'r g'shtart wie sie der goul ous shponna hen wolla fer 'm uf helfa. Der goul hut net die same maining kot wie die boova, un is na doch now sonderbore wieshd werra. Er hut so arrick gakick'd un g'shtrov'ld os der Jim der shlickser grick'd hut os er bol nimmy gawist hut tzu shtoppa shlickserra, un der "Butch" wear noch in aim hoar um 'n ohr kumma.

Mit harder mee, hen sie der goul widder tzurick uf die fees grick'd, 'n ei g'shpont un sin ob fert. Der Nick hut noh g'fohra fon darta ob, un der Jim hut sich hinna in der wogga g'shteld weil er liever shtae hut wolla os wie hucka. Eb sie noh folshter nunnernoch da Keshda Baryer gagend kumma sin woh sie hee gawolt hen, kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r die barichda sin, won der Nick 'n onner mohl kumpany howwa wot fer darta nunner gae mist er rum gucka fer onnerrie kumpany, un so weit os der "Butch" aw gait won er duh darft wie er wot, mist er rum gucka. fer 'n onnerer goul.

So weit os m'r wissa, wil der "Butch" un die onnerra aw ferleicht net hous howwa wos g'shaina is, un besser sawga nix may weiter, so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns.

Kent Der Ob Shy Griega

M'r wolla ow'r so shure os allas net hoffa os der Claude Wertman fon Shlatedale hoert fon da Emmauser boova ihra erfohringa wie sie nous worra mit goul un wogga. Die barichda sin, der Claude het aw so halver im sin fer sei Ford mashine fershwobba uf 'n goul un wogga, un ol weil er maint 'n goul dade die pawd besser halta wie sei Ford, won er ei shloaft iwwer 'm fohra. Der Claude hut doh weil tzurick nochts 'n aryie erfohring kot uf 'm hame waig fon da arwet.

Ded Claude gait ragler hame so drei uhr in da nocht, un allas wor recht un gute bis nagshd on Emerald. Darta uf ae mohl is der Ford 'm shponkich werra, un hut 'n lichter poshda so arrick fergelshter'd os er grawd rous midda in die shtross gajump'd is, un der Claude is doch now fireich dawedder g'fohra. 'S hut anyhow so arrick gabumb'd os er der poshda widder tzurick navich der waig g'shova hut woh er onna gakairt hut. 'M poshda huts weiters ken shawda gaduh ow'r die aint side fom Ford hut hard drei gaguck'd.

Der ferlusht on da mashine wor ow'r net nagshd so gross wie wos noch shpaiter in da nocht g'shaina is. Der Claude is 'n aryer sarrickfeldicher mensch, un drawg'd immer 'n follie line Ford repairs noh. Fon dale socha os oft ous arder kumma so wie kondensers un onnerra ardickle hut er immer etlicha bei sich kotta so os er ken tzeit shpote noch da arwet kaimt. Doh 'm shpote yohr darrich die Fair woch, wear er mohl net noch da arwet kumma won er sei aigna "repairs" net bei sich kotta heat. Der Ford hut 'm gahairich awfonga hooshda un shnipsa darrich Egypt nuf, un der garagemon woh er g'shtopt hut, wor yusht ready fer noch da Fair gae un hut g'sawt er het ken tzeit fer gucka wos faila dade.

'N onnerer os dabei g'shtonna hut, hut noh g'sawt er dade glawwa 's dade faila om kondenser, un dade 'm garn ainer nei mocha, ow'r der garagemon het kennie uf hond. Sel wor noh woh der Claude die brusht nous g'shova hut wie 'n yungie omshel, un hut g'sawt, "Los dich sel net druvla, ich hob drei doh bei m'r." Dadarrich hut der Claude sei mashine noh g'fix'd grick'd, ow'r nimmy so in da tzeit tzu kumma. 'M Claude sei repair parts sin ol g'shtola werra die nocht wie er wedder der poshda g'fohra is, un aw noch datzu, 'n grossie lot sonderbore gute g'shar wie ranga, hammer un bumb, grawd so gute wie fon nie'm. 'N lot laves middle is aw noch weck kumma, un woh uf kours yusht 'n glaenichkate wor gaeich 'm grossa shawda os die deab gaduh hen on da mashine der hinnershd deckle uf bracha, fer allas rous nemma wie 'n inner tube un paar socha os nix wor

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and a salutary influence of example.
—Johnson.

CONGRESS WANTS REAL ACTION

Congress by the vote of both its Houses has overridden President Roosevelt's veto of the Connally-Smith Act and thereby puts into effect at once the rigid provisions of a law that was shaped during national anger and resentment against the coal miners' strike. At the same time and for the first time Congress has definitely aligned itself against the President on an important labor issue.

In his veto the President said that while the Connally-Smith Act has a praiseworthy purpose he is convinced that in some cases it would produce strikes "in vital war plants which otherwise would not occur." Then he recommended amendment of the Selective Service Act so that persons between 45 and 65 years of age may be inducted into non-combat military service. This, he said, "will enable us to induct into military service all persons who engage in strikes, stoppages or other interruptions of work in plants in the possession of the United States. This direct approach is necessary to insure the continuity of war work. The only alternative would be to extend the principle of selective service and make it universal in character."

Congress was not unaware in advance of this proposal by the President to use the Selective Service Act as a club to keep men at work in war industries and to prevent them from striking. It had been hinted for almost a week. But Congress was cool to such a shift in the base of attack against strikes. The people of the country had been heard by their representatives in both Houses of Congress. This voice of the people was very strong for the Connally-Smith Act and the power that it gives to jail men who incite others to strike.

The people have demanded more action and vigorous action. They have especially believed that it is necessary to deal very directly with men like John L. Lewis and not so much with the half million men who do his bidding because, of course, in the past he has always "delivered the goods" and has proven his ability to outgeneral and outfight all the forces that may be arrayed against him, even the President of the United States. The people are not so much concerned about putting the young men of the mines into the armed services and the older ones into the non-combat branches as they are in striking at what they believe to be the root of the trouble, namely men and leadership such as is best typified by John L. Lewis. Therein almost certainly lay the causes leading to the overriding of the veto.

MANY OUTRAGES CLOAKED IN SECRECY

War has made the world so callous to death and destruction that except on the part of a few Lidice has been forgotten and other events like Lidice claim little space in the current reports of war news in the papers.

Thus the Algiers radio during the week reported that a Greek village named Domeniko in the province of Larissa had been completely wiped out by Italians just as Lidice was wiped out by the Germans. Every inhabitant was said to have been shot, even to the last infant and then the town itself was erased from the map by fire.

The charge was that some Italian soldiers had been assassinated and effort had been made to learn the identity of the killers. The town's magistrate was urged but refused to sign a statement saying that Greek guerrillas had done the shooting. Whereupon Domeniko was wiped out.

Probably after the war there will be reports of other Lidices and other Domenikos. Censorship in the countries where these crimes against helpless humanity are being committed is so thorough that it will may be we have heard only a few of myriad outrages that have been committed.

IS EAST VICTIM OF DISCRIMINATION?

Governor Dewey of New York State was outspoken and probably correct in a straightforward speech to the recent Governors Conference when he complained about the shortage of gasoline in the Eastern States and the easy conditions upon which motorists are getting fuel in the West and Mid-West.

Although the general excuse has been that transportation has limited movement of fuel to the eastern seaboard, Governor Dewey says that the New York barge canal has not been used to the extent possible for the transportation of fuel. He says that three months ago he was promised that shippings would be increased to 122,000 barrels daily, as against the average movement of 52,000 barrels. And he added: "Now I am dismayed to learn that the supply to be made available during the current season of navigation will not exceed 50,000 barrels a day, or even less than last year."

So as to the amount stated for the barge canal, it becomes apparent that it is not the matter of transportation which is reducing eastern seaboard supplies but some other factor which is not explained.

If there be not enough gasoline in the Middle West to move over the transportation systems, including this barge canal, to the eastern seaboard then why must the motorists on the eastern seaboard suffer while motorists and agriculturists in other parts of the country are being handled so much more deferentially?

PASSING OF USEFUL CITIZEN

Bethlehem mourns the loss of that sterling citizen Dr. Walter J. Cathrall who throughout his residenceship in the Steel City was active in its public affairs and distinguished for his services to the community.

Proudest perhaps was he of his military record in two wars—a pride especially pertinent in the period of another war inasmuch as the young men of today can receive their greatest inspiration from the history of Americans in our other wars.

Dr. Cathrall had been cited for bravery in the Spanish-American war and had been wounded in the Philippines during the insurrection that followed the war. During World War No. 1 he served for 27 months as surgeon and physician, much of the time aboard American ships that were bringing casualties on the European battlefields home to hospitals in the United States. As an angel of mercy to thousands of men his name must have been known in remote corners of this country to which injured men were able to return when discharged from Army hospitals.

To newspapermen of the Lehigh Valley his passing comes to bring especial sadness for there was no group that came to know and esteem him better in the course of his public and professional life. There was a splendid reciprocation of friendship between them. They are going to miss him but in missing him there will always be memory of a real friendship with a man of high character and a most interesting personality.

FDR Misled Again

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 25 (Special Dispatch)—President Roosevelt has been poorly advised, if not misled, again. He was told on Wednesday that the coal miners' strike was settled and that the miners were returning to work. So he issued a statement expressing gratification over their return and also said he wanted Congress to pass legislation penalizing strikers in the future by condemning them to forced labor in the military service.

But it turns out that up to the end of Thursday, about 25 per cent of the miners had returned to work. This means that out of 530,000 about 75 per cent were idle or indifferent about coming back. The word received in Washington is that they are tired of being "kicked around" and that they propose this time to insist on a settlement.

* * * *

The ingenious plan whereby the President was to issue his statement about forced labor and at the same time veto the Smith-Connally bill has run into some practical difficulties. It was assumed by the President's advisers that his statement of Wednesday would suffice. But public opinion, as indicated in editorial and congressional comments, shows that the plan to raise the draft age as a penalty and to bring about forced labor has been a boomerang. It is not a solution. The President, therefore, must cast about again for some other answer.

* * * *

The feeling inside the government agencies, incidentally, is very intense. The War Labor Board members privately resent the double system of handling the case—partly by the fuel administrator, Mr. Ickes, and partly through them. The board has, as a matter of fact, been humiliated just as have the operators of the mines who paid attention to the board's requests and directives.

The board on June 18 ordered the miners' union to sign a two-year contract with a two-year "no-strike" clause in it. But Mr. Lewis ignored it, and the President didn't request the miners' union to comply. Asked about the plight of the coal operators who agreed to accept the contract which the board ordered them to sign, Mr. Ickes is quoted as saying:

"I sympathize with them. But I think they would have been more helpful if they had shown how a private individual or group can be made to sign a contract."

* * * *

Not many blocks away the War Labor Board was answering Mr. Ickes' question in a case involving an employer—the U. S. Gypsum Co. That company was being ordered to sign a contract with a union providing for a maintenance of membership of the CIO union and for check-off in union dues.

"I do not think," said Wayne L. Morse, public member of the Labor Board, "that it makes any difference to the United States government whether the U. S. Gypsum Co., remains in business if it persists in challenging the authority of the government and if it becomes necessary to put it out of business to protect the no-strike policy."

Brave words, these, but they do not seem to have been applied to the putting out of business of a national labor union led by John L. Lewis. Indeed, on the contrary, the mines were taken over, and presumably the government now will collect dues out of the payroll and hand the big sums over to the treasury of the miners' union thus cooperating in the maintenance of a union which refuses to recognize the authority of the War Labor Board.

* * * *

So there's a failure to mine coal—a serious stoppage of some steel furnaces—and a condition of confusion in many coal mining areas with respect to working arrangements. Steel is being lost to the war effort. Coal is being lost to the war effort. But Mr. Roosevelt fiddles on, still hoping that some sort of solution will come along the road of opportunism and save the day. That's the kind of executive "leadership" America has today on the home front.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

STEAKS, STEAKS EVERYWHERE

Cattlemen tell altogether a different story from the butchers who say, "Points or no points, there ain't no steaks." Cattlemen say that the cattle population of the United States is 79,000,000 and by Jan. 1, it is expected to reach 82,000,000. These figures exclude the kill in the black market which nobody knows. They say that around 65,000,000 would be ample for our purposes. Therefore there is a huge surplus and unless steaks are eaten, cattle will have to be killed, as they have been on occasion, because it costs too much to feed them and besides, a feed shortage is expected.

What most people forget is that it takes time and lots of food to produce a cow. The cattleman ties up his capital and borrows from the bank to feed the critters until they are ripe for the market. Including the period of gestation, this takes between a year and a half and four years for different types of meat. According to cattlemen, OPA has balled up their business so that first cattle were rushed into the slaughter houses about 80 pounds lighter on the hoof which means about 1,280,000,000 lbs. lost by too early slaughter. Then when the 70 per cent rule was put into force, the small cattle raiser was crushed as he could not afford to lose 30 per cent of his possible business. He rushed his animals to the black market to save himself from bankruptcy. He went into bootlegging.

Also I heard among cattlemen that they need the small packer, otherwise they are at the mercy of the four big packers. I heard tell that OPA policies are driving the independent packers out of business, because they are squeezed to death between ceilings and controls.

Nobody I met among cattlemen favored subsidies. They said that the government was driving them crazy as it is. The cattlemen say that if the government will turn back the industry to the men who know and understand it, the American people will eat steaks and there will be enough for the armed forces and for Lend-Lease.

Now about this subsidy business, the American people are being fed the same old bellywash about how things are done in England. Well, let's have a look at how it works in England.

On July 14, 1942, Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, announced that the net food subsidies were running at the rate of $508,000,000 a year and that this produced stability. The British government is actually not putting up this subsidy. It comes from Lend-Lease. The Lend-Lease report says, "Lend-Lease food constitutes an essential 10 per cent of Britain's food supply." Further, it was stated: "During 1942 we delivered for shipment to the United Kingdom about 2,500,000 tons of agricultural products having a dollar value of about $797,000,000." No cash payment has been made to the United States for this food or for other Lend-Lease supplies such as munitions, although there has been some exchange in goods and services. It must be pointed out, first that Britain is normally short of food and must import huge quantities from this and other countries, and secondly, that there is no intention in this article to criticize Lend-Lease but only to point to how the subsidies work in England.

To summarize, England in 1942 received from the United States agricultural products to the amount of $797,000,000 and sold them to the British people for cash but at a paper loss of $508,000,000. In fact, the difference between these two figures helped to avert inflation in England.

But we in the United States have no Lend-Lease. Subsidies must come out of taxes. That is, although prices may be rolled back, taxes will have to be higher. It is putting money into one pocket only to take it out of another. These are the facts and figures.

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THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PEOPLE

(AS SEEN BY ONE OF THEM)

By GEORGE F. DUNKELBERGER

The following paper was read by Dr. George F. Dunkelberger, Professor of Psychology and Education at Susquehanna University and Dean of the College, before a joint meeting of the Selinsgrove Rotary Club and The Snyder County Historical Society, held in the Governor Snyder Hotel at Selinsgrove on Thursday evening, Feb. 4, 1943.—ED.

(Conclusion)

VI. Opposed to higher Education (Gee-ich die hoch Larning)

As a class the Pennsylvania German people have been opposed to the extension of education beyond the elementary branches for the masses. In fact a knowledge of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, was recognized as quite sufficient for the rank and file of the population. Beyond the common schools, they believed education tends to make rogues out of the people. Young people need to learn to work with their hands instead of with their heads. That was the best guarantee for honesty and civic worth. This opposition to higher education may to some extent be responsible for being called the "Dumb Dutch." Perhaps it should be said here that the opposition to education was not so much to education in itself, especially when practical, as the fear that the State would separate religion completely from education. They didn't want the children to receive a Godless education.

While it is true that the Pennsylvania Germans acknowledged the need for a select few to be educated for the learned professions, it was deemed best for the masses to remain ignorant and unlearned. When the Free School Act of 1834 was enacted, it met with much opposition from the Pennsylvania German element. The petitions praying the State Legislature in 1835 to repeal the law contained thousands of signatures in German script, in fact signatures in identical script, and signatures where the petitioners simply indicated "their mark" as a measure of personal identity. These latter show very evidently that much of the opposition to free schools came from people who couldn't even write their own names.

VII. Keen Sense of Humor (Sie gleiche ihre Gschpichte)

To appreciate fully the humor of the Pennsylvania German people, one must be thoroughly conversant with the Pennsylvania German dialect. The quaint nature of the humor rests probably as much in the peculiarities of the dialect as in the people themselves. To translate a good Pennsylvania German story into English usually means almost the total loss of its point and flavor. I have frequently attempted to tell such a story to my English-speaking friends and found myself embarrassed that I was the only person laughing at my own story. This undoubtedly is not the lack of any sense of humor on their part but rather the absence of appreciation of the rich flavor afforded by the dialect itself. Perhaps a few of my more sophisticated acquaintances discerned in my grimaces and silly laughter, apparently about nothing, certain characteristic symptoms of hebephrenic dementia praecox.

To say that the Pennsylvania German people laugh because the thing is funny is not answering the question at all. The question still remains as to what makes the thing funny. I am sure any one of the proposed theories of laughter does not explain the quaint humor of the Pennsylvania German. The reason for their keen sense of humor must be found elsewhere, and probably the dialect furnishes the best explanation.

VIII. They Are Curious to Know (Sie sin arrig far ebbes wisse)

This trait of the Pennsylvania German applies particularly to the desire to know just what their friends and neighbors know and do. They are interested in community gossip. In short they are "wunnernaasich, wunnerfitzich, und schnupperich." Familiarity with neighborhood gossip is very important to them since it gives them social status in the community. Not to know the latest rumors about neighbors means to be stupid, sluggish and inexcusably indifferent. Who among them didn't want to know that Mrs. Jones was going to have a baby, that the Smith girl had a new beau, that the Brown family bought a new piano and that there was a wedding at the parsonage last Sunday evening?

IX. A Tendency to Boast a Little (Sie duhne gaern bissel braile)

There is considerable evidence that the typical Pennsylvania German delights to boast. This boasting is done with respect to his crops, farm animals, and the status and accomplishments of his children. He seldom has much to say about himself. He says or tells things which are intended to give other people a high opinion of what he possesses. No harm is intended for anybody. It is merely the expression of personal pride in matmaters of personal interest.

Looking at it from another viewpoint, the Pennsylvania German is indeed modest and retiring. He has no fond desire to place himself on parade. He is conscious of a sense of inferiority. He knows his place and then keeps it. This probably accounts for the fact that he seldom is in the limelight. As the proprietor of a restaurant, he advertises his business by the slogan—"Some say our food is good." His more ostentatious competitor says—"We serve the best coffee in the world." Living in the kind of a world we do, a fair criticism of these people is that they could well afford to be a little less modest than they actually are.

X. Frown Upon the Use of Spoken English ('S Englisch hen sie immer ghasst)

The life of the Pennsylvania German centers in his dialect. Just as soon as the dialect is no longer spoken, there will no longer be any Pennsylvania Germans. The dialect is still very strongly entrenched in the hearts and lives of the people despite the influences of the Public Schools. English is learned in school but the dialect is still frequently spoken on the playground and in the home. This is no longer so prevalent as it was a generation or two ago. The forces of amalgamation and assimilation are inevitably and irresistibly at work in changing these people.

The Pennsylvania German is in love with his dialect. He is unwilling to part with it. Why should he be willing to give it up when it has served him so well? This is why he persists in its use and opposes every effort to have it taken away from him. To him the dialect is the symbolic expression of the simple life, plain living, and genuine sincerity. When he meets a stranger that can speak it, an entrapport sets in at once that his English-speaking competitor cannot get at all. Inwardly the Pennsylvania German despises spoken English because it represents to him the symbol of vainglory and pride.

XI. A Dislike for Town Folks (Sie hen die Schtadtleit uffem Schtrich ghatt)

The Pennsylvania Germans are much disposed to be provincial in their ways of living. Ever since I can remember the Pennsylvania Germans have drawn a sharp line of demarcation between the folks living in the town and the country. The town folks were thought different from those living in the country. Town folks were known as English speaking people, given to much style in manners and dress, and considered themselves superior to their country cousins. They were known as the idlerich and much disposed to "laugh at" the hard-working, poorly-dressed and quaint-looking country folks. The fewer the contacts the country folks had with the town people, the happier they were. This is the way the rural-minded Pennsylvania Germans thought of the town people. They much preferred to do business with people of their own kind and social level. In short they despised the town people, not so much for what they were as for what they thought them to be. This state of mind was largely the outcome of a lack of acquaintance of the two groups with one another. The use of the automobile, making possible more frequent and more intimate contacts, has largely eliminated this differentiating characteristic of years ago.

XIII. Fond of Good Cooking (Sie gleiche gut Esssach

Probably the average Pennsylvania German is inclined to be gluttonous. He enjoys his meals immensely and his wife is amply trained to prepare them. In fact Pennsylvania German people have acquired a notorious reputation for their good cooking. They are extravagant people when it comes to meals. While they are disposed to be penurious in money matters, when it comes to meals they never pinch. In matters of food, they sell only what they don't eat. A person needs to board with a Pennsylvania German family or read through one of their Cook Books to get a fair understanding of what their meals are like. My salivary glands become profusely active even at the thought of these old German dishes of my boyhood days. Some of my friends may "walk a mile for a Camel" but I am willing to walk ten for a browned-flour potato soup, a riwwel soup, apple-dumplings, sauerkraut and pigs knuckles, zitterling, pannhaas, fresh pork sausage, schmierkaes, potpie, cornmeal mush and syrup, scalded dandelion and boiled potatoes, fruit pies, custard pie, mince-pie such as mother used to make, Dutch crumb-pie (riwwel kuche), Schnitz-pie, pork-pie, Schnitz un Knepp, apple-butter, waffles, and pancakes.

These are at least some of the traits or qualities that characterize the Pennsylvania German people of a generation or two ago. Many other traits could be named but they would apply to people in general, and no longer to the Pennsylvania Germans in particular. May I remind the reader again that the characteristics named above apply only to the old-line Pennsylvania Germans, and not especially to those of the present day. Our present crop of Pennsylvania Germans has deviated too far from the life and character of their grandparents to be characterized the same way. Onething, however, remains to be said in behalf of the Pennsylvania Germans of this generation. Like their forefathers, they have continued to resist the forces of assimilation from their English-speaking neighbors so that even to this day they have remained a peculiar people. Had it not been for the fact that these Pennsylvania Germans have been inclined to live by themselves, cling tenaciously to their own peculiar culture, refuse stubbornly to adopt the use of English, remain consistently a rural-minded folk, they easily could have been assimilated by the general population years ago. It is nothing short of the miraculous that the Pennsylvania Germans have managed to maintain their identity as a people for so long a time and against so great odds.

FERWAS HOT DIE SAU EN SCHWANS?

Yedi Greadur hot ihri eegne, abaddichi Scheeheet. En wusslich glee Seili iss en schee Gedier; awwer so iss aa en dicki, fetti Sau. Die Sei sin all arrick zufridde, wann sie genunk zu esse hen. Die Wutzlein duhne net fechte; sie duhne alsemol schpiele mit enanner.

Es iss alles schee an re Sau, as wie der Schwans. Vun all de unneedichе Dinge as mer sich uff daere Welt denke kann, iss en Sauschwans yuscht about 's unneedichscht. Ihri langi schtarricki Schnut iss en Nummer eens Gschaerr far im Grund schaffe, awwer en Seischwans iss nix waert, as wie velleicht me Bu aazuhenke fer en Drick zu versetze un wennich Schpass zu hawwe. Sell waar als so en Buweschtreech in der Schul sechzich Yohr zerick, wann gschlacht iss warre.

Wann die Nadur schwetze kennt, waer wull die erscht Frog: Was soll en Sau mit so me Schwans duh? Sell iss velleicht ken wichdichi Frog. Es iss doch yuscht en Seischwans. Awwer mer sin als noch im Dunkle un wisse net, was die Sau gezaehlt iss mit ihrm Schwans zu duh. Er iss net long genunk far die Micke abwehre. Sie kann net mit ihrm Schwans schwetze, wie der Hund kann; geb em Hund en gud blessierlich Wart, noh guckt er dich aa, schmunselt bissel un wie en Wedderleech geht sell gud blessierlich Wart darrich der Hund un er schiddelt der Schwans. Saag awwer en bees Wart zu ihm, noh henkt er der Schwans, farricht sich un schpringt fart. Awwer en Sau guckt dich net friendlich aa un weddelt mit em Schwans; sie kreischt un graunst yuscht.

De Sau ihre Schwans iss ken Mickeyaager, as wie de Geil, Kieh un Ochse ihre Schwens; sie kann sich net mit schtiere, wie die Fisch duhne; sie kann sich net vaerschich pusche, wie die Schlang kann. En Seischwans helft re Sau net sich zu baellense, wie en Kiteschwans dutt. En Sau kann der Schwans net um die Fiess wickle, as wie der Fuchs dutt, far sei Fiess zu waerme. Er dutt net die Dienschte vun me Hemmerschwans. Er deckt nichs zu. Es scheint graad as wann die Nadur net genunk ghatt hett far en lenger mache. Er henkt yuscht hinnedraa un verschennt die annere Deel—die Ohre, die Aage, die fette Schunke un der breed Buckel vun der Sau.

Was will sie mache? Sie kann en ewwe yuscht henke losse, odder bissel schiddle. Sie gleicht mit ihrm Riesel im Grund rum zu graawe. Es scheint mir as wann sie der Kopp verschteckle wott. Velleicht schemmt sie sich.

Aus'm Frank W. Matz seim NADURBUCH

REMNANTS OF FOLKLORE IN EASTERN YORK COUNTY

by

DR. J. WILLIAM FREY

Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C.

It is relatively safe to say that a folk saying or a folk tune has as many different variations, however slight, as there are people reciting or singing it. For the folklorist this is a very fortunate situation, since it means that the business of collecting is ceaseless. It is the purpose of this article to bring to the reader's attention some variations on familiar Pennsylvania German folk sayings which were recorded by me while gathering material for my doctoral dissertation entitled, **The German Dialect of Eastern York County, Pennsylvania** (unpublished, U. of Illinois, 1941: 478 pp.)

Many years have passed by since Herder, the first noteworthy collector of folksongs in Germany, estimated that in all of Germany there were but a scant fifty or so genuine folksongs existing. Not long after his time several collections began to appear which contained several thousand of these folksongs. Somewhat later, in the early nineteenth century, and not too far removed from our own times, we accepted the great doctrine of the German Romanticists who believed that 'the folk composes folksongs spontaneously and simultaneously at different spots over the countryside' ('das Volk dichtet'). Today we no longer share such a view, but believe that one person, remembered or forgotten, is the original author of a folksong and that the folk 'sings it to pieces' ('zersingen')—that is, changes it in text and tune from mouth to mouth until it may have a hundred or so slightly different variations. Nowhere can we find better examples of this process than in dialects, and more especially in our own Pennsylvania German dialect. John B. Stoudt's **The Folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans** (Phila., Campbell, 1916), clearly shows the process of 'singing-to-pieces' through the many variations of a number of common folksongs cited in the work. Since the appearance of Stoudt's study, the **Eck** has featured from time to time various different versions of Pennsylvania German children's verses and rimes, some from scattered sections of our own state of Pennsylvania and others from Pennsylvania German settlements in Indiana and elsewhere.

Let the reader compare these eastern York county versions with those he may have known in his community:

1. Counting-out rimes:

(a) **Eens, zwee, drei,**
Hicke, hocke, hei;
Waer muss naus,
Ich adder du?
Adder 's Miller's
Kieh kaa adder
Schwarzi Kelwerskuh?

Note: Stoudt, op.cit., p. 49, gives the following version which seems nearest to the above:

Eens, zwee, drei,
Hicka, hocka, hei!
Maud hol Wei,
Knecht, schenk ei,
Herr, sauf aus,
Wer mus naus?
Ich oder du
Oders Beckers alte kueh
kau Kuh,
Un sell bist du.

(b) **"One"-ri, "two"-ri, Hickeri-end,**
Fieles, falles, Nicklas Tschon;
Piewi, paawi, "Virgin Mary"
Sinklem, saenklem bock!

Note: Stoudt, op.cit., p. 46, gives:

Ekkeri, akai-ri you kair-are,
Fillisin, fallacy, Nicklas-jan,
Kivi, kavi, Irishman,
Stini, stani, buck.

Also, p.47:

Onery, twoery ickery Ann,
Fillacy, fallacy, Nicholas John,
Queby, quaby, Irish Mary,
Stinkelum, stankelum, buck.

2. A rime said while pointing to the twelve signs of the zodiac (as pictured in John Baer's **Agricultural Almanac**, Lancaster, Pa., which is found in many a Pennsylvania home):

(a) This version is considered the 'more correct' one by local informants—it goes clockwise:

Die Buwe sin bees,
(boys—Gemini)
Der Widder gebt Schteess.
(wether—Aries)
Der Schtier rennt,
(steer—Taurus)
Der Skorpion glemmt.
(scorpion—Scorpio)
Die Yungfraa schprecht,
(virgin—Virgo)
Der Grebs, der schtecht.
(crab—Cancer)
Der Schteebock schpringt,
(Capricorn)
Der Fisch, der schwimmt.
(fish—Pisces)
Der Wassermann giesst,
(waterman—Aquarius)
Der Schitz, der schiesst.
(hunter—Sagittarius)
Die Woog, die gilt
(scales—Libra)
Der Leeb, der brillt.
(lion—Leo)

(b) The following version, not considered so 'correct' as (a), goes counterclockwise:

Zwee Maed sin bees,
(girls—Gemini)
Der Leeb, der brillt,
(lion—Leo)
Die Woog, die gilt,
(scales—Libra)
Der Schitz, der schiesst,
(hunter—Sagittarius)
Der Wassermann giesst,
(waterman—Aquarius)
Der Fisch, der schwimmt,
(fish—Pisces)
Der Schteebock rennt,
(Capricorn)
Der Schtertschem schticht,
(sturgeon—Scorpio)
Die Yungfraa schpricht,
(virgin—Virgo)
Der Grebs, der geht,
(crab—Cancer)
Der Widder, der leit,
(wether—Aries)
Der Schtier, der schteht.
(steer—Taurus)

Note: According to the picture, the last two are recited in reverse order.

Deaths of a Day

CHARLES L. ZIDER

Charles L. Zider, 1335 Seifert St., Bethlehem, died at noon Friday in St. Luke's hospital of a heart ailment.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the Werts funeral home, Sunbury, in charge of Rev. Ray Steinhart. Interment in West End cemetery, Sunbury.

A native of Reed's Station, Pa., and a son of James B. and Ida Long Zider, he had been for some time in the employ of the Philadelphia, Bethlehem and New England railroad.

Surviving are his wife, Alice Steinhart Zider; a daughter, Mrs. Harold Lynch, Bethlehem; two brothers, Walter, Sunbury, and John of the United States Army; two sisters, Mrs. Florence Burns, Sunbury, and Mrs. Merlin Deibler, Williamsport, and two grandchildren.

ALBERT J. SCHULER

Albert J. Schuler, who farmed in North Whitehall township all his life, died at 4:30 a. m. yesterday at his home, Coffeetown, Allentown, R. 1, after an illness of three years. He was in his 79th year.

Mr. Schuler was born in Weisenberg township, Aug. 12, 1864, a son of the late Benneville and Sarah (Walbert) Schuler. He was of the Reformed faith.

He is survived by his wife, Sarah (Snyder) Schuler; two daughters, Mrs. Charles Heil, Slatington, and Mrs. Joel Brown, Egypt; seven sons, Howard, Ruchsville; Marcus, Allentown; John, at home; William, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Fred, Wescosville; Edwin, Germansville R. 1, and Ervin, Allentown; four brothers, Frank, Edwin, Adam and Herbert, all of Allentown; seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Mr. and Mrs. Schuler would have been married 55 years on July 7 of this year.

Rev. T. R. Brendle, pastor of the Egypt Reformed church, will officiate at funeral services to be held Tuesday, 10 a. m. from the Russell H. Scheirer funeral home, Siegersville, with interment in the Egypt cemetery.

CLAUDE O. HUNSICKER

In the obituary reporting the death of Claude O. Hunsicker, who died last Tuesday, the names of a brother, E. J. Hunsicker, Allentown, and a sister, Helen Hunsicker, Germansville, were omitted. Also the names of the following half-brothers and half-sisters: Henry Hunsicker, Sarah Rauch, Neffs; Charles Hunsicker, Reading; Mrs. Mary Rhoades, Ella Hunsicker, Allentown, and Mrs. Annie Trumbauer, Breinigsville. Funeral services are being held this afternoon.

EDWARD F. FEBICH

Edward F. Febich, 321 Pine St., Tamaqua, one of Tamaqua's oldest residents, died in the Coaldale hospital late Thursday night. He was 87 years old last March 26.

He was engaged in the paperhanging and painting business for many years in Tamaqua and the firm, operated by his three sons, has been conducted continuously since 1862.

Mr. Febich was a native of Berks county and the only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Febich. He was six years old when his parents moved to Tamaqua in 1862. His father started in business that year and Mr. Febich began learning the trade when 11 years of age. When his father died in 1878, he took charge of the business which he conducted until 10 years ago. The business however continued to carry his name.

His wife, the former Kate Haldeman, preceded him in death 17 years ago. Mr. Febich was the next to the last surviving charter member of the Citizens Fire Co.; one of the oldest members of the Odd Fellows, and a member of the Masons. He was a member of the Methodist church.

Four sons, Howerd, Edward Jr., Leonard and Guy Febich, all at home, and a daughter Pearl, wife of Robert Moyer, Bethlehem, survive.

Funeral services will be held from his home at 2 p. m. Monday with Rev. W. E. Myers, of the Methodist church, officiating. Interment will be made in the Odd Fellows cemetery, Tamaqua.

HIRAM H. STAUDT

Funeral services for Hiram H. Staudt, 80, former postmaster of Dorsett, West Penn township, who died Thursday in the Allentown hospital, will be held from the T. J. Greenawalt funeral home, Snyders, at 1:30 p. m. Monday. Further services will be held in Zion's church, West Penn, with Rev. W. W. Moyer officiating. Interment in the church cemetery.

A native of Bernsville, Berks county, Mr. Staudt was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John F. Staudt. He served as postmaster at Dorsett for 17 years, and, following his retirement 18 years ago, took up residence with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hill, Catasauqua. He was a member of the Reformed congregation of Zion's church, West Penn township.

Surviving are his daughter, Mrs. Hill; a son, William, Pottsville; a sister, Siannia Loch, Andreas; three brothers, Milton, Dorsett and Alvin, Lehighton; and three grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Rotta Shitz

Won m'r mohl shwetza wil fon ma nummer ains, hard tzu beata rotta shitz, don uf kours nembt der Harry Lentz fon Cherryville der kucha. Der Harry wie m'r wissa shoft in ra Easton kourt hous offis, un wor shun weil so arrick gabloak'd mit rotta on seim hinkle shtol. Die weil os er dawgs immer fert is shoffa, hut er ous gamocht fer die rotta owets sheesa noch dem os die kinner im bed worra.

Now rotta sheesa bei dawg helling is ol recht, darta kon ebber sich gute ferweila un 'n lot g'shpass howwa. Ow'r fer rotta sheesa im dunkla, sel mus fershtonna sei, bardich won die fraw helft leichta, un fershrack'd alla mohl os es groch'd. Aenicha waig, der Harry un sei Turell hen fer etlicha owet 'n lot g'shpass kot rotta watcha. Sel is uf kours aw bout ol os sie gaduh hen, un won der Harry aw alsa mohl g'shossa hut, hut er die rot gawainlich ferfail'd.

Ihra blawn wor des. Owets so g'shwind os es dunkle wor, un hen die kinner im bed kot, hut der Harry sei shwearer rifel grick'd, un die Turell huts flash licht ganumma un sin nous rotta watcha. Der blawn wor, die Turell sots leichta duh, un der Harry dade die sheeserrei. Leichta is uf kours wenich ebbes may wie yusht 'n hondwarick. 'S mocht ken hanker ous wie ebber broviert fer ma onnerra leichta, 's onner kon gamainer hond net nagshd so gute sehna wies maint os es kent wons selwar om leichta wear. Un grawd so is es 'm Harry gonga. Ferol os die Turell ihra beshdes gabroviert hut fer die helling shae uf da rotta halta so os der Harry ken druvel het fer sie sheesa mit shtawb shrote, hut sie immer aryads shunshd nous galeicht wons gagroch'd hut, un er hut die rotta ols in die ginnie nei ferfail'd.

Dadarrich is der Harry die rotta sheeserrei laedich werra, un uf 'n noshion kumma won er 'n leichterrie flint het kent er sei aiga leichtas duh. 'N dawg odder so danoh is er noh tzu ma freind os 'n gons leichtie flint hut, un hut g'frok'd fer sellie laina, so os er die flint uns licht tzu gleich duh kent un sich nimmy uf die fraw ferlossa breich'd fer 'm leichta. Allas wor noh ol recht, un er hut owets shier net worta kenna bis die Turell die kinner widder im bed kotta hut, fer nous gae sei glick brovierra rotta flatcha. Die frem flint wor gons onnishder gaeich sei aignie, un hut ous gamocht er dade besser wenich tzlehla mit eb er nous gang'd, so os er aw wist wie tzu sheesa won er 'n rot sehna dade.

Der Harry wor on da tzeit in da dining shutb fom hous, unt hut etlicha mohl galawda un die shells widder rous so os ers im dunkla duh kent. In da gadonka mus er aw sheinds mohl g'shpont howwa, aenicha waig, uf ae mohl huts gore heftich gagroch'd, un die flint is 'm ob gonga, un der gons shuss is darrich der rug nunner in der shtubba floor. Die Turell wor drowwa uf 'm shpeicher bei da kinner wies gagroch'd hut, ow'r hut sie gore ken lang ganumma fer runner kumma sehna wos g'shaina wear.

Wie der Harry ra g'sawt hut kot wos 'm wedder fohra wear, hut sie sich gore heftich uf gablosa. Sie hut gore mechdich gatzong'd os er net besser ocht gewwa het, ow'r wos sies arrickshd fon ol uf 'm shtrich kot hut worra, die fiela glaina lechter os die shtawb shrote in der rug garissa hen. "Ei," hut sie g'sawt, "ich mus mich yoh now so wohr os allas shamma fer der rug nous uf die line hanka fer 'n butza. Wos sawga doh die nochberra won sie sehna os unser dining shtubba rug ol fol lecher is."

Die weil os die Turell die socha don all'm noh net hous howwa wil, besser sawga m'r nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns. Un so weit os 'm Harry sei rotta g'shees aw gait fer sich selwar leichta, sols uns wunnerra eb sel net aw noch besser gang'd wies so dut, won ers flash licht farna on der lawf shnolla dade, so os er immer shure wear fer helling howwa woh er onna tziehlt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da hardshofficha leit os m'r geshter nommy dawg g

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.
—Colesworthy.

WE MUST NOT LOSE THIS INDUSTRY

The city was duly alarmed in recent days over rumor that the local plant of the American Steel & Wire Co. was to shut down and that it foreshadowed complete removal of this industry from the community. It was good to be reassured by the local management that matters are not that serious, but that full production is impossible at this time because of directive orders of the government and shortages of critical materials.

American Steel & Wire is a basic local industry. It is a vital element of the community. Its large force of employes and the people of the city in general want to see it continue steadily.

PRESIDENT SAVES STEPHAN AS AN EXAMPLE

The United States does not thirst for the blood of any man, no matter how deep-dyed a villain he may be nor how dangerous an enemy. So while America feels that Max Stephan, first man convicted of treason in this war, deserved death as his punishment for the highest crime against the nation it likewise feels relieved that President Roosevelt has commuted the penalty to life imprisonment.

In acting as the court of last resort and after other agencies of government had pushed the insolent but now terrified pro-Nazi advocate closer and closer to the hangman's noose, the President by no means condoned his deed. He took mercy upon a man who was just another poor dupe of all the rubbish that Hitler and his gang served up to gullible millions not alone in Europe but in this country as well.

Stephan had boasted that he would never hang, that Germany would not permit him to swing. But as weeks and months went along and the shadows of the gallows loomed larger and gloomier before him, Stephan at last realized that the power of Germany was waning, that he had been a miserable chump and that he was paying for it by dying a hundred deaths in anticipation of the real end.

The President by taking this outstanding example will probably accomplish more through mercy than would have been accomplished by carrying out the letter of the law. Max Stephan has been, is and will continue to be an example for every man and every woman in this country who has had a divided loyalty or nourished a loyalty to Nazi Germany while merely professing at the same time loyalty for America, the land of their homes and their children.

He has been the example of the fact that the intelligence system of this country is keen and able; that it can trap the wrong-doers and bring them to justice. He is the example of misery and desperation that must inevitably come to any person in this country who is willing to betray this splendid land to a lot of contemptible wretches, the Nazis. He will be an example through his serving of a life sentence as to the complete wreck and ruin that a life can be brought to through the perpetration of the most serious crime against the American people.

Max Stephan dead would soon be forgotten. Max Stephan, a hopeless lifer, is a continuing example.

DESERVED HONORS FOR C. H. BUCKIUS

Local motorists who came to know C. H. Buckius so well during the long period of time that he served the State Highway department so capably in this area will be glad to learn of his promotion to the post of chief engineer in that department.

A very great part of the important era for Lehigh and adjacent counties during which our fine system of highways was constructed was covered by Mr. Buckius' services here.

He worked for the district with all might and main. He made it a wonderful one as to useful highways. He sought and followed the advice and received the cooperation of everybody in the community who was interested in this important development. He left this city with only the best wishes of the people.

Now the community is pleased that his high talents and great energy have been so signally recognized.

BIG OFFENSIVES ON, BUT LITTLE COAL

News out of Germany indicate that the Nazis anticipate large and important actions in Europe by the United Nations this weekend. In fact they are trying to announce the exact time at which the invasion will be begun. The United Nations are saying nothing but there is general expectation that a second, or even a third and fourth front, in Europe is in the offing.

Already very big action has been begun in the Pacific Ocean, ostensibly directed against the big Jap base at Rabaul. The assurances of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill that there will be actions on all fronts this year appear soon to be realized.

It is therefore an anomaly that, with the biggest offensives ready to begin in this war—offensives which will have to be sustained by all the power and might that the American people back home possess—more than a hundred thousand miners still are idle. Though directed to go back to work, they have refused to abide either by the request of the President of the United States, the orders of their leaders or the effect of American public opinion.

They are thereby shaping for themselves a problem and a question that they are going to have a great deal of difficulty in answering not so much to the American people as to the millions of men who are overseas, the men who are engaged in or about to engage in these great offensives and who have a right to expect steady flow to them of everything that they need to carry out these offensives.

Bombing Not Enough

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 2 (Special Dispatch)—It is significant to note that after several months of air bombing, with more than 150 raids, the United States had to send ground forces accompanied by naval units to make a landing in the Munda area in the Central Solomons.

This is mentioned not to disparage in any sense the claims which have been made that air power can win the war but to put in perspective the value of air bombing. Too much reliance is being placed already by the general public on the idea that this war can be won cheaply, and without any large-scale ground action involving heavy casualties. Sooner or later it will become apparent that air power cannot do the job alone and that victories such as occurred in the surrender of the small Italian islands in the Mediterranean are the exception rather than the rule.

The United States will use air power to reduce the resistance of the enemy and to make easier the landings that must be made, but the seizure of Attu was and eventually the conquest of Kiska will be the result of operations by land and sea forces helped by air reconnaissance and attack.

Terrific Job Ahead

The American forces have a terrific job ahead of them in the Pacific. The taking of important air bases cannot be accomplished by air bombing alone, and while there are air enthusiasts in the armed forces, they do not go to the extreme of believing the final punch can be delivered from the air—they expect ground forces to move in at some stage in the battle for territory.

It is only fair to say that most of the experienced air commanders have never claimed that the war could be won by air power alone, but some of them have at times allowed their enthusiasm to lead them to predictions of what can be done by airpower which some of the veterans in ground warfare do not accept. Thus the "softening up" of Europe for invasion is now conceded by ground men, too, as developing along very satisfactory lines but it is not admitted that the large-scale land offensives can be crossed off as superfluous.

Prime Minister Churchill's reference in his speech to the fact that an invasion will come "before the autumn leaves are turned" may have been made to throw the Nazis off the scent, but it would not be at all surprising if no invasion did occur before autumn. For one thing, air power must have a reasonable time in which to pound the bases and ports where landings must be made. Also it is desirable to keep the enemy's forces dispersed this summer so as to permit the Russians to strengthen their positions in time for the certain winter offensives at which the Russians have proved themselves so effective these last two winters.

Army May Not Be Reduced

One of the unfortunate effects of the constant iteration of the idea that air power can win the war is the belief of many people that the size of our army can either be held down or materially reduced, thus affecting the flow of men into training under the Selective Service law. With the improvement in shipping due to the effective campaign we are waging against the U-boats, the opportunity to transport more man-power overseas is here. The Army would like to strengthen and re-enforce our forces overseas so that the war can be won by decisive action next year anyway. The military men on our side are impatient to get ahead with the war, and they do not relish too long a delay while waiting for air power to bring about the hoped for internal collapse in Germany.

If air war does bring a collapse in Italy, it no doubt will mean that invasion by large bodies of troops can be risked sooner in various parts of southern Europe, but the natural impulse of the ground force man is to urge that air bombardments be followed up promptly with land action so that the enemy's opportunity to reconstruct air bases and increase anti-aircraft protection will be impaired. Though the headlines tell of the constant bombardment of German cities in the Ruhr, it is also true that Germany is concentrating her air forces and strengthening her defenses.

If the United Nations can strike hard at several points on the European continent at the same time, the Allied troops may derive a greater benefit from the air umbrellas that will be needed to support landings than they might get from prolonged dependence on air power alone.

These, at any rate, are the underlying factors in the invasion problem in Europe, and it is encouraging that the high command in the Pacific finally moved in with surface units to attack Munda. Similar tactics inevitably will be used to acquire other Japanese airfields and bases. In the Pacific at least, wishful thinking has not superseded realism.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

Fourth of July—1943

Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia university, wise in four score years of life and experience, once wrote:

"It is fundamental that Liberty is not a grant by government, but that government is a delegation of power by people who have Liberty, and that this government must always be subject to their control. It is the chief business of a free people, and their greatest responsibility, to see to it that the government which they have set up does not, under one pretense or another, invade the reserved field of Liberty and restrict it in a manner which the free people themselves have never authorized or contemplated. . . .The constant struggle of those who are, consciously or unconsciously, enemies of Liberty is to increase, even to multiply, the function and authority of government. Education, on the other hand, is the instrumentality by which the people are to be taught and trained to use wisely their opportunities in the field of Liberty that the public interest is constantly carried forward constructively and helpfully, without inviting or permitting government to invade the field of reserved Liberty."

This Fourth Different

This Fourth of July is different from all others since that magnificent day in 1776 when the courageous men who founded our country dared to proclaim this not only an independent nation but a community of free men. This Fourth of July is different because we are in a hazardous war which tries the souls of men and women which adds to all the fears of living, the most frightening fear on the sudden and unheralded death of a dear one. This Fourth of July is different because in the midst of war, we as a nation are passing through the perils of a social and economic revolution, not the work of a wild and hysterical mob but the calculated and prescribed purpose of government itself. This Fourth of July is different because many Americans, sincere in the pursuit of their ideals, have lost consciousness of patriotism, of love of country, of love of its soil, its historical grandeur, seek to merge their country into a Tower of Babel, into a confederation of the confused.

And throughout this year, through which we have just passed, men's voices have been raised high and their tempers have raged to hysterical insobriety over exactly the proposition that Dr. Butler made in the paragraph I have quoted: The liberty of the individual vs. the expansion of government. On this Fourth of July this one subject ought to be discussed in every forum and every home of the land. It should be repeated in addresses before the people. It should be the theme and motive of every radio broadcast.

Here Are Your Liberties

Among the liberties of the American people are:

1. The Writ of Habeas Corpus safeguards the individual against false arrest and imprisonment.

2. A man cannot be jailed for some offense which was committed before the law made his act something wrong to do.

3. Trial by jury for every individual; 4. Limits upon what can be called Treason.

5. Religious freedom; 6. Freedom of speech; 7. Freedom of the press; 8. Freedom of Assembly; 9. The right to petition the government to rectify wrongs.

10. The right of a person to the security of his own house.

11. The right to an indictment, so that if a man is arrested, he can know the nature of the crime of which he is accused.

12. A man cannot be arrested twice for the same offense if he was once declared not guilty.

13. An individual cannot be forced to testify against himself. That protects him from torture—which is still in use in some countries.

14. An individual cannot be "deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law."

15. No one's property can be seized without paying him for it.

16. A person is entitled to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury in the state or district where the crime has been committed.

17. Excessive bail is forbidden; 18. The right of citizenship or of equal protection of the law cannot be abridged; 19. No one can be enslaved.

Let us remember these freedoms on this hallowed day of Liberty.

Defense plant worker arriving at a new job: "Guess I can't work here. There's no place to park my car."

Regional union director: "No, you won't do. We only hire workers who have their own chauffeurs."

Enact the Ten Commandments into civil law and there would be a frightful howl against restraint of personal liberty.



CONTEMPORARY FICTION ON THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS

by

DONALD RADCLIFFE SHENTON

(We are happy to offer to our readers this significant paper in which an expert discusses the technical problems of the novelist who, confronted by the obstacles of their dialect, attempts to depict the Pennsylvania Germans, their character and their ways of life. The paper was read by the author at the second annual meeting of The Institute of Pennsylvania German Studies held at the headquarters of the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, Philadelphia, on Saturday, May 29, 1943.—ED.)

IF OUR brave soldiers returning in victory should tell us that somewhere in the wastes of North Africa, or on an island in the South Pacific, they had come upon an unknown people who had found a way of life that would solve all the problems of this anguished world, then we would immediately organize an expedition of scholars, scientists and journalists, and send them to this island, hoping to discover a pattern for the reconstruction of the world after the war.

But let us suppose that our scientists, scholars and journalists should return to us in consternation, and say:

"Alas, we came back empty-handed. The unknowns are bi-lingual. They speak what they call a 'Language of the Head' and a 'Language of the Heart.' Now, our linguists had no difficulty with their intellectual language. It is remarkable how the progress of these unknowns has paralleled ours. We have arranged for exchange professorships in the sciences, in political economy, sociology and so forth.

"But their Language of the Heart, alas, was utterly unintelligible. In it, they say, is locked the message they have to give to the world, the pattern for peaceful living.

"This is the language the unknowns use in familiar intercourse. They speak it to children, in the home, the church, the village and in gatherings of friends. In structure it is doubtless of the great Indo-Germanic group, for our philologists recognized many of the roots. But the connotations had been shaped differently through the ages. Their word for 'work', for instance connotes pleasure. Their word for 'worship,' is in some dim way linked up with agriculture, with good farming. The crafts and the arts are not, as with us, fields for competition of individual artists. The arts are more like our Holy Communion—a way of coming in touch with the Creative Intent. As we would trace an illutrious ancestry to an immigrant who arrived on the Mayflower, they would take us to the country, show us a prosperous farm and say, 'This is the work of our ancestors.'

"Now they preserve the Language of the Head and the Language of the Heart, side by side, one for the larger purposes of science, government, the masses; the other for family and friends. It is their strange belief that the larger social groups, such as states, nations, and inter-national alliances—all are still in the experimental stage. Otherwise, they say, the outer world would not have wars. And there is logic in that. So they preserve the two languages, hoping that some day the Language of the Heart will fuse with the Language of the Head, and nations can live like families.

"A most hospitable people, they shared our disappointment at the failure of our expedition. The Friendly Language, they explained, requires three generations to learn. One of these must be spent on the farm and among the simple handicrafts. And they suggested that we send them, not a thousand scientists, scholars and journalists, but just one poet or storyteller. 'Perhaps he will understand,' they said, 'and convey the message'."

I have spoken in parable, for I believe that is the quickest approach to the center of our problem. The Unknowns, as you must have suspected, are the Pennsylvania Germans, the "Dutch," who live not on a remote island of the Pacific, but on a language island in our midst.

Early refugees from a tyranny that their paternal race again threatens to impose upon the world, by some miracle of living they have preserved the best of their ancestral traits—industry, pride in handicraft, family cleavage, love of music—while blending with other races, and so have evolved under the advantages of a free nation into a new race, ready to give back to the world a pattern for peace.

It is my firm conviction that this message for the world has been developed behind the wall of dialect. And, while this wall has protected their childhood, their folkways from the levelling tendency toward regimentation and standardization in America, it has also increased the difficulty of the task of the artist who sets out to interpret their message to the world.

Why do we have no great regional literature of the Pennsylvania Dutch? No Ole Rolvaag, no Sherwood Anderson, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, or Faulkner writing of the Pennsylvania German?

Isn't it possible that the late arrival of the Dutch in serious fiction bears mute testimony to the potency of their message? That message lies in **character** developed behind the wall of dialect. For the artist who sets out to interpret them, it becomes a problem not of translation from language to language but from one way of life to another way of life.

The artist who eventually will recreate the Pennsylvania Germans in narrative as living, thinking, feeling individuals must know their heart language so well that he can carry across the barrier the subtlest shadings of feeling and character. He must show them not as a people apart, but as one with humanity, differing only in the individuality they developed behind the wall of dialect.

Thus far the best interpretation of the Pennsylvania Germans to the outer world has been done by the scholars. But it is one thing to write analytically, descriptively, as they do. And it is another task to **represent** these people in fiction, to carry them directly into the consciousness of the reader.

What obstacles have baffled the story-tellers, writing of the Dutch?

The chief of these is: how render their peculiar speech in English?

The outsider, unaware of hidden danger, attempts to capture all the mis-pronounciations, the softened g's and j's, the transposed v's and w's, in their English dialogue. The outsider does not realize that this sets limits to the development of character in his story. The Webber and Fields type of comedy has established an attitude, a mind-set, in the American people. A Dutch accent is funny, they think. With utter lack of logic, a French accent is piquante. Unreasonable as these attitudes may seem, nevertheless they exist.

Now to represent is not to carry over literally. There is a difference between a circus poster and a Rembrandt. We want, not the literal dialect, but the flavor.

Moreover, it is impossible to capture the true Dutch accent in English orthography. We do not have enough letters. In a village of a hundred Pennsylvania Germans, there are a hundred variants of English accent and grammar, each shaped by the experience and education of the individual speaker. To characterise each person individually by the degree of his accent sets an impossible task. What happens? The two reduces all characters, regardless of education and intelligence, to a common level. All speak an indistinguishable dialect artificial, unnatural as a minstrel negro.

There are further reasons to avoid the mis-spelled dialect. Printed speech affects the reader differently from spoken words. When we are in the presence of a person, we are responding to a multitude of stimuli emanating from that person, not only to his words, but also to his gestures, appearance, inflection. The effect of accent is minimized, diluted by our general response to his total personality. But when the character speaks in the story, the artist must trust to that single stimulus—words.

Every good writer knows that every word his characters speak in the story achieves three simultaneous effects. Dialogue advances the action and plot; it reveals our concept of the speaker's character; and third, as it pleases, or displeases the reader, it draws him into imaginative identification, into sympathy with the character, or it repels him. To reveal the true nature of the Pennsylvania German, we must draw the reader into sympathy with these people. It cannot be done in a mis-spelled dialect.

Such are the difficulties that confront the artist who sets out to represent the Dutch in **objective** stories, wherein he has only the problem of direct, audible speech to manage. But to write of these people **subjectively,** as in a stream-of-consciousness technique, no one, to my knowledge, has ever attempted. Here we encounter another problem. The Dutch speak a formal language among themselves. It has its syntax, its moods, declensions, and conjugations. Now, how are we to make the transitions from their correctly expressed thought in Pennsylvania Dutch, to the English they use?

In the story of the Dutch, we must manage three separate speech techniques: a rendering of their use of English, a translation of their Pennsylvania German when they are speaking among themselves, and a translation of their thought. Is it remarkable that almost every writer describing the Pennsylvania Germans in narrative has stumbled over these obstacles? And those who fell farthest, were the outsiders who wrote such atrocities as "D is for Dutch," and "Papa Is All." The very title of the latter uses a Dutch idiom incorrectly.

What is the solution of this problem? It is very simple for one who knows the Heart Language of these people. In "A High Wind Rising," Elsie Singmaster has surmounted the insurmountable problem of dialect. Though few critics—because they do not understand the magnitude of the problem—have observed her triumph, I believe that the future novelist, writing of the Dutch, will do well to study her example, and he will pay tribute to the pioneer. How easily she achieves the effect, the impression, of dialect in English narrative. No misspellings, but an occasional interjection or phrase such as "Nix kumm raus!", inverted and transposed word order, and many idioms. By these devices, she carries over the flavor and philosophy of the dialect without disturbing the prevailing emotion of the scene.

In my brief time, I cannot review her book. I am aware of its faults. A plodding opening, a story over-burdened occasionally by her honest desire to be authentic, occasional scenes that become incoherent as they rush along, for she has a large story to tell. But these faults are forgiven as she proceeds with knowledge of her people, to create "Grandmom," the first immortal in Pennsylvania German literature in English.

It is a grandmother's tale. The hands of the carver more beautiful than the carving. Singmaster's scholarship revives a whole period with knowledge of the life, customs, art, religion and song of her people. Though describing an historic period, the migrations of Palatines from Schoharie to the Tulpehocken of Conrad Weiser in Berks County, Grandmom transcends time. She is contemporary. Some facets of her rounded character you might meet today at the first Dutch farmhouse on the highway to Reading, or Lancaster or Allentown . . . As the Indians stand up to Grandmom's shrewd judgment we begin to understand them as humans. As they respond to her three arts—cooking, carving and die Kinder—Grandmom becomes like Conrad Weiser, a great linguist, casting a light about her that shows clearly the universals in all of us, the things we share beyond words.

Singmaster translates the Heart Language across the barrier of dialect. And this, I maintain, can be achieved not by mastery of their idiom alone, but only by the instinctive knowledge of one who has shared childhood with these people.

A few illustrations: When Grandmom speaks of the coming of Otilla, prospective bride of her Grandson, she says, "If only she's not over-loving! I wouldn't like that, nor Bastian." What essay could so clearly, concisely explain the Dutch distrust of demonstrativeness? Set thus in the character of Grandmom, who has proven her innate tenderness, we understand at once why the Dutch distrust showy emotion . . When Grandmom says, "He fast becomes German. The English wears now off, Thank God." I understand, even though I am English, precisely what Grandmom means.

Grandmom believes with the Dutch that among humans the only eternals are children, the family. The limestone land, the hearth and the cradle become everlasting collaborators in working out the destiny of man. This she expresses, when she says in revery of Ottilla, the bride, "Loving came to nothing unless there were children."

Lifted from their context, these quotations or any hundred other, like felicities of expression will not affect you as when read in the body of the narrative, but I have cited them as proof that the problem of dialect goes deeper than study of their outward, audible speech. In the hands of the master, idiom reaches the deepest reservoirs of racial and individual character and philosophy, for as we shape words through the generations, the words, in turn shape us and our children.

(To Be Concluded)

FREIHEITS BELL

Freiheits Bell, kling widder raus—
Iwwer Land, in die Wolke draus—
Iwwer Baerrick un iwwer Daal—
Freiheits Schalle, iwwerall!

Gnell mol widder wie devor!
Grefdich! Saag mer—iss es wohr?
Dapper, dapper! Mach es schnell!
Bischt du noch die Freiheits Bell?
Bischt du noch die Schtimm so glor,
Wie du waarscht vergange Yohr?

Fangt die Bell aa bissel schwinge—
Uff un ab die Schalle klinge:
"Freiheit g'heert zu yeder Mann,
Der sei Recht ernaehre kann".

Weck mit Geeschel! Weck mit Kett!
Schklaaverei? Sei Lewes net!
Braafe, schtolse, gude Leit—
Die sin frei bis Ewichkeit!

Kling, klang, kling, klang!
Amerikaaner, seid net bang!
Loss kee Dieb, ken Dunnerblitz
Darrich Grieg un darrich Hitz
Dich verschrecke in dem Land—
Freiheit kummt aus Gottes Hand!

Freiheit! Kling! Freiheit! Klang!
Freiheit! Ding! Freiheit! Dang!
Freiheits Bell, kling widder raus—
Iwwers Land, in die Wolke draus!

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF
(Der Dichter vun de Dolpehock)

VENDUE

PUBLIC sales of farm stock 30 years ago were outstanding events. While the main interest was business the social side was almost as important. The sales were gay affairs, especially the "selling-off" sales, for all the young people attended them.

Corner-ball was the main secondary attraction, for here the young men had an opportunity of showing their agility to an audience in which were many of the young ladies of the neighborhood.

There was always a crowd around the huckster stand, which was placed far enough away from the auctioneer to permit the telling of stories and exchange of gossip.

The "selling-out" sales were different for they usually followed the death of either the husband or wife and that meant the end of farming. While these sales were well attended a feeling of sadness prevailed and they lacked the hilarity of the usual type.

The auction described in the poem is a "selling-out" sale on a small "zwee-geils Bauerei" (two-horse farm) and includes the selling of the household furnishings.

DIE VENDUE

"Verkaaft," greischt der Groyer
Un bringt sei Hammer runner;
Der Holschtee Bull, der macht so wiescht,
Es laut schier gaar wie Donner.

Die alt Loos un die Hinkel,
Die weisse un die rot;
Es geht gewiss gans alles fatt,
Die Aunt Kate iss nau dot.

Die drei Kieh warre aa verkaaft,
Die rot mit em weisse Schtarn;
Die schwarz-un-weiss, as melkt so hart,
Un die geel mit yuscht ee Harn.

Der newe Gaul mit em grumme Fuss,
Er geht so bissel laahm;
Die grosse Millich-Kessel all
Un aa es glee fer Raahm.

Nau kumme sie zum dode Schtack,
Hoiwenner un Windmiehl;
En Gruber-Wagge un en Eeg,
Vun so Sach iss net viel.

Es Eise-g'frees un so dergleich
Un was rum leid am Schtall,
Wie alde Redder un Schticker Kett,
Des kaaft der "Bensman" all.

An de Scheier sin sie faddich
Un gehne nei ans Haus,
Wu all die Better un die Kischt,
Die schtehne vanne draus.

Der Groyer schteht varm Fenschter
Uff so en aldi Bank;
Un nau verkaaft er's glee Sach,
As sie gehalde hen im Schank.

Die alde Blatt un gans glee Glaas,
As gemacht waar bei em Stiegel;
Noh kumme Deppich, schee genaeht,
Un aa en rund gold Schpiegel.

Es letscht die rode Schtubbe-Schtiehl,
Die sin noch graad wie nei;
Der Groyer schlaggt nau selli ab,
Die Vendue iss vorbei.

Der Onkel Jack iss ordlich fett,
Awwer der waerd glei viel dinner;
Er druwwelt sich so wunnderbaar,
Er geht nau zu de Kinner.

—Louis J. Livingood, M. D.
Wyomissing, Pa.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. EDWIN F. MILLER

Mrs. Edwin F. Miller of Maryland Ave., Fullerton, the former Emma E. Heffelfinger, died suddenly Friday night at her home, at the age of 75 years. She had been in ill health for the past four years, although not seriously ill.

She was born in Lehigh Gap on Nov. 2, 1867.

Surviving are her husband, four children, Edwin and Harvey Schaffer, Mrs. Gertrude (Preston) Searle, all of Allentown; Charles Schaffer, R. 4, Allentown; six grandchildren, a brother, William Heffelfinger, Allentown; and two sisters, Mrs. Ellen Craig, and Mrs. Minnie (Arthur) Erb, also of this city.

She was a member of the Daughters of America, Lehigh chapter, No. 6, Danielsville; St. John's Reformed church, Fullerton, and the Ladies Aid and Missionary society of the church.

Services will be held Tuesday at 1 p. m. at the church. Burial will be made in the Mertztown cemetery.

MRS. ALICE STILES

Mrs. Alice Knerr Stiles, 73 years old, wife of H. Frank Stiles, formerly of the South Side, Easton, died on Thursday at her home in Pittsburgh, after an illness of one week.

She was born on the South Side, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James E. Knerr. Her husband was formerly employed in the car department at the Lehigh Valley shops and was a member of common council from the 11th ward from 1899 to 1905.

Besides her husband, she is survived by one sister, Mrs. Dora Horning, of 608 Centre St., Easton.

The funeral will be held Saturday from her late home in Pittsburgh and interment will be made in that city.

MARK UPDEGROVE

Mark Updegrove, 55, husband of Jennie, nee Bartholomew, Updegrove, died at 3:30 p. m. yesterday at his home at Barto after an illness of two weeks of typhoid pneumonia.

Mr. Updegrove was an employe of the Stanley Flagg Co., Stowe, until the time of his illness. He was a member of the Pottstown Reformed church.

Surviving is his wife and a daughter, Dorothy, at home.

MRS. LOUISA MAY

Funeral services for Mrs. Louisa May, 57, wife of Albert O. LaBar, steward of the Easton Anglers' Assn. preserve, East Stroudsburg, who died Thursday at the Rosenkrans hospital, East Stroudsburg, will be held today at 2:30 p.m. from the Mrs. J. H. Lanterman and Sons funeral home, East Stroudsburg. Rev. Harold C. Eaton, pastor of the East Stroudsburg Methodist church will officiate, and interment will be made in Laurelwood cemetery, Stroudsburg.

Mrs. LaBar was a native of Monroe county and was one of the most active members of the Macomas Methodist chapel, Canadensis. She had served as trustee and as superintendent of the Sunday school.

In addition to her husband she is survived by the following children: Mrs. Lloyd Martin, Easton; Mrs. Edwin Caprioli, Canadensis; Mrs. Robert Repsher, Charles and Albert LaBar, all of East Stroudsburg; Ernest LaBar, at home, and Lloyd LaBar of Phillipsburg, N. J.; one sister, Mrs. Lewis Cramer, East Stroudsburg, and by four grandchildren.

JAMES F. SNYDER

James F. Snyder, who has been residing at 824 N. 21st St., died Friday morning in the Allentown hospital, where he had been admitted Thursday morning after an illness of six months. He was 73 years of age.

Born in Heidelberg township, he was the son of the late Alfred and Louisa (nee Hausman) Snyder. A retired slater, he spent the greater part of his life in Slatedale. He was a member of the Knights of Friendship in Slatingtoin.

Surviving are the following children: Charles of Allentown; Stewart, Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. Howell Roberts, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Russell Gibbons, Philadelphia; Fred of Allentown and Mrs. William Roderick, also of this city, with whom he had been residing. There are also seven grandchildren and a brother, Moses, this city.

MRS. LILLIAN VAUGHN

Mrs. Lillian Vaughn, of 1062 Wilkes-Barre St., South Easton, died at Easton hospital Thursday afternoon. She was admitted to the hospital for medical treatment on June 30.

Interment will be made at Stroudsburg cemetery on Monday.

Pumpernickle Bill—By WM. S. TROXELL

Die Bohna Drickler Eiweiing

Un now fer ols noch mainer bohna drickler g'shpichta wie m'r geshter fershprocha hen fer heit fertzaila. Die maining wor, fer die eiweiing net halta bis 4d July, ow'r die bohna un arbsa sin noh free'r rei kumma os gatzailt wor os sie dada, un hen die eiweiing wanich uf der shtultz k'halta, wie m'r die airshda bohna un arbsa nei hen fer drickla.

'S wor allas shae ous gablawn'd wos m'r howwa wotta 4d July, grad noch 'm nommy dawgs show uf 'm Fair Grund. 'S wor gatzailt fer 'n parade halta, die 19d shtross ruf bis noch da Green, un die Green shtross nous noch da 25d, woh der Fegelskoshda shtaid. Die Show band hut farna har gae solla mit da gonsa drup elefonta hinna noh, noh weara die honswersht kumma, so wohl wie aw ol die fiela kondidawdta os lawfa fer offis. Allas uf kours het tzu foos kumma missa fer gas shpora, as wie soicha wie der Tommy Roth fon da Lafayette shtross woh kumma hut wolla mit seinra tzwae sitzicha shpotzier karriage, un der Dr. Ralph Merkel mit seim rota open air buggy, un der lutta bluge Ramie Semmel fom hivel drowwa, woh er un sei dochter Caroline ihra tzwae weissa aisei rida hen wolla.

Der Kenneth Ochs riegel waigs policemon fon 'n shtick die 20d shtross drowwa, der kerl woh der hund die tzae doh weil tzurick g'fressa hut, hut chief marshal sei solla fom parade, 'n kamale rida. Der Luther Bailer, 'n "Old Timer" fon da Green shtross hut der Green shtross banner drawga wolla, un sei nochbor der Andy Warmkessel 'n grossa seidner fahna mit goldna fronsla. Der Mike Nederostek fon grawd iwwer da shtross driwwa der 20d shtross banner un der Ray Kern fon da 20d un Washington, der Marcus Ritter un der George Oswald fon da Green shtross, gaeich da 19d tzu, un der Rewellin Kranzley hen 'm Kenneth Ochs sei "Aids," odder ewwa noteglaich sei solla, un der policemon Bill Christ hut 'n poodle jumper fohra wolla, fer die leit in roy halta.

Yar, des hut 'n gross ordichie tzeit gewwa solla on da bohna drickler eiweiing, evens der John Young Kohl, Mayor fon da Ott shtross un der gross West End Bettle Gorda Bauer, hunt kumma wolla shwetza fon Vicktory garda un wie sie batzawla mocha, un die Rockdale Sal hut aw kumma wolla fertzaila wie sie ols bohna gadart hen on Rockdale uf harda, in da sun navich 'm si shtol drous. Der Shtawdta fee docktor "Patsy" Balliet fon Northampton, habtmon fon da Grundsow Lodge nummer ains on da Lechaw wor aw uf 'm program, un hut fertzaila wolla wie tomats tzu darra mit ous ma lecktrick drickler. Der Patsy klaimt, m'r kent sel leicht duh, 's aintsichd'd tzu watcha wear, fer blenty fosfate on die tomats shteck duh iwwer 'm blonsa.

'S hut aw blenty tzu essa un drinke gewwa solla. Die Angie Sittler un die Carrie Ritter hen 'n pink lemonade un mead shtand uf duh wolla, un die Carrie Smith hut kern koffie ferkaufa wolla dreicent 's kupchie. Die weil os hamburgers un doggies so hard tzu griega sin, hut der Ed Rapp, der minceflaish koenich fon da Green shtross, mince sandwitches mocha wolla, un woh die Emma Oswald un die Verna Lichtenwalner ferkaufa hen wolla farrna in ihr'm hofe. Die Beatrice Nederostek hut jumble kucha bocka un ferkaufa wolla, un der Charles Keck hut die balloons un grundnis handla wolla.

Un noh worra aw noch fiel onnerra socha gablawnt tzu howwa on da eiweiing, un doh der Walter Koch habtmon sei hut solla fon da shwetzerrei. Der Louie Wotring hut fohrsinger sei solla, fer ol uf da rechda vise halta fer "How Dry I Am" singa, won die airshda bohna in der drickler gangda. 'M Louis sei fraw die Mary, die "Dottie" Koch, die Gwendolyn Heckman, Charlotte Flemming, un die Evelyn Ritter worra uf da deckorating kommittee, un hen die gons Green shtross behanka wolla mit flags un blumma fon da 19d bis nous noch da 20d shtross.

Ow'r wie shun g'sawt, die bohna un arbsa sin g'shwinder rei kumma os der lutta bauer Frank Troxell gamaint hut os sie kaimta, un hen der bohna drickler 'n woch fer zeit in der gong griega missa, un net worta kenna bis der 4d July fer 'n ei weia. Dadarrich, is die gons celebration ob garufa werra unhen yusht so wenich ebbes uf der shtutzt kot fer 'n eiweiing. M'r hen evens ken mince sandwitches, lemonade un jumble kucha kot, yusht 'n glainie speech uf "Wie bohna ronga tzu shindla won sie ferbracha" bei da Mollie Dilcher, un die Emma Dilcher fon da Sid Madison shtross hut shtick g'sunga, "Oh How I Hate to Get up in the Morning." Der Carl Koch un der Jack Follweiler hen aw abissel g'sunga, un bei selra tzeit worra die bohna un arbsa gabutzt un gakoch'd, un die Katerinah wor marshal fom parade die kaller shtake nunner noch 'm drickler tzu, un hen finf shublawda for shoda bohna nei, un ae shublawd for arbsa. Wie sie drin worra hen m'r der gnub gadray'd, die lichter sin aw gonga, un in tzeit fon 10 shtun, worra die arbsa un bohna gnocha hard gadart, mit ous ae finger grum mocha wie alsa mohl die shublawda rigga so os de socha ol gleich gadart sin.

In gons'm mawgs ferleicht grawd so gute, un ferleicht aw 'n besser gawest sei os die bohna un arbsa fer tzeit rei kumma sin. Dadarrich is es gons waisa fon ra celebration tzu nix gonga, un glawwa os 'mr 'n lot bohna shpora dadarrich. 'S weara anyhow mohl dale gabliva fer supper, un wos shunshd het m'r na feedra wolla wie shoda bohna un shunka flaish, un hetta ferleicht noh ken yuse may kot fer der drickler. Aenicha waig, m'r hen 'n lot g'shpass kot fer die socha blawna, won sie aw net ous gadray'd sin wie m'r k'hoff'd hen os sie dada. Der bohna drickler shoft ow'r grawd so gute wie m'r k'hoff'd hen os er dade, un wos es kosh'd fer 'n runna, finna mr ous 'n mohnet fon now, won die nagshd lecktrick bill rei kumt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

In blotz fon leit rohrichkate badeita, sawga, "So rohr wie weissa mice," is es now net ous blotz fer sawga: "So rohr wie shees grackers uf der 4d July."

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

If this is your natal day, it gives sincerity, independence, an alert, intuitive mind, and a charming nature which attracts the opposite sex.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Every person who owes his life to civilized society and who has enjoyed since his childhood its very costly protections and advantages should appear at reasonable intervals before a properly qualified jury to justify his existence, which should be summarily and painlessly terminated if he fails to justify it and it develops that he is a positive nuisance and more trouble than he is worth. Nothing less will really make people responsible citizens. —Shaw.

WHO STARTED CATHEDRAL BOMBING?

Yesterday the R.A.F. made another sortie over Cologne, the 119th of the war and this time, their initial reports indicate, they believe they have delivered virtually the final blow that was necessary to put that important industrial city out of business.

A little more than a year ago the R.A.F. flew over Cologne with a thousand bombers and did such tremendous damage that it forced cries out of the German high command which hitherto had suppressed any news as to damage done anywhere by British raiders. However the Germans need Cologne so badly that they put thousands of men to work to repair damage and six months later considerable progress had been made; so much so that the city again was subjected to merciless bombing.

In the earliest raids the celebrated cathedral in Cologne was untouched but a few weeks ago in another heavy raid that destroyed an important factory and the railroad station nearby the cathedral was hit, according to German claims. Claim also was made yesterday by the Germans that the cathedral again had been damaged.

Apart from the fact that no apologies are necessary if the beautiful cathedral was hit, (for the Germans early in the war deliberately attacked famous cathedral cities of England which had no industrial value), is the likelihood that if the cathedral was struck it was by reason of its proximity to important targets, that the cathedral itself was not a target.

If a block-buster levels virtually all building construction within a radius of a thousand feet and causes damage even beyond that radius, then if shrines and cultural objects and buildings be within such radius of a target, damage is inevitable.

So, while the Germans cried out bitterly about the harm to their most beautiful Gothic cathedral their cries fell upon deaf ears. The English love their cathedrals quite as much as do the Germans. Few of the British shrines remain undamaged and some are virtual wrecks. If any ears hear, voices will say: "Who started this bombing of cathedrals?"

The people of Warsaw, Rotterdam and many other cities especially will ask: "Who started all this brutality and vandalism and destruction?" when they hear Hitler and Goebbels yelping about the damage that is being done to their cities by the American and British airmen.

BEEF IS PLENTIFUL, BUT ON THE HOOF

Recently a high official in the cattle industry of the West and Middle West made the assertion that there is enough surplus beef (on the hoof) on the farms and ranges of the United States to supply 200,000,000 people with their customary quota of beef for an entire year.

The facts would appear to be that owners of livestock are not willing to sell cattle on the hoof at the price which packers and butchers can afford to pay on the basis of ceiling prices for every cut of meat. It also is true that farmers and ranchers have realized the tremendous need for food in this period of war and that they have lost no opportunity to produce a lot of it. Practically no breeding animals have been slaughtered and their procreative forces have been worked to the utmost.

Prices of livestock are high, it is true, but in relation to the cost of feed, labor and the investment that is required, they are not high enough according to the livestock men to enable them to get out of their stock what they have put into it.

The farmers, whose lands have been drained of labor, know what that labor is getting in industry. They know it only too well because they have to meet the competition in their own business. So they do not see why it is their business or why it should be expected of them to produce cheap food at low or no profit to themselves in order that city folk with war-swollen incomes may have roasts and steaks.

The only hope for the city-dwellers in this present situation would appear to be that a drought will come in the West and Mid-West, forcing shipment of cattle to the markets at the offered prices. But higher ceiling prices for cattle on the hoof undoubtedly would bring such a flood of meat into the markets as to stock the abattoirs and the butcher-shops for months in advance of sale.

BLIMPS JUSTIFY THEIR BUILDING

In the battle against the submarines in the North Atlantic blimps are being given considerable credit for their values in patrol and escort work. So it is that the contention for years by such advocates of lighter-than-air ships as Lansdowne, Rosendahl and Wiley is being justified in the true tests of war equipment which war alone can develop.

Allentown throughout the years has been very close to and much interested in the battle which waged relative to the value and use of dirigibles. After the Shenandoah, Akron and Macon as well as other big air-ships had gone down with great loss of life and huge monetary loss, clamor was great throughout the country against persisting with the building of these ships for military purpose.

Without ships to fly most of the dirigible officers went back to sea. But it can be said that they had not lost their faith. In turn they were able to keep the torch burning even though it flickered away into the construction of tiny ships as against the big ships upon which they had originally built their hopes as an arm of defense for the United States.

Now they are being justified, if not as to the value of the big ships then certainly as to the value of the little ones. These are able to fly great distances at any speed up to twice that of fast destroyers and three times that of a submarine on the surface, or they can hover over a given spot and if under that spot a sub has been sighted, they can drop depth bombs upon the enemy.

Reason for Error

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 9 (Special Dispatch)—What the military critic of the "Weekly Tribune" of London has said about the exaggerations of losses inflicted by the British, American, and Russian forces has attracted much attention here, particularly his statement that if official communiques are to be believed Japan has only 35 warships left in her navy.

For some time there has been a feeling of embarrassment here among our officials concerning losses reported, but this is due to unavoidable circumstances. Thus when fliers return from bombing missions and they are engaged in fights at high altitudes, it is often impossible to be certain whether an enemy ship has been sunk or damaged seriously or damaged lightly. The aviators themselves report faithfully what they think they have seen. When they get back to their base, the officers there cannot offer any evidence in refutation of claims except once in a while when a report comes from some other airman who participated in the same engagement. Too often, however, these reports, even when pieced together, leave the officials uncertain as to what happened.

It has been evident for some time that the Japanese navy could not have as much reserve strength as it seems to muster from time to time if our Navy has truly inflicted all the losses claimed. But our Navy men will be the first to say that losses cannot be absolutely verified and that the information given out is disseminated in good faith as the best available at the time.

Unquestionably the Japanese have been able to repair some of the ships we have reported as damaged. Also the most serious factor in trying to appraise losses is the introduction of night warfare among surface ships. New methods of fighting at night have been devised, and it is not possible under certain circumstances to be sure that direct hits have been scored.

One important point which the military critic of the London newspaper raises is that published losses must be taken with a certain discount due to unavoidable error. It would be wrong to assume that the figures are purposely exaggerated by any official source here or abroad. At times the enemy has put out what appeared to the American public to be fantastic claims, and it is often wondered why the Tokyo navy would do this, since they knew the correct figures would come out subsequently. One reason, of course, is that this is a favorite way of fishing for information as to the exact damage done. It is a means really of measuring America's reserve strength in the Pacific. It is, to be sure, of the utmost importance to the Japanese to know what has happened immediately after each naval engagement because this is related to the possible dispersal of the remaining American and Japanese forces in the theatre of war affected.

The American Navy, if it could follow its real desires, probably wouldn't give out any information about losses for some time after each engagement. That policy was pursued for a long while in 1942, but, due to criticism from some segments of the American press, the policy was changed. Now no claims of losses are issued unless our own losses are also published. It is a poor compromise from the Navy standpoint because it gives the enemy knowledge of what losses were inflicted. But in wartime the demands of public opinion sometimes upset the best laid plans for deceiving the enemy.

One thing can be stated rather positively—the men who run our Navy discount the tales of the fliers about the ships they have sunk. They don't argue about it with them for fear the old cry about disparaging air power may be raised. But when the war is over, the exact number of ships lost through air power will be determinable, and the power of surface ships will compare favorably in the results.

These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

REBECCA WEST SPEAKS HER PIECE

Rebecca West who was a notable British essayist when H. G. Wells was a famous British novelist quarrels with Herbert Hoover in the "Atlantic Monthly." The lady quarrels badly, vituperatively, almost hysterically and comes out pretty much in the same place as Mr. Hoover does—which is probably how most excitable folks quarrel. Miss West accuses Mr. Hoover of writing "chiefly in pidgin English."

She is in error when she says: "Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson have set themselves the heavy task of rigging up some sort of platform on which the old-fashioned Republicans could oppose Mr. Roosevelt, and this involves finding an alternative to his anti-Axis policy which is not straight pro-Nazism. For the purpose of accomplishing this task they have found themselves able to make excessive sacrifices."

The "old fashioned Republicans" did not need an alternative to straight pro-Nazism because they did not face that problem. They are Americans. European notions hardly affected their thinking and still do not. They are fighting alongside European allies but make no pretense at grasping why the Europeans cannot live and let live. They still cannot take the deGaulle-Giraud feud any more seriously than the Wallace-Jones fracas. In fact, their principal objection to the New Deal is that its inspiration is European, that it is an American adaptaton of Marxian collectivism. It is alien. It is a foreign form and no matter how hard one tries to make a go of it, its prohibitions do not fasten themselves upon the American consciousness. We are a nation of natural-born individualists who decline to be bossed by anybody. That is why the Black Market is popular.

I hate to butt into anyone else's quarrels. I have enough of my own to keep going, particularly since I have been quarrelling about why millions of arable acres are not growing food for man and beast when that is what is most needed in all this world. Some say I don't know what I'm talking about but I still ask why millions of acres are idle when they should be providing food and I also want to know why the cattle are not turned into steaks when the cattle are available for that purpose. However, if Rebecca West wants to row—in English or pidgin English—about American nationalism, I'd like to put in an oar. She wants the old machinery:—

". . . .The old machinery of nationalist organization, of standing armies and navies, arsenals packed with hideous munitions, and the chitchat of diplomacy?"

She likes that. We do not too much because twice now we have paid very heavily for our operations in Europe. In this war, we may be paying, before it is over, something like $300,000,000,000. As long as we pay, we want a say. The United States ought to begin to make that clear now.

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Pert and Pertinent

Middle class: That strata of society that isn't rich enough to scorn gossip nor poor enough to escape it.

On election eve, the candidates worry about whether the voters will put an "x" or an "ex" before their name.

Wonder where we would be now if the submarine had been invented back in Noah's day?

A democracy is a country where the citizens grouch about restrictions they have imposed upon themselves.

"The modern-day radio announcer has been compared to the old-school train announcers"....But the train announcer always quit before he told us who he was.

"Persons of high intelligence are poor automobile drivers"....That is mighty discouraging to most of us.

"Mother knows best"....But daughter thinks she knows better.

Among the great national disturbances are earthquakes and John L. Lewis.

In-laws: Tthose people who intend to pay back the loan but die before they get around to it.

Poise: A state of mind engendered by the consciousness of three twenties in your pocket.

Bureaucrat: A person who delights in doing an unimportant thing in an important way.

If it knocks once, it may be opportunity; if it knocks twice, it is probably one of your neighbors; if it knocks three times, it is probably a bill collector.



CONTEMPORARY FICTION ON THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

by

DONALD RADCLIFFE SHENTON

(We are happy to offer to our readers this significant paper in which an expert discusses the technical problems of the novelist who, confronted by the obstacles of their dialect, attempts to depict the Pennsylvania Germans, their character and their ways of life. The paper was read by the author at the second annual meeting of The Institute of Pennsylvania German Studies held at the headquarters of the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, Philadelphia, on Saturday, May 29, 1943.—ED.)

(Conclusion)

That the writer of the Dutch must know his people, we find further proof in the comparison of two recent stories, written on an identical plot. One is "Apple In The Attic," by Mildred Jordan; the other "Stubborn-Heads," by Oliver Lentz, a Reading attorney. His story was originally published ten years earlier, and recently re-published in Dr. Barba's Pennsylvania German "Eck."

The plots are identical. A farm couple quarrels over money. The husband vows never again to speak to his wife. They maintain indirect communication for many years of silence, by addressing a pet—dog or parrot—when they need to communicate with one another. The story conflict is between money and marital love. The theme—stubbornness.

Now, let us compare the handling. Into "Apple In The Attic," Jordan unfortunately injects an alien element, sex, where sex has no place. A child is conceived by parents who are not speaking to one another. This circumstance revolts the reader. And further, that this child could be reared without drawing the parents together—and stopping the story—I declare is not only unlikely in any marriage but actually incredible in a marriage of the Dutch, who are passionately fond of children.

Now, motivation is a very exact science. As we shape the story, interweaving character and plot, to every force we must oppose another stronger or weaker force, if we aim to have the story turn convincingly in the direction set for it. Sexual attraction, and parental love, are, we know, two of the most potent human urges. The quarrel of Jacob and Emma would dissolve in any normal marriage. To sustain the plot, that is, to keep the characters at once together and apart, Miss Jordan is compelled to invent stronger, abnormal urges and traits, and these in turn distort the characters. Jacob is made a miser. Emma, docile as a cow, and so stupid that she doesn't recognize her pregnancy until the moment of birth. It is this false step in motivation, I believe, that started the avalanche of criticism that has descended on "Apple In The Attic."

In contrast, witness the naturalness of Lentz's tale. An attorney, not a professional writer, of course he did not analyse story technique as we students and teachers are doing. He spoke the Heart Language. He knew his people instinctively.

Stubborn-Heads is made consistent by the mere device of setting the story twenty years later in the marriage.

In Lentz's story, the quarrel begins over five dollars that Betz conceals from him—proceeds of the sale of her dog, which Sanny forced her to sell. But when Betz resists, it is not a question of money, it is **a principle** that Sanny fights for.

And how naturally conflict develops. When life is going downhill, and the old feel their physical powers waning, they cling frantically to the outward appearance, the pomp and circumstance that formerly represented a strength they really had. Isn't this the King Lear theme of Shakespeare? Lear regrets the outward show of royalty he has lost, not because he has divided a kingdom among ingrates, but because age has deprived him of the power to regain it. The old, like the young, have their fairy-tale period. As the young look forward into the illusion of incredible powers, so the old must look back, to preserve their self-esteem . . . Sanny is no longer boss.

Now, the outside writmg of the Dutch sees the husband as domineering, but fails to recognize the accompanying reaction. Where do you find a more independent, self-reliant woman than the Dutch housewife? In this eternal conflict that we hallow with the name of marriage, I maintain that the Dutch woman secures for herself and her home as much as any woman secures. There are metes and bounds set to male dominance. When Sanny threatens physical violence, Betz leaves him. (This by the way is the subtlest of defences of the unwritten laws of Dutch decency). Sanny is hard put to it to bring her back without losing authority. In the richest scene of the story, he dictates to his grown son, who comes in to intercede, that she must return as she went, on foot.

The Dutch are said to be obtuse. But when Sanny fails to recognize that Betz—returning on foot in just the way he prescribed—is offering as much submission as any intelligent and lovable woman will give, Sanny is just an average husband. The race does not suffer. Lentz does not permit this to prove any special sort of Dutch dumbness. It is a weakness, that alas, all of us males share.

Throughout the tale we are drawn into sympathy with both characters, seeing two humans caught in a tragic situation. Betz maintains the dignity of her sex—eternal woman unwilling to submit to stupidity—but in the end seeing the veritable stupidity of their long quarrel, she gives Sanny the outward proof of tenderness that we have not doubted all along. Thus Lentz, guided by pure instinct, keeps those things that are universal to human nature as universal, those things that are particular to the Dutch as particular.

In fairness to Miss Jordan, whose story I have criticised adversely, I should say that for what her story lacks of discernment, discretion and depth, she compensates in some degree by her facility, color and power in managing the large scene, as for example the Christmas scene in "Apple In The Attic."

Some of your good authors I have omitted for brevity, not by design. Most of them I have omitted by classification, because I am speaking of narrative fiction. These authors are: Cornelius Weygandt, because his charming essays are essays, not narrative. Marguerite De Angeli, because her honest little stories lean rather heavily on the beautiful drawings. "Hex Marks the Spot"—content better than title, again is essay set in a narrative frame, and not true narrative. And finally Conrad Richter, most conscious of your artists, stylist, expert craftsman, but to date apparently undecided whether to be a successful journalist or an artist—as the first two-thirds of his novel, "Trees," proves he might be. We always look forward to his next story.

For purposes of illustration, in order to show how inadequate knowledge of the Dutch can distort their stories, I have been compelled to join the general clamor against "Apple In The Attic."

But let us give a little thought to the "how and why" of the stories that falsify or distort Dutch character. To what extent are we, as American readers and teachers of American readers, responsible for the very faults we criticise in these authors?

The technique of the young artist is shaped in the short story. Few writers make their first appearance in the broader, free-er field of the novel. In order to win the attention of the public, the young artist must conform to what we call for want of a better word, "editorial standards." If these standards are, as we know they are, prejudiced, limiting, narrow and mechanical, if the editors believe the Dutch to be either quaint and picturesque as the Plain People, or obtuse, stubborn and parsimonious, then where is the young artist who refuses to compromise with ignorance and prejudice to place his first story?

The closing of the old, liberal Scribner's Magazine sounded the knell for the original, American short story. No more authors like Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, Faulkner, Morley Callaghan have come to light. Now the young artist must conform to the stereotyped patterns of popular fiction—each one a rigid mold, though it may be in the cheapest "pulp", the "Slick", or the "quality" magazine. If he falsifies in youth, can he write truly in maturity? As the twig is bent, the tree will grow.

If the poet of the Dutch is to reach the general public, then we must open the gate for him. We must see that in a land of free speech, the artist is provided like freedom in his art.

I believe that the scholar in other fields than literature cannot fully realize the tragedy of watching young talent rise, hoping for it, working with it, and then to see necessity force the immature artist to ignore the rich character materials in the Dutch counties, and to turn to the sensational, smart stories of Broadway and Hollywood. What satire for the teacher of creative writing when these students return after first success to thank him for helping them achieve the very end he hoped they would escape.

I have said this with emphasis to draw your attention to the importance of your Pennsylvania German columns—Dr. Graeff's SCHOLLA in the Reading Times, and Dr. Barba's ECK in the Allentown Morning Call, and there are others. Most democratic of American newspaper columns, they are not filled with the bombast of a psuedo-solon, or the doubtful wisdom of an instantaneous authority, but they are filled largely with contributions of many people sharing a common interest. What you scholars are doing in research, they match, in a small way, in the arts. They open the gate. But to these we should add a magazine of fiction and poetry on the Dutch, absolutely liberal in its editorial policy, insisting only upon adequate representation of these people. Place might also be made in your existing magazines for good stories of the Dutch.

The schools too are beginning to do their part. In Allentown, I understand, schools have experimented with reviving the Pennsylvania German arts and dialect poetry. This might well be extended to the English departments of high schools and colleges in the Dutch counties, by teaching the young to write stories of the Dutch people, in English, and thus to experiment with the problems I have outlined.

And now, in closing, lest I have created an impression that I am pleading for a defense of the Dutch in fiction, I hasten to say with conviction that the Dutch need no defense.

Stand on any peak of the Blue or South Mountains in the Dutch Counties, and look out over their flourishing farmland. Observe the inexpressible serenity on the faces of the Plain People. Watch the little Dutch villages and cities move securely through this war, contributing out of their diversified industry and agriculture as loyally as their fore-fathers did in the Revolution. And watch them, unperturbed move back into the ways of peace, because they have the diversified industry and agriculture of a people of many talents. Then you will see their creed of work and worship made articulate in the character of a people.

It is rather of the world that I am thinking, in making this plea for the author writing of the Dutch, that we may, like the hospitable Dutch housewife say to the world, "Come in. Dinner's all ready." . . . And the world may so share with the Dutch the bread of life.

DER HAAHNE

Der Haahne graeht laud sei Gickerigi,
Die Kinner uffzuwecke frieh,
Un laerne in der Morgenschtund.
Die Morgenschtund hot Gold im Mund.

Der Haahne iss en fedderichi Weckuhr. Die Ursach, dass er sich so schtols weist, iss weil er en grossi Gaab hot. Er kann wacker warre, wann die Daagshelling kummt. Er kennt will en Millionaer sei, wann er noh ebbes duh daet, wann er mol wacker iss; awwer er dutt nichs als graehe. Er iss awwer schtols, dass er die gans Nochberschaft wecke kann. Die Haahne wecke meh Leit als die Weckuhr. Der Haahne brauch mer net uffziege; wann mer der Haahne schtoppe will vum Graehe, muss mer ihm sei Hals drehe un sell schtoppt ihn graad.

Der Haahne iss hibsch un schtols un sei viele Weiwer liewen ihn arrick. Die Weil sie Oiyer lege, dutt er watsche, un wann 's Oi gelegt iss, nemmt er all der Kredit far der Tschapp. Die Weil dass sei Weiwer die Kinner uffziege, watscht der Haahne so dass ken Krappe odder Hinkelwoi kumme far die gleene Hinklein zu fange.

'S Lewe vun Haahne iss oftmols karz un nie net sicher. Sie griege ihre Hels uffgezogge un glei sin sie im Kochkessel. En gewisser Bauer hot mol B'such grickt. Wie die Hinkel un die Haahne der hochmiedich Mann g'sehne hen, sin sie ans Schpringe. Der Ginnihaahne iss uff 's Scheierdach g'flogge un der Mischthaahne iss unnich die Seiben g'schluppt. In re halb Schtunn kummt der Mischthaahne raus un graeht "Iss er noch do? Iss er noch do?" Der Ginnihaahne uff em Dach saagt "Geh zerick! Geh zerick! Geh zerick!" Noh iss der Haahne widder unnich die Seiben g'schluppt bis er gans schur waar, dass er net sei Kopp verliere daet.

Mit de Haahne geht's wie mit de Dichter: die menschte Leit gleiche sie besser, nochdem dass sie dod sin.

Sprichwart

Duh net zu viel graehe, wann'd die Waahrheit schwetze witt.

Aus'm Frank W. Matz seim NADURBUCH.

Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

ONE, TWO

Eens, zwee, fallt der Schnee;
Drei, vier, schliess die Dier;
Fimf, sechs, kummt en Hex;
Siwwe, acht, iwwer Nacht;
Neine, zehe, 's Bett verdrehe;
Elfe, zwelfe, du musscht helfe;
Dreizeh, vaerzeh, gretzich waerd sie;
Fufzeh, sechzeh, fluche mecht sie;
Siwwezeh, achtzeh, ya, nau lacht sie;
Neinzeh, zwanzich, well, die kann sich Bucklich lache wann sie will,
'S iss mer alles ewweviel!

CRY, BABY, CRY

Brill, Bobbel, brill!
Liewer du wie ich.
Schteck der Finger in dei Aag,
Geh un deinre Mammi saag,
Saag re awwer 's waer net mich,
Brill, Bobbel, brill!

LITTLE MAID, LITTLE MAID

Gleeni Maad, gleeni Maad,
Saag, wu gehscht du hie?
"In der Schwamm," hot sie g'saat,
"Ich melk die rote Kieh."

ONE MISTY, MOISTY MORNING

En nasser, feichter Maerrye,
Es waar so Newwelwetter,
Do kummt en alder Daadi,
Er waar gegleed in Ledder;
Er macht mir dann en Kumbliment,
Ich hab dezu gelacht;
'S waar "how de do" un "how de do?"
So hen mer fart gemacht.

SALLY, SALLY WATERS

Sally, Sally Wasser,
Kessel un die Pann.
Hei, Sally! Hei, Sally!
Witt en yunger Mann?
Iss es aa der aermscht,
Iss es aa der reichscht,
Nemm du dir en yunger Mann,
Was du am beschte gleichscht!

MER GEHT ALL GAERN DER HEEMET ZU

Mer geht all gaern der Heemet zu
Un kaerze Zeit verweile dart:
Es ennert sich en yedes Yohr,
Un mit der Zeit iss alles fart!

Die gestern Freind—wu sin sie dann?
'S guckt alles fremm—des sehnt mer glei;
Mei Haerz dutt weh, weil des so iss,
Ich glaab ken eener kummt meh bei!

'S kummt oft em ei, wie's ehmols waar,
So schee un lieb in alter Zeit;
Mer drauert oft far was mol waar;
Mer meent's kennt sei aa graad so heit!

Zum yunge Haerz leid's Bescht weit weck;
Mit Yohre kummt's em naeher bei;
Mer guckt's dann aa un sehnt's wie's iss,
Erfaahring macht yo des so sei.

Ich geh oft heem in meim Gefiehl,
'S kummt viel mer ei vun was mol waar;
Die alte Freind die schtehne do,
Die Freed iss gross un schee sogaar.

An Shamrock draus waar ich deheem,
Ans Grempaeps dart far'n lange Zeit;
Es Gaschthaus hot er frieh gebaut,
Un des, mit a: ...tieht noch heit.

Graad net in dem, yuscht wennich weck,
Waar heem far mich—im aerschte Haus;
Mit Sehne laernt mer viel as bleibt,
Un mit uns geht ms Lewe naus!

In frieh're Zeit waar Eifer dart,
'S waar 'n Shipping Blatz far weid un breed;
Sie holte weck, was hieg'schickt waar
Vun alles was ins Lewe geht.

Ken "Rural Mail" waar dann gewest,
Un "Parcel Post" waar net bekannt;
Die Freight hot's dann dart hiegebrocht,
Un Leit hen's g'schleppt iwwer Berg un Land.

'S hot viel Ore mines g'hatt graad dart rum,
Un Shamrock waar der Shipping Blatz;
Zwee Waarfe waare dann am Geh,
Es Ore waar fascht en reicher Schatz.

'S hot viel Leit g'hatt as g'schafft hen dart
Mit wennich Luh un grosse Mieh;
Mer hot nix g'heert vun Schtreiks un Schtreit—
Where Justice rules can this not be!

'S waar Eenichkeed un Lieb domols,
Un aa en Luscht far dart zu sei;
En Daagdieb sei, bringt eem nix ei,
Wer's sehne will, der laernt des glei!

Verleicht hab ich yuscht g'sehne dart
Es Light as scheint far yunge Leit;
Wann des so iss, dann saag ich "gut",
Des sehn ich noch, wie dann, aa heit.

Schliess alles aus, was toricht waar—
Doch mit dem laernt mer'n manche Sach,
Guckscht nuff, gehscht nuff—wann net, gescht letz—
Der Letscht hot yo der letschte Lach!

—Charles Allabar Butz

Deaths of a Day

EMANUEL B. EDEN

Emanuel B. Eden, 79 years old, died unexpectedly Thursday at his home, Central Ave., East Bangor. Born in Devonshire, England, the son of the late Henry and Ann Eden, Mr. Eden resided in East Bangor 62 years. He was a member of the East Bangor Methodist church since its foundation; exhorter and Sunday school teacher of the church for many years; also a member of Prosperity Lodge 661, I.O.O.F., Bangor; served on the East Bangor borough council for three years, and was Republican county committeeman for that borough for eight years.

His survivors are his wife, Mrs. Esther Eden; four sons, John and Samuel Eden, Bangor; Frank, of Easton, and Fred, of Dunkirk, N. Y.; two brothers, Samuel and William Eden, Bangor; two half-brothers, George and Fred Eden, England; two half sisters, Hattie and Frances Eden, England; 10 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Brief funeral service will be held on Sunday at 2 p. m. at his home followed by continued services in East Bangor Methodist church at 2:30 p. m.; Rev. H. T. Wells officiating. Interment will be in East Bangor cemetery.

NEIL C. BOYLE

Neil C. Boyle of 534 Ridge Ave., at one time transportation master for the Counselor and "44" cigar factories in this city, died at 4 a. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital, where he had been a patient for several weeks.

Boyle was a son of the late Neil and Anna, nee Munday, Boyle, and had been a lifelong member of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. For many years he had been treasurer of Calvary Council, No. 512, Knights of Columbus, and he had been one of the organizers of the Temperance Drill corps.

Surviving are two brothers: Joseph, Ardmore, and Cornelius, Texas; three sisters; Mrs. Charles H. Montz, Catasauqua, and Anna and Rita, at home; and several nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by five brothers.

Services will be held on Monday at 8:30 a. m. from the McCarty funeral home, 439 Ridge Ave., followed at 9 a. m. with requiem high mass in the Immaculate Conception church. Interment will be made in the English Catholic cemetery.

OSCAR J. SWARTZ

Oscar J. Swartz, retired switch tender of the Reading Co., died at 7:30 a.m. yesterday in the Shaw Convalescent home, Quakertown, where he was admitted two weeks ago after having lived for several years at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Haring, Coopersburg. He was 75 years old.

Born in Upper Saucon township (Lehigh), son of the late Milton and Ellemina (Sachs) Swartz, he had lived in Coopersburg most of his lifetime and had been employed by the Reading Co. for many years until he was pensioned 10 years ago. He had been a member of the Friedensville Reformed church.

His wife, Sarah E. (Diehl) Swartz; a daughter, Mrs. Bertha C. Wolfe; and a sister, Alice Swartz, preceded him in death. Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Lillian E. (Joseph L.) Haring, Coopersburg; Mrs Mabel J. (Charles H.) Medlar, Philadelphia; Mrs. Elizabeth M. (Thomas E.) Miller, Coopersburg; 12 grandchildren, 19 great-grandchildren, and two brothers, Henry G., Slatington, and Clinton A., Little Compton, R. I.

Rev. George A. Bingaman will officiate at services Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Willard L. Gruver funeral home, Main and Oxford Sts., Coopersburg. Burial will be made in the Friedensville cemetery.

WALTER G. KOCHER

Walter G. Kocher of 131 Hamilton St. died at 1:08 p. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital, where he had been admitted for treatment on Thursday. He was 59 years old.

Born in Lehighton, the son of the late John and Rebecca Kocher, he came to Allentown 25 years ago. He was employed as a fireman by the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co. until ill health forced his retirement several years ago.

Survivors are his wife, the former Lillian Rinker, and the following children: Edward James, U. S. Army at Fort Eustis, Va.; Henry Eugene, military police in North Africa; Raymond, this city; Helen, wife of Reuben Bushman, Irvington, N. J.; Mrs. C. Bastian and Mrs. Paul Heimbach, this city. There are eight grandchildren.

Rev. George A. Greiss will officiate at funeral services at the Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St., on Monday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in Greenwood cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

'S Net Glawwa Kenna

Der Tommy Hollenbach doh fon da shtadt hut uns 'm Sundawg nommy dawg 'n gutie altie show g'shicht fertzailt drous uf 'm Fair Grund, die weil os m'r bei nonner g'shtonna hen die show leit watcha 's gross tzelt uf duh, un die elefonta rum fiehrra. Die g'shicht wor g'shaina drowwa in Unionville nagshd on Neffs, wie der Davy Wotring der wert wor.

Die shows sin sel tzeit fon blotz tzu blotz uf da shtrossa. Grossa gadierra so wie elefonta un kamale hen sie nochts gatzoga, un die wegga un onnerra socha dawgs. Sel wor so os leit die arya gadierra os sie kotta hen, net sehna sotta, un wor immer 'n aryer uf ruhr won 'n show da waig kumma is. Won moryets die dawg helling kumma is hen sie die gadierra aryads inna wertshous shed, un wie der fol wor mit ma grossa elefont drowwa in Unionville. Sel show wor uf 'm waig fon Mauch Chunk noch Allentown.

'S hut net long ganumma wie der elefont darta wor, fer die barichda drous rum gae wos der Davy Wotring in da shed het. Leit sin fon ol iwwer bei kumma fer des wunnerbore gadierts sehna, un woh ainer Hilly Kehnel fon nunner gaeich da Sond Shpring dabei wor. 'N elefont wor uf kours ebbes gons neias fer der Hilly, un hut shier net fartich werra kenna gucka wie er beim in da shed wor. Endlich hut ebber der Hilly g'frok'd wos er denka dade dafon, un er hut gaontwert in denna werta—werta os sei lava net fergessa gain. "Yar wel, 's kon ol so sei, ow'r sis heit tzu dawg so fiel ferblannerrei os m'r net wase eb m'r 's glawwa sot odder net."

Aw Net Glawwa Kenna

Yar, un 'm wert Pete Wisler fon Mackreltown sei fraw die Olga huts da onner dawg aw shier net glawwa kenna, wie sie g'sehna hut os ihra wesh shteiber fert sin un hut sie yusht net finna kenna. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, 's worra net mohl ihra shteiber, ow'r so gore ra nochber'n ihrie os sie yusht galain'd hut kot fer yusa. Tzu all'm guta glick hut sie ow'r ken glawwa kot on ferblennerrie wie der Hilly Kehnel, un hut mohl 'm Pete garufa, wunnerra wos er wist dafon.

Wie der Pete 's wert, "wesh shteiber" k'hoert hut, hut er die ohra ei gatzoga, un da Olga g'sawt sie sot sich net druvla darta dawaiga, er gang'd grawd un graich'd ra onnerra shteiber. Noh is es da Olga ei kumma os sie der Pete owets dafor so arrick hoerra het shreinerra, un hut mohl gaguck'd wos er gamocht het. Bis es fartich wor, hut er ebbes fon ra fens um sei truck body rum gabout kot fer fee druf fohra, un ol die wesh shteiber gayus'd fer lotta.

Sis leicht tzu denka os die Olga noh glei ihra Laurys shponk in da hae kot hut, un hut 'm Pete 'n kartz un guter gabittle runner galaisa in siva unnershittlicha shprocha. Der Pete hut ra ow'r g'sawt sie sot sich net druvla waeich da shteiber, er gang'd grawd fert onnerra hola, un is aw gonga. Wies sheind mus es 'n ow'r 'n gahairichie lang ganumma howwa bis e: shteiber g'funna hut os 'n gaboss'd hen. Aenicha waig, die Olga wor net yusht fartich wesha bis er tzurick kumma is, ow'r die wesh wor aw gadrick'ld un gabig'ld eb er mohl bei kumma is. Wos noch mainer wor, der Pete hut sella dawg ken yuse may kot fer sei truck odder fee ben, un da Olga now fershprocha os er noch dem nimmy shreinerra will mit ous sie is dabei fer sehna os er net widder wesh shteiber yus'd fer lotta.

Wil Nimmy Fon Hame

So wie die barichda rei kumma, wil der Paul Lauchnor fon owwich Neffs nix may wissa fon noch Fildelfy gae balla games sehna. Der Paul un sei Martha, der Prest Fenstermaker un sei Marguerite, un der Dewey Lentz un sei maid'l die Mildred fon Macungie, worra do 'm onnerra Sundawg mit 'm trolley kar nunner fer 'n balla game ei nemma. Die onnerra sin shun ol blenty trolley g'fohra, ol os wie der Paul net, un woh sich shier net arrick ganunk ershtouna hut kenna wies mohl ob is, iwwer der Lechaw barrick nous, nunner gaeich Fildelfy tzu.

Ow'r 's arrickshd fon ol wor, wie sie drunna on da 69d shtross fom trolley kar sin, un sin darrich der subway nei noch da shtadt. Darta sin 'm Paul shier so arya grissel ous gonga wie aw doh weil tzurick wie er in Nei Yarrick wor, un 'n neager hut 'n nous shmeissa wolla fer brovierra fer der elevator fohra. Anyhow, 's sin 'm Paul alla sarta grissel ous gonga wie ken glaina, un hut yusht net driwwer kumma kenna os sie da leit doh in da kallerra rum fohra dada mit ihra longa inshein kars.

Mit harder mee sin sie ow'r nunner noch 'm balla grund kumma, ow'r 'm Paul sei druvel wor noch weit fon iwwer. Sei Martha hut wenich lunch mit ganumma kot, ow'r woh net uf die tzinponn kumma is mit 'm grossa obadit os der Paul immer hut. 'S ess socha wor ow'r so rohr un dire os der Paul nix may tzu essa grick'd hut bis sie nochts so u

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There is a presence and an influence in Nature and the Open which expands the mind and causes brigand cares and worries to drop off—whereas in confined places foolish and futile thoughts of all kinds swarm like microbes and cloud and conceal the soul. —Carpenter.

ITALIAN'S CHOICE—HITLER OR ITALY

In just about the best piece of propaganda writing (and it is good, not bad propaganda) President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill have appealed to the Italian people to decide "whether Italians shall die for Mussolini and Hitler, or live for Italy and civilization."

The two leaders of the Allied Nations have appealed to what must be a hopeless, discomforted and disillusioned people to capitulate with honor to the overwhelming power of the United Nations. If they continue to "tolerate the Fascist regime which serves the evil power of the Nazis," they must suffer the consequences of their own choice.

The truth of everything that has been addressed to the Italian people (and undoubtedly heard by them over the radio and read by them in leaflets dropped by the millions over Italy) must appeal to these war-weary folks.

They know that they have lost everything in Africa that they ever possessed and all that they ever hoped to possess on that continent. They know that their armies were beaten and killed or captured almost to the last man in Africa, Pantelleria and Lampedusa and that Sicily, which Mussolini himself said would never be trod by an enemy army, has been invaded. They must know that the Germans abandoned the Italians all the way from El Alamein to Cape Bon and that they have treated the defense of Sicily as if it were an Italian job and not an Axis job to hold that island. They know that the Italian Navy has done little or nothing, that it is cooped up and must be afraid to fight because it is not only greatly outnumbered but also is divided.

They know that their cities are going up in flames and dust, that their railroads, docks and ports are being smashed. They must be able to see that the attack is intensifying with every day and minute of the day.

Americans and British do not want to destroy the Italian people. They know the Italians have been the victims of brutal, designing men who have taken away their liberties and have sold them into slavery to the Nazis. The Italians know their vulnerability to attack by land, sea and air and the demonstrated powerlessness of all the boasted strength that Mussolini claimed had been built up on land, sea and in the air.

The United Nations are giving Italy the opportunity to get out of this with honor and without further loss. The United Nations never have been primarily concerned with Mussolini. He was too little, too inconsequential to receive more than passing consideration. The United Nations are after the big fellow—Hitler and his Nazis. That is the big game in this war.

If the Italians choose Hitler, that will be their misfortune for then one of their ancient battle cries must be paraphrased and employed regretfully by the United Nations. Then it will be "Italia delenda est," (Italy must be destroyed). It will be carried out as unrelentingly as the Romans carried out their slogan "Carthago delenda est," (Carthage must be destroyed).

PLEASURE BAN SHOULD BE LIFTED

Prentiss Brown, OPA administrator, has given definite assurance that the ban upon pleasure driving is to be lifted but as to the time he is no more definite than to say it will be "shortly."

One and a half gallons a week certainly do not make for pleasure driving on any scale, as Mr. Brown realizes. It is a mere drop in the bucket. As Mr. Brown indicates, the real checkup and activities by the OPA should not be against the holders of the miserable little 'A' books but against the holders of the B, C and T books which were issued for essential purposes and at all times have been specified for use in no other wise.

The American people do not deserve to be treated like a lot of criminals in watchfulness over and regulation of a gallon and a half of gasoline per week. The holders of 'A' books are perhaps the most conscientious of all the groups. They can do very, very little pleasure driving and practically all the mileage that they cover is tied up with essential, domestic transportation matters.

DREAM HIGHWAY EXTENSION

Satisfaction with the motoring and financial success of the Pennsylvania Turnpike (also called the Dream Highway) has been evidenced from the day of its opening to the public and prompts the hope that immediately after the close of the war extensions to complete the span of the State from east to west will be begun.

Preliminary engineering surveys soon are to be launched on the routes that will fill the 140 miles of gaps that remain to complete the road from the Delaware River to the Ohio State line.

The 164-mile express highway from Irwin, near Pittsburgh, to Middlesex near Carlisle, was built at a cost of $71,000,000 and was opened nearly three years ago. The remaining 140 miles should be constructed at a cost far lower per mile than the first unit which was pushed through the most difficult part of the state inasmuch as eleven mountains were tunneled and excavations and fills were upon gigantic scale.

Construction of the road is part of the Governor Martin's program for post-war highway improvements in the course of which the entire State system of roads—40,500 miles—is to receive attention. Then motoring will nowhere have better field than Pennsylvania.

Incidentally it is to be noted with satisfaction that, in spite of the war and decreased traffic, the turnpike still is paying. The commission which operates the turnpike reports that it had received enough revenue up to the time the OPA clamped restrictions on motorists to pay the interest on the road's bond issue for the next three years.

Collision on Power Due

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 16 (Special Dispatch—Congress and the President have been at logger-heads on a good many issues, but when the session reconvenes there will be a dramatic collision on the subject of the power of a congressional committee to ascertain facts from the records of the executive branch of the government.

The President has declined to permit certain officials to testify before a House investigating committee. His reason is that it is not "in the public interest." No reference is made to military security, and there is no intimation as to the nature of the legal opinion whereby the ruling is justified.

Whether this particular investigating committee does or does not deserve to get the cooperation of the Executive is beside the question. Congress will be compelled to act on the theory that the whole principle of legislative power is at stake. For once it is conceded that officials of the executive agencies may be prohibited by the President from testifying before Congress, the legislative body is relegated to a position of subservience to another branch of the Government.

No Committees Could Investigate

If the rule is carried to its logical conclusion, no committees of Congress could get from the executive agencies the facts or the information needed on which to base legislation. The President has refused to let his officials testify even in executive session.

It seems certain that the special House committee which is investigating the Federal Communications Commission will make an issue of it before the bar of the House.

The power of the congressional committee to command the appearance of witnesses has never been successfully challenged. The courts have ruled, however, that the President himself could not be subpoenaed to appear, but it is doubtful whether all minor officials can hide behind the instructions of the President about testifying. If they do, Congress will soon be enacting more legislation dropping from the payrolls specific officials who have refused to furnish Congress data requested.

Change in Fundamentals

It has always been a fundamental principle in the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government that only state secrets or matters affecting foreign relations are of a nature the disclosure of which is "incompatible with the public interest." The subject on which the House investigating committee has been seeking information concerns the action taken by the Federal Communications Commission with respect to a private citizen who happens to be head of a trade association known as the National Association of Broadcasters. Refusal to give data on points like this may be understandable in controversies between officials and Congress, but when a formal demand for the information is made, backed by the power of subpoena, it is natural for the House committee to seek to enforce its request by bringing contempt charges to the whole House. Sometimes these charges are contested in the courts, but it is rare that a court action favors a recalcitrant witness. As a rule, the witness is obliged to make answer or suffer the consequences.

Congressional committees are pretty much their own bosses, and they make their own rules concerning the manner of handling witnesses, but when they ask a question, it must be answered unless the witness can prove it may tend to incriminate him in legal proceedings. But documents which are a part of the official records of the government must be furnished on demand, and if the President withholds them on the ground that it is "incompatible with the public interest" to furnish them, a legal justification for such a step must be available somewhere in the files of the government and made accessible to congressional committees for their review. If this were not the rule, the Congress would be compelled to write into a general statute a provision barring secrecy for any documents except with its approval—which has been the principle behind the disclosure of income tax returns to committees of Congress and the publicity that may be given such returns.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

THE 1944 CAMPAIGN—IV

The Republican party was founded by political and social radicals who believed in an increased application of the principles of human freedom. In the course of its development, the Republican party found its strength among the farmers and dwellers in small cities and towns. It failed to capture the voters in most of the larger cities and because of its advocacy of a high tariff, its support of sound money, etc., it has come to be regarded as the party of big business and as the opponent of labor.

Mr. Roosevelt has, during the whole of his presidency, favored organized labor. The NRA, the NLRB, the WLB, and all other New Deal administrative agencies have tended to support the A.F. of L., but more particularly the C.I.O. The opposition against enforced unionization, the closed shop by whatever name, the recognition of organized labor politically by government, has found its greatest strength among Republicans.

This Fight Has Been Lost

It has to be recognized that this fight has been lost. It is time for the Republican party to recognize this fact. No matter which side was originally right, it is clear that national unionism is an entrenched American institution and it will grow stronger, not weaker. In fact, as career labor leaders take over the management of labor unions, many of the most objectionable characteristics of American unionism will disappear. The unions will mature. In a democracy when a fight over a public issue is lost, the loser accepts the situation and goes ahead from there. He will demand however, decent regard for national interests by the other side of the battle.

In the United Mine Workers strike, however, certain political factors related to the 1944 campaign appeared. In the first place, within organized labor there are differences as to the future of the economy of this country. There are capitalistic unions and socialistic unions. The capitalistic unions are firm believers in private enterprise and show greater courage than management in their opposition to socialization through government agencies. These unions are opposed to government operation of privately-owned enterprise.

The unions which tend to favor various concepts of socialization are most bitterly antagonistic to these unions. During the coal strike, we witnessed the curious phenomenon of the Communist "Daily Worker" conducting a strike-breaking campaign, and in this they were supported by many labor leaders.

No Mere Personal Quarrel

This fight will continue with increasing acrimony from now on. It is already expressing itself in a fight between certain C.I.O. unions and the American Labor Party. It will appear at A.F. of L., and C.I.O. conventions This is no mere personal quarrel. It is fundamentally over the future American economic system and both the New Dealers and the Republicans must observe it closely. The New Dealers have this advantage, that they are close to organized labor and can manipulate the quarrel at times in their interest. Furthermore, the very existence of WLB serves them because of its control of labor policy. On the other hand, the opposition to the New Deal within labor has arisen because of this very control. The old-line unions do not wish to be controlled. Even within the newer unions, this division is perfectly clear. Such a younger leader as Walter Reuther in the automotive unions is not likely to accept government control of labor.

GOP Should Recognize Significance

The Republican party cannot refuse to recognize the significance of these forces. It must have a labor policy that is consonant with the American economic system but which fully recognizes the changes that have taken place during the past ten years. "I love labor" breast-beating will not do. The Republican candidate for the presidency will have to prove to labor that the election of the Republican will not mean the outlawing of national labor unions. On the other hand, an attempt of a Republican candidate hypocritically to straddle the issue between capitalistic private enterprise and socialization by government will be so ludicrous as to result in a loss of both labor and intelligent middle-class votes. This is a tough spot for a Republican candidate and only a man of high character and a fine intellect and great sincerity can meet its pressing requirements.

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If one were to take into account all the "direct descendents" who boast that their ancestors came over on the Mayflower, it wasn't a mere double-decked sailing vessel carrying 102 passengers but was an ocean liner as large as our newest 45-ton battleship.

Then there are those who believe radid was first used in the Revolutionary War because Paul Revere broadcast from one plug.



Snyder County Germans As Viewed By An Outsider

By WILLIAM A. RUSS, JR.

The following paper was read by Dr. William A. Russ, Professor of History and Political Science at Susquehanna University, before a joint meeting of the Selinsgrove Rotary Club and The Snyder County Historical Society, held in the Governor Snyder Hotel at Selinsgrove on Thursday evening, Feb. 4, 1943. On this same occasion Prof. George F. Dunkelberger of Susquehanna University read a paper on "The Characteristics of the Pennsylvania German People (as seen by one of them) which appeared in the ECK for June 19 and 26, 1943.—ED.

WHEN it became known that I was scheduled to read a paper on the characteristics of the Pennsylvania Germans of Snyder County, one of my friends asked: "How are you going to do that? How are you going to get away with telling them all their faults?" My answer was that the Germans of Snyder County have many virtues as well as faults, and that if I could not think of anything good to say about them I should not have agreed to write this paper.

For instance, it is not at all difficult to praise the Snyder County Germans for their patriotism. I know of no group in the country today who have been more loyal, more willing to enlist or to be drafted, and more anxious to support the war. I need not remind you of the heroism of Snyder County Germans in the Civil War when the saga of Company G was acted out; nor of the support of Snyder County in the First World War when Susqehanna University sent out two ambulance units; nor how many others fought bravely for their country against the land from which their ancestors came. Again the Germans of Snyder County are asked to fight the Nation whence their forefathers fled, and again they are as loyal as ever.

Patrotism, then, is number one as a characteristic of Snyder County Germans.

The next quality, which, as an outsider, I have observed, is that of extreme conservatism. This is such an accepted fact in the County that it is taken as a matter of course, but to a newcomer it is something that strikes him in the face at once. Let me at the outset say that this factor of conservatism is both good and bad. I would rather have it than no **ism** at all. In some respects it is admirable and has served the people well. One example will suffice. During the "lush Babylonian days" before 1929, when slick New York bankers were trying to foist worthless foreign bonds onto the country banks, one bank that I know of, and it is probably true of all of them, steadfastly refused to invest in such worthless securities. This type of conservatism has paid well. Other banks elsewhere, after the bank holiday, never opened because they had lost large amounts by buying such bonds. My hat is off to that kind of commonsense economic conservatism which keeps its feet on the ground and which would rather make a penny slowly than a dollar in a hurry and then go bankrupt.

Some other phases of Snyder County conservatism are not so pretty. I do not refer to the fact that a large majority of the people are Republicans. That is of course conservative, but it is their right. Even good old Chapman seems to be going the way of all flesh. Maps in Mueller's book called "The Whig Party in Pennsylvania" show that this area voted anti-Democratic at least back as far as the 1830's. It has voted either Anti-Masonic, Whig, or Republican, but seldom if ever Democratic. Nor do I refer to the fact that most Snyder Countians do not like President Roosevelt. I think it is unfortunate, but as Americans we have the right to dislike our rulers and to say so out loud if we wish. That is certainly one right which Pennsylvania Germans have and which Nazi Germans do not have. I exercised my right to dislike Harding, and Snyder Countians have the same right to dislike Roosevelt. Nor do I refer in this discussion of conservatism to the way in which conservative Snyder County took its share of the pap which was handed out by the New Deal and then voted against the New Deal. I have always been amused as well as uplifted by this example of conservatism in action. I say amused because if the New Deal Democrats hoped to win Snyder County Republicans by the process of pouring money into the County, the New Dealers certainly were embezzled. A new postoffice was built and money was granted in aid of the new high school. Snyder Countians said in effect: "We'll take both, but we'll still vote against the party that gave them." I say this is funny because as a non-partisan I can laught at it. Of course the Democrats might not find it so amusing. But as I say, I have also been uplifted in my belief in democracy by this sturdy, if sullen, adherence to one party even if the other party offers certain advantages. There is something downright American and good for the soul in this picture of the Germans of Snyder County and the Yankees of Maine valiantly holding up the banner through defeat after defeat, and saying, "We cannot be persuaded to vote Democratic even by PWA grants and by postoffices, although we'll take our share of both the grants and the postoffices." As a matter of fact, the episode, it seems to me, does honor to both parties. And as an American I am glad to be able to say so. I do not believe the Democrats were so obtuse as to believe they could win Snyder County by pouring money into it. I believe we got a postoffice and aid in building the high school, aside from partisan considerations. On the other hand, I think that if the two parties were more nearly equal, it would be better for all, because the two-party system is the very essence of democracy, and we do not have the two-party system in Snyder County.

When I said a moment ago that certain phases of Snyder County conservatism were a little less than admirable, I was referring to some real hardships that emerge from a too rigid adherence to the ideas of the past. I am thinking of the way in which several years ago the farmers of Snyder County voted down the State income tax—a measure which would have helped them by placing some of the burden on the shoulders of others. Yet they turned it down. This is one aspect of conservatism which betrays a fear of new ideas, even if they are good, and which accounts for some of the unprogresive characteristics of many of the people of the County. The same dislike of new ideas, even if they are good, can be seen in the slowness with which our farmers take up newer methods and procedures in agriculture. One hears this attitude stated on all sides, usually in the phrase, "It was good enough for grandpop, it was good enough for pop, and it is good enough for me." I believe the strict adherence to the methods of the past is slowly disintegrating; for instance some farmers are using the strip and contour system to preserve their farms. But a recent paper read by Ira Yoder before this society on the farm agents would indicate that it is a difficult job to get local farmers to give up their old customs. If they do change, however, they stick to the change, and that fact is all to the good.

Another aspect of Snyder County conservatism is more amusing than important, but it shows what I am talking about. Snyder Countians adhere to their folklore and traditions. They do not like to have smart-aleck outsiders like myself come in and point out that perhaps some of their twice-told tales may not have been true even when first told. Some time ago I read a paper before this society and said that it was extremely doubtful whether George Kremer had ever made a speech in Congress in Pennsylvania Dutch. I said that it was possible, but could not be proved by the records we have. My good friend, the editor of the **Selinsgrove Times**, who learned about the paper second-hand, gave me a real lambasting in his Pepper Box for daring to question such a hoary tradition. I say it was amusing because had he heard the paper, he could not have written the denunciation. Another example of the same thing is the iterated and reiterated error which has Governor Snyder as the only three-term Governor of the State. I thought this one had been nailed down some years ago, but a month or two since it appeared in print again. It would seem that the honor of having the last three-term Governor would be sufficient, but it appears that tradition is stronger than fact. I suppose we shall continue to have to accept Snyder as our only three-termer, even if we know it is not true.

Conservatism, then, is characteristic number two.

The third quality which I have noticed is hard to name because it includes a number of phases. For lack of a better term, I shall call it morality. I believe the Pennsylvania Germans of Snyder County are a highly moral people. That is to say that, in spite of many exceptions, they are law-abiding, thrifty, honest, religious. The number of murders and other crimes is small and seems large only because they are so few. I recall having an argument in class with a student from urbanized New Jersey. I said that in rural areas there was less crime. He objected by saying that he lived in a large city and yet felt safe from criminals. I asked him if he ever heard of the courts of his city or county being postponed becaues there were not enough cases to justify holding court. He admitted that his courts always had plenty to keep them busy. I reminded them that time and again in Snyder County the court was postponed because there were not sufficient cases to justify the expenses of holding a session. And **mirable dictu**, I just read of an instance of the same thing over in Northumberland the other day! Of course some of this arises out of the fact that Snyder County is rural and that population is scattered. But even in Selinsgrove, we seem to get along with one policeman, whose duty, as one can gather from the words of a former Selinsgrove policeman, is mainly that of seeing that truck motors are turned off so that certain South Market Street Democrats can sleep at night.

As to thrift, I am sure that it is still a characteristic, although not as much as it used to be. One hears of many people who would rather be on relief than work, but it is doubtful whether this is universal. One need go no farther than to walk the streets of Selinsgrove to see evidence of thrift: neat, well-kept homes, with the porches jutting out into the street to save, as the saying goes, space for cabbage-raising in the rear garden. In the same category are the ubiquitous overhead rainspouts which carry the water from porch roofs out into the gutter—and sometimes down somebody's neck. One gets the impression that most of the people are neither very rich nor very poor, although there are many who are poor. Nor do I think that those on relief in recent years lost thei sense of pride. I recall asking a little shaver where he got a small wagonload of carrots that he was taking home. "Oh, down at the relief station," he said. "How can I get some of them," I asked. "That's easy," he replied. "just go down and sign up for relief." I did not get the feeling at all that he had any inferiority complex arising from the fact that his father did not have a job. I get the impression that the Pennsylvania German takes what he thinks is his due—whether it is carrots, post offices or high schools—and does not feel that it is degrading to accept help. This attitude is entirely commendable.

As to honesty, I am convinced that it is a characteristic of the Snyder Countian—certainly more than of the people of certain areas I have known about. It is true that paying debts is not as scrupulously adhered to as it used to be, but in general it is. I do not believe that the inability of many unfortunates to pay their debts during the depression can be said to be a characteristic of Snyder Countians in general.

When it comes to religiousness as a quality, one cannot but feel the fact that, while there are many exceptions, it is the church people of the County who carry the weight. One hears many complaints that the people do not go to church as murch as formerly. This may be correct, but I believe a larger proportion of the people of the County go to church than in most other places. The influence of the churches is felt everywhere, from protesting against undesirable movies to supporting the Boy and Girl Scouts. I have always felt that some of our ministers are unduly pessimistic about the power of the churches in the County. The situation could be improved, of course; but as compared to many other places, the people of the County are a church people. In the same line of thought, it is notable that Protestantism is so strong that there is not a Catholic church in the County. Jews are few and far between, and I am not sure that there are more than two negroes.

The above point leads directly to another fact about the Germans of Snyder County. There is a cultural and social, as well as a religious unity about the County. When away from home, Snyder Countians will, with nostalgia, form Snyder County clubs and hold suppers together. There is such a club in Philadelphia, and the example of Vero Beach, Florida, is well known. It seems that once one is a Snyder Countian, he is always a Snyder Countian, no matter how far or how long he may roam. The distant circulation of the County papers is evidence of this fact; and the interest of the people in the doings of their friends who are on visits or who have moved away is another proof. One is not so much a Selinsgrover or a Middleburger as much as he is a Snyder Countian. The Selinsgrove Rotary club is more than a town club because it has members from as far as ten to fifteen miles away. It has been remarked many times that our people are county-conscious rather than town-conscious, although they are town-conscious also. This we-sense in the County arises partly from the fact that both town and County areas are German and Protestant, and partly from the economic interdependence of the towns and the rural areas.

Closely akin to this we-group feeling is the friendliness of the people of the County. They are easy to meet and are kind to strangers. The artist who painted the rural scene on the post office wall told me that the thing which impresed him most about the people in this area was their gentleness. He was of course referring to the fact that everybody knew everybody else and that the hurry-up stuff and hard-boiled individualism of the city-dweller were lacking. I would classify the Pennsylvania German's love of food in the same way. It is a friendly gesture when he asks you to eat at his table. And what meals, with their seven sweets and seven sours! Hospitality in Snyder County is so overwhelming that, unless one stuffs himself so much that he is no good for days, his host feels hurt. Said the **Selinsgrove Times:** "Though the Great Book says man cannot live by bread alone, he would fare rather well at Snyder County church suppers" (Feb. 20, 1941). Perhaps rationing may be a good thing for guests if not for hosts. Every organization knows that the best way to get good attendance is to have something for the members to eat. Since this historical society began to serve refreshments, its membership has quadrupled.

(To be concluded)

MEI GAUL—DER "BILL"

Wie ich waar yung un yuscht so en Fill,
Kummt der Meeschder in mei Schtall un saagt "Hei, Bill!"
Freindlich hot er mich g'schtriche hie un do.
Ich bin wennich rumg'hupst un er greischt "whoa!"

Ich waar voll Lewe un arrick schee,
Mit me g'scheide Kopp un en Set gude Bee;
Hettscht mich sehne schpringe, waer's dir net verleed;
Ich hab alles biete kenne uff weid un breed.

Der Meeschder hot mich g'schtriggelt mit grosse Acht,
Hot mich yeder Daag in Schtolsheit bedracht;
Saagt er, "Bill, duh net des, duh sell, nau follick;
Geb gute Acht uff dich nau un grick yo net die Kolick."

Er hot mich als eig'schpannt, sei Buggy waar fei;
Der Meeschder waar ready, dann hockt er sich nei;
Denno sin mir abg'schtart far niwwer ins Schtedtel;
Mir waare so eibildich un aa in fei Fettel.

Alle Sunndaag iss em Meeschder sei Maedel als mit,
Dann bin ich abaddich recht hoch fancy g'schritt;
Mit meim Kopp in de Heeh un mei Schwans yuscht graad so;
Mei Maahne waare g'flochte—saag, ich waar en Show!

Denno heiert der Meeschder—waar ich awwer bees!
Sei Fraa hot sei Geld g'schpent far eenich ald G'frees.
Sie saagt ihm, "nau muss do en Auto Car bei;
Es gebt nimme meh vun dem Gaul-Kutscherei."

Nau schteh ich im Schtall, ich saag, 's iss en Schand;
Mei Haerz iss verbroche, ich guck an die Wand.
Ich denk, was ich waar un was ich nau bin,
Un manniche Gedanke kumme mir in mei Sinn.

Awwer heit hawwich B'such g'hatte, es hot eener g'saat,
Sie hette ken Rubber far en Auto Car Raad.
Weil sie breichde nau alles im Greig as sie mache,
Un weil ich sell g'heert hab, kann ich widder lache.

Nau bin ich gut genung, mei Leit rumhaer faahre;
Ich weess der Weg heem, sie warre net verlore.
Ich ess wennich Hoi, awwer nemm doch ken Gas;
Wer weess? Verleicht geh ich noch Havre de Grace!

So dutt mer sei Freind oftmols hinnich die Dier,
Awwer mer laernt aa en Lessend, des saag ich dir!
Hald aa zu de gude Sache in unsere Welt;
Sie sin viele meh waert, as en Sackvoll Geld.

—MABEL G. SAYER.

In the annals of our dialect literature female writers are notably few. We have published from time to time the poetry of Rachel Bahn (1829-1902) of York County and of Louise A. Weitzel (1862-1934) of Lancaster County. We are grateful for the opportunity of offering our readers the verses of Miss Mabel G. Sayer, Secretary in the Judges' Chambers of Berks County. Critics have at times pointed out that the main theme of Pennsylvania German poetry is a plaintive nostalgia for the "good old times." There is some truth in this, but Louise A. Weitzel, Sally Hulsbuck, John Birmelin and others, among them Miss Sayer, have not hesitated to treat timely and pertinent subject matter in their verses.—ED.

Deaths of a Day

PHILIP PROSPERI

Philip Prosperi, 1146 Mechanic St., Bethlehem, died at 3 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital where he was admitted on Thursday night for medical treatment.

He was a son of Braggio and Guseppeno Spinosa Prosperi and was born in Italy. A member of the Holy Rosary church and the Holy Name society, he had been a resident of Bethlehem for the past 27 years.

Surviving are his mother in Italy; two sisters, Mrs. Louis DeBerardinis, Bethlehem, and Mrs. Marcon Dognini and two brothers, Albert and Dominick Prosperi, all of Bethlehem.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the home of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Louis DeBerardinis, 1146 Mechanic St.

Solemn requiem mass will be celebrated at 9:30 a. m. in Holy Rosary church. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

MRS. ROSE MATLOCK

Mrs. Rose Matlock, wife of Frederick Matlock, of 1028 Bushkill St., Easton, died at Betts' hospital at 5:50 o'clock Friday morning following a long illness. She had been in the hospital since Dec. 31, last. She was 62 years of age.

Mrs. Matlock was a native of Long Valley, N. J., and resided in Easton for the last 30 years. She is survived, in addition to her husband, by her mother, Mrs. Hill; a sister, Sadie Hill, of Easton, and a brother, Owen Hill, of Oregon. She was a member of the Evangelical-Congregational church of Easton and the P. O. of A.

MRS. ELLEN J. BECK

Mrs. Ellen J. (Backert) Beck, widow of Thomas Beck, died Friday afternoon at her home at East Penn township, R. 1, Lehighton. She was 78 years old.

She was a member of Dinkey Memorial Lutheran church, Ashfield.

Two daughters, Mrs. Glendora Beidelman, Weissport; Mrs. Maud (Raymond) Freeby, Palmerton; a son, Delmas Beck, R. 1, Lehighton, four grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren survive.

FREDERICK W. VIGELIUS

Frederick William Vigelius, 47 years old, former well known resident of Easton, and a graduate of Lafayette college in 1918, died Friday morning at his home at Laurium, Mich. He had been in ill health for a number of years and had been seriously ill since last October. He had resided in Michigan for about 20 years and for a number of years was county treasurer of Houghton county, Mich.

His survivors are: His wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Morrison Vigelius, also a former Eastonian, two children, Mary and William Jr. at home; his mother, Mrs. Rachel Wikoff Vigelius, now residing in Philadelphia, and a sister, Mrs. Charles P. Maxwell, of 322 Spring Garden St., Easton.

MRS. MABEL M. ASH

Mrs. Mabel M. Ash, wife of Norman L. Ash of 826 Locust St., Catasauqua, died yesterday at the Haff hospital in her 50th year. Prior to her stay in the Northampton hospital, she had been a patient at the University of Pennsylvania hospital, Philadelphia, where she was operated on for a brain tumor.

Mrs. Ash was born in West Catasauqua, daughter of the late Preston and Julia A., nee Schrader, Mertz. She was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church in Catasauqua and belonged to the Women's Missionary society of the church. She was a teacher in the Infant department of the Sunday school.

Other affiliations included the auxiliary of the Porter club and the American Legion auxiliary, Unit 215.

Surviving besides the husband, who is a member of the borough council, are a daughter, Joanne, at home, and a sister, Mrs. Emily Reppert, Hokendauqua. A brother Henry and a sister Gertrude preceded her in death.

Rev. James F. Lambert, D.D., will officiate at services on Monday at 3:15 p. m. from the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts. Interment will be made in the Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.

MRS. MARY E. WILLIAMS

Mrs. Mary E. Williams, 93, widow of William W. Williams, formerly of Wind Gap, died Thursday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Mills, Philadelphia.

She was a native of Wales, a daughter of the late Evan and Mary Roberts, and came to this country at the age of 55 settling at Wind Gap.

She was a member of the Welsh Presbyterian church, Wind Gap, and has been afflicted with blindness for the past eight years.

She is survived by her son, Thomas Williams, Wind Gap, two daughters, Mrs. Margaret Mills, Philadelphia, and Mrs. Katherine Sykes, Hainesburg, N. J.; 15 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren; one brother, William Roberts, Philadelphia.

Funeral services will be held from the Schmidt funeral home, Wind Gap, Monday 1:30 p. m., with Rev. O. W. R. Williams, pastor of the Welsh Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, officiating. Interment will be in the Plainfield cemetery.

GEORGE W. RUBY

George W. Ruby, 65, of Quakertown, R. 3, and a resident of that community for the past 21 years, died Friday morning in Quakertown Community hospital.

Surviving is a son, E. T. McKinsey, of Media.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at 10 a. m. in the Treffinger funeral home, Quakertown, and at 10:30 a. m., in the Haycock Mennonite church, Rev. Stanley Beidler officiating. Burial will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill—By WM. S. TROXELL

Der Besht Fon Drei

Es wor mohl 'n fraw mit ra dochter os so hard tzu suita wor fer 'n mon griega. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, die dochter hut wenich 'n hocher geisht kot, un net fliega wolla mit da Fegel os mit ihra fliega hen wolla. Noh wor die dochter aw arrick bong sie dades ferfaila un graich'd ferleicht der letz mon. Endlich hut ihra Mam g'sawt, sie hets heirra long ganunk uf g'shova un sie wot ra weissa wie der recht mon tzu griega.

'S worra drei boova in da nochberschoft, un woh 's maid'l endlich gamaint hut sie dade aenich ainer dafon nemma won sie wist os sie der recht graich'd. Ihra Mam hut noh mohl ae owet die drei ei galawda fer kumma sie p'sucha, un hut da dochter g'sawt, sie sot yoh allas gute in ocht nemma wos sie dada. Sella waig hut sie g'sawt wears 'n glaenichkate fer der boo rous sucha os der beshd mon gaibt, un wie sie aw hen.

Sei wor noch in da tzeit wie bout yader londs familia owets ebbel gewwa hut tzu essa won p'such kumma is. Die fraw hut da boova aw ebbel gewwa, un woh sie gessa hen. Der airsht hut seinie gessa mit tzomta shawla, un aw may wenich krutza iwwerich galust. Der nagshd hut seinie so din g'shail os m'r bol darrich die shawla sehna het kenna. Der drit hut seinie gons dick g'shailt, un kenner hut draw gadenk'd os ainer fon na 'n fraw graich'd darrich der waig os er sei ebbel gessa hut.

Wie die boova fert hame worra hut die Mutter un Dochter die socha iwwer g'shwetzt. Die Dochter hut uf kours net sehna kenna os weiters aenicher unnershit wear g'shwishich da drei, ow'r die Mutter hut ra glei onnishder g'sawt. "Der airsht mon," hut sie g'sawt, "wor ous un ous seiish, un hut sei ebbel gessa mit tzomta shawla. Der tzwet wor geitsich, er hut sei ebbel yoh so din g'shail'd os m'r darrich die shawla sehna hut kenna. Ow'r der drit, sei is der boo os duh heirra wit. Er hut sei ebbel shae dick g'shail'd so os aw noch wenich ebbes iwwerich gabliva is in da shawla, fer die si."

Selar ledshd wor noh der besht ous da drei, un die barichda sin die Dochter het 'n iwwerrouser guter mon grick'd.

—H. L., Allentown

'S Airsht Nous

'S wor aw mohl 'n yunger Kerl os langer rum gawahl'd hut fer sich 'n fraw sucha os seina elterra lieb wor. Mohl ae dawg hut der Fodder 'm Boo g'sawt er sot sich owets wesha un sei guta glaider aw duh, un fert nunner noch 'm wertshous gae woh 'n dons wor. 'M Fodder sei maining wor, sei Boo woh shun 21 yohr alt wor un wenich fon hame fer selra tzeit, kent sich dart glei 'n fraw sucha.

Der yung Kerl is gonga wie sei Pap g'sawt hut os er gae sot. Eb er arrick long om wertshous wor woh er sich shier net arrick gaunk ferwunnerra hut kenna die fiela fremma socha sehna os darta worra, is der geik shpieler nei kumma un hut sei altie geik ous da box, sie uf g'shtim'd un huts aller arrickshd awfonga geika. Noh, sin ocht donser fon nava on da wend rum midda uf der floor g'shprunga, un hen awfonga donsa.

Die dier on da shtub wor hinna wedder uf, un eb die donser recht ei g'shtart hen kot fer donsa, is der yung Kerl ob tzu da dier nous, un hame g'shprunga so shtarrick os er gae hut kenna. Sei Pap, woh 'n hoerra hut hame kumma, hut grawd gawunnert wos om aw gae wear, un wissa wolla ferwos er so g'shwind dahame wear.

Wie der yung Kerl sei foller ochdem widder tzurick kot hut, hut er g'sawt, "Oh Pap des gait shracklich har dart drunna. Mohl fers aller airsht is so'n alter nei kumma mit ra box unnich 'm ohr'm, un woh er die kayos'hd rote kotz rous gatzoga hut os ich noch g'sehna hob. Noh hut er die kotz unnich der board gapetzt, un sie gariva uf 'm buckle mit ma shtecka os sie marderlich gagrisha hut. Un wie die kotz awfonga hut greisha sin die leit ol uf rierish werra fer nous, ow'r ich wors nagshd on da dier, uns airsht drous."

—R. R., Andreas, Pa.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Die aller arrickshda gawitter rava os die Nadure uf shteiga kon wolla m'r wetta os gons tzam sheina fer yohra tzu kumma tzu da leit fon Deitshlond os die pulver un shtawl shtorm erlava os sie alla weil dawganocht darrich tzu mocha hen.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Horoscope

If this is your natal day, follow your own insight and judgment if you hope to attain success. Do not listen to others. You are studious, energetic and affectionate. You have pleasing manners and will have a congenial home life. Don't force yourself to think early this morning. You would most likely get the wrong answer to the questions that are bothering you. Be silent as the sphinx at breakfast time, to avoid the sting of idle chatter. A th

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

This is the gospel of labor, ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work;
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-curst soil:
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of Earth is toil. —Van Dyke.

AXIS OUTSMARTED IN SICILY

With such terrific speed the Americans have proceeded through Sicily that Palermo fell yesterday, within two weeks of the establishment of the first beachheads on the island. Now 80 per cent of the island doorway to Italy is occupied by the Allied troops and the development of another situation like that in Tunisia appears under way.

With the taking of Palermo all Axis troops west of a line drawn from Palermo southward to the coast have been cut off and undoubtedly can be mopped up at convenience. Probably they will come in and surrender without being pursued. Already the American Army is moving eastwardly along the northern coast of the island to flank and cut off Axis units fleeing in the direction of Messina, the only point from which escape in any considerable numbers can be possible. With a strait less than two miles wide at many points, Axis troops in considerable numbers ought to be able to get away, some of them even by swimming, even though the British and American navies and the United Nations' air forces are in practically undisputed possession of the sea and the air.

As in Tunisia, General Eisenhower made moves that indicated the Axis right flank to be the principal object of attack and instead sent General Montgomery's crack Eighth Army up against the left. When the Axis discovered this fact, it rushed its best forces eastwardly for the defense of Catania and the eastern coastal road to Messina. Then Eisenhower put pressure on the west, sweeping over the entire western and central part of the island.

Now the Axis troops—those that are left after the taking of 70,000 or more prisoners—are scampering in the direction of Messina along the northern coast, while others are trying to hold out along the base of Mt. Etna as long as possible.

The Axis forces are on another Cape Bon where they will take a hammering from artillery, from countless airplanes now based on nearby Sicilian airdromes and from the Americans, Canadians and British who range in an arc from the northern seacoast of Sicily near Palermo to the eastern coast at Catania.

While the Axis forces have not been wiped out, much of their morale undoubtedly has been lost with the fall of Palermo. It was their biggest stronghold in Sicily. It was, next to Messina, the most promising point of escape. It might have been held longer and given much trouble to the Allies if the Axis had not been outwitted.

Immediately the effects were felt in Italy where, according to Spain's Fascist radio, there were street riots and cries by the populace for "Peace." There was no denial on the part of Italy that Palermo had fallen and that the entire Axis situation in Sicily was bad, very bad.

The fall of Palermo and all other steps in the advance in Sicily have been well ahead of the American schedule. Remaining now is a closing in for the finishing touches to clean Italy's biggest island of the last of the Axis defenders. That, according to all indications, should not take too long.

BEST AIR-SPOTTERS IN COUNTRY

The enthusiasm with which hundreds of women and men took up the job of air-spotting on Monday, December 8, 1942 (or just a day after Pearl Harbor) was genuinely admired and praised in every community from which these spotters were drawn and in which they worked.

All along it has been known that they were doing a splendid work because of the high commendation which has been received repeatedly by them from the United States Army.

But it had not been known that they were doing really outstanding work until a few days ago when officials, without fear of hurting the feelings of any other community as can be done by comparisons, made the statement that the Lehigh county group is doing the best work in the Eastern United States. In fact they say there is only one other unit in the entire United States which is matching it in thoroughness, efficiency, accuracy and the enthusiasm for training in this work. That other community is separated from Lehigh county by the entire breadth of the United States, for it is Eugene, Oregon.

Every Lehigh Countian can be proud that its air-spotting work is being done by a group so patriotic, so diligent and faithful, so well-trained and intelligent that it ranks as the best on the entire Eastern seaboard and that its only rival in achievement is a community on the Pacific seaboard.

HARMONY ON HOME FRONT DEMANDED

Two mighty big heads fell last week in Washington at one swing of the axe wielded by President Roosevelt when he relieved Vice President Wallace of his duties as head of the Board of Economic Warfare and Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones from all duties having a bearing on economic warfare. At the same time he abolished the former board, transferred its duties to a new agency in which will be incorporated all branches of Mr. Jones' R.F.C. which are concerned with foreign warfare, to be headed by Leo T. Crowley, Alien Property Custodian.

Thus the President ends one of the major squabbles in Washington at a time when a war is being fought and harmony above all things is needed on the home front.

By toppling the man who was his choice for the vice presidency in 1940 and the man who has been his Secretary of Commerce he has in effect told every other public official and bureaucrat in Washington that he wants all this fighting stopped.

Without a doubt he has been long-suffering in this for the differences between Wallace and Jones have been the subject of scandal for a long time. The straw that broke the camel's back was when the two men took their quarrel into the open instead of threshing it out with their chief.

Then the lightning flashed and the thunderbolt struck.

Psychological Warfare

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 23 (Special Dispatch)—Psychological warfare has assumed really a sensational role in the evolution of the war.

Russia is evidently counting on a powerful repercussion from the formation in Moscow of a "free Germany" committee but it would not be surprising if the effect of the news were to begin to spread fear inside Germany concerning the kind of a military government likely to be imposed if Hitler's government is overthrown and the first overtures for peace are made by a new German government.

It may well be that Britain and America are content for the moment to let the dispatches from Moscow create the impression that as the war proceeds the German people may have to make a choice between surrender to Stalin or to the British-American mechanism for occupying Germany and holding it during the transition period that must precede the making of peace. If the German conservatives who have for many years lived in mortal terror of Communism insist on clinging to Hitler and prolonging the war, they may find a Red army marching into Berlin and dictating the internal administration of Germany for a long time.

It is conceivable that Britain and America are quite willing to let the effects of Moscow's newly announced activity sink in, for inevitably there must be a considerable churning of all these contingencies among German leaders as the turn of the tide in the war approaches.

Another Psychological Front

There is another front on which psychological warfare takes on new importance. It is in relation to the internal situation in Italy. It can well be imagined that the bombing of Rome was decided upon only after weighing all the pros and cons of the effects that might arise from such a bold step. There can be no denying that the Pope's protest and plea against further bombings was anticipated. It means a worldwide discussion of the dilemma in which the Allies find themselves as Mussolini hides his military arsenals under the shadow of sacred shrines and cultural monuments. Even now it is doubtful whether Mussolini will wish to declare Rome an "open city" because this would mean the shutting up of vital military plants located in Rome. The Italian dictator will count on the strength of the Pope's protest to keep the Allied airplanes away from Rome. Meanwhile, the Allies will be compelled to make more raids in order to impress the Italian people that they should demand the neutralization of Rome. It cannot be overlooked that the Allies are thus bent on achieving for themselves a military advantage by forcing the Italians virtually to abandon their military installations in Rome.

May Injure Allied Cause

As for the effect throughout the Catholic world it may be said that the Allied cause will not be materially improved and may even be damaged among the nations of the world, especially those which are not active participants or who cannot perceive the immediate objectives of a strategic nature involved in the decision to bomb Rome.

While the Vatican itself has not been touched and care will be taken in the future to avoid damage to the religious shrines of Rome it may be taken for granted that in these days of indiscriminate attack, with weather changes making targets sometimes difficult to discern, the risks in raiding Rome, if continued, may prove to be greater than the military gains.

It can be taken for granted that the bombing of military objectives in Rome is no surprise to the Pope. It will be recalled that Archbishop Spellman made a special trip to visit His Holiness a few weeks ago and it is plausible to assume that the Pope was advised that unless Mussolini declared Rome an open city the exigencies of military combat would require an intensified assault to put out of commission the sources from which the Italian government has been supplying the explosives and bullets with which to kill or maim American and Canadian and British and French troops now advancing in Sicily toward the Italian mainland. It will be interesting to see how this latest phase of psychological combat turns out, for it may influence the course of the Allies in subsequent military steps in Central Europe.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Nobody Won That Way

Charlie Michelson and his colleagues might resign their jobs and leave it to the Republicans to elect Franklin D. Roosevelt for his fourth term. If all the opponents of Wendell Willkie continue to say that they will vote for Roosevelt or not vote at all if Willkie is nominated—and if the Willkie crowd continues to threaten to vote Roosevelt if Willkie's particular notions are not accepted, Roosevelt will, of course, be elected. That Willkie had become a permanent candidate for the presidency was obvious in 1940, but that his adherents would seek to smash his party in the event that it rejected his aspirations was not to be expected.

The Republican National committee appointed a Republican Post-War Advisory council consisting of Governors, Senators, Representatives and party officials with Hoover, Landon and Willkie as counselors. This official body is to meet early in September. It is to lay the basis for the Republican campaign.

The Willkie Post-War Group

The Willkie crowd organized the Republican Post-War Policy association which met in New York and got itself a lot of publicity by speeches and resolutions designed to give the impression that it, in some manner, represented a great and powerful force in the Republican party. Actually, this group represents only Willkie strength in the eastern area in an effort to jump the gun, to blitz the Republican party, to reproduce in some manner the schoolboy hue and cry of the last convention. In addition, it gave the threat that if their program were not accepted, they would bolt.

Nothing would be more constructive than that. If they bolted, it would strengthen the Republican party. It would eliminate an element that has been politically confusing and destructive since it first appeared on the scene in 1940.

It is not so much what they say that is bothersome as what they do. Here we have the spectacle of candidate Wendell Willkie selling to himself as an official of a motion picture company the rights to produce a picture of "One World." This picture is to be a super-deluxe newsreel, done up a la Joe Davies's "Mission to Moscow" and will be launched as pre-convention propaganda to create a ferocious blitz on the Republicans who are to go to the convention to nominate a candidate.

Defeat for Willkie

Besides, if Wendell Willkie believes that he can defeat Franklin D. Roosevelt on the grounds that he knows Churchill, Stalin and Chiang, he is in for his second defeat. The voters will want to know something of his administrative experience and record and his philosophy of life. We are not to elect a jumping jack but a President in a tremendously complicated period in American life. And Republicans will remember that Willkie did his touring during the 1942 gubernatorial and Congressional campaigns when he should have been Johnny-on-the-Spot helping his party get some votes.

The whole business comes down to this: Willkie and his followers know that no man can be chosen at the next Republican convention unless he has the votes of the New York, Ohio, Illinois and California or Pennsylvania delegations. Today Willkie has no expectancy of any of these. The plan then is to frighten the Convention into nominating him. A frightened Convention may nominate—but the unfrightened voters will not elect.

(Copyrighted, 1943—Columbia News Service)

When you are below the teen-age, those aches are called 'growing pains'; after you reach 50, the same pains are called signs of old age.

Lest we forget, the children of the last generation remembered the lessons learned at Mother's knee....because they were upside down.

The operation to remove a child's tonsils is a success when it doesn't harm the child and makes mother feel better.

If he is addicted to fragrant after-shaving lotions, you just can't help wondering if he wouldn't enjoy a good cry.



Snyder County Germans As Viewed By An Outsider

By WILLIAM R. RUSS, JR.

The following paper was read by Dr. William A. Russ, Professor of History and Political Science at Susquehanna University, before a joint meeting of the Selinsgrove Rotary Club and The Snyder County Historical Society, held in the Governor Snyder Hotel at Selinsgrove on Thursday evening, Feb. 4, 1943. On this same occasion Prof. George F. Dunkelberger of Susquehanna University read a paper on "The Characteristics of the Pennsylvania German People" (as seen by one of them) which appeared in the ECK June 19 and 26, 1943.—ED.

(Conclusion)

The social-cultural unity has its drawbacks, which, luckily, are passing out of the picture. In the past it led to provincialism and isolation. Even yet a newcomer can sense a kind of provincialism at once. He soon learns that he had better not speak disparagingly of anybody because so many of the people are related. The strength of the family reunions is a remarkable aspect of the social integration of the County. If one runs through the Selinsgrove telephone directory, he learns how some names pile up as to number of telephones; many other families of the same name have no phones. He finds such figures as the following: 5 Auckers, 6 Boligs, 6 Burnses, 6 Boyers, 16 Fishers, 6 Gemberlings, 5 Groces, 8 Hertolds, 5 Hoovers, 7 Hummels, 7 Kellers, 5 Kratzers, 8 Millers, 11 Moyers, 8 Shaffers, 9 Smiths, and 6 Walters. In New York City the lead would not be taken by the Fishers but probably by the Cohens. It is evident that in the past there have been large families and that a few family names are the commonest. But a little thought will show that in the past there has been a great deal of inter-marying between a few families. This fact has produced many inter- and intra-family fights, as even a newcomer can son learn. Names indicate past inter-marying. Marion Schnure Schoch and Agnes Selin Schoch, for instance. For the sociologist, this long perpetuation of the in-group in the County would make an interesting study.

Still other reasons for the cultural and social homogeneity of the population are the Pennsylvania German dialect; the predominantly agricultural economy of the County, and, comparatively speaking, the lack of transportation facilities. The importance of the last can be envisioned had Selinsgrove been on the main line of the PRR. Removal of passenger service from the S & L has tended to increase this homogeneity, or if you wish, this provincialism. Nevertheless it is breaking up fast. Snyder County within recent years has become a part of the world. Fine roads have done much in this respect. Opportunities to work in factories elsewhere have done more. The First World War took families, whose ancestors had lived here for several generations, to other localities. The Pennsylvania Dutch dialect is dying out; proof of this is the fact that it was felt necesary to organize the annual Dutch dinner. Fifty years ago it would not have been necesary to take such measures to revive interest in the language. In the abolition of this County particularism, Susquehanna University has always been a chief factor. From the very beginning, it brought students from the outside and from other states. Many of these students married town girls; and many of the town boys married college girls. If they settled here, that fact brought in new blood. If they went elsewhere to live, the result was the same—the breaking down of the old social homogeneity and provincialism. Faculty people came to live here—many of them from distant states. President Smith is from Virginia and Buffalo. Fewer inter-marriages between County families took place because the cities and factories acted as magnets to draw boys elsewhere. Instead of so many marriages between the Ulrichs, Boyers, Schochs, Schnures, Wagensellers, etc., one notes marriages between the Russes and the Bickerstaffs—outlandish people from outlandish places—people who will not vote Republican, and who try to break down the old traditions about Governor Snyder's term of office.

I do not mean to say that in the past Snyder County boys never married girls from the outside, or that Snyder County girls always married into local or nearby families. What I do seek to point out is that exogamy has become more the rule than the exception. A few random examples will show this. Take our esteemed President, Dr. George Fisher. He tells me that his family usually married locally for four generations. He broke the chain by marrying a girl from Lehigh County. His two daughters and one of his sons married non-Snyder Countians. Another example will suffice. Sally Brungart married Fred Stevens of Minnesota, originally of Maine. There you have a real union of stalwart Republican Maine and stalwart Snyder County.

I suggest that ultimately this breaking down of the older feeling of localism will have an effect upon local government in the form of County consolidation. As long as most of the people are born, live, and die here, the much-needed reform of consolidating small counties into larger units to save money will not get anywhere. As more and more outsiders come in, without having their roots deep in the past of the County, local loyalties will mean less. I forbear saying any more on this score, for fear that we shall have a fight before I get through with my paper.

Thus the old provincialism, the older inter-family groups, and the old ways are being broken down. I believe all will agree that in the long run it is for the good. This present war will add to the trend. It should be stressed that the change is to be expected and that it could not be otherwise. The reason is that there is always a surplus of boys and girls in a rural community who cannot find economic opportunities. As cities and industries grow up elsewhere, the young drift away, because the rural area cannot hold them. How many people living in New York City were born there?

I do not wish to leave this phase of the subject without pointing out again that Susquehanna University has been a powerful factor in this dispersal of Snyder County youth to other places. Because the college is here, an abnormal number of local youths receive a higher education. That is one of the benefits of having a college in one's town. Selinsgrove should be the most educated town in the county. Expenses are not so high because the young people can live at home while studying. Once they have graduated, Selinsgrove and Snyder County cannot absorb them. The public schools of the town and of the County do not have jobs enough for all of our local youth who train to be teachers. In fact, the local schools should not use them, for inbreeding in education is as bad as in families. The result is that these graduates find employment somewhere else, many of them in other states. This is as it should be, but it militates against the old provincialism. I venture to say that Selinsgrove and Snyder County have provided, for this and other states, more teachers in proportion to population than most small towns and small counties in the country. Snyder County teachers and Snyder County people in all professions, who have been trained at the college, are found everywhere in the country. Some one ought to make a study (it would not be hard to do) of the widespread contribution everywhere in the Nation of Snyder County boys and girls who, having received their education here, could not find employment at home and went somewhere else. In my opinion it is a contribution that is enormous, but it is a contribution that is crushing out forever the old-time cultural and social isolation of the County. Here is a farm boy who gets an education and becomes a professor—but not in Snyder County; here is a local girl who meets her future husband on the campus, but they go elsewhere to live; here is a County boy who meets his future wife who comes from another state, but he goes to some other County or state to be a minister or a doctor or a teacher. There are so many examples that to prove the statement is needless. I shall mention only three: Claude Mitchell, a graduate of Susquehanna, who is principal at West Newton; Sam Bulick, who is superintendent at Greensburg; and Robert Boyer who is teaching at Muhlenberg.

I do not think the people of the County should be sorry about the ending of the older practice of intermarriage between a few old families. Bringing in of new blood is highly desirable; great people come from mixtures, not from inbreeding. I know for a fact that in the place where I was born and reared in Westmoreland County, the old Scotch-Irish clans had intermarried so much that the lines were deteriorating and running out. They were saved by large numbers of Slavic immigrants who poured in, much against the wishes of the older stocks; but the so-called Hunkies and Pollocks, in the second and third generations, intermarried with the Scotch-Irish. An improvement is visible on all sides.

I think I should not close without touching on one other aspect of the problem. Inasmuch as I have been teaching Pennsylvania German students for almost ten years—some of them your sons and daughters—you would no doubt like to know what impresion I have of them. I am not going to try to flatter you by saying they are brilliant, or wonderful, or remarkable. Nor am I going to say they are poor, because they are no poorer in ability than most others from non-German families. Instead, I am going to tell you the truth. I have found a few brilliant people, but not many. Most of them have been average in intelligence; most of them have been pretty fair workers; all have been cooperative; all have been conservative. I believe they have represented quite accurately the general characteristics of the people of the County. There is only one adverse criticism that I would make. They are not prone to open up and express themselves. I seldom know what they are thinking or whether they are thinking at all. I have often longed in my classes for comment, or even objection by the students, in order to learn whether they are being stirred up or not. I have found most German students attentive but unwilling to commit themselves. I have closed my classes time and again, after having given what I thought were provocative ideas, but without getting a chirp either in assent or in objection. Some unkind critics have laid this fact to lack of imagination or to a plodding, stolid, make-up. I would rather steal Professor Gilbert's explanation and make it my own; namely, that the Pennsylvania German is innately modest, even to the point of having an inferiority complex, and does not put his best foot forward. In the long run, this quality is better than being radical and Bolshevik; but I submit that the German has sufficient good qualities to justify his putting himself forward now and then.

To say, however, that the Snyder County German does not express himself very much because he is innately modest, is in my judgment only part of the reason. I believe that, just as important, is the fact that he is practical-minded and therefore not primarily interested in ideas or theories, or things intellectual. For generations he has been dealing with the practical, work-a-day problems of farming, making a living with his hands, and confronting the problems raised by nature. In brief he is non-intellectual. Notice I do not say he is anti-intellectual. He is non-intellectual, that is, things of the mind simply do not interest him greatly. He is not given to working with ideas, or theories, and such; hence many people of Snyder County are not very much interested in education. When we get the young people in college, we are likely to find that they do not go for intellectualism, or theories, or analysis of ideas. I have often tried to get a few of our students to meet in a discussion group to talk about world and national problems, but after 10 years I have not succeeded. I remember that Vincent Frattali, recently killed in North Africa, asked me whether I would be willing to meet with a group to discuss various problems of general interest. I said I would be delighted, provided he got as many as five to make it worthwhile. After some effort, he reported back that he could not get five, and that our students said they were not interested, or prefered to go to the movies. I think also that this non-intellectualism explains the almost impossible problem of getting either students or townspeople to come out to the college to attend lectures.

In conclusion, I wish to say that as I see the people of Snyder County they are largely agricultural, Protestant, white, conservative, patriotic, practical-minded, and still somewhat provincial. I suggest that most or all of these labels are rather rapidly becoming out of date because of education, transportation, and the present war. It is hardly necesary to say that the people of the County will remain patriotic, whether or not they become less agricultural, less Protestant, less conservative, and less provincial. In case it is not already clear from what I have said, I wish to make certainty doubly certain by saying that I consider the Germans of Snyder County a fine people, whose faults are rapidly being diluted under the stress of the modern world. Many times in my classes I have had occasion to pay tribute to the sterling, if unprogressive, attributes of the Pennsylvania German. Usually some non-German student has asked how I account for the fact that the Pennsylvania Germans are such desirable people, whereas the Germans back in Germany are Nazi, militaristic, and undemocratic. My answer always is that the best of the Germans left Germany to come to America, and the proof of their worth is the fact that they came.

ER ISS EN BRAAFER SOLDAAT WIE SEI DAADI

Die Welt, wu mir heit drin wuhne,
iss en wieschter, schrecklicher Blatz,
Mit Feier un Funke un Draene
un Blut, mit me kalte Haerz;
Awwer deel vun uns sin doch glicklich;
verleicht hen sie wie ich un du
Far unser Druwwel zu dreeschte,
die Lieb vum me gleene Buh—
Er iss en braafer Soldaat
wie sei Daadi!

Wie sei Daadi uns verlosse hot,
in den grosse Grieg zu geh,
Waare die drei vun uns in Draene,
unser Haerzer g'fiehlt wie Schtee;
Dann saagt sei Daadi zu unserm Bu:
Geb gut Acht uff dei Mammi, Mann!
Ich loss sie in deine Hend, weil ich
net bei eich bleiwe kann—
Sei en braafer Soldaat
wie dei Daadi!

Er iss en gleener Grollkopp
mit me scheene, freindliche G'sicht;
Awwer uff seine yunge Schuldere
draagt er en schwer Gewicht;
Holt mir Hols, schpringt noch'm Schtor,
muss ebbes Schweres draage—
Dutt er sei gleene Hend in meine,
du kannscht ihn heere saage:
Bin ich en braafer Soldaat
wie mei Daadi?

Die Soldaate in seim Schpielsach
schtehne graad un schtrack in Roihe;
Mit laudi Schproch kommandiert er sie,
kann sich gut entschoiye;
Un allemol gewinnt sei Seit,
sie gewwe sich gaar net nunner;
Sei Aage glitzere, er iss so schtols
un saagt: "Nau Mammi, ich wunner,
Sin sie so braafe Soldaate
wie mei Daadi?"

Un wann er sich oweds hiegnied
un bed far sei Daadi dart draus,
Un sei Grollkopp fallt als nunner
uffs Bett, muss ich alsemol naus,
As er yo sei Mammi net sehne kann;
wie ich fiehl, darf er net wisse;
Er muss ruhe un schlofe un draame
uff seim gleene Koppekisse:
Was en braafer Soldaat
iss sei Daadi!

Un ich un der Bu awaarte die Zeit—
o sell gebt en freehlicher Daag!—
Wann die Kanone widder ruhich sin,
wann mer in Friede lewe maag;
Wann unser Daadi dennoh zerick kummt—
un deiner, sell hoff ich aa—
Dann kenne mir all saage,
yeder Bu un stolsi Fraa:
"Er waar en braafer Soldaat
wie sei Daadi."

—MABEL G. SAYER.

There Was An Old Woman

En aldi Grossmammi die wuhnt imme Schuh,
Sie hot so viel Kinner un Druwwel dezu;
Sie gebt ne zu esse, doch yo net zu fett,
Sie gaerbt sie gedichtich un yaagt sie ins Bett.

Cobbler, Cobbler, Mend My Shoe

Schuhmacher, Schuhmacher, flick mer die Schuh,
Saag mer aa graad, wie g'schwind hoscht's geduh;
Sin sie net faerdich bis halwer zwelf,
Dann mach mer sie yuscht bis halwer elf!

Schuhmacher, Schuhmacher, flick mer die Schuh,
Sin newe verrisse, dart naeh mer sie zu;
Do breiche sie 'n Rieschder, dart breiche sie'n Fleck,
Un hoschte sie faerdich, dann hol ich sie weck.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

Deaths of a Day

MRS. A. WILLIS SCHMEYER

Mrs. Frances Pearl Schmeyer, wife of A. Willis Schmeyer of 838 Cumberland St., died at her home at 3 a. m. Friday after an illness of four years. She had been bedfast for the past six months.

Mrs. Schmeyer, who was 51 years of age, was born in Catasauqua, a daughter of Charlette L., nee Kroninger, and the late Richard Peters. She came to Allentown as a child, and she was a member of Christ Lutheran church.

Surviving besides her mother and her husband are three daughters, Norma C., at home; Charlotte L., wife of Edward Heiser, and Dorothy E., wife of Ernest Freeman, both of Allentown; a grandson, four sisters, Mrs. Mabel J. Dech and Emma, wife of Ralph Bleiler, Allentown; Elizabeth, wife of William Cressman, Danielsville R. 1, and Mrs. Annie Bower, Catasauqua, and one brother, Curtis D. Peters, Allentown.

Rev. Russell Stein of the Muhlenberg college faculty will officiate at funeral services to be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Freeman, 213 Lehigh St. Interment will be made in Fairview cemetery.

MRS. MARIA GONTKOVSKY

Maria, nee Longa, Gontkovsky, widow of Andrew Gontkovsky, died at 10:20 a. m. yesterday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Brudnak, 138 Bridge St., Egypt.

Mrs. Gontkovsky was born in Slovakia, a daughter of the late Joseph and Katherine, nee Svitana, Longa. She was a resident of Egypt for the past 30 years.

She was a member of the Holy Trinity Catholic church, Catasauqua; a member of the lodge of the Assumption of Blessed Mother. No. 192, Society of Ladies of Pennsylvania of Roman and Greek Catholic Union, Catasauqua.

Surviving are the following children: Mrs. Vavrek Naupaver, Mrs. Martin Brudnak, John Gontkovsky, all of Egypt; Sue Gontkovsky, Emmaus; Mrs. John Patrick, Coplay, and Andrew Gontkovsky, Evansville, Berks county. Her husband died five months ago. Twelve grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held from the Brudnak residence, 138 Bridge St., Tuesday, 8:30 a. m., with solemn requiem mass in Holy Trinity Catholic church, Catasauqua, at 9 a. m. Interment will be made in St. Andrew's Catholic church cemetery, Catasauqua.

SAMUEL EBERWEIN

Samuel Eberwein, a native of Slatington, passed away at his home in Salem, Ohio, on Tuesday, July 20. He was 46 years of age.

Eberwein was the son of Albert Eberwein of Slatington. He moved to Ohio in 1919, where he was assistant superintendent of the Electric Engineering Corp. in Salem.

Surviving besides his father are his widow and three children, in Salem, and a brother George, Slatedale.

Services will be held in Salem on Saturday.

MRS. CATHERINE E. FRIED

Mrs. Catherine E. Fried, wife of the late R. Miles Fried, died yesterday at the Allentown hospital following a lengthy illness. She was 89 years of age.

A native of Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county, she was a daughter of the late James and Elizabeth, nee Boyer, Diener, and resided in that section during her youth. She came to Allentown more than 40 years ago.

She was a member of the Seventh Day Adventist church.

Mrs. Fried is survived by only a sister, Mary Diener, who resided with her at 213 N. Poplar St.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 3:30 p. m. at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment at West End-Union cemetery.

HENRY CRILLEY

Henry Crilley, 71, of 58 W. Broadway, Mauch Chunk, died at 10:25 a. m. yesterday in the Palmerton hospital, two and one-half hours after he was admitted. He had been ill for several years.

Born in Mauch Chunk, he was a retired brakeman of the Central Railroad Co. of New Jersey, having had 50 years of service with the company. He was retired in 1935. He was a member of the Immaculate Conception church, Mauch Chunk.

Surviving are his widow, the former Freida Brumm, Mauch Chunk, who is seriously ill, and the following children: Kenneth, Allentown; Mrs. Harry Gruver, Verilla, Evelyn and Franklin, Mauch Chunk. A sister, Mrs. Margaret Harter, Jersey City, N. J., also survives.

MRS. MARIA ARNDT

Mrs. Maria Arndt, wife of the late Osbin Arndt, a lifelong resident of Lehigh county, died Thursday night at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Kratzer, 31 N. 5th St., Emmaus. She was in her 89th year.

Mrs. Arndt was born in Weisenberg township, a daughter of the late Nicholas and Caroline, nee Buck. Werley, and spent her youth in the vicinity of the place of her nativity. For 35 years prior to the death of her husband 22 years ago, she resided on the outskirts of Emmaus. Since her husband's death she has made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Kratzer.

The venerable woman was progenitor of 62 survivors, including four daughters and four sons. They are Mrs. Edwin Sterner, Slatington; Mrs. Edwin Kratzer, Mrs. Noble Miller and Mrs. Raymond George, all of Emmaus; Elmer and Wayne, Emmaus; Walter, Vera Cruz, and Edwin, Emmaus R. 1. There are 26 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren surviving.

Funeral services, at which Rev. Paul Spieker will officiate, will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kratzer, her late residence, Monday at 1:30 p. m. Interment in the Lutheran and Reformed cemetery in Emmaus.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

'S Onnishder K'hoert Kot

Die Mabel Adams fon Newtown hut uns da onner dawg g'sawt, sie het 'n gawissnie altie g'shicht os m'r die ledshd woch fertzailt hen doh im kolum, gons onnishder k'hoert kot. 'S wor die g'shicht woh der Fodder sei boo fert noch 'm wertshous g'shick'd hut woh 'n dons om aw gae wor, fer sich 'n fraw sucha. Der young kerl wor noh glei dahame un hut 'm Fodder g'sawt wie ainer 'n rote kotz ous ra box ganumma het, un ewwa so weiter wie m'r die g'shicht fertzailt hen.

Die Mabel secht, sie het die same g'shicht k'hoert, un der yung kerl wear aw glei widder dahame gawest gons ous ochdem. Wie der Fodder gawunnert het ferwos er net langer gabliva wear, het er fertzailt wie 'n gang kerl nei kumma weara un hetta uf brigel gabissa bis die brigel gagrisha hetta, un ol die onnerra weara im gringle rum g'shpunga un er wear's aintsich'd gawest es loch g'funna het fer nous.

M'r shure worra froh tzu hoera wie die Mabel die g'shicht k'hoert hut kot. So fiel fon denna alta g'shichta sin weit rum bakont, ow'r alla gagend hut wenich 'n onnerer waig fer sie fertzalla.

Net Draw Gakent

Der "Ira Bickle", odder ewwa der Ellenshpiegel wie ers beshd bakont is in darra gagend, hut sich mohl ferding'd ols hostler tzu ma Porra. Sundawg moryets hut der Porra 'm "Ellie" g'sawt er sot g'shwind nous gae der wogga shmierra fer noch da kerrich gae. Der "Ellie' is uf der chob, un hut fer 'n aewichsie lang g'shoft bis er fartich wor. Der Porra hut endlich garufa, wunnerra eb er net bol fartich g'shmiert het. Wie der "Ellie" g'sawt hut er wear fartich, is der Porra nous un bol fon sich kumma wie er g'sehna hut wos der "Ellie" gaduh hut kot. Der gons wogga, top un allas wor ol ae shmier, un der Porra nadierlich hut gawunnert, "Ellie, Ellie, wos hosh'd du doh gaduh?"

"Ei grawd wos duh g'sawt hosh'd os ich sot," hut der Ellie g'sawt, "ich hob der wogga g'shmiert."

"Wel,' hut der Porra g'sawt, "hosh'd 'n don aw g'shmiert dart in side woh die radder drin rum gain?"

"Nay," hut der Ellie g'sawt "darta howwich net draw gakent."

—J. S., Cherryville.

K'Hoert fon Ma Freind

Fon wem dada n'r denka os m'r geshter k'hoert hen? Ei fon niemond shunsh'd os wie unser'm freind Paul M. Meitzler fon Alburtis, ow'r woh uf da onner side 'm sae is, Deitscha fechta. Woh er is darf er net sawga, un mier wolla aw net sawga fon wos fer ma lond os er uns 'n shtick gelt g'shick'd hut, un woh m'r sare shtoltz mit sin. Der brief wor g'shriva da 17d June, un hen 'n grick'd da 23d July.

Der Paul kon net sawga wie shae os es lond is woh er wor. Darrich der Moy wear der grund ol gadeck'd gawest mit rota bluma wie unser poppies dahame, yusht fiela roter. Der Paul secht, er het sei trip dart niver arrick gaglicha, un dade sie noch so fiela besser gleicha, wons tzurick hame gang'd.

Ains fon da socha os er wunnert dawaiga is, wie der Nevin un die Edna Ely fon Trexlershteddle aw kaimta. Er secht er het ihna aw shun g'schriva, ow'r dade arrick wenich hoerra fon ihna. Der Paul of kours bild sich die socha da rechda waig ei won er denk'd wie er secht in seim brief, "der Nevin is gawiss so bisy wie 'n gluck mit aim yunga, seinie freind fish shtories fertzaila." Un shwetza fon "Fish" maint der Paul, der Nevin het ferleicht so gore bei darra tzeit 'n fish marrick uf g'shtart in Trexlershteddle,—'n fish marrick mit ma grossa sign owwich da dier, "Elys Frish Fish Marrick."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der policemon "Spud" Sperling doh fon da shtadt hut mohl 'n mashina shub gabout unna weiters fiel boddera mit 'm tzol shtawb fer sehna wie gross os der shub werra dade.

'S airsht mohl os er nei g'fohra is mit da mashine, hut er ous g'funna os der shub so ang is os er die mashina dierra net uf mocha hut kenna fer fon da mashine, un hut widder tzurick nous backa missa fer runner groddla.

Fon darta ob hut er die mashine noh ols fon hond ei un ous sheeva missa bis der shub shpaiter nous tzomma g'falla is wie er 'n dier draw mocha hut wolla.

Ded "Spud" hut die dier fiela graiser grick'd wies dierra g'shteld, un die dier hut sich so arrick gaglamm'd wie er sies airsht mohl uf mocha hut wolla os der gons mashina shub tzomma garissa hut eb er die dier uf grick'd hut.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

A sharp temper, fierce emotions and a vivid imagination are your salient traits if this is your birthday. Beware of praise and flattery. Be more poised and level-headed. Develop self-confidence. You have talent and ability, but you must believe in yourself. A risk during the shadow-filled hours of the night may result in tragedy on this birthday. Don't put off anything that can be finished quickly. Stick to routine this morning and ignore distractions that involve expense. Don't spend money for a luxury. It may not suit you. Don't be offended when people disagree with you. At the same time, do not assume that they are right. There is a wide margin for error this afternoon.

25 Years Ago Today

July 24, 1918—A Wednesday

John P. White, former president of the United Mine Workers of America, and Rembrandt Peale, coal operator of Central Pennsylvania, were named joint heads of a special bureau of labor to settle coal miners disputes, according to an announcement by Federal Fuel Administrator Garfield.

Ralph E. Horlacher was officially reported as killed in France due to the accidental explosion of a machine gun. Horlacher was believed to have been the first Allentown member of

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.
—Cheney.

A RED LETTER DAY FOR CITY

Completion of the paving of the Hamilton Street hill and its reopening to traffic really makes today a red letter day on Allentown's calendar.

It has been an anomaly that, whereas the street system of Allentown has been uniformly excellent for a period of forty years largely because the City has expended consistently more money upon this type of improvements than upon any other, this short stretch of highway from the Lehigh Valley railroad station to Penn Street generally has been in execrable condition.

Now if there be one thing that the citizens of any community desire it is to make a good impression upon their visitors. Yet for decades visitors arriving in this city by railroad or coming into or leaving it over the main street have passed over this miserable, rough highway. While other much-traveled hills in the city were put in good condition for modern motor traffic, it appeared as if there were no solution for the conditions that made this section of highway so wretched.

It is a credit to the present City administration that the problem was attacked and that, by and with the cooperation of the Lehigh Valley Transit Co., the steep hill has been made one of the finest as to paving in the entire city.

ALMOST ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

It has been a peculiarity of the present war that weekends and especially Sundays have brought the most stirring and important developments.

All the indications are that the weekend upon which we are entering is to follow this pattern. For one thing the British cabinet was routed out of bed early yesterday morning for lengthy sessions and all members were ordered by Prime Minister Churchill to forego the customary British weekend holidays in order to be in readiness at any time for the discussion of important matters. The usually very well-informed British press is hinting at big breaks in the European war situation.

These breaks may occur at any moment in Sicily, where the United Nations after some pause have resumed their advance against the Germans and remaining Italians; on the Italian mainland, where Marshal Badoglio and King Victor Emmanuel must be mulling General Eisenhower's peace terms as the Italian people cry for liberty and peace; in Hungary, Rumania or Bulgaria, where those satellite peoples are weary of a war that is getting them nowhere and that, with Mussolini's deposal, seems definitely on the downgrade for the Axis.

Almost anything can happen, just as so many epochal events have occurred during other weekends in this war.

GETTING READY FOR THE AIR AGE

Announcement yesterday that the Firestone Aircraft Co. has purchased the plant and patents of the G. and A. Aircraft corporation near Willow Grove indicates the faith of another great business concern that the era after this war is going to be an air era as to transportation.

By the purchase of this concern, Firestone indicates its intention to build commercial planes on the autogiro or helicopter principle, or both. Inasmuch as these types of planes have been regarded as probably the safest as to operation by the average person and also the simplest as to take-offs and landings because so little space is required, it has been predicted that it is the commercial plane of the future, as far as the vast majority of people will be concerned.

This type of plane is believed to be the answer for those who are not accessible to landing fields with their vast, cleared areas and smooth, long runways. It has been proclaimed the "Ford" of the air age.

At any rate a very big concern is indicating faith both in an air age and in a type of plane that promises to make flying more nearly universal than it now can be.

WAR CRIMINALS MUST NOT ESCAPE

There was a great deal of threatening as to what was going to happen to the men who were held responsible for the World War No. 1, but nothing was done about it. Kaiser Wilhelm ran away into Holland, lived a luxurious and honored life there and, after all the sabre-rattling that he had done for a score of years and four years of war ultimately died peacefully in bed in Doorn.

The United Nations in this war are equally insistent that the men clearly responsible not alone for the making of the current war but those who committed its many brutalities and inhumanities shall not get off unscathed; that they shall not be regarded as mere losers in a great contest of strength who shall be permitted to pass their declining years in the comfort of ill-got gains that they sequestered in neutral countries.

In the fear that these war criminals like rats are going to desert the sinking Axis ship as the debacle continues, President Roosevelt yesterday issued a statement and plea to every neutral country on earth to refuse asylum to any and all of these criminals. He has added that the United Nations will regard any contrary action as inconsistent with the principles for which they are fighting.

The plea to the neutrals should not have been unexpected. Throughout the participation of the United States in the war President Roosevelt has told the world that the war criminals will have to stand trial in the countries which they have oppressed and answer for their acts. He has indicated that terms of peace will include the surrender of such criminals.

He now is seeking to lock every other door by which men like Mussolini, Hitler, Goering, Tojo and others may think it will be possible to escape their just dues.

READMISSION TO THE UNITED STATES

Motorists on the Eastern seaboard will hope that the information of William J. Gottlieb, president of the Automobile Club of New York, is correct when he says that there will be an ending of the gas-rationing muddle within two weeks, that the pleasure-driving ban will be ended and that there will be halt to other practices that have made motorists in these parts wonder whether they are living in the United States or whether they are residents of some alien country who must be treated in unfavorable, discriminatory manner.

More liberal control of the use of gasoline is going to be effected, he says, and motorists in this part of the country are going to "find themselves back in the United States with a right to transportation equal to that granted to residents of the Middle West."

Motorists will ask and desire no more.

Wrong Approach

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 30 (Special Dispatch)—There may have been some extenuating circumstances which will prove some day perhaps that the strategy of bluster and threat was needed but President Roosevelt's radio speech failed in a great moment of contemporaneous history to express toward Italy the constructive purpose which befits the role of America, the liberator rather than conqueror.

If the purpose of Messrs. Churchill and Roosevelt is to invite the liberated Italian people to become a potential ally—to be comrades in arms under the banner of democracy and the four freedoms—the iterated demand for "unconditional surrender" has a hollow sound. It fits better with the concept of subjugation of an enemy rather than with the idea of securing active aid and wholehearted cooperation especially in the many delicate military situations in the Balkans that revolve around aid to us from Italy.

Military Men Should Make Demands

No people likes to be told in so many words that they must lay down their arms and do the bidding of an occupying army but when these words must be spoken—and in this case they are essential from a military viewpoint—then it is far better for such humiliating words to be formally presented by military commanders rather than by the President or the Prime Minister.

The situation in 1918 when President Wilson asked for unconditional surrender and an acceptance of his terms for an armistice was quite different since we were not in the midst of war but at the end of the fighting with our principal enemy. In the case of Italy it has been generally supposed that we need Italy's cooperation and that it is conceivable Italian divisions might at any moment be turning on the Nazi divisions.

The Italian people, according to allied propaganda, have been friendly to us from the start and have fought on the side of the Axis only because a Fascist dictatorship compelled them to do so. If this thesis is incorrect now then there may have been reasons for the Churchill-Roosevelt approach. If on the other hand it is still our purpose not merely to occupy Italy but to win the enthusiastic support and friendship of the Italian people, then the Roosevelt-Churchill pronouncements are a disappointing and disheartening example of the lack of vision in the statesmanship on the allied side.

Mistake in Judgment

The President's mistake in judgment in using so important an occasion to make a campaign speech to men in the armed services, following the tactics he has used since 1933 in winning votes by offering sums from the public treasury, will not soon be forgotten for it will bring, as it already has from members of Congress, the unfortunate accusation that he has begun his campaign for reelection for a fourth term. From his own standpoint, and considering politics only, the President stole a march on his political opponents by getting a program ready for demobilization but it will always be questioned whether the predominance of self-interest in that speech will not be perceived by listeners even in the armed services and thus detract from its political effectiveness.

There are many crises ahead and many delicate stages through which the world must pass before the will to peace breaks down military resistance against us and if the Churchill-Roosevelt chauvinism is all that the United Nations can offer to a humanity crying out for an enlightened idealism then the so-called era of peace may be indefinitely postponed till new leadership, in tune with the aspirations of peoples everywhere, may emerge to interpret the true wishes of mankind.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

TOWARD A UNIFIED FOREIGN POLICY

Back in 1917 and 1918 I was in what was then called Petrograd in Russia, working on a local English newspaper, the Russian Daily News. I came into daily contact with the curious phenomenon that the United States had has many foreign policies as there were Americans in Petrograd.

The Russians were puzzled. They said that it was impossible to include the United States in any calculations because American policy was so confused. Years later, I witnessed the same spectacle in China.

Lack of Ministerial System

These vagaries are possible because we lack a ministerial system. Our cabinet officers are secretaries-in-fact to the President. He may, if he so desires, conduct any department of his administration in such a manner that the Cabinet officer who presides over it has to subordinate his authority. The President may, quite constitutionally, conduct the foreign policy of this country altogether on his own. Wilson did that and Franklin D. Roosevelt has done it often. The principal fault of this system in operation is that subordinates and friends of the President often act on the assumption that the Department of State can and even should be ignored.

The obvious error of the OWI in jumping the gun last Sunday is a case in point. The news of the fall of Mussolini had come suddenly and unexpectedly. It was necessary to improvise a policy of action within the structure of our basic commitments to Great Britain and Soviet Russia. It was not clear, on Sunday, precisely what the fall of Mussolini would mean in terms of bringing Italy out of the war. Obviously, the Italians would have to be wary, for they faced several difficult tasks. To name three: 1. They had to liquidate the two-decade old Fascist control of their country while averting civil war; 2. They had to placate Germany sufficiently so that they could get their armies and labor corps back from the Balkans and Germany; 3. They had to explore the possibilities of peace or even perhaps of joining the United Nations group.

OWI Oversteps Bounds

On Sunday, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Stalin and Mr. Hull avoided comment. But the OWI stepped into the breach, before the news was certain or the character of the change clear, and announced that the King of Italy possessed moronic qualities and that Marshal Badoglio is a Fascist. In a word, an OWI broadcast gave the Italians the impression that American policy was that the government of the United States is as antagonistic to the King and Badoglio as to Mussolini. Only the President of the United States can say that.

The OWI ought to be a transmission belt, not a policy-making body. It ought to have no discretion whatsoever in determining for itself or anyone else what the foreign policy of this country is or should be. The OWI foreign broadcasts ought to be rigidly controlled by the State Department which alone should be recognized as the official and formal agency for the dissemination of the views on foreign affairs of the President and his administration. Except as the President speaks and acts in his own right, no agency of government, except the State Department, should express in any manner any attitude toward foreign affairs. Only by such a unification of policy and purpose can our diplomacy be made an effective arm of war.

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Yes, you and I get our reputation on the installment plan....only mine won't belong to me until after I'm dead.

I've never been able to figure out whether a newspaper man worries because he makes so little, or, makes so little because he worries.



DER MOND

Der Mond scheint iwwer die Berge,
Der Mond scheint iwwer die Schtadt,
Un wann der Mond kann denke,
Denkt er en gansi Lot.

Un wann der Mond kennt schwetze
Un saage, was er seht
Vun ungezogene Buwe
Un vun verdorwene Maed,

Dann misst mer noch meh lese,
Un mer hen schun zu viel,
Vun litterlichem Wese
Un schendlichem Geschpiel.

'S iss besser, dass er schtill iss
Dart drowwe in der Nacht;
Doch bin ich schur die Mensche
Warre vun ihm ausgelacht.

Un Manches sett sich schemme,
Wann es nuffguckt un seht
Wie er so ruhich un sober
Sei Weg am Himmel geht.

Er meind sei eegne Bissness
Un geht sei eegne Baahn
Heit wie vor dausend Yohre,
Geht immer schtill voran.

Un yeder Mensch kann laerne
Vun unserem Mond, der will,
Sei Lewe fartzufiehre
So ruhich un sanft un schtill.

—Louise A. Weitzel.

REVIEW

HOME CRAFT COURSES. By Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser.—Volume I. Home Craft Course in Pottery. Volume II. Home Craft Course in Pennsylvania German Pottery. Volume III. Home Craft Course in Pennsylvania German Design.—Schlechter's, Printers and Publishers, Allentown, Pa. $1 Each.

The desire to restore the arts and crafts of the past in an age when folkart as a community expression has long since ceased to be functional may seem to some a futile romantic incongruity. No more so however than that of a millionaire who is willing to pay $2,000 for a sgraffito pie plate that was used by some Pennsylvania German housewife four generations ago. Should only museums and wealthy collectors be in possession of articles that once adorned the simplest households, when the human thirst for beauty remains unslaked by the mass production of our machine age? When some years ago Thomas and Isaac Stahl, two aging brothers in Lehigh County resolved to return to the pottery craft of their father, it was not long before they found it difficult to supply the demands for the products of their hands and kiln.

With a fine and sympathetic feeling for the old forms and designs Mildred Davis Keyser has followed in the steps of the Stahl Brothers and has for some years been reproducing the pottery wares of our Pennsylvania German forefathers as well as creating new forms and designs out of the old. An enthusiast in her work and a believer in the spiritual values of creating lovely things with the hands, Mrs. Keyser has since last March been conducting classes in pottery in the hopes that others might also share in the pleasures of her craft. And now she has attempted to extend the field of her mission by publishing the first three of a series of pamphlets designed for self instruction.

The first of these, "Home Craft Course in Pottery," is meant to offer a practical rather than a theoretical approach to the subject. The methods of making and decorating pottery are set forth in simple terms. It contains thirteen lessons in which one learns of the treatment of clay; the methods of coil formation; the process of sgraffito decorating; the making of molds; glazing and firing. All this is reduced to the irreducible and one can not help feeling that it is a long way from these simple processes to the beautiful products of the author's own workshop.

The second book, "Home Craft Course in Pennsylvania German Pottery," sets forth the method of making Pennsylvania German pottery for the modern potter; the preparation of the clay; slip painting, sgraffito, glazing and firing. This book is taken up largely with designs, freely drawn from old sgraffito and slip ware plates, in which the author has tried to furnish designs that have appeared in print less frequently and concludes with some designs for shapes thrown on the wheel.

The third booklet, "Home Craft Course in Pennsylvania German Design" will make the greatest general appeal. Its title, as only the interior title-page denotes, would seem to be Pennsylvania German design as applied to pottery, although some of the many designs here offered can also be used in block printing, embroidery, and the painting of chairs and chest panels. This booklet is more valuable for the wealth of designs and motifs it offers than for the careful coordination and disposition of its material. It lists the arts of the Pennsylvania Germans without again referring to them in the text itself. It presents a very brief history of the origins of Pennsylvania German art (calling it also here and there Pennsylvania Dutch). The author touches upon its symbolism, which when developed at length can become very vague and when treated briefly very erroneous. These obscure esoteric utterings, of which the Pennsylvania Germans had little if any consciousness themselves, do not deter from the value and usefulness of the designs here offered. Perhaps it will give the reader an added thrill of delight to sense that the blue dot in the tail feather of a peacock is the eye of God, or that the rhythmic round of petals in a flower denotes the presence of God. The rose of Sharon may be sweeter for its name, but by whatever name we may call them, the value of these designs lies in the fact that they were produced when the world was young and reacted freshly and rhythmically upon the simple objects of nature. Their spontaneous forms remain forever fresh and decorative and continue to give new life and vigor to the arts and crafts of today.

Copies of these books can be got by addressing Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, "Brookcroft," Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

—P.A.B.

Pennsylvania Bound!

EARLY in June, 1804, George Kiess, aged fifty-two, set out from his home in Moehringen, Germany. Together with his wife and six children, his son-in-law and one grandchild he sought a new home in distant Pennsylvania. Life had become intolerable for members of the Dunkard faith, whose precept forbade them to bear arms against Napoleon, or to enter the lists on the Conqueror's side after levies were imposed. Some of the Brethren had been imprisoned in Wuerttemburg, out were released when they promised to leave their Fatherland and rid the German princes of the added expense of maintaining prisons for conscientious objectors. For more than a century persecuted Germans had fled from the Fatherland in order to worship God as only freemen can. George Kiess and his dear ones would migrate to Pennsylvania.

From Moehringen also came Friedrich Emhard the tailor, Leonhard and Thomas Ulmer, farmer and shoemaker respectively, Leonhard Staeger, weaver, and Georg Walz, Kiess's son-in-law. These men brought their wives and children. Other fellow townsmen who joined the exodus to America were single men—John and Gottlieb Heim, both weavers who had suffered internment in jail rather than compromise their religious convictions, and David Yung, a joiner, who also left his Moehringen home to accompany those who believed as he did. Later both Gottlieb Heim and David Yung became ministers of the Dunkard faith in Pennsylvania. There were other Dunkard families in the group. Many of them came from the neighboring villages of Pfullingen and Rohr.

The party journeyed along the Enns River, through Saxheim to Frantfort-on-the-Main and thence down to the Rhine. By slow stages they made their way from Mayence to Utrecht in Holland and from there to Amsterdam. The journey hither had taken two weeks. Another week was spent in Amsterdam awaiting the sailing of the Ship MARGARET of which Captain E. C. Gardener was Master. The MARGARET was chartered by the firm of Brinker and Bartow, merchants of Philadelphia, and although she would have to pass through the Channel between warring England and France her American registry gave her the status of a neutral. The Ship ATLANTIC carrying a company of Rappists to Harmony, Pennsylvania, had left Amsterdam only a few days in advance of the MARGARET.

On July 3 Captain Gardener's ship set sail westward. "A thunder storm in the distance greeted us," wrote George Kiess in his Diary. "We were contented and sang the hymn "Jesus, Deinen Seraphinen''.

The first person to greet Kiess on board ship was an African Negro. "I shook hands with him because I considered him one of my brothers, who was a child of the same Mother as mine and on whom God desired to work out his plan of salvation."

Several hundred German emigrants shared the hold of the MARGARET with the Moehringen exiles. Most of them were farmers like Kiess, but many skilled craftsmen were being brought to help develop America. There was Dietrich Hehdorn, a young printer from Waldeck; Michael Kunrad from Ludwigsburg, a weaver and dyer of silk; William Geissendoerfer, a tall, flaxen-haired musician from Stuttgart; William Hartstein, with his wife and two children, who in his native Unterhausen had been a stone cutter; Gottlieb Keiser, merchant from Beilstein; Lewis Gruess, twenty-eight, and only four feet tall, had been a clerk in Heilbrunn; John Klein, twenty-eight and of medium height, had been an architect in Westhof, Hesse. What doubts can there be of the Semitic origins of sixteen-year-old Judah Levy who had been a clerk in Kreuznach? In all there were two hundred and seventy passengers and all of them setting their eager, resolute faces toward the West.

After a series of delays the MARGARET passed the lighthouse of Dover. "It was a beautiful sight to see the rising sun shine on the white shores of England," wrote Kiess. The weather was favorable. "The thought that we are looked upon as no better than sheep for slaughter affected me very much," lamented the diarist. "But on His account we overcome, on His account who loved us all . . ."

On Wednesday, July 18, the sea became troubled. Monstrous waves seemed to engulf the ship and angry winds lashed against the canvas sails, bending the spars and masts as the booms swelled into convex arcs against the sinister black clouds on the horizon. Throughout Thursday and Friday the storm continued its siege and the little ship MARGARET was creaking and shivering in all its timbers while she battled the elements. The rolling, tossing, heaving and lurching of the helpless vessel caused even the strongest of the passengers to succumb to sea sickness. In despair Kiess wrote in his Diary. "Oh God, have mercy on us!" In describing the turbulence of the sea he says: " . . . the one side of the ship nearly touches the water, and the other side raises up like a mountain. A gust of wind blew my grandchild out of the cradle."

After the sea became calm again the hunger of the erstwhile invalids could not be sated by the normal fare provided by the ship's larder. "The board on the ship is very poor for weak people . . . We are living in a crowd of people who try to get their livelihood by stealing it from their fellow creatures. . . . Some of our fellow travelers caused me such sorrow. There are some persons amongst them like cannibals.

On July 27 they reached the island of St. Michael, one of the Azores. The night was spent on land. The natives greeted the half-starved passengers and gave them fresh fruits and vegetables "after giving us three cheers they left us again, swinging their handkerchiefs over their heads."

George Kiess was a convert to the Dunkard faith, as were many of his fellow passengers. His Diary is interspersed with religious contemplations. The interpreter on board the MARGARET was a Quaker. This Friend gave Kiess several religious tracts and during the long days on deck the Dunkard convert read the tracts which expounded the Quaker doctrines on the Inner Light. "The principles . . . were nearly the same as mine," wrote Kiess "and they called forth the ambition in me again, which I had after my conversion. I wish that I could spend the rest of my days in such company and at last reach the fial of my desires on this earth which I have been trying to reach. Lord, Thy Will be done!"

There is something awe-full about an ocean voyage. Although hundreds of one's fellow humans are crowded close to one, there is an overwhelming sensation of loneliness. The vastness of it all, the indistinct horizons of infinite space; the infinite heavens and arching seas; the star-studded night; the moon, suspended from the ceiling of the universe—all these provoke a thoughtful man to a sense of humility, as he realizes his tiny part in the scheme of created things.

George Kiess was a thoughtful man and a devout Christian On the morning of Sunday, August 12, in mid-ocean he "awoke and thought of these words—'Shall I be with you on Tabor' . . . With a hasty glance I thought over all of the days of my life and considered them nothing but days of suffering and miserv And besides I thought of my own perdition and the losing of my God-like image. This brought forth in me the desire to take part in the holiness after much suffering through the mercy of my Saviour.'

Two weeks later, on August 30, the MARGARET met an American ship, seven days out of Richmond, Virginia. The passengers took heart in the knowledge that another two weeks would bring them to the American coast. On September 1 a bird was caught in one of the masts, another sign that land was not far off. That night "the sky looked like a fire," Kiess attributed the heavenly electrical display to a storm which missed the MARGARET. It is possible that the phenomenon was nothing more than the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights. On the third of September the American schooner THOMAS, commanded by another Captain Gardener, exchanged salutations with the MARGARET. On the thirteenth they entered Delaware Bay.

"Every one was happy," declared Kiess. "Only my joy was moderated very much because of the sorrow which my family and all on board the ship caused me. My senses have been dulled so that my joy was only like the dawn of a day after a terrible night."

September 15—We sailed along the shores of the Delaware. It was a beautiful sight. We seemed to breathe in the freedom of the country through the air and a quiet peace and joy touched my heart."

September 16—We sailed past Newcastle and Wilmington. The fine farms, the beautiful woods and grain fields and the splendid trees drew our attention."

On September 17 the MARGARET arrived at the quarantine hospital known as the Lazaretto, off Tinicum Island. She was officially reported sixty-three days out of Amsterdam with two hundred and seventy passengers on board. Late in the afternoon of the next day the MARGARET docked at Philadelphia. Kiess and his party obtained permission to leave the ship before darkness set in and they were welcomed and entertained by their Dunkard Brethren in Philadelphia.

A Quaker settlement had been established in 1802 in Loyalsock township, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania. It was known as Quaker Hill. One of the speculators in this enterprise was Jesse Willits of Berks County, Pennsylvania. Through him the Dunkard group purchased four hundred and twenty acres a few miles north of Williamsport.

In 1805 Kiess, Heim, Walz and the other immigrants, approximately fifty in all, set out for their new homes. They traveled from Germantown to Reading and from there northward through the mountains to the West Branch of the Susquehanna. Leaving the beaten road near Quaker Hill they descended into the valley and founded a settlement which today is Bloomingrove. According to tradition the name was originally the German "Blumengraf" so named because of the natural beauty of the spot."

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

OUR LEBANON VALLEY

High hills and low hills
Stretching toward the West,
All around the valley
That I love the best.

Long hills and short hills
Covered o'er with trees,
Lacy tops a'nodding
With every passing breeze.

Smooth hills and rough hills,
Where huge stones are piled,
The underbrush is tangled
And everything is wild.

Green hills and brown hills
Where the waving grain
Tells the season's story
Summer's here again.

Grey hills and blue hills,
Hills of every hue,
Sparkling in the sunshine
On the morning dew.

Between the hills the meadow
Where goes the winding brook
And every spot has beauty
No matter where you look.

Wyomissing, Pa. — Dr. Louis J. Livingood

LADY BIRD, LADY BIRD

Kefferli, flieg!
Verseim dich net lang!
Dei Haus iss am brenne,
Die Kinner sin bang!

Kefferli, Kefferli,
Guck emol dart!
Dei Haus iss am brenne,
Die Kinner sin fart!

Kefferli, dabber!
Noch eens iss deheem;
Dart unnich de Brotpann
Iss yuscht noch die Jane.

DICKERY, DICKERY, DARE

Hickory, Dickery, Duft!
Die Sau fliegt in die Luft;
Do bringt en Mann en langer Schtrick
Un holt sie uff die Aerd zurick,
Hickory, Dickery, Duft!

LITTLE TOMMY TITTLEMOUSE

Gleener Tommy Tittelmaus
Wuhnt imme gleene Haus;
Verschtohle geht er fische,
Losst sich net verwische.

JACK AND JILL

Die Jill un der Jake,
Am hiwwliche Weg,
Sie gehne fer Wasser zu hole;
Sie falle vum Hiwwel,
Mit Wasser un Kiwwel,
Nau heert mer sie maerderlich yohle.

En andlicher Gnopp
Hot der Jakey am Kopp,
Er hot sich aa bissel verschunne;
Un halt er mol schtill,
Glei hot ihn die Jill
Mit Linamentlumbe verbunne.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. HANNAH KERN

Mrs. Hannah Kern, 309 Chestnut St., Slatington, widow of the late Arthur E. Kern, died at 10:15 a. m. Friday, in the Allentown hospital. She was 62 years of age.

A life-long resident of Slatington, she was the daughter of the late Sarah (nee Evans) and Robert Roberts. She was a member of Welsh Presbyterian church and was active in the ladies auxiliary of the Vigilant Fire Co.

Surviving are one son, David; four daughters, Mrs. Eleanor K. Gibbert of Keller's church; Mrs. Sarah Snyder and Mrs. Esther Mack, Slatington, and Janet Kern Gaissert, Allentown, and three grandchildren.

STEWARD J. EDELMAN

Steward J. Edelman, 552 Broad St., Emmaus, who until recently conducted a meat market on Broad St., Emmaus, died at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning at the Allentown hospital, aged 59 years, 7 months and 11 days.

He was born in Northampton county, a son of the late Joseph and Lydia E., nee Silfies, Edelman. Surviving are five children: Helen, wife of Clarence Mohr, and Louis Edelman, Emmaus; Edward, Allentown R. 2; Albert, Zionsville R. 1, and William, in Australia with the U. S. Army. Also surviving are three grandchildren, three sisters, Mrs. Moulton Henninger, Bath R. D.; Mrs. Alvin Beck and Mrs. Sadie Hendricks, both of Allentown, and a brother, Calvin, Allentown.

The funeral will be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, 36-38 S. 5th St., Emmaus. Interment in Emmanuel Lutheran and Reformed cemetery, Petersville. Rev. D. C. Kaufman will officiate.

MRS. EMMA A. MOHR

Mrs. Emma A. Mohr, 318 Juniper St., Quakertown, died Thursday at her home at the age of 67. She was the wife of Samuel F. Mohr and was born Sept. 7, 1875 in Milford township, Bucks county. Her parents were Daniel and Mary Moyer Christman.

Besides her husband, she is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Harold Freed of Allentown and Susan Mohr of Chestnut Hill; two sons, Howard W. of Bethlehem and Paul S. of Quakertown; three brothers, Frank M. Christman of Quakertown, Mahlon M. and Charles M. Christman of Coopersburg, and five grandchildren.

She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church. The funeral will be held at 2:30 p. m. Monday from the C. R. Strunk funeral home. The Rev. H. W. Fitting will officiate. Interment will be in Trumbauersville cemetery.

MRS. CATHERINE SCHURZ

Mrs. Catherine Schurz, 26, wife of Lawrence C. Schurz, 1208 Chidsey St., Easton, died Friday morning at the Easton hospital, where she was admitted in June for medical treatment.

She was born in Phillipsburg, N. J., daughter of the late Joseph and Ethel Grant.

She is survived by her husband, three children, Betty Alice, Kathleen and David, at home; two brothers, Joseph Grant, Detroit, Mich.; and Robert Grant, now serving in the U. S. Navy.

She is also survived by her maternal grandfather, Rudolph Becker, Easton, and her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Alicia Grant, Phillipsburg, N. J.

She was a member of the St. Jane Frances DeChantal Catholic church, Wilson borough.

Funeral services will be held 10 a. m. Monday, with requiem high mass in the St. Jane Frances DeChantal church, 1918 Washington Blvd., Easton, with interement in the Gethsemane cemetery.

NELLIE ROACH

Nellie Roach, 312 Wall St., Bethlehem, died at 9:15 a. m. Friday at St. Mary's hospital, Philadelphia, after illness of several weeks following surgical treatment.

Born in Bethlehem, she was the daughter of Garrett P. and the late Rose Dougherty Roach. Her mother preceded her in death in 1930.

Surviving are her father, six brothers, John Philadelphia; Garrett Jr., and Thomas A. in Bethlehem; Peter, U.S. Navy stationed in Harrisburg; Joseph, U.S. Coast Guard, stationed at Pasadena, Cal., and Francis in New York City; two sisters, Rose, wife of J. C. King, Bethlehem, and Anna, wife of Elmer E. Ruth, Bethlehem.

She is a member of St. Anne's church, Easton Ave., Bethlehem, the Altar and Rosary society of that church, and the B.V.M. sodality.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 9 a. m. from the home, 312 Wall St., Bethlehem, with solemn requiem mass at 9:30 in St. Anne's Catholic church. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

HOWARD ADELMAN

Howard Adelman died at 10:30 a. m. Friday in the Alentown hospital. He had been admitted June 21.

MRS. OLIVE DONAHUE

Mrs. Olive Donahue died in the Allentown hospital Friday at 1:35 p. m. an hour and a half after she had been admitted.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Die Vakation Bisnis

Die uhrsoch fon dem shtick is, fer 'n ontwert gewwa tzu da fiela froga os em dawg fer dawg g'shteld werra uf die sama socha, "Woh gaish'd uf vakation?" Die vakation bisnis heit tzu dawg is hard fershossa. Yohra tzurick hen leit gamainer hond mit blessier fohraw gaguck'd tzu da tzeit woh sie ihra arwet fer 'n woch odder tzwae ferlossa hen kenna in fraida, fert tzu gae fer onnerra gadonka griega. Sie sin gamainer hond fert in grossie hoffning fer 'n gutie tzeit howwa, un sin oft mohls hame kumma mit ma kup wae. Un won sie ken kup wae kot hen, don worra sie ferfressa fon ungatziffer fon kup tzu foos, un worra oft mohls noch sun ferbrent un hen gift kot in der barya. Doch won allas feriwwer wor, un die vakation shulda worra batzawlt sex mohnet danoh, hen sie gamaint sie hetta 'n gutie tzeit kot, un widder fohraw gaguck'd fers nagshd yohr uf vakation gae.

Des yohr uf kours sin die socha gons feranner'd. Des yohr gamohnts em fiel on sellie werta im guta buch wohs secht, fiel weara garufa, ow'r wenich kaimta. So is die vakation bisnis. Fiel hen die gadonka, ow'r wenich kenna gae. Won m'r uf kours shwetza fon vakation, nadierlich maina m'r fer gae bei mashine, der aintsich'd waig os leit in 1943 sich recht shoffend blessierra kenna won sie fon hame gaim. Die tzeit wohr, woh leit tzu fritta worra fer gae bei boat, un rigel waigs kar, ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg. Amerigaw shpring'd uf radder, un is grawd so hard fer unserra leit 's mashina fohra ob gawaina, wie aw ma kalb der ditz nemma. Sis uf kours fershtonna os m'r heit tzu dawgs lava in ra arya griddlicha tzeit. Die shwartza grieks wolka hen allas ferhaid'd un fershtair'd, un da vakation tzeit gore ken guta gaduh.

So hard os die leit ol iwwer shoffa, odder shoffa sotta, fer der griek gawinna, wunnerts em ebs net ferleicht wenich ous blotz is fer tzu fiel shwetza fon "vakation." Nadierlich leit missa ruga un onnerra gadonka griega fer widder hinna noh so fiela harder shoffa. Un eb sie dahame ruga, odder sich so gute os wie uf die gnee fer 'n ration board hucka, bidda un beddla fers recht howwa fers bissel gas os na erlawbt is fershpritza, fer aryads onna gae woh ken onnerer waig is fer hee kumma os wie bei mashine, glawwa m'r net os sel 'n "vakation," k'haisa sie sot. 'N vakation maint aw blessier, ow'r wie leit sich blessierra kenna fert tzu gae in denna tzeita woh so fiel boova un maid fert im grieg sin is aw hard tzu sehna.

Noh nadierlich is es aw hard tzu sehna wie aenich ebber fiel blessier howwa kon fer denwa fer fert gae uf vakation wons fer wocha long fer da hond uf nodla huck'd, 's ration board dade "Nay" sawga. Uns ration board secht aw net "Yar, duh konsh'd gae," bis'd na deitlich ous galaig'd hosh'd woh duh onna wit, wie long os bleibsh'd, war nit gait, un noch 'n lot onnerra socha. 'N yaders mus aw sei "A" ration buch ei draya fer wissa os es ganunk gas hut mit da 6A tickets fer gae un kumma. Un fer shure mocha os ebber net tzwae mohl frog'd fer uf vakation gae, werra die tickets shae gamarrick'd so os yoh niemond hinna noh 'n liegner werra mawg. Un war sel bissel gas now fershpritz fer uf vakation gae, kon tzaila fer hinna noh dahame hucka bis die nagshda gas ration tickets widder tzeitich werra.

Un now fer tzurick kumma tzu da fiela froga won m'r uf "Vakation," gangda, wolla m'r des sawga. "Vakation," fer uns is des yohr yusht 'n larer sholl. Bei da dunkla shtilla nocht wolla m'r net fert shneeka wie 'n deab un aw net widder hame kumma da sama waig. Oh yoh, m'r hetta wol aw 's recht fer 'n blotz rous sucha fer aryads hee gae, woh ken onnerer waig is fer onna kumma os wie bie mashine, un noch 'm ration board gae, na so dameedich in die auga gucka os sie net nay sawga kenta, un froga fers rec t howwa fer fon unserra paar 6A tickets yusa fer uf "Vakation" gae. 'S sin wenich socha outside 'm dote os recht shoffenda, rote bluticha Amerigawner aryer hossa tzu duh, os wie gae ebber froga ebs des odder sel duh darf.

Wos noch mainer is, dawaig os wie die socha alla weil sin, hen m'r so, so gons abissel gas fer unserra bisnis fer neiichkata un barichda tzomma sucha noh gae os m'r shier net wissa rum tzu kumma. Un won m'r noh noch gangda 's ration board froga eb m'r uf "Vakation" gae darfta mit bissel fom bissel gas os m'r hen, un sie dada "Yar" sawga, weara m'r yusht so fiela may gas kartz fer harlichkate un blessier bringa tzu unserra laiser. Dadarrich kenna m'r sawga mit ma freia hartz os m'r net tzaila wie die socha alla weil sin fer in 1943 uf "Vakation" gae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r hen da onner dawg 'n mon hoerra sawga, 'n mensch wist net wie fiel fremma leit os mit mashina uf da shtross rum fohra dada, bis m'r aryads omma eck shtae dade worta uf der trolley kar.

Wos der kerl all'm noh gamaint hut tzu sawga wor, os wenich leit mit mashina heit tzu dawg gleicha dada fer bodderra fer onnera haisa mit fohra.

Sel uf kours sin socha

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing that night has shed.
—Woolsey.

THEY'LL LOSE ILL-GOTTEN GAINS

While the new government headed by Marshal Badoglio in Italy has not reversed all the Fascist policies with the fall of Mussolini, it has promised to strike the leading Fascists on their pocket-nerve. Therein is just about all the vitality and security that remains to them in a country that has been become a slave of Germany and that faces conquest by or capitulation to the United Nations.

By a recent decree it has been determined to make an investigation of Fascist's wealth that has been acquired since Facism came into power 21 years ago. In other words, the new government wants to know what Count Ciano, reputedly the richest plunderer of them all, and the others amassed both in Italy and sequestered in foreign countries as a result of the favorable position they enjoyed and the use to which they put that position. When the new Italian authorities have learned where the money is and what the amount is the government proposes to confiscate it.

There is little doubt that vast fortunes are going to be revealed, even if they be not so enormous in size as gossip has made them. But the search is likely to be trivial in results compared with what the German people will find, once they too get the chance to inquire into what Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler et al have made out of Nazism, Inc. That, according to reports from international bankers who have been tracing the caches of wealth, hidden for the day when the German jig will be up, will be one of the fabulous tales of fortune ever told.

SWEDEN DEFIES NAZIS AT LAST

True to hints that have been coming out of Sweden, that little country, which strove so hard to keep out of the war and maintain neutrality that it complied with demands by Germany for the transit of troops across her territory to Norway and Finland, has served notice upon the Nazis that effective within the next few days will be revocation of all privileges granted to them.

It is not so important to the world that, if German soldiers be moved across Sweden, it will only be after war and the conquest of Sweden. It is important that Sweden by one act has told the Nazis and the world in the plainest possible action that she, a neutral nation, sitting in the midst of belligerents, firmly believes and is certain that the Nazis are going to lose this war. Not only that, Sweden is plainly saying to Germany: "You now are too weak, too powerless to insist upon moving your troops and planes across our territory. You are has-beens. Your time is up and if you do not know it we are telling you."

Hitherto the Swedes had little choice when any demands were made upon them. They knew that the Nazis could take them over as they took over Norway and Denmark if they chose. So they made the best of a bad bargain to keep out of war. But they never liked it and never lost an opportunity to say they disliked the business. They never lost an opportunity to sympathize with their neighbors in Norway, nor to express their sympathy with the common cause of the democracies, the United Nations.

Now they have told Hitler they are going to be neutral in every way and they virtually defy him to do anything about it.

All of which will make it far easier for the United Nations to carry on liberation of Norway and correspondingly difficult for the Germans to reinforce and supply her troops in that country when invasion comes.

SAVING MEN BY AIR POWER

Although the Russians again appear to be clamoring for a second front, now that they have the Germans on the run on their own front, it may easily be that apart from the action in Sicily and its extension to southern Italy there will be no other invasion this year. It may be that invasion from any point other than the Mediterranean will not be attempted until the theory of bombing Germany into surrender has been given full trial.

The American and the British military practice always has been to conduct operations in a way that will be as cheap in its cost as to manpower as possible for victory. The American and British military heads always tell their officers: "Save men."

Figuring that armed invasion by land will cost a million men, the strategists in this war (apart from those in Russia where cost as to human life is not considered first) are calculating the costs of air warfare and comparing them with the estimated costs of an invasion.

Thus the destruction of more than half of Hamburg and the crippling of its capacity to produce by more than half has been accomplished at the cost of 88 bombers and between 600 and 700 men. Figuring the cost of a bomber at $400,000 and the cost of training a crew at the same figure, it has cost $74,000,000 to put one of Germany's biggest cities out of business. That is a mere bagatele in this war.

So the present strategy as to the use of air power for the saving of men is being compared with the strategy in World War No. 1. Then the Allies were prodigal in the use of artillery, putting down preparatory barrages with thousands of guns along any line that was to be taken, thereby reducing losses when the final charge to take a position was made.

So Germany is to be softened as to morale and weakened as to equipment by this terrific use of air power. Then if surrender is not made, the advance will have to be made, but with the exception that cost in American and British soldiers will have been reduced so greatly that it will have been profitable to delay the invasion by land.

ECONOMY IN STATE HIGHWAY DEPT.

It was inevitable that there should be extensive reorganization in the State Highway department and curtailment of much of its business when a sound and solid businessman took the helm of that department under the new administration in Harrisburg.

Hon. John U. Shroyer, who was named by Governor Martin to head the department, at once found himself faced by conditions unparalleled in this State in all the history of the Highway Department. Motor license fees properly had been reduced so that income for the department was reduced by millions of dollars. In addition there was reduction in the sale of motor fuel to the amount of hundreds of millions of gallons and further reduction of income. It was obvious that an organization built upon huge revenues could not and should not be continued upon reduced revenues.

Furthermore by reason of scarcity of materials and losses in personnel due to the war it was impossible to conduct the elaborate highway building program that had been possible constantly before the war.

So Secretary Shroyer is cutting according to the cloth. It was not an easy thing to do for while the making of a new job is an easy and a popular act for men in public life, the cutting out of a job is never made easy and often can be made to appear, at least, as very unpopular if not in fact undesirable.

But Secretary Shroyer has acted in the interest of the motorists of the State and of the State itself in pruning his organization, consolidating it in various ways and in effecting economies. That is what the millions of motorists of this State must desire not alone for its effect this year but on the years to come when the program of building fine roads and maintaining them will again be a cardinal aim. Then that program can be all the bigger and the better for whatever money can be saved during the war years by good business management.

Gift of U. S. Shipping

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6 (Special Dispatch)—Does President Roosevelt intend to make a present of 2,000,000 tons of American shipping to Great Britain?

If not, then it is to be feared that the hopes of the British shipping interests have been unduly stimulated by the announcement made in the House of Commons by the British Prime Minister.

Mr. Churchill made a special point of explaining the new arrangement whereby from 150 to 200 of our newly constructed merchant ships are to go under the British flag during the next several months. It is true the Prime Minister speaks of the ships being used in "wartime duty" and says that his discussions with President Roosevelt were confined "purely to the war period leaving the arrangement suitable to a peacetime settlement to be discussed at a future date."

Mr. Churchill adds that "there is no financial arrangement" but he refers to the President's attitude as a "generous arrangement."

But do the British people, and especially the shipping interests, know that the United States Maritime commission in its public statement of July 27 referring to the same transaction stated no less than three times that "title will remain in the United States government?"

Technically Correct

Technically the Maritime Commission's statement is correct. Title today is in the United States government, but has the President agreed with Mr. Churchill to let title pass after the war to the British government, which, in turn, will give the ships over to the British merchant marine to be used in competition with the American merchant marine?

The British Prime Minister, it will be noted, has been under rather severe pressure lately to keep his eye on the post-war shipping problem as it affects England. Lord Rotherwick, chairman of the Clan Line Steamers, Ltd., and Associated companies, in an article published as recently as July 1 in a leading shipping journal in Great Britain writes:

"The situation is fraught with great difficulty and is causing ship owners in this country considerable concern as the losses of British shipping have, as is well known, been considerable and comparatively little has been possible by way of replacement. On the other hand, the United States of America will end the war with an enormous increase of tonnage over that flying their flag at the outbreak of war. It is feared that, as a consequence of this disparity, the position of British ship owners may not be adequately safeguarded by our government, notwithstanding that the shipping industry is one of paramount importance for the economic existence of Britain."

Most Brazen Proposal in Years

Finally Lord Rotherwick suggests rather naively that "the U. S. government hand over vessels built, under construction or arranged for, under their flag, to their allies as necessary to bring up to the proportion of shipping owned by them at outbreak of hostilities."

No more brazen proposal or any more selfishly proclaimed has come across the international seas in many years. It means that America, after all the billions of dollars spent in ships, should go back to her pre-war status and accept as small a proportion of world tonnage as she had before. It might as logically be urged that America give back all the gold she has acquired in the last decade so as to restore Britain's gold account, and that other property for which American war loans and taxes have been spent should be given as a gift to British commercial interests.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Too Much Race Consciousness

The negro riot in Harlem must not excite suppositions of Communist or Nazi inspiration. There have been riots of this nature before and there probably will be again. A policeman arrests a negro woman; a negro soldier seizes the policeman's club and wallops him over the head; the policeman fires a shot. The policeman is white; the soldier is a negro. Race consciousness raises its ugly head. Had all the parties to this quarrel been either white or black, no one would have given it another thought.

One of my earliest childhood recollections is exactly that kind of a riot. A policeman and a negro got into a shooting in a district then called San Juan Hill, on the West Side of New York City. The negro in this instance shot the white policeman. A riot ensued. That was more than 40 years ago before there were either Communists or Nazis.

Afraid to Go to Harlem

Had this particular riot not occurred, however, the Harlem situation would still have been unfortunate. Let me put it concretely: when a New Yorker asks a taxi driver to take him to an address in Harlem, he usually gets a run around, the taxi driver, at night, seeking to avoid certain streets. Here is a large area of the largest city of our country, into which men and women are afraid to go. The police in New York have not created this fear—if anything they have meticulously suppressed crime stories involving Harlem negroes.

The Harlem Big Brothers Assn. Inc., publishes as its official organ, "The High Riser." In its March issue appeared the following:

"Despite how anyone might feel about the increase in juvenile delinquency among Negroes, it is reaching alarming proportions. In the Manhattan Children's Court in the past few months, nearly half of all the children who have appeared before it were Negroes. The percentage in the other courts is almost as great. It is time for us, citizens of Harlem, to do what we can to purge our community of the bad name it is receiving. While we cannot remove all the causes of delinquency, there is still much that we can do. Isolated individuals can do little by themselves. But concerted efforts by small groups can sometimes produce surprising results."

Must Do Our Housecleaning

This is a constructive proposal. The negroes themselves have to do their own housecleaning.

If the educated and prosperous negro cannot or will not become his brother's keeper, he is heading for trouble. If Harlem is unsafe and unfit for white adults, it is surely no place for the rearing of any kind of children. It is up to the negro to prove by example that the oportunities for equality which are afforded him in New York are not wasted and are not unjustified.

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Echoes From The Past

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

THANKS TO GOOD QUEEN ANNE

Two hundred and thirty-three years ago there were thousands of refugees from the German states of Europe cluttering the ports of London, seeking refuge from the unspeakable horhors of wanton lust and religious persecution. The great mother-heart of Queen Anne Stuart of England had been touched by the plight of these people. The long purse of the kingdom was opened for their sustenance, while they waited for ships to carry them to America.

Many of us today bear the names and speak the dialect of the beneficiaries of this British bounty. They were not ungrateful to Her Majesty and to the British people, as is shown by the accompanying testimonial which the writer found in the Public Record Office in London in 1939. It is an acknowledgment of indebtedness which we do well to review at this time.

Blessed Land! and Happy People! Govern'd by the Nursing Mother of Europe and the Best of Queens! Whose unbounded Mercy and Charity has receiv'd us, despicable Strangers from afar off, into Her own Dominions where we have found a Supply of all things necessary to our present Subsistence; for which we bless and praise Almighty God, the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty and all Her good Subjects, from the highest Degree to those of the meanest Capacity; and do sincerely and faithfully promise to our utmost Powers for the Future to render ourselves Thankful to God and Serviceable to Her Majesty and all her good subjects, in what way soever Her Goodness is pleas'd to dispose of Us:

And, in the meantime, to be instant in our Prayers, that God would return the Charity of well-disposed people a thousandfold into their own Bosoms, which is all the Requittal that can, at present, be made by us poor distressed Protestant Palatines. LONDON, 1710 A. D.

GUINTHER'S BLACK GOLD

PHILIP Guinther cleared a settlement at Lehigh Landing soon after the War of Independence. Lehigh Landing, near present-day Mauch Chunk, was later given the more classical name of Lausanne. Philips fended for a living for his family by hunting in the Bear Mountain or Mauch Chunk Mountain as it was known to the Indians. He shot the game and sold the surplus meats and hide to nearby stores in exchange for commodities which his family needed.

One evening he returned from the hunt dispirited because he had not bagged any meat for his hungry family. Slowly he trod the summit of Mauch Chunk Mountain. He was dejected. His head hung low. A drizzling rain dampened his spirits and he knew that his brood of youngsters were hungry for meat and he had none to give them. It was twilight and his eyes were not keen. His foot stumbled and an object was loosened from the crust of the earth. There was enough light, however, to show him that the stone upon which he had stumbled was black, very black.

Philip Guinther had heard of the stone coal which some Indians had brought to a blacksmith in Powder Valley. He picked up the rock which his foot had dislodged and carried it to his cabin. On the next day he carried the stone to Colonel Jacob Weiss who was then stationed at Fort Allen, now Lehighton. The Colonel was alert to recognize the possibilities of the discovery and accordingly he took the specimen to Michael Hillegas and others who were qualified to adjudge the merits of the ore. It was anthracite coal.

Michael Hillegas and his partners formed the "Lehigh Coal Mine Company" in 1792. They paid Philip Guinther a handsome sum to lead them to the spot where he had stumbled. With the money realized from his adventure Philip Guinther built a grist-mill near his original settlement and abandoned his hunting activities

From 1792 to 1806 the Mauch Chunk Mines were not operated on a large scale. Stone coal was used only by blacksmiths and a few forges. After Shoemaker showed the world how stone coal could be burned in furnaces it became black gold indeed. In 1820 the Lehigh Coal Company mined only 365 tons. Thirty-five years later, in 1855, it produced 1,275,050 tons of the black mineral. The total tonnage prior to the Civil War was almost ten million tons from the Lehigh Coal Region.

THE SMOKE CHURCH

A FEW miles east of the Hamburg Sanitarium is located St. Paul's Reformed Church, better known as the "Smoke Church." This nickname is of ancient origin. Mr. E. Douglas Kains of Wyomissing sends us the following account of how the "Smoke Church" got its odd nickname. Mr. Kains does not state that his account is historically accurate but at least furnishes us with a very interesting and amusing legend.

St. Paul's had engaged a minister who turned out to be very long-winded. As time went on his sermons grew longer and longer each successive Sunday and, obversely, his audiences became smaller and smaller. It was noticeable that the men folks were boycotting the services.

A funeral feast in the neighborhood of Hamburg drew many of the men of the congregation and the parson found an opportunity to speak to them about their backsliding ways, upraiding them for their non-attendance at services. For some time the sinners took their drubbing silently, until one of the more courageous of them spoke up:

"Ya, Parre! Awwer witt du wisse, was der Druwwel iss?"—

"Was iss es?"—asked the parson.

"Ei, du breddichscht gans zu lang, un mer kenne net so lang duh unne die Peif schmoke."

The resourceful preacher then made a bargain with his parishioners. Those who could not wait until the sermon was concluded were to be permitted to light up their pipes at the beginning of the exhortation from the pulpit. On the following Sunday the church was crowded. Every smoker in the neighborhood brought his pipe to church and many other wayward ones in the community came to the services out of "Wunnerfitz."

DIE HAASE UN DIE FICHS
GEWWE ENANNER GUTI NACHT

Wie ich yuscht en Schpringer waar, so yung un aa gans glee,
Hawwich schunn ausg'funne, ich kennt net viel verschteh
Vun Sache, Bletz un Dinge, un wie alles iss gemacht,
Un wu die Haase un die Fichs gewwe enanner "guti Nacht."

Ich hab die Eldere heere saage, wie sie g'schwetzt hen vumme Mann:
"Der wuhnt an so me aryer Blatz, mer's schier net finne kann;
Mer kann der Weg net sehne, weil 's iss ken Weg gemacht;
'S iss gans am End vum daere Welt, wu die Haase gewwe de Fichs guti Nacht."

Ich hab gemeent 's waer arrick, dass Leit so lewe kennt'
Vun annere eweck, mitaus Blesier, draus wu die Landschaft end';
Wu der Mond als owets ruff kummt, wie en grosser geeler Balle
Un wu wann ich gegrische hab, waare Antwart in de Schalle.

Sell waare Kindheets Gedanke, un waare net mei Welt;
Ich hab gedraamt vun Reesgeil, un scheene Maed un Geld,
Un Riggelweg un Schtadleit, un gute Sache zu esse;
Un as ich yuscht en Buschgnippel waar, hab g'meent ich kennt vergesse.

Ich bin vun heem in die gross schee Schtadt, mei Lewe dart zu mache
Bei de reiche Leit so freindlich, es daet yeders zu eem lache;
Awwer saag, waar ich bedroge darrich die viele lange Yohre!
Was hawwich gelearnt un g'sehne un g'heert mit meine Ohre!

Die Leit, sie renne hie un haer, henn gaar ken Zeit zu schwetze
Un freindlich sei un andlich, un sich ewennich setze;
Un die Autos schpringe driwwer naus, sie gehne wie der Deiwel.
Denkscht du, sie hen en guti Zeit?—Well, ich zweiwel.

Die Yunge greische bis halb Nacht, sie kumme net ins Bett,
Un die Weibsleit laafe iwwerall rum mit Hunde an de Kett;
Un en yeders will sich besser dinge wie der anner Mann.
Abaddich wann er viel Geld hot un noch meh mache kann.

En Waertshaus hockt uff yederm Eck; dann schtolpert eener raus;
Es reisst ihn in die Ecke, im Gringel rum un naus
Bis in die Schtross; dart fecht er mit re alte Fraa,
Dann kumme die Bolice-Leit—glei fechte selli aa.

'S iss mir wunnerbaar verleed, o waer ich yuscht zurick
In de Baerye, drauss im Land, am Fische an der Grick,
Wu ich die frisch Luft schnaufe kennt, net voll mit Gas un Schtaab,
Un wu die Baem voll Blumme sin un die Bisch schee grie mit Laab.

Ya, ich waar dumm, ich weess sell; es waar ee schmaerter Mann,
(Wie elder as ich bin, wie besser ich's sehne kann)
Un sell waar der was gebliwwe iss—sell hawwich gut bedracht—
Wu die Haase un die Fichs gewwe enanner guti Nacht.

Drauss wu die Welt im Schtille leit, wu alles iss gans frei,
Wu des wild Gedier un 's Zaahme, kenne in Friede sei;
Dart will ich hie, dart geh ich g'schwind, mit gross un schtaryer Macht,
Wu die Haase un die Fichs gewwe enanner guti Nacht.

So laernt mer vun dem Lewe in 're lange, harte Schul,
Un der bescht Weg, as mer laerne kann, iss bei de golden Rul,
Im me Blatz voll Ruh un Freiheit—nemm sell yo in Acht!
Wu die Haase un die Fichs gewwe enanner guti Nacht!

Reading, July 27, 1943 —MABEL G. SAYER.

When the preacher began his sermon an air of suppressed excitement gradually pervaded the church. All eyes were fastened upon the pipe-smoking men folks. Would they dare to accept the preacher's challenge? They did!

As soon as the text was announced someone struck a match, then another, followed by a third and now all over the church matches flickered and pipes went into action. In a short time the smoke was so thick that the minister could hardly be seen. Hence the name "Smoke Church."

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS
1769

DAVID Rittenhouse, the first American astronomer, was a man of many parts. In 1760 he surveyed the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland with crude instruments which he devised. When Mason and Dixon established their famous line in 1763, they found that the previous surveys by Rittenhouse were correct in every detail. In 1794 Rittenhouse accompanied President Washington and other distinguished men on a journey into Berks and Lebanon Counties. It was he who made the original surveys for the Union Canal which followed the Tulpehocken creek through western Berks and joined with the Schuylkill near Reading.

Among the great achievements of the colonial astronomer was the invention of an instrument with which to observe the transit of Venus across the sun. The astronomical event occurs at rare intervals. There has been only one transit since 1769, when Rittenhouse made his observations, and the next phenomenon is scheduled to take place in the year 2012.

The importance of securing these observations may be understood if we keep in mind that in 1769 a transit of the planet Venus furnished the most accurate method of measuring the distance from the earth to the sun in terms of miles, and that that distance served as the yardstick by which the size of all planets was measured. If this data had not been made available in 1769 the world would have been forced to wait until the next transit in 1882 to learn these vital facts. There were several observers in Europe who had made diligent preparations to record the event two centuries ago, but it happened that June 3, 1769 was overcast in Europe and scholars there had no chance to make their observations

The weather was perfect in Pennsylvania and conditions were ideal for the task to which Rittenhouse and his associates had set themselves. With the instrument which he had made with his own hands the astronomer made his observations at his home in Norriton, near Philadelphia. It is recorded that when the great task was completed and known to be successful Rittenhouse fell into a swoon. So great was his relief after weeks of planning and anxiety.

The undertaking was sponsored by the American Philosophical Society. Three observation stations were set up In addition to the one at Norriton observers were placed at the State House (Independence Hall) and in Lewes, Delaware. The instrument which Rittenhouse made and used to such great advantage is now on exhibit in the rooms of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia.

"Astronomers are greater men than politicians," said Thomas Jefferson in a tribute to Rittenhouse, "because they find new worlds while politicians find only new governments."

REVIEW

JAKE UN JOHNNY—'N Buweg'schicht in siwwe Schtreech vum J. William Frey. In der Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Schprooch—frei iwwersetzt aus 'm Wilhelm Busch seim "Max und Moritz." Published by J. William Frey, Clinton, S. C. 1943—$1.00.

A novel item which has recently appeared in our dialect is Dr. J. William Frey's translation of Wilhelm Busch's famous tale in verse "Max und Moritz." This narrative, like our own American "Peck's Bad Boy" has continued to delight successive generations. Since its appearance in 1865 it has gone through more than 150 editions. Besides an English translation which appeared in 1870, it was again done into English by Christopher Morley as recently as 1934.

Wilhelm Busch (1832-1908) not only wrote with a humor that delighted the young and at the same time intrigued the old with its sententious satire and worldly wisdom, but the writer was also a skillful artist and caricaturist who illustrated his own verses. He first began to draw his "Bilderbogen" for the humorous Munich paper "Fliegende Blaetter" in 1859 and immediately became popular. His "Max and Moritz" was followed by other verse narratives: Hans Huckebein, Die fromme Helene, Pater Filucius, Der heilige Antonius von Padua, etc. When Wilhelm Busch released to the world his illustrated texts he could not have foreseen what mighty sluices were being opened and what floods of comic strips and Sunday paper "funnies" were to inundate the world in their wake.

Those who understand and speak our dialect also know what an excellent medium it is for the expression of humor. All such will delight in reading this narrative which presents seven pranks of those two arch-rascals, Jake and Johnny, in the Pennsylvania German dialect. "Every effort," the translator points out in his preface, "has been made to preserve the unique spirit of the original, but emphasis has been placed throughout on keeping the work essentially Pennsylvania Dutch in character."

Dr. Frey has adhered scrupulously to the original German text. In fact we cannot escape the feeling that he has adhered to the text with more faithfulness than artistry. The riming couplets of the original, with verses of four accents each, may appear very simple and placid to the reader, yet they possess a sophisticated artistry that proves in various instances to become a treacherous undertow for the translator. A translator's task is not only that of rendering faithfully the thought content. Rime and melody and idiom make their stern demands. In fact it is not so much a matter of translation as it is to transmute certain definite values into the coin of another realm, so to speak, and that realm is in this instance the spirit realm of our own dialect.

Certainly not less enjoyable than the narrative itself is the pictorial commentary which runs parallel with the text, for in this version Wilhelm Busch's own inimitable original drawings are reproduced.

Copies of this book can be obtained from Dr. J. William Frey, German Department, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.—P.A.B.

Deaths of a Day

CARL HENRY SONNTAG

Carl Henry Sonntag, 64, specialist in construction and operation of cement plants, who was an Allentown resident for one year in 1926 when he was engaged in engineering duties with the Lawrence Portland Cement Co. at Siegfried, died in a Cleveland, O., hospital Friday night.

Mr. Sonntag who resided at the Americus hotel during his stay here, left Allentown and located at Rockland, Me., in 1927 when the huge Thomaston plant of the Lawrence Portland Cement Co. was being constructed, and later became the plant manager there. He retired from managership of the plant there in 1939.

Just prior to his death, he had returned to this country from managing for a six months' period, a cement mill in Ponce, Puerto Rico. He had been in ill health for several weeks but remained in Puerto Rico to complete his contract.

Surviving him are his wife, Elsa, nee Zeistel of Sandusky, O.; two daughters, Mrs. Remington Purdy of Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. Henry Graefe of Sandusky, O.; twin sisters, Henrietta and Agnes Sonntag of Cleveland, O., and two grandchildren.

MRS. CARRIE PAULUS

Carrie Paulus, aged 77, died at 2:55 Friday morning in the Allentown hospital after an illness of 8 weeks.

She was born in Washington, N. J., and had lived in Easton where she was a member of St. Luke's Lutheran church, prior to entering the Good Shepherd home in January of 1941. She was the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Geary Krause, and the widow of Abraham Paulus.

MRS. LOUISE S. BOWER

Mrs. Louise S. Bower, 37, of 221 E. Broad St., Tamaqua, died suddenly at 9:10 p. m. Thursday at her home following a heart attack. Deputy Coroner A. R. Snyder released the body to a Pottsville funeral home.

A native of Port Carbon, she was the daughter of Charles and Margaret Snyder. She was the wife of Charles Bower, employed by Annheuser-Buesch and previously employed as a baker at the Bowers bakery, Pottsville. The family has lived in Tamaqua since July 2. She was a member of Trinity Lutheran church, Pottsville.

Surviving are her husband, parents, a daughter Mrs. Sciarrone, at home, and a sister, Mrs. Harry Hausenauer, Doylestown.

The funeral will be held from the Lord funeral salon, Pottsville, Monday. Interment will be made in the Charles Baber cemetery, Pottsville.

MRS. SADIE DAVIDSON

Mrs. Sadie, Spengler, Davidson, wife of Reuben Davidson, died at her home, 144 Main St., Nazareth, Friday, aged 37 years, 6 months, and 23 days. She was born January 13, 1906, at Seemsville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Spengler.

She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Nazareth, and is survived by her husband; one son, Carl, U. S. Navy, Great Lakes, Chicago, Ill.; one daughter, Fay, at home; one brother, Wilbur, Northampton; and one sister, Mrs. Frances Morey, Northampton.

Funeral services will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Bartholomew funeral home, 11 E. Center St., Nazareth. Rev. H. C. Snyder, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, will officiate. Interment in Greenwood cemetery, Nazareth. Friends may call Sunday evening.

MARY E. DIEHL

Mary E. Diehl, 25, daughter of Edwin D. and Emma L. (Werley) Diehl, 155 Court St., Allentown, died at 10:20 a. m. yesterday in the Allentown hospital where she had been admitted Thursday.

Born in Allentown, she was a graduate of Allentown High school, 1936, and for the past seven years had been employed at the Penn Sportswear Co. She worked Monday and was taken ill on Tuesday.

Surviving are her parents, a son, Arthur Engle, at home; three brothers, Harold C., Lodi, Calif.; Edwin R. Paul W., and a sister, Helen E. Smith, all of Allentown. Three brothers preceded her in death, Lloyd, Norman, George.

She was a member of Christ Reformed church.

PATRICK J. DUGAN

Patrick J. Dugan, a section foreman for the Lehigh Valley railroad for 20 years until his retirement in 1930, died at 11:20 a. m. yesterday at the home of his sister, Mary Ann, 253 S. Front St., Coplay, where he had been living. He had been ailing for a year and became seriously ill Thursday evening.

Born in Coplay, son of the late Neil and Fanny (McElroy) Dugan, he had lived in that community for his lifetime. He was a member of St. Lawrence's church, Catasauqua.

His sister, Mary Ann, and a brother, Daniel, Cottage Grove, Ore. survive.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from 253 S. Front St., Coplay. High mass of requiem will be offered in St. Lawrence's church. Burial in Calvary cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill—By WM. S. TROXELL

Om Letza Blotz

Doh is 'n g'shicht os m'r fer gawissna uhrsocha ken blotz, ken tzeit un ken nahma manna wolla. M'r sin ow'r frei fer sawga, os die erfohring g'shaina is 'n aryer haiser nommy dawg tzitter os der wind iwwer die howwer shtubbla bloast doh im Lechaw Dahl. Wos noch mainer is, die g'shicht is aw g'shaina imma gute bakonta Porras hous, ken hunnerd mile weck fon Allentown.

'S wor 'n aryer haiser nommy dawg, unna gute bakonte Porra hut in seim shtudier tzimmer k'huck'd shwitza, un sei Sundawgs breddich ous shtudierra. Die weil os er shure wor 's kaimt niemond fer 'n fershtairra, hut ers hem ous gatzoga, un im unner hem k'huck'd seina g'sherta noh gae.

Glei is die fedder dierra bei gonga, un wie er so sheb tzu seim shtudier fenshter nous gaguck'd hut, hut er 'n arrick shae yung weibsmensch sehna drous shtae, worta fer die dier uf gamocht howwa. Fer awenich mainer hamelich gucka, hut er g'shwind sei hem aw gatzoga uns iwwer da hussa hous hanka lossa wie m'r monsleit oft mohls sehnt rum lawfa wons arrick hase is.

Wie der Porra die dier uf gamocht hut, huts yung weibsmensch sich weiters net haisa lossa fer nei kumma, ow'r is grawd tzu da dier nei g'shrit, un er hut ra der waig gawissa niver in der familia parlor. Der Porra hut ra noh g'sawt sie set sich setza, un wie sie aw hut, un er hut sich aw k'huck'd net weit aweck. Grawd wie der Porra die dier uf gamocht hut, hut er shtarta kunsiderra war des yung weibsmensch sei kent, ow'r hut yusht net denka kenna war sie wear. Alsa mohl hut er gamaint sie dade bakont gucka, un noh hut er widder gamaint sie wear frem.

'S sin 'm Porra alla hond gadonka hinna im kup rum g'floga wunnerra ferwos des yung weibsmensch kumma wear 'n sehna. "Ferleicht" hut er gadenk'd "will sie heirra, un wil sehna wons boss'd" un noh hut er aw widder gadenk'd, sie wear ferleicht k'hierrt un het 'n bavy, un wear kumma fer sehna eb ers bavy daufa wot. Un so hut er all sarta gadonka kot, evens gadenk'd sie wot ferleicht borvierra fer sich ferbesserra woh sie shoffa dade, un wot 'n gute wert fon ihm howwa fer 'n onnerer chob griega. Anyhow die gadonka sin g'floga, ains noch 'm onnerra uns aintsich'd os der Porra grawd draw denka hut kenna fer shwetza dafon, wor fon da grossa hitz.

Der Porra hut noh g'sawt er dade hoffa sie dade 'm fergewwa fer rum hucka wie sie 'n doh g'funna het, ow'r het sich aw gaduh da hitz noh, un net gadenk'd os ebber kaimt fer 'n sehna. Sie hut noh g'sawt sel wear ol recht, sie wist wie hase os es wear, un het ebbes on sich os sie shun bol wild gamocht het. Sel sawga hut sie on da arm nuf g'shtricka un g'sawt sie wear gons rote puckick uf da arm, un on do bae nuf, un hut der frock wenich nuf gatzoga fer weissa wie rote os ihra gnee weara. Un noh hut sie aw g'sawt, 's het 'n hummel ra noch in der ohr'm g'shtoch, un aw ainer ins gnee, un dade gore net gute fiela dafon.

Sellie socha hoera, hut 'm Porra der fershtond shier ganumma, un hut net gawist wos tzu sawga. Endlich hut er gadenk'd er gang'd mohl fisha, sehna war sie wear, un hut g'frok'd woh sie alla weil shoffa dade, mit ra maininf sel maich'd 'm rous helfa, sawga war sie wear. 'S yung weibsmensch hut noh g'sawt sie dade net shoffa, sie wear fon ra onnerra shtawdt unna drous, un wear bei ra gamissna familia uf p'such. Der Porra hut noh krawd so fiel gawist os wie dafor, un hut awfonga shwetza fon ihra hame gagend, un fon bletz darta rum, un sellie bletz fergleich'd tzu gogenda doh im Lechaw Dahl. Sella waig hen sie noh widder wenich tzeit tzu gamrocht, ow'r glei hut sie widder g'shtricka on ihra arm un bae, fertzaila fon ihra rota pucka un wie arick as sie shun gadricelier'd hetta.

Der Porra hut noh gadenk'd die socha weara now grawd weit ganunk gonga, un ous gamocht fer ken wert may sawga his sie sawga dade dos sie wot. 'S yung weibsmensch hut all'm noh, noh aw die same maining kot, un hen ufs wenich'd fer 'n minute odder noch langer k'huck'd, unna 'n wert beebsa. Endlich huts yung Weibsmensch so sheb unna rous gaguck'd un gawunnert, eb er denka dade, 'n gawissnie ort nfedatzine os sie ganann'd hut, wear gute fer ihra kondition.

Sel hut der Porra noh widder frish nei kunsiderra mocha, un hut gawunnert war os sie maina dae os er wear, un wen os sie gae het wolla sehna. Noh huts yung weibsmensch kumma wear 'n sehna. "Ferleicht" hut er gadenk'd "will sie heirra, un wil sehna wons boss'd" un noh hut er aw widder gadenk'd, sie wear ferleicht k'hierrt un het 'n bavy, un wear kumma fer sehna eb ers bavy daufa wot. Un so hut er all sarta gadonka kot, evens gadenk'd sie wot ferleicht borvierra fer sich ferbesserra woh sie shoffa dade, un wot 'n gute wert fon ihm howwa fer 'n onnerer chob griega. Anyhow die gadonka sin g'floga, ains noch 'm onnerra uns aintsich'd os der Porra grawd draw denka hut kenna fer shwetza dafon, wor fon da grossa hitz.

Der Porra hut noh g'sawt er dade hoffa sie dade 'm fergewwa fer rum hucka wie sie 'n doh g'funna het, ow'r het sich aw gaduh da hitz noh, un net gadenk'd os ebber kaimt fer 'n sehna. Sie hut noh g'sawt sel wear ol recht, sie wist wie hase os es wear, un het ebbes on sich os sie shun bol

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Tzu sehna wie shwartz dreckich os dale fon do "ration" bicher gucka os m'r leit sehnt in shtora rum drawga, wunnerts em wie die hameta gucka woh bicher wie sel rous kumma.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

25 Years Ago Today

August 7—a Wednesday

Miss H. C. Faulkener, secretary, reported on the work of the Travelers Aid society in Allentown. Reports showed that 572 trains had met during the month and 158 persons had been given aid.

At the meeting of the P.O.S. of A. Past Presidents Assn. Claude T. Reno of Camp No. 11, Allentown, was nominated for State vice president.

City council voted negatively on a test vote to ascertain the sentiment of the councilmen regarding the purchase of an asphalt plant. The council believed that by delaying the purchase they could get the repair plant at a lower price.

Several local manufacturing concerns were forced to shut down because of the intense heat wave. At other plants many men were overcome and several of the departments were closed for the day. The high mark was reached at Center Square where traffic policemen reported that the thermometer registered 119 at 2 o'clock.

Almost 1,000 members of the clan of descendants of John Krause gathered at Neffs Park for their 11th annual reunion. On the program were John Sefing, Rich

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

He whose honor depends on the opinion of the mob must day by day strive with the greatest anxiety, act and scheme in order to retain his reputation. For the mob is varied and inconstant, and therefore if a reputation is not carefully preserved it dies quickly. —Spinoza.

EMMAUS DRAFT BOARD ON SOLID GROUND

Although it appears to be general opinion among the members of the Lehigh county draft boards that drafting of pre-Pearl Harbor fathers is inadvisable and should not be insisted upon by the National Draft Board, Selective Service Board No. 1, with headquarters in Emmaus, is the first to put such opinion on record.

This group, in addition to adopting a minute for its records which doubtless will ultimately reach State and National headquarters, has indicated its intention to refrain from reclassifying these fathers until absolutely necessary, probably not until October.

Such position undoubtedly is sound since it is based on the knowledge of the men on the draft boards that there are other available men, both unmarried and childless, who are not employed in essential industry.

Now fathers as such are not "sacred cows." Individually they stand in most respects as to war upon the same basis as unmarried men or childless married ones. But as to society they have a very important difference by reason of paternity when such paternity is accepted with all its responsibilities.

Our state of society is expected to survive this war. We expect the American people to carry on but we hope that they will be able to carry on in a better way than American society ever has done. If things are to be better they will be better only if and because the basic unit of our society—the family—has become better. Certainly the high average of American society and its basic unit, the family, cannot be made better by removing vast numbers of fathers from the care—not merely the support—of children. Such care cannot be thrust upon mothers entirely. Family balance requires a father quite as much as a mother.

If and when the security of the nation depends upon the fathers, then will be the time to draft them. We cannot afford to sabotage the country's social system and it is particularly unwise to make any advances in this direction as long as other resources as to manpower exist.

The Emmaus Board is to be congratulated upon its stand for a sound principle.

NO RELIEF FOR MOTORISTS

Only yesterday did the first trickle of crude oil arrive in the Big Inch pipeline at its eastern terminus in Phoenixville. Moving at the rate of only four miles an hour this trickle will probably arrive at Marcus Hook and Linden, N. J., through the branch lines today.

Not for many days will the grand flow of 300,000 barrels per day arrive in Phoenixville for shunting to the refineries on the Delaware and Newark Bay. And then, not for a long period, will that crude oil be converted into fuel oil for homes and factories and into gasoline for our huge war machine and for our public and private transportation systems.

So there need be no surprise for motorists that the ban upon pleasure driving was not lifted by the OPA in announcement made last night. The best that OPA could do at this time was to say that such ban may be lifted on or about September 1. This of course dashes just about all the hopes of the vacationists who thought they might be able to have one last fling during this month.

But the OPA did make one important announcement and change, namely the reduction of the values of A, B and C coupons in the mid-West and Southwest areas to three gallons as against the current value of four. Thereby motorists in those sections of the country have lost some of the favor that they have been enjoying throughout the gasoline shortage. That exhibition of favoritism was resented in the eastern seaboard states where the vast majority of American motorists live and operate. These do not want to see motorists in other parts of the country suffer, but likewise they have not liked the idea of being treated like stepchildren.

BADOGLIO SLOWED UP SICILIAN CAMPAIGN

If there be general disappointment that progress in the Sicilian campaign has been slower during the past two weeks than in the early stages of the invasion, it can also be known that there must be disappointment in the United Nations' command for the resistance has delayed the time-table for the taking of Sicily by a week or ten days.

This resistance has been due in large measure to the German determination to hold up the Americans, Canadians and British as long as is humanly possible. The Axis campaign in Italy since the fall of Mussolini has had the acquiescence of Marshal Badoglio, and except for it, Sicily would have fallen a fortnight ago.

So the Italian people will have to lay the blame for whatever happens to them from this time on squarely upon the shoulders of their little king and the man whom he named to take over when Mussolini quit.

Yesterday American bombers roared over Rome for the second time to prove that we mean business while during the night the RAF winged its way over the Alps to pound the large industrial cities of Milan and Turin. Both were described by the British and by correspondents of newspapers in neutral countries as the heaviest of the war.

This bombing of Italian cities from the boot to the Alps will be a continuous performance, it is promised. Up to this time the American air force and the RAF have faithfully carried out their promises.

The Italians were warned by Churchill long ago that their cities would be "seared, scarred and blackened" unless Italy got out of the war. Badoglio apparently has challenged the ability of the United Nations to make good that threat and now it must unhappily be performed.

Aircraft Engine Crisis

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13 (Special Dispatch)—Despite efforts in various quarters to gloss over the facts and thus keep the truth from the American people, a crisis has arisen in the manufacture of aircraft engines which is so serious that high officials have begun an intensive study to see what can be done to reverse the production figures.

It is not just a question of failing to reach goals or schedules. It is a case of an actual drop-off in engine production by one of the principal airplane engine makers, and the disease may spread to other manufacturers.

Thus in one branch plant, where the production schedule for March was about 1,700, there was actually produced in that month more than 150 above that schedule, but in the month of July that plant had fallen to about 277 and the estimate for August is down to the total of 45 engines.

A Sensational Development

Any such drop is a sensational development. If it were confined to one plant, it might be glossed over, but the fundamental conditions have begun to affect other plants and the production figures we shall see for August, September and October may show similar drops in other plants.

The major reason for the decline is the solar plexus blow dealt the aircraft industry by a series of indictments and criminal proceedings against individuals and companies for alleged defective parts. If the government is going to prosecute some of the best companies in the country on the ground that the margin of judgment from specifications which the engineers say is acceptable cannot be accepted and if men who exercise such judgment must run the risk of criminal proceedings, then production is bound to drop off. Nobody is willing to take such risks, and those who insist on perfection instead of practicability will have to take the responsibility for breaking down America's aircraft production at a critical time in the war.

Not merely the aircraft engine makers in the plants affected are completely frustrated but evidence of a bewilderment and discouragement comes from other engine manufacturers.

All this is happening at a time when the government wanted aircraft engine plants to expand their production. That seems to be out of the question, and now it's a matter of trying desperately to keep the production figures from falling nationally.

The War Production board got out a report last weekend which covered deliveries in July but did not reveal the drop-off in engine production or the reduction in heavy bombers of a certain important type. All the figures were lumped together, and the impression was given that the only thing wrong was a failure to reach goals set perhaps too high.

The facts are that after the Truman committee report came out and indictments were filed, irrespective of the remarkable record in production made by the plants in question since the outbreak of war, the engine makers began to check and double-check the subcontractors, who normally supply 40 per cent of the engine parts. Heretofore these parts were spot-checked, inspecting samples of one out of every ten or 20 parts and passing the other nine or 19 if the one part was perfect. In other words, engineering judgment has been exercised hitherto within a certain range of flexibility, but when it is insisted that men who exercise such judgment run the risk of going to jail, they will not pass on parts that deviate even slightly from specifications even if the deviation is in their judgment inconsequential.

Rigid Inspections

So the inspection has become so rigid as to reduce engine production and word is spreading throughout the aircraft industry that somebody has begun to be more interested in putting the aircraft engine makers in jail than in getting acceptable production. Engine makers are wondering what to do and the fear that has spread in the last six weeks doubtless will be reflected in lower and lower production figures. Other factors are slowing up production output in other plants, as, for instance, the drop in heavy bomber production on the assembly line in one of our big bomber plants.

It will serve no good purpose to gloss over the situation and lead the public to believe that all is rosy on the aircraft production front and that it's just a matter of failing to meet high schedules. There's a trend toward actual curtailment of production which must be reversed at the earliest possible moment.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

That Second Front

I wish someone would tell me how it is that when there are about 2,000,000 Americans fighting overseas, there are still some who continue to shout for a Second Front. What have these Americans been doing at Guadalcanal, Munda, Algiers, Tunisia, Sicily? Have they been playing gin rummy or poker or fighting a victorious war? What do you call the fronts they are fighting on?

Let us get this thing clear and a bit chronological:

Many Fronts

The First Front in this war was a German attack on Poland.

The Second Front was a German movement westward into France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandanavian countries and Great Britain. The Battle of Britain still remains the most crucial in the European phase of the war.

The First Front was liquidated by a German victory and the Stalin-Hitler alliance that some now justify as strategic which it may or may not have been, as history will disclose.

Meanwhile on the Second Front, Great Britain stood heroically alone for more than a year, unaided by Russia or the United States, but keeping the war going and the Nazi busy. And the Nazi lost that battle—and the war.

Throughout this period, there was a Third Front, namely, the Chinese Front, and the Chinese have been on that front 12 years now—12 years next month—in a holding action which may prove to have been the decisive factor in this miserable business when the final history of it all is written.

Then Hitler broke off the Stalin-Hitler alliance and the Fourth Front—the Russian Front came into existence. This is generally regarded as Hitler's second military error, his first being his failure to get at England after Dunkirk. The Russians were expected to crumble before the German Military Machine which they did not do. And the Russians have done a first-rate job on that Fourth Front and are still doing it.

Tnen the United States established the Fifth and Sixth Fronts, namely in the Pacific where MacArthur and the Navy have been pushing Japan back and in North Africa where Eisenhower, in association with the British, has practically succeeded in knocking Italy out of the war, and it is only a matter of time when they will be striking at the Fortress of Europe.

There are lots of little frontlets but to these we need not refer, nor do we have to stretch the word, front, by referring to our industrial production or our food supplies through Lend-Lease, which at this stage is what is keeping most of the Allies in action. Nor need we call attention to the fact that while we are fighting on at least two fronts along with the British, the Russians are strictly limited to one front, which is their business if they want to do it that way.

Second Front Yappers

Anybody who continues yapping about a Second Front is just a plain, insulting low-down liar. The Americans who were killed in the swamps of the Solomons say that he is a liar. The Americans who are now mopping up Sicily say that he is a liar. The rest of us say so and we mean to make that stick. We are getting sick and tired of these liars and their propaganda and there is no reason why we should go on taking it from anybody when we know that butter is up to 10 points because it is being shipped around the world to keep the various fronts active and happy and going.

None of our allies in this war will ever be able to say that once the United States came in we did not do our share. We have an Army of 7,000,000—2,000,000 overseas at least; we have built ships, planes, tanks and everything needed; we have provided food and money. We have done a first-rate job and we are taking back-talk from nobody. Nobody at all.

(Copyrighted, 1943—Columbia News Service)

Some Congressmen vote according to the way their constituents want them to. Others have wives that want to break into Washington society.

Another way of avoiding divorce is not to ask her what she is pouting about, but just say, "Dearest, I'm sorry"—or—"I love you so much."

If you want to move in the right circles, you must keep out of triangles.

Every office clerk aspires to become a chief executive so he can attend the ball game without the necessity of thinking up an alibi.



EARLY GRAMMATICAL NOTES ON PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN

By DR. J. WILLIAM FREY, Lehigh University

PREFACE

The nucleus of this article is a translation of some interesting grammatical notes compiled by J. M. Beck, of the Reading ADLER, who was one of the outstanding co-editors of the famous HARBAUGH'S HARFE: GEDICHTE IN PENNSYLVANISCH-DEUTSCHER MUNDART (edited by B. Bausman and others, Reformed Church Publication Board, Phila., 1870). Mr. Beck, whose work and co-operation are acknowledged by Bausman in his 'Vorrede') (dated May, 1870), was the man who arranged the vocabulary (in three parallel columns: Pennsylvania German, English, Standard German) which appears on pp. 113-121 of the HARFE. This vocabulary (Wortverzeichniss') however is preceded by a brief set of remarks (pp.111-113), in German, and it is these remarks on the linguistic phase of our dialect that I would bring to the attention of the reader.

Let us not forget that Beck's notes form one of the earliest attempts to describe the main characteristics of Pennsylvania German. It is true that Der Verein der Deutschen Presse von Pa. (organized in 1862) was one of the first groups to come to the defense of the dialect, and that this group, the reports of whose meetings appeared in the CORRESPONDENT UND DEMOKRAT (an Easton German-language newspaper), must have had interesting discussions and debates on the subject of the Pennsylvania German dialect its features, its vocabulary, etc. (cf., among others, the reports appearing in the above paper on Feb. 17, 1869, Sept. 1, 1869, Jan. 5, 1870); and it is equally true that Prof. S. S. Haldeman's philological study, PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH: A DIALECT OF SOUTH GERMAN WITH AN INFUSION OF ENGLISH (London and Phila., 1872; 69 pp.) grew out of an original paper which had been read by Prof. A. J. Ellis, British scholar, before the Philological Society of London as early as June 3, 1870. Yet, Beck's observations, which doubtless sprang from the various discussions in Der Verein der Deutschen Presse, have not been given the attention they rightfully deserve, although they appeared in print more or less contemporaneously with other early attempts to outline the grammatical structure of the dialect. Prof. Otto Springer (Department of Germanic Languages, University of Pennsylvania) has erroneously ascribed these grammatical notes to Bausman in his recent article, 'The Study of the Pennsylvania German Dialect' (in: THE JOURNAL OF ENGLISH AND GERMANIC PHILOLOGY, XLII, Jan. 1943, pp.1-39; reviewed and summarized in the ECK, May 8, 1943). J. M. Beck, and not Bausman, is the one who deserves the credit, and his name should be substituted at the proper places in the Springer article, viz: p.21, line 12; p.27, footnote 55; p.34, item 60 in the Bibliography.

There follows here, then, a translation of Beck's notes. My own footnotes will be indicated by numbers in parentheses after a number of the statements; these notes will follow in proper sequence below the translation. The original pagination is noted for convenient reference.

VOCABULARY

(p111):

In order to explain many of the words which have appeared in the preceding poems (1), and in order to simplify this vocabulary, it is necessary to note a few characteristic features or, rather, grammatical rules; and it is just these rules which give Pennsylvania German its rightful place among the other living German dialects.

Pennsylvania German belongs to the dialects of South Germany. The dialect which is most nearly related to it is the Palatine, or rather the Westrich branch (2) of that dialect, and this relationship may be traced back to the early emigration of Palatines to eastern Pennsylvania. (3).

Like all dialects, this one also has many peculiarities in various localities; but taken collectively, the Pennsylvania German dialect has certain principal features which are everywhere recognizable and which may be regarded as the triumphant outcome of a hundred-year struggle of the Palatine dialect with other South German, even Saxon and Moravian dialects, and, of course, with the English language.

The view that all German Pennsylvanians are of pure German descent is quite false. The names and the genealogical trees of many quite German—that is, Pennsylvania German—families in the rural districts demonstrate a Scotch, (p:112) Irish, Swedish or French extraction. In many sections, as in the Lehigh Valley, the German element has remained purer; in other regions, as in the valley of the Susquehanna and on the other side (4) of the Allegheny mountains, it is mixed more with the English element; everywhere, however, are to be found the same principal features, which are as follows:

1. A striving toward simplification and contraction wherever two different vowels (diphthongs) or consonants come together, in which case the stronger vowel or consonant is usually doubled (5); for example, **aach** (6) for auch; **kleen** (7) for klein; **Kinner** for Kinder; **Kopp** for Kopf. This same desire to simplify is also evident in the case of the triphthongs, which become their respective diphthongs, as in **Bebei** and **Geleit** for Gebaeude and Gelaeute. The noteworthy exceptions are similar-sounding words with the same diphthong, in which case the one remains and the other contracts, as: Weide (willow-tree) remains **Weide**; Weide (pasture) becomes **Weed**; Laib (loaf of bread) becomes **Leeb**; Leib (body) remains **Leib** (8). Noteworthy, too, is the diphthong **oi**, which appears in **Hoi, Heu; Roi, Reihe;** and **Boi** (pie), cake (9).

2. The combination **st** has the sound of **scht** throughout (10). Exceptions to this are words which have been borrowed from English, and the little word 'ist'—which is generally pronounced like the Westrich and English 'is'; for in only a few localities does one hear the real Palatine or Suabian 'isch' (11).

3. Everywhere there is a prevailing tendency to change t to **d**, b to **w**, p to **b**, g to **kh**, and z to **s** (12).

4. We find scarcely a trace in Pennsylvania German of the most peculiar characteristics of the Westrich dialect: the change from d to t and r, and the contraction of d to t after l to 11; as 'laden' to 'lare,' 'Gewitter' to 'Gewirrer, 'halten' to 'halle,' 'mild' to 'mill' (13). Even the dropping of the final syllable 'en' is not so frequent; the 'n' often becomes, to be sure, a nasal sound, which is shown here with an apostrophe ('); often it disappears entirely, but never both 'e' and 'n' (14).
(p.113):

5. English has had a remarkable influence on the sentence structure. Whenever, in this regard, there seems to be a revolt against the rules of Standard German grammar, then it is always an exchange of the English rule for the German one, which fact causes the syntax of the sentence to sound often very peculiar to the German ear. As, for example: Hen, scherr **der** blind Gaul uf; mer welle uf **der** Markt fahre—(Heinrich, schirre **den** blinden Gaul auf; wir wollen auf **den** Markt fahren). (15).

The High German words which occur here and there were used by Harbaugh for the sake of the rime, and many English expressions, with which he had originally overloaded some of his poems, have been replaced, according to his wish, by Pennsylvania German ones (16).

Finally, it should be mentioned that the spelling, or orthography, has been so chosen, that the above-mentioned characteristics might be shown as clearly as possible, even for the reader in the old Fatherland, or for purposes of comparison with other works on German dialects. J.M.B.

NOTES

(1) That is, the poems in the HARFE. Harbaugh's Pennsylvania German poems had appeared prior to 1870 in his popular magazine, THE GUARDIAN. Cf. pp.173ff. of chapter VII, 'Pennsylvania German Literature,' by H. H. Reichard, pp.167-224 of THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS (ed. by R. Wood, etc., Princeton University Press, 1942). Dr. Reichard says, p.175: 'After Harbaugh's death Doctor Passavant of THE LUTHERAN urged Doctor Schaff to assemble the poems and publish them in book form. The task was referred to the Reverend Benjamin Bausman, who succeeded Harbaugh in the editorship of THE GUARDIAN. The book was published in 1870. The language revision, removal of many English words, was done by J. A. Beck of Reading, an undertaking which had been approved by Harbaugh, but for which he had never found time.' Reichard had, unfortunately, given the incorrect middle initial for Beck, since it should read: J. M. Beck. There was a J. A. Beck of Harrisburg, who sketched the attractive cuts of Das alt Schulhaus, Die alte Miehl, the Harbaugh homestead, and Der alte Feierheerd which adorn the HARFE.

(2) Since Beck's time the swing has been in another direction, so that many are of the opinion that Pennsylvania German resembles most closely the dialects of the north Vorderpfalz, and not those known as the Westrich dialects. Cf especially: C. H. Eshleman, 'The Origin of the Pennsylvania German Dialect,' ECK, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 1935; A. F. Buffington, PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN: A GRAMMATICAL AND LINGUISTIC STUDY OF THE DIALECT (Ph.D. thesis, Harvard, 1937; typescript), and 'Pennsylvania German; its Relation to other German Dialects,' AMERICAN SPEECH, XIV (1939), 276-286. The latter article had appeared under different title but in almost identical form in the ECK, Dec. 10, 17, 1938. The matter of which Palatine dialect is nearest Pennsylvania German is still a moot question.

(3) Even at this early date, 1870, Beck is certain that our dialect is almost entirely Palatine in origin and character. This is the modern view. The few supposed shibboleths of Swiss Alemannic have also been found to exist in Middle German dialects as shown in recent studies of the dialect of Mannheim, Ludwigshafen, Plankstadt (southwest of Heidelberg), and Speyer. Cf. J. W. Frey, THE GERMAN DIALECT OF EASTERN YORK COUNTY (Ph.D. thesis, University of Illinois, 1941; typescript, 478pp.), pp. xvii-xix; also: O. Springer, 'The Study of the Pennsylvania German Dialect' THE JOURNAL OF ENGLISH AND GERMANIC PHILOLOGY, XLII (Jan. 1943), pp.27-29.

(4) That is, the western part of the State of Pennsylvania.

(5) This statement (and many of the linguistic observations which follow it) is naive and scientifically unsound. Through modern philology we have learned not to say that a dialect sound, or word, or pronunciation is the result of a change or 'mutilation' of its High German cousin. We compare, on the other hand, Pennsylvania German with other German dialects, or with its Middle High German ancestor—the language (or group of languages) from which all German dialects and High German itself have sprung! It is erroneous, therefore, to say that 'High German Kinder became Pennsylvania German KINNER. With the exception of some few church words and expressions, Pennsylvania German is by no means derived from Standard New High German; the two languages emanated from Middle High German and traveled different paths. We say, then, that Pennsylvania German KINNER 'represents' the plural of the Middle High German noun 'kint,' and that it probably got its form from its Palatine cousin, which in turn had developed gradually and slowly from Middle High German. Beck, like all of his contemporaries, must be excused on the grounds that philologists in his time just did not make the right and scientific approach in studying the Pennsylvania German dialect and its origin.

(6) Note the **eh** in **aach** 'also,' which today is heard only as **aa**. This is interesting, if we can trust Beck's notation.

(7) Today this word would be spelled **glee** 'small.' Beck himself says that often such a final **n** is dropped with compensatory nasalization. Cf. point 4, page 112.

(8) As stated in note 5 above, the comparisons here between German and the dialect are unsound. PaG **Weide** represents MHG (Middle High German) wide, whereas PaG **Weed** represents MHG weid(e); likewise, PaG **Leeb** often spelled **Laeb**) represents MHG leip, whereas PaG **Leib** represents MHG lip. What the equivalents are in New High German does not have anything to do with the Pennsylvania German dialect forms.

(9) The statement here concerning the diphthong **oi** is one of the most interesting in the whole essay. Beck names only three examples, one being an English loan word (**Boi**), containing this diphthong. He doubtless knew all the other dialect words having this diphthong, as there are but a dozen native words (excluding compounds) and about four frequently-occurring loan words which contain **oi**. These are as follows: **Babbegoi** 'parrot,' **droye** (past. part. **Gedroit**) 'to threaten rain,' **Hoi** 'hay,' **Hoiet** 'haying time,' **Moi** 'May' **Oi** (pl. **Oyer**) 'egg,' **oi!** 'oh!, 'goodness!', **Roih** (pl. **Roihe** or **Roiher**) 'row,' **schtroye** (past part. **g'schtroit**) 'to bed cattle, horses' (a variant of **schtree-e Woih** 'hawk,' and **Zoyer** 'hand of a clock' (a variant for **Zeeche**). The four common loans are: **Boi** 'pie,' **Groyer** or **Vendu-Groyer** 'crier auctioneer,' **entschoye** (past part. **ge-entschoit**) 'to enjoy,' and **Loyer** 'lawyer.' For further material on this diphthong and the words containing it, see: J. W. Frey, 'Notes on the Diphthong **oi** in Pennsylvania Dutch,' AMERICAN SPEECH, XVIII (April, 1943, 112-116. As noted in that article, there are a number of compounds ending in **-BOI** (names of various kinds of pies), and three with **-woih**, viz: **Hinkelwoih** 'chicken hawk,' **Ooswoih** 'turkey buzzard,' and **Schtoosswoih** 'chicken hawk.' It would be well to add here the two common compounds with **Moi**, that is, **Moiabbel** 'mandrake' and **Moiblumm** 'lily of the valley,' and the verb **moye** (past part. **gemoit**) to go maying, celebrate the first of May.' Under loan words, the following may be added: **Groye** (past part. **gegroit** and **Vendu-Groyere** (past part. **Vende-Gegroyert**) 'to cry at a sale, to auctioneer.' Beck's translation of 'Kuchen, cake' for **Boi** might have been the best German equivalent he knew or might have grown out of the double form 'pie-cake,' as in **'shoo-fly-boi'** known as both 'shoo-fly pie' and 'shoo-fly cake.' Dr. A. L. Shoemaker (Schnecksville, Lehigh County) reports one additional word containing the diphthong **oi**: loiere (past participle **geloiert**) 'to coo' (as of infants). This may be a variant of what Lambert records as **leiere** (MHG liren, NHG leiern), which means 'to harp on one string, hum a monotonous tune, thrum or drone an air.'

(10) The combination **st** does not, as Beck says, always become **scht**. The exception is always when **t** is a verb ending added to a verb whose stem ends in **s**, viz: **esse** 'to eat,' 3rd person singular present **er esst.**

(11) The question of **iss** and **isch** is still rather unsettled. Dr. A. L. Shoemaker, who is an active field worker in the dialect (both in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, such as Arthur, Illinois, where he gathered material for his doctoral dissertation), claims he has heard speakers today using **isch**. I myself have never heard it in York County, yet H. L. Fisher (of York) consistently wrote this form in his dialect poetry ('S ALT MARIK-HAUS MITTES IN D'R SCHTADT, etc., York, 1879; and KURZWEIL UN' ZEITFERTREIB, 2nd ed., York, 1896). Whatever the status of **isch** is today, it is of extreme importance that Beck says it seemed to be a rare form back in 1870.

(12) As noted above in 5, this statement about consonant changes in Pennsylvania German is unsound because Beck is comparing dialect forms with Standard German equivalents. Thus, he is thinking in terms of examples or pairs like the following: German Tag PaG **Daag** (t to **d**), German heben PaG **hewe** (b to **w**), German Pflug PaG **Blug** (p, or rather pf, to **b**), German gehabt PaG **g'hatt**, pronounced **katt** (g to **kh** — although I am somewhat puzzled by what he means with the combination kh), and German Holz PaG **Hols** (z to s). If any comparisons are to be made, they should be made with Middle High German equivalents, not Standard New High German ones. A modern phonemic analysis of the consonantal sounds in the dialect may be found in my own article, 'The Phonemics of English Loan Words in Eastern York County Pennsylvania Dutch,' AMERICAN SPEECH, XVII (April, 1942), 94-101.

(13) Cf. here, however, the common word **ball** 'soon' (representing MHG balde, balt, NHG bald), and the word **gell** 'not so?' (MHG, NHG gelt). It is true, as Beck says, that Pennsylvania German has this development to a very limited extent.

(14) Beck is thinking here of German verb infinitives ending in 'en,' cf. German trinken, PaG **drinke**. There are also a number of dialect nouns ending in **-e** which represent German nouns ending in 'en,' e.g. PaG **Backe** 'cheek' NHG Backen or Backe, PaG **Graage** 'collar' NHG **Kragen**. The **-e** of the PaG word was generally preserved when the Middle High German noun was a weak declension noun; cf. the MHG equivalents for the above, backe and krage.

(15)—It is true that the accusative in Pennsylvania German usually looks like the nominative in form (except for personal and reflexive pronouns), but the form **den** also occurs as a masculine accusative singular. It has been preserved throughout the dialect in the common expression **den Owet** 'this evening,' which is pronounced **de-nowet.**

(16) This is another indication that the poems in the HARFE are not in their exact original form. Perhaps the changes which were made, especially the insertion of German words, caused the poems to have less of a Pennsylvania German appearance. By reading the original form of the poems in THE GUARDIAN, we get a clearer picture of what the dialect was like prior to 1870.

EN RAETSEL

Was fer en Karrich hot ken Gemee?
EN SCHUBKARRICH

Dr. Louis J. Livingood of Wyomissing, Pa. informs us that the above riddle had its origin in the following incident which is said to have occurred in a town in Berks County.

Der Parre waar eens vun selle as immer an de Leit waar fer sie in die Karrich griege. Er hot als die Schaffleit uff em Weg g'schtoppt un sie g'frogt, ferwas sie net in die Karrich kaemte. Mol ee Daag hot er der Tscho Hosseknopp g'schtoppt, die Weil er uff em Weg am Schaffe waar. Der Tscho waar wennich simbel, wie sie als g'saat hen un der Parre hot gemeent er daet Schpass hawwe mit em Tscho. Der Parre saagt, "Tscho, ferwas kummscht du net in die Karrich?" Der Tscho tschaat mol Weil, noh saagt er, "Wie ich en gleener Bu waar, hot die Mommi mich in die Karrich genumme wie's Nachtmohl waar un des waar so mit Leit as sie mich yuscht rum g'schowe hen. Des hawwich net gegliche un bin noch sellem nimmi neigange. Nau bin ich uffgewachse un hab mei eegner Karrich". Mit sellem langt er nunner un nemmt fascht an selm Schubkarrich un faahrt fart. Un nau wissen ihr aa die Andwart zum Raetsel "Was fer en Karrich hot ken Gemee?"

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ROBERT I. MATZ

Mrs. Helen C., nee Ifcic, Matz, wife of Robert I. Matz, W. Furnace St., Emmaus, died at 5:45 a. m. Friday in the Sacred Heart hospital in her 21st year.

Mrs. Matz was born at Emmaus R. 1, a daughter of Joseph and Agnes, nee Kulisay, Ifcic. She was a former employe of the Modern Clothing Co., Allentown, and was a member of St. Ann's Catholic church, Emmaus.

She is survived by her husband, serving in the Army overseas; her parents, maternal grandmother, Mrs. Mary Benkovsky, Emmaus R. 1; four sisters, Mrs. Louis Chapkovich, Emmaus; Mrs. Andrew Chapkovich, Emmaus R. 1; Mary and Agnes Ifcic, both of Emmaus R. 1.

Funeral at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday from the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chapkovich, W. Furnace St., Emmaus. Solemn requeim mass will be sung in St. Ann's Catholic church, Emmaus, at 9 a. m. by Rev. Paul M. Pekarik. Interment in Calvary cemetery, Emmaus. Friends may call on Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chapkovich.

MRS. ROSA D. SHIMER

Mrs. Rosa D., nee Druckenmiller, Shimer, widow of Dr. A. S. Shimer, died at 2:45 a. m. Friday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Skaggerberg, 1339 Liberty St., in her 82nd year.

She was born in Hereford township, Berks county, and was one of 16 children. In her earlier years she sang in various singing societies and also in the Old Zionsville Lutheran church where she held membership.

Her husband died last December and a daughter, Mrs. Keith Brewer, died in January, 1940.

Surviving are six children: J. Myron, Philadelphia; Clarence, Chestertown, Md.; William, Cleveland, O.; Walter, Harry and Mrs. R. E Skagerberg, all of Allentown. Two sisters, Mrs. Annie Snyder and Mrs. Laura Reese, both of Emmaus, also survive.

MRS. ANNA E. WEHR

Mrs. Anna E. Wehr, 165 S. 2nd St., Lehighton, died in the Palmerton hospital, Thursday night where she had been a patient for several weeks.

A resident of Lehighton for 32 years she was a lifelong member of the Lutheran church, Lehighton. Born in Weissport she was the daughter of the late Henry Nansteel and Christine Sellers.

She is survived by her husband, Calvin; one daughter, Pauline; Mrs. William Bittner Jr.; four sisters, Ada, Mrs. Joseph Saile, Weissport; Mrs. George Geiger and Carrie of Packerton; two brothers, Milton Nansteel, Weissport, Frederick Nansteel, White Haven.

Funeral services will be held at the Lamont H. Zimmerman home, Lehighton, at 2 p. m. Monday. Rev. Thomas Atkinson, Trinity Lutheran church, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Union Hill cemetery.

Name Omitted

In the obituary notice for Mrs. Charles Freeman, who died Wednesday at the Allentown hospital the name of a brother, William H. Rhoads was omitted. Mrs. Freeman resided at 140 Center St., Lehighton. Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. today at the Swartz Funeral home, Lehighton. Interment will be in Lehighton cemetery.

MRS. MABEL M. BARBER

Mrs. Mabel M. Barber, wife of Robert B. Barber, 835 Delaware Ave., Fountain Hill, died Friday morning at the late home.

Private funeral services will be held in the Grim home, 817 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, on Monday, with interment in Memorial park.

She was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Mornes, born in Wampen, Pa., and held membership in Wesley Methodist church, Calypso Chapter, Order Eastern Star and Women's Temple Assn. of Bethlehem.

Survivors are the husband; a daughter, Dorothy M. Barber at home; a son, William A. Barber, U. S. A. somewhere in Africa; three brothers, George Mornes, Apollo, Pa.; Darl Mornes, Monongahela City, Pa., and Charles C. Vetter, Bethlehem.

MRS. STELLA LEE

Mrs. Stella Lee, 70, widow of Edwin N. Lee, 1771 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, died at 5:45 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital.

Funeral services will be held at 3 p. m. Monday in the Dillinger home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, with interment in Memorial park. Rev. Roger Enloe, of North Side Presbyterian church, will officiate.

She was born Dec. 19, 1872, at Cherrydale, a daughter of the late John H. and Mary Kleppinger Hower.

Two sons, E. Willis Lee, Bethlehem, and J. Leland Lee, Allentown; two daughters, Mrs. William Shellenberger and Mrs. Albert O'Cock, Bethlehem; a sister, Mrs. William Minnich, Mauch Chunk, and eight grandchildren survive.

JOHN V. RYAN

John V. Ryan, 629 E. Union St., Tamaqua, a native of St. Clair, died at his home following an illness of two years.

He was affiliated with the Holy Name society of St. Jerome's church, Tamaqua, of which he was a member. An employe of the Tamaqua colliery of the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co. for about 45 years, he retired two years ago.

Surviving are: his wife, the former Mary Coogan; two sons, Vincent, Tamaqua, and Bernard, in the U. S. Coast Artillery; four daughters, Mrs. Robert Miller, Mrs. Peter Kovalesky and Winifred, Tamaqua, and Mrs. Daniel Bassin, Elizabeth, N. J.; a brother, Francis, St. Clair; three sisters, Mrs. Patrick Love, Tamaqua, Mrs. Michael Daniels and Mrs. Michael Walsh, Pottsville.

MRS. LEILA HOFFMAN

Mrs. Leila Margaret Heck Hoffman, wife of Fred C. Hoffman Jr., 814 S. 24th St., Wilson borough, died Thursday evening at her home after an illness of several months.

She was born in Easton a daughter of the late Philip and Eliza Heck.

She is survived by her husband, one son, Wayne Hoffman, a student at the Pennsylvania State college; three sisters, Mrs. Blanche Jones, Mrs. Charles Smith, and Mrs. Florence Young, all of Easton, three brothers, Frank Heck, Pittsburgh; Lester and Albert Heck.

Funeral services will be held 2 p. m. Tuesday from the Shillinger Funeral home 801 Lehigh St., Easton, with the Rev. Cornehlson, officiating. Interment will be in the Hay's cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Wel Is Wel

Yar wel is wel in darra alta g'shicht os m'r paar unnershittlicha waiga k'hoert hen, in da ledshda paar wocha. Sis 'n g'shicht fom Jake Rockle in Slatington, un woh longa yohra tzurick um kumma is uf lexion dawg, uf 'm rigelwaig. Der Jake hut laenich gawohn'd, un wor 'n aryer kerl fer alla gabut ains petza. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hut oft tzeita may galawda os er fohra hut kenna, un wor noh aw noch awenich waich hartzich dabei, un hut so arrick heila missa.

Now die airsht g'shicht os m'r grick'd hen wor, woh er ons Bittners House in Slatington sei hut solla mit ra tzimlicha guta kish'd awhanka. So im gablauder hut er 'a aller arrickshd awfonga heila, un wie fon da on

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Allentown's Slogan: "DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Two lives that once part are as ships that divide
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other a sea;—
Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be! —Lytton.

UN-AMERICAN BARS NOW LIFTED

The years of depression and the struggle for existence developed many anomalies in our system of government, made up as it is of 48 sovereign states, but all bound together in a union committed to working together for the common good.

Many states in their struggle for business, or in their efforts to keep business at home, set up all sorts of barriers as to communication with other states. To cross the boundary lines between various states was to have experiences very similar to those of the traveller who crosses the boundary line between countries in Europe and must go through a variety of inspection, submit at times to confiscation and endure many hardships and inconveniences as well as lose time and money.

These limitations, which were set up by the States during the depression, were particularly severe as to highway transportation. Motorists and truckers especially felt the sting of an un-American way of doing things.

Now, however, under the pressure of a war and the relief which business boom and universal employment have brought, elimination of these restrictions has come about almost completely. This has been done through action by legislatures or by executive order of governors in the States which committed the offenses, in their State's selfish interest, as all would have admitted. In some cases the restrictions have been limited with the distinct proviso that the change is only for the duration of the war. In some the promise has been made that the change is permanent, as it should be.

Several legislatures left existing laws untouched but authorized certain state officials to suspend limitations, the Council of State Governments reports. In Michigan the governor, commissioner of state police and the state highway commissioner may suspend limitations. Similar powers were given state officials in North Carolina and North Dakota. The great majority of changes, however, were made by legislatures.

New Mexico not only liberalized size and weight limitations for trucks, but allowed issuance of permits to trucks to carry overloads for a period not exceeding a year. Formerly a special permit was required for each trip. Maine likewise allows issuance of permits for carrying overloads for a specified period of time.

Arkansas increased the maximum allowable weight on single axle vehicles and lowered the license fees for certain types of trucks. Kansas provided for short period registration for trucks hauling loads of large tonnage, and a Nebraska act authorized the increase of maximum loads until 1945. Size and weight restrictions were liberalized also in Alabama, Arkansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oregon, South Dakota and Pennsylvania.

Legislation in the interstate trade barrier field was enacted by Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah and Wisconsin. Maine exempted from payment of excise taxes trucks or trailers with a rated carrying capacity of more than one and a half tons and owned in a state where a similar tax was paid and which grants exemptions to Maine-owned trucks.

South Dakota empowered the highway commission to enter into reciprocity agreements with other states in exempting non-residents engaged in interstate commerce in the state from license, registration and other fees for unusual use of highways in wartime. Oregon granted non-resident owners and operators of motor vehicles the privilege of using Oregon state highways without payment of extra fees; Utah and Oklahoma provided for reciprocal agreements with other states regarding licensing of trucks and trailers.

All of which indicates that the States are emerging from a period of folly that should not again be entered. Instead increased efforts after the war should be in the direction of uniform legislation for the control of motoring in its every phase. Motorists and the operators of motor trucks all are Americans. Nowhere in any State should they be treated as foreigners or enemies or gulls that deserve abuse and plucking.

SOLDIERS SAVE TOMATO CROP

Time and tide are said to wait for no man and Victory gardeners now know that the tomato crop (and other crops) come in the same category.

Better even than the Victory gardeners know this fact are the canners and the big planters who have been in this business for years and know that it is tremendously difficult to get just the right amount of labor at just the time that harvests are at their peak. It is at these times that just about everything is thrown out of balance and it takes herculean effort to restore the proper balance.

So those Army officers and men who went to the rescue of crops in New Jersey are to be commended. When the canners came to them and reported that trucks and carloads of vegetables were arriving at their plants, already reduced as to manpower by the draft, and that they could not be handled unless many hundreds of men could be pressed into the service, nearby Army camps were emptied and the men were sent to the factories.

The action undoubtedly interrupted the routine of training for the men but inasmuch as the men will be used over a very brief period, perhaps only at the most for a fortnight throughout the entire harvest season, the war can hardly be lost by such brief shift of a few thousand men. Nor will the war be affected by such a trifle if similar relief be provided in other parts of the country where similar emergency may arise, whether it be as to harvesting of perishable crops or even grains.

FEINTS TO CLOAK INVASION PLANS

Although it may have been a mere feint, like the left jab of the fighter who tries to throw his opponent off-balance and deceive him as to the real punch that has been planned, report from the Germans that British warships appeared off the harbor of Boulogne, France, last night may herald that land invasion which so many, especially the Germans, expect and which the Russians so eagerly ask for.

Boulogne, close to the Belgian border, easily might be one of the ports of entry for an invasion for it is so close to the familiar battlegrounds in the Low Countries. On the other hand it may have been only one of a number of moves at many points to deceive the enemy as to the point of real attack.

After all, when the invasion does come it will be begun in somewhat the same manner as the incident reported by the Germans yesterday at Boulogne.

Nazis Wrong Again—

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20 (Special Dispatch)—Whatever miscalculations or illusions the Nazis may have encountered in their plan for World War II, none is so strikingly mistaken as their concept of British-American relations.

This week's meeting of our President and the Prime Minister of Great Britain is accepted throughout the two countries as almost a routine affair—a collaboration that has been developed through several conferences since the outbreak of war. But the more often the Churchill-Roosevelt meetings occur, the more remarkable is the manifestation of confidence which both the British and American peoples seem to exhibit in the capacity of these two leaders to reach agreement.

Indeed, perhaps at no time in modern history have two powerful nations, each independent and with an ingrained national spirit, been brought together through their leaders to carry out the most delicate and difficult of all international tasks, the making of war.

National pride has wrecked many an alliance. Jealousy has undermined many a collaboration. But there seems to be in the Churchill-Roosevelt meetings a depth of understanding which arises perhaps out of the same attitude of mind and the same cultural backgrounds of our respective peoples.

Press Reflects Criticism

It is interesting, too, to observe that, although close friends, there is no hesitation on the part of the British and American press to reflect criticisms of their respective chieftains or of each other. The two nations are sufficiently close to examine criticism and to apply their lessons when they are pointed. There will no doubt be plenty of differences of opinion, especially as post-war problems with their materialistic aspect begin to come on the horizon. But, meanwhile, the intimacy of the military and naval and aerial officers is something of which the British and American peoples may well be proud.

There is a mutual respect, a patience in trying to get each other's viewpoint and, above all, a recognition of common purpose that must disconcert the Nazis as they see Britons and Americans and Canadians and French fighting in the Mediterranean. Even more than that is the notable skill with which actual military operations of a joint nature are carried out. It is sometimes suggested that army and navy and air do not synchronize well because they are rival services and that foreign nations have the same problem, but in the present war, especially in the African and Sicilian operations, the unity and harmony of command has completely erased any such idea.

Complete Confidence by Public

The Quebec conference, of course, will make many critical decisions, perhaps outlining the course of the war for the next year or more. The public accepts with complete confidence the necessary secrecy which surrounds the decisions and the whole planning process, knowing that the experts are there along with the civilian heads of government. Men trained all their lives in war preparation, the best leaders America can offer—General Marshall, Admiral King, General Arnold and Admiral Leahy—sit down with the army, navy and air men who represent Britain's high command.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

IN IMITATION OF HIMMLER

James Alfred Guest, senior field attorney of the FCC, stationed in New York, was most reluctantly forced to detail episodes which convince that an FCC—OWI group devoted themselves to driving broadcasters off the air, to intimidating radio stations by personalized questionnaires of a slanted character, to analysis and criticism of broadcasts amounting to censorship. These activities were committed in spite of the fact that the law specifically forbade the FCC and no law permitted the OWI to engage in censorship. The Office of Censorship, by law created for the task, refused to join in the FCC-OWI maneuvers.

Mr. Garey, committee counsel, said: ". . . one of the things you wanted to find out among people of Polish blood was whether they would stand for the Russian frontier to remain where it is now located instead of where it was located before this second world conflict began?

"Mr. Guest. We were interested in the story about the murder of 10,000 Poles."

Mr. Guest was forced to admit to Mr. Garey that known Communists were employed by FCC and OWI as translators and informers. Mr. Guest, in testifying under oath, provided this data on their attitude toward Communists:

No Thought Given to Subject

"Mr. Guest. I hadn't given much thought at that time to what constituted a Communist, because nobody had been called to our attention as being a Communist.

"Mr. Garey. The reason you didn't give it much thought, you didn't make any inquiry to determine whether or not any of the personnel of these stations were or were not Communists or fellow travelers?

"Mr. Guest. Nobody accused them of being Communists.

"Mr. Garey. You didn't make any inquiry to find out if they were Communists?

"Mr. Guest. In conversation with persons I think we asked that.

"Mr. Garey. Whom did you ask whether or not he was a Communist or a fellow traveler?

"Mr. Guest. I can't recall specifically asking anyone that question."

It was brought out in this hearing that there is an organization, Short Wave Research, Inc., managed by Frances Keene of which Mr. Guest said:

"I think Short Wave Research was set up to have something to do with the hiring of persons for the Office of War Information in the beginning of OWI. That is all I know."

But further testimony made it clear that the lady also had much to do with FCC and was constantly criticizing broadcasters on the air and recommending that others take their place, and in connection with her it turned up that the FCC concerned itself with the manner in which news regarding the murder of Carlos Tresca, the assistant anarchist, was presented to the public, although under no law of the United States is that any business whatsoever of the FCC. But at the time there was a virulent discussion as to whether Tresca had been killed by a Communist, a Fascist or a jealous husband.

Intervened in Libel Case

And then Mr. Guest was forced to admit that a member of his staff intervened in a libel case to which the FCC was in no manner a party. Stefano Luotto had been put off the air through oblique FCC intervention. At the moment of libel suit he was not a broadcaster. He was in no way connected with radio. None of his activities could remotely come within FCC purview. He was suing Girolamo Valenti for libel and had him arrested on a criminal libel charge. Mr. Guest directed a member of his staff to attend the hearing. Valenti was held for the Grand Jury and bail was set at $1,000. Mr. Fenner of the FCC remained, according to his own report "after everyone had left chambers and continued the discussion with the Judge." And Mr. Fenner reported: "The hearing . . . took place, not in the regular magistrate's courtroom, but in one of the smaller chambers in said building. Only the immediate parties concerned, with their witnesses, were in said room. There were no outsiders." But Fenner of the FCC was in said room. What for? Apparently to talk to the judge.

This is an astonishing business. Perhaps someone can explain why FCC steps outside the law.

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Schtimme Aus'm Kaerrichhof

Vun LLOYD A. MOLL

Die Rofine Schultz

Es iss mir beigfalle, dass all die Verschtarwne, wu ich en Gschpraech mit ghatt hab so weit, all ausgewachsne Menner odder Weiwer waare. Es hot mich gewunnert, eb ich aa mit me gleene Maedel odder me Bu schwetze kennt. So wie ich de naegschte Owed uff der Kaerrichhof gange bin, hawwich mol en glee Graab gsucht. Ich hab e deel gleene Graewer gsehne, awwer die hen all Graabschtee ghatt mit re Yohrzaahl druff, das net weit zerick gedaademt waar. Ich hett gaern eens gfunne, das enni hau schunn am me hunnert Yohr beardicht waar. Endlich, noochdem dass ich viel rumgeloffe waar, finn ich en glee Graab. Es waar yuscht so'n gans gleener Hiwwel, ken Schtee fars Fuss odder Koppend Ich hab mei Gschpichte gemacht, bissel gewaart un des iss was ich gheert hab:

"O Balzer, schlack mich doch net! Ich hab's gewiss net helfe kenne! Ich will besser acht gewwe 's naegscht Mol!"

"Ich will dir ken Schlaeg gewwe. Saag mir was dei Naame iss. Ich daet yuscht gleiche zu schwetze mit dir. Wann bischt du gschtarwe?" frog ich.

"Ich bin net gschtarwe. Ich bin in der Brunne gschtarzt. Gelle, du schtrofscht mich net!" saagt sie gans verengschtert.

"Kumm, wie hoscht gsaat as du heesse daetscht?"

"Ich heess Rofine Schultz," saagt sie.

"Well, Rofine, daetscht du mir ebbes verzaehle vun deim Lewe?"

"O, mei liewer Mann! Mei karz Lewe waar voll Druwwel un Elend. Ich waar gebore naegscht an Baden. Mei Eltre waare der Melchior un die Susanna Schultz. Mir hen uff me glee Schtick Land gewuhnt, das der Graaf ge-eegent hot. Do iss der Vadder gschunne warre, dass mir schier net lewe hen kenne. Vun unsere Freind un Bekannte, wu aa zu unnerdrickt waare, sin noch Amerika gange. Mir hen Berichte grickt vun ihne, wie sie sich aagsiedelt ghatt hen in Pennsylfaani. Der Vadder hot gsaat, 'Wann die so'n schee un arndlich Lewe hawwe kenne dart unnich de Insche, kenne mir doch aa. Susanna, was saagscht, wolle mir aa ausziege?' Die Mutter waar es willich. Mei Eltre hen ihre Sache verkaaft, was sie net mitnemme hen kenne. Es Inwerich hen sie in mei Kischt gepackt. O, ich muss dir verzaehle vun sellre Kischt. Mei Grossvadder waar en Tischler un hot die Kischt gemacht. Do waare Dauwe un Dullebuhne druffgemohlt mit re Farb, das so frischt geguckt hot as wie der Daag, wie die Bilder gemacht sin warre. Eb er gschtarwe iss, saagt er zu meim Vadder, 'Melchior, hald die Kischt far der Rofine ihre Hochzichkischt.' Der Vadder hot ihm verschproche, wann ich aa yuscht vier Yohr alt waar zu sellre Zeit. Die Mutter hot mir oft die Gschicht verzaehlt, wie ich es mol begreife hab kenne. Wie ich bissel elter warre bin, bin ich oft gange un die Kischt bedracht, far all dass mei glee Haerz noch net gedenkt hot an en Mann. Ich waar nein Yohr alt, wie mir unser Heemet verlosse hen. Der weit Weg noch Amschterdamm hot lang genumme. Dart hot der Vadder en Schiff gfunne, das noch Phildelphi segle hot solle. Er hot em Kaptain die Faahrt bezaahlt un noochdem dass mir zwee Woche bei Bekannte waare, sin mir uffs Schiff. Es hot unser Haerzer gfreid wie mir der Jakob Rupp un sei Fraa die Maria, der Ruben Neihard un sei Fraa die Edimiene un der Johann un die Matilde Ritter unnich den re Haerd Mensche gsehne hen. Die waare net graad vun unserm Schtedtel, awwer mir waare sie all bekannt. Es waar mir bang 's Schiff kennt net all die Leit draage, es hot so glee geguckt. 'S waar Sundaag Owed, der 30. Abrill, 1734, wie mir uffs Schiff sin. Wie mol die Leit an ihre Bletz genumme waare beim Kaptain un hen sich deheem gemacht so gut as sie gekennt hen unnich de Umschtende, hot ebber 's Lied "Ein feste Burg iss unser Gott" aafange singe. Eens ums anner vun uns Deitsche, un es waare yuscht paar annere Leit uff em Schiff, hot neigschtimmt. Glei hot des Lied iwwers Wasser nausgschallt. Ich hab newich em Vadder gschtanne, so bissel hinnich em Kaptain. Der Vadder hot den Mann in de Aage ghatt un wie's Singe veriwwer waar, saagt er zu der Mutter, 'Susanna, ich glaab net, dass mir en guter, ehrlicher Mann hen far uns noch Amerika nemme. Er schteht mir net aa. Hoscht gsehne, wie schpettlich, dass er gschmunselt hot, wie mir am Singe waare?'—'Melchior, mir hen uns in dem sei Hend gewwe far uns noch em neie Land nemme. Nau misse mir unser Zuverdraue zu unser Gott hawwe, dass der Mann uns recht behandelt bis mir aalande. Du hoscht doch die Faahrt bezaahlt, so kann's uns net Iwwel geh. Hoscht yo gheert wie viel vun denne uff em Schiff sich iwwerbunne hen far die Faahrt, so sette mir doch glicklich sei,' saagt die Mutter. 'O, ich darf net denke an die Zeit, wu mir uff em Schiff waare!" saagt die Rofine.

"Yo, verzaehl mir devun, des muss indressant sei," saagt ich. Sie hot e Weil gschtuzt, noh saagt sie:

"Es hot gaar ken Liftel geblose iwwers Wasser selli gans Nacht, so hen mir an Amschterdamm gelegge bis de naegschte Nammidaag. Wie die Segel sich mol ausgfillt hen, iss en grosser 'Hurra' un 'Gott sei Dank' in die Heeh gange. Glei iss des Schiff darrich die Welle gange, dass es en grossi Farricht geblugt hot. Des waar en Erfaahring far mich! Der Vadder hot mich am Riggel ghowe, far die grosse un viele unnerschittliche Fisch im Wasser zu sehne. Mir misse viel Meil gemacht hawwe bis es Dunkel warre iss, awwer noh! Ach Gott! Was en Schtarm iss uffkumme! Der Kaptain hot uns all nunner ins Schiff geyaagt ur gedriwwe wie en Haerd Vieh. Es iss alles fascht zugemacht warre, so dass en Dunscht drin waar, dass mer schier net ausschteh hot kenne. Die Lei sin rumgebarzelt, as wann sie bedrunke gewest waere, so hot des Schiff sich im Wasser rumgewelst. Noh iss schier alle Mensch seegrank warre. Ich hab gewott, ich kent graad schtaerwe! Die wu ihre Kepp noch hewe hen kenne, hen sich gegnied un gebed. Bis die Daaghelling kumme iss, waar der Schtarm verbei un mir waare zerick geblose, so dass mir die Schtadt widder sehne hen kenne. So sin mir hinnerschich un vaerschich gfaahre, graade wie's em Wind eikumme iss uns zu blose, far drei Monet, bis mer noch Phildelphi kumme sin. Der Kaptain hot yuscht Lewesmittel genumme far sechs Woche. Wie vier vun denne veriwwer waare, iss ess Wasser raahr warre. Es Brot waar vergrotzt, dass mer's schier net schlucke hot kenne. Er Grankheet iss eigerisse un waar ken Dokter uff em Schiff. Der Kaptain hot so bissel Medezin ausgedeelt, awwer sich net viel bekimmert um sei Patiente. Es aerscht wu gschtarwe iss, waar die Maria Rupp. 'O ye! Es aerscht dass ich duh muss, wann ich noch Amerika kumm, iss mei Fraa arndlich begraawe,' hot der Jakob gsaat. 'Nee. do waerd graad Leicht ghalde un ich will aa net viel rumgebrillt hawwe,' saagt der Kaptain. Sie hen so'n verrissne Segel grickt, des bissel um die Maria gewickelt un sie zum See neigschmisse. Ei, ei! Ich hab geglaabt der Jakob daet sei Verschtand verliere! Selli Nacht hawwich gebed, dass uns doch net so'n Unglick vorfalle sott. Es hot awwer net so sei solle. Der Ruben Neihard un sei Fraa waare die naegschte. Bis dies Zeit hen mir yuscht meh en halb Koppche Wasser der Daag grickt. O, was waar ich als so darschdich. Ich hab als gedraamt vun unsere Schpring in Baden. Die Mutter un der Vadder waare so schwach, dass sie nimmi schten hen kenne. Sie sin blackich warre an ihre Kaerper. Wie der Kaptain des gsehne hot, hot er uns gans allee in en Eck nei. Drei Daage waare sie verwarrt un uff de Vierte, hen sie mir ken Andwart gewwe, wie ich gschwetzt hab zu ne. Die Matlide Ritter iss heelingerweise beikumme un mei Eltre bedracht. 'Rofine,' saagt sie, 'die Mutter un der Vadder sin in der Ewichkeit.' Ich waar so gschlagge, hab net helle kenne. Es hot yuscht en karzi Zeit genumme, waar der Kaptain schunn dart far ihre Kaerper. Wie in me Draam bin ich hinnenoh. 'Buwe,' saagt der Kerl zu seine Leit, 'Wann des so fartgeht, hen mir ken Segle meh. Die warre mol graad so ins Wasser geduh.' Wie ich gsehne hab, dass sie mei Eltre zum Wasser neiduhne, hawwich en Schprung gemacht far neischpringe. Wann die Matilde mich net gfange hett, waer ich 's Elend, das ich noch darrich mache hab misse, losgewest. Es Wasser iss als wenicher warre, so dass mir yuscht gans bissel grickt hen. Die Ratte, das es ghatt hot uff em Schiff, hen der Schweess vun de Leit ihre Gsichter gschleckt, die Weil as die Leit am Schlofe waare. Wie ich en Waisekind warre bin, saagt die Matilde, 'Johann, es iss unser grischtlichi Pflicht far acht zu gewwe uff des Maedel.' Ihre Mann waar's willich, so wie mir aageland sin, hen sie mich mit ihne nemme wolle. Wie 's Schiff mol im Rewwer ruhich gelegge hot, ruft der Kaptain all die Leit ruff. 'Die wu ihre Faahrt bezaahlt hen, schteile sich uff die recht Seid. Die Saerwe do riwwer zu mir,' saagt der Kaptain. Well, ich bin mit s Ritters geloffe, bis der Rilps mich erblickt hot. 'Holopp, du Yungi! Dart mach dich doriwwer zu mir,' hot er gegrische. Der Ritter hot gebrodeschtiert, awwer des hot nichs gebatt. Der Kerl iss recht wiedich warre. 'Was, witt du mir saage wer mich bezaahlt hot odder net! Aus daere gleene Zottel will ich noch zehe Daaler mache. Ihre Eltre hen mich gschwindelt. Sie hette net verrecke breiche. Ich bin so wie so en hunnert Daaler aus em Sack,' hot er gegrische, iss kumme mich am Aarm grickt un vum Ritter eweckgerisse. Well, es Ritters sin mit de annere, wu er geh hot losse, fart. Ich hab bei de Haerd gschtanne un gheilt. Glei waare Leit vun der Schtadt kumme un der Kaptain hot mit denne ghandelt far die Menner, Weiwer un Kinner, wu var ihm gschtanne hen, graad as wann er so viel Kieh verkaafe daet. Eens ums anner iss eweckgenumme warre un hot sich iwwerbunne zu denne, wu sie kaaft hen ghatt far ihre Faahrgeld abzuschaffe. Es letscht waare yuscht meh fimf Menner, drei Weibsleit un ich iwwerich. Noh kummt en grosser, dicker, gsoffner Mann zum Kaptain. 'Wu waarscht, Tschimm?' frogt der Kaptain, 'Ich hab do en guti Haerd. Was gebscht?'—'Was gewwich! Huh! Die settscht mer schenke. Do kann ich ken Geld rausmache! Die Menner sin zu alt far schaffe, die Weibsleit net schee genunk far me dumme Bauer verkaafe un was will ich mit dem Gleene?' andwart der Kerl. Ich hab gheert wie eens vun denne Mannsleit zum annere gsaat hot, 'des iss so'n Seeledreiwer. Der will uns ins Land nemme vun Bauerei zu Bauerei un verhandle wie's Vieh.'—'Geb mir fimf hunnert, kannscht die Latt hawwe,' saagt der Kaptain. — 'Hunnsdunnerwedder! Ich geb der drei, noh schmeisscht 's Glee in der Barye.' Well, ich weess net, was er gewwe hot. Er un der Kaptain sin in en Schtubb far 's iwwerschwetze. Wie sie rauskumme sin, waare sie alle zwee gedichtich gsoffe. Der Kaptain hot sich so braddaal hiegschtellt, noh saagt er, 'Der Tschimm Hoffman hot eier Faahrt bezaahlt. Mit dem misse ihr geh. Er waerd eich Bletz griege, wu ihr des abverdiene kenne. Nau awwer harrichen! Wann eenich eens vun eich den Blatz, wu er eich hiedutt, verlosse sott gee-ich der Wi'e vun eierm Eegner, dann warre ihr gedichtich gschtroft. Nau, machen eich fart, ihr Saerwe.'

"'Ich will mei Kischt hawwe! Die hot mei Grossvadder gemacht far mich', hawwich zum Kaptain gsaat. 'Rihich, odder ich schlack dir noch uff dei gleeni Gosch. Ich muss ebbes hawwe, der Lausbu hot net uffgewwe bis ich dich noch zu der Haerd dreigschmisse hab', saagt er. Es hot mich schunn so gewunnert, was es gewwe hot mit meinre Kischt un unserm Sache, das mir drin ghatt hen.

"Mir sin sellem Tschimm noochgedrollt as wie en Haerd Ende. Selli Nacht hot er uns an so'n halbgschefdich Waertshaus. Ich muss awwer saage, er hot uns mol gfiedert. Naegschte Daag sin mer ab zu Fuss die Schtadt naus un noch Montgomery Kaunti. Dart iss er all die Menner un Weibsleit loswarre uff unerschittliche Bauerei. Wie, kann ich nimmi saage. Ich hab nichs duh kenne as wie heile. Noochdem dass er als en Barye grickt hot mit me Bauer, hot er gschtoppt am naegschte Waertshaus far uffschitte. Des hot uns als ruhe losse. Wie ich yuscht meh iwwerich waar, saagt er, 'Wu der Deiwel waar ich dich los?'—'O, nemm mich doch heem zu deinre Fraa. Ich kann aa schunn schaffe', saag ich. Noh fangt er aa lache in seim Suff. 'Huh! Huh! Ich hab ken Fraa. Was wott ich mit eenre? Gscholde sei! Un mei Heemet iss wu ich der Hut abduh, so weess ich beidemmt net was ich duh mit dir'. Mir hen so newe an der Schtross gsotze unnich me Kaersche Baam, wie er sei Kopp uffgschteibert hot un gekunsiddert.

"Uff eemol kummt ihm ebbes ei. Kumm an, Yungi, mir gehne zu Balzer Brunner noch Sumnyschtedtel. Wie mir in der Scheierhof geloffe sin, hot der Balzer unnich em Vorschuss gschtanne. Er fangt aa zu lache. 'Zitter wann hoscht du Kinner? Un wer der Deihenker kannscht du griege far dem Maedel sei Mutter zu sei? Du Seeledreiwer! saagt er. Wu sin die Haunds? Ich hett schunn lang gaern selli Bitsch ghatt, nau helt mach ich en Barye mit dir. Ich schwapp des Maedel ewe uff far die Bitsch'. Mir sin noch em Waggerschopp un dart hen die Hund geblafft. Wie der Balzer der Schopp uffgemacht hot, waare sechs gleene Hundelcher an ihre Mutter ghanke. 'Dart iss sie, kannscht sie hawwe sammte Yunge, saagt der Balzer. 'Dunnerwedder nee! Des eent Yung do hot mir schunn genunk Druwwel gemacht. Was will ich mit sechse!' saagt der Tschimm. 'En Barye iss en Barye. Nemm sie mit.' Well, bis die Gschicht faerdich waar, hot der Tschimm der Hund grickt vum Balzer. Awwer er hot noch en Daaler rausgewwe misse, weil er die Bitsch net gewollt hot. Em Balzer sei Fraa, die Anna, waar gut zu mir, awwer ihre Mann waar der lewendich Satan. Wie ich drei Woche dart waar, hawwich mol der Oier Karb falle losse. Drei dutzend Oier sin verbroche. Do hawwich Schlaeg grickt defor. Des waar ebbes Neies far mich. Mei Eltre hen niemols en Hand uff mich gelegt far mi' schtrofe. Es waar en Ziegbrunne wu mir's Wasser griege hen misse. Der Kiwwel waar schwer, un ich hab die Wals schier net drehe kenne. Die Dreh iss mir mol aus de Hend gewitscht, der Kiwwel zammenunner un der Schtrick abgerisse. Der Balzer hot in der Brunne graddle misse far der Kiwwel griege un ich hab widder die Beitsch aagemesse grickt. Sei Fraa hot alsmol geprodeschtiert wann er mich gschlagge hot, noh iss der Rilps hinnich sie mit der Fitz. Es waar im Grischtmonet, weess noch gut, weil die Anna hot gsaat sie daet mich ans Fescht nemme, wie sie gsaat hot ich sett en Eemer voll Wasser griege am Brunne. Ich hab der Eemer so uff die Mauer vum Brunne gschtellt, bis ich der Kiwwel nunnerlosse daet. Muss weddergerennt sei, weil der Eemer iss in der Brunne gfalle. O ye! denk ich. Wann der Balzer des ausfint, gaerbt er mich un ich darf net noch em Grischtfescht. Was mach ich yuscht! Ich hab mol in der Brunne geguckt, un sehn aa der Eemer owwe uff em Wasser. Wann ich yuscht nunnergraddle kennt, saag ich zu mer selwert.

"Des gsaat un fwwer die Mauer neigraddle, waar eens. Ich hab mich am Schtrick hewe wolle, hab aa, bis mer die Hald gschlippt iss. Noh bin ich gfalle, der Kopp wedder en Schtee gschlagge un zum kalte Wasser nei. Greische hawwich net kenne, ich waar wie unmechdich. Uff eemol iss mer alles schwarz var Aage warre, un sell iss all, das ich meh weess vum Balzer Brunner seim Blatz", saagt sie un waar ruhich. Ich hab yuscht noch ebbes saage wolle, wie ich noch so weitlefdich heer, "Gell, du schlacksht mich net!"

JOHN FRITZ AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

1822—1913

To John Fritz on his eightieth birthday. The builder of the West greets the genius of the East. The Oregon's performance glorifies the steel of Fritz.

This is the inscription which is engraved on a silver cup which was presented to John Fritz of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, at a banquet held in the Waldorf-Astoria in 1902. The donor was Irving M. Scott, ship-builder of San Francisco, whose firm had built the renowned battleship "Oregon," the ship that amazed the world by rounding Cape Horn during the Spanish American War. Three of the battleships that participated in the battle of Santiago Harbor were equipped with armor plate made at Bethlehem under the eye of the great iron-master John Fritz.

John Fritz was a Pennsylvania German, born in Londonderry Township in Chester County. At the age of 16 he learned the trade of blacksmithing in Parkersburg, Pennsylvania. Six years later he worked in an iron-mill in Norristown. In 1849 he resigned this position to manage an iron plant in Safe Harbor, Lancaster County. After spending a number of years in industrial plants near Philadelphia he was made superintendent of the Cambria Iron Company's plant in Johnstown, Pa. In 1860 he was brought to the Bethlehem Iron Company as its chief engineer.

During the Civil War Fritz went to Chatanooga, Tennessee, to build a rolling-mill. The federal government needed a mill to re-roll the rails of railroads which had been torn up by the Confederate army. In 1869 the Bethlehem Iron Company introduced the Bessemer process for manufacturing steel and John Fritz was placed in general charge.

European war industries had made great steps forward in the processing of armor plate by hydraulic forging presses and furnaces. In company with an ordnance officer of the United States Army John Fritz visited European plants for the purpose of studying their equipment and securing licenses to set up similar mills at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The mission proved to be successful and in 1891 the first armor-plate plant to be established in America was built at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Later other plants were built at Homestead and at Midvale.

In 1897, when John Fritz was already 75 years of age, he resigned from the Bethlehem Company to accept a position as an engineer on the Army Factory Board, an organization set up by Congress to build an armor plate plant for the United States government. When Fritz was introduced to the Congressional Committee the Secretary of the Navy introduced him as follows: "I present to you Mr. John Fritz, the most honest man I have ever known."

The following poem was a tribute to John Fritz, written and recited by Dr. Raymond Rossiter, on the occasion of a dinner given the iron-master on his seventieth birthday:

Whom shall we choose the flag to hold
In our vast conquest yet untold,
Which the New World adds to the Old?
Donner and Blitz,
John Fritz!

Leaders unseen are with us met;
Nor they or we the past forget.
The fate that took them early, yet,
Thank God, omits
John Fritz.

When doubters doubted whether we
Could beat our brethren over the sea
In rolling machinery,
Who gave 'em fits?
John Fritz!

Who stands before us, to combine
A level head, an upright spine,
With nowhere any crooked line?
Most clearly, it's
John Fritz.

Whose heart is warmer than his blast?
Whose faith more steadfast to the last
Than any steel he ever cast?
That figure fits
John Fritz.

Whose fame commands our homage, such
As bears of envy not a touch,
Because we love the man so much?
Why, there he sits—
John Fritz!

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. AMELIA SCHEFFLER

Amelia Scheffler, widow of James Scheffler, Railroad Ave., Pen Argyl, died Friday morning at the home of her niece, Mrs. Robert Ralcliff, 632 4th Ave., Bethlehem, at the age of 82.

She was born in Bath, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Haupt, and is survived by two nieces, Mrs. Robert Radcliff, Bethlehem, and Mrs. Lottie Schollenberger, Allentown, one nephew, Alfred Knauss, Emmaus.

Her husband who operated a drug store in Pen Argyl for 30 years, died in 1913. She was a resident of Pen Argyl for 50 years. She was a member of the First Presbyterian church, Pen Argyl, and of the Ladies Bible class of that church.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday, at the Pullis Funeral home, 126 Pennsylvania Ave., Pen Argyl, Rev. R. W. Musselman, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, officiating. Interment in the Greenmount cemetery, Bath.

GEORGE A. WERTMAN

George A. Wertman, a native of Lynn township, Lehigh county, died Thursday of a heart attack at his home, 313 High St., Cranford, N. J. He was 66 years old.

Mr. Wertman was a son of the late Monroe and June, nee Everett, Wertman. He was a railroad engineer for many years and retired in 1942. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, the Lutheran wing of the Eebenezer church at New Tripoli and also of the Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers. He resided in Jersey City and Cranford for 32 years.

Mr. Wertman is survived by his wife, Marie, nee Steigerwalt, and several uncles, aunts, nieces and nephews.

Rev. Leroy Bond will officiate at funeral services to be held in the Ebenezer church, New Tripoli, on Sunday at 3 p. m. with burial to follow in the adjoining cemetery.

MRS. ANNA ALBUS

Mrs. Anna Albus, 83, 233 W. Nesquehoning St., Easton, widow of Henry Albus, died Friday morning after an illness of six weeks.

She was born in Easton, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Stout, and had resided in Glendon and South Easton her entire life.

Surviving are five children: Katherine and Carrie, at home; Harry, Edward and Raymond, all of Easton; two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Gaughran, Reading, and Mrs. Helena Brown, Easton; a brother, Michael Stout, Wilkes-Barre, five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Funeral at 8:15 a. m. Monday from the late home, followed by requiem high mass in the St. Joseph's Catholic church. Interment in the St. Joseph's new cemetery.

ANDREW FISHER

Andrew Fisher, a native of Catasauqua, died a few days ago in Jefferson hospital, Philadelphia, in his 35th year. About two years ago he received serious injuries in an automobile accident at Schuylkill Haven, when a car in which he was riding with several members of a bowling team composed of employes of the Penna. Power and Light Co. at Pine Grove, was wrecked.

Fisher suffered a broken neck and other injuries and his life was despaired of for a time, but he rallied and was able to be about until about 10 days ago, when he became critically ill and was rushed to the hospital.

He was the youngest child of Mrs. Julia Fisher and the late John Fisher and was born in Catasauqua, where he was educated. His father was a steamship agent and private banker. For a time Mr. Fisher was employed in the Allentown offices of the P. P. & L. Co., and about 10 years ago he was transferred to the company's steam electric plant at Pine

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Representative in the General Advertising Field:
STORY, BROOKS & FINLEY
New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The mind's beyond the despot's reach;
That fortress he can never breach;
For thought is free in every clime
And lives until the end of time. —Korn.

PROBE OF PROFITS IN FOOD

The strong suspicion in the public mind that high costs of food do not mean high prices for the farmers but rather the reaping of huge profits by middlemen has reached Congress and the chairman of the House of Representatives committee on agriculture has announced that he is going to name a sub-committee to investigate the "ever-widening gap," as he terms it, between prices paid to the farmer and the ultimate cost to the consumer.

He went on to say that the OPA economists in a recent report show that a majority of the large wholesalers received at least 100 per cent greater profits in 1942 than in 1939 and that one-fifth of all wholesalers had profits of 500 per cent or more last year as compared with 1939.

"Farmers and consumers operate as individuals and are absolutely at the mercy of those operating between them," Chairman Fulmer said. "Farm prices are being depressed at will by speculation and otherwise.

"On the other hand, consumers are called upon to pay unfair increases to obtain necessary food because the supply has fallen far behind demand and price fixing has been ineffective."

He said he would seek price ceilings on all basic farm commodities, with upward scaling of prices through processors, wholesalers and retailers—"allowing proper differentials for overhead and profit at each stage."

"This program, is the only one that will definitely work with all groups and at the same time hold down inflation, and it will assure an even flow of foods to market and equitable profits to all."

The plan, incidentally, resembles in essentials the program frequently advanced by former President Herbert Hoover, who served as food administrator in the last war.

JAPS TAUGHT US ALEUTIANS' VALUE

When the Americans charged into Kiska and found it was a deserted island, they at the same time learned that the Japs in the original seizure of the island more than a year ago confidently planned to remain in possession of the place while extending their conquests westwardly in the direction of Alaska and the northwestern United States.

Laboriously with pick and shovel they had excavated vast underground barracks, storehouses, laboratories, machine-shops and hospitals and had equipped all for their special purposes. They had come with equipment for permanent stay and they had dug themselves in so securely that, in spite of the bombing by air over months, the effects had been little felt down in the deep, dungeon-like chambers that they had built against the contingencies of air attack.

American newspapermen who went in with the troops frankly expressed their amazement at the evidences which the Japs gave of the value placed upon Kiska. The Japs taught the Americans the value of the possession, fortification and defense of these islands to the entire American west coast as well as our Alaskan territory.

But now, after having taught America the lesson, a converse lesson likewise has been learned, namely the value to the United States of these islands as a threat to Japan.

The Japs realize it and they also realize that the war has set against them in other areas. Only in recent days appeal was made to the Japanese people in the name of the emperor to increase production. They know what the swarms of planes now issuing from American factories means. They know that their own scanty production can be no match and that in round after round of the fighting in the Southwest Pacific and in the Northern Pacific they are going to become groggier and groggier so that unless something very fortunate for them occurs the knockout punch will ultimately be delivered.

MRS. ROOSEVELT IN NEW ZEALAND

And now Mrs. Roosevelt is in New Zealand, thus sustaining her unchallenged record as the most-travelled woman in the world.

Certainly it is a good thing that she has gone to the Antipodes for without a doubt she will bring very high pleasure and satisfactions by her visits to thousands of our young fighting men who are in that part of the world.

Everywhere that she has gone up to this time she has stimulated morale. It is no small thing when any of our boys receive a personal visit from the First Lady of the land and we can expect that thousands of V-mail letters in the next few weeks will proudly report: "Today Mrs. Roosevelt visited our camp and talked to us."

But it can be believed that Mrs. Roosevelt is prompted in these trips by purpose other than that of seeing our men in the field or being seen by them. She is a highly intelligent woman and undoubtedly can bring home to her husband thoughts and ideas not so likely to be brought by mere men. As men with intelligent cooperative wives best know, their spouses can be invaluable eyes, ears and keen judgment for them in matters that might escape them but which are vital in the a world half of whose population is female. The smartest men in all the ages have never repudiated nor refused the value of woman's keen intuitive powers and when they have had the value likewise of intelligent women's judgment they have availed themselves of it.

So Mrs. Roosevelt, though doing things that no other President's wife has done, is true to herself, to her family and to the people of this country. She must be the envy of millions of women who would like to do exactly as she is doing because she is able to do it; because she has incredible energy and tremendous ambition to be useful. Some there are who would criticize her so-called "gadding" but who honestly can condemn it, and for what sound reason can it be condemned?

She has reared a splendid family. She has given five sons to the service and just to visit them alone would take her on a globe-girdling trip. She has assumed leadership among women and has the time to do it and in such leadership no amount of travel and no number of contacts and experiences with people everywhere and their affairs can be too great.

Coin of Victory

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27 (Special Dispatch)—President Roosevelt has just made, from the standpoint of psychological warfare, the most useful statement that has come out of the United Nations since the elimination of Mussolini raised hopes for the winning of the Italian people to the Allied side of the war.

The President, for reasons that were associated with the fact that he had ready a routine report to Congress on Lend-Lease finances, did not issue his statement as a part of the announcements released at the Quebec conference. It seems even more appropriate to emphasize the American attitude of aid to liberated peoples as a part of the completed record of American help to other nations.

Mr. Roosevelt's letter of transmittal to Congress was brief but the words should be distributed by leaflet throughout occupied Europe and especially over Italy and the Balkans to counteract the last-ditch resistance propaganda coming out of Berlin and so assiduously being spread among the Axis satellite countries.

"Except for the responsible Fascist leaders, "wrote the President, "the people of the Axis need not fear unconditional surrender to the United Nations. The people of Axis-controlled areas may be assured that when they agree to unconditional surrender they will not be trading Axis despotism for ruin under the United Nations. The goal of the United Nations is to permit liberated peoples to create a free political life of their own choosing and to attain economic security. These are two of the great objectives of the Atlantic charter."

Promise of Material Aid

Then came the promise of food and material aid to peoples irrespective of what their governments were before the unconditional surrender.

"I have said," continued the President, "That we shall bring food for the starving and medicine for the sick in the areas liberated by the United Nations. We have done so, under Lend-Lease, in North Africa. We are doing so in Sicily. We shall continue to do so in other areas, as they are liberated, to prevent economic breakdown and aid the liberated peoples to produce and to help themselves we shall provide these necessary civilian supplies in support of our military operations and as a matter of simple humanity."

What does the record show thus far? That we have given under the Lend-Lease operation about $14,000,000,000 to foreign countries. Of this amount $2,500,000,000 has gone to Russia and more than $1,000,000,000 of this has gone to the Soviets in the last six months, which is nearly two-thirds of the amount we have sent to the United Kingdom from January 1 to July 1 of this year.

Nearly 60 per cent of what we have exported to Russia under Lend-Lease has been under the head of munitions, such as airplanes, tanks, and guns. Much of what we have sent everywhere abroad has been food. The President, moreover, made a rather sweeping statement in his message to Congress concerning repayment. He said:

"The Congress in passing and extending the Lend-Lease act made it plain that the United States wants no new war debts to jeopardize the coming peace. Victory and a secure peace are the only coin in which we can be repaid."

Does Congress Share the Idea?

It is to be hoped that Congress shares this generous interpretation, for while the statute says the President may accept in payment any "benefit" which he deems satisfactory, Mr. Roosevelt's words could mean that whatever was loaned and whatever was leased need not be repaid or returned to us. No such understanding was explicitly written into the law, but it will produce regrettable misunderstandings later on unless Congress makes clear that it does share the willingness of the President to give away fourteen billion dollars or more in the common cause as a contribution to ultimate victory, though there will be many who will suggest that it is a little early to determine whether we have been given payment or have been assured payment in the coin of victory—a lasting peace.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Hillman's Masterly Scheme

It is a curiosity of this generation that when an alien political scheme is proposed it does not meet that ready resentment which even a decade ago would have been a normal popular reaction. American tradition has been so undermined by the constant propaganda for foreign forms. Along comes Sidney Hillman, for instance, and proposes that the American Labor Party be taken over by the labor unions, that these aforesaid labor unions place upon their members a per capita tax for the support of this political party, and that the unions vote their membership strength in the A.L.P.

Evasion of Connally-Smith Act

I shall not, in this article, point to the tricky, sleek formula for evading the Connally-Smith Act involved in Hillman's proposal. I shall rather devote myself to other and more sinister evasions.

Under our theory of government, each individual citizen, male and female, is entitled to a free, secret ballot with the right to be or to decline to be registered in any political party. The citizen's desires and intentions in this respect are strictly his own business and it is a legal offense to intimidate or coerce him thereanent. No system of proxy registration, enrollment or voting is permitted.

When, therefore, a labor union joins its total membership to a political party and taxes individual members in the interest of that party, a violation of the spirit if not the letter of the Election Laws of most states—certainly of New York State where this is to be tried—is immediately apparent and should be investigated by the district attorneys of the various countries. Even if some of them, cowardly, politically-minded, seeking an ALP endorsement when they run, fail to do their duty, a single labor union member, whether a Republican or a Democrat, could take this act of intimidation and improper practices into the courts in the protection of his rights.

There is a further point. Labor Unions consist of citizens and aliens, of those who are of age and those who are under age. Under the Hillman plan, the alien would have as great an authority in an American political party as the citizen. Here is a direct and complete negation of the American doctrine of nationality and citizenship.

Not only does Mr. Hillman seek to force Americans who are Republicans, Democrats or members of other or no parties to contribute to the support and maintenance of the American Labor Party, but he proposes to make the alien a participant in an American political party by taxing him for the party and by voting him in its decisions in contravention to the law. It is interesting to note that some Americans have become so alien-minded that they tolerate such a proposal at all. Certainly Soviet Russia, the land of perfection for these inferiority-complexed individuals, would not permit capitalistic Americans or any other non-citizen a voice in its politics. It is not surprising that such a proposal should come from Hillman. It is surprising that any American would even permit it to be made.

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Pert and Pertinent

There is some hope for him if he talks about his prospects and what he is going to do. There is no hope for him if he likes to talk about his bad luck.

The boss in any family is the one who loves least.... love surrenders.

Nearly every argument is started by someone who likes to hear the sound of their own voice.

America is the land of opportunity. Which may account for so much knocking.

With most of us, disappointment should be a realization that we get just what we deserve.

Bobby Burns up to date: "To see ourselves as others see is" should be changed to "To see others as we see ourselves!"



THE PETER STECKEL HOUSE

By JOHN K. HEYL, Architect



"The great house stands at the head of an open meadow in which are a number of full flowing springs. To the northwest and northeast, like protecting barriers lie tall wooded hills. Against the foot of one of these we have raised a large stone house. This past week the prayer, Maria Magdala's and my names were painted in place on the stucco arch over the entry door. This is an old prayer which I remember from long ago in the home country:

Gott behuet dis haus
Vor aller gefahr, fuer
Unser Seel in Himmel's saal.
Johan Peter Trachsel
Und Maria Magdalena."
1756

Thus Johann Peter Troxell the younger might have said in a letter which he posted to Penn's town on the Delaware in the autumn of the terrible year 1756. At the very first of that year Col. Benjamin Franklin and the militia had been commissioned to fortify the mountain range behind sprawling Bucks County against the frightening raids and ...acres of the Indians who, prodded by the French far to the north and nursing real grievances against the white settlers i. Penn's own colony, had been pillaging and destroying all the outlying settlements and farmsteads which lay open to attack. The Moravian outpost at ...nadenhutten had been burned and all the people massacred and it was toward this vulnerable point Franklin and his men made their winter trek. Franklin himself tells of the visit to the settlement at Bethlehem, which "Town-of-Peace" was bristling with hasty but thorough means of defense against a threatened attack. Traversing the deep wooded reaches of the County, the small band of milita-men labored their baggage train and dragged their cannon through the "Lecha" Gap to the site of the ravaged settlement. From the old rolls ... that year, the record shows that Peter Troxell Senior and his son provide two teams of horses and one wagon for this campaign, and these were a part of only eleven-in-all provided by the citizens.

In this very year of alarms and terror these two men, father and son, and probably their neighbors were setting up the roof-tree over the great stone house so generous in proportion and reminiscent of the manor houses which both men knew so well back in the central Germany of their youth. In fact when Peter Troxell brought his family on the long sea voyage to America he stayed briefly in the port town of Philadelphia, and then at about the time of the "Walking Purchase" took out a warrant for a large tract of land above the Allen holdings in the newly created Northampton County. For about fifteen years this growing family must have lived in log buildings, cleared the land and then in 1756, when a site for the great house had finally been selected, the work of construction proceeded.

Little or nothing of the English houses of Penn's town had impressed these stolid Germans on their fertile new land. The journeymen who plied a carpenter trade in those days were European trained and their tools were few and simple. So the house rose, simply and ample with a medieval appearance both within and without. The great supporting timbers of the hand split shingle roof were trussed, mortised and pegged and pitched steeply to carry off the heavy soft snows of middle European winter and to cover the bounty of a summer's farming. The supporting interior walls were not simply vertical stud walls as we build them today, but heavy, pegged interlocking oak half-timber construction which was the common frame form of the middle ages throughout Europe.

Shakespeare was born in a half-timber house in Stratford. Jacque Couer in Rouen entertained his friends in the handsome town house of this same construction in the year when the new world was being discovered, and at the same time Peter Bruegel, in his paintings of the German countryside, shows houses which surely are the near relations of this great, generous building which was to shelter first a numerous family of Troxells and later the generations of the Peter Steckel family.

In those early days, the cooking was very often done out-of-doors in small cabins or ovens apart from the main house. But the Troxells with their two-wives' setup, provided not one but two great kitchen fireplaces, each provided with tall cranes and long, deep ovens which appeared at each end of the main house. Also into the two adjoining rooms, one of which served no doubt as a "Kammer" or old folk's bedroom, a masonry base was built and an arched access cut in the wall to allow the installation of a decorative iron plate stove. These stoves (also used in the oldest Moravian buildings) were composed of a heavy cast-iron base raised on a stone or brick pedestal above the wood floor and three decorated cast-iron stove plates set into grooves on the base and bolted at right angles against the wall to make a square with the arched access wall from the kitchen fireplace. This was the means of feeding the red wood-coals into the stove. This fuel heated the heavy plates which in turn radiated into space and made it as cosy as any eighteenth century room could be. In fact Franklin admits that these German stoves gave him his idea for the one which bears his name and is ancestor to all our modern cooking ranges and parlor stoves.

The house originally had a ladder-like flight of stairs, probably nothing more than a steep flight of thick boards or treads doweled into a heavy, stringer, tilted from floor to floor. But in the cellar of the building a section of a paneled stair, also narrow and steep, was discovered during the process of renovation. After much discussion as to the origin of this expert piece of Colonial woodwork, it was found that it would fit exactly into place paralleling this earliest stair but with a concession to appearance and ease of rise. So this Colonial journey-man's stair has been restored, but since, in style, it dates from a generation later than the original construction, it was probably an addition Peter Steckel made when he occupied the house in 1770.

All the original pine or poplar floors were found to be in good condition and have been restored and waxed. One original batten door remains in one of the great chambers in the upper floor. These upper level rooms, again the result of the habit of centuries of European living, were the real center of a family's activities, recreation and entertaining. The room has a simple stuccoed arched fireplace in one corner and the inside wall is covered with wide molded board of pine. (See illustration). These run from floor to ceiling which, as in every room in the house, are open, chamfered oak beams, richly dark with smoke and the cure of the long years.

There is a small cellar under one corner of the house which originally had only one outside entrance. Over this area, and beneath a double plank floor of the "Kammer" above, is a form of construction ,the reason for which offers several explanations. Near the bottom of the heavy beams grooving was cut the length of the beam and heavy hand-split lath was inserted. Over this a four-inch layer of clay was poured, filling the space between the beams. Whether this was to be proof against marauding Indians or against the cool dampness of a ground cellar is not known—but we today call it "insulation."

On the property, covering one of the many springs, an old springhouse, with its loft, still stands; and in Peter Steckel's will this is to be open to the thirsty passerby from his "generation unto the end of time." It seems appropriate indeed that a house which was raised out of the memory of an ancient way of life in a strange new world and in hope of the future—that was marked with a prayer against the years—that served as a house of worship long before a church existed in the community—that was a home to many generations of men, citizens of a great democracy —that this building should continue its life as a sort of shrine for the crafts of the people who have settled about it in the valleys of the "Lecha" or Lehigh. This is signal of faith that the spell of the little prayer which is to be renewed again over the doorway has been guard to a building all the long intervening years.

HELLO TOM

O Bruder, meindscht wie du un ich
Hen Checkers gschpielt deheem,
Un wie du mich so farrichterlich
Gebotte hoscht im Game?
Un meindscht wie mir als gange sin
Ze fische ans Moyers Damm?
En Hengel Cat-fish waar unser Gwinn,
Mei liewer Bruder Tom!

Mer hen als gschlofe im seeme Nescht
Darrich alli Hitz un Kelt;
Nau bischt du East un ich bin West—
So geht's in daere Welt!
Mer lewe lang un weit getrennt
Vun unserm alte Schtamm;
Gott schenk, mer schlofe zamme am End,
Mei liewer Bruder Tom!

1913 —CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER

ALLE DAAG

Die Weld iss siess un bidder
Alle Daag;
Wie heit, waerd's marye widder,
Alle Daag;
Mer heile un mer lache,
Mer schlofe un mer wache,
Un dunn die seeme Sache,
Alle Daag.

Ich muss mei Bett verlosse
Alle Daag;
Un tschump g'schwind in die Hosse
Alle Daag;
Ich bin uff meine Heese,
Bluge, Eege un Schtee lese,
Welschkarn, Hoi un Kelwer reese,
Alle Daag.

'S iss Schdriggle, Fiedre, Drenke,
Alle Daag;
Ich meen ich wett mich henke,
Alle Daag;
Doch denk ich, waer sell schlimmer,
Ich misst Schtumpe rolle immer,
Unne Breckfescht odder Dinner,
Alle Daag.

'S iss Flicke, Koche, Backe,
Alle Daag;
Doch macht's die Mammi lache,
Alle Daag;
'S iss Wesche, Kehre, Schkrobbe,
'S iss Biggle un Schtrimp Schdobbe,
Un ken Minutt far hocke,
Alle Daag.

Ich warr e bissli elder,
Alle Daag;
Un blott wie unser Felder,
Alle Daag;
Doch guckt die Mammi yinger,
Schier wie eens vun unser Kinner,
Awwer so gebt's g'schbassich Dinger,
Alle Daag.

Uff kors ich bin gaern gruschdich,
Alle Daag;
Un die Mammi sie iss luschdich,
Alle Daag;
Un ich hab yuscht nau gedenkt,
Dart iss wu mei Druwwel henkt!
Nochdem nemm ich kenner g'schenkt,
Net en Daag.

—Solly Hulsbuck (H. M. Miller, 1871-1939)

NOTES

WER AAHALT, GEWINNT

A generation ago many a Pennsylvania German high school student would have disdained to speak the dialect of his ancestors and would have scorned their memory. Those times have changed. Today it is otherwise. Surely it is a sign of healthy forthrightness when our young people are consciously respectful and proud of their ancestral heritage.

A letter from Miss Pauline B. Rupp, of the Faculty of the Coopersburg High School, informs us that a student council committee of two members, Dolores Gaugler and John Langer, and two faculty representatives, Mr. Dalton Landis and Miss Rupp, have designed the first official school seal. And did they choose for their motto a bit of wisdom from out the ancient Greek and Latin classics? Quite on the contrary. They turned to the wisdom of their forefathers and chose from among the many Pennsylvania German Schprichwarde: WER AAHALT, GEWINNT.

"Our rough ideas and sketches," Miss Rupp continues in her letter, "will be sent to a professional in this work who will make the final drawing. We have included on this shield items which represent three phases of education stressed in our school. These groups, books for academics, glass equipment for science, and a T-square and triangle for manual work are to be superimposed on a sketch of the bell tower which is distinctive in the building's architecture. Above this we wanted to place a school motto, and then we suddenly discovered that the school had no motto of its own. This is where the Pennsylvania German idea was advanced, and so we added the characteristic tulip design at either end of the space into which we have today fitted the proverb."

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We have before us the catalog of the twenty-first consecutive annual exhibit of contemporary books shown by The American Institute of Graphic Arts. There were 575 entries of books manufactured and designed in the United States or Canada, all published between December 1st of the preceding year and December 1st of the year in which the call for these books was issued. These 575 entries represent the work of 122 publishers. Out of these entries a jury consisting of Elmer Adler, Research Associate in the Graphic Arts, Princeton University, George Macy, Director of The Limited Editions Club, Inc., and Ray Nash, Assistant Professor of Art and Printing Adviser at Dartmouth College, chose 50 books most notable for material, design and workmanship of binding, choice of paper and type face; the legibility and attractiveness of the page; the use of color and illustration; the register and impression; the typographic design throughout; artistic conception and cohesion of the whole; the book's durability and fitness for the use for which it is intended; and the success with which the designer has met the problems of manufacture and those presented by the book's editorial content.

Interesting to readers of the ECK must be the fact that of the fifty books chosen from 575 entries three concern the Pennsylvania Germans. They are AMISH MOVING DAY. By Ella Maie Seyfert. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York (See ECK, Nov. 21, 1942); APPLE IN THE ATTIC: A Pennsylvania legend. By Mildred Jordan. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York; (See ECK Sept. 19, 1942) and THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS. By Arthur D. Graeff, Walter M. Kollmorgen, Clyde S. Stine, Ralph Wood, Richard H. Shryock, Albert Franklin Buffington, G. Paul Musselman, Harry Hess Reichard. Edited by Ralph Wood, Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. (See ECK, Oct. 3, 1942).

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Dr. J. William Frey, Instructor in the German Department of Lehigh University and author of "A Pennsylvania Dutch Grammar," issued the first number of a periodical which he calls DER PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH EILESCHPIGGEL. En Zeiding, Schwetzbrief un Blauderschtick far die Deitsche (For scholars and layman). Zammeg'schafft un rausegewwe vum Brootfresser J. William Frey. Associate editors are Dr. Ralph C. Wood and Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker. According to the Editorial Greetings in this first issue the purpose of this periodical would be to appeal to all such who have an interest in our dialect as a language. It is to busy itself with the dialect as a fertile field of linguistic research. Whether Till Eileschpiggel, that worldy-wise medieval roisterer, better known to us Pennsylvania Germans as der Till Eireschpiggel, will thrive in the somewhat heavy atmosphere of the academic linguistic laboratory, remains to be seen. In the meantime we wish him well. Till will come to your house 6 to 8 times the year for 50 cents.—P.A.B.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ALIWILDA DORWARD

Mrs. Aliwilda R., nee Schleicher, Dorward, widow of John Dorward, died Friday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Peters, 647 Main St., Slatington, after being bedfast for the past two weeks. She was in her 80th year.

Mrs. Dorward was born at Slatedale, a daughter of the late Joshua and Christina, nee Greenzweig, Schleicher. She resided in Slatedale most of her life. Her husband died last Oct. 5.

She is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Peters, Slatington; Mrs. Frank Schneck, Slatedale, and Mrs. Charles Snyder, Allentown; two brothers, James and Chester, both of Slatedale; a sister, Mrs. William Blose, Slatedale; five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Rev. R. Maxwell Paine will officiate at funeral services to be held on Monday at 2 p. m. from the Ellwood Heintzelman funeral home, Slatedale, with interment in the Slatedale cemetery.

WILMER A. REICHLEY

Wilmer A. Reichley, 47, 1218 Lorain Ave., Bethlehem, died Friday morning at the residence, following a month's illness.

He was born in Bethlehem, Feb. 1, 1896, a son of David Reichley, and the late Mrs. Laura Bennethune Reichley. He was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church and the P.O.S. of A.

Surviving are his wife, Elizabeth Weber Reichley; his father, a daughter, Betty Jane, at home, and a sister, Mrs. John F. Phelps, Bethlehem.

Dr. Corson C. Snyder will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. Interment, Hellertown Union cemetery.

MRS. AMANDA J. HORN

Ill for the past few years, Mrs. Amanda J. Horn of 931 Gordon St., widow of Vincent Horn, died early Friday morning in the Allentown hospital, where she had been a patient since April. She was in her 84th year.

A daughter of the late John and Elizabeth, nee Keiper, Shafer, she was born in Carbon county on April 28, 1860, and had resided in Allentown for the past six years. She was a member of St. Michael's Lutheran church.

She is survived by a sister, Sarah Shafer, of the Good Shepherd Home, Allentown, and by several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be held from the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., at 10 a. m., Monday. Burial will be made in the Union cemetery at Weatherly.

ALBERT L. ESTERLY

Albert L. Esterly, 34, of 316 Nitschmann Ave., Bethlehem, died at 7:40 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital, where he had been a patient for surgical treatment for seven weeks.

He was born in Allentown, March 5, 1909, a son of Amanda Bader Esterly and the late August Esterly.

A machinist by trade he had been employed by the Roller-Smith Co., West Side, until his illness.

Surviving are his wife, Grace Seifert Esterly; a son, James, and a daughter, Lorraine, both at home; his mother, a brother, Floyd A. Esterly, Bethlehem, and a sister, Mrs. Milton Kichline, Hellertown.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday in the Miller home, 529 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem. Interment, Hellertown Union cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

'M Walter Baker Sei Shire Match

Won sei lebdawg ebbes wor os weiss'd wos fer 'n g'fiel os recht shoffenda Pennsylfawnish Deitscha leit hen fer nonner, don is es tzu tzeita won sie tzomma kumma fer ma freind os fire unglick kot hut rous helfa, wie sie 'm Midwoch tzoma kumma sin drous beim Walter Baker nagshd on Nei Schmidtsville. 'M Walter sei shire is weck gabrent da 20d da ledshd mohnet, un 'm Midwoch sin gons nagshd 'n hunnerd freind fon weit'm, un nochberra, ous gatarn'd fer die shire uf shtella.

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GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Tzu schna wie ol 'm Midwoch tzomma g'shtick hen ons Walter Bakers fer helfa die shire uf duh, mit ol os wie die 12 shreiner net, nix griega os wie 's essa un drinka, hut m'r net helfa k

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not be faint. —Isaiah.

NEED BLOOD PLASMA ON BATTLE FRONTS

Many persons in this community who read yesterday's Morning Call and saw the picture of an American soldier seeking to save a comrade's life by injecting blood plasma had all the right in the world to feel happy and proud. Maybe that blood was their blood.

Since the war every response to appeals from public agencies for blood has been eagerly answered in this city. Women and men have gone to the places designated to be tapped and generally there have been more donors than could be used at the time.

Fortunately in this war, up to this time, battle losses have been comparatively low. None of the campaigns have cost nearly so much as had been anticipated. Very great armies on very wide fronts have not yet come to grips in Europe. At no point in the Asiatic island-to island campaign has it been possible or even necessary to employ vast numbers of men. So while losses have been serious enough and only too deplorable, they have not attained proportions anything like what had been expected during the second year of our participation in the war.

But all the signs are that coming campaigns will be different. Sooner or later huge armies will have to come to grips. Greater then will be the losses in killed and wounded and greater will be the need for blood to save the lives of those who have lost an arm, leg or by other wounds have suffered much loss of blood. Then it will be that the blood banks will be drawn upon most extensively. Then it will be important that huge reserves were built up. Then it will be important that reserves be maintained at high and safe figures.

So, whenever there be call for volunteers to give blood let there be generous response. Such generosity here at home will save the lives of American soldiers wounded on the continent just as the life of that American soldier in Sicily was saved.

GO TO SCHOOL BEST ADVICE FOR YOUTH

A real tug of war is being experienced at this time in many families in this community and throughout the entire country in war industry areas at the approach of the opening of the schools after Labor Day.

Many thousands of young people during the past summer were able to get jobs in war plants or because of general dearth of labor found employment elsewhere. Sooner by years than many ever had expected they have been finding themselves in very well-paid jobs. Some in fact, as newspaper stories have told, have been earning really fabulous amounts of money. Almost all have gotten the taste of independence that goes with the earning of money and with the right to do with it what one wills where parents do not exercise the ancient right to the earnings of minors.

There may be many youth who will be reluctant to return to their books while their parents are just as eager to have them to return to school because, as parents, they know that the best interests of their children are going to be served by continuing their formal education. There may be others, eager to return to school but possessed of parents who place immediate economic advantage ahead of future opportunity to be attained through wider education and training.

The best advice for the young people is that they return to their books. If they want the best advice for such course they can get it from the lips of almost any soldier or sailor who returns home from a training camp or station. Most of these will tell you that after the war, if they have half a chance, they are going to go to school, for in the Army and the Navy they have learned how important is the knowledge which is to be received in a formal educational program. The Government itself is giving the same answer to these young people by its emphasis upon education and training of hundreds of thousands of young men and women not only in its special schools but also in the hundreds of colleges which it has taken over almost lock, stock and barrel. Furthermore, the Government is promising many young men extended formal education when the war is over.

If the young men who have gone into the services have learned the value of education, then the youth of our country who still are too young to enlist or be drafted best can spend their teen years in the schools. If the war go on for several years, they will be called too and then especially will the wisdom of their present course, if they decide to return to school, become more apparent to them.

NIPPING ITALY'S BOOT

Invasion of the European continent was begun at dawn yesterday when the British Eighth Army crossed the strait of Messina and took the cities Reggio Calabria and Scilla in the Italian boot.

Whether this be the first step in the major invasion of Europe which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have promised or whether it be but one of a series of inroads upon the continent is not indicated. It is a point that now provides much opportunity for discussion by arm-chair strategists just about everywhere in this country.

If the plan of campaign in North Africa and Sicily again be followed, then we can expect that, just as in those campaigns when General Montgomery and his Eighth Army were sent in first to be the right wing of attack, so General Eisenhower will send in his Americans very shortly upon what will be the United Nations' left wing. That may mean invasion farther up the western coastline of Italy with the campaign's objective the wiping out of what forces Hitler and Badoglio have maintained in the boot. Such campaign likewise would further clean up the Mediterranean and remove danger of air attack upon United Nations commerce.

The greater the forces that Hitler and Badoglio put into that area, the better Eisenhower undoubtedly will like it. The greater the air strength that is devoted to the defense the better too, for the Americans based on Sicily and Africa are only too ready to meet and destroy it. The more troops and planes and guns that can be sucked into Southern Italy for its defense, the better for the Russians in their campaign and the better for any invasion plans at other points on the perimeter of Hitler's Fortress Europe.

Spirit of Approach

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—There is something innately powerful in the address of Pope Pius XII. For whether the time is opportune to heed its appeal or whether eventually as the task of making peace approaches a concrete stage, the fundamental exhortation of the pontiff reflects the spirit of approach that must ultimately be used if the process of making peace is to be successful.

Words of peace seem inopportune now because both sides are engaged in a desperate struggle and the mere mention of surrender by the one indicates weakness just as modfication of the unconditional surrender ultimatum will be construed as retreat by the other. There is no one on the Allied side who wishes the conflict to end sooner than the absolute defeat of the Nazi war lords and the criminals who have aided and abetted their cruelties. But there will be a time when the German people who have been misguided will want to throw off the yoke of Hitler, just as the Italian people have endeavored to rid themselves of Fascism and Mussolini. Will the leadership of the Allied cause assist in accelerating that defeat or will its tactics cause a stiffening of resistance?

There is a definite hint in the Pope's address which counsels, in effect, that consideration be given to the peoples who are ready to talk peace. The Pope says:

"Do not disturb or impede the desire of peoples for peace by actions which instead of encouraging confidence rather inflame hatreds anew and strengthen determination to resist.

Give a Justified Hope

"Give all nations a justified hope of worthy peace which does not clash with their right to live and their sense of honor. Let it be clearly seen that there is a loyal accord between your principles and your decisions, between statements about a just peace and facts.

"Only thus will it be possible to create a propitious atmosphere wherein peoples who are less favored than others by the trend of war at any given time may believe in the dawning and development of a new sense of justice and cooperation among nations and draw from this belief the natural consequences of greater confidence in the future, free from fear that the preservation of the integrity of the honor of their fatherland may be compromised."

This is but another way of saying that mere swashbuckling cries for unconditional surrender mean only humiliation to a nation that it does not willingly accept and that, on the other hand, the stimulus to fight to the last ditch is strengthened, thus bringing about needless sacrifices on all sides.

This is but another way of saying, also, that the Allies have not announced the bases of a just and lasting peace but have insisted instead on military subjugation without telling what opportunity, if any, lies ahead for conquered peoples. True enough there have been abstract statements about the intention to liberate peoples once their rulers or armies have surrendered, but this does not meet the need in Italy, for instance, at the moment nor is it calculated to break down the German people's feeling that there is no alternative except to follow Hitler blindly to the end.

Last War's Plans Different

Back in the days of the last war, the late President Wilson built up by a series of speeches and official statements the outline of a generous philosophy. He asked for unconditional surrender as the basis of the armistice itself but he pledged terms of peace so concrete that peoples in enemy lands took hope and felt that by overthrowing their leaders they were hastening the day of a new era in Europe.

There are many persons today who forget that Germany's navy was completely destroyed and her army demobilized and her armament eliminated. It was no fault of President Wilson that in the decade that followed, both Britain and France, who were near at hand, failed to see that Germany stayed disarmed. The economic situation inside Germany went from bad to worse and gave the dictator regime its chance.

The opportunity to win the German and Italian peoples to our side by concrete terms of peace to be applied after surrender of their armies is here again. The Pope says, "real strength need have no fear of generosity." He might have added that the seeds of continued war are often sown by the behavior of the victors.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE PEARSON AFFAIR

Mr. Roosevelt's loss of temper with Drew Pearson has more to do with the shift in New Deal politics than with our Russian relations. For many years, we who have opposed the New Deal have regarded Drew Pearson as the New Deal's particular hatchet man. Republicans, for instance, were often able to apprise themselves of the New Deal line by tested prophecies and directions in Drew Pearson's column. He always attacked what the New Deal most pronouncedly disliked. He always praised what and whom they liked. He was their weathervane.

Apparently, the New Deal is all busted up. Drew Pearson is symptomatic of a definite cleavage between the President and the revolutionaries who sought to change the world in his name. And they are responding in kind: They are, most of them, turning to Wendell Willkie as their Messiah. I read some things in the "New Republic" recently which showed the direction of that straw. The so-called liberal dailies are blockbusting Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy and praising Mr. Willkie's, although nobody knows exactly and precisely what the foreign policy of either of them is. So far as I can gather, Roosevelt is pursuing a catch-as-catch-can policy of meeting situations as the military exigencies permit and require and Mr. Willkie continues to expatiate on the virtues of goodness and light.

Wallace's Fall was First

When Henry Wallace fell off the milk wagon, the same very excitable folk were all a-dither if not a-twitter. And now that Sumner Welles has been junked, they are making an issue of that. The point is that they are really off Roosevelt, for every attack on the administration is an attack on Roosevelt. He is the responsible man.

I do not believe, because I am supinely naive, any of the stories that I hear about why Sumner Welles was asked to quit, but it would seem to me that it can serve no one's advantage to have a Senatorial investigation of the subject. Drew Pearson's persistent attacks on Mr. Hull, his accusations, to put it mildly, that Mr. Hull is betraying his trust and his country, the tendency of the lesser New Deal journalists to follow his line and parrot his phrases, was definitely leading to a Senate inquiry which, I am ready to believe, could only damage Mr. Welles, but surely not Mr. Hull. In hitting hard at Pearson, Mr. Roosevelt saved both his friends from the awkwardness of a personal explanation where none ought ever to be made.

Tolerated for 10 Years

For ten long years, a most curious crowd have held sway in Washington. Mr. Roosevelt not only tolerated them, but provided the accolade of his favor. Mr. Pearson sold a column of inside information and a radio hour of similar gossip which must have had the President's knowledge and consent because the President could have stopped the tipping. Now the President says that he is a chronic liar. If Drew Pearson is a chronic liar, who gave him the material? What was the inspiration? Where did the data come from? He could not have made it all up out of his own head; some of it turned out to be right.

Pearson once published a story of some correspondence between Mr. Willkie and Herbert Hoover, which set up an altogether erroneous (I am more polite than Mr. Roosevelt) impression about the relations between those gentlemen. I know for a fact that Mr. Hoover did not provide the letter or the data and was incensed at the use made of his correspondence. Some of us, who are Republicans, at that point recognized that Pearson was switching to Willkie and was slanting (an OWI phrase) his stories accordingly and it has been more apparent, particularly since Henderson, Wallace and Welles got the boot. Is Mr. Roosevelt wearying of those who ate the crumbs from his table and are now seeking a new master when his own future is somewhat in doubt?

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Some Interesting and Unusual Pennsylvania German Words in Eastern York County

By Dr. J. William Frey, Lehigh University

From the time of its birth in 1935 the ECK has always been a rich mine of material in and on our dialect and the ideal clearing house for popular and scientific articles dealing with the field of Pennsylvania German in general. One of the policies of the ECK and its able editor has been that of bringing unusual dialect vocabulary to the reader's attention for study and observation. For some time a small list of the more interesting words in Pennsylvania German appeared in each number of the ECK with the challenge that the reader try to define them in English. This was extremely stimulating to both layman and scholar. We must not forget that the Pennsylvania German is a person very much interested in his own language. Even the most naive Pennsylvania German farmer relishes the opportunity to tell you a 'new' word, a different and peculiar idiom, or an unusual phrase to see if he can stump you. It takes but one interview to find this out. During my research work of gathering material on the dialect in eastern York County I found the people (many of them my relatives or friends from childhood) more than willing to cooperate—they literally ran to me to tell me a 'new' word or expression.

In my doctoral dissertation, THE GERMAN DIALECT OF EASTERN YORK COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA (8) (numbers in parentheses refer to bibliographical items listed at the end of this article), I devoted some 150 pages to the matter of vocabulary. This chapter includes a glossary of some 3,000 common words and expressions, of which about 600 are not found (in form or meaning) in M. B. Lambert's rather comprehensive PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN DICTIONARY (1924). At the end of a previous article (5), the subject of unusual words in eastern York County was mentioned as being a rich field for closer observation in the future. Since then I have had the opportunity to make an intensive and extensive study of the vocabulary of my native dialect region. Many of the 600 items mentioned above are merely phonetic or morphological variations from those given by Lambert; for example: Lambert lists **Aaguscht** for 'August', whereas York Countians always say **Augscht**; Lambert notes **Haersch** for 'deer', where we say **Harsch**; and then there are numerous obvious compound nouns and verbs which Lambert did not include in his **Dictionary**.

It will be the purpose of this article to list some of the more interesting and unusual words of eastern York County and to disregard slight differences in pronunciation or common compounds of a natural and 'expected' type. Before doing so, however, let us summarize briefly the major features which characterize the Pennsylvania German dialect in that particular region; these features (and the words which are to follow) may or may not exist in other Pennsylvania German sections:

1. Eastern York Co. has the following three features which A. F. Buffington (pp.279ff. of 'Pennsylvania German—Its Relation to other German Dialects', AMERICAN SPEECH, Dec. 1939) regards as 'phonetic phenomena which are not to be found in other German dialects':
   (a) The lowering of the Middle High German (MHG) high vowels **i, u, ue,** and mid vowels **e, o, oe** to short **a** under the influence of the following r, e.g. PaG **Karrich, darrich, farrich(d), Marrik,** etc. for MHG kirche, durch, vuerhten, merke, etc. Buffington also states that the exception to this rule occurs in words where the MHG open **e** has become a long **e** in New High German (NHG). In these instances PaG has a low front vowel **ae** and the **r** is then vocalized to a mid-low mixed vowel, e.g. PaG **haer, waer,** etc. for MHG her(e), wer NHG her, wer, etc.
   Note that Buffington neglected the fact that the first group of words named above often has an alternative pronunciation with the **ae**-sound, viz: **Kaerrich, daerrich, faerrich(d)e, Maerrik,** etc.
   (b) The complete disappearance of the **r**-sound after short **a** when followed by a dental, e.g. PaG **datt, katz, Schtann, Hasch** (these are usually spelled **dart, karz, Schtarn, Harsch,** even though the **r** is not heard), etc. for MHG dort, kurz, stern, hirz. Again we must supplement this statement by noting that in many cases there is an alternate form with **ae,** viz: **Schtaern** (instead of **Schtarn**), **Haersch** (instead of **Harsch**), etc.
   (c) The regular development of a vowel between **r** and a labial or velar. Between **r** and a labial the so-called svarabhakti vowel is **e** (Shva) and between **r** and a velar it is short **i**, e.g. PaG **Karreb, Warrem, Karrich, Barrig** for MHG korp, wurm, kirche, berc.
2. The diminutive suffix in eastern York Co. is **-li,** plural **-lin** (sometimes **-elcher**); e.g. **Grischtkindli,** pl. **Grischtkindlin** or **Grischtkindelcher** 'Christmas gift'. (Other sections have diminutives in **-che, -el** and other variants).
3. The adjective ending for the plural nominative and accusative (and often the dative by analogy) in the strong and weak declensions is **-i** in eastern York Co.; e.g. **alti Weiwer** 'old women', **die alti Weiwer** 'the old women', **unser alti Weiwer** 'our old women'. (Other sections have **-e** in the plural).
4. The 2nd person plural nominative of the personal pronoun is **dihr** (unstressed, **der**). Other sections have **nihr** or **ihr**).
5. The feminine dative singular of the demonstrative adjective 'this' is **darre, daerre,** or **denne.** Note that **denne** is also dative plural throughout PaG.
6. The plural verb endings in eastern York Co. are: **-e, -e(t), -e.** The 2nd person plural of **hawwe** 'to have' and of **sei** 'to be' may have the ending **-t: der hen(t), der sin(t).** (The 2nd person plural varies in the different sections of the dialect).
7. The plural imperative in eastern York Co. has the ending **-et,** e.g. **kummet!** 'come'. (Other sections have **-e, -en,** or **t**).
8. The prefix **ge-** of past participles has syncope of the **e** before **f, l, m, n, r, s, sch, w, y** and vowel sounds; e.g. **g'funne** (NHG gefunden), **g'lese** (NHG gelesen), **g'meent** (NHG gemeint), **g'numme** (NHG genommen), **g'risse** (NHG gerissen), **g'sehne** (NHG gesehen), **g'schpielt** (NHG gespielt), **g'west** (NHG gewesen), **g'yaagt** (NHG gejagt), **g'eegt** (NHG geeggt), **g'ardert** (g plus English 'ordered'), etc. (Other sections have syncope of the **e** only before **f, s, sch**).
9. The verb **kaafe** 'to buy' in eastern York Co. has two past participles: **gekaaft** or **kaaft.**
10. Of the preterite-present verb **selle** or **solle** and of the verb **welle** or **wolle,** the more frequently heard infinitives (and likewise, the whole plural of the present indicative) are **solle** and **welle.** In the preterite subjunctive forms, however, the choice is generally reversed so that one hears more frequently **ich sett** (pl. **mer sett**) and **ich wott** (pl. **mer wotte**).
11. In the past tense the modals have the past participle which is like the infinitive in form, even when no other verb is present; e.g. **ich hab misse** 'I had to', **ich hab net kenne** 'I was not able to'. (Other sections have **ich hab net gekennt,** as in Standard German).

Following is the list of words arranged in thesaurus fashion, according to various categories related to the everyday life of the Pennsylvania German folk. Those marked with an asterisk are given by Lambert, but not with the meaning noted here. All others are not listed by Lambert.

HOUSEHOLD

***Absatz** m.pl. **Absetz** step from one floor level to another.
Backmulgratzer m.pl. (same) scraper used for scraping out a kneading trough.
beie, gebeit to rock to sleep.
blee-e, gebleet to bleach clothing by putting blueing into the water.
dache, gedacht to put a roof on.
Deckeleise n.pl.(same) lid lifter (on stove).
Deckelhewer m.pl.(same) lid lifter(on stove).
Dreeghols n.pl. **-hels(er)** rolling pin.
Dreelhols n.pl. **-hels(er)** rolling pin.
Drolhols n.pl. **-hels(er)** rolling pin.
fart-beise, -gebeist to chase away from the house (salesmen, etc.).
Fetthaffe m.pl.(same) grease pot, lard container.
Fettkessel m.pl. (same) lard can.
Fenschdersess m.pl.(same) window sill.
***Fuuss** m.pl. **Fiess** little iron or porcelain block or plate placed under stove-legs.
G'widderrude m.pl. (same) lightning rod.
Heemblatz m.pl.**-bletz** homestead, birthplace.
Heemetblatz m.pl.**-bletz** homestead.
Kellerhals m.pl.**-hels outside cellar..** door.
Mehlfass n.pl.**-fesser** flour barrel.
Mucke-daer, -dier f.pl. **-e** screen door.
Offe-ellboge m.pl.(same) stove-pipe elbow, bend in pipe.
***Roller** m.pl.(same) rolling pin.
Salsdroog m.pl.- **-dreeg** salting trough for salting meat in preparation for curing.
Satzleffel m.pl.(same) dough paddle (of hickory)—also used for paddling children.
satze, g'satzt to mix dough (with above paddle.
siehne, g'siehnt to strain (milk etc.)
Schpielbank f.pl.**-benk** sinkbench.
***Schtenner** m.pl.(same) stand used for salting meat.
Schtiffelzieger m.pl.(same) bootjack.
Schtrick m.pl. (same) knitting needle.
Ufschpielbank f.pl.**-benk** sink. .. .. ..
Tschar n.f. dishes (Lambert gives 'gschaerr').

FOOD

Brockelsupp f. milk soup with breadcrumbs.
Buckelschtick n.pl.**-er** back piece of fowl.
Ebbelkichli n.pl.**-n** apple fritter.
***Fillsel** n. (1) puddin' (meat scraps left over from butchering—containing mostly liver—cooked and eaten on bread, pancakes, or alone). (2) stuffing, dressing (for fowl or roast.
Fischgnoche m.pl.(same) fishbone.
Galrich m. souse (pig's feet).
Gnochefleesch n. soup-bone.
Grensli n.pl.**-n** doughnut.
Lewwerwarschtfillsel n. puddin' (see **Fillsel** above).
Riwwelboi m.pl.(same) crumb pie.
Schwanssupp f. (ox)-tail soup.

FRUITS, PLANTS, VEGETABLES, TREES

bloschtengicher Tee m. peppermint tea.
Fingergraut n. finger-grass.
Fuchsbeer f.pl.**-e** fox grape.
Fuchsdraub f.pl.**-drauwe** fox grape.
Geilsreddich m. horseradish (used humorously—regular term is **Meerreddich**).
Geelrieweblum f.pl.**-e** yellow daisy.
Gleebschtee m.pl.(same) clingstone (peach).
Graddel-bohn, -buhn f.pl.**-e** pole bean.
Gradde1darn f.pl.**-e** dewberry.
Grautschtarze m.pl.(same) cabbage stalk with head cut off.
Groddetee m. sage tea.
harde, g'hardt to dry (fruit, berries).
Haasetee m. rabbit tea.
Kolweblaat n.pl.**-bledder** narrow-leafed plantain.
***Maagebaalsem** m. peppermint tea.
Maagetee m. peppermint tea.
Pefferbaalsem m. wild pepper grass.
Pissaentblumm f.pl.**-e** dandelion flower.
Piss(e)blumm f.pl.**-e** dandelion.
Pissedaent f.pl.**-e** dandelion.
Rheiblumm f.pl.**-e** Indian tobacco.
Reefaar(t)bidders n. tansy bitters.
Reefaar(t)tee m. tansy tea.
Saffrichtee m. saffron.
Seiwarzel f.pl.**-warzle** plantain leaf.
Some-, Saame-welschkarn n. seed corn.
Schpannodel f.pl.**-nodle** Spanish needle.
***schpinne, g'schpunne** to creep (of vines).
Schwarzbeer f.pl.**-e** blackberry.
uf-zweige, -gezweigt to graft (tree limbs).
verloche, verlocht to bury apples, vegetables, etc. in the ground.
verschtutzt dead, dwarfed (of plants).
weissschtengicher Tee m. peppermint tea.

DRESS, CLOTHING

breetlatzich having a broad front lap: **breetlatzzichi Hosse.**
Eibendling f.pl.**-e** hem.
ei-feedle, -feddle; -g'feedelt to lace (shoes).
Eisaam m. hem.
ei-saame, -g'saamt to hem (in).
Graawe m.pl. (same) cuff.
Halsgraawe m.pl.(same) collar.
Kuddel m.pl.(same) or **Kiddel** overall jacket.
***Schnawwel** m.pl.(same) visor (of a cap); called 'snovvel' in the English vernacular of the region.
***Wammes** m.pl.(same) jacket, vest, coat.

AUS'M JOHN BIRMELIN SEIM MAMMI GANS BUCH

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Die Mary hot en Schaefli g'hatt,
Des waar so weiss wie Schnee;
Un wu die Mary gange iss,
Waar's froh fer mit zu geh.

So geht die Mary in die Schul
Un's Schaefli waar debei;
Es hockt sich ruhich uff en Schtuhl,
Guckt in die Bicher nei.

Do hen die Kinner all gelacht,
Es waar kee Ruh im Haus;
Des hot die Tietschern bees gemacht,
Sie yaagt des Schaefli naus.

Die Mary meent des kennt net sei,
Vun Haerze dutt's re weh;
Des Schaefli waar doch so gedrei,
Sie sehnt 's am Fenschter schteh.

Am Owed kummt die Mary raus,
Was waar des Schaefli froh!
Noh geht die Mary heem ins Haus,
Un's Schaefli hinne noh.

OLD MISTRESS Mc'SHUTTLE

Die alt Carleine Kraemer,
Sie wuhnt im Kohle-eemer,
Mitsammte Katz un Hund;
Un was sie esse, weess ich net,
Mer sehnt sie waerren aa net fett,
Doch sin sie immer g'sund.

BLIND MAN, BLIND MAN

Blinder Mann, blinder Mann,
Kannschte gaar nichs sehne?
Dreh dich drei mol rum un dann,
Frog uns wu mer schtehne!
Dreh dich rum un fall net um,
Reech e paar mol um dich rum!
Weesschte wu mer gehne?
Aarmer blinder Mann!

There Was a Man in Our Town

Es wuhnt en Mann in unserm Haus,
Mer griege nie kee Rent;
Un in der Nacht, do ziegt er raus,
Bezaahlt ken roder Cent.

Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Bread

Oiyer, Butter, Kaes un Brot,
Schtecke, Schtaake, schteene dot;
Schteck en fei un schteck en grobb,
Uff em alde Mann sei Kopp.

IF ALL THE WORLD

Wann all die Welt waer'n Abbel Boi
Un all der See waer Dinde;
Un all die Baem vun Brot un Kaes,
Was hette mer dann fer Drinke?

GAMES, AMUSEMENTS, CUSTOMS

***Belsnickel** m.pl.(same) anyone dressed in costume and masked who goes around from house to house at Hallowe'en or during Twelvetide (Dec. 25 to Jan. 6); the English vernacular has the dialect word.
***Fickmiehl** f. a game played with checkers, as follows: a game board is made by drawing three different sized squares within each other, equally spaced apart. Four straight lines are then drawn, each running from the inside square to the outside square, so that each both bisects and is perpendicular to three parallel sides of the three squares. Counting both corners of squares and intersections of lines as 'points,' this gives a total of 24 'points' on the board. The object of the game is to get three checkers of one color so situated on these points that they form a straight line, horizontal or verticle. When this is accomplished, the successful player takes one of his opponent's checkers.
The game begins with each player having 9 checkers in his hand. The checkers are arbitrarily placed, alternating back and forth between the players. Of course, in this stage (although no moving has yet begun), if one player gets three in a row he takes away a checker from his opponent. After all the checkers have been laid, the players commence moving them, each in his turn. One checker may be moved at a time and from one 'point' to the next 'point' only. The ideal situation is, however, to get two checkers on the ends of one side of one square, two on the ends of the parallel side of the next adjoining square, and a sliding checker on the bisecting perpendicular line between them. This forms a 'mill', because, by sliding from one to the other and back again each time the player has a turn, he always forms three checkers in a line and thus takes away another checker from his opponent.
When any one player, however, is dwindled down to only three checkers he has the privilege of 'jumping', or placing one checker at a time from any one 'point' to any other 'point' on the board. Often the man having only three checkers can form rows of threes again and again and keep taking his opponent's checkers. But should the opponent succeed in getting three in a row (although he must move from one 'point' to the adjoining 'point', since he has more than three on the board and therefore may not jump), then he takes not just one but all three of the other man's checkers and the game is ended in favor of the player who still has some checkers on the board. The fun really comes fast and furious when both players are down to three checkers. Rapid and careless jumping is in order to get three in a row and take the other man's three, and all of this takes place in a few seconds. Lambert notes this word and merely gives the meaning 'tit-tat-to', which is quite a different thing. It is interesting that the game is called by only one name in English, that is 'fig-mill' (a sort of loan-translation from dialect **Fickmiehl**). The Weigand - Hirt DEUTSCHES-WOERTERBUCH (5th ed., 1909-10) gives 1529 **Fickmuehle** and II 1354 **Zwickmuehle** in the sense of double row or double mill (as described above). In the same lexicon, II 228, under **Muehle,** the game itself is recorded. The only person I have ever met outside of York County who knew this game (as described above) was a Middle Westerner of German descent. He called it **Zwickmuehle,** and said he learned the game and its name from his grandmother who was born in Germany.
Geigel a card game, something like pinochle. It is usually played with German cards. H. Fischer's SCHWAEBISCHES WOERTERBUCH (1904sq.) has III 99 **Gaeukel (Gaeukelspiel, Mariagespiel).**
***Greiz** n.pl.(same) club (in cards).
***G'suddel** n. playing in water puddles (said of children).
***Hur** f.pl.-e queen (of a suit of cards).

(To be continued)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. MINNIE S. HAHN

Mrs. Minnie S. Hahn, widow of Frederick Hahn, of 217 Broadway, Bangor, died at 4:10 a. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital in her 69th year. She was admitted to the hospital on Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Hahn was born in Plainfield township, Northampton county, a daughter of the late David and Sabina, nee Rutt, Achenbach. She resided in Bangor for the past 27 years and was a member of St. Peter's Reformed church, Plainfield township, and also a member of St. John's Reformed Sunday school, Bangor. She was a member of the ladies' auxiliary of the E. H. Evans Post, No. 378, American Legion, Bangor.

Surviving is a son, Clark F., Bangor; a daughter, Carrie, wife of Harold R. Nowland, Allentown; a sister, Mrs. Lucinda Gum, East Bangor, four grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

Rev. A. S. Leiby will officiate at funeral services to be held today at 2:30 p. m. from the Shmidt funeral home, Wind Gap, with interment to follow in Plainfield cemetery.

CLINTON W. KLINE

After a brief illness, Clinton W. Kline, husband of Laura C. nee Rothenberger Kline of 1715 N. 21st St., died last night in the Allentown hospital. He was 69 years old.

He was born on Dec. 14, 1873 in Salisbury, the son of the late Daniel and Hannah, nee Diefenderfer, Kline. He was a laborer and was employed by the Trexler Lumber Co.

He was affiliated with the P.O.S. of A. and the South Whitehall Beneficiary Assn.

He is survived by his wife, at home, a son, Albert J. Kline of 213 N. Church St., and a niece, Kathleen Albright, at home.

Funeral services will be held from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., at 1:30 p. m., Wednesday. Burial will be made in the Western Salisbury church cemetery.

MRS. ALICE S. WORMAN

Mrs. Alice E. Worman, widow of William M. Worman, died Friday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clara Gehringer of 817 Pike Ave., in her 81st year.

Mrs. Worman was born in Allentown and resided here all her life. She was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Geyer. She was a member of Salem Reformed church.

Surviving is a daughter, Mrs. Gehringer. Four brothers and one sister preceded her in death.

JOHN H. SUNDAY

John H. Sunday, 69, of 249 S. 3rd St., Hamburg, died Wednesday. He was a son of the late John S. and Emma (Schwoyer) Sunday and was a member of the Hamburg Fire Co. and its beneficial society.

He is survived by his wife, Valeria (Roth) Sunday; Six daughters, Helen, wife of Harvey Gerber, Jordan; Stella; Elsie, wife of George Merget, Hamburg; Elda, wife of John Heckman, Hamburg; Edna, wife of Wallace Long, Hamburg; Beatrice, wife of Frank Gromlich, at home; four sons, Stanley, Aberdeen, Md.; Percy, George and John, all in the Army; a sister, Mary A., Hamburg; three brothers, George, Perry township; Mahlon and Irvin, Hamburg, and eight grandchildren.

Private funeral services will be held at the Leibensperger Funeral home, Hamburg, on Monday at 2 p. m. with the Rev. Rufus A. Kern officiating. Burial in St. John's cemetery, Hamburg.

EMANUEL A. PAULUS

Emanuel A. Paulus, 80 years old, 1136 Washington St., Easton, died Friday afternoon at Betts hospital. He was admitted to the hospital on August 15 for surgical treatment.

Mr. Paulus was born on July 9, 1863 in Bethlehem township, a son of the late Joseph and Rebecca Paulus and resided in the vicinity all his life. He formerly conducted a hardware store on Washington St., and on retiring from business engaged in farming. His wife, Mrs. Sarah Paulus, died 13 years ago.

He is survived by four sons, Dr. C. A. Paulus, of Telford, Pa., Raymond W., Quintus E., and Elmer P. Paulus, all of Easton; also by one brother, James Paulus, of Colusa, Ill., and four grandchildren. He was a member of St. Luke's Lutheran church, Easton.

AUGUST GUDE

August Gude, 81, of Quakertown R.D. 3, died in the Quakertown Community hospital, early Thursday morning. He was born in Hanover, Germany, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gude.

By trade he was a pastry cook and was for some years the proprietor of a small store on the Doylestown Road. He has no survivors.

Funeral services will be conducted by Bishop Stanley B. Beidler, paster of the Haycock Mennonite church at the Treffinger funeral home, Quakertown, Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Interment in the Quakertown Union cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Die Schnitzer un Lodwarick Parties

Yar bei jupperty won m'r morya nommy dawg un owet, un da Mondawg fon moryets free bis owets shpote, net widder unser yairlichie Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties hen on Dorney Park. Fon ol da fiela socha os sella waig gaduh kenta werra fer leit weissa wos ols aw gonga is in unserra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha gagenda in fergonga yohra, wissa m'r net wie 'n besser bild gabrocht kent werra, os wie darrich so parties wie m'r now shun fer fier yohr kotta hen on Dorney Park.

Mondawgs uf kours wert der lodwarick gakoch'd, ow'r eb er gakoch'd kon werra, missa blenty ebbel g'schnitzt werra fer in der cider kocha fer der lodwarick mocha. Un sellie ebbel werra ol der Sundawg nommy dawg un owet g'schnitzt, grawd widda im park woh ol sehna kenna wos aw gait. Un won m'r sawga "fer sehna wos aw gait," is sel aw grawd wos m'r maina. M'r hen 'n gonsie drup ebbel schnitzer bei nonner, un woh ow'r net yusht hee hucka ebbel shaila un schnitza, ow'r aw immer blenty onnerra gadonka im sin hen fer 'n tzeit wie sel harlich un blessierlich mocha.

Yohra tzurick wie so tzu sawga, bout yader familia os ebbel kot hut lodwarick gakoch'd hut, sin ol die nochberra fon weit un braid owets tzomma kumma, un hen helfa die ebbel shaila un schnitza. Alla obbel mus gons ganau g'shail'd werra, un alla bitz'l grutza mus rous g'schnidda werra odder der lodwarick wert grub leasich. Anyhow, 's hut ols blenty arwet ganumma fer ol die ebbel da rechda waig shaila un schnitza, un die weil os sel gaduh is werra, is aw fiel g'sunga un g'shpielt werra. Un sel is aw grawd wos da Sundawg nommy dawg un owet widder g'shaind on Dorneys. M'r hen 'n gonsie gang tzomma grick'd, fer helfa programs tzu gewwa die weil os g'shoft wert.

Fiel fon da ebbel schnitzer sin fon da sama alta gang os m'r shun fer yohra hen, un noh nadierlich gebts aw immer dale neia g'sichter datzu. Fon da alta g'sichter is der Paul Wieand un sei gang widder in gons'm dabei, der Allen

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The sense of humor is the just balance of all the faculties of man, the best security against the pride of knowledge and the conceits of the imagination, the strongest inducement to submit with a wise and pious patience to the vicissitudes of human existence. —Houghton.

OF COURSE WE'LL HELP ALBURTIS

Nothing so pointedly brings out the fact of the serious drought through which this part of the country is passing as the plight of the people of the borough of Alburtis. The flow of springs into the town's reservoir has been reduced to a trickle, the reservoir has been emptied and only in the early morning after a bit of water has accumulated in the pipes during the night is there brief and very limited supply for the householders.

With such shortage not only is there a serious domestic problem but there is added the hazard arising from fires which a municipality expects to battle, if and when they develop from ample stores of water.

Splendidly the municipalities of Allentown and Emmaus have come to the relief of Alburtis, following an order from the president judge of the courts that fire companies stand in readiness to aid in the event of fire and also that the municipalities supply water as it may be needed.

From the mains in this city water will be immediately available for any and all residents of Alburtis who choose to send trucks to haul it. From the fire houses in this city and Emmaus aid will go forth speedily if a fire crisis should arise. That has been the spirit in the past, the spirit of helpfulness for neighbors in distress. That will be the spirit in the present and in the future.

FAIR'S FAVORABLE PROSPECTS

Only a week from tomorrow the Allentown Fair Grounds will be open for the annual exhibition week that in reality begins on Sunday although not opened officially until Tuesday.

The fact for years has been that the Sunday crowds often are as great and sometimes greater than at least one or two of the official exhibition days. For thousands it is a day of leisure and the curiosity to see the genesis of a great exhibition prompts a visit to the Fair Grounds.

As to the official exhibition, all signs are good for another successful season—weather permitting. Entry lists for exhibitions in many departments already show surprising figures and the big rush is expected during the coming week. From the standpoint of exhibits the Fair is going to maintain splendid position regardless of the fact that a war is in progress.

As to attendance, the prospects likewise are most favorable. Employment is good and thousands will have the ability therefore to visit the Fair not once but a number of times. Travel conditions have improved and the fact that the Fair is open almost 24 hours of the day makes it possible for almost any and all to find some time, regardless of the hours of their employment, to enjoy a visit. All the county fairs in Pennsylvania which have been held up to this time (and some of them occurred during the pleasure-travel ban) report encouraging and in most cases normal attendance or better.

Therefore the expectations for the best Fair of them all are very bright. If the small fairs did well, it must be expected that a very big and a very good one in every way is going to do well or even better.

GERMAN RAT SNAPPING WILDLY

The desperation with which the Germans are lashing out at their enemies, now that they no longer have strong organized Italian support, has been emphasized at almost every point where the American armies have sought to land in Italy and by yesterday's raid on Spitzbergen.

As in North Africa and in Sicily, they can be expected to fight a delaying action such as Herr Hitler so sorely needs now that he is pressed hard upon so many fronts. By no means does he want the United Nations firmly set in Italy from whose airfields all of South Germany and the Rumanian oil fields lie open to disastrous attack.

For the Spitzbergen raid the Germans dispatched their four mightiest battleships which have been in hiding in Norwegian fiords, together with seven destroyers. Whether they merely destroyed the weather station which had been set up there for information valuable to the movement of convoys to Russia and the operations of British battle fleets and air forces or whether they took and now hold possession of the island has not yet been made known.

It is also uncertain whether the powerful battleships and supporting destroyers returned to Norway or have gone out upon the high seas to prey upon commerce. It is indicated that, with its last despairing strength, Germany can be expected to do some daring things and that, like a rat with a lot of holes in the corners of a room, it has to be watched carefully by the cat at all of those holes.

The rat may come out and play every once in a while. It may even snatch a few crumbs or a bit of cheese here and there. But ultimately that big cat, the British Navy, is going to swat those German ships—the rat—and when it swats there will be some more ships joining the Bismarck at the bottom of the North Sea.

STIR AN INTEREST IN PRIMARIES

Although everybody says the primary election on Tuesday is going to be a dull and listless event it lies in the power of the voters to make it what it should be—a lively and unanimously participated-in event.

It is at the primaries that the members of a political party have the opportunity to make up their tickets in the way that they want them to be for the municipal election in November. Under our system of accepting the will of the majority, it becomes important that the results at a primary represent the participation of all the voters instead of a fraction thereof.

Certainly no elector can complain about his party's choice of candidates if he has not taken prior interest in such choice and participated in the decision of such choice.

So, while the electors have not evidenced much interest in the primaries in the manner of former years—large attendance at political gatherings, lively street corner discussions etc. —it is not too late to develop such interest over the weekend. It is not too late to be thinking about the merits of the respective candidates and to be making decisions. It is not too late to be laying plans for a visit to the polls on Tuesday.

On Wednesday it will be too late to complain if you did not do your American duty on Tuesday and do not like the ticket which your party members selected.

Our New Opportunity

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10 (Special Dispatch)—The military armistice between Italy and the United Nations was only one factor in the continued stay of Prime Minister Churchill in Washington after the Quebec conference.

Handling of the political, economic and social questions arising out of the liberation of the Italian people presents even more complicated problems than the military, for the latter are taken care of by the commanders in the field and can be changed on the spot. The making of a policy of financial help to Italy is of paramount importance because it will be an example of far-reaching value. All European peoples, including those inside Germany who may believe as did millions of Italians that the war must come to an end soon, will be impressed by the nature of the Anglo-American plans for rehabilitation.

This is a strain that was not unexpected but at the same time it causes a revision in estimates of tonnage needed as well as of supplies. To give the Italian people coal and oil and to bring food to them after months and months of starvation is a gigantic task.

Italian Industry Can Help

There are industries in Italy which can be built up to produce from raw materials sent from this hemisphere. Unquestionably much shipping can be saved by strengthening Italian manufacturing plants. To make Italy a big base for our heavy bombers and fighter planes, it will be necessary to erect repair stations and depots from which the air forces can be supplied for their heavy attacks on southern Germany, where much of the Nazi war production is concentrated.

The public generally has little appreciation of the vast stores of supplies that are needed for these heavy bombing raids. Taking Italian territory this month of September does not mean that we can begin heavy raids from it in October. It will require several weeks to get the air fields in shape and the supplies into Italian bases, though much of this already is stored in North African stations and has been ready for weeks to be sent immediately to Sicily and the Italian mainland.

It is important, of course, that certain civilian requirements should be filled at once so that the Italian people can feel the beneficial effects of the liberation policy. This means that Americans at home may have to continue to observe certain restrictions on supply. But it also means that if Italy is properly treated, the chances of winning over the Balkan states and starting the crumbling process inside continental Europe will be immeasurably improved.

One thing will have a profound effect—the announcement that Italy's frontiers on the main peninsula will be respected. The Italians want to be assured that their independence and sovereignty will be retained. Germany doubtless will inadvertently assist in this because, as now appears, when the Nazis set up a puppet government in north Italy, they are provoking the Italian nation to declare war on Germany. And if that happens, the Italian people may ultimately find themselves sitting inside the United Nations as Allies instead of a conquered people.

Help Desirable

For the honor of Italy, it may well be that Italian leaders will find it desirable to assist in every way to drive the Nazis out of the northern areas. The United Nations will increase their military and economic assistance in accordance as the Italian people demonstrate their desire to rid their country of the Nazis.

A change in sides during war is not unprecedented in world history. In this instance, the Italian historians may insist that the people were in the hands of Mussolini, the tyrant, and that when aided by the liberating armies they set their arms against the Nazi invaders and with the help of the Allies drove them out of the country.

The obedience of the Italian navy to the orders of the Badoglio government is of immense value to the Allied cause. The disinclination in recent weeks of the Italian navy to enter battle with the British and American fleets may well be explained by the knowledge that if the fleet were kept intact it would be an additional argument as to Italy's help that would aid Italy when the peace settlements were reached.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE SHOCK OF PEACE

Peace is not a matter of words, or speeches, or even of treaties. Peace is a technical state of relations between two countries. They may not like each other more in peace than in war; they may dislike each other and be allies in a war. There can be a peace without a peace conference. There can be a peace without a peace treaty. If the state of mind for peace arises, war ceases and the terms for amicable relations have to be worked out. Sometimes that involves no complicated problems. There ought to be no difficulties with Italy; there might be great difficulties with all the world at a peace conference. Italy needs a breathing period for resuscitation and the expulsion of the Nazi. She needs food and money and clothing. We need nothing from Italy.

The architects of the world order will find in the current practical, piece-meal transactions much to annoy them. They will undoubtedly attack Mr. Hull and the State department and will even suggest that the President is suffering from political schizophrenia. But the fact is that those in charge of the foreign relations of a country have to take other peoples as they find them. Darlan served in North Africa and Badoglio serves in Italy and we may find ourselves dealing with very queer folks in the Balkans. It is a wise government that takes advantage of every situation. The Italian peace is of that nature. But it is peace.

Nothing Done at Versailles

At Versailles at the end of the last war an attempt was seriously made to solve all problems for evermore. But nothing was done at Versailles except that there would have to be more wars. The wisdom of settling slowly but with greater permanence ought to be obvious even to those who cannot bear the thought that history is likely to outlast them.

For instance, it is almost beyond possibility that any sound solution can immediately be found for the Middle East. There are so many vexed problems in the lands we know as Iran, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Turkey that only time and patience and a will to peace can produce any reasonable and just solution. I recently read a book just published entitled "The Middle East" by Eliahu Ben-Horin who knows that part of the world and I was deeply impressed by the complexities of thousands of years of history. Most of us know hardly anything about these areas, which have been the scene of every world war in human history. And most of the ideas which are the tuning forks of our civilization came from there.

Yet, without knowledge, most of us are prepared to reach determining conclusions as to what must be done for eternal peace. The world is sick and we would feed it the strongest of foods. The world is emaciated from hunger and resentment and fear and we would send it on a wild spree. There is little thinking in the planning of eternities; there is only the reiteration of an obsession for a formula. Those who claim to love mankind would kill it by shock.

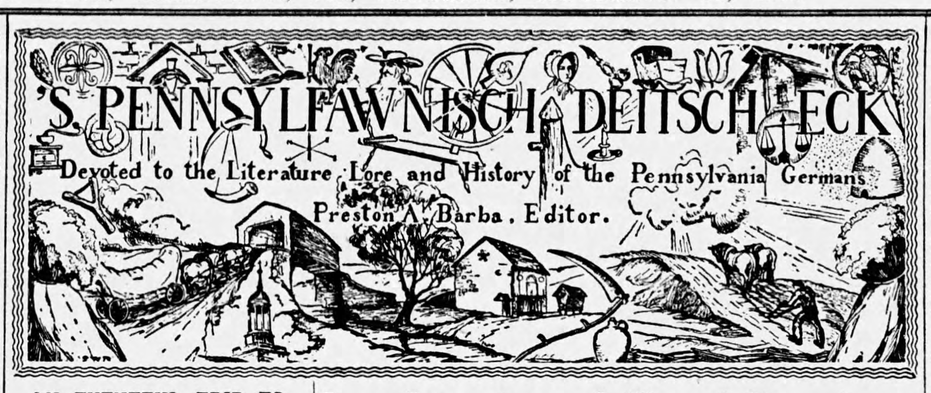
Issues Can Not Be Sidestepped

That is one of the errors made by the Republicans at Mackinac. They sought a formula by which they could eliminate the discussion of the sickness from the next campaign. But if the sickness continues to exist, it will be discussed. No one can possibly blot out of the hearts of men the will to peace nor out of their minds the difficulties of achieving a total and lasting peace. That will be the one issue that cannot be sidestepped in the politics of all countries for the remainder of our lives.

And so we are now at peace with Italy. And may we be reasonable and just and leave no marks of superiority and hatred behind us in that land. The saving of a single life is a victory in itself. Let us not quarrel over the perfections of plan and purpose when we can end for a day the slaughter of anyone's children.

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One way to avoid having your Victory Garden all trampled over and scratched up is not to build a better mousetrap than the other fellow.



AN EVENTFUL TRIP TO PITTSBURGH IN 1790

Indian traders had not the best reputation. Colonial records furnish ample evidence that often they took unfair advantage of the Indians. Their main stock in trade was the ability to converse with the Indians in their own language. Beyond that they were sharp traders and with the suasion of their baubles drove bargains which usually limped heavily in their favor.

M. Lang, apparently one of the ilk, went in May 1790 from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt, accompanied by a dog, named "Prieliant," which he was to deliver there. Upon his arrival he wrote a letter in German to Mr. Johann Gottfried Wachsmut, a member of the Philadelphia business house of Dutilh, Wachsmut & Co., reporting what befell him on the trip and advising about his further plans. The main purport of the letter, however, was to explain "what killed the dog." Bearing this in mind the reader may judge for himself whether the apologetic accounts of all the hardships and ill treatment on the trip are convincing, or have been introduced merely to show that under such cirmustances not even the best dog could survive. But here follows the letter in English translation:

"Dearest Friend,

I must tell you that I arrived here a few days ago, lame and sore, my poor body had to endure a lot. A dog bit me in my foot, and then I developed a boil under my arm. Not enough with rheumatism in my back, finally a tame bear bit me in my hand. The bear was fastened to a chain, but before I was aware of him he got hold of my hand and left it with a big hole in it. It was Pinkster and I told the people, if that is the kind of holy spirit you have here descending I don't want to have anything to do with it. But I endured everything manfully, till finally the good Prieliant died for me on the Susgehana Rever, after I had so much care and trouble with him. This was the greatest loss to me, as he was my only companion and now I am alone. I did everything for him, even had him carried on a wagon for forty miles, and now he is dead. It surely was not my fault, I did everything possible for him. At the Canostoge Krick I got into trouble on his account. There were some masqued German peasants, dressed in fine cloth, who treated me shamefully. They arrested me and wanted to throw me into jail, claiming that I had stolen the dog in Philadelphia, and that he belonged to Bob Morris. They almost went the limit with me, and if they had gone a little farther there would have been a fray with fire and smoke. As they saw they could not intimidate me they desisted, but bragged that I should know their wheat sold now for 12 s. 6 p. I answered them that as much as I cared the worms might eat their wheat and that I was not stingy with powder and lead.

Beyond the blue mountains there is dreadful lack of bread. At stretches I could not get anything to eat for fifteen miles around, and for my lameness I could do no hunting. Prices are very high for everything. The innkeepers are no better than highway robbers, having the privilege to steal your money. I had enough of traveling among the Christians, especially those damned German peasants. Why, not even for double pay would they let me have milk for my sick dog. I had my suspicion about traveling through the German settlements, knowing full well, that an English and Irish peasant is an angel compared to the German.

It was my intention to go from here to the Cornplanters in the wilderness. When I got down to the Manakahely Revir this morning there landed a large boat, full with negroes and six fine ladies. They asked me if I didn't want to go with them as a guard against Indians, but I told them no, that I was going to leave this afternoon with some Indians in a west-north-west direction. The good beautiful children begged me I should come along, and finally the old gentle-folk joined in to entreat me; they would pay all my expenses, and I did not know what to do. The Indians wanted to take me to their king, and the good, beautiful girls softened my heart, and there was no peace till I agreed. But I made one condition, they must submit to my drilling them in the use of arms to be prepared in case of need, and they promised everything. So tomorrow we leave for Kendogy.

The old Mr. Scinder has many rifles and other weapons. He buys negroes and we have about twenty on board. I took two Frenchmen along who had been soldiers. I don't like to kill Indians, but then, nor do I like to be killed by them. They are a bad lot, so far they took away as many as eight boats. I would pity the beautiful girls if we should lose out. They seem to be a rich family, making much show and having many negroes.

Will you have the goodness to forward my portmanto to Fort Pitt to the address I enclose, with a few lines to the man, who is a merchant here. I should be exceedingly obliged and hope that the time may come when I can return the favor: I intent to remain for some time in the western parts and scout for speculations. Please give my compliments to Mr. Nothnagel et Montmolente (Nothnagel, Montmolline & Co.) I hope they forgive me for not taking leave of them, I went to their house but they were asleep; my respects to all my good friends.

My dear friend, I remain
Your obedient servant
(S) Lang

P.S. Please ship it by a Pittsburgher wagon, they often get to Philadelphia. Please prpay the charges as I will not be here to make payment. The merchant here will see that it be forwarded to Kentogy.
Mr. Johann Gottfried Wachsmut
et Dutilh et Com.
Water Stret
Next Chesnot Stret
Philadelphia."

It would be interesting to learn how the Indian trader faired on the trip to Kentucky with the beautiful girls who had softened his heart.

Some Interesting and Unusual Pennsylvania German Words in Eastern York County

By Dr. J. William Frey, Lehigh University

(Continued)

BARN AND EQUIPMENT

Brauband f.n. band (in harness), goes over horse's eyes.
Draagkett f.pl.-e carrying chain (on middle leaders, from one hame to another).
Dreigeilswoog f.pl.**woge** three-horse tree.
Fimft(e)kett f.pl.-e chain on wagon tongue.
Fimftraad n.pl.-**redder** '5th wheel' of a wagon, turn-table for front wheels.
Gawwelhoke m. pl.(same) a three-pronged device attached to a shovel plow to make it into a cultivator.
***Heisli** n.pl.-**n** small house.
Hinnertschar n.f. breech-band which is put on the wheelers (i.e., wheel-horses).
Hoke-eise n.pl.(same) an iron cleat put on a horse's hoof to straighten it in walking; called 'hook-shoe' in vernacular.
Iemekaschde m.pl.(same) or **-keschde** beehive.
Kieband f.n. pl.-**benner** throat latch on bridle.
Ochsekopp m.pl.-**kepp** (same as **Gawwelhoke**, above).
Schtachelband n.pl.-**benner** a spiked muzzle put on calves to prevent their sucking the cow.
Schippschtoff(t) m,n. middlings; vernacular: 'ship.'
Viergeilswoog f.pl.-**woge** four-horse tree.

TOOLS, FARM IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

Baam-, Boom-saeg f.pl.-e crosscut saw (for 2 men).
Butzmiehl f.pl.-e cleaning mill (used for separating chaff from grain).
Darnehoke m.pl.(same) brier hook, brier scythe.
Deichelschneider m.pl.(same) pipe wrench, pipe cutter.
Dreckkarrich m.pl.(same) 2-wheeled dump cart for hauling dirt.
Egeschlidde m.pl.(same) manure sledge.
Ewwerschpitz m.pl.(same) grubbing hoe.
Felse-bulver, -pulver n. powder used for blasting rocks, dynamite.
Fruchtgawwel f.pl.-**gawwle** wheat fork (2 prongs).
Graabeise n.pl.(same) digging iron.
Greizschpiggel m.pl.(same) pick; mattock.
Greizschpitz m.pl.(same) grubbing hoe
Grumbeereschaufel f.pl.-**schaufle** potato shovel (or iron).
***Haekel** m.pl.(same) onion hook, little iron scratcher used for gardening.
Hokehammer m.pl.(same) or **-hemmer** claw-hammer.
***Hund** m.pl.(same) dog, i.e. iron clamp used for holding posts while hewing them.
Kalbmeessel m.pl.(same) cold chisel (variation of **Kaltmeessel**).
Kaer f.pl.-e **trowel** (variation of **Kell**).
Landmeessel m.pl.(same) digging iron.
Langbluug m.pl.-**blieg** furrow-plough, breaking-plough.
Leetkolwe m.pl.(same) soldering iron.
Lochax f.pl.-ex axe used for cutting square holes in fence posts.
***Messerschtang** f.pl.-e pitman rod on a mower.
Mischtschlidde m.pl.(same) manure sledge.
Poschdeax f.pl.-**ex** post-axe (for mortising).
Poschdehund m.pl.(same) dog used for holding posts while hewing.
Raschbe m.pl.(same) rasp.
***Ratteschwans** m.pl.-**schwens** fuse.
***Reefschtecke** m.pl.(same) a grain cradle made of barrel staves.
Seigratzer m.pl.(same) hog scraper used for removing bristles in preparation for butchering.
Saegeglamm f.pl.-e clamp for holding saws while filing.
Schaufelbluug m.pl.-**blieg** shovel plough.
Schpaltax f.pl.-**ex** splitting axe.
Schteehammer m.pl.(same) or **-hemmer** stone sledge.
Schteeschlidde m.pl.(same) stone sled, manure sled.
Schtemmeise n.pl.(same) digging iron.
Schlaghammer m.pl.(same) or **-hemmer** hammer used for driving jumper into rock.
***Voggel** m.pl. **Veggel** hod, mason's hawk.
Waasembluug m.pl.-**blieg** breaking plough.
Welschkarn-baschdel, -baschder m.pl. (same) husking peg, pin.
Welschkarnmesser n.pl.(same) corn chopper.
Welschkarnschaffer m.pl.(same) cultivator.
Welschkarnscheier f.pl.-e corn barn.

WAGONS, VEHICLES, MACHINERY

Hinnerschemel m.pl.(same) rear bolster of wagon.
Hoikicker m.pl.(same) hay-tedder.
***Reef** m.pl.(same) tire, rim.
Vedderschemel m.pl.(same) front bolster of wagon.
Waggesaddel m.pl.(same) saddle on the saddle-horse (left horse next to wagon).
***Woog** f.pl. **Woge** double tree.
Zweegeilswagge m.pl.-**wegge** or-**wege** 2-horse wagon.

ANIMALS

***Aadler** m.pl.(same) turkey buzzard. In the vernacular the turkey buzzard is often erroneously called an eagle because of its resemblance to the bald eagle.
Bleeser m.pl.(same) viper, puff-adder; snake which blows its head up; vernacular: blow-snake.
Fetthefli n.pl.-e oil-gland of fowls, uropygial gland.
Fisch-warrem, -warm m.pl.(same) earthworm; vernacular: fishworm.
Gaulesel m.pl. **Geilesel** horse-mule, male mule.
gaulich in heat (of mares).
Geld, Gelz, Geist f.pl.-e 'castrated', spayed sow.
Gelder m.pl.(same) gelding.
Glopp m.pl.(same) cryptorchid (bull, boar, stallion).
Gloppbull m.pl.-e cryptorchid bull.
Gloppewwer m.pl.(same) cryptorchid boar.
Grickset m.n. pl.(same) cricket.
Grund-maus f.pl.-**meis** ground mole.
Hawwerkeffer m.pl.(same) oats bug, thryps.
Heckedruschel f.pl.-**druschle** thrush.
Iemevoggel m.pl.-**veggel** kingbird.
***Keenich** m.pl.(same) kingbird.
Marresel m.f.pl.(same) mare-mule, female mule.
Mausevoggel m.pl.-**veggel** wren.
Mausekeenich m.pl.(same) wren.
Molligropp m.pl.-e tadpole.. Note that the word 'mullygrub' is used in Pa. (and also in the South, I have noticed) as a term of opprobrium, e.g. 'he's an old mullygrub!', or as an adj. 'he was the mullygrubbinst old man I ever saw!'. In this connection it should be noted that 'grub' means 'worm' in the South. But 'mullygrub' is used in the Eng. of the PaG in York Co. not only as term of opprobrium but also is the common term for 'tadpole'.
Muckebreeme m.pl.(same) woods fly.
Muli f.pl.-**s** hornless cow; vernacular: mooley.
Mulikuh f.pl.-**kieh** hornless cow, mooley.
Nitz m.f.pl.(same) or **-e** nit.
Ooshaahne m.pl.(same) turkey buzzard.
Ooshinkel n.pl.(same) turkey buzzard.
***rippich** showing the ribs (of a lean horse).
Rootvoggel m.pl.-**veggel** redbird, cardinal.
***setze, g'setzt** reflexive: to start brooding (of hens).
***schpanne, g'schpannt** to harness horses
raus-schpanne, -g'schpannt to unharness, unhitch horses.
schprautze, schprotzt; g'schprautzt, g'schprotzt reflexive: to ruffle the feathers (of turkevs).
Schtarnekuh f.pl.-**kieh** cow with white mark on her face.
Schtecher m.pl.(same) sting or stinger of a bee.
***schtell dich!** hold still! (said to cows while milking).
schtierich in heat (of cows).
schtroie, g'schtroit to bed cattle, horses.
Scheckikuh f.pl.-**kieh** spotted cow.
Schieppe pl, scales of fish.
***Schinner-, Schinne-hannes** m. the man who comes and hauls away dead animals; vernacular same as dialect. Lambert has 'term of opprobrium'.
Schmutzheffli n.pl.-**n** oil-gland of fowls.
Schnauveggli n.pl.-**n** humming bird. Lambert has 'schnaerrvojjel'.
Titzli n.pl.-**n** little bird (wren?)
uf-schpraue, -g'schpraut reflexive: to ruffle the feathers (of turkeys).
Weschpschtecher m.pl.(same) wasp's stinger.
Widderkau m. cud, quid.
Wielmaus f.pl.-**meis** ground mole.
Zitzli n.pl.-**n** (same as **Titzli**).

COWS AND MILK

ab-zeppe -(ge)zeppt to skim (milk); **abzeppti Millich** skim milk.
***aus-zoppe, -gezoppt** to finish milking.
buddre, gebuddert to churn butter.
Dickmillich f. thick-milk.
Millichmolke pl. milk whey, clabber.

FIELD AND WOODS

***aa-faahre, -g'faahre** to turn the first furrow.
Aagle-, Aakle-weeze m. bearded wheat.
aaglich, aaklich bearded (of wheat).
Aagelschprau f. bearded wheat.
ab-reffe, -g'refft to cradle (grain).
Aagleweeze m. bearded wheat.
baardich bearded (of wheat).
Beintsaarz m. pine sap.
Glattischprau f. smooth chaff wheat.
glatt, glott-schprauich, -schpreiich beardless, smooth chaffed (of wheat).
Gleddebodde m. clay, layer under the surface soil.
glotzich soggy (of ground).
hopprich uneven (road, field).
larre, g'larrt to begin to hew.
Lochposchde m.pl.(same) post with holes for inserting rails to make a fence.
***uf-mache, -g'macht: 's Feld ufmache** to open the field, cut the first row of grain.
ruplich uneven, rough (road, field).
Saarze m. sap of pine tree.
Schtubbel f.pl. **Schtubble** stubble.
schtubblich stubbly.

WEATHER

Dimmelwedder n. thunderstorm.

HEALTH AND SICKNESS

bettfescht bedridden.
bettgrank sick in bed.
Sindeschuld f.pl.-e any boil or sore on the body as punishment for having sinned. The vernacular word is the same as the dialect. When a person with a boil or sore on his body goes walking by, people point to it and say, **ya, sell iss dei Sindeschuld!**
schtoll-fiessich, -fuussich club-footed.
Weegscheisser m.pl.(same) sty (on the eye).

(To Be Concluded)

The original of the letter bears the imprint of a coat of arms in red sealing wax. It shows on a shield an elk's head with the initials M. L. The shield is surmounted by a helmet from which springs an elk. On the outside of the letter the recipient has written for filing purposes: "Fort Pitt May 27th 1790 M. Lang recd the 8th June 1790 answd the " So it seems that Mr. Wachsmut never answered the letter, just filed it and perhaps kept on wondering what killed the dog.

The original letter is the property of Mr. Claude W. Unger of Pottsville, Pa., who has kindly made it available for translation.

RUDOLF HOMMEL,
Lehigh University



The above shows M. Lang's coat-of-arms. If it rightfully belonged to him it may be an indication of his aristocratic German origin. That in turn may explain his deep scorn for the German peasants with whom he had to do in Pennsylvania. But perhaps he was only another of the numerous frontier charlatans and mountebanks.

In his translation of M. Lang's interesting letter Rudolf Hommel has endeavored to retain the piquant and illiterate aspects of the original German. M. Lang used "Pingsten" for Whitsuntide, rendered by the translator with "Pinkster," a word which came into our American vocabulary by way of the Holland Dutch of New York. Mr. Hommel points out that he has found this word used in a Philadelphia publication as late as 1830.—ED.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. CARRIE A. GROMAN

Mrs. Carrie A. Groman, wife of the late Thomas E. Groman, 933 Linden St., Bethlehem, died Friday morning in St. Luke's hospital, following an illness of several days.

A daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Lichtenwalner, Mrs. Groman was born in Fogelsville and was active as a member of Central Moravian church, the auxiliary of Harry F. W. Johnson post, 379, American Legion and Calypso chapter, Order Eastern Star.

Surviving are two sons, Harold E. Groman and Donald L. Groman, both of Bethlehem, and six grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p.m. Monday at the late home, 933 Linden St., with interment in Hisky Hill.

SIGMOND SZULBORSKI

Sigmond Szulborski, 19, 669 Atlantic St., Bethlehem, died Friday morning in the Beth Davis hospital, New York City.

He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Rose Szulborski, and four brothers, Stanley, William and Richard, at home, and Walter, stationed with the Air Corps at Kearny, Nebraska.

He was employed at the Sarco Manufacturing Co. and was affiliated with the Boy Scouts of America and St. Stanislaus church.

ANDREW GAYDOS

Funeral services for Andrew Gaydos, 70, of 251 E. Abbott St., Lansford, who died Thursday night in his home after an illness of several years, will be held from his home at 8:30 a. m. Monday with requiem high mass at 9 a. m. in St. Michael's church, Lansford. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery, Summit Hill.

Born in Jasheno, Slovakia, Mr. Gaydos came to this country 54 years ago, residing in Lansford. He was employed by the No. 10 colliery of the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co. until pensioned. He was a member of St. Michael's church, Lansford.

He is survived by his wife, the former Mary Ruyak, and the following children: Mrs. John Matta, Lansford; Mrs. Peter Maholick, Washington, D. C.; John Gaydos, Philadelphia; Mrs. Sue Kuhla, Lansford; Mrs. Andrew Chuckran, Lansford; Mrs. Verna Gandi, Philadelphia; Francis, at home, and Leo, of Tamaqua.

MRS. ANNA GERHARD

Mrs. Anna M., nee Haberle, Gerhard, widow of Daniel A. Gerhard of 316 N. Halstead St., died Wednesday in the Sacred Heart hospital where she was admitted seven weeks ago. She had been ill for several years and was in her 72nd year.

Mrs. Gerhard was born in Lower Milford township, Lehigh county, a daughter of the late Christian and Elizabeth, nee Bray, Haberle. She resided in Allentown for the past 35 years and was a member of Christ Reformed church.

She is survived by six children: Verda, wife of Oscar Hoffman, of the Halstead St. address; Lizzie, wife of William Zweisel, Bethlehem; Frank, Allentown; Mary, wife of Malcolm Kidd, Allentown; Maurice, Allentown R. 2, and Herbert, Allentown; a brother, Albert Haberle, Newark, Ohio; two sisters, Mrs. Ida Trumbauer, Allentown, and Mrs. Lizzie Grubb, Perkiomenville; 12 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Saturday, 3 p. m., from the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., with interment to follow in Hillside cemetery.

MRS. ANNA GERHARD

Funeral services for Mrs. Anna M. (Haberle) Gerhard, 316 N. Halstead St., Allentown, who died Wednesday at the Sacred Heart hospital will be held at 3 p. m. today at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Burial will be made in Hillside cemetery.

Mrs. Gerhard, 71, widow of Daniel A. Gerhard, was born in Lower Milford township, Lehigh county, daughter of the late Christian and Elizabeth (Bray) Haberle. She lived in Allentown for the past 35 years and was a member of Christ Reformed church.

She is survived by six children: Mrs. Verda (Oscar) Hoffman with whom she had been living; Mrs. Lizzie (William) Zweisel, Bethlehem; Frank, Allentown; Maurice, R. 2, Allentown; Herbert, Allentown; a brother, Albert Haberle, Newark, Ohio; two sisters, Mrs. Ida Trumbauer, Allentown, and Mrs. Lizzie Grubb, Perkiomenville; 12 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Neia Eiwohner

Won m'r der pike fohrt fon Lanark nous noch Limeport un guck'd rechts der barrick nuf, sehnt m'r heit tzu daw 'n shaenie, grossie, weissie hamet —'n hamet os gore nimmy guck'd wie sie hut paar mohnet tzurick. Die shire un dale fon da onnerra gabeier gucka noch grawd wie sie hen fer 'n longie tzeit, ow'r sehnt immer 'n grossie wavering uf 'm blotz, 'n baweiss os die onnerra gabeier aw iwwer dem uf g'fix'd werra. Noh is aw bol immer ebber tzu sehna drous im hofe un gorda, 'n baweiss os die leit os darta wohna fleisich on da arwet sin, net yusht fer ihra hamet uf fixa, ow'r aw ols gorda socha raisa os tzu raisa is uf ra glaina bauerrei os sie airsht iwwer numma hen da airsht July.

Die neia eiwohner sin niemond shunshd, os wie der Roger Butterfield fon "Life" magazine un sei familia, woh die alt Joe Bummers bauerrei kauft hen doh im free yohr, un airsht July fon Nei Yarrick riwwer in ihra neiie hamet gatzoga sin. 'S hous is gamocht fon shtae, un woh sie gons iwwer, weiss gableshder'd hen, un fon weit'm guck'd wie 'n shnae hous. Iwwer Sundawg is ols gons arbadich fiel lava darta, bardich won der Fildelfy Reckord kolumnist Charlie Fisher ruf kumt fer 'm Roger helfa huls saiga. Der Charlie wor 'm ledshda Sundawg howwa 's Rogers p'sucha, uns nagshd os wor, hut der Roger 'n grossie doubldie huls saig kot, un der Charlie hut om ainta end k'honka fer 'm Roger helfa 'n alter darrer ebbel baum fei mocha fer bren huls. Die barichda sin, 's het der Charlie gore mechdich shwitza mocha, un fon da bloaderra os er grick'd hut wolla m'r nix sawga, 's same wie der Charlie aw all'm noh aw nix in Fildelfy g'sawt hut, os er ruf noch Lechaw wor fer 'm Roger Butterfield helfa huls saiga.

Der nahma Roger Butterfield mawg frem louda tzu fiel leit, ow'r is mohl shure net frem tzu ol os in 1937 mit nuf noch Bucknell university worra helfa 's tzwae yairlich Folks Pesht darta halta. Der Roger wor aw dabei, sel tzeit ols 'n schreiver fer "Time" magazine, un hut 'n "Life" magazine ob nemmer bei sich kotta fer pickters nemma fon unserra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha shpieler. Die maining wor, die bilder sotta in "Life" kumma, ow'r die Japanese sin noh yusht awfonga uf rierish werra in China, un etlicha onnerra grossa socha sin dawaig kumma, un hen unser pickters hous k'halta. Uf kours sis aw fershtonna os m'r sel tzeit yusht g'shpielt shen m'r hetta 'n lodwarick party, un is aw wohr os m'r der gross kupper kessel uf ra hiltzna stage hanka hen kot mit ous fire, un hen yusht gamocht wie won m'r om lodwarick kocha weara. Sellie socha, un aw dale onnerra, worra weit fon nadierlich—net so nadierlich wie unser lodwarick party alla Labor Dawg on Dorney Park, un woh m'r net yusht shpiela, ow'r die socha so nadierlich mocha os miglich. Aenicha waig, sellie ledshda socha maiga aw k'holfa howwa die bilder ous "Life" halta.

M'r shure worra froh tzu hoerra os der Roger un sei familia now Lechaw kounty eiwohner sin, un hoffa sie gleicha unser gagend so gute wie unser gonsie gang Pennsylfawnisha Deitscha froh worra fer ihn bie uns tzu howwa on Bucknell university in 1937.

Wase Wies Tzu Duh

Won ebber wase wie sich ous da harda arwet tzu shaila, don is es der Porra Charlie Bornman fon Emmaus. Der Porra Charlie wie m'r wissa, teach'd winders on Cedar Crest koilege, un is summers 'n shwearer lutta bauer. Da summer hut uf kours

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Two went to pray? Oh, rather say
One went to brag, the other to pray;
One stands up close and treads on high
Where the other dares not send his eye;
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God. —Crashaw.

ANOTHER BAD WINTER FOR HITLER

There have been hints out of Germany ever since things started to go bad with them in Russia that they might elect to fall back in good order to the right bank of the Dnieper river and there maintain an impregnable line with a minimum of strength, thereby permitting them to exert their mightiest endeavors in the western theatre of war when the anticipated second front is opened.

Military experts had indicated their conviction that such strategy was contemplated. They said that, with such shortening of the entire defense line and the shortening of communications with Germany, Hitler would be in a good position to strive for a stalemate with his Russian foe while trying to dispose of enemies elsewhere.

The test of this strategy—if this really was Hitler's plan—is now at hand and the results of the test should become known within a few weeks at least. The Russians have reached many points on the Dnieper, and already are looking over that wide river to the high ground on the west bank of the stream which still is in German possession.

In amazingly rapid fashion Stalin's men in recent weeks have advanced westwardly so that they now threaten Kiev and had outposts within a mile of the city yesterday, according to one German report. Farther north they were nine miles from Smolensk, the greatest German stronghold in all Russia, and were threatening to encircle it in an attempt to create another Stalingrad. Even farther north they were so close to Vitebsk that its evacuation and also evacuation of Smolensk on the part of the Germans appeared probable.

So it appears likely that the Russians will be in control of all the left bank of the Dnieper in a few days at least, that they may even take the principle strongholds of the Germans on its banks within a fortnight. It does not appear that they have been considerably slowed by the autumn rains which turn the country into quagmires and if they can keep up the pace, they give promise of knocking all Hitler's plans into a cocked hat. Then when winter descends upon the Ukraine and Central Russia and freezes the Dnieper so that the heaviest artillery can be moved across its ice-covered surface, the winter-hating German fighters can expect to be worried for seven or eight months by an army that has been trained for winter fighting and that is habituated to Russian climate.

Certainly Stalin is promising Mr. Hitler a highly unpleasant, and certainly unpromising winter. He has done it twice before this and made Hitler yelp with pain. He promises to do it again this year upon even greater scale than before.

AIR LINE MILEAGE TO EXCEED RAILS'

While there may be disagreement as to what is going to happen after the war in other phases of human activity, there is no disagreement as to belief that there is going to be tremendous expansion in air travel and in air transport.

In the course of fighting this war, the industrialists of the United States have been learning how to build planes upon mass production scale, just as years ago the line-production automobile superseded the custom-built car. Engineers aplenty have been developed for the aeronautic field. Hundreds of thousands of workers have been trained. Hundreds of plants have been converted to airplane construction. In short, America now has the "know-how" as to airplane construction.

Manufacturers likewise believe that the public on large scale is now ready for an air era and they are shaping their thoughts and plans for that era. They believe there is going to be a big field for sales of planes and for fares and freight.

The transportation companies already are laying their plans for the opening of many lines for air traffic and for extending those lines already in operation. Thus the Civil Aeronautics Board already has before it for approval proposals that total more than 500,000 miles in new airplane routes. When it realized that such mileage is more than twice the entire mileage of all the railroads in the United States it can be seen how ambitious the air people are. They also know they are going to have abundance of trained help for the handling of such ships for war is training hundreds of thousands of men in the handling of aircraft as to all its phases.

When the war ends, this country is going to be all set to enter the Air Era. It is going to be an era of travel for Americans not only across the length and the breadth of this continent but also into all parts of the world.

AN ARMY MAN SHOULD KNOW

Senator Wheeler, whose record for obstructionism before and since the war is consistent, is up against another defeat in his proposal now before the Senate to prevent the drafting of fathers for the armed services.

General Marshall, chief of staff and soon to be global commander-in-chief, has told the Senate that the needs of the Army are such that fathers must be taken. He has been endorsed by Bernard Baruch, whose wisdom in matters pertaining to the war was demonstrated twenty-five years ago and again is being demonstrated repeatedly in this war.

After all we are in a war. A war is run by military men. They know what is needed to conduct a war. Since we expect these trained men to run and win the war, we must also respect and abide by their opinion as to how it is to be run and how it is to be won. All the opinions of all the arm-chair and typewriter generals fall into the discard when a man like General Marshall expresses his own studied and well-founded opinions and computations.

How to Unify Command

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24 (Special Dispatch)—It may be necessary to get legislation from Congress to enable General Marshall to exercise the functions of the chief of staff and also those of operational commander in Europe.

A few days ago in these dispatches reference was made to the set-up during World War I wherein General Peyton March, chief of staff, was told by General Pershing what he wanted and where he wanted it. Although, technically speaking, the orders came only from the office of chief of staff, the commander-in-chief of our forces overseas was, in effect, the supreme commander of our military operations, and Secretary of War Baker in his memoirs revealed that General Pershing's requests or recommendations were fulfilled almost without exception.

General March, who lives in Washington, says he did not take "orders" from General Pershing and writes this correspondent as follows:

"As chief of staff of the Army in the First World War my authority was defined by act of Congress, approved May 12, 1917, and general order 80, War Department 1918, issued with the personal approval of Secretary of War Baker. This order follows:

Order Outlines Duties

" 'The chief of the general staff is the immediate advisor of the Secretary of War on all matters relating to the military establishment, and is charged by the Secretary of War with the planning, development and execution of the Army program. The chief of staff by law (act of May 12, 1917) takes rank and precedence over all officers of the Army, and by virtue of that position and by authority of and in the name of the Secretary of War, he issues such orders as will insure that the policies of the War Department are harmoniously executed by the several corps, bureaus and other agencies of the military establishment, and that the Army program is carried out speedily and efficiently.'

"My precedence in rank over all officers of the Army continued in effect during the remainder of the war and no attempt was made by General Pershing or anyone else in the Army to give 'the chief of staff back in Washington' orders."

The question, of course, is a technical one. General Pershing and General March cooperated, and the strategy of the war was conducted overseas in conjunction with Marshal Foch and the supreme war council so that the job of the chief of staff was for the most part identified with problems of supply, both of materiel and manpower, and transportation.

In this war General Marshall, as chief of staff, has thus far had a direct hand in making the strategy. The U. S. chiefs of staff have really made the war plans and submitted them to President Roosevelt for approval, and when the plans concerned our Allies the strategy has been submitted to the combined chiefs of staffs for approval.

Could Still Be Chief of Staff

If General Marshall goes abroad as an operational commander of all Anglo-American forces, he could still function as chief of staff, but he would have to delegate much of the work back home to his deputy chief of staff, General McNarney. There is nothing in the law or the orders of the War Department which states that the chief of staff must be located in Washington or any other particular place. A deputy chief of staff for the Army could sit on the joint U. S. chiefs of staff and on the combined chiefs of staff and function in accordance with the statutes.

If, however, some new organizational or functional position is desired, the Congress would have to pass new legislation, and it may be that President Roosevelt has such plan in mind in order to take care of this special situation. The present war involves an unprecedented arrangement of commands, as, for instance, where any Army commander gives orders to the Navy in certain theatres of war and where a naval officer commands the Army in particular operations. Strictly speaking and according to technical tradition, the Army can't order the Navy around or vice versa, but the commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, namely the President, can by directive instruct officers of one service to order certain things done and officers of another service to obey such orders.

It is doubtful, however, whether the functions of the office of chief of staff—since the office is created by statute—can be altered by executive order. So the answer may be either to continue General Marshall as chief of staff and delegate to his duty the administration of the office, or for the President to seek special legislation covering the situation.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE FOREIGN POLICY

Mr. Hull wisely encouraged in his speech the discussion of the foreign policy of this country because unless what is done in war is approved in peace, the actions of government will not be binding and will, without doubt, be upset. If peace is to have some measure of permanence whatever is done must be lasting—at any rate, sufficiently lasting to give the world a chance for reconstruction.

The forthcoming Moscow conference cannot produce such a binding program. It can and should publicly emphasize the areas of agreement and the areas of disagreement among the Allied countries. Such areas exist. Propaganda and falsification will not remove them. Only facts will make them understandable and solvable. Only clear statements of differing viewpoints now will save us from confusions following the end of the war. An Anglo-American alliance will not remove differences. An Anglo-American-Russian alliance will not remove the differences. A rejection of the independent national life of small nations will not settle differences nor will the erection of a series of buffer states settle the differences.

A Just Peace for All

More than all this is required. A just peace will recognize the rights of all peoples, their right to live as they choose to live, as their history and tradition impel them to live. A conqueror's peace is never a just peace nor will some Utopian dream of the equality of all peoples, no matter what their cultural and economic level, make for a lasting peace unless more is done than ever has been to raise cultural and economic levels. For instance, if 20 cents an hour goods is to flow into a $1.00 an hour country like ours, there can be no permanent peace. There can only be war in the making.

Nor dare we ever disregard world economic factors. They brought a depression to us once, they will bring worse than that depression the next time unless we reason things out now. And we need to reason objectively and honestly.

The last war was long over in July, 1927 when the Federal Reserve Bank agreed with the European Central Banks to a general world credit inflation to save Europe from financial collapse. That decision, which was made by experienced men with the best of intentions, generated an orgy of speculation in the United States. A country, optimistic after a successful war and a speedy recovery from war, plunged into a wild stock market bacchanal, based largely upon bank loans, even industrialists finding it profitable to put their surpluses in the money market rather than in increased productivity or reduced prices. This new era lasted from July, 1927 until September, 1929. Then came the crash.

Recovery Begun in 1931

By January, 1931, we had begun to recover and it looked as though we might pull through, when a hurricane of bank collapses occurred in Europe, beginning in April, 1931 and leading to all our current woes. We were tied into that European economic system. As a matter of fact, we enjoyed nine years of astonishing prosperity, of no employment because we had poured billions into our export of goods and money and lest anyone think that that was an error, let me point to the fact that only $2,000,000,000 on balance produced that prosperity.

But we could not stop the consequences of the mistakes at Versailles, the futilities of politicians' trickeries, the stupidity of slogan followers. We have paid a frightful bill for not thinking truthfully and according to the facts. By June, 1932, the economic gyroscope nearly straightened the crazy ship but no go! The people wanted the New Deal and they have had nothing but increased debts, increased taxes, increased governmental controls and for the first time in our history, a lowered standard of living.

This is the time then not to slobber over slogans and empty phrases, nor to believe that it is good manners to agree even with our allies or each other. This is the time for the accumulation of data and the most objective analysis of them. If there is good-will and no trickery anywhere, wisdom will find a solution. A true solution must be found—the alternative is more war.

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Did'ja hear about the woman who was trying to employ a laundress. She was having a little difficulty because there were eight in the family, but she finally secured a laundress when she told her: "Now Mandy, while I have six children, they are all girls and grown up, so the wash will be light."



Schtimme Aus'm Kaerrichhof

Vum LLOYD A. MOLL

DER TOBIAS RAUDEBUSCH

In meim Rumschtiere uff em Kaerrichhof bin ich mol an en Schtee kumme mit em Naame Tobias Raudebusch un die Yohrzaahl 1854 druff. Es hot mich gewunnert was der Tobias (ich will wette sie hen ihn Tobi gheesse) zu saage hot. Nochdem dass ich mei Gschpichte gemacht ghatt hab heer ich "Tschie! Tschie, Yosi! Kotzdunnerladder! Witt du verfluchter, alter Schtarrkopp mir die gans Fuhr zum Graawe neireisse! Nau haa! Haa!" hot der Kerl gegrische. "Was faahrscht, Tobias?" frog ich. "Aus em Weg, du Schpitzbu, un halt mich net uff. Denne Weg kumm ich sei Lewe net noch Phildelphi. Was—wer—wer bischt, dass du mich Tobias heesscht? Ich bin der Tobi un hab mei rechter Naame nimmi gheert zitter dass die Mammi gschtarwe iss," saagt er. "Ach," saag ich, "mei Naame macht dir nichs aus. Ich will yuscht wisse vun dem Lewenslaaf. So saag mir wu du gebore waarscht, was du gschaffscht hoscht, un wie du zu deim End kumme bischt. Ich sehn du waarscht aersch 45 Yohr alt wie du die Welt verlosse hoscht." Ich hab far e Weil nichs aus ihm griege kenne, hab ihn heere grummle awwer net verschtanne was er gsaat hot. "Nau Tobi," saag ich, "dummel dich odder du kummscht net noch der Schtadt bis du mir die Gschicht verzaehlt hoscht."—"Huh! Du bischt der Kerl, wu en Baerye mit dem verflammte Schwammbach gemacht hot. Wann ich yuscht an den kennt! Ich hab schunn greessere Bengel wie ihn gschwunge! Den daet ich gaerwe uff die neint Haut, far dir zu saage wie du uns verschteere kannscht!" hot er recht gegnarrt. "Kumm, Tobi, net so zarnich," saag ich.

"Well, wann ich muss, dann muss ich ewwe. Ich waar gebore uff der Seid vun Northampton, schpaeter iss es Ellsdaun gheesse warre. Mei Vadder waar en Schmidt un aa ken Groppschmidt an sellem! Er hot eenich ebbes aus Eise mache kenne. Wie ich noch gans glee waar, hot er mei Bruder iwwerbunne zu me Wagner, do hot der Bruder 's Weggemache gelaernt. Wie der Bruder sei Handwaerrick gut gekennt hot un waar frei, hot der Vadder ihn zu sich genumme un sie hen die grosse Deckwegge, was sie Conestoge gheesse hen, gemacht fichs un faerdich. Als gleener Rotzer hawwich als uff denne Wegge rumgschpielt, mich als uff der Sitz ghockt un en Bendel vanne an die Deischsel far'n Zopplein gemacht as wann ich sechs Geil faahre daet. Hab aa oft Schwupps grickt, wann ich mich verschmiert ghatt hab am Darrlodel, das unne an de Achs ghanke hot. Wie ich mol gross genunk waar far ebbes schaffe, hot der Vadder mich ins Gschefft nemme wolle. Des hot mir awwer net aagelegge; ich hab so'n grossi Fuhr faahre wolle. Die Fuhrleit wu an die Schmidt kumme sin far ihre Wegge in Adder griege, wann ebbes letz waar, hen als Schtories verzaehlt vun de Zeite, das sie ghatt hen uff em Weg noch Phildelphi. Wann die Gschpichte verzaehlt sin warre, hawwich als die Ohre gschnitzt as wie en Yaegers Hund. Oft hot der Vadder mich geyaagt, wann die Kerl bissel en breedi Schtori verzaehlt hen. Mir hen e wennich Land ghatt, do hawwich gschafft druff, wie ich greesser waar, awwer bin der Schmidt un em Wagnerschapp ausgewiche. Wann en Raad abzubinne waar un sie hen Hilf gebreicht, hawwich immer ebbes schunscht zu schaffe ghatt uff em Feld odder an der Scheier. Mol ee Daag saagt der Vadder, 'Nau, Tobi, iss es graad Zeit, dass du dich bsinnscht was du duh witt. Des do uff em Land rumschtarre, bringt mir un dir nichs ei. Du musscht en Handwaerrick laerne, so dass du en arndlich Lewe mache kannscht. Marye frieh machscht dich in der Schapp un schtehscht Brendis graad wie eenicher annerer Yunge aa misst.'—'Ich gleich des net. Ich will ken Schmidt un aa ken Wagner gewwe. Ich will so'n Conestoge hawwe un Sache noch Phildelphi faahre,' hawwich geandwart. 'Huh! Wu meensecht kennscht en Wagge un sechs Geil griege? Die kann mer net vun de Baem roppe as wie die Ebbel. Do muss Geld bei!'—'Well, du kannscht mich uffsetze. Ich bezaahl dich widder zerick' saag ich. 'En Lump un en Saufloodel aus dir mache! Nee! Un noch eens, du bischt gans un gaar zu yung far so uff der Schtross rumkessle' saagt er. Mei Vadder waar schtreng—naegschte Marye waar ich in der Schmidt. Far all dass ich die Aerwet net gegliche hab, hawwich mich drum aagenumme. Ich hab gewisst, dass wann ich mol's Handwaerrick kann, dass der Vadder mich frei gebt un mich net so lang hald as wie en annerer Brendis. Wann ich oweds ins Bett bin, hawwich die sechs abbliche Greelgeil, das ich mir verdiene hab wolle, in de Aage ghatt. Ich hab geblaant wu ich Sache zu faahre griege kennt un gedraamt vun de Zeite das ich hett an Flowertown, wu viel vun de Fuhre far die Nacht uffgschtellt hen uff em Weg noch Phildelphi. Der Vadder hot mir Luh gewwe, do hawwich ken Cent devun verschpend. Annere Yunge sin an die Frollicke gange, awwer net ich! Ich hab gedenkt ich hett mei Frollicke mol schpaeter. Wie ich genunk ghatt hab far die Geil zu kaafe, saag ich zum Vadder, 'Nau kann ich mei Geil kaafe, awwer der Wagge fehlt mer. Daetscht mir helfe eener mache, wann ich selwert nooch em Feierowed noch draaschaffe daet?' Er hot lang gekunsiddert. Noh saagt er, 'Du hoscht schwer gschafft, doch sehn ich dei Haerz iss net in der Aerwet. Wann du mir verschprechscht, dass du die Saufferei unnerwegs losse witt, helf ich dir en Wagge baue.'—'Es iss net gsaat, wann der Pitt Drumbauer en Siffer iss, dass ich aa eener sei muss. Der Andanni Schultz iss en rechtschaffner Mann. Der faahrt aa noch Phildelphi un sauft net,' hawwich do druff gsaat.

"Darrich der Winder sin mir an die Aerwet far mei Conestoge baue. Es waar so die Regel fars Hols, das die Wegge gemacht sin warre devun, net wennicher as wie drei Yohr drickle losse, so dass es gut ausgedarrt waar bis es in der Wagner Schapp kumme iss. Der Vadder hot awwer ghatt, das schunn viele lenger gelegge hot. Far des hot er als meh Geld grickt as wie fars anner, wann ebber bissel ebbes Abaddiches hawwe hot wolle. Noochdem dass er's willens waar far mir en Wagge mache, saagt er, 'Well, Tobi, wann's net annerscht iss, dann misse mir ewwe mol draa. Du gehscht naus in der Schopp, wu's Hols leid un suchscht dir mol raus was du hawwe witt. Sehn awwer, dass du ken gnarriches gricksecht.' Ich hab net zweemol gheesse sei breiche. Vum aller zaehschte Gumme hawwich grickt far die Naawe an de Redder, Hickeri, das schunn zehe Yohr gelegge hot far die Schpeech, Langwitt un die Deichsel, Eeche unne Gnarre far die Schemel, die Felye vun de Redder un die Schillscheid; noh hawwich noch Babble Board gfunne, das zwee Fuss breed waare far der Baddi. Der Bruder hot die Holsaerwet geduh un ich hab mei Wagge bschlagge. Mei Gscharr Box waar schenner bschlagge, dass ich all meim Lewe eenie gsehne hab. Do hawwich der Daadem wann der Wagge gemacht waar un die Buchschtaawe vun meim Naame, un Dullebohne Bande, alles aus Eise, druff gemacht. Die Waggedeck, aus Halbleine gemacht, waar schier schneeweiss un wann sie iwwer die Hickeri Boge gschpannt waar, waar der vedderscht Schpitze devun elf Fuss vum Grund. Es waar 24 Fuss vun End zu End vun der Deck. Die Hinnerredder waare sechs Fuss hoch un die eisne Reef drei Zoll breed. Wie ich mol mei sechs Geil eigschpannt ghatt hab, waar's 60 Fuss vum Leader bis hinne an der Wagge wu der Fuderdrog ghanke hot. Der Darrlodel, wu mer's Darr drin ghalte hot, hawwich mer selwert ausgholt aus me Kaerscheblock. Ich hab en schee Schtick Leddер genumme far en Deckel un zwee unne am Wagge henke ghatt. Unne Farricht as ich zammebrecht daet, hawwich acht Dunn do drufflaade kenne.

Die Weil as mir am Baue waare, hawwich rumgeguckt far sechs Geil. In meine Draame hawwich immer abbliche Greelgeil im Gedechtnis ghatt far mei Fuhr. Die waare net leicht zu finne. Viere hawwich glei ghatt, awwer die zwee naegschte hen mir en laschter Druwwel gemacht. Noh waare noch die Gscharre. Die Belle far die Geil hawwich lengscht ghatt eb mei Wagge faerdich waar. Ich hab mei Geil ausgschtaffiert hawwe wolle uff die vedderscht Manier, mit Schtreiss an de Zaem un Belle iwwer die Kummete. Wie ich mol alles gsammelt ghatt hab, bin ich noch em Schtedtel far en Baerye mache mit ebber far en Load noch der grosse Schtadt faahre. Pretz un Weinsheimer hen ihre Schtorsache vun der Schtadt grickt. Zu denne bin ich gange un hab mol Aaschpruch gemacht. 'Ya, mir hen viel Sache zu griege, awwer mir hen nichs far dich nunner nemme. Mit me leere Wagge witt net uff der Weg geh,' hen die gsaat. Ich hab en grossi Load Heid vun 're Gaerwerei grickt far nunner nemme. Mei Wagge waar so schee sauwer, dass es mir Leed geduh hot far die drecktiche Heid zu laade. Was hawwich so schtols gfiehlt, wie ich uff em Saddelgaul gsotze hab mit de Zoppleine in der Hand un bin vun der Gaerwerei eweck gfaahre! Mei Geil sin recht gedenselt. Awwer die Denselerei waar all verbei bis mir iwwer der Lecha Baerrick kumme sin. Es hot yuscht gereggert ghatt un die Redder sin in de Glaes geloffe bis an die Naawe. Ich hab die Geil oft ruhe misse losse, bis ich noch Flowertown kumme bin. Es waar schunn Nacht un der Scheierhof hot voll Wagge gschtanne, wie ich neigezogge bin. Ich hab ausgschpannt, mei Fuderdrog grickt, uff die Deichsel gemacht, drei Geil uff yeder Seid vum Drog gebunne, noh hawwich sie gfiedert. Die Weil dass sie am fresse waare, hawwich sie aa gseiwert un der Dreck vun meim Wagge gemacht. Noochdem dass ich sie im Schtall ghatt hab, bin ich in die Barschtubb. Wie ich do nei kumme bin, waare viel Fuhrleit am Bar gschtanne am Drinke. 'Hei, Yunger, iss es net dich, wu an mir verbeigfaahre iss?' frogt eener. 'Des maag sei,' hawwich geandwart. 'Eenich ebber wu meinre Fuhr vorfaahre kann, maag en besseri Fuhr hawwe, awwer's iss net gsaat as er en besserer Mann iss. Nau wehr dich,' saagt er un kummt far mich. Eens vun de Kerl bei ihm saagt. 'Was witt dann en Kind schlagge! Des Biewel hot yo noch ken Hoor unnich der Naas, odder am Bart.'—'Well, er kann net frieher laerne,' saagt der aersch un schlagt noch mir. Ich bin zerick gedrete, hab net fechte wolle. Awwer wie die annere am Bar gheert hen, was am Aageh waar, hen sie uns umringt. 'Schlag druff, Yunger. Mir sehne dass'd Fair Play grickscht,' saage sie. Vergelschtert awwer net in Engschde, hawwich so um mich rumgeguckt un sehn der Pitt Drumbauer. Wie er mich erblickt hot, greischt er 'Tobi, musscht dei Batt nemme.' Des hot meiner Kuraasche gholfe. Wie ich gsehne hab, dass es ken annerer Weg waar, bin ich gange far den Kerl. Ich hab ihn umgschlagge eemol iwwer's anner, bis er nimmi uffschteh hot kenne. Ich denk der Brandewei, das er gsoffe ghatt hot, waar aa en grossi Hilf zu mir. Der Pitt hot nooch der Hand gsaat, 'du hoscht der Dan Hoower gschwunge. Der iss der bescht Mann gerechelt uff weit un breed. Nau awwer geb acht, er browiert an dich zerick zu kumme. Dass ich ihn geleddert hab, hot viel vun de annere gut geduh. Sie hen mich zu sich genumme am Bar un ich hab ken annerer Weg ghatt as wie mit 'ne drinke. Der Pitt hot mich bekannt gemacht. 'Buwe, der Andreas Raudebusch kann net yuscht die beschte Wegge mache in Northampton, er hot aa doh en Mann wu sei Batt nemme kann uff die Fiess gschtellt. Hei, Waert! Noch meh Schnapps bei!' hot er gegrische. Bis ich gange bin far mei Schtrohsack, das ich mitgebrocht hab far mer en Bett uff der Barschtubb. Boddem mache, waar ich zimmlich schwindlich. Ich hab net gut gschlofe. Die Schtubb hot gschtunke noch Drinke, Duwack un Schwitz. Der Ochdem un des Gschnarrickse vun denne bedrunkne Mensche hot mich schier die gans Nacht wacker ghalde. Huh, huh! ich muss lache wann ich an selli Nacht denk. Wie ich mir vorgenumme hab mich aus dem Lebdaag zu schaffe. Noochdem dass ich e paarmol noch Phildelphi waar hawwich gut schlofe kenne, eb ich Schnapps geroche hab odder net un alle Schnarrickse hot mich net verschteert. Die Gschichte waerd mer gewehnt.

"Ich hab schtols gfiehlt wie ich die Schtadt neigfaahre bin de naegschte Daag. Die Leit hen mit de Finger noch meine sechs Greelgeil gewisse. Far all des ich en dicker Kopp ghatt hab selle Marye, hawwich sie doch gschtriggelt un gebarscht, so dass mer ken Undaedel an ihne sehne hot kenne. Der Wagge, noch graad wie nei, mit de grosse Redder hot gerabbelt iwwer die Wasserwacke, so dass die Leit net helfe hen kenne far heere, dass do ebbes Besonderes der Weg geht. Ich hab an die Schtross faahre misse, das am Rewwer nuffgeht. Dart hawwich mei Heid abgelaade, Melassich, Zucker un Schpeise uffgelaade far uff der Heemweg. Uff em Weg aus der Schtadt hawwich viel annere Fuhre aagedroffe. Der Weg waar gut, so sin die mehrschte devun uff em Wagge gfaahre. An me Baerrick odder wu's holbrich waar, iss mer gewehnlich newehaer geloffe. Die Fuhre sin vun alliwwer beikumme un's hot alle Sarte Fuhrleit ghatt. Deel hen halwer gschlofe uff em Sitz, annere hen die Geig gschpielt, noh hot's aa ghatte wu die Kordium gschpielt hen un dezu gsunge. Do waar en Lewe uff der Schtross! Es waar widder schier Nacht bis ich noch Flowertown kumme bin. Dart hawwich ausgschpannt far bleiwe bis de naegschte Marye. Der Pitt un viel vun denne wu oweds devor dart warre, hen aa widder dart uffgschtellt. Unnich denne waar der Kerl, wu ich geleddert ghatt hab. Nooch em Nachtesse iss es ans Kaarde schpiele gange. Deel hen far Geld gschpielt. Ich hab net schpiele kenne, so hawwich yuscht zugeguckt. Am me Disch wu sie am Schpiele waare, sitzt der Dan Hoower, wu ich gedrosche ghatt hab. Er hot mich frieher bissel gliedich aageguckt, awwer nichs zu mer gsaat. Ich bin an den Disch geloffe far zugucke. Er hot yuscht en Haufe Geld verlore ghatt. Wie er mich sehnt, iss er uffgschprunge. Er muss schunn viel gedrunke ghatt hawwe, weil wie er uffgschprunge iss, iss er gschrangelt. 'Mach dich eweck, du Rotzer. Bischt mei Unglick!' hot er gegrische. Der Pitt iss aa uffgschtanne un saagt, 'Ya wann du net acht gebscht, bischt noch mehner ungliicklich as wie'd waarscht geschtrowed. Der Tobi schlaggt dir die Zaeh zum Hals nunner, wann'd widder ebbes aafangscht mit ihm.' De Weg wie's mir vorkumme iss, misse all die Kerl sich gfaerricht hawwe weeich ihm, eb ich en gedrosche hab. Selle Owed iss er hesslich bedrunke warre. Er hot Schtreit aafange wolle mit yedem. En Schnapps hot als die Schtreiterei gedischtert. Wie er so gsoffe waar, dass er nichs meh gewisst hot vun Gott un der Welt, iss der Pitt naus, hot en Darrlodel gholt un dem Kerl sei Gsicht all verschmiert mit Darr.

"Wie ich uff em Heemweg darrich Sackne bin sehn ich en Fuhr var mir newe an der Schtross. Dem sei recht hinner Raad hot die Schpeech aus der Naab gebroche ghatt. Ich waar uffgezogge far Leit im Druwwel mitzuhelfe. Well, mir hen nau en schrecklichi Zeit ghatt bis mir en Riggel an die Achs gemacht hen, wu des verbroche Raad waar. Des hot der Wagge ghalde vum umfalle, awwer mit 're Load waar er schwer zu ziege abaddich der Baerrick nuff. Ich hab gsaat er sett vorfaahre, noh kennt ich ihm widder helfe wann ebbes letz gengt. Unne am Lecha Baerrick hot er vun seinre Load runner nemme wolle, so dass er der Baerrick nuff kennt. 'Ach,' saag ich, 'ich schpann viere vun meine Geil vor, noh kenne mir's der Baerrick nuffziege. So hen mer aa. Wie mer drowwe waare, gebt er mir die Belle vun seim Saddelgaul. Ich bin zerick far mei Fuhr un bin weiter gfaahre. Bei Pretz un Weinsheimer hawwich abgelaade un bin heem. 'Well, wie waar's in Phildelphi?' hot der Vadder gfrogt. Ich hab viel verzaehlt, yuscht ken Wart gsaat vun was aagange iss im Waertshaus. 'So witt du denne Weg dei Lewe mache? Well, mir kenne net all Schmidt un Wagner sei, es muss aa Fuhrleit gewwe in der Welt. Ich will dir yuscht des saage, mach em Pitt Drumbauer net noh, schunnscht kummscht noch ins Aarmehaus. Wann du dich uffftehre kannscht as wie der Andanni Schultz, kannscht dich zu ebbes schaffe, wie er aa schun hot,' saagt der Vadder. Ya, der Andanni hot Geld ghatt, awwer ich hab schpaeter ausgfunne, dass der Pitt die Gschpass ghatt hot. Un wie lenger dass ich uff der Schtross waar, desto besser hot mir die Gschpass aagschtanne. Ich hab sie aa ghatt. Es hot net lang genumme, hawwich aa Kaarde schpiele kenne. Un Schnapps saufe! Huh! Ich hab mannichmol eleenich am Bar gschtanne, mei Kummeraade hen all gelegge. Die aerschte Yohre hawwich Geld gemacht, awwer des iss mer darrich die Finger gewitscht as wann's mit 're Schpeckschwaart gschmiert gewest waer. Well, so hawwich gfaahre far zwansich Yohr.

"Es Friehyohr vun 1854 waar nass. Wie mol der Froscht aus em Boddem waar, waar die Schtross en rechter Schmaraagel. Ich hab verschproche ghatt en Waggeload Brandewei noch Phildelphi zu faahre, awwer der Weg hot mir gegrisselt. Wie ich im Schtedtel waar mol ee Daag, hawwich der Kaschper Holwig aagedroffe. 'Was! Net uff der Schtross! Bischt bang du bleibscht schtecke?' frogt er. Der Kaschper hot aa noch der Schtadt faahre wolle. 'Ich hab gemeent ich wott noch en Daag waarte. Sie saage iwwerm Baerrick driwwe waer der Weg schreckeldaanisch,' saag ich. 'En Mann wu so brallt mit seinre Fuhr sett ken Farricht hawwe weeich e bissel Dreck. Ich hab net naegscht die Fuhr, das du hoscht, awwer mei Geil kenne Dreck baade. Ich geh marye frieh,' saagt er. 'So hawwich aa gezaehlt far geh,' saag ich. 'Well, loss mich vorfaahre, noh kann ich dich aus em Dreck ziege,' wann'd gschtocke bischt,' saagt er. Sell waar zu viel far mich. 'Nau, wett ich dich en Gwaart Brandewei, dass ich am Schwarze Baer in der Schtadt bin eb du. Dart waart ich uff dich bis du kummscht, un wann's en Yohr nemmt,' saag ich. 'Es iss en Wett,' andwart er. Naegschte Marye bin ich uff der Weg. Wie ich iwwer der Baerrick kumme bin, wer hot unne am Baerrick gschtoppt un der Weg bedracht as wie der Kaschper. 'Well, faahr vor,' saag ich!—'Do faahr ich net nei, ich will net mei Geil verseefe,' andwart er. Ich hab meim Leader 's Wart gewwe un die Geil sin zum Schmaraagel nei. Bis an die Gnie waare sie drin in me Aageblick. Noh hen ihre Beich uff em Dreck gschleeft, als sin sie fartgegraddelt. Die Gschicht hot mir gegrisselt wie sie yuscht meh die Ohre un ihre Naes hausschtecke ghatt hen. Un wie der Maader mer mol iwwer die Schtiwwel kumme iss, hawwich mich uff mei Saddelgaul gschtellt. Wie die gans Fuhr gschtoppt hot, hawwich der Kaschper heere lache. Des hot mich gewitters verzaernt. Ich hab mei Geeschel so in der Luft rum gschwunge un gegrische iwwer der Leader wie ich ihm an die Ohre gegnellt hab. Ya, sie hen mich rausgezogge! Wie ich rumgeguckt hab far der Kaschper un sei Fuhr, sehn ich, dass er der Baerrick widder nuff geht. Well, ich bin noch em Schwarze Baer in der Schtadt un zwee Daag denooch kummt der Kaschper. Noh hot's Warte gewwe. Er hot mich net bezaahle wolle. Dresche hot er mich net kenne, doch hot er aafange fechte. Ich hab ihn net schlagge wolle, hab gewisst, dass er mich fange daet losse wann ich daet. Darrich der Daag hawwich gsehne, dass er eens vun denne Schlurl, wu immer am Wasser rumhenke, bei sich hot. Die Kerl duhne eenich ebbes far en Daaler. Well, wie er kumme iss far mich, hawwich ihn so vun mer weck gschowe. Wie ich mei Hand uff der Kaschper gelegt hab, hot der Kerl wu bei ihm waar, mir en Boddel uff der Kopp gschlagge un mir die Haernschaal neigschlagge. Sell waar mei End.

"Nau will ich awwer 's Deiwels sei, wann du dich net abmachscht un haldscht mich noch lenger uff, gewwich dir Ohrfeige! Yosi! Yosi! Kumm an, nau!" greischt er.

Ich hett gaern wisse wolle, was es gewwe hot mit seinre Fuhr, awwer ich hab nichs meh aus ihm grickt. Ich denk der Tobi hett's verleicht aa net gewisst.

'N Paar Alde Schprichwarde

Wie der Mann, so sei G'schwelz
Gleene Brunne sin ball leer.
Zopp an deinre eegne Naas.
Wammer der Hund drefft, blafft er.
Karze Hoor sin glei gebarscht,
Unne Druwwel hot mer nix.
Wer lauert an der Wand,
Der heert sei eegni Schand.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. WILLIAM GRAVER

Mrs. Maude S. Graver, wife of William H. Graver, 1105 S. 8th St., died at 8:30 p. m. Thursday at her late home at the age of 56 years 7 months and 3 days.

Mrs. Graver was born in Snyder county a daughter of Morris and Ellen, nee Brosius Adams. She was a member of the Ladies auxiliary of Justine Time Lodge, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen No. 346.

Surviving, with her husband, are one son, Melvin E., this city; a daughter, Marcella G., at home; her parents of Hepler, Pa.; one brother, Alvin Adams, Hepler; one sister, Beulah, wife of Clarence Zerbe, Cringerstown.

Funeral services will be conduc

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented,
(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends,)
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children and friends. —Spencer.

CUTTING TENTACLES OF THE OCTOPUS

Like a gigantic octopus Japan has spread its tentacles throughout the Pacific but like the octopus hunter, the armed forces of the United States are lopping at those arms and either cutting them off or crippling them.

One of those arms had reached up to Attu and Kiska and had hoped to reach out to Dutch Harbor and Alaska. But it was completely lopped off and its stump is clinging to Paramushiro.

Another tentacle had fastened itself upon the Solomon Islands but it was hacked at various places and now almost complete grip has been lost so that there are many indications that the Japs are getting out of the entire Solomon group. In recent days scores of barges filled with Jap troops leaving the islands have been sunk and how many by night escaped the American aviators and warships cannot be known. Yesterday in a sea battle with a considerable Jap force, the American Navy sank at least three fast ships and damaged two more in what appeared to be an attempt to cover the complete evacuation of Kolombangara islands.

The Japs have been getting out of point after point without putting up serious fight and they are doing it because their arm of supplies —the Jap tentacles—are being cut off.

So far of course progress has been comparatively slow when the vast distance to which the tentacles were flung is considered. But the procedure by which Japan can and will be defeated is being demonstrated almost daily as the Americans gain advanced bases for operations by air, surface and undersea units.

WORLD SERIES BREAKS ALL RECORDS

The early laps of the 1943 World Series baseball games have been run and it is possible now to report that all the fears during the past year that there would be dearth of interest in the national game because of the war were entirely unfounded.

Meeting in New York City for the first three games of the series, the Yankees and Cardinals broke all records for three-game attendance. The only thing that limited the size of the crowds was the size of the stadium. In all probability the same experience will be had in St. Louis where the series will be resumed tomorrow. In fact it is the general experience of baseball throughout the country during the past year. While the young men were away in the Army and Navy, there were enough people left at home to produce record attendance figures for many of the ball clubs.

Now perhaps we can understand better why, during the early years of the war, reports came from England that attendance at the football matches and horse races was up to or exceeded figures in peace times. At that time we may have thought that the British were frivolous, that they were not taking the war seriously enough, even though it was being brought right into their back yard. The British at that time explained that sports were an "escape" for thousands of people from the grim tragedy of the war. With our own 1943 baseball experience in mind, we can understand why the Britons turned to the sports that they love in time of trouble just as Americans sought relaxation from the pressure of war in the sport that they love.

WAGE-HOUR ACT SHOWS ITS TEETH

In a case that well may set nation-wide precedence, three Northampton manufacturers recently were given jail sentences and heavy fines for violations of the Wage and Hour Act.

While there have been many civil actions throughout the country against manufacturers who broke or evaded the provisions of the Act, this is the first case in which a criminal prosecution has been brought against violators. For the first time the really sharp teeth in the Act are demonstrated to be in good working order.

Whether the sentences imposed were harsh or lenient, will be widely debated for the case undoubtedly will attract much attention inasmuch as the story has been published from coast to coast by now. The important point is that the Government has indicated it will enforce this law, not merely as to civil actions and restitution of such fractions of profits as have been gained by the infractions and can be absolutely proved, but also as to criminal actions which will bring the severe and humiliating punishment of jail sentence and should act as deterrent to those who may choose to gamble with the Act.

REPEAL OF CHINESE EXCLUSION ACT

There is little doubt that Congress very quickly will repeal the Chinese exclusion act and thereby express in a very practical way the feeling which the American people entertain toward our brave Oriental ally.

It is a known fact that much of the hatred which Japan developed for the United States before the war and before her ambition for conquest led her into the war grew out of refusal on the part of this country to accept the Japs as immigrants on the same basis as that enjoyed by white nations. That action was interpreted as insult to the entire Japanese people. We can understand this attitude if we think what our feelings would be if a neighbor were to say: "Don't ever come into my house." Now we might never have entertained the notion of making a visit, but the prohibition would nettle us no end. That in effect was what we said to the Japs and to the Chinese.

Of course we stand firmly on our attitude as to the Japs who are off our calling list for an indefinite period of time. In fact at this time we feel that if we never see or hear anything of the Japs from this time on it will not be too long.

As to the Chinese it is different. While hundreds of millions of Chinese will never wish nor be able to come to this country, we are going to tell them that they are going to be welcome upon a quota basis such as prevails for the nationals of other countries. It will be a nice gesture, similar to that of the neighbor who invites you to call at any time and in the invitation makes you feel that he means it. You may not accept the invitation but you will feel very kindly to that neighbor.

What the Senators Saw

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8—Five United States Senators, after a trip around the world visiting the various war fronts, have told their colleagues in the Senate what they saw. The significance of the trip is not, however, in what the individual opinions of the traveling Senators happen to be—their concepts of strategy or their appraisal of the military picture. It is rather the opportunity which exists under a free system of government for representatives of the legislative body to make the journey, see everything that is to be seen, and remain free to come back and tell their fellow members of the Senate in detail about their observations.

No executive hush-hush or military pressure affects the Senators but, for reasons of their own, they preferred to talk in a secret session lest fragments of unauthorized military information useful to the enemy might be revealed.

Neither the President nor the high officers of the Army or Navy undertook in any way to influence the views of the five Senators, and yet the most important thing they all say on their return is that the war, on the whole, is being well-managed and is going well.

This does not mean that everything is perfect or that errors are not going to be stressed by the Senators in the hope of bringing about corrective action. On the contrary, much of what the Senators brought back that is critical doubtless will get more emphasis in the press than will the efficiency which they praised.

Difficult to Get Complete Picture

An over-all picture of this global war is a difficult thing to get, no matter how long the visit to the war zones or how intimate the opportunity for getting information. But the five Senators—three of them Democrats and two Republicans—did have an excellent chance to gather impressions. They talked to high staff officers and to the privates in the ranks. There have been some press dispatches from abroad reflecting, unfortunately, some of the customary criticism of members of Congress—a tendency to belittle the importance of this type of visit. What is forgotten is that the Congress, with all its defects and with its many kinds of personalities, is still a free body and that no five members of the Reichstag or of the Japanese parliament would be permitted to have a look at the front and come back and talk about it in the press or to their colleagues.

Two of the members of the group—Senators Brewster of Maine, Republican, and Mead of New York, Democrat—are members of the Truman committee of the Senate which has for months been investigating the production front. Three other members—Senators Russell of Georgia, Democrat, Chandler of Kentucky, Democrat, and Lodge of Massachusetts, Republican—are on the Senate Military Affairs committee. So all five had a background of information on war problems before they left Washington, and they are able with the data acquired to help even more now in the drafting of future legislation related to the military effort.

Many more Senators wanted to go, but the War and Navy departments did not have the facilities, nor could arrangements be made for visits to commanding officers unless confined to a relatively small number. The trip was well handled, and were it not for the airplane it would not have been feasible.

Indications of Future Government

What is accepted as commonplace—a trip around the world by air in a few weeks—to the many areas where the American flag flies is really a remarkable example of the value of aviation to the process of government itself. It may be an indication of what is coming in the future. No longer perhaps will American Senators who actually never visited a European country be able to hold important posts in the Foreign Relations committees of our Congress. With air transportation available, it may well be that in peacetime consultations between members of the legislative bodies of the democracies will be something more in the future than they have been in the past. There have been some useful inter-parliamentary meetings in the past, but they have been far too few.

The five Senators who went to the war zones and undertook the strain and hardships of travel around the world in these times are to be commended for their devotion to public duty. One may not agree with all that they bring back in the way of comment, but the most of their statements will be found helpful in bringing to Washington's attention the desires of our troops and commanders in the field—the many little things and some big things that are overlooked by Washington in maintaining the morale of our forces overseas.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE GESTAPO ATMOSPHERE

The last time I was a mediator on A. L. Alexander's radio program a curious question arose: A woman had been married to a man for a long time, but he tired of her. According to her story, one day she became very ill after drinking coffee. She was taken to the hospital but soon recovered. The coffee was found to be poisoned. The woman's relatives insist that she file a complaint against her husband—to charge him with attempted murder. The woman says that she will not. Her argument is that God will punish her husband, that she will not burden her conscience with revenge, and that besides her husband supports her although he does not live with her.

Mrs. Genevieve B. Earle, member of the New York City Council and I agreed with the woman. We felt that there are areas of the conscience which transcend the letter of the law, that if this woman felt that it is wrong for her to bear witness against her husband, that if her moral code required of her the line of conduct that she pursued, it was nobody else's business, that certainly no pressure be put upon her to employ the arm of the law in the realm of conscience. The third mediator, Sydney Mosely, the radio commentator, disagreed with Mrs. Earle and me. He said that it was this woman's obligation to the State as a citizen to notify the authorities.

Public Expressed Viewpoint

Mr. Alexander received a large mail on this particular case and it ran two to one against my judgment. Most of the writers held that this is a police case and that the woman's conscience had nothing to do with it, that she should have given the evidence to the police. There seemed to be considerable scoffing at the notion that there is an area that is the individual's own, the area of conscience.

This reaction interested me because it shows what a decade of propaganda for the omnipotence of government will do to a people. The right of an individual to accept moral rather than secular law as a guide cannot be questioned in our type of society. Suppose this woman believes, as an article of faith upon which depends her eternal salvation, that marriages can never be broken by act of man; in other words, suppose she rejects divorce as sin—how can she possibly say that because a man is separated from her, she is no longer his wife? To her, the reality is what she believes, not what she is forced to submit to by circumstances. If then this man is her husband, how can she, in decency, submit her family affairs to public judgment? Surely in the realm of the family she is the mistress of her own point of view.

Why Do We Oppose Nazis?

If the authority of government is to obliterate conscience, why do we oppose the Nazi? They make of conscience a mystical nonsense, but we insist upon the reality of conscience and demand for it freedom. Surely if government is our sole authority, from the cradle to the grave, then government has the authority to establish our ideas and beliefs as well as the taxes we pay. The farmers of the American Constitution tried to side-step this issue but they were forced to accept the first ten Amendments to the Constitution, the first of which specifically denies to the government any role in ideas or beliefs or the expression thereof.

The American government is a mechanism of association, not a controller of our way of life. Government, this device of our own choosing, has no principles of its own but only such as we give it. The genius of our political system is that it is never binding upon the people without their specific consent through representatives of their own choosing, and nothing that is done in one Congress is necessarily binding upon another. It is that which we call freedom. The law is a continuing process through the history of man, concerned not only with order in the State but the morals of the individual. If our people have forgotten that, their freedom is surely already imperilled.

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ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DROUGHT IN 1755

THE weather is always a fickle partner for the farmer. Ordinarily the states on the American seaboard are favored with abundant rainfall, but occasionally Dame Nature fails to do her share in the process of producing crops. Droughts are not new to the Pennsylvania counties. Back in 1755 the colony suffered from a lack of rainfall, far more severe than any living person can remember.

On June 6, 1755, the Governor of the province issued a proclamation calling for a fasting day on which all persons should attend church services and offer prayer for rain. No rain had fallen for three months "and all sorts of Grain were near perishing." Thursday, June 18, was fixed as the day for the prayers.

On June 18 newspapers reported that Berks County farmers had mowed their wheat for fodder and that they feared a starvation yield of corn. Estimates were placed at one bushel per acre.

The scarcity of farm produce was a far more serious matter in 1755 than it is today. Aside from modern safeguards against famine, the people of that day were still more unfortunate than we are now in spite of our recurring dry seasons.

In 1755 Pennsylvania was expected to furnish supplies for Braddock's army, to provide food for all the families of Indians, in order to keep them pacified, and to provide food for the hundreds of homeless persons who were driven away from their farms during Indian raids.

Conrad Weiser made several trips to the Indian country, carrying corn and flour which he had bought at Christian Lower's mill in Tulpehocken.

A tradition connected with Hain's Church, Wernersville, related that one time when Reverend Boas prayed for rain a torrent of water flowed from the heavens. High water washed away the fence of the farmer. When neighbors urged him to rebuild his fence, he protested: "Es batt nichs! Wann der Parre widder bet, iss sie widder weck!" (No use! When the preacher prays again, it will be gone again).

GNADENSEE
(The Lake of Grace)

THE village of Sharon, Connecticut, was founded by the Moravian Brethren from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The village borders upon a lake which the Indians called Wequadnach but which the Moravians named Gnadensee, or the Lake of Grace.

In August, 1742, Count Nicholaus von Zinzendorf set out upon a missionary journey to the Indians. Accompanied by his daughter, the Countess Benigna, he rode into the Indian Villege of Shekomeko, Dutchess County, New York, where Christian Henry Rauch, another Moravian missionary was ministering to the natives. There the Count baptized a number of Indians who lived at Lake Wequadnach in present-day Connecticut. These Indians needed a shepherd.

The church fathers at Bethlehem sent David Bruce to serve the Connecticut Indians. The mission was established at a point within the present limits of the town of Sharon. There Mohicans received the sacrament of baptism and assumed biblical names such as Moses, Abraham, Gideon and Martha. Other missionaries came to assist Bruce in his work, among them the well-know Christian Frederick Post and Pyrlaeus, the latter a graduate of the University of Leipzig. The mission was successfully launched and named Gnadensee.

The War of the Austrian Succession sent its sparks flying to the possessions of warring England and France here in the New World. Moravian missionaries were a strange sight to New Englanders. They wore long black robes and a large crucifix hung from a chain. Their small black hats and other portions of their garb led suspicious Yankees to conclude that they were Catholic priests, acting as spies in the employ of the Catholic king of France. Because of these suspicions a wave of persecution set in, greatly hindering the work of the mission. Some of the missionaries were forced to abandon the work for a while and the more devout Indian converts were brought to Bethlehem in Pennsylvania.

The war ended in 1748 and the missionary work could be resumed. This time the moving spirit of the mission was the Baron de Watteville, whose real name was John Langguth. De Watteville had married Zinzendorf's only daughter, the Countess Benigna. She accompanied him to the mission at Gnadensee. Sharon, Connecticut, has thus the distinction of being founded by two persons of feudal rank. Edward O. Dyer, the historian of Gnadensee, gives the Countess Benigna the euphonious title, the Lady of the Lake, and the lake was Gnadensee.

Lake upon New England's border,
With a fair Moravian name,
Unto which across the ocean,
Saintly souls in longing came.
There are ripples on thy water,
There are echoes on thy shore,
Which, once started, never leave us,
But go on forever more.

Gnadensee, thou gem of beauty,
Gnadensee, thou Lake of Grace,
To the stranger tell thy story,
To the lover show thy face.

(Edward O. Dyer, 1903)

RED MEN, RED DEMONS AND THE RED CHURCH

DIPPING into the folklore of Schuylkill Haven we find several bizarre accounts of the supernatural, one of them involving Old Nick himself. The earliest settler of the town beyond the Blue Mountains was Martin Dreibelbis, who migrated into that wilderness from his Moselem, Berks, home in 1775. But Martin Dreibelbis was not acquainted with His Satanic Majesty. Quite to the contrary he was a very devout man, given to the habit of reading his German Bible and Psalter in his blacksmith shop and donating the land for the erection of the first parish school in Schuylkill Haven.

West Brunswick Township, pronounced Braunschweig by the early settlers was a part of Berks County in 1755 when the church was built there, near Pinedale. It was known as the Red Church. The one erected on the land donated by Dreibelbis was known as the White Church. These were the first churches in Berks north of the Blue Mountains. Red, White and Blue!

One day an Indian and a white man entered Dreibelbis' forge. The red man had a nugget of silver ore which he wanted to have melted. The white metal extracted proved to be of excellent quality. Then the white man pressed the Indian to tell them where he had found the ore. On the Gawwelberg (Fork Mountain) the red man indicated, but refused to show them the exact spot. To this day the source of that precious ore has not been found. (Remember, however, that this is legend.)

In a semi-factious paper read before the Historical Society of Schuylkill County in 1905, Mr. W. H. Newell recounts a fascinating bit of Indian and Stygian legendry about the Red Church and Schuylkill Haven. He describes the burning of the Red Church during the Indian raids of 1755 and attributes this evil deed to the devil himself. Here is his explanation:

"The Devil had been having a hard time in Europe, finally being driven out by the long prayers and short swords of the saints of the church militant. Then he came to New England only to be expelled by the long sermons of the Puritans. He came to New York but was driven out by the Hymns of Saint Nicholas. So the Devil took refuge on the north side of the Blue Mountains.

"When Satan heard of the erection of the Red Church he called a conference of his imps, the redmen, and together they connived to destroy the Red Church. When this was done he felt that his work was finished and went to Canada to torture Jesuit missionaries.

"But the Red Church was rebuilt and Satan returned to brood over his disappointment. His red imps, the Inians, had fled and he alone could not shake the strong foundations of the faith of the good people of Schuylkill.

"Long, long years afterwards a hunter, wandering in the Blue Mountains, saw his Satanic Majesty seated upon a high rock gazing sadly below:

Upon a peak of the Mountain Blue,
The hunter saw him stand,
With a storm-coat cast across his arm,
And a grip-sack in his hand.

'Tis said he dropped a silent tear,
And looked on the vale below,
And saw what a mighty change had come,
From the time of long ago."

SCHPOTYOHR

Es Schpotyohr kummt
Zu uns geschtumpt
In Zeit un aller Pracht;
Sie geht aa fart
So schnell, mer waerd
Krumm, schteif, verliert sei Kraft.

Schpotyohr meent viel,
Es iss en Ziel
Des uns saagt: 'S iss ball draus.
Zwelf Monet sin
In eem Yohr drin,
So karz, mer find's kaum aus.

'S Yohr fangt aa kalt,
'S wachst nichs im Wald—
Mer rugt, mer denkt, mer waart;
'S iss naryets nichs,
Alles aus fix,
Es hot noch nichs ken Aart.

Vun frieh bis schpot
Bringt Mieh un Not
Zu Mensche un zum Vieh;
Un schpot im Yohr
Hot's aa sei Gfohr—
Mer weess net wann, net wie.

Drum fangt frieh aa
Un halt eich draa,
Noh geht ihr mit der Zeit.
Wer nichs verseimt
Wann die Sunn scheint,
Der lebt in Ehrlichkeit.

En Gaarde gut
Gebt Weibsleit Mut
Un aa debei viel Freed;
Sie blanse viel
Mit Hack un Schtiel—
'S iss ihne net verleed.

Wer blanst un saed
Mit Mieh un Freed,
Bei denne seht's gut aus.
Die schaffe all
So hoffnungsvoll.
Bis sie hen alles draus.

Krumbiere schee,
Viel gross, deel klee,
Die wachse frieh im Yohr;
Un Bohne, Kraut
Kepp rund un schtaut—
Der Froscht bringt deel in Gfohr.

Tomaets so gross
Wie en Gichtros,
Sin aa gut un gesund.
Un Riewe rot
Esst mer mit Brod;
Sie wachse all im Grund.

Un Zellrich zaart
Vun beschter Aart
Iss aa gaar laschtig gut.
Den esst mer roh,
Er staerkt em so,
Un macht em frisch yung Blut.

Siess Welschkarn iss
Fer uff der Tisch,
Mer canned un daerrt es aa;
Un Gumm're sin
Aa en fei Ding
Mit Sals un Essich draa.

Un Aerbse,
Un Kaerbse,
Die kumme oft schee nei;
En guti Fraa,
Die brauch sie aa
Fer Koche un fer Pei.

Un zwiwwle schtarrick
Fer uff der Marrick,
Die hot's im Schpotyohr aa;
Mit Knowlochschteck
Un Deiwelsdreck
Sin sie befreind—denk draa!

Deel waerd ge-canned,
Noh ausge-planned
Ferwas, wohie, wonaus;
Un wer recht schafft
Un denkt un hofft,
Der kummt am End gut raus.

Un deitscher Kees
Fer all ich weess,
Iss aa en guti Koscht;
Doch weess ich net,
Wer'n gleiche sett.
Sei Schmell gebt mir ken Troscht.

Ya, Weibsleit sin
In alles drin,
Un lewe aa gaern lang;
Sie rischte sich
Fer'n guter Tisch,
Fer'm Schtaerwe sin sie bang.

Der Bauer aa
Mit Kinner, Fraa;
Die schaffe frieh un schpot;
Sin all debei,
Un sammle ei,
Noh hen sie in der Not.

Viel Obscht un Frucht
Macht ihne Luscht,
Doch schtaert es langsam aus.
Es nemmt lang Zeit
Bis alles dreibt,
Am End kummt's doch gut raus.

Un Eppel schee,
Deel gross, deel klee,
Die warre weck geduh
In Box un Baerl
Bei gute Kerl;
Noh macht mer sie gut zu.

Mer mahlt aa deel
In Eppelmiehl
Un drickt der Seider raus,
Un kocht Lattwaerrick
So gut un schtarrick;
Noh gebt's en Maetsch ins Haus.

Un Essich, Wei
Vun Seidersei
Waerd oftmols viel gemacht;
Un gute Schnitz
Gedaerrt mit Hitz,
Do waerd aa oft gelacht.

Dem yunge Schtofft
Kummt ordlich oft
En Paertie Noschen ei;
Noh singe sie
Un martsche hie
Un bosse aa debei.

Es kummt en Zeit
Wann viel Schaffleit
So Obschtsach kaafe ei;
En gansi Lot,
Graad wie mer's hot,
Geht noh zum Marrick nei.

Drum schafft mer hart
Un macht so fart
Bis mer alt iss un reich.
Im Lewe schpot
Iss noh ken Not,
Mer schteht dem Beschte gleich.

Wann all die Frucht
Iss zamme g'sucht,
Un alles an seim Platz,
Noh waerd gezaehlt,
Gesucht was fehlt,
Un find en guter Schatz.

Wer Summers ruht
Un hot ken Mut,
Der hot Schpotyohr's aa nichs;
Noh iss er alt,
Sei Haus waerd kalt,
Un alles schunscht aus fix.

Deel ann're hen
So wennig drin
Dass es schier net bezaahlt.
Sie hen gelebt
Graad wie's ne geht,
Am Schaffe oft gewaahlt.

Wer net gut saet
Un frieh uffschteht
Un halt sich bei der Heck,
Des find mol aus,
Es hot ken Haus,
Un aa en schlechti Deck.

'S iss noh zu schpot
Un weenich Brot
Wovon mer lewe muss;
Mer kann net meh
Fart schaffe geh,
Noh gebt's alsemol Verdruss.

Im Lewe meent
Mer Schpotyohr kaemt
Oft eb mer es bedenkt;
En yedes grickt
Wie es sich schickt,
Doch hot es meh verlangt.

Yuscht eemol 's Yohr
Kummt 's Schpotyohr vor—
Der Herr hot's so gemacht;
Sell meent: Ball draus,
"Beschteil dein Haus,"
Noh hoscht dir's gut bedacht.

Die Lebenszeit
Fer uns, ihr Leit,
Iss in vier Deel gemacht;
Erscht zwansich Yohr
Kummt Kindheit vor,
Sell saagt: Net viel geschafft.

In zwansich meh
Muss mer schunn geh
Un schaffe schpot un frieh;
Sell weist Summer,
Arbeit, Kummer,
Mer wunnert: Wu fiehrt's hie?

Sin die verbei,
Kummt's dritt Deel ei—
Sell meent noh schunn Schpotyohr.
Alt waerd mer noh,
Mer laaft meh schlo,
Mer sehnt aa nimmi klor.

Der Winter iss
Noh uns gewiss;
Mer waerd runslich un daerr,
Ken Scheeheet noh;
Kopp blott un groo
Un ball holt uns der Herr.

Mir aernde noh
Graad dart wie do,
'S iss die bescht Bank am End.
Was mer nei duht,
Des schteht zum Gut,
Bezaahlt hunnert "pro Cent".

—FRANK R. BRUNNER, M. D.

Deaths of a Day

EMANUEL RITTER

Emanuel Ritter, 94, former resident of Easton, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Moyer, Perkasie, after an illness of two weeks.

Mr. Ritter a native of Bath resided in Easton for many years and for about 43 years operated a butcher business.

His wife died in Perkasie last May after the couple had celebrated their 79th wedding anniversary.

His wife died in Perkasie last May after the couple had celebrated their 79th wedding anniversary.

While a resident in Easton, Mr. Ritter was a member of Trinity Evangelical church, for a period of 53 years and for a long time he was trustee of that congregation.

Surviving are his two daughters, Mrs. E. C. Moyer, Perkasie, Mrs. W. C. Hess, Easton, and one son Preston E. Ritter, Easton.

Funeral services will be held in the First Evangelical church, Perkasie, on Monday at 1:30 p. m., interment in the Easton Heights cemetery.

MRS. MINNIE P. FLAMMER

Mrs. Minnie P. Flammer, wife of Bernhard Flammer, 537 Prospect Ave., Bethlehem, died at 2:45 a. m. Friday at the residence.

She was a daughter of the late Reuben and Susannah Huber Wuchter, a native of Bethlehem township, and was a member of St. Thomas' Lutheran church, Macada.

Surviving are the husband, one son, Russell Flammer, Pittsburgh; five sisters, Mrs. William Turner, Philadelphia; Mrs. Emma Miller, Mrs. Walter W. Strasburg, of Bethlehem; Mrs. Charles Ziegenfuss, Pittsburgh; Ella Wuchter, at home; a brother, George Wuchter, Bethlehem, and two grandsons.

Rev. J. A. Klick will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday in the Dillinger home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Entombment Memorial Park mausoleum.

MRS. EMILY MINNICH

Mrs. Emily Minnich, 54, wife of Henry Minnich, 258 2nd St., Slatington, died Thursday evening at the Allentown hospital following a six-day illness.

Born in Easton, she was the daughter of the late Isaac and Anna, nee Bellesfield, Bercaw.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by the following children: Thomas Zellner, Slatington; Osville Zellner, Cementon; Clara, wife of Richard George, Allentown; William Zellner, Slatington R. 1; Clayton Zellner, Slatington R. 2; Lewis Minnich, at home; one sister, Mrs. Sarah Andrew, Conshohocken, Pa.; one brother, Clayton Bercaw, Easton R. 2, and six grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1 p. m. from the David Heintzelman funeral home, 314 2nd St., Slatington, with further services in the Zion Stone church, Kriedersville, with Rev. Charles Ruloff, of Northampton, officiating. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

MRS. MINNIE P. FLAMMER

Minnie P. Flammer, wife of Bernard Flammer, 537 Prospect Ave., Bethlehem, died at 2:45 a. m. Friday at her home.

The daughter of the late Reuben and Susanna, nee Huber, Wushter, she was active in the congregation of St. Thomas' Lutheran church. Surviving are her husband, a son Russell of Pittsburgh and the following sisters: Mrs. William Turner, Philadelphia; Mrs. Emma Miller, Bethlehem; Mrs. Walter Strasburg, Bethlehem; Mrs. Charles Ziegenfuss, Pittsburgh and Ella Huber, and a brother, George, both of Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. from the Dillinger Funeral home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem.

HELEN A. KOCHER

Helen A. Kocher, wife of Harold Kocher, 1013 Howard St., died shortly after midnight Thursday in the Allentown hospital. She was 45 years old.

She was a daughter of Katie, nee Steidinger, and the late Lewis Lishock. Surviving are her mother, her husband and two children: Shirley, wife of Wayne Swanger, this city; William, who is with the U. S. Marines overseas; a brother, Frederick Lishock and a sister, Hannah, wife of Robert Boyer, both of this city. Her step-father Aaron German also survives.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 1.30 p. m. from the Derr Funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment will be in St. Mark's cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

MRS. ELSIE BECK

Mrs. Elsie Beck, 4 Minerva Ave., Easton, died at 1:45 a. m. yesterday. She had been in poor health for several years.

She is survived by her husband, Martin G. Beck, three daughters, Mrs. Marian Bartholomew, living at home; Mrs. John Maurer, Belmar Park, N. J.; Mrs. Thomas Bibleheimer, 191 Lachenour Ave., one son, Private Martin Beck, U. S. Army, serving overseas. Two brothers, Robert Koch and Lloyd Koch, both of Hellertown, and six grandchildren.

KAY JOYCE LAUB

Kay Joyce Laub, infant daughter of Timothy R. and Dorothy J., nee Schadt, Laub, 317 Main St., Emmaus, died Wednesday night at the Allentown hospital, aged 4 months and 27 days.

She was born in Emmaus and is survived by her parents, one brother Dale, two sisters Sandra and Jacqueline, a grandfather William Laub of Allentown, and a grandmother Mrs. Daisy Gernerd of Emmaus.

Private funeral services will be held this afternoon at 1:30 from the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, 36 and 38 S. 5th St., Emmaus, with Rev. Paul F. Spieker officiating. Interment in Northwood cemetery, Emmaus.

Pumpernickle Bill— By WM. S. TROXELL

Ocht Un Fuftsich Yohr K'heiert

Der Allen Messinger fon Hanover Acres doh in da shtadt, hut uns yusht barich'd, 's wear 'm Dunnershdawg da 7d Ocktober, ocht un fuftsich yohr gawest os er un sei Clara k'heiert hen in Horton, Kansas. Der Allen un die Clara worra sel tzeit in Hiawathia, Kansas dahame, un hen 12 mile tzu gae kot mit ra shwartza match fuhr, fer der Porra Edward Hill sehna fer sie draua. Der Allen, woh now 79 yohr yung is, wor sel tzeit 20 yohr alt, un sei Clara wor 18. Sie sin nommy dawgs dahame fert so os sie free owets beim Porra weara, un hen sich doch now sonderbore ferlora unner waigs.

Der Allen, woh 'n Kowboy wor, kon heit noch net sehna wos er gamocht hut os sie sich so ferfohra hen. Ow'r die lieb g'shwishich ihm un seinra Clara wor sel tzeit shun grawd so gross wie sie aw heit noch is, un sin 's grebshd dale fom waig g'fohra mit da arm um nonner rum. Dadarrich hut er noh der waig ferfail'd, un weara ferleicht ols noch om sucha fer der Porra Hill in Horton, Kansas, won bauer unner waig sie net widder tzurick uf die recht shtross g'shick'd hetta. Wons aw shun langshd dunkle wor bis sie endlich tzum Porra kumma sin, hen sie 'n shainie longie ride kot, un der Porra hut sie gadraut un sin widder ains gongs hame.

Wie sie tzurick hame tzum Allen seina Clara ihra elterra kumma sin, wor allas ruich un shtil—ow'r net fer arrick long. Yusht wie sie uf 'm waig worra fer ins bed, hen sie die olmechdich'd yocht un tzucht k'hoert, un hen grawd gawist os 'n "Shiveree" om gae is wie der Allen secht, odder ewwa 'n bull band. Bis sie tzurick runner in die kich kumma sin, wors gons hous fol nochberra un freind fon weit un braid, un woh yaders ebbes mit gabrocht hut fer tzucht un yocht mocha. Un sie hen 'm Allen un da Clara aw 'n lot shaina socha gabrocht woh sie heit tzu dawg noch hoch eshdamierra.

Der Allen sel tzeit wie shun g'sawt, wor 'n Kowboy, un sin inna hous gatzoga uf da "ranch" woh er g'shoft hut. Wie long os sie darta dahame worra kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r der Allen wor anyhow 20 ous 39 yohr 'n Kowboy un hut sich blessiert in sel'm g'sheft, alla shtun fon da tzeit. 'S Allen's hen 6 kinner kot un woh noch drei bei lava sin, hen 14 kindskinner, un 4 kinds, kindskinner. 'S Allens' selwar sin nimmy gons so wusslich un munder wie sie mohl worra, ow'r griega ols noch 'n grossie blessier bei nonner hucka blauderra fon da alta tzeitz—ungfare wie sie ferlora worra ocht un fuftsich yohr tzurick in Kansas, uf 'm waig fer heierra.

'N Alter Gabrouch

Doh shwetza fom Allen un da Clara Messinger ihr'm 58d hochtsich fesht, gamohnt uns onna alta gabrouch fon yohra tzurick. Doh kartzlich on fendu hen m'r 'n lot alta bicher un bobier waisa kauft woh 'n hochtsich gadicht dabei wor. Die socha worra gadruck'd in ra Deitscha tzeiting so on da 1855 rum, all'm noh in Montgomery kounty. M'r hen shun etlicha so socha aw gadroffa, un dada gleicha ols noch may tzu finna won laiser wissa woh tzu griega sin. Der gabrouch won yunga leit k'hiert hen wor, fer ebber gae 'n Pennsylfawnish Deitsch gadicht schreiva waeich na. Des gadicht is fom Daniel Urfer fon "Ober Hannover," Montgomery Co., un da Susannah Wiegner fon Hereford, Berks Co., un woh da 17d Nofember gadrout sin werra beim "Ehrwurden" D. Weiser. Des is es gadicht grawd wies shtaid, shpelling un allas.

Der Dan der hot nu ah en Frah,
Er ist so froh, ich glaub's ihm ah!
Der Dan der weiss auch schon wo naus,
Mit seiner Braut in's neue Haus.

Das neue Haus hot er gebaut,
Yusht fer sich und seinie Braut,
Nau ist er gefahren kommen,
Un hot die Sussi mit genommen.

Zum Parre geht es lustig hin,
Sie denken ein Paar sich schon im Sinn;
Der Parrer war auch ruf bestellt,
Ich denke, dass es nau recht halt.

Die Hahnen waren auch geruest,
Das hot den Brautigam gepliest;
Nau winsch ich noch etwas drein:
Eppes Kleines fer das Wiegelein!

Un, wenn sie Eppes von dir will,
So geb's ihr gleich, noht schweigt sie still.
Nau will ich den Reim beschliessen,
Sonst mocht' ich Euch verleicht verdriesen.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis wunnerbore tzu denka wie tzufritta os leit heit tzu dawg sin mit 'm gas un da tires os sie hen,—odder ewwa erlawbt sin tzu kaufa.

M'r hoert bout niemond may sawga os aenich gas, odder aenicha tires besser sin os wie onnerra, so long os leit heit tzu dawg ganunk fon aenichra ort gas un tires hen, sin sie tzu fritta—odder sotta tzu fritta sel.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

Success should be your lot for you have excellent mental powers, sound and practical business judgment, and the personality and self-confidence so necessary in contacts with others. You are affectionate and devoted to your mate. You are frank and sincere at all times. At 6:54 a. m., before you start the day's work, clean up old matters. Don't assume the debts or get involved in the troubles of an extravagant associate today. At 6:09 p. m. the aspect is favorable for domestic and business matters, especially in connection with property.

Put Slip Covers On New Furniture

A smart housewife put slip covers on some new furniture. This is a good idea because covers are not for summer use alone, but are good the year around. For winter, heavier cloth can be used and the delightful colors will add much to the attractiveness of any home. They will prolong the life of all comfortable chairs and davenports. The Government publication, SLIP COVERS FOR FURNITURE, contains easy to follow instructions for making slip covers, and suggestions on selection of materials. Redress your home at little expense—send for your copy of this booklet today. Only 10 cents postpaid.

USE THIS COUPON

The Morning Call
Information Bureau,
Frederic J. Haskin, Director,
Washington, D. C.

I enclose herewith TEN CENTS in coin (carefully wrapped in paper) for a copy of the booklet S

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
—Woolsey.

GERMANS WRECK GREAT DAM ANEW

Two years ago on the German invasion of Russia and their approach to the Dnieper river, the Russians without any hesitancy blew up the great Dniepostroy dam, their engineering marvel and source of practically all the power used in the Ukraine.

During the past two years the Germans apparently had rebuilt the dam, wholly or in part, in order to make better use of their conquests in the most fertile area of Europe. But yesterday, after the Russians crossed the river farther north and threatened to gain possession of the dam, the Germans in their turn blew up the great work, flooded the valleys in order to halt Russian movement and continued their retreat from the line which Hitler had commanded them to hold to the last man.

Thus the Germans indicate that they do not expect to be back in that part of the Ukraine for a considerable time to come. During that time they do not want the Russians to have the values inherent in that source of electrical power. Already they are wailing about their loss of the rich wheat lands of the Ukraine and are urging their people to develop an enlarged agricultural program next year lest they suffer the pangs of hunger.

In World War No. 1 Germany was finally ringed in and almost starved. In this war Germany sought to prevent this by gaining control of the Ukraine, France and other agricultural areas. She has drained Europe almost dry as to food. Each new year sees the food problem more serious for her people in spite of her conquests. Now the Ukraine in large part has been lost. By the end of the winter it may be entirely in Russian hands. The spectre of food shortage again faces Germany as it did in 1918.

OBSERVE HALLOWEEN PATRIOTICALLY

Halloween pranks of the destructive type always have been out of order. They are especially out of order this year when conservation of every item of property is important in the war interest.

The children of Allentown have shown their splendid patriotic spirit in every war drive that has been conducted. They have been foremost in the collection of paper, tin cans and other types of waste. They have done notable jobs as to the collection of scrap metals and they have devoted their allowances to the purchase of war bonds and stamps in surprising amount.

It is important now that this matter of the observance of Halloween and the period preceding it be placed upon a patriotic basis by parents and teachers. In the home and in the school it should be emphasized that any act by which property of any kind is damaged or destroyed is an unpatriotic act.

This emphasis should be made especially in the home which is the unit of society that is responsible for any damage or destruction. No law, written or unwritten, accords the right or privilege to any one at any time to harm or destroy the possessions of others. To do so is to incur responsibility for the value of the damage or harm sustained. That responsibility lies upon the head of the family who may have a very nice bill to pay after trial before a magistrate which also will be very costly and humiliating.

So from the standpoint of patriotism the children should be instructed in the schools about their conduct during the last week of this month. From the standpoint of parental responsibility for their acts, they should be warned and forbidden to do those things which many too often have done and which wrongly and viciously belong to the traditions of the celebration of Halloween.

ANOTHER SLAP FROM ARGENTINA

Argentina, which has been giving the United Nations repeated slaps in the face through her refusal to go along with a program that has been adopted by every other country in the Western Hemisphere, continues in her program of insolence.

Recently she removed her ambassador from Washington. At the time it was thought to be a rebuke to the ambassador, who in the face of the policies of the home government, had been unable to wheedle anything out of the United States under the Lend-Lease program. Because he had failed, it was understandable that he was called home.

The slap in the face comes in the report of assignment to his post of a diplomat who has been known through the years as a friend of the Axis nations. Just what Argentina expects to accomplish by sending a man of his known stripe to Washington cannot be known. Argentina acts as a Hitler would act toward a weak, despised State. How can she expect to get away with it when she is facing a tough old customer like Secretary Hull? Bigger boys than Argentina did not fool him. Argentina will not do so either.

FREEING OF TOLL BRIDGES IN SIGHT

When Secretary of Highways John U. Shroyer took office at Harrisburg early this year he found on his desk among items of unfinished business the matter of buying and freeing ten toll bridges.

In fact it was a matter of unfinished business that has been carried along for over a decade and Secretary Shroyer, as a good businessman, decided that it ought to be settled once and for all in one way or the other.

He went to work at once by asking the ten bridge companies to make sales offers. He secured estimates of values from engineers in his own department. He has received offers from eight or nine and expects to receive them all in short time. Soon he will be ready to act with respect to those bridges which can be purchased at a price "in line" with the estimates which his own engineers have put upon the structures.

The almost certain early closing of the sales is interesting to the people of this community in that three of the ten bridges are in this area. The first is the Eighth Street bridge in this city which Public Utility Commission records show had a book value of $524,772 in 1942. In Bethlehem are the Minsi Trail bridge, valued at $219,232, and the New Street bridge, $123,991.

Whether these prices are in line with what Mr. Shroyer thinks should be paid after hearing the reports of his engineers has not been revealed. But of this we are assured, a number of bridges are going to be purchased and freed in accord with the will of the people as expressed at the election in 1933. The hope will be that the local bridges will be so affected.

Rabaul's Importance

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15—More than 2,600,000 American boys are in the United States Navy, and most of them are already or shortly will be a part of America's war against Japan in the Pacific.

Hence it would be helpful to the parents of these boys to get a map of the Pacific and draw a circle with a radius of 900 miles from Rabaul, which has just been bombed. It will indicate much more about the progress of the war in the Pacific than the words of General MacArthur's latest communique.

For the name Rabaul will appear again and again in the headlines in the coming weeks and when the American flag flies over Rabaul, it will be possible truly to say that we have gained an important lap on the sea lanes to Tokyo.

Our big bombers when based on Rabaul will be in a position to threaten Truk, which is less than 900 miles from Rabaul. Truk is the Pearl Harbor of the Japanese navy. It is a small island, and it is invulnerable to approach by sea—a stronghold which the Japanese have built up over a period of years. But it is not invulnerable from the air.

Navy Waiting for Japs

Truk, like Rabaul, cost the Japanese many millions of dollars and much labor. Now Rabaul is being destroyed by a systematic air attack and the worst part of it for the Japanese is that they do not have the shipping or the materials to repair or rebuild the base. Our big navy, moreover, is just waiting for the Japanese to send an expedition down to repair the destruction at Rabaul. That would be one way of making the Japanese come out and fight. It is an open secret that the Japanese have withdrawn the bulk of their fleet to the mandated islands, which are excellent for hiding purposes. But if bases like Truk and Rabaul are destroyed, Japan will have to make her choice as between an effort to reinforce those bases or a retreat back to Japanese home waters.

A glance at the map will show that once United Nations have acquired Rabaul, the way is open to a direct attack on Mindanao, in the southern Philippines. Most of the Gilbert and Marshall islands and the Caroline islands will be by-passed except for strategic centers. The Allied forces will move north and west back toward the Philippines from New Guinea while the naval forces, assisted by air bombardment, will take Truk and certain other islands as, for instance, Wake island and perhaps Guam.

Decisive Naval Battle Inevitable

Then will come the major naval battle of the war. Already Tokyo broadcasts are predicting that such a decisive battle of warships is inevitable. Unquestionably Tokyo observers see the shape of events to come and are not reluctant to picture hopefully to their own people the very vital consequences of such an engagement.

The Japanese broadcast goes so far as to intimate that the fate of Japan or the United States in the Pacific will be decided by such a naval battle. What the Japanese broadcasters probably have not been told by their own navy is that the fate of Japan alone is involved in such a battle. The size of the American fleet is such that even if the entire number expected to be engaged were lost or damaged as against equal or nearly equal damage to the Japanese, the number of our ships still left for combat would probably be larger than America's pre-war navy.

What the Japanese cannot know as yet is the strength of the American air forces which will be loosed on Japanese bases before long. As one big movement of sea, air and land forces moves northwestward from New Guinea bases toward the Philippines, and the American naval fleet moves westward about 1,000 or more miles further north toward the Pacific bases of the Japanese fleet, and as Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten and the British air, sea and land forces commence their campaign in Burma, the Japanese will be hard put to it to send shipping south from the mainland to supply their own forces with fuel and manpower and weapons. And on top of all this, the American submarines are taking a huge toll of Japanese shipping—at a monthly rate that the Japanese cannot replace.

The war of attrition against Japan has begun, and while victory may seem a long way off, there is a definite feeling that "island hopping" is shortly to end and that within the next six to eight months decisive battles will be fought.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

HAGUE REVIVED

The Communist party is a disciplined organization, the members of which submit their intellects to the will of their leaders, the process often being referred to as "the party line." There are no haphazard activities such as the Republicans and Democrats display. It is impossible to have a Wallace and a Wheeler, a Hoover and a Willkie simultaneously in the Communist party. Those who refuse to accept the party line get out of the Communist party and the line is clearly stated with reiterated regularity in the "Daily Worker" and the "New Masses."

When therefore the "Daily Worker" indicated last July that I-Am-the-Law Hague of New Jersey, the foremost and least palatable example of big city bossism, had suddenly received the accolade of the Communists, it was obvious that something was cooking. Hague built his control of New Jersey politics on patronage and personal favors. However, during the three years that Governor Charles Edison controlled the state, Hague and his machine were virtually starved. Were it possible for Governor Edison to have an additional three years, Hague would have died of political rickets accompanied by beriberi and other deficiency diseases. But the New Jersey constitution—now 99 years old—forbids the re-election of a Governor and Hague is looking for nourishment—and plenty.

An Alliance With Communists

So during the summer, in anticipation of the present election, Boss Hague forms an alliance with the Communists. It is an incongruous alliance but it must, in some manner, serve all parties or they would have had none of it, for obviously it must be as distasteful to the Commies as it would be for anyone else to be found abed with Boss Hague who rejected freedom of speech as an interference with his private rule of an American state.

In the "Daily Worker" of July 6, is an article signed by William Norman, State Secretary of the New Jersey Communist Party, in which appears an amazing statement.

Endorsed Hague

It fully endorsed Frank Hague. The article, of course, wanders all over the map and includes references to Roosevelt, Willkie, the war, the Fifth Column, Trotzky, and everything but the weather. But the brethren and sisters all grasped the point: the Communist party endorsed Hague, would support the Hague candidate for Governor and any other candidates that Hague favored. Since July, this has been precisely the situation. The Republicans nominated Walter E. Edge who had before been Governor of the State, United States Senator and Ambassador to France. Hague nominated Vincent J. Murphy, a New Jersey labor leader and Mayor of Newark. The Communists took Murphy.

Exactly what the Communists get out of the deal, I do not yet know. The Communists do not go in for fruitless activities. The fact is that they are helping Hague. Therefore there must be a reason and a purpose. Should Hague regain control of the state, the deal will disclose its objectives and the Communists will sit pretty in New Jersey.

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Yep, we know it is the nature of a satin comfort to slide a little, but what we can't seem to understand is why it always seems to slide to the wife's side of the bed?

"Actions are supposed to reveal a person's character." But the fellow who acts smart often isn't.

Women are hard losers....if you don't believe it, just watch one who is trying to reduce.



Genealogical Register of Deeds Owned by The Lehigh County Historical Society

Prepared by MELVILLE J BOYER, Secretary of the Society

The war summer of 1943 saw very few family reunions held in our counties, and the study of family history may be neglected in many cases for the duration. A study of parchment Deeds, however, offers relief from war bulletins, and is of value to the genealogist. Parchment Deeds may have little pecuniay value, but the genealogical value is high.

The Lehigh County Historical Society owns forty-seven parchment Deeds. The quantity should easily be several hundred. Too many Deeds have been discarded with family papers. These forty-seven Deeds present to the genealogist a total of 293 names or an average of better than six names per Deed. That most of these are Pennsylvania German names is very evident.

An asterisk indicates that the autograph appears on the Deed. Many autographs are in German script, and students of family history may want to consult these valuable autographs.

Names of owners of adjacent tracts of land are usually not associated with dates of Deeds. This alphabetical list is offered to the Eck primarily as a genealogical contribution, but also to arouse interest in the preservation of Deeds negotiated prior to the Civil War.

Ackerman, John
Adams, Peter, wife Susana 1831
Allen, Elizabeth
***Allen**, William
Althouse, Erasmus 1827
Ansell, David; Macungie Twp. 1774
Appel, John; Upper Saucon 1829
***Arndt**, John, recorder
Ashly, John
Ashly (Astley), Thomas
Bachman, Abraham; Upper Saucon 1822
Bachman, David; Upper Saucon 1822
***Bachman**, Enoch; Upper Saucon 1822
***Barber**, Thomas (wife Mary Ann), millwright
Bear, Jacob; Macungie Twp. 1774
***Becker**, Jacob
***Beitel**, Christian
Beitlar, John
Beitler (Beidler), Henry; Richland Twp., Bucks Co.
Berger, John, cabinet maker, Saucon Twp., 1827
***Bickel**, Daniel, miller 1832
Biding, Jacob
Bittner, John
Blank, George (surveyor)
Blank, John (wife Ester)
Bleam, Peter
Bleam, Samuel
Bleem, Christian
Blyler, John 1816
Bower, Christopher
***Boyd**, William
Brown, Joseph
Brunner, John (wife Margaretha)
***Bush**, Charles L., Allentown Boro
Bush, James H.
***Clymer**, Jacob; Milford Twp., Bucks Co.
Cooper, Charles W.; Upper Saucon 1848
Cooper, Daniel
Cooper, Milton; Upper Saucon 1848
***Cooper**, Peter; Justice of Peace
***Cooper**, Thomas B.; Upper Saucon, Doctor of Med.
Court House, see Deed D 10
Coxe, William 1765
Craig, James 1774
Craig, John; Northampton Co.
***Craig**, Robert, wife Hester (Esther)
Craig, William, wife Elizabeth 1795
***Darr** (Derr), David; Upper Milford, carpenters 1835
Deibed, Michael 1811
***Deshler**, David; estate administrator 1825
Dillinger, Jacob
***Dreisbach**, Jacob; wife Margaret
Dreisbach, Jacob; wife Magdalena
Dreisbach, Simon
Dutt, Christian; Upper Saucon 1848
***Eberle**, C. S., deputy recorder, Easton
Edwards, Amos 1827
Egge (Ege), Jacob; Allentown Boro
Egner, Peter; "Millerstown"
Ehrhart, John 1795
Elliott, Benjamin 1777
***Erdman**, Andrew, Upper Saucon Twp
Erdman, Catherina
Erdman, Jacob
***Erdman**, John; Salisbury Twp.
Erdman, Teresa
***Ettinger**, K. W.; Justice of Peace 1848
Fatzinger, Daniel
Fenstermacher, William
Fink, Peter 1811
***Flud**, Adam 1848
***Fogel**, Benjamin
***Fogel**, John, Justice of Peace; "Macungia" Twp.
***Fogel**, Solomon 1825
Francis, Thomas W.
Frick, John 1827
***Fuchs**, Conrad
Gackenbach, Charles 1816
***Gackenbach**, Henry, Recorder 1837
Gangeware, Jacob (store keeper)
***Gangware**, Anthony
Gangware, Solomon; Upper Saucon
German, Nathan, Recorder
***Geisinger**, Abraham; Upper Saucon Twp. 1822
***Gordon**, Lewis
Graffin, Thomas
Gray, George 1795
Gray, James 1795
Gray, Neigal 1786
Green, Benjamin
***Greenleaf**, Ann Penn
Greenleaf, James
Gresheimer, (Grishoemer, Gressemer) Abraham
Griesimer, Solomon
Guth, Adam 1822
Haap, Henry 1811
Haga, Godfrey
***Hamilton**, Andrew
Hartman, Peter
Hartzel, Jacob
***Hartzell**, Jonas
***Hass**, Jacob; saddler; wife Magdalena
***Hatzfield**, Adolph 1822
***Hauer**, Frederick; wife Elizabeth
***Hauer**, John Nicholas; farmer 1791
***Hauser**, Jacob 1774; "Macungy" Township; wife Christina
***Heckman**, Jefferson K.
Heller, Tobias; Upper Saucon, Inn Keeper
Hiester, Jacob 1791
Hoffman, John 1822; Yeoman, S. Whitehall
Hoffman, Peter; Whitehall Twp. 1811
Hoover, Bartholomew; 1784, wife Mary
Hoover, Joseph; Upper Saucon
Horlacher, Daniel 1770
Horlacher, John
Horner, James 1769
Horner, John
***Horsfield**, Joseph 1795
Hower, Hannickle (Nicholas)
Huber, John
Humpfeld, John
Hutter, Charles L.; High Sheriff, Lehigh Co. 1822
***Ihrie**, George
***Jennings**, John, sheriff of Northampton Co.
***Jordan**, Frederick; Justice of Peace
Keck, Conrad; Macungie Twp.
***Keck**, John "of the Township of Macungia" 1830
Keemly, John; Upper Saucon Twp. (physician)
Keller, Adam 1816
Kemmerer, Henry 1811
Kemmerer, Martin 1802
***Kern**, Daniel; Windsor Twp., Berks Co.
Kern, Edward
Kern, Joseph; wife Lydia
***Kern**, Peter
Kieffer, Abraham; Whitehall Twp.
Klein, Peter 1811
Kleppinger, Henry; wife Anna Mary
Kline, Susana
Klinesmith, John; Upper Milford 1835
***Klotz**, Lewis; Justice of Peace 1774
***Klotz**, Nicholas 1774
Knaply, John
Knause, Henry; Bucks Co.
Knauss, Daniel; Weisenberg Twp., 1816, wife Susana
***Knauss**, Henry; Upper Saucon; wife Anna Maria
***Knecht**, John
Knepley, Peter
Knitzing, Abraham
Kolb, Tillman
***Kooken**, H.
Koontz, Bartle; Macungie Twp. 1774
Kramlich, Christian
Kratzer, Jacob
***Krauss**, Jacob 1823
Kummer, Jonas B.
Kuntz, Daniel; "Macungia" Twp. 1823
Kuntz, G. F.; "Macungia" Twp.
Kuntz, Teobald; "Macungia" Twp. 1823
Kuther (Kuder), John
Landis, Michael (Michalov)
***Laros**, Henry 1833
***Lattimore**, R. M.
Lattimore, William
Laubach, Conrad
Lawrence, John; New York City
Lerch, Jacob (Justice of the Peace)
Lichtenwalner, George; Macungie Twp.
Lichtenwalner, Jacob 1816
Litzenberger, Adam; Macungie Twp. 1833
***Livingston**, Anson
***Livingston**, Mary; "of town of Livingston," 1828
***Livingston**, Walter C.
***Loras**, Henry
***Maijer**, Jacob 1816
Markel, Jacob 1825
Markert, George; wife Mary
Martin, Charles H. 1828
***Marx**, George; Recorder of Deeds; Lehigh County
***Marx**, Samuel, Justice of Peace
Massteller, Isaac
M'Callister, James, wife Jane 1786
McNaire, Hugh 1795
***McNaire**, William; Justice of Common Pleas Court
Meier, Henrich 1830
Merkel, Christopher; wife Christina
Merkel, Jacob 1816
Mertz, Daniel; sheriff
***Miller**, George; Justice of Peace, Lehigh Co. 1825
Miller, Peter, wife Christina 1785
Mohr, Elizabeth; widow in 1833 of Peter Mohr
***Mohr**, Henry 1816
Mohr, Herman; Macungie Twp. 1833
***Mohr**, Jonathan 1833
Mohr, Nathan, s. of Peter 1833
Mohr, Peter; Macungie Twp.
Mohr, William; Macungie Twp. 1833
Mohrey, Joseph
Mohry, John
***Morris**, Robert H.; Commissioner, Columbia Co., N. Y.
Morry, Jacob, 1760; wife Gloria
Moyer, Daniel 1816
Moyer, Jacob; Macungie Twp. 1833
Moyer, Samuel
***Muhlenberg**, Peter 1787
***Nagle**, Frederick 1833
***Nagle**, Leonard; Recorder of Deeds, Lehigh Co.
***Ott**, Jacob 1827
***Parr**, William; provincial Recorder 1774
***Penn**, John 1774
***Phifferstene**, Andrew; Justice of Peace, Lehigh Co.
Pratt, Henry
Pretz, Saeger & Co.
***Reed**, Joseph
***Rees**, Solomon
***Rhoads**, George 1811
***Rhoads**, Peter
Richerd, Solomon
Riegel, Benjamin, of "Greenwichtownship"
Rinker, Abraham; sheriff, Lehigh Co. 1833
Romig, John (wife Sussana)
Romig, Thomas
***Ross**, John; Recorder, 1802
***Roth**, Abraham
***Ruhe**, Jacob
Rumfield, Solomon
Rupp, Anna 1825
Rupp, Daniel 1825
Rupp (Rup), George; Macungie Twp. 1774
***Rupp**, Herman, Macungie Twp. 1823
Rupp, Jacob
Rupp, John; of Weisenburg Twp. 1825
Rupp, Judict 1825
***Saeger**, Daniel 1808
Saeger, Jacob; Whitehall Twp.
Saeger, Joseph (wife Margareth)
***Saeger**, Nicholas
Schwab, Peter, 1760; wife Anna Maria
Seibert, George 1811
Seip, Charles; Justice of Peace
Seip, Peter 1816
Seiter, Jacob; Upper Saucon 1822
***Seller**, Jacob 1822
Seller, Phillip
Shaffer, I. A. 1816
Shaffer, Michael
Sheetz, George
Shirer, Jacob; Whitehall Twp.
***Shlauch**, Daniel
Shlauch, Joseph; Macungie Twp.
Shlauch, Nicholas; of Macungie Twp.
Shmetzer, Jr., Adam (Salisbury Twp.) Cordwainer
Sieger, Elias 1833
Sieger, John 1822
Sieger, Samuel 1811
***Siegfried**, Daniel P. 1822
Simms, Samuel
Smith, Frederick 1816
Smith, Lewis 1828
***Spering**, Henry
***Speigel**, George; shoemaker, S. Whitehall 1833
Stover, Abraham
Swallum, Jost; Macungie Twp. 1774
***Taylor**, Alexander 1828
***Taylor**, Samuel; Richland Twp., Bucks Co.
Tilghman, Elizabeth Margaret
***Tilghman**, William
***Trexler**, Jeremiah; Justice of Peace 1816
***Trimble**, James
Trone, Jacob "of Upper Saucona Township" 1832
***Troxel**, Adam; Whitehall Twp. 1808
Troxel, Nicholas; Whitehall Twp., 1808
Van Buskirk, Jacob, Rev.
Walker, John 1795
Warner, David 1827
Weaver, John 1771
Weber, Caspar 1816
Weigle, Samuel
Weikel, Peter
Weister, Caspar 1811
Westgo, Philip
***Wetherhold**, George (wife Elizabeth)
Wilson, James
***Wilson**, Jonathan; Recorder, Northampton Boro
Wilson, Thomas 1795
***Wilson**, William
Winds, Philip
Wistar, Caspar; yeoman, Pennsbury Twp.
***Wittman**, Joseph
Wotring (Wodring-Wootring), Peter; Whitehall Twp.
Yeager, Henry
Yeakle, John; county commissioner 1812
***Zeller**, Andreas 1774
Ziegler, Christopher

EN LIEDEL

Hie un do en Liedel,
Hie un do en Blumm,
Weil mer gehne uff un ab
Wege graad un krumm.

Mer fiehlt e wennich besser,
Wann mer denke draa,
Annere aarme Sinder
Hen gefiehlt yuscht so.

Ebmols iss es dunkel frieh,
Regnet alle Daag.
Batt es wann mer brumme duft,
Helft em sei Geklaag?

'S gebt en bloo-er Himmel
Marye odder heil,
Un die Sunn scheint widder
Fer geduldiche Leit.

Der liewe Gott dart drowwe
Glawwich lebt als noch;
Wann er nimmi daet, weil ich
Naus zum erschte Loch.

Weil er dutt, waerd alles recht,
Glaab's yuscht, mach yuscht fart;
Scheint dir immerhie die Sunn
Ewich do un dart.

LOUISE A. WEITZEL (1862-1934)

BIBLE WEEK

Since early 1940 the American Bible Society has distributed (as of August 1) 2,666,143 small pocket volumes containing the New Testament, certain Psalms, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, our national anthem, some hymns and prayers. Under the stress and haste of our age the bulky old quarto or folio family Bible of our forefathers has long ago yielded to more practical forms.

In the face of the above staggering numbers Christopher Sauer's publication of Luther's German Bible in an edition of 1200 copies two hundred years ago, must seem to us but a very small enterprise. In reality it was far from that. On a simple, hand-made press and with insufficient type Christopher Sauer entered upon the largest job of the colonial press of that day. He and his faithful workers could only set up a form of four pages at one time, from which 1200 copies were then printed; the type was again redistributed, the form for the next four pages was begun and so the process continued through the 1248 pages. Work was begun in April, 1742, and 15 months later Sauer's Bible with its handsome red and black title-page was in the hands of the subscribers.

This Bible was not only the first Bible to be printed in America in a European tongue but it antedated the first English Bible to be printed in America by 40 years. The second edition of the Sauer Bible appeared in 1763, the first to be printed in America on American made paper; the third edition of 1776 was the first to be printed from type made in America. From the Sauer Press also came the New Testament in 1745, the first to be printed in America; and in 1764 the **Geistliches Magazin**, the first religious magazine in America.—Yes, we Pennsylvania Germans can well be proud of our colonial printers Christopher Sauer, Senior, and Christopher Sauer, Junior, of Germantown, Pennsylvania.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ANNA C. DILLINGER

Mrs. Anna C. Ibach Dillinger, 77, wife of Lewis D. Dillinger, prominent resident of Bethlehem, died at 2 a. m. Friday at the family home, 420 5th Ave., Bethlehem.

She was a daughter of the late Edward and Esther Stoudt Ibach, was born May 30, 1866 in Allentown, and was a member of Bethany Evangelical and Reformed church.

Besides her husband, two sons, Harry L. Dillinger, Bethlehem mortician, and Lewis Dillinger Jr., and Helen Dillinger, at home, survive.

Two grandchildren, Mrs. Mackey, wife of Rev. Sheldon Mackey, of Orwigsburg and Corporal Harry L. Dillinger Jr., United States Army, and a great-grandchild, Peter David Mackey, also survive.

Rev. C. Eugene Blum, pastor of Bethany Evangelical and Reformed church, will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday in the Dillinger Funeral home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, where friends may call Sunday evening. Interment, West End cemetery, Allentown.

Mrs. Dillinger was preceded in death by one son, Major John Dillinger, a veteran of World War I, with the former Co. D of Allentown.

GEORGE A. SMITH

George A. Smith, an old-time blacksmith in the Allentown-Bethlehem area until he went to work for Mack Mfg. Co. 30 years ago, died at 6 p. m. yesterday at his home, 736 N. 10th St., Allentown. He was 80 years old.

Born in Moore township, Northampton county, son of the late George C. and Elizabeth A. (Brown) Smith, he had been living at his late address for the past 15 years. He had been retired by the Mack plant 10 years ago. Prior to his employment he had operated his own blacksmith shop in Bethlehem.

He was a member of St. James Commandery, No. 68, A.I.O. Knights of Malta; the Christ Lutheran church, Shoenersville, and the home department of the church's Sunday school.

His wife, Ida J. (Lichtenwalner) Smith, died last June. His only survivors are a brother, Sam Smith, and a sister, Mrs. Jane Baker, both of Allentown.

Rev. Harvey Sell, pastor of the church, will officiate at services at 2:30 p. m. Tuesday in the Christ Union church, Shoenersville. Burial will be made in the Shoenersville cemetery.

SHIRLEY DAY

Shirley Day, 2-month-old daughter of Harvey and Agnes, nee Stulpin, Day, died at 4:30 a. m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital.

The infant is survived by her parents, a brother, Harvey, and a sister, Rosemary, all at home at Shamrock, Berks county. The paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Day, Mertztown R. 1; the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Constantin Stulpin, Seisholtzville, and the paternal great-grandfather, Peter Long, also survive.

Funeral services at the convenience of the family with the Rev. William F. Bond officiating. Interment in the Longswamp church cemetery.

WILLIAM GLASSER

William Glasser, 70, died Thursday at his home, West Pen Argyl R. 1. Widely known in church circles throughout the county he succumbed to a heart attack with which he was stricken on his birthday anniversary, July 28.

Mr. Glasser was born in Allentown, a son of the late Israel and Sarah Kiefer Glasser. For 26 years he had been a machinist at the Hercules plant in Stockertown. He was secretary of the United Cement Workers Union, Local No. 22, from the time of its organization.

He was a member of Bethany Evangelical church, Pen Argyl, and a trustee for many years. He was instrumental in the founding and the building of the chapel for the Union Sunday school at West Penn Argyl and served as its superintendent for a number of years.

He is survived by his wife, Estella (nee Jones); three children, Mrs. Clarence Broad and Mrs. Francis Pritchard, Wind Gap; Mrs. Hugh Ellis, Media, Pa.; Ruth E. Glasser, R.N., at the Allentown State hospital; Ralph C. and Lucinda J., at home; one brother, Samuel Glasser, Allentown; two sisters, Mrs. Jacob Jennings, Bangor, and Mrs. Arlo Strunk, Wind Gap. Eleven grandchildren also survive.

Services at the Schmidt funeral home in Wind Gap at 3 p. m. Sunday. Rev. E. E. Messersmith, pastor of Bethany church in Pen Argyl, and Rev. W. H. Christ of Perkasie, and a former pastor in Pen Argyl, will officiate. Interment in the Wind Gap cemetery, Plainfield township.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Wos, Ken Rota Kolva?

Yar, wos denk n'r, doh da onner dawg hen sie 'n welshkern boshder party kot drunna nagshd on Landis Shtore, un hen net ae wert k'hoert as aenich ebber 'n roter kolva welshkern g'funna hut. Un wie in da welt dade m'r denka os aenich ebber g'shpass howwa kent welshkern wie sel boshda won net alla gabut aenie 'n roter kolva welshkern finna dade. Dar woh sie 's airsht sehna hut der rote kolva boshda, huts recht kot fer gae sie bussa. Wel anyhow, won aw net fiel rum g'shleck'd is werra un die rota kolva so rohr worra wie fet kucha ima hunds shtol, hen ol rum 'n boomerawlishie gutie tzeit kot.

'S wor der kunshtavler Mike Hoffman fon Long Swamp township os die boshder party gamocht hut fer 'm Harry Hilbert un seinra Manda ihra welshkern boshda. 'S worra 'n wunnerbore lot leit ous gataru'd, un won sie aw ken rota kolva kotta hen, hen sie anyhow tzwae fesselcher keffer bree kot fer sich draw ferwella wons welshkern boshda na ferlaid is. Sis uf kours fershtonna os sie aw blenty tzu essa kot hen—fon allas os ma mensch sei hartz ferlonga mawg howwa dafor, un aw noch abissel may in der barya.

Moryets eb die boshder recht im feld worra is shun 'm Mike sei fraw die Stella ins welshkern feld kumma mit ma aimer wosser, un 'n gonser hang'l drink glasser. Bout 'n shtun shpaiter is der Mike kumma mit ma fessel keffer bree uf 'm shuckkerrich, un shure wor 'n blessier tzu sehna wie harlich un uf galaib'd os sie ol worra, wie er shtarta hut 's foss aw tzoppa. Un wie die bree mohl galoffa is—golda gail mit shaum paar fingers dick, hen sie fer 'n weil nimmy ons welshkern boshda gadenk'd, un sich yusht ferweil'd om foss.

So gaea middawg tzu is ains fon da keck drin im hous, die Mrs. Gardner nous un hut aw fer 'n kartzie weil helfa boshda. Won rota kolva tzu finna gawest weara, un der Mike het sellie weil ainer g'funna, wolla m'r wetta os sie glei beim gawest wear fer der airsht buss howwa. Un won er sie net bussa het wolla sols uns wunner ebs 'm gute ob galoffa wear. Sie is tzimlich shtondhoft gabout, un het 'n ferleicht omma ohr gagrabb'd won er sich waira het wolla, un het 'n in da luft rum g'shlanker'd wie won er yusht 'n shtawb lumba wear. Anyhow eb die socha so weit kumma sin wors middawg, un sin ol nei ins hous fer essa.

Soicha os maina sie hetta shun blenty guta socha tzu essa kot, hetta bei liva lava on sel'm welshkern bashda middawg sei solla. Der dish wor nunner galawda os er recht gagrax'd hut, un so arrick os der dish farna har gagrax'd hut, so arrick hen aw de welshkern boshder gagrax'd bis sie fartich worra essa. Woh sies ol hee hen wase ken mensch, ow'r hut tzimlich glore gaguck'd uf 'm dish bis sie fartich worra. So weit os die kech aw gonga sin, hen sie blenty hilf kot fer rishda un ob worta om dish. Mohl fers aller airsht, is 'm Harry sei Manda fohr gonga, un hut noh aw 'm Mike sei shweshter Mamie, die Mrs. Gardner, die Gertie Bechtel un noch etlicha onnerra kot fer ra helfa. Aenie hut des gaduh, un die nagshd sel, un bis sie fartich worra, hen sie die beshd eems essa garish'd kot os aenich ebber hoffa hut kenna tzu griega.

Noch middawg sin sie widder tzurick

25 Years Ago Today

Oct. 16, 1918, a Wednesday

Allied forces were staging a great drive in Flanders, closing a wedge around German forces and compelling big withdrawals. German forces were vigorously defending their positions before retreating and casualties were expected to be heavy.

With only four more days to go the new Liberty Loan drive was far from completed. Subscriptions totalled $2,854,000,000 which was less than half the goal.

An epidemic wave of influenza was gradually extending to many sections of the state. In York, Sunbury, and Bethlehem, where the most rigid precautions were observed, the disease seemed to be spreading less rapidly than in sections of Luzerne, Lancaster and Schuylkill counties. Six new hospitals had just been opened in the state and plans were completed for a seventh. Deaths from influenza for the first 14 days in October totalled 6,081, compared with 2,651 deaths from pneumonia.

The four local draft boards entrained 54 young men to take special courses at the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie school of Technology and Pennsylvania State college.

Lieutenant John W. Noble, well known young tenor singer, and Miss Kathryn McGinley, Philadelphia, were united in marriage on October 14th in Philadelphia.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da wunnerbora socha os 'm Paulie Peters sei fraw die Viola fon Laurys shun erlaibt hut, maint sie net os sie ebbes kayosers g'sehna het os we ihra gakanda gummerra woh die shtangel noch gawoxa sin, noch dem os die gummerra gakand worra.

Die Viola is shure os sie die shtangel alla pieces fon da gummerra gamocht hut iwwer 'm kanna, un now os sie gakand sin, hut bol yader gummer 'n shtangel, 'n tzol odder noch may long.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

Determination

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New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection. —Whitman.

THE HOLC PASSES ON

Another of those depression-born projects is being liquidated. It is the Home Owners Loan Corporation.

This mortgage-refinancing agency for small home owners has already liquidated itself more than half of its 1936 peak of $3,500,000,000.

Under Congressional mandate to submit by next Feb. 1, a final plan for retirement from the Washington scene, the HOLC has undertaken to divest itself of as many as possible of the 26,583 houses it owns.

Of this number—carried on the corporation's books at a value of $199,000,000—all but about 2,000 are in the Maine-to-Virginia area.

Since its beginning in 1933, HOLC has acquired some 195,000 houses and has sold about 169,000. Commissioner John H. Fahey says that the buyers have proved good risks, only 2.2 per cent of the properties having come back on the books.

The corporation stopped lending seven years ago with the process of liquidation increasing annually until last year the reduction of HOLC's balance of loans and properties amounted to 15 per cent.

During the three years of its refinancing operations, undertaken to halt the "mortgage panic" of 1933, HOLC took over 1,017,812 defaulted mortgages aggregating $3,093,000,000. It was obligated later to advance money to many borrowers to pay insurance and taxes, to repair houses acquired through foreclosure and to assume legal costs as well as delinquent principal and interest. Thus the agency's total investments have been nearly three and a half billion dollars.

This huge sum has now been reduced to $1,663,218,823.

HOLC losses showed a book value of $254,000,000 but against this is placed $189,000,000 in net income after payment of operating expenses and interest on its bonded indebtedness, leaving a net deficit of $65,000,000—less than two per cent of all loans and advances.

A plan is now in the works to wind up the affairs of the HOLC.

THE WAR HITS CHRISTMAS

It's going to be a treeless Christmas for some families.

The supply of trees has been diminished by manpower and transportation curbs in Canada and by much the same thing in the United States.

In this country, about ten million balsam firs, Douglas firs, red firs, spruce and pines are cut for the Christmas trade ordinarily. Estimates are that the supply this year will fall 25 per cent short of that figure because men can't be spared from essential lumbering and pulpwood operations and railroad boxcars and gondolas have more important jobs ahead.

Canada ordinarily sent five million trees into the States but this year it will slough off to a trickle.

Shortages are expected to be particularly acute in crowded war production areas, where demand will be sharpened by fat pay envelopes, according to the magazine Business Week.

OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE

There are no prouder men and women anywhere than the wearers of the blue of the United States Navy: and for good reason.

Uncle Sam's is now the biggest and most powerful Navy ever created by any nation in all history.

Until very recently its personnel was made up entirely of volunteers. Men are now drafted into the Navy through regular induction centers, but these still are in the minority. By and large the average officer, WAVE and sailor is in the Navy because that is where he or she wants to be. This in itself creates a spirit of pride.

In this war as in the past, Uncle Sam's Navy has done its usual brilliant job, as, of course, have all other branches of the service. As the Pacific campaign moves toward a climax, as the invasion of Europe proper impends, there will be even more opportunities, more challenges for the men and women who wear the blue.

It is to meet this challenge that a board of Navy procurement officers is now in Allentown seeking men of a large number of skills for commissions in the Naval Reserve. Lists of open billets have been published in The Morning Call. These reveal the many fine opportunities open to those who have the proper educational, professional or business background.

We suggest that you secure one of these lists, look it over carefully, and if you are in the mood to make a real contribution to the war effort, confer with the Procurement Board at its offices in the Allentown Trust Building. An interview involves no obligation. It might open up vast new vistas for service in the great cause.

R-DAY

A campaign to recruit nurses for the armed forces was held recently by the Lehigh County chapter, American Red Cross. The response was by no means what had been anticipated. Lehigh county is behind its quota, yet that quota is only 60 nurses.

However, few, if any communities throughout the Nation, have reached their quota. Seemingly, there is a general reluctance on the part of trained nurses to leave civilian life. Pennsylvania's quota is 5,000. It has fallen short by 2,000.

With the tremendous military force which this country is assembling going into battle in increasing numbers, the need for nurses is growing daily and is sure to reach proportions far beyond present quotas.

In the light of this precarious situation, it is interesting to note that the State's War Manpower Commission has decided to order Pennsylvania's 45,000 nurses to register in January to determine if they are working in essential jobs.

This date will be known as R-day and nurses will be required to register at their nearest hospitals, according to Mrs. Katherine Miller, executive secretary of the Pennsylvania Nurses' Assn.

Mrs. Miller estimates that 7,000 nurses are not working at their profession.

It is pointed out that civilian hospitals are in desperate need of nurses and the registration purports to aid this situation as well.

Mrs. Miller declines to say how much pressure will be put on recalcitrant women but points out they could not be compelled to shift jobs.

It is to be earnestly hoped that this grand group of women who, more than anyone else should realize the physical sufferings to which mankind is heir, will rally to the challenge which the world's greatest war submits.

Congress Gets War Facts

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22—Secret sessions of the Senate and the House have been held separately in the last two days and the members have been taken into the confidence of General George Marshall and the War Department, being given military information of a detailed nature enabling them to judge for themselves what a hard war lies ahead.

First, 400 members of the House listened to the story and saw the charts and films prepared by the general staff of the Army. Then the entire Senate spent a whole afternoon listening to the same presentation.

Nothing like it has occurred before during this war or the last war. The idea is to furnish facts and figures firsthand so that the legislators can see what the problem of beating the Axis really is.

Virtually the same presentation was made to about 200 industrialists, editors of newspapers and magazines and radio executives. They were impressed, as are members of Congress, with the enormous task involved in an invasion of Europe, in winning the air war over Germany, and the battle for control of the Pacific.

Victories Tend to Sway Our Opinions

Unless one sees the whole global war and is given the essential facts as to the strength of our enemies, there is a tendency to become too much swayed by the daily report of victories or engagements which naturally reveal our forces to be making progress—but not the climactic progress that precedes an immediate triumph.

All through the presentations runs a note of caution and sometimes pessimism. But just the same there is nowhere the slightest doubt expressed about ultimate victory being ours.

Wishful thinking is a natural thing in times when the story of America's remarkable industrial production is being more and more revealed. But at the same time Americans have a tendency to disparage or underestimate the desperate efforts being made by Japan and Germany to prolong this war in the hope of getting at least a stalemate and a negotiated peace.

None of our leaders speaks of anything but complete triumph. It is conceded that a collapse of German morale might come any day through an internal revolution, but there are no signs of it as yet and our military leaders are anxious that Congress and the press and industry think realistically in terms of what is likely to happen rather than what might possibly happen.

Our air war, for instance, is in the midst of its most decisive stages. Our efforts to knock the German fighter planes out of the air and at the same time to destroy German fighter plane factories are costing us heavily, but we are making progress. It is a stage in the war which will not be over in a few weeks. It is a period which will be attended by great anxiety and possibly by heavier losses than we have seen to date.

Told to Bring Further Cooperation

As for the land invasion which doubtless will come when the air war has achieved its principal objectives, there is no denying that it will be costly in manpower.

All this is not being told by our military men to bring about any pessimistic frame of mind on the part of our legislators or among moulders of opinion, but to keep the home front from letting down its efforts—to maintain existing schedules and actually to strain hard to increase them.

General Marshall had with him in all these secret sessions his aides who, in a businesslike way, presented the facts unemotionally and yet persuasively.

The general himself is about the most universally liked man in the whole war not only in Congress but in the national capital. His personality has impressed itself on all parties.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WILLKIE'S FOREIGN POLICY

Mr. Willkie in the St. Louis speech clarified his position on foreign relations. He first accepts Herbert Hoover's basic idea of a long wait, often called a transitional period, a cooling off period. They all seem to be accepting that now. Of this he says:

"* * * But, in my opinion, we are not yet at the blueprint stage. We have yet, by prospecting with other nations, to find the place on which we may stand together to move the world towards peace and away from war.

"The ultimate blueprint will be what we can work out with these nations in mutual accommodation. But first we must discover a common ground on which we can begin to build."

He then expresses opposition to exclusive offensive-defensive alliances. "Such alliances," he says, "will but divide, not unite the world." In a word, he is against the idea of an exclusive Anglo-American military alliance, which seems to have generally misfired.

Does Not Describe Council

He favors some kind of organization to "prevent or repel aggression" and wants us to take part in it. But what he "tentatively" supports is a council of United Nations, eventually to include all nations. He does not describe the council in any way: he does not say whether it is to be a consultative or a legislative council, and that makes a whale of a difference.

That, in substance, is his foreign policy. It is positive only in one respect: Willkie is not an isolationist. That may be news to you, but not if you read "One World." He favors world cooperation. He says:

"But they (the people) are resolved that this country will cooperate and cooperate effectively with the other nations of the world that their sons may never again be needlessly slaughtered and that peace may be preserved for their own economic well-being and for the economic well-being of mankind.

"They will never elect as President a candidate who hedges or qualifies or whose record is ambiguous or one concerning whose position they have the slightest doubt on this the basic issue of our day."

But all that applies also to Mr. Roosevelt. He has actually been practising cooperation. He has practised cooperation through Lend-Lease, which was renewed with England, Russia and Canada while Mr. Willkie was speaking. His cooperation with Churchill has been of the closest. And at this moment Cordell Hull is in Moscow cooperating with the Russians. Nobody differs with the Roosevelt foreign policy by demanding cooperation. We have cooperation.

Roosevelt Has Inside Track

Of course, Mr. Willkie could have and he might still describe his council of the United Nations in such language that it will be clear that he has a program of cooperation that is different from Mr. Roosevelt's. But he gives us no specifications. Neither he nor Mr. Roosevelt say anything about "sovereignty." There is this, however: Mr. Roosevelt, thus far, in his cooperation, has not given up an iota of American sovereignty. I do not say that Mr. Willkie proposes to do that, but this was an excellent place to clarify his stand on that. He made no clarifying statement on this phase. He proposes a joint "Declaration of Intention," but he does not tell us what the declaration is to declare. How different is it to be from the Atlantic Charter? That is a declaration of intention.

Mr. Willkie faces the trying difficulty of the position as an oppositional candidate who dares not move too far from the policy of the man in office whom he opposes. It is an awkward position. Willkie, for instance, opposes an exclusive alliance with any one country. He wants Soviet Russia and China included in any arrangements. All Roosevelt needs to do is to produce an arrangement which includes Russia and China. Roosevelt has the inside track and Willkie cannot know what he is doing until Roosevelt announces what he has done. It might be the very thing that Willkie criticizes him for not having done. That is Roosevelt's advantage in the foreign field and it will make it continually harder for the candidate who favors the Roosevelt foreign policy but opposes Roosevelt.

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Pennsylvania German

By DR. JOHN SUMMERS STAHR

(Delivered before the students of Franklin and Marshall College at the opening of the Spring Term 1870. Since this is to our knowledge the earliest lecture on the Pennsylvania Germans and their dialect it will have some historical significance for our readers even though many of the facts and ideas expressed therein have since become common property.—ED.)

THE LANGUAGE spoken by the descendants of the first German settlers of this State, has so frequently, indeed so generally been called Dutch, that it might almost seem arrogant and presumptuous to call it by any other name. And yet there seems to be no good reason why a Pennsylvanian must needs be a Dutchman, or why his language must needs be misnamed and misunderstood. This is done, however, so persistently that we are in danger of breaking the links which bind us to the Fatherland, thus striking in the very face of History, and committing a blunder for which there is no excuse whatever, except that Dutch sounds somewhat like **Deutsch.** New Englanders have been in the habit of ridiculing the Pennsylvania Germans as a class of people destitute of all intelligence—thick-headed, thick-skulled, without love of culture or a desire for anything but filthy lucre—people who take better care of their horses than of their children, who have no higher ambition at all than to possess fine farms, large barns, and sleek cattle. Their language has been looked down upon and sneered at as mere jargon, weak, impure, and harsh—a kind of hash, fit only for those who have too little intelligence or taste to appreciate anything better. Such harsh judgments have been passed mostly by those who had no opportunity of examining properly into the character and language of these people, by persons who looked at the Germans from a distance, occupied a different standpoint, knew nothing of their origin and history, and hence could not appreciate what they saw and heard. But this has been done also by persons who dwelt among the Germans and were favorably impressed and kindly disposed; who, because they were unacquainted both with High German and the Pennsylvania Dialect, and were unable to meet the Germans on their own ground, did them unintentional injustice. Of late these people and their language have received a great deal of attention, and some interesting magazine and newspaper articles have been written concerning them. But whilst these articles contain much valuable information, they are also full of inaccuracies, and contain some serious blunders, so that they will necessarily make a wrong impression upon those who have not knowledge enough of the subject to form an independent opinion. It is not our purpose here to defend the character of the Pennsylvania Germans, or to apologize for their customs. They need nothing of the kind at our hands. We might no doubt find some things to blame, but also many to praise and to admire. We propose merely in the interest of History and Literature to examine their language, and, as far as we are able in this connection, to determine whence and what it is.

The language commonly but improperly called "Pennsylvania Dutch" is a dialect of the High German Language, and therefore entirely distinct and different from the Dutch, the literary language of Holland. In order to prove this we turn first to history.

Immediately after the first settlement of Pennsylvania by the Quakers under Penn, when the proprietary announced that he would grant freedom of conscience and toleration to all religious denominations, streams of German immigrants, induced by religious persecutions at home, and by the promises of agents from Pennsylvania, poured into the colony and founded settlements which grew slowly at first, but steadily and surely, so that in a short time they became very prosperous. These streams increased in size from year to year; new installments were added from the Palatinate, Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and other provinces of South Germany. Mennonites from Switzerland and different parts of Germany, Dunkards from Krefeld and Wittgenstein (Cleves, Prussia), Moravians and Schwenkfelders from Saxony (Upper Lusatia), and others, so that they soon formed the mass of the population in the inland districts, and thus handed down their own language and customs from generation to generation. The immigrants from Upper or South Germany were mostly Lutherans and Reformed, and came in such numbers during the first half of the eighteenth century that they were scattered widely over the territory now occupied by Montgomery, Berks, Lehigh and Bucks Counties, and impressed the character of their dialect upon all the German settlers of this district. It was among these men that Muhlenberg and Schlatter labored, and their success is well known.

The first German settlement was made by Francis Daniel Pastorius at Germantown near Philadelphia, August 12, 1683. This at once became the nucleus of a German community the limits of which widened rapidly. In its bosom was born the celebrated mathematician and astronomer Rittenhouse, and here also lived Thomas Godfrey, the inventor of the Quadrant. The Mennonites came to this country as early as from 1698 to 1711, but the largest numbers arrived in 1717. Many of them settled in Bucks and Montgomery Counties, but Lancaster has always been their stronghold, and here their influence on the German dialect is most observable. The Schwenkfelders and Moravians (whom Count Von Zinzendorf had protected for some time in Europe) came to Pennsylvania at a somewhat later date. The former settled in Berks and Montgomery Counties at or near Goschenhoppen in the year 1734 (only one hundred in all); the latter, the Moravians, took possession of the Lehigh Valley, where they soon made the wilderness blossom as the rose. They were received first by Whitefield at Nazareth in 1739; in 1740 they purchased the site of Bethlehem, and settled there after the arrival of Bishop Nitzschman with a company of brethren and sisters from Europe. They afterward bought the "Manor of Nazareth" from Mr. Whitefield, and labored there also. Count Zinzendorf himself came to America in 1741, visited Bethlehem in 1742, and in connection with the brethren labored very successfully among the Indians. New settlements and missionary stations were commenced at different points, but it would lead us too far from our subject to trace them out. Thomas Penn purchased the lands on the Tulpehocken from the Indians in 1732-33. "The door of immigration being open . . . thousands of all ranks and sects, from the haughty baron to the poor redemptioner, arrived annually and settled in the German Counties, Berks receiving her full share." The settlers of this county were principally Lutheran and Reformed; at first they had no churches nearer than **the Swamp** (Hanover), Montgomery County; afterwards they established their own congregations and grew rapidly. In this community Conrad Weiser, the Indian interpreter, figured very conspicuously, and was of great use during the Indian troubles.

The German settlements thus commenced (we do not pretend to name them all) spread farther and farther until they constituted a chain or belt extending from the southern boundary of the state north-easterly to the Delaware river, including the counties of York and Lancaster, Berks, Montgomery, Lehigh and Bucks. (We use the names of the counties by which they are known). Here we find a singular fact in the history of our state. Inside of this belt of German settlements we find the English, and outside of it we find a similar belt of Scotch Irish settlements, including part of York, and the whole, or nearly the whole of Adams, Cumberland, Dauphin, Lebanon, and Northampton Counties. Within the limits of the German district, Welsh settlements were made in Montgomery Co. at Pennlyn, Wales, Gwynedd, etc., and Scotch Irish settlements in Lancaster Co., at Donegal, Little Britain, etc., but the rule is as above stated. It has been suggested that there was some design in this on the part of Penn, viz.: to keep the English Quakers as far as possible from the Indians, leaving the Scotch Irish and Germans to keep them at bay. But the order in which we find the settlements proceeding from Philadelphia is no doubt determined by the order of time in which the immigrants arrived, and after settlements were commenced the different nationalities would naturally flock to their respective centers of population. Certain it is, however, that for a number of years the brave, hardy Scotch Irish bore the brunt of the Indian attacks, and served as a bulwark to the settlers farther east. In course of time, however, the Germans pressed their neighbors, and gradually obtained possession of the whole, or at least the greater part of the fertile lands of Adams, Cumberland, Dauphin, Lebanon and Northampton Counties, where their descendants are still found as lords of the rich soil, possessing the finest farming lands in the state, and so far as this goes we must acknowledge that they do like to live "upon the fat of the land."

These Germans brought their language and literature with them from the old country. They worshiped God in High German; their Bibles and Hymn Books were in this language, and they are so today (1870). Whilst therefore in their daily intercourse with one another they used the particular dialect or dialects which they were accustomed to speak in the Fatherland, or such a modification of these dialects as was naturally brought about by their circumstances, they always retained a knowledge of the High German, and they have preserved it to the present day. There has been a falling away from the German ranks no doubt; in English communities Germans have been Anglicized. Their names even have frequently been changed, some by Penn when the settlers arrived and were **naturalized,** others by the persons themselves, so that we now find **Carpenter** for **Zimmerman, Hunter** for **Jaeger, High** for **Hoch, etc.** Still there is preserved in our midst not only the Pennsylvania dialect, but also the German Language. Among the early Lutheran and Reformed clergymen there were men of great learning, good classical scholars, and even some accomplished poets, as for instance Pastorius, Helmuth, some of the Protestant monks at Ephrata, etc. These were succeeded by others worthy to wear their mantles; if they were their inferiors in classical learning, they were still well educated—at all events able to speak pure German. Thus a knowledge of High German has been perpetuated, and if there are at the present day Germans (?) who cannot understand a High German sermon composed of pure and simple words, it is because they have learned to undervalue and despise the language of their fathers, and have neglected to learn to read it, or they have become altogether faithless to the church, and have been carried away by the stream of worldliness in which so many perish.

(To Be Continued)

JOHN SUMMERS STAHR

Dr. John Summers Stahr, the first installment of whose lecture "Pennsylvania German," appears in this issue of the ECK, was born December 2, 1841, near Applebachville, Bucks Co., Pa. His ancestors came from the Palatinate in 1739. He received his early education in the public schools and became a teacher at 16 years of age. He prepared for college during summer terms at the Normal and Classical School conducted by Dr. A. R. Horne, at Qukertown, Pa.

Dr. Stahr entered the Junior Class of Franklin and Marshall College in 1865, and was graduated, magna cum laude, in 1867. He had expected to enter the Seminary to study for the ministry but was persuaded to accept an appointment to teach German and History at his Alma Mater. While teaching, he studied theology under John Williamson Nevin. He was later ordained but continued teaching. In 1870 he obtained a full professorship in the Natural Sciences and Chemistry. In 1887 he directed a financial campaign for the increase of the College endowment. In 1889 he became Acting President, and was President of the College from 1890 to 1909. During his presidency he taught Philosophy.

Dr. Stahr was always active in the various interests of the Church. He preached frequently throughout the Church and was President of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in 1914. He was a member of the Eighth Council of the Alliance of Reformed Churches which met at Liverpool in 1904, and at the Tenth Council at Aberdeen, in 1913. From 1890 to 1908 he served as a member of the International Sunday School Lesson Committee, representing it at a convention at Rome in 1907. Dr. Stahr's ability in languages led to his appointment to the editorial staff of the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary.

Dr. Stahr wrote and spoke a pure English and, with the same ease, a faultless German. He was a prolific writer on education, science, philosophy, ethics and theology. As a teacher of the German language and literature, who also knew the dialect from childhood, he was naturally much interested in the Pennsylvania Germans and their dialect. He was one of the six men who founded the Pennsylvania German Society in 1891, and was president of the society in 1903-04.

On July 23, 1872, Dr. Stahr was married to Francina Elmira Andrews, the daughter of Hugh Andrews, of Lancaster County. The three surviving children are Colonel Charles P. Stahr, M.D., Mrs. Glenn C. Heller and Mrs. E. M. Hartman.

—By courtesy of EDWIN M. HARTMAN, Ph.D., Lancaster, Pa.

DIE BRILL

Zum Middaagesse hockt er sich,
Der Tax Collector Diederich.

Die Riwwlesupp, die gleicht er mol,
Er leffelt sich en Deller voll.

Doch hockt er darde, aernscht un schtill,
Beguckt die Riwwle daerrich die Brill.

Un daerrich die Brill, so scharf un glaar,
Do sehnt er'n langi, schwarzi Haar.

Er gnottert mol so in der Baart:
"Des iss mer awwer'n scheeni Aart!"

Die Fraa hockt so vergelschtert dart,
Un endlich kummt sie doch zum Wart:

"Ya well! 's iss ewwe nau mol g'schehne.
Un hoscht, sei Lewe, so nichs g'sehne?

So zieg die Haar yuscht raus, wann'd witt,
No schadt's der nichs am Abbedit!"

Er schlenkert aa die Haar eweck,
Geht ruhich an der Schank im Eck,

Un holt die Wiskey Boddel bei,
En grosser Schluck, den schenkt er ei.

Ee Glaas um's anner sauft er dann,
Sie dischdert ihn so gut sie kann:

"Ach, kumm, do iss en scheeni Waerscht;
Die waer yo gut beim grosse Daerscht!"

Doch nee! Er waar mol ganz verschnuppt
Un hot die Waerscht net aageguckt.

Die Boddel waar schunn halwer leer,
Doch geht er als noch driwwer haer.

Do denkt die Fraa: "Mer muss sich schemme!"
Browiert die Boddel weckzunemme.

Do hot er awwer laut gegrische:
"Ya, loss dich net debei verwische!"

Doch nemmt sie ihm die Boddel weck.
Schpazierschtock holt er aus em Eck;

In seinre Wut, do ziegt er uff
Un schlagt re'n Gudes hinne druff;

Sie hebt die Boddel hinne hie,
Die Boddel brecht, noh laaft die Brie.

Des waar re awwer doch zu dumm,
Do macht sie yuscht en Katzeschprung.

Un reisst die Brill vun seinre Naas.
Was will er nau, mit seim Geraas!

Do dappt er rum wie'n blinder Mann,
Der doch der Feind net sehne kann.

Nau packt er aa, in seinre Wut,
Doch waar's der Offe, heess in Glut;

Er hot sich dabber rum gewend,
Mit grosse Blodre an de Hend.

Er blost die Finger, 's waerd ihm schlecht,
Verbrennt des Hinnerdeel erscht recht.

Nau awwer, iss die Wut erscht gross,
Er schlagt uff alles driwwer los;

Die Suppeschissel, Waerscht un Glaas
Waerd ruiniert, der Hund waerd nass.

Do waerd's der Fraa doch halwer bang,
Verschteckelt sich mol draus im Gang.

Noh greischt er: "Wann ich dich verwisch!"
Do fallt er iwwer Schtuhl un Disch;

Im Schwung verliert er noch der Schtock
Un bumpt die Naas am Dieregnopp;

Nau heert er uff mit seim Geraas,
Un's rode Blut rinnt aus der Naas.

In aller Demut frogt er dann,
Eb er die Brill net hawwe kann.

Sie draut sich net fer naecher hie,
Doch Weiwer wisse immer wie;

Sie reecht's ihm uff me Besemschtiel,
Er nemmt sie aa mit Dankesg'fiehl.

Noh hen sie widder uffgemacht;
Fer Freede hot der Hund geblafft.

Des waar en Glick fer Mann un Weib,
Der Hund hot aa die Waerscht im Leib.

September 23, 1943 —JOHN BIRMELIN

Freely rendered after Wilhelm Busch

Deaths of a Day

WILLIAM ANDERSON

William Anderson, 83, who made his home at 427 Front St., Catasauqua, died Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Allentown hospital, following a stroke suffered earlier in the week.

A stationary engineer, he was born near Minersville, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson. He was employed in his profession in the coal regions until 1915, when he settled in Catasauqua and became connected with the Catasauqua Ice Co. He had been retired a number of years.

Surviving are a brother, Crawford Anderson, Raven Run, Schuylkill county, and a sister, Mrs. Margaret Davenport, whose address is unknown.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 10 a. m. from the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 234 Walnut St., Catasauqua. Interment in Fairview cemetery.

MRS. MARY C. GROFF

Mrs. Mary C. Groff, widow of Leidy Groff and teacher of a Sunday school class at the Salem Lutheran church, Bethlehem, for a number of years, died Friday at the home of Ella and Lotta Reisser of 722 5th Ave., Bethlehem, in her 89th year.

Mrs. Groff was born near Belfast, Aug. 17, 1855, a daughter of the late Henry and Sabina Fehr. She was a lifelong member of Salem Lutheran church, and Sunday school.

Surviving are two sons, William and Franklin, both of Allentown; two sisters, Mrs. Ellen Kiess, Allentown, and Mrs. S. Roberts, Easton.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the Daniel B. Snyder Funeral home, 701 N. New St., Bethlehem, with interment to follow in Fairview cemetery, Bethlehem.

CARL J. SCHIREMAN

Carl J. Schireman, 43, of 35 Washington St., Bath, died in St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem, at 3:30 a. m. Friday.

For the past 20 years he had been employed in the Pennsylvania Dixie Cement Corp. plant No. 6 and was a member of the Reformed wing of Salem Union church.

Survivors are his wife, Helen Buskirk Schireman; a daughter, Marian, at home; his father, Harvey Schireman Sr., Bath R. 1; four sisters, Mrs. Floyd Rapp, Nazareth R. 2; Mrs. Harold Blose, Bath R. 1; Mrs. Ernest Bensing, Nazareth; Mrs. Robert Miller, Bath R. 1, and a brother, Harvey Schireman, Bath R. D.

Funeral services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Monday afternoon in the Bensing home, Moorestown, and later in Salem Lutheran church, Moorestown. Burial family plot, Fairview cemetery, Moorestown. Rev. H. D. Clauss will officiate.

MRS. ANNA PASCOE

Mrs. Anna Pascoe, who had been a patient at the Sacred Heart hospital since June 14 last, died there at 7:45 a.m. Friday in her 71st year. The widow of Joseph Pascoe, a labor foreman at the old Crane Iron Works prior to his death 10 years ago, she had resided at 112 Front St., Catasauqua, for many years.

Mrs. Pascoe was a native of Czechoslovakia. She was a member of St. Andrew's Slovak Catholic church, North Catasauqua, and also the Jednota Branch 157.

She is survived by four sons, John, Allentown; Michael, North Catasauqua; Joseph and Frank, both of Catasauqua; two daughters, Mrs. Donald Tomlin, Norristown, and Mrs. John Kovach, Scranton, and 17 grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 9 a. m. from the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua, with requiem high mass to be sung in St. Andrew's Slovak Catholic church, North Catasauqua, at 9:30 a. m. Interment will follow in St. Andrew's church cemetery, North Catasauqua.

GEORGE J. ACKERMAN

George J. Ackerman, 433 Pine St., Bethlehem, died of a heart attack at 5:40 a. m. Friday. He was 63 years old.

Born in Bethlehem, Mr. Ackerman was the son of Thomas and the late Lavilla, nee Ehret, Ackerman. He was employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. and was affiliated with the Pythian Lodge and the Central Fire Co. He was a member of the St. Matthew Lutheran church.

Surviving are his wife, Araminda (Ruth) Ackerman; four sons, Calvin Ackerman, Archibald Ackerman, Steven Ackerman, William Ackerman, all of Bethlehem; two brothers, Harvey Ackerman, Souderton, and Frank Ackerman, Lanark; five sisters, all of Bethlehem: Mrs. Thomas Smith, Miss Clara Ackerman, Mrs. Amanda Burkhart, Mrs. Walter Minnich and Mrs. William Minnich; five grandchildren and his aged father.

Rev. William Berkemeyer will officiate at services on Monday the 25th at 2 p. m. at the Steyer Funeral home, Bethlehem. Interment will be in Memorial Park.

MRS. MARIE HERB

Mrs. Marie Lynch Herb, wife of Jay J. Herb, 831 Berwick St., died at 10:25 p. m. Thursday at the Easton hospital, where she was admitted on June 7 for medical treatment.

Besides her husband, she is survived by two sons, John Robert, who has just been graduated as a rear gunner from the Nevada aviation school, and Jay Richard of Scott Field, Ill.; also by three brothers, Daniel and William Lynch, Phillipsburg, and John Lynch, Trenton, and by one sister, Mrs. Harry Myner, Erie, Pa.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Fluss Karalla

M'r hen die woch darrich shun etlicha noh froke kot waeich da "Fluss Karella" woh m'r 'm ledshda Sundawg fertzailt hen dafon iwwer die luft. Die karalla sin ferkauft werra on da Katie Klina fendu owwich Vera Cruz, un worra nix shunshd os wie kerna fon ra gons alta ort blumma, gawainlich gakent ols "Yacobs Draina," odder ewwa wie m'r in Englisch secht, "Jobs Tears." 'S wor net so fiel die kerna os uns ons blauderra grick'd hut, os wie die alta glawwa os mit sel'm sawma gain.

Etticha on da fendu hen uns fertzailt wie sie immer so blumma kerna on band'l um die hels rum gawora hen wie sie kinner worra. Die kerna hen 'n loch grawd midda darrich, un wohs leicht mocht fer band'l darrich tziega un karalla rous mocha. Sellie karalla weara on da hels, hut ols gute sel solla fer alla hond gronketa ferheeda. Dale hen g'sawt 's wear aw nix besser gawest wie so'n shtrong karalla um 'n fet bavy seim hols rum, fer halta fon wund werra. Onnerra widder hen g'sawt, 's het der bloe hooshda weck k'halta, so wohl wie aw der wae hols, un onnerra gute bakonta kinner gronketa.

Shpote yohrs so dies tzeit, hut ae fraw uns g'sawt hetta ihra kinner yaders so'n shtrong karalla on die hels gagnibb'd mit 'm band'l, tight ganunk os sie die karalla net ous duh hetta kenna. So os sie niemond sehna sot, hetta sie die karalla immer unnich da glaider gawora, ow'r is net shure eb sie weiters aenich ebbes gabot hen odder net. Aenicha waig, 's sin shaina alta glawwa, un wohs ols noch blenty leit hut os nei glawwa. Ae fraw hut g'sawt, sie het ol ihra airshda kinner winders fluss karalla aw kot, ow'r wie die ledshda kumma weara het sie nimmy gabodder'd mit.

Ferol os die karalla kotza groe sin, hais'd der Lambert sie "Amber Beads" in seim grossa Pennsylfawnish Deitscha buch. Der Porra Brendel fon Egypt secht in seim "Blonsa Buch" gadruck'd bei da Pennsylvania German society fon Norristown, die "Jobs Tears" shteck weara ols garech'ld gawest 'n gutie medatzine tzu sei, fer der darrich lawf shtoppa.

Ous 'm Alta Bund

Da onner dawg in Lebanon, hen m'r 'n bild g'sehna ous 'm alta bund. Uns wor aw net 'n bild in shwartz un weiss uf bobier gadruck'd, ow'r 'n lavendich bild fon wos ols wor un bout nimmy tzu sehna is. Wars wor sel wissa m'r net, un wissa aw net fon woh sie kumma is, odder woh sie onna gawolt hut. Aenicha waig, 's wor 'n elterlich weibsmensch aw gaduh wie won m'r noch net ous da 1800 weara, ow'r so subble un munder wie won sie uf 'm waig wear fer noch da hoch shule.

'S wor 'n elterlich weibsmensch so wenich in da 70 dada m'r sawga da runsla im g'sicht noh, un die hand weis un tzort huts g'sheind, wie won sie sei lava net hard g'shoft hetta kot. 'S wor net yusht der long schwartz frock os sie uf hava het solla fer iwwer die shtross gae, os unser gadonka ihra waig ganumma hen, ow'r aw 's alt twilight shawl os sie uf 'm kup kot hut, un ihra hocher weisser lace kollar wohs g'sheind hut wear ra um der hols rum g'shtrick'd werra. Sellie socha hen em yusht net halta kenna fon ihra waig gucka, 's same wie aw noch blenty onnerra hen.

Yar, 's wor 'n bild ous ma alta bund, un woh m'r aw net fartich werra kenna wunnerra ferwos ebber so rum lawfa sot in 1943. 'Fuftsich yohr tzurick wear sie all'm noh in shtyle gawest, ow'r heit tzu dawg grawd so ous blotz wie won 'n mon navich ra har galoffa wear mit ma hocha hute un shwartza fliegel ruck. Fermuthlich wert sie wol 'n uhrsoch howwa fer sich so aw tzu duh un rum lawfa wie sie all'm noh is in ihra yingerra dawga. Long noch dem os m'r sie nimmy sehna hen kenna, fer die wohret tzu sawga, heit noch kenna m'r net fartich werra wunnerra un uns ei bilda ferwos 'n mensch sich inna grube wie sel kumma lust. 'S sin fiel uhrsocha os m'r draw denka kon, un woh ferleicht alla ains letz is won m'r die rechda barichda het.

Ferol os m'r wase hut die fraw 'n hocher geisht gaarab'd wie sie yung wor, un nee net fliega wolla mit da fegel os mit ihra fliega hen wolla un is hinner lossa werra. Ferleicht wor sie aw mohl in lieb un is hinner gonga werra un uf da bonk hucka gabliva, un noch sel'm may wenich fon hame. Won sel der fol wor is es leicht tzu sehna wie sie ferleicht fer yohra net may ous 'm hous wor os miglich, un hut ihra gadonka rickwards gadray'd in blotz fon farshich wie sie gae hetta solla. 'S mawg aw sei os sie fer yohra elterra tzu fersarya hut kot, un ken tzeit kot hut fer sich ei gewwa tzu neia waiga, un neia glaider. Un noh mawg aw aenich ains fon 'n hunnerd un noch may socha feruhrsoch'd howwa ferwos sie rum lawft os wie sie dut. Aenicha waig, sie hut awenich ous blotz g'sheind in denna tzeita fon neiga waiga un neia shtyles, un hut net helfa kenna os wie tzu denka sie kaimt ous ma gons alta bund.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'S sin yusht tzwae orta leit uf da ard so weit os ferd

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And all through life I see a cross—
Where sons of God yield up their breath;
There is no gain except by loss;
There is no life except by death;
There is no vision but by faith. —Smith.

GERMANY TOTTERING BUT END IS NOT YET

While all the evidences are that the Allied nations are winning the war, it has been the policy of our government not to produce a state of over-confidence in the people of this country by putting a great deal of emphasis upon the matters favorable to the opinion that the war is moving ahead satisfactorily.

This accounts for the fact that, while British newspapers interviewed British and American prisoners, recently returned from Germany to Scotland in exchange for Germans, and reported their opinions about sagging morale in the German people, the news censors for the United States until Thursday eliminated these comments.

Perhaps the news censors thought that the opinion of these men could not have been founded upon broad enough evidence for, after all, they were prisoners. They were not journalists seeking news. They were not presumably trained observers in any line.

But these men, despite the fact that they were prisoners and under constant guard and surveillance, must have had some contacts with the German people. They undoubtedly were in work-gangs at time and thus got about a little bit. They must have talked with their guards. They must have gotten from them a little idea as to what was going on around them in Germany. However, in making their reports to their interviewers some of them at least may have brought the kind of stories that they themselves wished to hear and believe.

For what their evidence is worth, it can be given to the American people and that has now been done. One can form an opinion as to how correct they may be in their appraisals when they report that there is wide fear, hunger and breakdown in morale in Germany. Some of them even went so far as to say that if the bombings of Germany by the American 8th Air Force and the RAF could be continued at the terrific pace of last September, the German end will come by Christmas.

That is the kind of story the optimists want to hear. That is an opinion the conservative thinkers find hard to accept.

No matter of what school, it behooves all to think and behave as if the war were going against us and only by the most desperate energy can the situation be saved. There is no telling what reserves of strength the German people may possess. There is no telling whether they may not be bolstered ultimately by the bombings of their cities instead of being depressed. The British suffered terribly from bombings but it only made them the more determined. They were losing the war until a year ago at El Alamein, but they never thought of quitting. Until a fighter is down and completely out it cannot be certain that he does not still possess damaging punches or in fact have a knockout blow.

A MILLION GIRL SCOUTS IN 1944

The importance of women in the war effort is being recognized on all hands and the value of their work is being availed of widely. By the same token we must recognize the importance of the girls who in a year or a few years, (in many cases before the war has ended) will be filling a very direct and important war role.

So the observance, beginning tomorrow, of Girl Scout week has a very great interest for the American people both because of what this organization has already done for the girlhood of America and the women who are graduates from its school of splendid training, and because of what it can continue to do and what it plans to do.

There is no better testimony as to the value of this work than the cries of hundreds of communities in this country to the Girl Scouts to come to their rescue in problems that have developed for them during these war days. Communities which had no Girl Scout troops, as well as communities where the work had been permitted to lag, alike are asking the national organization to come into their communities and develop the good influences that Girl Scouting brings to young women and girls.

Today there are about 800,000 young women and girls enrolled in the movement in the United States. In Lehigh county there are 2,001, of whom 1,579 are young people, the remainder being leaders and adult sponsors. The ambition of the movement is told in the slogan "A Million Scouts in 1944."

Every community well may foster the movement because it is put to such helpful ends. In this community the girls gathered many tons of rubber when the scrap drive was in progress —certainly a task in the national and the war interest. These two thousand girls and young women gathered 5,000 lbs. of silk stockings and if any one thinks that was not a task, let him consider the almost negligible weight of a pair. In this community the girls gathered books for the National War Service, has aided the Red Cross, the United Appeal, the Child Care centers, the Lehigh County Tuberculosis society and other movements. It is an organization that works and accomplishes.

Even more important however, in the long run is the development of a splendid womanhood as is made evident in every social relation—the home, church and school—where Girl Scouts are to be found.

Lehigh county well may make its contribution to the national program, "A Million Scouts in 1944," and gain the social and material benefits that must accrue from such gain.

To achieve it however, more and more leaders are needed. That is the immediate and most pressing need. Doubtless there are several thousand girls in this community who could and would become scouts if troops were to be formed in their groups or in their immediate localities. But initially there must be leadership for Girl Scouting does not organize in the manner of gangs. It grows from the root of leadership.

Young women of this community who wish to take part in a healthy, invigorating social work can find no better place as an outlet for their energies than this work among girls in the Girl Scout movement.

League as Framework

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—Of more than passing significance is the interest which has been taken in the League of Nations covenant by various Senators during the debate on the pending Connally resolution.

Frequent references to the debate in the Senate in 1919 and 1920 concerning provisions of the league have been heard this week. Senator Taft of Ohio, Republican, has stated that he would gladly see the United States consider the League of Nations covenant as the framework for a post-war association to maintain peace. Senator Hatch of New Mexico and other Democrats have likewise paid tribute to the league covenant, pointing out that it was not the provisions of this pact but the failure of the nations to keep their pledges which resulted in World War II.

This revival of interest in the league is especially important at this time, because it tends to bring into the open two separate points of view—those who favor a world organization and those who feel that there should be first a league of victors and that other nations should be subsequently admitted over a long period of time.

Both President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill have been reported to be in favor of a four-power alliance of Great Britain, China, Russia, and the United States. The first intimation to this effect came in a magazine article last spring entitled "Roosevelt's Blueprint," written by Forrest Davis. Since that time, Prime Minister Churchill has referred to the British-American alliance idea in a public address.

Started Outpourng of Statements

A steady outpouring of speeches and statements and books from those who want a British-American alliance has developed since the "Roosevelt Blueprint" was first published. No words officially quoting President Roosevelt have been authorized, and it may well be doubted whether Mr. Roosevelt's ideas have crystallized to the point of accepting the British-American alliance as a first step. It is true that suggestions have been made to the effect that it would be a mistake to dissolve the combined chiefs of staffs of America and Britain. Also it has been stated that the idea of a British-American alliance was intended merely as a temporary measure until after the "cooling off" or transition period has passed and a world association admitting all free nations has been organized.

But American opinion is not likely to be swayed by the overzealous proponents of a British-American alliance. For one thing, the American people do not feel any more interested in "power politics" or in becoming committed to Britain's foreign policy than they were after World War I. Yet the Amercan people would join at any time with the British in any military plan for preserving world peace which would at the same time require other nations to contribute military force for that purpose.

It is not likely that any international policy force of a super-state would ever meet with congressional approval. Article 10 of the covenant of the League of Nations went as far on this point as the Congress of the United States is ever likely to go. That article committed the members of the league to consult with each other in cases of aggression involving members or non-members and to take military steps together to keep the peace. Those steps were to be taken by each nation with its own military and naval forces acting in collaboration with the armies and navies of other nations.

Would Require No More Action Than in 1940

The device is exactly that which has been followed during the present war and it has required no alliance but only an identity of interest in an approaching crisis. If a treaty embodying the words of Article 10 of the league covenant were adopted, it would place on each member nation including America and Britain the obligation to use force to maintain peace. Hence any collaboration which the United States and the British chiefs of staffs desired to consummate whenever a threat to peace appeared on the horizon would require no more action in the future than it has in the past—the President, as commander-in-chief of our Army and Navy, could function under the broad charter of the peace treaty or the new constitution or the revised covenant of the league just as he did in 1940.

The proposal to start the world peace movement by including only a league of victors means dissension among the free countries of the world especially the smaller ones. The more practicable plan is to make the organization world-wide from the start and thus mobilize world opinion behind it. The league covenant had plenty of teeth in it—moral force through mediation, economic force through boycotts, and physical force through military action. The trouble was that the work of the league was not adequately supported by member or non-member nations. A renewed determination to keep the peace is more important than the exact framework of the world organization itself.

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Interpreting War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON

The sweep of events in the global war points up this Halloween season for what is left of the dismembered Nazi-Fascist-Nipponese triple Axis with grisly specters of approaching doom.

In Russia the spirits of an army of German and satellite dead, left behind in a Nazi retreat to the Dnieper and beyond, must haunt the dreams of surviving comrades and of relatives at home with questioning as to why their blood was so ruthlessly and futilely shed. It calls out for German vengence on Hitler and Hitlerism, for their ultimate elimination from Germany as Mussolini and all he stood for was swept into the discard by the will of a war-sick Italian people.

The Axis debacle in Europe began a year ago in Africa and at Stalingrad. And now it is certainly beginning for Japan in the Pacific. While destruction of German power still stands first on the strategy books, there is every indication that in the Pacific events are shaping toward early fulfillment of the prophesy to Congress many months ago of Prime Minister Winston Churchill that the "supreme challenge" of sea power will confront Japan.

Just when, where or how the next blows will fall against the island outposts of Japan that dot the Far Pacific is closely guarded military information. But openly expressed is the hope of the experts who have planned the campaign that it will bring the main Nipponese fleet to action.

The challenge of the wide-based American-Australian assault against the southeast sector of the Japanese insular defense ring has gone ignored by the Tokyo high command. Step by step it had given ground rather than risk a major sea fight until the Rabaul anchor of the line on New Britain has been exposed to final amphibious attack to convert it into an Allied advance base.

There has been no effort to conceal preparations for a synchronized advance eastward in the center of the long Pacific line.

At which of the many Japanese-held island outposts its first surges will be aimed can only be conjectured; but it is coming.

And from the recaptured Aleutians other operations are clearly in prospect that must fill Japanese minds with haunting dread of long range air bombardment. There has been no revelation of the range and power of American super-bombers long in preparation, but it seems obvious they are primarily intended for direct attack on Japan itself and its island redoubts. They are not needed in Europe. From Britain and Central Italy the so-called "small bombers," the Flying Fortresses and Liberators of today, can now criss-cross Nazi skies.

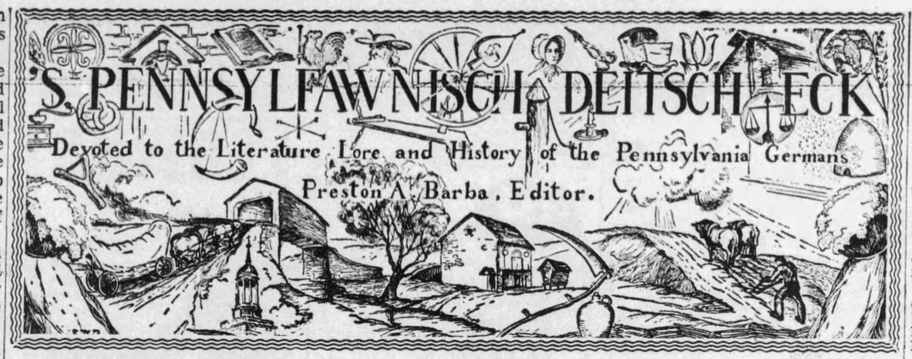
Thus, a year from the date of the Allied landings in French Africa to change the whole face of the war in Europe, the attack on Japan seems destined to be stepped up in tempo on the other side of the world.

And besides threats of eventual drives from China via Burma there is still another factor for Tokyo's contemplation in viewing the tightening Allied encirclement ring. This ring has only one real gap even now. That is northward.

Japan and Russia still are at peace; but it is a peace born only of Russian involvements in the west and Japanese over extension in the south. It is a feeble security reed for Japanese hopes to lean upon in view of Russian victories in the west and the closer integration of war effort obviously sought in the Moscow tri-partite conversations.

That Washington and London now know what to expect of Russia in the Asiatic theater, and when, is wholly probable. There can be no comfort for Tokyo in that.

Another reason why Henry is not doing so well with his studies right now is that a persimmon tree produces persimmons, not oranges.



Pennsylvania German

By DR. JOHN SUMMERS STAHR

(Delivered before the students of Franklin and Marshall College at the opening of the Spring Term, 1870. Since this is to our knowledge the earliest lecture on the Pennsylvania Germans and their dialect it will have some historical significance for our readers even though many of the facts and ideas expressed therein have since become common property.—ED.)

Continued

In this brief historical survey we have not been able to discover anything that looked like Dutch. There are only two points where the history of Pennsylvania comes at all in contact with the Dutch, and neither of these could have any bearing on the language spoken here. In the first place it is well known that the Dutch Reformed Church, acting through the classis of Amsterdam, sent Reformed ministers to the Germans in this state. But these ministers were Germans, and spoke the German language to a German people. Secondly, there were several Dutch settlements in Delaware County, and at Minisink, now Monroe County, perhaps even before the arrival of Penn; but these settlements were small, unimportant, and were either abandoned entirely, or merged into later English settlements.

It might naturally be supposed that the Pennsylvania dialect would undergo important changes during the lapse of so many years, so as to vary considerably from its original form or forms. Dialects change rapidly, particularly where there is no written language to keep them in proper bounds. The families of the same barbarous tribe may separate, and, after the lapse of one or two generations, find themselves using two different dialects, neither of which is intelligible to those who speak the other. The case becomes different however when there is a written language around which the dialects cluster, and when the district is small, and communication so frequent as in Pennsylvania, no great variation would be likely to occur. There are a number of sub-dialects, however (of which we shall take due notice at the proper place), which betray the influence of the original dialects spoken by the first settlers. We may mention here the influence of the Moravians, who taught pure High German in their schools, and hence spoke very correctly, and that of the Mennonites, who spoke a broader dialect than the others. But that the type of Pennsylvania German is South German, and that no changes of any importance, except the introduction of English words, have taken place, is put beyond all doubt by the fact that there are now dialects spoken in South Germany which not only bear a striking resemblance to Pennsylvania German, but are really almost identically the same, particularly the **Pfaelzer** diaect. Change a few vowel sounds, especially those of the modified vowels or **Umlaute ae** and **ue**, which are wanting in Pennsylvania German, eliminate English words and one or two English idioms, and you make our dialect perfectly intelligible to the **Pfaelzers**, whilst no Pennsylvania German has any difficulty in understanding them.

Pennsylvania German is a **dialect** of the German language. Hence many persons look upon it as an inferior, degenerate language, a falling away from pure German—the base daughter of a noble mother. But the relation which a dialect sustains to its literary language is not of this kind. If language in some form or other is a necessity for the reason, as all must admit, there can be nothing artificial or mechanical in its origin and growth. It is not the gift of God in such a sense that man is furnished with words for which he finds the proper ideas, and puts proper thoughts into them. Words and ideas cannot be joined in any such mechanical way. Nor does man **invent** language, so that he first has the thoughts or ideas, and then fixes upon certain sounds or words to express these ideas—sounds or words adopted by universal consent for certain specific purposes; for how could there be such a thing as consent or agreement without language as a means of communication between men? The human mind is so constituted that it cannot develop without thinking, nor can it think to any purpose without spontaneously producing words as a form wherein thought is to be enshrined. Language is therefore in one sense the gift of God. The **power** or **faculty** of language is from God; but language itself, or the expression of thought, is the spontaneous product, not the invention of the mind. Language develops with the mind; it grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength. It is modified and moulded by surrounding influences, just as the mind itself is affected in this way. Hence we find endless varieties and changes in language giving rise to different dialects, yea, even to languages which seem to be entirely different, so that many are ready to deny that they could possibly have a common origin. But the most eminent comparative philologists of our day, like Max Muller, are ready to affirm that affinities can be discovered in all languages, affinities which become more striking and significant in proportion as the field of research is enlarged. We need not hesitate therefore to claim a common origin for all languages. Taking now any particular language or class of languages, it is undoubtedly necessary to assume a starting point where the growth of languages commences, and from which it branches out in different directions. But it is not to be supposed that this starting point exhibits the highest excellence that can be attained. If humanity is historical, so also is language, for the latter gives expression to the character of the former in all stages of its development. Language therefore grows, and changes its form according to the nature and character of the people whose historical life it represents. It has to do not only with individuals, but also with communities and nations, and bears the impress of the latter no less than of the former. We can easily see how tribes and families coming from the same general stock may become separate communities, develop certain peculiarities, and yet retain common traits of character which serve as the basis again for union in a higher form as a nation. Now whilst the general is the basis or ground for the particular, we nevertheless learn to know the former through the latter. Individual tribes or families, in the history of nations, awake to self-consciousness first, and afterward they become conscious of a broader life which they possess in common with a whole nation; and it is the province of history to develop this consciousness in particular cases, binding family to family and tribe to tribe, just as it is the province of education to enlarge a man's idea of existence, and make him a citizen of the world—to break down the barriers which hedge him in at first, and make him truly **cosmopolitan**. Dialects therefore which give expression to particular phases of national life, to the peculiar life of tribes and families, precede in the order of time and the order of their development the cultivated literary languages under which they are included, just as spoken language precedes written language. It has been truly said that in every literary production we have the expression of a threefold life: national life, expressed in the general language, the life of a particular district, expressed in the dialect, and finally individual life, expressed in the peculiar style of the author. The fixed, cultivated, written language of a people binds the hearts of all together no matter how they may be divided geographically or politically, and it becomes necessary or possible only when a nation, be its limits wide or narrow, becomes fully conscious of itself, so that all the individuals included can meet upon a common basis. In the various dialects we have not so many vitiated forms of an original language, but the first, simplest, truest expression of all the elements of a nation's strength, and from them (the dialects) the literary language is formed. We find these different dialects throughout the entire history of the German nation, from the earliest period down to the present time. At the time of the Reformation, Latin was generally used as the written language of the Germans, although many different dialects were spoken. These dialects were divided into two general classes: High German, spoken in the elevated, mountainous regions of South Germany, and Low German spoken in the low, level portions of North Germany. Two dialects of the latter class have been developed into written languages, one into the English (based on Anglo-Saxon), and another into the Dutch. Luther fixed the character of modern High German by his translation of the Bible. He took the dialect of Saxony as spoken at the court of the Elector, as a standard, and through the labors of himself and his coadjutors the Bible was made to embody a language which at once rallied all the High German dialects around itself and found its way into thousands of hearts and homes.

Pennsylvania German, as a High German dialect, having its origin and history altogether seperate from the Dutch, gives expression to a particular phase of German life, moulded by the plastic hand of culture, customs, soil, climate, etc. As such it has perhaps elements of strength, advantages and excellencies not now found in the literary High German, whilst it is no doubt also deficient in many of the best traits of the cultivated High German.

It is of course impossible in our present limits to specify all the peculiarities of Pennsylvania German, so as to give an adequate idea of its form to those who are not familiar with it. We may however state a few general principles which will enable any one conversant with High German to read and understand the dialect without difficulty. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that the letters have the **South German** sound: **a** has the broad sound like the English **aw**; **st** and **sp** wherever they accur sound broad like **scht** and **schp**, etc. Secondly, letters are commuted or changed. Instead of the proper sound of the modified vowel or **Umlaut oe**, we find the sound of the German **e**, or the English **a**, and instead of **ue** we find **ie** or **i** equivalent to the English **i** in **machine**, or the same shortened as in **pin**. Instead of the proper sound of **eu**, we have the German **ei** or the English **i**. Instead of **au**, particularly when it undergoes modification in inflections, we have broad **a** or **aa** in the unmodified, and **ae** in the modified form. Thus we have **Baam** for **Baum**, and **Baem** for **Baeume**, **laafe** for **laufen**, and **laaft** for **laeuft** (pronounce loift). The diphthong **ei** is often changed into long **e**; thus for **Stein** we have **Stee**; for **Bein, Bee**; for **Eid** we have **Eed**, for **Leid, Leed**. A is often changed into **o**, as **Johr** for **Jahr, Hoor**, for **Haar**; **i** is changed into **e** as **werd** for **wird, Hert** for **Hirt**, etc. Consonants are also frequently changed; **b** into **w, p** into **b, t** into **d**, etc. Thirdly, words are shortened by dropping the terminations, especially **n** of the infinitive, or generally after **e**. Prefixes are frequently contracted, so also compounded words. Thus instead of **werden, folgen, fangen**, we have **werre, folge, fange**; **einmal** becomes **emol, nicht mehr, nimme**, etc. Fourthly, the Pennsylvania dialect uses H.G. words in a different sense. Thus for **Pferd**, horse, we have **Gaul** which in H.G. means a heavy, farm-horse or an old horse; **gleiche** from the H.G. **gleichen**, to resemble, to be like, means in the Pennsylvania dialect to like, to be pleased with; **gucke** from H.G. **gucken**, to peep, to pry, means to look. Finally, we find English words introduced in their full form, either with or without German prefixes and modifications; e.g. **Store, Rules, Capers, Circumstances; traevele, staerte, fixe, fighte.** This is an element of weakness in the dialect, or in those who use it, but it also helps to bring prominently into view the flexibility of the German language.

If we examine the inflection of words in this dialect, we find them much simpler and less complete than in High German. Nouns have scarcely any changes of form except to distinguish singular and plural; these, wherever they exist, are the same as in H.G. One of the most striking peculiarities of the dialect is this: The genitive case is never used. To denote the idea of possession, the dative is used in connection with a possessive pronoun. Thus instead of High German **der Hut des Mannes**, we find **dem Mann sei Hut**; instead of **das Licht der Sonne, der Sunn ihr Licht.** To denote other relations, prepositions are used. The definite article is the same as in High German except that some of the sounds become so obscure as to be scarcely heard. The indefinite article is the same in the three genders nominative, **en** for **ein, eine ein**; where it changes in the other cases, it follows the analogy of High German. Demonstratives and other adjectives are regularly declined except in the genitive; the neuter terminations are frequently dropped. The definite article is used for **dieser, diese, dieses,** and **seller, selle, sell**, for **jener, jene, jenes.** The adverb **wo** is used instead of the relatives **welcher, welche, welches.** Another peculiarity of this dialect is that all these words have no separate form for the accusative masculine as in High German; the nominative form is used. In the inflection of pronouns we find for the nominative plural, first person singular, **mir**, instead of **wir.** The verb has no imperfect tense. Wherever we find either the imperfect or perfect in High German, we always have the perfect in Pennsylvania German. In other respects the verb is like the High German, except that some of the terminations are dropped. Some auxiliaries take **tt** in the second singular instead of **1st.** Thus from **wollen** we have; **Ich will, du witt, er will, mir wolle, ihr wolle, sie wolle. Haben** changes **a** into **o** in the second and third singular present; **Ich hab, du hoscht, er hot**; pl. **mir hen** (from **han, haben**), **ihr hen, sie hen.**

To Be Concluded

IN MEMORIAM

MICHAEL A. GRUBER 1855-1943

"Whatever I have accomplished, be it much or little, I have strived, as the poet put it, to live in deeds, not merely in years; in thoughts, not only in breaths; in feelings, not just in figures on a dial; and in some cases I have counted time by heart-throbs." These words Michael A. Gruber penned in a letter dated Washington, D. C., March 29, 1937 and addressed to his biographer, Donald Sellers Klopp.

The ECK pays a last tribute to the memory of this man who in his long life as teacher, mathematician, historian, genealogist, government official and dialect poet, continued to cling lovingly to his Pennsylvania German moorings.

Michael A. Gruber departed this life in Washington, D. C., on Friday, October 15, 1943, aged 88 years, 5 months and 21 days. Services were held on Wednesday, October 20 at Wernersville with interment in St. Daniel's cemetery at Robesonia, Pa.

His earlier dialect poetry in which he sang of his ancestral North Heidelberg Township in Berks County appeared in the Pennsylvania German Magazine. Many of these as well as other unpublished and later poems have appeared in the ECK. Some years ago Mr. Gruber sent us manuscript poems and mathematical and historical studies to be deposited in the library of Muhlenberg College of which he was a distinguished aluminus, having graduated as first honor man with the class of 1877.

His wishes to spend his last days amid the scenes of his boyhood were not to be fulfilled. These wishes were tenderly expressed in the following hitherto unpublished verses:

EE DAAG

Nord Heidelberg, ich kumm zurick ee Daag,
Die Hiwwle un die Daehler widder sehne;
Die alt Heemet b'suche, wu schteht hoch, dick un breed
Der hunnert-yaahr-alt Wasserpitschebaam.
Un vum Brunne dart im Keller mei Darscht zu lesche;
Zu heere wie der Biwwi so freehlich singt,
Wie gege Owet das Bartriesel peift un ruft,
Un wie die Gillerie so yachtich sin;
Die Schpeckmeis un die Schwalme watsche fliege
Als owets wie's am duschber warre iss;
Die kiehl Luft schpiere unnich em Eechebaam
Im Busch im Hiwwelfeld, wu ich als Sunndaags
In der Summerzeit im Schatte hab geruhgt
Gans unbekimmert un vun Sorge frei,
Nord Heidelberg, ich kumm dich widder sehne;
Ich hab gelebt so wie viel ann're Leit,
Deel Daage gut un ann're net zum beschte;
Doch will ich noch eemol ohne Sorge ruhge
Im Schatte unnich em grosse Eechebaam,
Wann ich's im Zeitvertreib so mache kann.
Awwer wann es mir in sellem net gelingt,
Dann kumm ich doch, Nord Heidelberg, zu finne
Die Ecke wu die wilde Aerbeere wachse,
Un, was ich schunn so lang hab druff gewaart,
Die Freede wie ich young un sorglos waar.

During the last Christmas season the editor of the ECK received a letter from Mr. Gruber with enclosures of English and dialect verses in the writing of which the aged man had amused himself. Among them was an adaptation in abstract of Tennyson's Crossing the Bar. We offer it here in tribute to the man who penned it and who even in the fulness of his years therewith bears testimony to his tender attachment to the speech of his ancestors.

Sunn-Unnergang un Owetschtaern,
Un mir waerd gerufe hell un glor!
Un mag ken Yammere sei naegscht un faern,
Wann ich mol far die anner Seit abfaahr.

'S iss meeglich, dass dart niwwer Geh
Kann langsam sei un weit ausserum;
Doch hoff ich, wann ich uff die anner Seit kumm,
Dass ich G'sicht zu G'sicht var meim Erloeser schteh.

(For a detailed account see "The Life and Works of Michael A. Gruber by Donald Sellers Klopp, ECK, April 9, 16, 23 and 30, 1938).

SCHTAAB ZU SCHTAAB UN EWICHKEIT

Es macht nichs aus wie g'scheid odder dumm,
Wie hoch odder nidder, wie graad odder grumm;
Es macht nichs aus wie gut odder schlecht,
Wie gross odder glee, wie letz odder recht;
Mer wisse all, es kummt die Zeit—
Schtaab zu Schtaab un Ewichkeit!

Bischt reich odder aarm, 's macht gaar nichs aus,
Laafscht rum in der Welt odder wohnscht imme Haus;
Hoscht gut gegaemmelt odder wiescht verlore,
Hoscht lang gelebt odder sin wennich die Yohre;
Mer sel ae wie's geht uff alle Seite—
Schtaab zu Schtaab un Ewichkeit!

Ferwas des Heile un drauriche Sache?
Laerne wie zu lewe un viel Wese zu mache?
'S geht Erd zu Erd; 's iss selleweg g'schriwwe;
Uff daere Welt iss noch niemand gebliwwe;
'S iss net zu verennere; es kummt die Zeit—
Schtaab zu Schtaab un Ewichkeit!

(An unpublished poem by Michael A. Gruber written about 1933)

Deaths of a Day

ELNORA E. BREY

Elnora Elizabeth Brey, 132½ Hall St., died Friday at her late home. She was 54 years old.

The wife of William Brey, she was the daughter of David W. and Amelia (Heimbach) Herring. She was affiliated with several clubs, including the Ladies of the Golden Eagle, the Buffalo, the Yeoman and the Mother's club. She was a member of the Emmanuel Reformed church.

Surviving are her husband, and four children: Wilson Brey, Elizabethtown; Private Rufus Brey, Allentown; Mrs. Dorothy E. Glose, Allentown, and Mrs. Nancy Lewis, Allentown.

MRS. MARY WOLF

Mrs. Mary Ann Antlic Wolf, wife of the late John Wolf, 604 5th St., Bethlehem, died Friday afternoon at her home, following an illness of a week.

A native of Austria-Hungary, she was a member of SS. Cyrillus and Methodius church and the Nativity B. V. M. society.

Survivors are a daughter, Mrs. Mary Roebuck and a son, Joseph Wolf, of Bethlehem; eight grandchildren, and a sister, Mrs. Anna Basak, Quakertown.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 o'clock Wednesday morning from the late residence. Requiem high mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock in SS. Cyrillus and Methodius church. Interment will be made in the family plot in SS. Cyrillus and Methodius cemetery.

MRS. CATHERINE STEFANIK

Mrs. Catherine Pesola Stefanik, 1271 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, wife of Gustave Stefanik, foreman of the No. 4 machine shop of the Bethlehem Steel Co. and assessor of the 17th ward, Bethlehem, died Friday afternoon in St. Luke's hospital.

She was admitted to that institution a week ago for medical treatment. She was active in fraternal, civic, church and political organizations of the city.

Mrs. Stefanik was born in Philadelphia, a daughter of Katherine Pesola and the late Vincent Pesola.

Survivors are the mother, husband, two sons, Gustave Jr., 14, and John, aged six months; a sister, Celia Pesola and three brothers, Anthony, George and John Pesola, Bethlehem.

She was a member of the SS. Cyrillus and Methodius congregation; Holy Rosary society, Slovak Gymnastic Union, Wreath 66, National Sokols, Women's Auxiliary of the Jefferson Democratic club, Women's Democratic League and took an active part in Democratic politics in the 17th ward.

The funeral will be held on Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the late home, 1271 E. 4th St. Solemn requiem high mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock in SS. Cyrillus and Methodius church. Interment will be made in the family plot.

MRS. MARY M. BOBO

Mrs. Mary M., nee Richards, Bobo, widow of Bruce N. Bobo, died at 2:50 a. m. Friday at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bobo of 728 Lawrence St.

Surviving are four daughters and two sons: Mrs. George C. Smith, Cumberland, Md.; Mrs. Bernard Gehris, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Robert Danner, Cumberland, Md.; Mrs. Joseph Burns, Cumberland; John Bobo, Cumberland, and Bruce Bobo, Allentown. Also a sister, Mrs. Anna Grannis, North Braddock, and a brother, George Richards, Keyser, W. Va., and six grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Monday from the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Smith, 225 S. Smallwood St., with interment to follow in Queens Point cemetery, Keyser, W. Va.

MRS. EMMA SANDT

Mrs. Emma Schoener Sandt, 70, who resided with her niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Davis, 911 Reynolds St., Easton, died at 1 p.m. yesterday in Betts' hospital, where she was admitted Oct. 27, as a medical patient.

Mrs. Sandt was born in Schoenersville, a daughter of the late William and Mary Schoener.

Surviving are a brother, Peter Schoener, Philadelphia; a sister, Mrs. Mary White, of Clark Summit, and several nieces and nephews.

LYLE F. DAVENPORT

Lyle F. Davenport, 40, 552 Broadway, Bethlehem, employee of the telegraph department of the Lehigh Valley railroad, died suddenly early Friday morning of a heart attack at the residence.

An employee of the railroad for 28 years, Mr. Davenport worked as usual Thursday and when he returned home he was apparently in good health.

Born in Spencer, N. Y., August 4, 1900, he was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Davenport, and started his railroad career as a ticket agent at Ithaca, N. Y. He came to Bethlehem in 1937 to become affiliated with the telegraphic communications division.

Associated with the Railroad Telegrapher's Brotherhood, he was a member of the Methodist faith.

Survivors are his wife, Beatrice E. Besteder Davenport; two daughters, Doris and Mabel, Ithaca, N. Y.; a stepson, Raymond Griffin, at home; two stepdaughters, Mrs. Ray Sturtevant, Mrs. Glen Hartman, Oswego, N. Y.; a brother, Robert Davenport, Auburn, and three grandchildren.

Brief funeral services will be held tonight at even o'clock in the Miller funeral home, 529 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem. The body will be shipped to Sayre, Pa., where further services will be held Monday. Interment will be made in Evergreen cemetery, Spencer, N. Y.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Ferhuddelder Morya

Doh net long tzurick hen sie ow'r mohl shure 'n ferhuddelder morya kot in ra gawissna Emmauser hamet. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, die uf huddelerrei hut shun nochts g'shtart, yusht 's huts niemond ous g'funna bis moryets. Die socha worra wie des. Der dochtermon "Fats" wor owets fert, un is awenich shpote hame kumma. Woh os er wor sel wissa m'r net, ow'r mawg ferleicht sei os er aryads omma fire hous odder shunshd wor, woh sie blenty tae kot hen, un is awenich in der bux kumma. Aenicha waig, er hut sich ol recht hame g'shoft, wie wase er selwar net, ow'r is anyhow ol recht hame kumma. Dahame hut er sich noh ous, sei nocht kut aw fer ins bed, un noh ous gamocht er gang'd 's airsht noch da bawd shtub fer sich shtraila.

Now in da sama hamet sin aw noch onnerra leit os wie yusht er un sei fraw die Ruth. Sei shweiger'n die Lill is darta, 'n shwiean Arlene, odder ewwa seinra fraw ihra shweshter, un aw der Grampap Alfred. Die nocht is ol recht rum gonga, un wor net bis free da nagshda morya os aenich ebber wind grick'd hut os ebbes fon ra uf huddelerrei gawest wear darrich die nocht.

Der Grampap, woh shunshd tzeita immer shpote shloaft, wor sella moryea shun fer dawg hunna in da kich. Wie die Ruth owwa runner kumma is hut sie un ihra Mam mohl awenich tzomma gapishbert, un sin noh darrichs gons hous fom garret bis in der kaller, ow'r kens hut ken wert g'sawt. Endlich sin sie aw die lut nous un hen darta allas ous g'such'd, shier wie won sie om sucha weara fer 'n hoffa fol gold. Kens hut ow'r 'n wert gabeebs'd ferwos sie om sucha weara, un wor net bit sie widder tzurick in da kich worra, os die socha rous kumma ferwos sie om sucha weara.

Ains odder 's onner hut noh g'sawt 's kent yusht net sehna woh er sei kent. Der Grampap nadierlich hut die socha iwwer hoert, un noh gawunnert wos letz wear. Wie sie g'sawt hen sie weara om sucha fer der "Fats," sei glaider dade ol drowwa in da bed shtub leia, ow'r sie kenta nix fon ihm finna, hut der Grampap 'n seiftser galust un g'sawt, "Oh aeland is der now aw noch ferlora, des shure is 'n ferhuddelder morya."

Noh is es da onnerra bei g'falla os der alt mon long fer seinra tzeit uf wear, un hen gawunnert wos ihn so free rous gabrocht het. Er huts airsht net recht rous gawolt mit da farab, ow'r endlich g'sawt wie er moryets wocker wear werra, wot er iwwer der dom gae, won die Arlene net beim im bed gaest wear, "Un hut sie g'shtunka noch bush tae."

Die Lill hut noh grawd g'sawt, "Nay, nay Pap, duh bish'd letz, die Arlene hut die gons nocht bei mier g'shlofa, tin is shun long uf, un fert noch da arwet."

Die Lill un die Ruth hen nonner noh mohl so sheb aw gaguck'd, nonner abissel ganook'd, un sin nuf noch 'm Grampap seinra bed shtub. Un shure ganunk won sie der ferlora "Fats" net g'funna hen. Darta hut er ols noch galaiga, midda im Grampap seim bed, g'shlofa os er g'shnarrick'sd hut.

Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa wil der "Fats" Reiss die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Blenty Druvel

Sis alla weil net 'n mensch tzu fiinna os gelt tzu wexla hut, os net ae tzeit odder die onner druvel kot hut mit da weissa shtawlna centa os rum sin. Die sawg wor, sie dada glei shwartz werra, ow'r sheind wie won sie shure 'n lot druvel mocha kenta bis sie ihra farab mohl ferlaigla dada. Da onner owet hen m'r gablauder'd mit ma trolley konductor, un woh uns fertzailt hut fom fiela druvel os er shun kotta hut darrich die neia centa.

M'r sin ins gablauder kumma wie 'n mon 'm hee garaich'd hut wos er gamaint hut wear fuftzae cent—'n finf cent unna tzaea cent shtick fer sei fare un ra fraw ihra fare, die Hamilton shtross nunner. In blotz fons tzaea cent shtick ow'r tzaea cent sei, wors yusht 'n cent, un hut der mon tzurick garufa fer 'm sei faller weissa. Er hut awenich gabrumm'ld, g'sawt er het gamaint 's wear tzaea cent, der cent kanumma un 'm 'n tzaea cent shtick

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Opinion is like a pendulum and obeys the same law. If it goes past the centre of gravity on one side, it must go a like distance on the other; and it is only after a certain time that it finds the true point at which it can remain at rest.
—Schopenhauer.

GETTING READY FOR '44 VICTORY GARDENS

Estimates are that the Victory gardeners of the United States produced food crops during the summer and autumn that were worth a billion and a quarter dollars. While the figure is purely an estimate in the very nature of things and while that estimate may be high, importance lies not in the mathematics of the matter but in the effect which these crops have had upon the domestic economy.

Without a doubt millions of people saved money and had more and better food to eat during the summer than if they had left vast acres untilled. Furthermore vast numbers of people can boast the largest and best array of food in their larders that they ever have known It is stored there for the cold months of the year and represents the surplus of their gardens. That food is like money on deposit in bank and it can be drawn upon without long advance notice and without the issuance of a check. It is the home grocery with a self-service system and no ration points required. It is a family's personal insurance against the probability of shortages in many lines of food this year.

Now almost without a doubt the war is going to continue for considerable time. "The-war-will-be-over-by-Christmas"—folks are seeing the weeks slipping by and their hunch has to work in only seven weeks or prove to have been a poor hunch. A more reliable hunch and one to follow is that the war is going to drag on for some years. Operating on that hunch the Victory gardeners of this year may well lay their plans at an early date for bigger and better operation of gardens next year. They will do well to follow the practice of the farmer who during the winter is already planning for the crops of next year and even for years beyond that. Intelligent advance planning and employment of good practices for the soil will bring those desired bigger and better crops next year.

DOGS PROVE VALUE IN WAR

It has been reported that in preparation for their great war of conquest the Germans, among many other things, trained dogs by the tens of thousands for use in patrol, sentry and attack work. Some of the figures given out undoubtedly are fabulous but the real number must be considerable.

Evidencing the unpreparedness of the United States for the war is the fact that while during World War No. 1 the value of dogs in warfare was thoroughly demonstrated, the United States did not send trained dogs into action until the campaign in Sicily. Up to that time the Army apparently did not have trained animals for the performance of the duties that dogs can perform so quietly, so speedily and so effectively.

Now the Marines report that in their landing at Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville island last week a platoon of 24 dogs, divided into scouts, messengers and first-aid workers was employed while the fighting men were getting "everything well in hand."

All this will be pleasing to the many men throughout the United States who initially did so much to get this program moving. In this city it will be satisfactory to that group of Kiwanians who daily for months put dogs for defense through their paces in primary training, after which they were turned over to the Coast Guard for their high school and college courses.

Today there are thousands of dogs in the advanced stages of training at three Army centers. Several hundred dogs graduate every week, to be sent to the fighting front. When they get there they can be depended upon to protect the lives of their masters from skulking foes and even from open attack. They are going to be a great asset in the jungle warfare that will have to be fought against the Japs.

The pity is that we did not have many of them in the earliest stages of the war. We did not have them because as a nation we believed we could keep out of world conflict. We did not wish to fight and we did not in this, as in other matters, prepare for what we now realize was the inevitable.

A FARM FOR THE CARDINALS

While there are some disadvantages for a baseball club that is a "farm" for a major league organization, there are a lot of compensating advantages which will accrue to this city's professional team if the St. Louis Cardinals take it over and make it a part of the most extensive chain of baseball proving grounds in the country.

If the Allentown team is to be a farm for any club then certainly the fans will be happy that that club is one with consistently good performance. It is rather nice to be tied up with the top-notchers if you cannot be a top-notcher yourself.

A lot of business details have to be worked out before the arrangements can be completed but the prospects are good that a lot of young Red-Birds will be cheeping on the Allentown diamond next summer, all with their eyes glued upon perches in one of the best clubs in the country.

4-F MEN IN 1-A MUFTI

Since the beginning of the war the United States Army has honorably discharged more than half a million men as unfit for service for any or a number of important reasons. Physical handicaps, injuries, over-age have done most to send these men back into their communities. Practically all, it is to be presumed, have gone into productive effort of some kind. Many must look like 1-A men although mufti in fact conceals the 4-F men.

So while one may often be prompted to wonder why this or that big, strong, and apparently able-bodied young fellow still is walking around the community and is not in the Army or Navy a search for the answer may be aided by this information.

The draft boards are not passing up good material. In fact, as the above figures show, they have been scraping the bottom of the barrel so thoroughly that they have come up with half a million men whom the services found to be liabilities instead of assets. In fact some draft boards have scraped the bottom so clean that a current, popular remark is: "They take 'em if the body is still warm."

Big Victory for Miners

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5—John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers union have won the biggest victory ever won by organized labor through the use of the strike weapon. They have defeated the government itself by means of threats, wildcat strikes and walkouts, and after a period of about six or seven months have gotten approximately $1.50 per day in wage increases as compared with $2 in their original demands.

The Roosevelt administration has been outmaneuvered and beaten by tactics that now constitute an open invitation to other labor unions to do likewise. No more humiliating defeat was ever registered against any administration in the whole history of labor strife in America.

In fairness to the administration, it must be said that the need of the hour is coal production to win the war, and since the administration felt it had no other way to get coal mined except to surrender to the miners union, expediency and a feeling that in wartime the end justifies the means probably was responsible for the policy.

Humiliating Reversal

The reversal suffered by the administration is all the more humiliating because of the ignominous position in which it leaves the War Labor Board. Never heretofore has the board permitted any negotiations with a union while its men were out on strike. But the solid fuels administrator this week upset that precedent, and while the vast majority of the miners were out on strike he negotiated in government offices with the head of the miners union and consummated a wage contract which actually increased the income to the miners beyond that granted by the War Labor Board.

The justice of the merits of the miners' demands are conceded by many disinterested observers. The administration's handling of the wage problem has been bungling, and undoubtedly the miners felt they had a just grievance. But did the miners feel that the only way to get justice out of the government was to interrupt coal production in the midst of war? If so, then there is something vitally wrong with the administration's labor and wage policies, and more attention might well be given to that aspect of the problem.

No Prosecutions Under New Law

Incidentally, Congress has been treated rather cavalierly, too, by the administration. Although there is a law on the statute books, known as the Smith-Connally act, which provides jail penalties for anyone convicted of instigating a strike when the employer's property has been seized by the government, no steps were taken by the Department of Justice to prosecute persons responsible for preventing miners from going back to work when the President appealed to them last week to do so.

Thus has the Smith-Connally law been made a dead-letter by the executive branch of the government, and after what has been done in this case, it would be difficult to justify its use against any other unions which choose to strike and ignore the President's appeal.

But the individual miners are not to blame. Every one of them would risk being black-listed in the union. The miners have a closed shop. Nobody but union men can be hired, and none who break union rules by disobeying orders can remain a member of the union.

Roosevelt Strengthened Unions

It was President Roosevelt who made it possible for John Lewis to strengthen the closed shop throughout the coal industry. It will be recalled that just before Pearl Harbor, Mr. Lewis and the miners union called a big strike and demanded the closed shop in the so-called "captive coal mines" in the steel industry. The President declared that neither the Executive nor the Congress would sanction a closed shop. Then an arbitrator was appointed from the government service and forced on the employers. He took leave of absence long enough to decide the case, and it was, of course, in favor of the closed shop. This record has risen up to plague the administration. For, having imposed closed-shop conditions, it could not appeal persuasively over the heads of union to the rank and file of the miners.

The President has bungled labor policy. Congress shares the responsibility with him, though there are courageous individuals like Senator Byrd, Democrat, who in a public statement has called on the President to enforce the Smith-Connally law and prosecute the leaders of the coal strike. He says he was informed by the interior department that in the present strike alone ten million tons of bituminous coal production has been lost.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Tom Dewey won the election in New York State on Tuesday. He was the issue. No one could have any objection to either the Republican or Democratic candidates for lieutenant governor. The issue then settled down to the simple question of an edorsement of the administration of Tom Dewey by the citizens of his state.

Politicians called this election a horse-race, by which they conveyed that it was not in the bag and that either Hanley or Haskell might win. Nobody anticipated any such vote as Hanley got. The answer is that the people of this country vote quite differently from the anticipations of the politicians. If only the bosses would provide better candidates, the voters would do an excellent job. General Haskell's defeat is no reflection upon that worthy citizen; it is a recognition that New York respects and supports Tom Dewey and has no intention of messing up his administration.

Dewey Outstanding Candidate

From the standpoint of national politics, this decision makes Tom Dewey the outstanding candidate for the Republican nomination for President. It does not make the slightest difference what Tom Dewey says or how often he repeats his determination not to run. No man can refuse the nomination for the presidency if it comes to him. He may not seek the nomination but if it comes, he must take it or admit to the political cowardice of not daring to risk defeat. Tom Dewey will take the nomination—and I am for cutting out here and now all the silly baby talk on the subject.

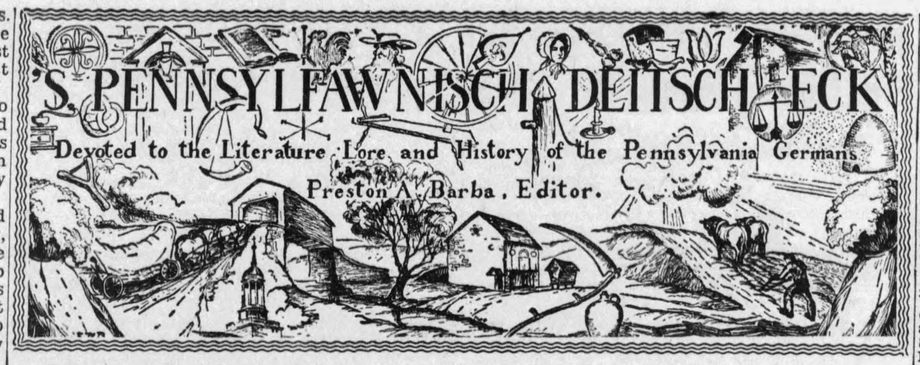
This election blankets the chances of Wendell Willkie who cannot be nominated without the votes of the New York delegation. As things stand now he cannot have New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois under any circumstances. Without them, his position is hopeless. Willkie adherents have been maneuvering in New York City politics to take advantage of Tom Dewey's lethargy in making political appointments, hoping to split the New York delegation to the Republican convention, and their maneuvers were meeting with some receptivity, for there is an awful hunger among Republicans for jobs and Tom Dewey is a slow feeder. At this stage, any professional Republican politician in this state—the kind that compose delegations to national conventions—who makes a false move is a dead dodo because he is not likely to get to the convention even as a badge wearing sergeant-at-arms. The size of the Hanley vote tells the professional that Tom Dwey has strength among the people, outside his own party. They read the handwriting on the wall which says, "The old boy will pick and choose his own delegation."

Willkie Gets Little Credit

Willkie stepped into the New York and New Jersey campaigns to re-establish party regularity which he lost in 1942 by going on a "One World" junket when he should have been around as the titular leader helping the boys get in. Had either Hanley in New York or Edge in New Jersey slipped in by a shave, Willkie could have said that his participation made the difference. Actually, the candidates ran so far ahead of expectations that Mr. Willkie's couple of speeches cannot be given enough credit to make any difference. It was nice of him to be around, however.

Mayor Hague of New Jersey in this election tied with the Communists and they were supposed to deliver the "liberal" and "labor" votes. They fell behind everywhere, even in the Hague dominated counties. Tammany Hall is on the rocks. Flynn of the Bronx is in trouble for supporting Matthew Levy of the American Labor Party, who was defeated, instead of a Democrat. The American Labor Party showed badly. In normal years, it has been ablt to blackmail the Republican and Democratic Party for endorsement by offering 450,000 assured votes. The theory was that the A. L. P. could deliver rain or shine, good year or off year. With some districts missing, it looks as though the A. L. P. total will be about 325,000 this year. In a word, the A. L. P. is slipping and in two elections now, the Republicans have come home with A. L. P. curses at their heels. So that's that.

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Pennsylvania German

By DR. JOHN SUMMERS STAHR

(Delivered before the students of Franklin and Marshall College at the opening of the Spring Term, 1870. Since this is to our knowledge the earliest lecture on the Pennsylvania Germans and their dialect it will have some historical significance for our readers even though many of the facts and ideas expressed therein have since become common property.—ED.)

(Conclusion)

There are variations in the Pennsylvania dialect as spoken in different parts of the state. "Joseph Henry" in the "Guardian" (March, 1868) says: "It (Pennsylvania German) may now be said to consist of at least three plainly marked sub-dialects. One of these is principally spoken in Eastern Pennsylvania; the second, west of the Schuylkill; and the third among the lesser German sects in Lancaster County and elsewhere. The last mentioned sub-dialect is most unlike the others, and may at once be distinguished by its peculiar drawl." The idiom of Eastern Pennsylvania is purest and comes nearest to High German, whilst that of Lancaster County is broader and deviates most. Here no doubt the native dialects of the first immigrants make themselves felt so as to produce these variations although the mode of life, and the surroundings of the people also have a tendency to influence their language.

There are two ways of writing Pennsylvania German. Some scholars maintain that the orthography ought to conform as nearly as possible to the High German, whilst others aim only at representing the sounds of words, and hence incline to the English sounds of letters. The former of course is preferable so long as we pretend to write German.

If we ask now, what is the literary value of Pennsylvania German? it is not difficult to find an answer. As its construction is simpler and less involved, and its words shorter, it is, of course, more fluent than High German. It flows easily and naturally, so that it seems to be the easiest thing in the world to talk, on the part of Pennsylvania Germans, whilst High German is rather precise and cumbrous. The vocabularly is full so far as the ordinary topics of every day life are concerned, as one would naturally expect in a dialect. Our Pennsylvania Germans are mostly farmers, or thrifty, well-to-do people in the common walks of life. Here their dialect answers every purpose, and they have probably preserved words and constructions not now known in High German, so that it is natural even for educated men who are conversant with High German or English, to adopt this dialect in familiar intercourse when they wish to lay aside formality and restraint. But on the other hand, when the topic is literary or religious, High German answers the purpose better; for the words and terms relating to these topics have not been cultivated to the same extent. Besides this, the want of cases, and the poverty of inflections in the dialect, make High German preferable. The German is well known as one of the clearest and most precise languages in existence, capable of giving expression to every shade of meaning, and therefore unsurpassed in philosophy and theology. Here the Pennsylvania dialect is far inferior. High German may be compared to a well-trained horse, saddled and bridled, moving regularly according to the most approved principles of horsemanship; whilst Pennsylvania German reminds us of an unbridled steed careering over the fields for his own gratification in joyous freedom. High German bears us along with the stately step of the soldier in close ranks according to the **drill** of some famous sergeant, whilst Pennsylvania German allows the freedom of the **route step,** and thus puts us more at ease. The straightforwardness of the Pennsylvania Germans, their honesty and want of ceremony are all expressed in their dialect; **must** be expressed there if the principles laid down above are correct. Let it be borne in mind that these people are Germans, among whom "vows bind less than clasped hands;" people who hate hypocrisy, deceit, and pride of every kind. (If some of them have degenerated, the more's the pity.) You meet no kinder people in the world—open-hearted, cordial, hospitable—suspicious of innovations, probably too much so, but firm and true when they are won for any cause. You cannot fail to admire their character. But you must not expect great professions, ceremony, or an array of compliments; their dialect is not rich in these. You may enter their homes as they sit down to their meals, or when they are seated. You do not disturb them; they will say: **"Kumm setz' dich bei, un nemm's mit uns so gut as mer's hen;"** and if you sit down, you are welcome. Meet them at home, and you find them easy and graceful if you approach them properly; take them away from home, or try to make fine gentlemen of them all at once, to make them formally polite, and you will see as fine specimens of blundering awkwardness as you can desire. If they can overcome this **awkward** tendency, and become polished gentlemen by proper training—as they undoubtedly can—so much the better for their universality, their ability to adapt themselves to time, place, and circumstances; you could perhaps not turn so easily into their mode of life. Now, just as we find the people, so we find their language, and neither can be understood without understanding the other.

Pennsylvania German is undoubtedly also inferior to High German as regards the richness and purity of vowel and consonant sounds. If modern High German is inferior to the German of the first classical period, so far as fullness of sound and purity and distinctness of utterance are concerned, a cultivated ear very readily detects a still farther falling away in Pennsylvania German. In consequence of the vowel changes to which we have already referred, some of the best sounds of the language have been lost, and there is too little variety in those that remain. Many consonants have also lost their sharpness and distinctness, so that words no longer stand out free and clear, like coins fresh from the mint. Whatever strength there may be in the dialect this is undoubtedly an element of weakness.

But is Pennsylvania German adapted or qualified, if we may use that word, to become a cultivated literary language? We do not hesitate to answer in the negative, and yet we do wish not to be classed with those who sneer at Pennsylvania German poems, and call them mere jargon. The dialect has now its literary language—High German—and this answers every purpose, as fully as if Pennsylvania German itself were developed and exalted so as to become a literary language. It must therefore remain a dialect, but as such it is not excluded from the domain of literature. It has its office as a dialect, a work, a mission to which we have already referred. It is to give expression to a particular phase of German life, to serve as the organ or mouth-piece of feelings and states of mind which lie deeper, become more special than those expressed by High German. Philosophy, theology, and the loftier themes of poetry lie beyond its domain; but it claims, and has a right to claim, a domain of its own within which **popular songs, lyric poetry** in different forms may appear from time to time, manifesting a poetical power in the bosom of a single community which sings what is peculiar to it in strains as sweet as those in which Goethe expressed the consciousness of the whole German nation. It has always been thus. Popular songs and popular poetry are made not for the people, but by the people; whether this be done by the whole community so that poetry grows insensibly, as was the case in the first classical period of German literature or whether one individual becomes the organ of the rest, and thus expresses what all feel. It is true, the most profound work of genius, that which is most universal, is also the most special, embodies the deepest experience of the individual. But universalities may be broader or narrower; there are elements of feeling, phases of life, which appear only in a certain sphere, and these can best be expressed in particular dialects. Thus we find Scotch poetry, than which none can have charms more sweet to the native of fair Caledonia, or him who has learned to understand and appreciate this dialect. We find in German literature a Hebel and a Claudius, who labored in similar fields; and we have today Fritz Reuter and others who make use of particular dialects, and carry the hearts of the people with them, as they could in no other way. It is not surprising therefore that the attempt should be made here in America. Indeed the only wonder is that it was not made much earlier than has really been the case. Rev. Mr. Rondthaler of the Moravian Church led the way by writing an Evening Hymn: "Margets scheint die Sunn so schee," published in Schaff's **KIRSCHENFREUND** in August, 1849. At the suggestion of Dr. Schaff, Dr. Harbaugh next made the attempt, and produced "Das Schul Haus an der Krick." These poems soon became exceedingly popular, so that Dr. Harbaugh was encouraged to continue his labors, perhaps rather recreations, in this sphere, the result of which will probably soon be in our hands in a neat little volume (Note—Harbaugh's famous **HARFE** made its appearance soon after this was written.) Since the way has been opened, others have tried to court the muse with considerable success; among these we may name the Reverends Keller, Dubbs, Weiser, etc.

If any one is disposed to ridicule Pennsylvania German, to call it weak and incapable of giving expression to definite ideas, let him study Dr. Harbaugh's "Schul Haus an der Krick"; he will perhaps find more descriptive power, and greater beauty of expression than he expects. Or take the poem called "Heemweh," which we consider equal if not superior to the former. There are few descriptions in any language so touchingly beautiful, and so simple withal, as the stanzas in which Dr. Harbaugh describes his father and mother, the former sitting on the porch meditating, the latter as she stood at the railing looking after him with tears when he first left home. And how could he better have described hiw own feelings when, after his parents were dead and buried, he came back to visit the old homestead, and stood before the house hesitating whether to ge in or not, than in lines like the following:

Ich wees net, soll ich nei' ins Haus,
Ich zitter an der Dheer!
Es is wol alles voll inseid,
Un doch is alles leer!
'S is net mei Heemet wie's mol war,
Un kann's ah nimme sei';
Was 'naus mit unsere Eltere geht
Kommt ewig nimme nei'!
Die Freide hot der Dod geernt,
Das Trauerdheel is mei'!

So geht's in dere rauhe Welt,
Wo alles muss vergeh!
Ja, in der alte Heemet gar,
Fiehlt mer sich all allee'!
O, wann's net for der Himmel waer,
Mit seiner scheene Ruh,
Dann waer mer's do schun lang verleedt,
Ich wisst net was zu dhu,
Doch Hoffnung leichtet meinen Weg
Der ew'gen Heemet zu.

If Josh Billings and Hans Breitman with their corrupt and mongrel English serve to amuse, and are said to be not without merit by persons who ought to be critics—if these productions, the language and orthography of which are very often **made up** to serve a purpose, may exhibit certain phases of American life, and thus have some literary value, how much more is this the case with our Pennsylvania German poems? Here every word, to Pennsylvania Germans, is a "sound from home", every description a vivid picture, every expression strikes a chord in the soul that thrills every nerve, and the echoes of which haunt the spirit long after the sound itself had died away. But here the mission of Pennsylvania German comes to an end. Let it be content in its own sphere, proud of its relation to High German, modestly directing to **that** domain, where German genius has been active for so many centuries, all who wish to become acquainted with German life, German culture and German literature.

Die bescht Zeit vum Yohr

Zu deel Leit iss es der Winter,
Un des iss ihr greesschte Freed.
Wann der Schnee deckt Busch un Felder
Gleich wie mit me weisse Kleed.

Sie hen net ganz so viel Aerwet
Un sitzen im waarme Haus;
Sie gleiche zu faahre im Schlitte
An die Parties aryets draus.

Zu deel Leit iss es im Friehyohr,
Wann unsre alt Aerd uffweckt;
Wann Baem un alles mitnanner
Sin ganz mit Blumme bedeckt.

Wann Sach widder aafangt wachse
Un guckt so frisch un so schee;
Un Feggel sin widder am Singe
Un Ieme brummen in Klee.

Zu annre iss es der Summer
Mit Daage so gliedich heess,
Mer kann sich schier gaar net richte,
Un's macht em grittlich un bees.

Die denken yuscht an die Aernzeit
Vun Weeze un all so Frucht;
Annre—Vacations un Picknicks,
Wu gute Zeite mer sucht.

Doch loss mich dir Schpotyohr rote
Far die beschte Zeit vum Yohr;
Do kummt die Obscht un dergleiche,
Un Daage so schee un klor.

Die Hitz iss nau dann vergange,
Die Sootfrucht geht in der Grund;
Do sin die Haase so wusslich
Un Grundsei sin fett un rund.

Yuscht guck selli Ebbel henke,
Beere so schee wie'n Gedicht;
Die Keschte in ihre legle,
Die lachen em recht ins G'sicht.

Yuscht sehn mol all selli Farwe,
Geel, brau un rot wie Blut;
Yuscht Gott kann so'n Pickter mache,
Un alles Er duht iss gut.

Un ich will eich net verschrecke,
Doch iss 's waahr as ich saag—
'S iss en Beischpiel vun unserm Lewe
Druff zu denke alle Daag.

Die Friehyohrszeit iss die Yugend,
Do waar'n mir munter un frei;
In Summerszeit waar die Aerwet
Mit Schwitz un Sorge debei.

Un nau kummt's Schpotyohr vum Lewe,
Die Haar sin g'schtreemt mit gro;
'S iss die bescht Zeit vun de Yohre,
Vun all die Zeit mir sin do.

Die Aerwet iss ball veriwwer,
Die beese Daage verbei;
Mer schteht wie der Bauer un rechelt,
Was Profit sett unser sei.

Die Kinner sin uffgewachse
Un naus gange in die Welt;
Mer daet die Gedechtnis vun ihne
Net gewwe far eenich Geld.

Mer denkt z'rick iwwer die Yohre,
Iwwer Sorg un Angscht un Freed;
Nau un dann waar'n verleicht paar Draene,
Un alsemol waar's em leed.

Doch darcheweck iss des Lewe
Genehm wu deel Friede iss;
Un manche Segen waar'n unser,
Wu waar'n net verdient, gewiss.

Zu g'schwind iss der Winter uff uns—
Der Dot, wie Schnee, deckt uns zu;
Un wie die Aerd gehn mer schlofe
In unser ewiche Ruh.

21 Oktower 1941 RALPH S. FUNK

MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE AND JOHN

Matthaeus, Markus, Lukas, Johannes,
Die segne mei Bett, en yeder der kann es;
Vier Ecke hot's Bett, vier Schtolle die's hewe
Un iwwer meim Kopp, vier Engel die schwewe;
Eener fer bede un eener fer singe,
Zwee fer mei Seel in der Himmel zu bringe.

JACK SPRATT

Der Johnnie Keck esst gaar ken Schpeck,
Sei Fraa kann 's Fett verdraage;
So waerd der Deller sauwer g'schleckt
Un kens hot nichs zu glaage.

Der Johnnie Keck, er faahrt die Fraa
Verbei am diefe Graawe;
Des Schubkaerrichfaahre schteht re aa,
Er kennt sie doch net draage.

Uff eemol schmeisst der Schubkaerrich um,
's iss alles uff me Haufe;
Die Kecks 'n leit im Graawe drin,
Er meent sie daet versaufe.

Er schtellt der Schubkaerrich schee zurecht,
Noh will er nooch re gucke;
Do kummt sie schunn zum Graaawe raus,
Der Graawe waar yo drucke.

Hush-a-bye, Baby, in the Tree Top

Schockel mei Bobbel, im Gippel vum Baam,
Do wankelt un wiegelt mei Bobbel im Draam;
Doch breche die Nescht, kummt alles zum Fall,
Un runner kummt Schockel un Bobbel un all.

—Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

Deaths of a Day

MRS. EMMA J. SMITH

Mrs. Emma J. Smith, aged 80, widow of Milton J. Smith, Kunkletown, died at her home Thursday at 10 p. m. Her husband preceded her in death four years ago. She was a lifelong resident of Monroe county, a daughter of the late Jonas and Sarah George Frantz. She was a member of the Reformed wing of St. Matthew's Union church, Kunkletown.

She is survived by two sons, Charles A. Smith, Palmerton R. 2, and John W. Smith, Kunkeltown, by 14 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren; also by two brothers, Jacob Frantz, Saylorsburg R. 1, and John Frantz, Easton R. 2.

Funeral services will be held at her late home in Kunkeltown at 2 p. m. Sunday, followed by services in St. Matthew's Union church, Kunkeltown. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Rev. Adam Bohner will officiate.

FRANCIS P. MOLL

Francis Peter Moll, 60, Oakland, Allentown R. 6, was stricken with a heart attack while eating lunch shortly before 1 p. m. Friday in the Farmington grill, near Stahlnecker's Crossing, and died before medical aid could be summoned.

Mr. Moll, a life long resident of the area, had been employed since the First World War as a blacksmith in the central tool department, Bethlehem Steel Co.

He was born July 2, 1877, in Lower Saucon township, a son of the late Peter and Amelia nee Grube Moll and was a member of the Friedensville Reformed church.

There survive his wife, Lillian, nee Henry, Moll; two daughters, Mrs. Edwin S. Snydeman, Allentown R. 60, and Mrs. Ella Bealer, Center Valley; two sons, Harry, Northampton, and William, Bethlehem; three brothers, Peter, Bethlehem; William, Seidersville, and John, Laureldale, Pa.; also 17 grandchildren, and one great grandchild.

The funeral service will be conducted Monday, at 2 p. m. at the Templeton funeral home, 326 Main St., Hellertown, by Rev. Edwin C. Conrad, of Allentown. Interment in Hellertown Union cemetery.

EMMA C. SCHNAITMAN

Rev. Franz Posselt will officiate at services at 1:30 p. m. Monday at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., for Emma C. Schnaitman, 57, 529 N. Lumber St., who died Thursday in the Allentown hospital. Burial will be made in Greenwood cemetery.

Born in Allentown, a daughter of the late John and Christine T. (Rahn) Schnaitman, she had been employed for many years at the Globe store until it closed and had been in the H. Leh & Co. alteration department for the last nine years. She was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Ridge Ave. and Chew St.

A brother, William C., at home, and three sisters, Anna B., at home; Mrs. Marie (Albert B.) Hall of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Helen (Frank T.) Sterner, Allentown, survive. Her parents and a brother, John of Bangor, predeceased her.

MRS. IDA WANTZ

Mrs. Ida Wantz, 83, died at 2:10 yesterday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Walter D. Aicher, Freemansburg road at Stone's Crossing, Wilson borough. An invalid for 20 years, she had been confined to her ber since August.

Mrs. Wantz had been a member of Trinity Episcopal church for the past 50 years. At one time, she taught dancing and instructed classes in Wilson High school.

Surviving are three daughters: Mrs. H. S. Keiper, Cranford, N. J.; Blanche Wantz and Mrs. Walter D. Aicher, both of Freemansburg road; one grandchild, Mrs. N. Sewell Wyatt, Chicago, and one great-grandchild.

GEORGE M. ABEL

George M. Abel, who resided alone in a small frame structure in the 1400 block on Sumner Ave., was found lying on the floor there early yesterday afternoon and died a short time after he was removed to the Allentown hospital by police. He was in his 64th year.

Dr. Alexander M. Peters, county coroner, who viewed the body, said death was caused by a cerebral hemorrhage. There was a small wound in Abel's head, believed to have been suffered when he fell on a board from which a nail was extending. However, this injury was termed superficial.

Abel was recently taken to the hospital by police but was discharged. When he was not seen about his home yesterday, police were called and Officer Jones found him lying on the floor. Jones, with Officer Beisel who was detailed later, took Abel to the hospital.

Private funeral services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St.

He is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Anna, wife of Fred Bartlett, Coplay; Louise Abel, Norristown; Kate, wife of Gordon Weaver, Allentown; Rose, wife of Henry Neumann, Allentown, and Warren Abel, Allentown.

CHESTER A. GRIFFITH

Chester A. Griffith, who saw service with the Navy in World War I and has four brothers now in the armed forces, died in a hospital at Staten Island yesterday.

Mr. Griffith, who was 47, had resided in Staten Island for the past 25 years and was born in Alleghenyville, Berks county, a son of Isaac and Mary, nee Horning, Griffith. He was a member of the Lutheran faith.

Surviving, in addition to his parents, are his wife, Emma, nee Moyer; three children, Doris, Charles and Pauline, at home, and the following brothers; Curtis of Philadelphia, Charles of Louisiana; Ralph of Gretna Lawn, Pa.; Private Harold Griffith of Colorado; Corporal Isaac Griffith of Georgia; Private Harry Griffith of Mississippi; Lieutenant Eugene Griffith of Florida, and Howard Griffith of Montreal.

Rev. David Frederick of Bethlehem will officiate at services Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the Schofer funeral home, 107 Main St., Topton. Interment will follow in the New Jerusalem cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Woh Fail'ds

Yar woh fail'ds, os die yeager des yohr so shlecht glick hen fer hawsa un fersonta dreffa? Dale wolla bahabta 's wear weil die shuss der fergonga summer 'tzu rohr gawest weara fer marrick sheesa, un onnerra widder maina, die alta shuss fon onnerra yohra woh fiel yusa weara nix nutz. Wei aenicha waig, m'r hoert dale arya erfohringa, un dada arrick gleicha tzu fertzaila fon etlicha g'shichta os uns doh in kartz'm fertzailt sin werra. Ow'r wons rous kaimt os yaeger, un woh net mit nonner drous worra yawga, yaderer 'n gonsie box shuss fershossa het in aim farmie dawg, un anyhow nix grick'd, maichda dale onnerra 's na gross ordich ferdenka. Yar, 's maich'd g'sawt werra so shitz wista net wie hous tzu halta mit ihra shuss, un dada sie besser ebber shunshd gewwa os kennie het, un dreffa kent. M'r hen ae shitz hoerra sawga, 's wear miner sex 'n sind unna shond fer shuss wie sei ferflatcha un wie er g'frok'd is werra wos fer glick os er des yohr shun kot het yawga, hut er abissel g'shtzut un g'sawt, "Wel, ich hob so weit aw noch nixt grick'd ow'r denk my shuss sin tzu alt."

Feralters sin die shuss net gablaim'd werra won ebbes net dreffa hut kenna, noh huts glei k'haisa, ebber het 'm 's fire ganumma. Fiel leit worra g'sholda sel tzu duh kenna, un wie aw der fol sei hut solla on ra shuttlematch drowwa in da Kresgeville gagend. Ainer fon da shitz on da match, wor niemond shusnhd os die der Peter Savitz now shun long dote, un woh net yusht 'n gutie flint kot hut, ow'r aw 'n iwwer rouser guter shitz wor. 'S habt on da shuttlematch wor 'n wunnerborer grosser welshhawna, un woh yaders garn kotta het.

Wie sie shtarta hen sheesa fer der gross hawna, hut der Peter uf kours aw mit g'shossa, un 'n aim hoar grick'd mit 'm airshda shuss. Eb er ow'r widder sheesa hut kenna, is 'n kerl kumma, un hut shtarta blauderra mit 'm Peter, un gawunnert., "Pit, kent ich dei flint mohl sehna?" Der Peter hut 'm sei flint onna garaich'd, un der kerl unna aenich ebbes sawga, hut der lawf nunner gaguck'd un 'm "Pit" die flint tzurick garaich'd.

Fon dart ob hut der Peter yusht nix may dreffa kenna, 's harbert eb er 'n shire door dreffa het kenna won er bol dawedder g'shtonna het. Der Peter hut yusht net sehna kenna wohs faila dade, un wor net bis ebber gawunnert hut eb er net ferleicht denka dade seler kerl os 'm der lawf nunner gaguck'd het, het 'm 's fire ganumma. Er hut noh aw gamaind 's maich'd ferleicht ebbes on da soch sei, un hut ma freind sei flint galain'd fer sheesa fon darta ob. Un glawwas odder net, ow'r so wie die barichda ol die yohra runner kumma, hut er der airsht shuss, centre sarwer nei g'shossa, un der gross welshhawna gawunna mit ra galainda flint.

So wies uns fohr kumt maichds ferleicht ken shlechter blawn sei, won dale fon da yeager os nix dreffa kenna mohl flinta wexla dada. Ferol os m'r wase, hut ma aw ebber der lawf nunner gaguck'd, odder die flinta os sie yusa sheesa net dote. 'S wor ols 'n sawg, 'n flint os 'n rotering farna um der lawf rumm tziega dade noch 'm shuss, wear 'n flint os blute tziega dade, un won net, dade sie net dote sheesa. Sel maich'd aw ferleicht ebbes sei fer mohl druf uf checka, ow'r glawwa doch selwar os die recht ontwert fer nix dreffa, in noch so ra alta g'shlicht leia mawg, os ols fertzailt is werra drowwa on Rising Sun rum.

'Nn shoemacher hut mohl ainer fon seina brentis nunner ins welshkern feld g'shick'd mit seinra alta mushkate, fer harra-fegel sheesa os na 's welshkern garubb'd hen. Der shoemacher hut die flint galawda, un der brentis wor ols net may wie drunna im feld bis es gagroch'd hut. Alla mohl os er ow'r tzurick kumma is, un der shoemacher hut gawunnert, "Wel hosh'd 'n grick'd," huts k'haisa, "Nay ich hob net, er is fert g'floga."

Endlich hut der shoemacher mohl gawunnert, "Wel, won duh sheesh'd, wos dush'd, weiss m'r mohl."

"Ei, ich habs ewwa die flint nous un drick ob," hut der brentis g'sawt, "ow'r die fegel falla net."

"Yar, des denk ich wol os sie net falla," hut der shoemacher g'sawt, un 'm brentis der glae gnub gawissa farna uf 'm flinta lawf, un 'm ous galaig'd wie er tziehla mist owwa iwwer der lawf nous, eb es ob dricka dade. Der brentis hut noh mohl wenich rum har gatziehlt, der shoemacher hut 'm nocha mohl galawda, un is widder nunner ins welshkern shtick. Glei huts widder gagroch'd, un wie der brentis tzurick kumma is, hut er 'n alter harra-fogel om fliegel kot. So maichds ferleicht ken shlechter blawn sei, won dale fon da shitz os ken glick hen fer dreffa aw mohl airsht larna dada fer tziehla, eb sie sheesa. Won sie dada, weara 'n lot fon da alta shuss os sie hen, ferleicht noch 'n lot m

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Yet is not death the great adventure still,
And is it all loss to set ship clean anew,
When heart is young and life an eagle poised?
—Flecker.

GRIEF OVER LOSS OF FAVORITE SON

Like the grief of a family upon losing a beloved son is the grief of this community at the passing of Judge-elect Joseph E. Gehringer.

Although the community's eye of imagination had been riveted constantly for weeks upon a sick-bed in the Sacred Heart hospital and report was progressively discouraging until it became almost hopeless, the end when it came yesterday stunned and shocked all as no loss to the community in years has done.

The many thousands of people, who had expressed their interest and belief in the high character and personality of a man through the medium of the ballot both at the primary elections in September and then at the municipal elections but eleven days ago, knew that they had lost their admired leader and in many cases a close and very dear friend. All knew that a man they had deeply esteemed and respected throughout all the years of a comparatively brief but highly eventful public life had gone from the community forever. And all, regardless of political convictions or agreement with Mr. Gehringer, could not but be saddened by an end so tragic and so apparently untimely, especially since it followed so closely upon the heels of two such outstanding expressions of public commendation and esteem as the recent elections provided.

Political campaigns often are referred to as battles and like the battles in armed warfare they have their casualties. The two recent campaigns in this county were truthfully battles and in both Mr. Gehringer was the foremost protagonist. He was the target of the severest political attacks, first on the part of phalanxes of his own party and then of the hosts of his political opponents. His strength overcame all these opponents, while darts hurled maliciously merely glanced from the armor of his character and reputation.

His were splendid victories, the climax to an unbroken string of victories and successes in everything that he had undertaken. But the achievement thereof had taxed the strength of one never robust. Though he had the heart of a lion and a powerful will, the last battle was fought against losing odds because it was one against forces more powerful than anything that man knows.

The people of the county had chosen Joseph E. Gehringer for the highest honor that they can bestow. They had confidently expected a career for him upon the bench that would have been marked by justice and wisdom, a career that would honor himself and the community. But death has ended all this. A brief but brilliant career has ended and an entire community deeply grieves.

ROADS TO BERLIN, TOKIO LONG AND HARD

The U. S. Army Intelligence Service must perforce be an organization of realists and not dreamers and wishful thinkers. It strives to secure facts and not to shape facts to fit desires.

So, while the Army Intelligence Service undoubtedly wants to see the war won as quickly as anybody else, it refuses to play with the facts as it has found them. It refuses to tell the American people that the war "is as good as won, that it will be over by Christmas" or any other such nonsense that is so much indulged.

Instead the Army is telling the American people in the plainest and simplest words possible that the war is likely to last a long time for the simple reason that Germany and Japan still are very strong in every way and have a tremendous advantage as to position.

Originally the Army gave the information which it had collected to a secret session of a committee of the House of Representatives. It has been deemed wise now to tell the American people who in too many instances and in too many ways are relaxing upon their jobs in the all-out and all-inclusive job that is modern warfare.

Germany, according to this report from General George V. Strong, acting chief of Army Intelligence, still has more than 300 well-trained divisions or 4,500,000 men. She has 35,000,000 persons in essential war industries compared with only 23,000,000 in 1939 when she began the war. Her food supplies are better than in the last war and she has more than enough oil for her war machine in spite of damage to the Rumanian oil fields. She has turned up a lot of new, dangerous weapons and her subs continue to be a serious menace that at any time may seriously disrupt our long supply lines. While the German air force is considered the weakest link in Hitler's chain about Europe, even in this line of production there was increase of 25 per cent during the first three months of 1943 and while losses have exceeded production, the program of attrition must be continued or even increased if the war is to be won. Even though large industrial centers have been wiped out, war production has been continued through dispersal all over Germany which means that bombings must be extended far more widely than heretofore.

As to Japan, Strong points out that the Japs still have the main body of their large navy intact, that American forces have yet to reach the main lines of resistance, that Japanese morale is high, that the country has sufficient supplies for a long war and that geography is all in favor of that enemy, as is with Germany.

So, while the war is proceeding satisfactorily, informed opinion as to the military status of both Germany and Japan must prompt the uninformed to believe that the roads to Berlin and Tokio are long and hard ones and that it is going to take us a long, long time to get over them.

Marine Corps Glory

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12—The celebration this week of an anniversary of the founding of the Marine Corps has coincided with a courageous feat by the Marines in the Solomons—the battle against superior numbers on Bougainville island.

The episode has served to remind us of the debt which the Army and Navy and the country owes to the achievements of the Marine Corps in this war. Denied an opportunity to participate on a big scale in the North African or Mediterranean operations, the Marines have been concentrating on the Pacific, where their prowess as the greatest force of amphibious fighters in the world comes in handy during a war in which island-hopping and the capture of airfields is so vital to the ultimate victory.

Today the war against Japan is further along largely because of the fact that the Marines not only attacked but held Guadalcanal and made possible the gradual advance of our flag through the different islands of the Solomons. The United States Navy would not today have bases to store fuel and supplies for its ships, and the air forces would not have certain strategic airfields in the Solomons for use in the attack on Rabaul, if the American Marines had not fought so valiantly not only against the Japanese but against the malarial climate.

The general public probably does not realize that every gallon of oil and every pound of ammunition has to be carried from 7,000 to 10,000 miles across the Pacific and that the cargo ships and tankers must be protected by naval escorts which, in turn, consume oil and supplies, including enough to make also the return journey.

Unparalleled Assignment

To get bases established 7,000 miles or more away from continental United States has been the task of the Marines—an assignment unparalleled in the history of this country. The Marines are a self-contained unit only in the sense that they have a distinctive insignia and organization, but they are an integral part of the United States Navy. Their training and traditional spirit fits in well with the needs of an amphibious force to fight the Japanese.

The Marines are a highly trained outfit and they have their own aviation personnel and equipment, but they are taught to work with the Navy. Thus the landing operations of the Marines are always accompanied so far as possible by dive-bomber squadrons which help to clean out enemy artillery and machine-gun nests on the beaches. It will be recalled that at Salerno the Army suffered heavy losses because of the absence of dive-bombing planes to assist the ground troops.

The Army has not gone in for dive-bombing, but the Navy and the Marine Corps believe in it. As a matter of fact, in the Pacific, the Army fliers have adopted some of the Navy ideas by developing a mast-level skip-bombing technique which accomplishes some of the same purposes as dive-bombing. To strike at ships, low-level bombing has proved most effective.

Man-to-Man Combat Is Rule

The Marines, to be sure, are primarily concerned with ground operations after the landing has been made. Their principal fighting has been in the jungles where man-to-man combat has been the rule rather than the exception. The rigorous physical routine given the Marines before they are permitted to embark for Pacific bases has been especially helpful in fighting them for the jungle warfare on which the Japanese troops count so much.

A tough set of men, possessed of an indomitable spirit, resourcefulness and skill in individual combat, the Marines are not being used in the European theatre as they were in World War I only because they are being saved and trained especially for the big job that lies ahead in the Pacific.

When the time comes to take back the Philippines and The Netherlands East Indies, and when the time comes to take back some of those valuable islands in the middle of the Pacific from which we shall send heavy planes to bomb Japan some day, it will be the Marines who will do the job, protected, of course, by the battleships, cruisers, destroyers and aircraft carriers of the United States Navy.

It is no disparagement of the Army units to speak of the Marines as better qualified for amphibious operations but the fact is our military leaders planned it that way—and gave the Marines the training especially for the tasks they are fulfilling so splendidly in cleaning up the islands of the western Pacific so as to give us the bases for the major operations that are a prerequisite to ultimate victory.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE "GRIPSHOLM"

Everyday, the "Gripsholm" moves closer to the United States with its cargo of Americans who were trapped in Asiatic countries when the Japanese attacked the United States at Pearl Harbor. There are American business men and their families, American missionaries of every denomination, American physicians and lawyers. Many of them are my friends of long standing, men and women whom I knew during my residence in China.

These Americans have much of the old pioneer spirit in them. A family that can settle in a lonely town in interior China, far from their own way of life, whether for God or for trade, carrying the flag of their country and the example of its civilization, creating friendship for their people wherever they go, is serving the United States constantly and beneficially.

Many Have No Other Homes

Some of these Americans were born in China, Japan, the Philippines and other Asiatic countries of parents who have been there most of their adult lives. Many of them really have no other homes. They come back to their own countries strangers and will find the re-adjustments difficult and for some even impossible. All of them leave behind close Chinese, Japanese, Filipino and Malay friends. Many of them have, over the years, lost contact with their relatives and friends in this country and they will be lonely. The story is told of an American business man from China who found himself in London during the last war. There he had a great house and a country home and a Rolls-Royce but he was so lonely that he had to give it up and return to China. He complained that London was the loneliest place on earth—it was too quiet. "In Soochow," he said, "You can always hear a Chinese playing a flute." I once told this story to Henry Eichheim, the composer, and he and I went out in the dead of night to hear the sounds of Peking and he composed these sounds into an etude of great beauty.

Those who will suffer this change most will be the American missionaries. I know that many at home criticize and ridicule them and speak of the impudence of Americans going over to China "to force their religion down the Chinaman's throat." But those who speak that way, do not know the truth. The American missionary has been an apostle of friendship. His services to the Chinese people cannot be measured by the converts he has made but by the love that the simple people of that country have for the United States. These missionaries have healed the sick and taught the young and offered friendship and love, even when they were attacked. In the days of 1925 to 1927, when the American missionaries were being driven before Chinese Communist hordes and when some even were killed, most of them rejected armed protection and stood by the revolutionists who were attacking them. It was a rare example in all human history of turning the other cheek.

Adjusted Their Personalities

The American missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, fitted themselves for work in those Asiatic countries. They studied the native languages and dialects and the habits of the people. Many of them taught in those languages. They have adjusted their personalities to the Asiatic environment to which they consecrated their lives. What are they to do now?

It is hard for stay-at-home Americans to understand that none of these people can hate their old friends. And they will want to go back when this war is over. Some will find their way back. The simple people of any Asiatic country are gentle and kindly, except when aroused over some question of "face" which is really dignity. Then they become hysterical and do mad deeds. But there will be among these "Gripsholm" refugees more memories of warm friendships and happy human relationships than there will be of torture in concentration camps. And as distance in time and space sets them further away from the past year or two, they will remember more the past 20 or 30 years. The Asiatic is a warm personality who takes friendship seriously. He will always be missed by anyone who has ever known him intimately.

(Copyright 1943—Columbia News Service)

Telephone operator to girl chum: "Is your Marine sergeant broadminded, Helen?"

"Is he? That's all he ever thinks of."

"Now, dear," said the fond mother, "Harry has been out of college since last June and the draft board hasn't called him and he hasn't a job yet. Can't you take him into your business?"

"No," replied the practical parent, "but couldn't you use him for a bridge prize at your next party?"

Wife: A person who thinks you might as well help with the housework, fix the leaky faucets, and help carry the new jars of preserves down to the cellar while you are too sick to report for duty at the plant.



BOOK REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN LITERATURE. Changing Trends from 1683 to 1942. By Earl F. Robacker. X and 217 pp. University of Pennnsylvania Press. Philadelphia, 1943.—$2.50.

At last a book appears whose author has undertaken no less a task than to give our Pennsylvania German dialect literature its place in American literary history as an integral part of our nation's artistic heritage. For the general reader who has been swept along by the wave of popular interest in the Pennsylvania Germans and all phases of their cultural life, this book, which has only recently come from the University of Pennsylvania Press, is a mine of unsuspected treasures. For the academic-minded reader, for the scholar and the historian, it will remain a definitive work.

Only once before was the story of our dialect literature told within a larger framework. Dr. Harry Hess Reichard's **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings and their Writers** (1918), intimate in its treatment and rich in biographical details, continues to be a convenient handbook. However, since its appearance much research has been done in the field and many new publications have appeared. New approaches to the subject matter had become necessary. Dr. Robacker's book is an outgrowth of a thesis submitted to the School of Education of New York University in 1941 in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

In his introductory chapter the author presents the problem of the task he has set for himself. From the time of their earliest immigrations the Germans were engaged in putting out printed material. Now after the lapse of two and one half centuries the student and historian are confronted with a vast mass of printed material by and about the Pennsylvania Germans ranging in subject matter "from the elementary to the scholarly, the obscene to the religious, the abusive to the adulatory". How can one in fairness and with any accuracy make one's way through this maze of material? An added difficulty lies in the fact that three different languages are involved: the English, the High German and the dialect. It becomes apparent that a guide is needed to steer for us a course through this confusing sea. The author has taken it upon himself to chart such a course, but only within certain bounds. The term "literature" is to be used broadly and applied to "that body of written material in which the Pennsylvania Germans or their way of life are made a direct subject of consideration". Writings by Pennsylvania Germans which have nothing to do with them nor their hereditary backgrounds are of course not to be considered; nor does material originating in Europe, nor purely devotional works, come within the consideration of this work. The author's approach to the difficult task of reducing this vast mass of printed matter so miscellaneous in character to some orderly arrangement giving a sense of direction and of a developmental process is altogether admirable. He proceeds by dividing the years from the settling of Germantown in 1683 down to 1942 into separate periods, each in itself homogeneous in character. He finds that there are five such periods, each with a degree of unity and following each other in logical order, because their inner relationship is developmental. This development or evolution becomes the burden of the book and is considered in the following order:

I. **The Period of Greatest Religious Significance,** 1683 to 1800.—Here the literature falls into two groups: one consisting of general works on travel and description dealing with the Pennsylvania Germans and the Pennsylvania German scene; and another consisting of the spiritual and mystic High German literature, written or edited by the great religious leaders of the time. The latter literature ceased with the death of these leaders, partly because the needs of the people had been met, and partly also because of the changing character of the later immigrations. As long as religion was the motivating force German literature in Pennsylvania must be credited with a status equal to that of New England and superior to that of the other colonies. The author points out that it is only when the things of the spirit yield to temporal affairs and the consequences attending the struggle for independence that the Pennsylvania German, adhering persistently to his own dialect and way of life, falls out of the procession of American letters and enters upon a path of his own.

II. **The Period of Transition,** 1800 to 1861—It is a period of material prosperity and spiritual decline. No great iterary or spiritual leaders replace those of the preceding era. Church-supported schools decline. Among the people superstitious practices become more pronounced. Popular literature consists of almanacs, powwow books and Himmelsbriefe. Crude beginnings of expressions in the dialect are found, principally of a humorous character. The dialect letter which was to play an important part in later years now appears as a new literary form. The first dialect poems of Henry Harbaugh begin to appear. The Pennsylvania German dialect as a literary language is slowly emgerging. The dialect literature is slowly falling into an individual pattern quite aside from the general course of American letters. Slight as its progress may seem the author thinks it was more than commensurate with that of English-writing American contemporaries. Their vehicle was centuries old. The Pennsylvania German had to create his vehicle. Who is to say that these first crude dialect writings were less significant to this minority people than Poe and Cooper were to the millions?

III. **The Language-Conscious Period,** 1861 to 1908.—Dialect verse and editorials now frequently appear in newspapers and become increasingly popular. Although crude at first, ministers, lawyers, physicians and editors elevate the general tone of this dialect literature and give it force and direction. In American letters it was the age of Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes and Whitman, but it was also the Golden Age of our dialect literature, the age of Harbaugh, Fisher, Ziegler, Hermany, Wuchter and Keller. The range of this dialect literature is narrow and it is essentially "Heimatskunst". But we must remember there was no other racial minority aware of the main body of American literature and at the same time supplementing that body with an expression of its own.

IV. **The Local Color Period,** 1902 to 1928.—It was a period of diminishing activity among native writers. In the main the Pennsylvania German people have pursued their way of life with little regard for the larger outside world. But now they were being discovered by that outside world. Local color writers became fully conscious of the rich and colorful store of material which this people's way of life offered and which had so long gone unnoticed. A steady stream of short stories and novels now comes to the attention of the larger American reading public. Some of this work shows an honest effort to present Pennsylvania German life fairly and sympathetically. But much of it also betrays cheap commercial exploitation. Unfortunate stereotypes did much to leave an unfavorable impression among outsiders. The Pennsylvania Germans themselves, hardly conscious of the mischief done, did little to refute wrong impressions.

V. **The Folk-Conscious Period, 1928—.** In this period there is an unparalleled spontaneous manifestation of interest in the Pennsylvania Germans and in every phase of their past and present existence. Their folklore is studied. There is a nation-wide interest in their folk-art. Their early furniture, glass, pottery and textiles are madly sought and fabulous prices paid for them. Historians delve into their past. Master's and doctor's theses are written about their language and literature. There is a steady appearance of essays, stories, novels and plays about them. The Pennsylvania Germans themselves take a renewed interest in their dialect. New dialect poets, prose writers and columnists gain prominence. "Fersammlinge" and family reunions are popular as never before. New plays are written and performed. Old dialect books are reprinted. How is one to explain this tremendous interest in a people formerly neglected and derided? It must be looked upon as a phase of that extensive and ever-increasing folk-movement which was set in motion after the First World War.

One would think that with all this activity the Pennsylvania Germans were at last on the way of being understood by their fellow Americans. There is however a note of pessimism which is heard frequently throughout the book: the Pennsylvania Germans have been and continue to be misunderstood. The author is willing to recognize that there is a closer kinship between the Pennsylvania Germans and the rest of literary America than at any time since Pastorius (1683), for the motives and forces that actuate them today are also increasingly the motives and fofces found throughout the whole country. But he also points out that misrepresentations and distortions of facts have continued to such an extent that the result in literature is a confusing "combination of true and untrue, good and bad, scientific and unscientific, old and new, protagonistic and antagonistic, to a degree unknown up to the time of the war". The reader therefore does not know what to believe. The English writers still represent the Pennsylvania Germans as curious and amusing, and the Pennsylvania Germans on the other hand, in a spirit of self-defense, over-emphasize the value of their cultural heritage. The author draws the ultimate conclusion that it appears that the Pennsylvania Germans always have been, as they are now, a misunderstood people.

Dr. Robacker has approached his difficult task with scholarly devotion and integrity. He has sifted and weighed with critical acumen. His dispassionate objectivity lends conviction to his opinions and conclusions. Through meticulous research in this field he has assembled and arranged more facts than have ever before been brought between two book covers. Indeed the reviewer has been hard put to find any notable omissions, but would mention here the following: (a) The first of the only two almanacs ever published in the dialect, namely Eli Keller's **Unser Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch Kalenner for 1885.** Allentown, Pa.; (b) **The Pennnsylvania Germans.** H. D. Metzger, Salemville, Pa., 1896; (c) **An Idyl of the War.** By Ellwood L. Kemp, Philadelphia, 1883. It contains a long epical poem The German Exiles, and two dialect poems **Der Pennsylvania Deitscher** and **M'r gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt;** (d) **A Hundred Years Ago.** By Charles W. E. Siegel. Lancaster, Pa. 1875. This book contains under the sub-title "Bletter aus dem Lebensbuch" two dialect poems **Der alt Peter** and **Der Owetstern.**

Dr. Robacker's work becomes especially valuable for two outstanding features which have not been stressed before: the one, the coordination of works in the English language (short stories, novels, plays, essays, historical and linguistic treatises) that deal with the Pennsylvania Germans; the other, emphasis of the relation of our dialect literature with the parallel current of American literature.

The University of Pennsylvania Press is to be commended for undertaking the publication of this work and for the excellence and beauty of its execution. We note but few typographical errors: p. 7, omission of o umlaut in the verb **g'hoere;** p. 82, **E'm** for **e'n;** p. 94, **leter** for **letter;** p. 98, **'s** for **'s;** p. 138, **Deitsches** for **Deitscher;** p. 146, **Charles R. More** for **Charles C. More;** p. 191, **von dem** for **von den.**

The reviewer knows no better expression of praise than to admit that he read this book with the definite feeling that here is a work which needs not to be done again.—P.A.B.

NOTES

With the passing of the Rev. James J. Reitz at the age of 83 the ECK has lost another of its valued contributors. During his long life as teacher, minister of the gospel and doctor of medicine he never ceased to revere the traditions and the dialect of his forefathers. He was a staunch supporter of the ECK to which he contributed articles in prose as well as verse in the dialect. Not long ago he sent the editor some verses which he remembered from his childhood days and which he held dear:

Miede bin ich, geh zur Ruh,
Schliesse nau mei Aage zu;
Vadder loss die Engel dei
Iwwer meinem Bette sei.

* * * * *

Motifs from Pennsylvania German folkart and folkways continue to stimulate modern artists. We call attention to a series of interesting block prints in the form of Christmas or general greeting cards which have been put on the market by Mr. Homer Roberts of the College Book Store, State College, Pa. They are the work of Mrs. Jane March. Rural scenes and kitchen interiors among the Plain People of Lancaster County make up the subject matter. Free and easy in execution they are indicative of the artist's sensitivity to the picturesque elements in Amish and Mennonite life which the public has come to expect through such popular publications as Marguerite de Angeli's HENNER'S LYDIA and Katherine Milhous' LOVINA.

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The following two Bibliographies have recently come to us. Both afford valuable items for students of Pennsylvania German history and literature:

I. THE MUHLENBERG FAMILY. A bibliography compiled from the Subject Union Catalog American-Germanica of the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation by Felix Reichmann. Philadelphia, 1943.
This bibliography containing hundreds of items covers seven members of the Muhlenberg family:

1. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, (1711-1787) founder of the family and Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America.
2. John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg (1746-1807) famed general in the War of the Revolution.
3. Frederick Augustus Conrad Muhlenberg (1750-1801), first Speaker of the House of Representatives.
4. Gotthilf Henry Ernest (1753-1815), botanist of interational reputation.
5. Henry Augustus Philip (1782-1844), third child of Gotthilf Henry Ernest, for nine years member of Congress and first American minister to Austria.
6. William Augustus (1796-1877) grandson of Frederick Augustus Conrad, and distinguished Episcopalian clergyman, educator and hymn writer.
7. Frederick Augustus (1818-1901), grandson of Gotthilf Henry Ernest and first President of Muhlenberg College.

II. CHRISTOPHER SOWER, Sr., 1694-1758. Printer in Germantown. An annotated bibliography compiled by Felix Reichman. Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, Inc. Philadelphia. 1943.

This pamphlet contains a valuable survey of the life of Christopher Sower, Sr. and of his activities as colonial printer. It further contains a list of 193 Sower imprints, a list of books and articles about Christopher Sower, Sr. and Index.

The above two bibliographies are Nos. 1 and 2 of a series of bibliographies on German American History edited by Willibur K. Thomas and Felix Reichmann.

DER KRIEG

'S iss grosser Krieg heit iwwer'm See,
Un des kann ich dann net verschteh—
Was iss die Ursach, was die Not,
As eener macht der anner dot?

Iss es Ruhm wu dreibt sie draa?
Velleicht—des gleichen deel Leit aa;
Doch Ruhm iss leer un batt em nix,
Wann's Griege bringt die Welt aus fix.

Iss es Geld? des kennt wohl sei,
Land iwwernemme bringt deel rei;
Doch koscht's gedicht—un yuschtement
Iss net viel iwwerich, kummt's ans End.

Raawerei? 's iss meeglich, schur,
Des schteckt als noch in Mensch-nadur;
'S iss griener Graas, des iss bekannt,
Wann's wackst uff annre Leit ihr Land.

Missdrauischkeit—vleicht iss es sell—
Die griene Aaage glenzen hell;
Ihr hett deel Leit vleicht g'sehne schund,
Wu annre Leit ihr Glick net gunnd.

Brauch ebber Land? Denk awwer net!
Far sell kennt g'handelt sei wie's sett;
Un seit die Welt schteht, waar's en Schand
Leit dot zu mache far ihr Land.

Iss es en Schtrof? Deel saagen 's waer
En Schtrof far Sinde bees un schwer—
Wer lebt so gut, er schmeisse kann
En kleener Schtee an annre Mann?

Nee, 's iss far Macht—e bissel Macht,
Verluscht Un Lewe sin veracht;
Es iss die Ziel, dass Lender, Leit,
Ee Meeschter diene (un der net g'scheit.)

Was batt die Macht, sin Hend verschmiert
Mit Menscheblut, noh Seel verliert;
'S iss yuscht far'n Daag, verschwunde glei,
Leer, ya, un bringt noch Reie bei.

Mir hen devor g'heert "Ich un Gott"—
Wu iss der Keenich der so schpott?
Naus geyaagt, vergesse, dot—
Die Aern folgt immer nooch der Soot.

'S kummt mol en Daag, werloss dich druff,
Do waerd gerechelt aus'm Buch;
Un Loh bezaahlt, wu richtich g'heert,
Far Mord, Verluscht un Geld verzehrt

'S iss alsnoch Blatz far allerlei,
Wu Leit e bissel arndlich sei;
Un Welt regiere—wer's browiert,
Der Fluch un Haas dedarrich schpiert.

23 September 1941 —RALPH S. FUNK

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Der Humpty Dumpty hockt uff der Mauer,
Er meent er hett's besser wie eenicher Bauer;
Doch waar em die Mauer e bissel zu schmaal,
Do baerzelt er runner, verblotzt em die Schaal;
Em Keenich sei Geil un die Menner vum Land,
Fer'n zamme zu mache iss kenner im Schtand.

Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. EUNICE PFLEIGER

A resident of Quakertown R. 3 for the last quarter century, Mrs. Eunice, nee Stansfield, Pfleiger, 74, died at her home yesterday after a short illness.

Mrs. Pfleiger came to this country many years ago from her birthplace, Podmorden, New Southvale, England, and was a daughter of the late James and Esther, nee Robertshire, Stansfield. The only child, a son, died in infancy, and Mrs. Pfleiger's only survivor is her husband, Titus, who is identified with farming and construction in Upper Bucks county.

Rev. Harold M. Harper will officiate at services in the East Rockhill chapel, Doylestown Rd., Quakertown, Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the Perkasie mausoleum.

MRS. JOHN LUDWIG

Mrs. Katharine S., nee Schmidt, Ludwig, wife of John Ludwig of 129 American St., Fullerton, died shortly after 11 a. m. Friday in the Sacred Heart hospital where she had been receiving treatment for the past three weeks. Mr. Ludwig was in her 73rd year.

A native of Germany, born July 20, 1871, she was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Schmidt. She resided in Fullerton for the past 40 years, and was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Fullerton.

She is survived by her husband, a daughter, Nettie, wife of Nolan P. Benner, Allentown; three sons, Otto G., Allentown; John J., Philadelphia, and Wilbur P., Fullerton; six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. She was preceded in death by two brothers.

Rev. Joseph B. Mohr will officiate at funeral services to be held from the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut St., Catasauqua, on Monday at 11 a. m., with interment to take place in Arlington Memorial cemetery at the convenience of the family.

MARION BAUMER

Marion Baumer, former Eastonian, died Thursday afternoon at the home of her mother, Mrs. Charles Lucas, 14 W. Union Blvd., Bethlehem.

Born in Easton, a daughter of Mrs. Senia and the late George Baumer, she lived in Easton until 15 years ago when she took up residence in Bethlehem. She was graduated from Easton High school in 1912 and while in Easton was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church.

She is survived by her mother and a sister, Mrs. Henry Frederick, Allentown.

HARRY W. OSWALT

Harry Wayne Oswalt, 69, former Eastonian, died Thursday at Newport News, Va., after an illness of four weeks. Born at Madisonburg, O., a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Oswalt, Mr. Oswalt resided at Newport News for five years.

Surviving are his wife, the former Carrie Elizabeth Kelly, formerly of Easton, and a daughter, Mrs. George Jester, Newport News. He was a member of Hugh de Payens Commandery No. 19, Knights Templar, Easton. The body will be brought to Easton for burial.

MICHAEL KERETZ

Michael Keretz, who operated an ash and hauling business in Northampton county for the past 20 years, died at 11:30 p. m. Thursday in the Sacred Heart hospital where he had been receiving treatment since Oct. 27. He was in his 56th year.

A native of Hungary, Mr. Keretz came to this country in 1910. He was a member of St. John's Windish Lutheran church, Bethlehem; Independent Citizens club and Roosevelt Democratic club, both of Miller Heights, and the 1st Windish Sick, Beneficent and Fraternal society of Bethlehem.

Mr. Keretz resided on Wilson Ave., Prospect Park, Easton R. 3, and is survived by his wife, Christine, at home; four sons, Peter, Bethlehem; Stephen, Louis and Alexander, all in the Army; three daughters, Irene and Christine, at home, and Mrs. Louis Bergemiester, Prospect Heights; three brothers, Frank, Lower Saucon township; Joseph, Miller Heights, and Stephen, Europe, and seven grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 1:30 p. m. from his late home on Wilson Ave., Prospect Park, with continued services at 2 p. m. in St. John's Windish Lutheran church, Bethlehem. Interment will be made in Fountain Hill cemetery.

MICHAEL KERETZ

Michael Keretz, 55, Wilson Ave., Prospect Heights, died Thursday night in the Secrad Heart hospital, Allentown.

A native of Hungary, Keretz has been a citizen of America for the past 33 years. He was identified with the hauling business for 20 years. He was a member of St. John's Windish Lutheran church, Bethlehem; the Roosevelt Democratic club, Miller Heights; the Independent Citizen's club, Miller Heights and of the First Windish Sick and Beneficial society, Bethlehem.

In addition to his wife, Christiana, he is survived by four sons, Peter, Bethlehem, and Stephen, Louis and Alexander, in the United States Army; three daughters, Mrs. Louis Bergemiester, Prospect Heights; and Irene and Christina, at home; and three brothers, Frank, Lower Saucon township; Joseph, Miller Heights; and Stephen, in Europe. Seven grandchildren also survive.

Funeral at 2 p. m. Tuesday from the late home, followed by services in St. John's Windish Lutheran church, Bethlehem. Burial in the Fountain Hill cemetery.

HARVEY P. BLEILER

Harvey P. Bleiler died at 1:35 a. m. Friday at his late home, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Solden M. Keinert, 2501 S. Appel St. He was 67 years old.

Born in Upper Milford Township, he was the son of the late Henry and Catherine (Stoudt) Bleiler. His wife preceded him in death 17 years ago. He was for some time engaged in farming near Vera Cruz.

Rev. J. N. Blatt will officiate at services on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, 36-38 S. 5th St., Emmaus. Interment will be in Reformed cemetery, Old Zionsville.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Hut Gawunna

Fon ol da kondidawdta os froh worra wie die lexion die onner woch feriwwer wor, glawwa m'r net os ebber froher sei hut kenna, os wie der kunshtavler Mike Hoffman fon Longswamp township, Barricks kounty. Der Mike wor hous fer widder nei g'shtim'd werra, un shure hut sei g'flich gaduh fer ol iwwer rum har lexionierra woh ever os er gadenk'd hut os es 'm gute dade. Tzeita weiss nembts yusht ae shtim fer gawinna, un der Mike wor mohl shure os er sellie aint shtim net ferlierra dade, won ers helft kent. Dadarrich hut er net yusht galexionier'd in Longswamp township, ow'r aw so gore in Hereford un District townships, so wohl wie aw ons Mack Motors doh in da shtadt.

Un der Mike wor noh aw net laenich drous lexionierra fer sich selwar, ow'r hut gawainlich der George Schmoyer dabei kot, un woh galoffa is fer waig maishder in sama township. Sie hen ol iwwer korta galust woh ever os sie onna sin, un hens gons unner dale fon Lechaw kounty ferbleshder'r kot. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie hen so fiel korta uf, os sie ous da gawainlicha tacks kumma sin, un hen die korta on fiel bletz uf k'hank'd unna on kalanner mit shpella. Der Mike hut sei kort ow'r nee net uf mit ous 's wor 'n arrick shae maid'l pickter grawd owwa draw. Doh hiwwa in Lechaw worra sie aw arrick particklar fer ihra korta immer uf howwa navich kondidawdta fer Judge ihra pickters.

Aenicha waig, 's hut die boova alla bait batzawlt fer sich so hard bloga shoffa fer die offisa os sie om lawfa worra dafor. Der Mike maint evens die korta hetta fiel k'holfa os er ous gadailt hut ons Macka. Die gons welt is ferbunna in freindschoft—'s mocht nix ous mit wen m'h shwetzt, odder woh m'r onna gait, m'r fin'd immer leit os freindschoft sin mit ebber shunshd imma gons onnerra welt dale. Un grawd so is es 'm Mike gonga mit seina fiela Macka freind, un woh fiel dafon freindschoft kotta hen in Longswamp township, un 'm tzu hilf kumma sin. Soicha os alla weil maina der Mike dade uf shprings lawfa, sin ol letz. Sis yusht sei nadierlicher gong tzitter os er widder nei g'shtim'd is werra ols kunshtavler fon Longswamp township.

'N Altie G'shicht

Der Hen Kemp fon Haidelbarrick township wor net yusht 'n alter elwohner, ow'r aw abissel ebbes fon ma soufloadle os glei g'shwetzt hut fon in die law gae. Darrich die woch hut er fish ferkauft fon hous tzu hous, un Sundawgs wor er Iwwermaishder, odder ewwa, "Superintendent" fon da Sundawg shule. Ols 's fish peddler, hut er so gute gaduh os 'n mon in sel'm g'sheft ewwa hoffa kon tzu duh, un ols Iwwermaishder fon da Sundawg shule wor er aw net tzu beata, so long os er sober wor. Ow'r wons alsa mohl g'shaina is,—un wies alla gabut is, os er Somshdawg owets abissel dief ins glaws gaguck'd hut kot, hut er Sundawgs sei "lesson ferdray'd grick'd.

Mohl ae Sundawg hen sie die "lesson" kot wohs secht im guta buch, "In meim Fodders Hous sin fiel wohninga." Wies tzeit wor fer die gross beavel kloss lehra wie ewwa ols die sawg wor in da alta Sundawg shule, hut der Hen sei gawainlicher blotz ganumma, un shtarta blauderra. Yaders hut glei g'sehna os sei gadonka weit fon da rechda shpoor worra fer ous laiga wos die maining wear fon da "lesson." Ow'r der Hen wor ken kerl fer sich shtumba lossa, un hut ols fer da kloss g'shtonna brovierra so'n groftichie ous laiging gewwa fon da "lesson" os es miglich wor tzu gewwa. Etlicha hen nonner so gross aeich aw gaguck'd, un is 'm Hen endlich ei kumma sie dada sei oushlaiging net fershtae.

Noh hut er nocha mohl aw g'fonga mit gons frisher mute, un g'sawt, er dade net glawwa os sie gons die recht maining bagreifa dada fon da "lesson." Mit sel 'm hut er noh frish nei awfonga blauderra fon da "grossa wohnung," un woh er g'sawt hut dade 'n gross hous maina, "so ains fer so leit nei tziega wie der Monroe Sensinger, un der 'Ans' Leiby, un woh alla bait so grossa famila hen....."

Wie er ow'r so weit wie sel kumma wor, is es etlicha fon da onnerra ei kumma er wear weit ganunk gonga

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Yield thy poor best, and muse not
how or why,
Lest one day, seeing all about thee
spread,
A mighty crowd and marvellously fed,
Thy heart break out into a bitter cry:
"I might have furnished, I, yea, even I,
The two small fishes and the barley bread."
—Langbridge.

SEC. HULL REPORTS TO REAL BOSS

The appearance of Secretary Hull before Congress to make report on the Moscow conference was perhaps more important for the precedent which it initiated than for the substance of his report which already had been made fairly well known by Moscow reports which had preceded him.

His appearance was the first made in American history by a member of a President's cabinet before Congress. In that the ice now has been broken and perhaps we can expect our legislative body henceforth to receive other direct reports from the executive department of government.

Under the British cabinet system this is what is happening all the time. Every few weeks not only Prime Minister Churchill appears before Parliament to make reports but members of the British cabinet frequently are heard and interrogated. It is a system that has worked well over there. It ought to work well over here.

Mr. Hull before he left for Moscow sought and gained Congressional support for agreements which he expected the Moscow conference would seek to achieve. There was recognition by him of the fact that in the last analysis, under our system of government, it is the United States Senate which must ratify any treaty to which this country is signatory and party. It is Congress which legislates, not the executive branch of government.

So Mr. Hull, on his auspicious return from a conference where American ideas of peace were worked out with our sister nations, saw fit to make report to the men in whose hands lies the final job of committing our country to a program which will insure peace. In so doing he established a precedent. It is a precedent which ought to be followed in other matters and probably will be, for the innovation was received by Congress with the greatest favor. It is a precedent which takes cognizance of the rights of Congress. It is a precedent by which greater teamwork between two important branches of our government is made possible.

JAP NAVY STILL FORMIDABLE

Down at Allied Headquarters in the Southwest Pacific where probably better than anywhere else there is knowledge and appreciation of the strength of the Japanese in every military category, there are no illusions about the Japanese Navy—the chief stumbling block to advance in that part of the world.

Headquarters there have made tabulations of known Japanese losses and calculations as to probable replacements. The net result of these subtractions from a fairly well known quantity on the day of Pearl Harbor, plus liberal additions for probable replacements shows that the Japs still have many ships and that they can still oppose any major actions by the American Navy with a formidable battle fleet.

According to the calculations, Japan had about 200 warships—destroyers and larger—on the day of Pearl Harbor. Since Pearl Harbor Japan has lost 170 of her warships and damage has been done in battles to 155 other warships. (Of course some ships may have been hit not merely once but on a number of occasions. Some of the ships sunk later may have been damaged in earlier actions and were numbered among the 155.)

But Japan in two years has been able to complete a lot of ships which were under construction on December 7, 1941. She has been able to start and complete a lot of ships under the stimulus of a greatly stepped-up program. And those new ships for the most part better ships than the ships that were sunk.

So appraisal of the Jap naval situation by MacArthur's headquarters indicate that the Japs today are a little better as to battleships than they were two years ago. They have as many aircraft carriers, in spite of many sinkings, but they are slower and less battleworthy ships because they are ships which were converted from such commercial uses as whaling and the transportation of passengers, mail and freight.

In heavy cruisers they are believed to have only about two-thirds of their pre-Pearl Harbor strength and only about half as many destroyers.

All in all the Jap navy is not the Jap navy of 1941, but it still is a formidable threat and something to be reckoned with until considerable more whittling away has been performed by our ships and planes.

WELCOME TO FOURTH REGIMENT

It is a happy circumstance that Allentown again has become headquarters of the Fourth Regiment of the Pennsylvania State Guard.

The finest local military history centers around that term "Fourth Regiment." The best military traditions have been kept alive by men of the service and civilians of the community through the First Defenders' Association.

The Fourth Regiment is assured of welcome in this community. The torch always has been held high by representatives of an organization bearing that name and its name has been inextricably associated with the name of this community whose heart always has been with it and for it.

Supplies for MacArthur

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—Whatever supplies are sent to the Pacific, either for General MacArthur or for Admiral Halsey or for any other regional commander, are the result of a decision by the United States joint chiefs of staff.

This board consists of General Marshall, Admiral King, General Arnold and Admiral Leahy. Its decisions are dictated by what the group feels are the necessities of strategy at a given moment in all theatres of the war.

Any inference or insinuation that personal or party politics influences the decisions in any way is a reflection on the judgment of these four men and an implication that they would acquiesce in such intrusion of personal or party politics by anybody.

These comments are occasioned by the evident impression being spread that General MacArthur isn't getting enough supplies and that the reason is somehow attributable to neglect, the theory being that to build his prestige is to make him a strong rival nominee in a contest with President Roosevelt in 1944.

Any idea that the war is being conducted on such a petty basis does a grave injustice primarily to General Marshall and General Arnold and Admiral King and Admiral Leahy. Anyone who knows the sterling character and independence of each of these men and their devotion to military duty must resent the inferences and innuendoes.

This correspondent is equally convinced that all the implications that have been distributed concerning General MacArthur's alleged political ambitions are not in any way encouraged by him because the general is not that kind of an American. As long as he wears the uniform of his country, he will not indulge in political activity no matter how much others may see fit to use his name for political purposes without his authority.

Unquestionably General MacArthur wants more men and materials and would like to lead his troops back to the Philippines. Undoubtedly he would like to see substantial units of the Navy placed at his disposal for certain offensive operations starting in his zone. But the joint U. S. chiefs of staff have other plans for Naval offensives, and in due time General MacArthur will have an opportunity to play his part in their execution.

The offensive in the Pacific has begun. Every day's dispatches tell of the use of land-based planes and large task forces of aircraft carriers which are beginning to clear the sea lanes that will make it possible for us to land in the Philippines and on the China coast. Europe is the number One theatre of war and the Pacific will get everything when Hitler collapses though, meanwhile, there has been a substantial increase in what has been shipped to the Pacific.

The "Chicago Tribune," which has been praising General MacArthur editorially, says in an editorial this week that it has never put forward the name of General MacArthur as a presidential candidate heretofore, merely supporting what it believes is the need for sending him more supplies, but adds that "if the Roosevelt administration is neglecting the national interests for the purpose of heading off a possible MacArthur candidacy, it could hardly have adopted a more politically stupid course."

"If General MacArthur continues to be stifled for political reasons," says the Tribune editorial, "his only recourse will be to resign the command where he is denied the opportunity of exercising his talents, and through political candidacy take the issue to the people. He has repeatedly said that his only ambition is the military defeat of the Japanese, and has disavowed any political plans."

Incidentally, the "Chicago Tribune" last week published a letter to its publisher from Philip La Follette, former Governor of Wisconsin and now a lieutenant colonel of General MacArthur's staff. The full text reads as follows:

"I have meant to drop you a line for sometime. Wanted you to know how much we all appreciated the splendid editorial on General MacArthur and how much I wish I were there to give you a word of commendation for the fight you are putting up. You and I have disagreed on a good many things, but the way you have stood up, taken it on the chin, and kept coming back to give 'em some more during the last year is grand. Perhaps some day some of us over here can put our oar in back home and lend a helping hand.

"We have finished with the Lae-Salamaua campaign and in many ways it is a model. If the country only gives MacArthur the minimum means he'll do a great job in the Pacific. And I know how much you are aided in seeing that he gets something like a fair deal."

This impression that General MacArthur isn't getting "a fair deal" must evidently prevail at his headquarters in the Southwest Pacific, because the press dispatches of the correspondents there seem also to convey skepticism and doubt. Here in Washington careful investigation does not in the least substantiate such a suspicion. If General MacArthur doesn't have more planes at hand, it's because General Arnold wants to use more planes over Europe. If General MacArthur doesn't have more Naval forces, it's because Admiral King is following the strategy—which all the best minds in our Navy have combined upon—to use them elsewhere in the Pacific for the time being. That's all there is to the story that can be told now without advising the Japanese in detail of our plans.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE PRESIDENCY IN 1944

The Republican aspirations for the presidency lists something like this:

Candidates: Wendell Willkie, Harold E. Stassen, John W. Bricker.

Unannounced candidacies: Thomas E. Dewey, Leverett Saltonstall, Earl Warren, General Douglas MacArthur.

There will be many others before the Republican convention meets, probably 14 or 15. With 26 Governors the Republican party presents a galaxy of administrative talent—far more actual talent than the New Deal which has been reduced to Henry Wallace and Harold Ickes as its principal spokesmen. No Democratic names other than Franklin D. Roosevelt are presented as presidential possibilities. Should he not run or be unable to run, the Democratic party would be put to it to find a candidate, for it is quite certain that neither Henry Wallace, the vice-president, or James Byrnes, the assistant president, would be acceptable either by the party or the electorate. Mr. Roosevelt has left his party bankrupt in personnel.

Only Three Are Probable Winners

No matter how many names are presented to the Republicans, only three enfold all the political elements of probability, Wendell Willkie, Tom Dewey and John Bricker, and of these three, were the convention today, Tom Dewey would be the choice. Wendell Willkie presents an exciting facade in the press, on the radio and in the newsreels, but he does not attract the men and women who are likely to be the delegates to the convention. He and his satellites believe that they have the nomination in the bag, but no arithmetical calculation of delegates indicates any such result. In fact, Willkie has at this moment succeeded in taking the hate off Roosevelt and concentrated it upon himself among most organization Republicans.

Tom Dewey's popularity is enormous even in states which have favorite sons. The recent election in New York removed any doubts as to Dewey's right to run for President, for there is no longer the political fear that he might leave New York to a Democratic successor. Republicans feel that if they can be sure to carry New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, they will elect a President in 1944 and they calculate that with Dewey they can carry all those states and many that are now doubtful. They are not certain that the organized Republicans would not knife Willkie if he were the candidate; they are sure that there will be no knifing of Dewey.

John W. Bricker last January moved into the lead and then lost ground. He is a conscientious administrator who stuck to his knitting as governor of Ohio and let his campaign for the presidency lapse. Besides, most of the Republicans in Ohio favored Bricker for a fourth term as governor and it is always hard to decide about letting a bird in the hand disappear in the bush of presidential possibilities.

Bricker Colorless But Solid

Governor Bricker is often discounted by those who believe that the presidency is a platform for glamorous super-fine techniques on the radio, in the newsreel and in flippant expression not of thought but of language. Those who believe that such are the qualifications for a presidential candidate find Bricker colorless. But he is as colorless as the United States. He is as colorless as an American church is compared to a European cathedral. He is as colorless as the American home is compared to a castle on the Rhine. More than any other candidate, including the sophisticated New Yorker, Franklin D. Roosevelt, John Bricker is American—he is a composite type of the millions of American fathers whose sons and daughters are in this war.

It may be that he is not the kind of person the American people want as President. Three times they elected Roosevelt whose glamour puts in the shade the stars of Hollywood, and there is, of course, the popularity of Wendell Willkie who in 1940 had nothing to offer but glamour. If the American people want that sort of thing, neither Dewey nor Bricker will fill the bill. But those who study the nature of public opinion are convinced that the people are weary of over-stimulating personalities; that they want sober, honest, truthful, competent administrators who are close to the mass and are of it. John Bricker is a definite presidential possibility if the people want that kind of an American for the White House.

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Uff 'n Growwer Block g'heert 'n Growwer Keidel

O SO!

Hans guckt in der Hinkelschtall,
Eb die Hinkel lege;
Doch die faule Hinkel all,
Bringe nichs zuwege.

Drinke, picke, schaerre rum,
Hen genunk zu fresse;
Sin die Hinkel gaar so dumm,
's Lege ganz vergesse?

Hans, der waard schunn Daag fer Daag,
Leer sin all die Neschter;
Ass es ihn verdriesse maag?
Heit waar's graad wie geschter!

Schtellt sich dann so batzich hie,
Schelt sie mol derwege:
"O, ihr faules Hinkelvieh,
Wollt ihr Oiyer lege!

Schpringt er dabber nei in's Haus,
Dutt's der Mammi saage.
Mammi legt's ihm awwer aus:
"Do iss nichs zu glaage.

Ass mer do ken Oiyer find,
Des iss wull verschtanne;
All die Hinkel, liewes Kind,
Sin doch—lauter Haahne."

Sept. 18, 1943. —JOHN BIRMELIN
(Adapted from the German of Josefa Metz)

AUTUMN DAYS

By Louis J. Livingood, M. D.

COLORS

No matter how often they have seen it, most people in this section look forward to the annual fall carnival of color. Other parts of the country show changes to mark the progress of the seasons, but nowhere is there a display such as that seen among the rolling hills of eastern Pennsylvania.

The mountainous regions show a more extensive panorama but here the cultivated areas make individual pictures with the highly colored hills as a background. A field of corn shocks standing in rows, the golden pumpkins between, against the backdrop of a wooded hillside in the full color of October, is the standard representation of Fall.

The abundant foliage and luxurious growth in the tropics are spectacular, but to one accustomed to the seasonal changes of the temperate zone, the sameness of scene soon becomes monotonous. There are variations in the tropics when certain trees and plants blossom, but the fact that nature has no rest period there, keeps leaves green the year round, and it is difficult to tell the season by looking at the trees.

Some tropical trees, like the poinciana, have highly colored blossoms and make such striking contrast with the others that they can be seen for a great distance, but the almost total and constant green does not hold interest like the variegated colors of the North.

The coming of the colors in autumn has been the source of many legends and fables, especially among the American Indians who liked to dramatize the mysteries of nature. Among the Pennsylvania Dutch the appearance of the colors on the leaves was watched carefully, for the date of the appearance, as well as the degree and rapidity of the coloration were used as a basis for weather forecasts for the coming year.

Did the leaves color early — the onset of winter would come soon: Were the colors unusually brilliant — the winter would be severe. Did the colors form slowly — winter would come gradually. When the leaves were long in dropping it meant heavy snow.

When the leaves colored the Pennsylvania Dutch farmer knew that the harvest season was over, and with barn filled with grain, canned fruits in the cellar and root crops in the arch, he was ready for winter when there was not much work to be done and he could spend some time sitting in front of the fire smoking his pipe and drinking cider. While he was intensely practical and thought more about the material things of life, he did understand and appreciate abstract beauty and enjoyed the kaleidoscopic transformation of the countryside that took place every fall.

Autumn Colors

From where come Autumn colors?
We all would like to know,
Perhaps Dame Nature takes them
From Summer's last rainbow.

Then on a great big palette
She places them with care
And mixes them with Sunbeams
To get the tints so rare.

When everything is ready
And colors are just right,
She gets Jack Frost to spread them
On some clear moonlight night.

Jack Frost just scatters colors,
He goes in such a rush,
So the North Wind does the painting
With a white cloud for a brush.

CORN HUSKING

Husking-bees were not common among the Pennsylvania Dutch, for in this section the corn was husked in the field and from there taken directly to the cribs. The corn stalks were put on large shocks (laubschteck) and later brought to the barn for winter use.

When families were large, as most of them were, little or no outside help was necessary, for with half a dozen youngsters helping, along with the hired man and hired girl, the husking was usually finished by the first week in November.

While few strangers were employed, relatives, as maiden aunts or older sons and daughters, who had moved to town, were more than welcome, for the more helpers, the quicker the job was done. If the husking lasted longer than mid-November, it meant some cold fingers, for by that time the days were getting shorter and the sun was no longer warm.

The farmer would put a number of shocks on a pile so that the huskers could stay at one place for awhile, for they sat down to work. After they were seated their fingers would fly and their tongues kept going just as fast, for Aunt Kate would tell all the gossip from the other end of the township—who had a baby and who was going to have one; Sister Annie, who lived in town, would give all the local scandal—all about the new minister's wife and how "hightoned" she was and what fancy hats she wore, while Mom and the hired girl recounted the latest happenings on the farm—how much milk the new cow gave, and what the huckster was paying for eggs.

"Wasser," the shepherd dog, went along to the field and stayed with the huskers. He liked to hunt rabbits and when he found one, what a chase there would be, for shepherd dogs were very fast in spite of their size, so he frequently caught the bunny. Some dogs would bring back the rabbit in such a condition that it could be used for food, but the end of the chase usually meant a meal for Wasser. A chase was time off for the youngsters, for they joined in the fun and welcomed anything that gave an excuse to stop work for a time.

In more recent years groups have been organized in various sections to do the husking. Ten to twenty or more men and women compose a group and they give practically all their time during the fall to this work. They take their name from the locality in which they live, as The Myerstown Huskers (die Moyersthettler Bashter).

All sorts of contrivances are used to help remove the husk ranging from a simple pointed hardwood stick to metal studded gloves for both hands with the steel cutter, or husker, permanently fixed to the palm of the right hand glove. Personal choice makes for a great variety of devices but all are built around a piece of steel half-inch wide and four to five inches with a curved point on the end. This point is passed under the husk and not only loosens it, but enables the husker to get a firmer grip to pull it from the ear.

The husked corn was placed on heaps and then hauled to the cribs. While the husking was in progress every ear would be inspected and those approaching perfection were kept separate for seed for the coming year. These were again examined and the ears finally selected were carefully put away. Some farmers had special racks upon which to hang the seed corn.

A favorite was an upright pole with large nails projecting at an angle like a clothes tree, upon which the cobs were impaled. Another method was to let part of the husk attached to the cob and this made into a loop by which the cobs were strung on poles suspended from the ceiling. Seed corn had to be kept dry and protected from mice and insects.

By careful selection and exchange with their neighbors farmers developed and improved their seed for there were no nurseries in the early days.

It's fun to be corn husking,
When the sun is in the sky;
But it's not so very pleasant,
When the snow begins to fly.
For when the wind starts blowing,
Getting ready for a storm;
It's nicer to be in the house,
Where it is good and warm.

"EVERYTHING MAKES"

By DONALD RADCLIFFE SHENTON

"OLD FRANKLIN'S here," called Sammy as he greeted me excitedly that morning.

"Who's Franklin?" I asked.

"He's a painter, and he can make things talk. You just wait and see." Sammy liked to impress me—a city boy—with the wonders of his little town, Bluedale, in the Dutch country. Itinerant craftsmen and tradesmen like old Franklin visited Bluedale now and then, plying their trade and offering entertainment as a side line.

"What do you mean . . . make things talk?" I said.

"Well, he takes a stick and hits a tree, and it makes like a dog," explained Sammy.

"A ventriloquist?" I asked, having seen them in vaudeville.

"Yes, well," said Sammy, going silent at the big word. If I did have to use them, anyway we had found common ground, he teaching me Pennsylvania German, and I telling him about the city where I spent my winters.

Sammy was leading me up toward the Old Locke Quarry, through the sleepy, early 20th century Bluedale. The only sounds were the squealing brakes of a four-horse quarry wagon hauling a fresh cut slab of slate to the factory, and the distant putt-putt of quarry engines hoisting slate out of the deep holes.

All the village children were gathered at the Old Locke blacksmith shop. Some peered in the windows, others crowded the huge door, large enough to admit quarry wagons to be re-tired.

Inside, I saw the stranger — a little, grayed, old man. His smallness struck me first of all. Little taller than myself, he seemed even smaller contrasted against those brawny quarrymen. Franklin was inquiring about houses that needed painting.

Having found a prospect, Franklin stood watching blacksmith Lemuel Moyer, shoeing a giant quarry horse. The huge blacksmith bending down, lifting the fore-hoof of the horse, testing it on his knee. The body taut yet gentle, as he drove the nails, showing how strong one must be to be gentle.

As old Franklin watched the blacksmith, a look of admiration shone in his eyes. Whether it was admiration of craftsman for expert craftsman, or envy of those billowing muscles, I did not then know. The blacksmith, huge as he was, looking small against the enormous mass of the nervous horse. Sweat ran down his arms, glistening in the glow of the forge. And little old Franklin looked like a child that had grown old.

The horse shod, old Franklin set out for his distination, and all the children followed, as though he were a re-created Piep Piper. "He's going to our house," Sammy whispered proudly, "now you watch how everything makes!"

As old Franklin walked along, things began to talk. The stones of the road groaned. They complained that it was hard enough to hold up the quarry wagon on their shoulders. Couldn't we lift our feet and let the road sleep? . . . At Holtzman's orchard, Franklin took a stick and beat a plum tree. The tree yelped like a dog, and the laughing children gathered the luscious plums. Then Franklin noticed that the trees needed trimming. Holtzman was notoriously lazy. The old man took out his pocket knife, cutting away the wild shoots, which cried like a child having a tooth extracted. Then the mother-tree began to tell us about the need for pruning, when and how it should be done.

As I look back on it, I see that there was a note of instruction in everything this strange little man made things say, as nature expressed its meaning and needs. Sometimes I wonder if he had been a teacher, liking children—he still fascinated them—but lacking strength to discipline the wild pupils in some little red school house.

Shyly, he really seemed to be avoiding the children. He never spoke directly to us, not a word. Everything he said came in that high-pitched ventriloquial voice, out of the things themselves, as a poet makes things talk.

At Schleicher's old Franklin was engaged to paint the house. As he proceeded to prepare his paints, the bucket told us how paint should be stirred.

After a while the children tired of their new interest. "Let's go fishing," Sammy said. Other children had begun to taunt Franklin, saying in singsong, "Gleener Franklin, little Franklin, gleener Franklin," mocking the painter now that he was at a safe distance up the ladder. The instinctive insight of children had found his sensitive spot. Indifferent to their taunts, the painter applied himself to his work—all craftsman now.

That evening Sammy invited me to his home for supper. It was the custom that wherever old Franklin worked he was lodged and boarded. And with Dutch hospitality many of the neighboring children were invited for supper to enjoy Franklin.

Still smarting from the mockery of the children, the painter spoke little, and all of that to the elders, serving as newspaper, retailing stories of other towns he had passed through.

At dessert, Mrs. Schleicher proudly carried in four huckleberry pies, fresh from the oven, their fragrance whetting our young appetites. "You cut them, Franklin, for the children," she said, resting her hands on hips, as if to say, now her contribution had been made.

As Franklin flashed the knife over the pies, he glowered at them. The pies began to plead not to be cut, crying so piteously that little Elda Schleicher soon began to whimper. I had lost all appetite even for Mrs. Schleicher's pies. Franklin glanced around at the sad faces of the children, and then slowly his eyes softened.

The scene changed. Now the pies became Sammy Schleicher having his face washed and hair combed for Sunday school. The children laughed, as old Franklin held the pie plate like a squirming shoulder, and drew the knife like a comb through the pies, parting Sammy's hair. And each piece went laughing to a boy's or girl's plate as Sammy would have escaped from his mother's tidy care. "It tastes like Mom's pie, still," whispered Sammy—the dark, huckleberry juice widening his grin.

Next morning I went down to Sammy's again. The children were there. As Franklin drew his smooth brush strokes over the clapboards of the house, the boards began to croon like a child being hushed to sleep. Then the paint brush began to tell us about houses in coal mining towns. It said that coal miners who worked in darkness all day lost their delight in color: but the slate quarrymen, who worked in sunlight, in an open quarry, liked to keep their homes bright with paint, because they worked in daylight.

Suddenly we heard a terrifying crash in the distance, and the wild beating of horses' hooves. In that quiet town the sound could have only one meaning. A runaway! The children rushed out to the street. Far down Grant Street we saw them coming, the two great bays of the Old Locke team. One turned into a side lane, the other kept coming on until we could see the whites of his frightened eyes. The children scrambled for cover.

Old Franklin climbed down the ladder, ran out into the street, crouched, sprang as the horse passed. The horse lifted the little man high into the air, as he flung his legs around the frenzied animal. The horse carried him on, but slowed, walked, stopped.

Franklin, speaking soothingly to the horse, led him back to the children.

Then something strange happened. Franklin began for the first time to talk directly to the children, telling them how a horse should be caught, and explaining that the horse was really frightened at its own strength and freedom.

As we piece together the splinters of reminiscence, later in life we perceive the full meaning of a story that we felt but dimly in childhood. Now I know why little Franklin could speak again to the children he loved. For one joyous moment he had been big—a man in the eyes of children.

EN DICKI FRAA

So rund as wie en Kugel,
So fett as wie en Ool;
So schmutzich wie en Schpeckschwort,
Dart kummt sie—guck emol!

As wie en Fenseriggel,
Wie sie yung waar un glee,
Yetzt guckt sie wie en Pilwe,
Kann weder geh noch schteh.

Sie nascht un fresst beschtendich,
So lang sie wackrich iss,
Vun Bretzel, Kuche, Candy,
Vun Eppel, Ice Cream, Niss.

Am Disch dutt sie net fehle,
Sie graabt in alles nei,
Mit Appetit erschrecklich
Vun Jelly bis zu Pie.

So waerd sie immer fetter
Un runder in der Mitt;
Vun all ihr viele Kleeder
Iss gaar nichs, das meh fit.

Sie dargelt un sie wackelt,
Sie fallt schier uff die Naas;
Sie zittert as wie Jelly
Wann ebber schittelt's Glaas.

Sie kann ball nimmi schnaufe,
Wann sie en Trepp nuff geht;
Sie kann sich gaar net drehe,
Wann en Windli uff sie weht.

Sie hot en lang, dinn Mennli,
So verhungert sehnt er aus;
Mer meent sie kennt ihn schlucke,
As wie e Katz e Maus.

—LOUISA A. WEITZEL

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELLA C. FERRIS

Mrs. Ella C. Ferris, Quakertown R.D. 1, died Friday in the Quakertown hospital. She was 91 years old. Her husband was the late Rev. Dr. Daniel O. Ferris, who preceded her in death while serving his pastorate in the Summerfield church, Bridgeport, Conn.

Surviving are: two daughters, Mrs. Pearl Meyer and Mrs. Grete La Stina, both of Quakertown; a son, Daniel O. Ferris, Seattle, Wash.; three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at the convenience of the family.

WILLIAM MEYERS

William Meyers, 87, former resident of Easton, died at midnight Wednesday, in the Northampton county home. He was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. David Meyers. He is survived by a niece and two nephews, residing in Easton.

The body will be brought to Easton and funeral services will be held in the Johnson funeral home, 1615 Northampton St., at 10:30 a. m. today. Burial will be made in Hay cemetery.

MRS. MARY R. KYANST

Mrs. Mary R. Kyanst, 74, widow of William Kyanst, died yesterday at 12:15 a. m. at her home in Dingman's Ferry. Mrs. Kyanst came to the United States from her birthplace in Germany 52 years ago and had lived in Brooklyn and Wilkes-Barre before moving to Dingman's Ferry in 1922. She was preceded in death by her husband eight years ago.

There survive one son, Edwin, of Long Island; one brother, John Kraft of Dingmans, and one sister, Mrs. Margaret Schade, Brooklyn.

Requiem mass will be sung in St. Patrick's Catholic church at Milford, Monday at 10 a. m. Interment will be in the Dingman's Ferry cemetery.

MRS. GRACE WEIR

Private funeral services for Mrs. Grace Weir, 72, widow of Hugh Weir, who died Wednesday in the East Stroudsburg General hospital, will be held Monday at 2 p. m. from the funeral home of Mrs. J. H. Lanterman and Sons. Interment will be in Laurelwood cemetery.

Mrs. Weir, whose home was on Brodhead Ave., East Stroudsburg, with her son John E. Weir, was a former resident of Mt. Pocono and was a member of the ladies auxiliary of the Mt. Pocono M. E. church. She was a native of Ohio and resided in Monroe county for the past ten years.

In addition to the son with whom she made her home, she is survived by three brothers, George Hamilton of Xenia, O.; Stoddard Hamilton of Indianapolis, and Karl Hamilton of Washington, D. C., and three grandchildren.

JAMES F. BLOSE

Funeral services for James F. Blose, Slatedale coal dealer who died Thursday morning at his home, will be held Sunday at 2 p. m. from the late home in Slatedale. Interment in Slatedale cemetery.

In addition to survivors previously listed Mr. Blose is also survived by a brother Alvin F. Blose of Slatedale.

MRS. ELLA C. FERRIS

Mrs. Ella C. Ferris, nee Perkins, widow of Dr. Daniel O. Ferris, form pastor of Somerfield church, Brida port, Conn., died Friday in Quak town hospital at the age of 91. S resided at Quakertown R. 1.

Mrs. Ferris was born in Mass chusetts June 13, 1852, and is su vived by two daughters, Mrs. Pe Meyer and Mrs. Grace Laspina, bo of Quakertown R. 1 and one so Daniel, of Seattle, Wash. Thr grandchildren and two great gran children also survive.

Funeral services will be held at t convenience of the family with Re Robert Lang, pastor of the Quake town Methodist church, officiating.

ASA S. WEAVER

Asa S. Weaver, 74, Sandts Edd Easton R. 3, died last night at h home.

A lifelong resident of Sandts Edd he was a carpenter by trade and fo many years was employed by the A pha Portland Cement Co. He was member of Mt. Zion Evangelical an Reformed church, Martin's Creek, an the Jr. O. U. A. M., Tatamy.

Surviving are two brothers, Samue S. Weaver, Sandts Eddy, and Joh S. Weaver, Martin's Creek.

Funeral services will be held a 2 p. m. Sunday at the Hutchinso funeral home, Martin's Creek, wit Rev. John O. Reagle, pastor of Mt Zion Evangelical and Reforme church, officiating. Burial will b made in Church Hill cemetery.

MILTON J. KERN

Milton J. Kern, 52, bricklaying con tractor, died suddenly Thursday nigh at his home 55 2nd St., Slatington, o a heart attack.

Born in Washington township the son of the late Robert and Lillie, nee Hankee, Kern, he was a member of the Friedens church. His wife Clara, nee Frederick, Kern died several years ago.

He is survived by the following children: Mrs. Vincent Korpics, Slatington; Norwood Kern, Walnutport; Mrs. Madison Kern, Slatington, and Mrs. Walter Paules at home. A sister Mrs. Walter West of Slatington R. 1, and three grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held from the late home Tuesday at 2 p. m. with Rev. Robert Urffer officiating. Interment in Friedens cemetery.

MRS. LILLIE R. WETZEL

Lillie R. Wetzel, 74, wife of Milton M. Wetzel, Zionsville, died at her home yesterday. She had been in ill health for some time, complications causing her death.

She was born in Whitehall township, daughter of the late Henry and Susanna Steininger Nace. She was a member of St. Paul's Blue church, Coopersburg.

Surviving are her husband, two sons, Miles, Emmans and Henry, Old Zionsville, one daughter, Marie, wife of Stewart Wilson, Easton and thirteen grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held from the home Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 with Rev. George C. Bingaman officiating. Interment will follow in St. Paul's Blue church Union cemetery, Coopersburg.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Si Druvel

Wo nm'r mohl shwetza wil fon recht shoffender si druvel, don uf kours nembt die Aggie Tyson fon Normal Shquare, un dale fon ihra nochberra der kucha. Die socha sin ol g'shaina doh 'm onnerra Mondawg nocht wies so arrick garayer'd hut, un sawga m'r het shier denka kenya 'm "Linsy" sei show wear om kumma dawaig os sie drous im raya rum k'homm'ld sin. 'S wor so on da halb nocht rum os es wasser awfonga is hoch werra, un die Aggie is bong werra ihra si dada ra fersoufa won sie sie net ous 'm shwom nemma dade woh sie da gonsa summer kotta hut, Laenich hut sie die si ow'r net nemma kenna, un hut airsht gae missa fer hilf.

Die Aggie hut der telefone, un mohl der Davy Guldner uf garufa fer sehna eb er ra net tzu hilf kaimt. Noh is sie ob iwwer die shtross niver tzu ihra tzwae maid, da Mamie un da Helen g'shprunga, un hut sie ous da bedder gagrisht. Die maid hens airsht net denka kenna wos om gae sei maich'd, ow'r sin alla bait bletzlich uf g'shtonna wie die Aggie g'sawt hut die si hen wear unnich wosser, un mista die si rous nemma odder dada na alla pieces fersoufa. Sis leicht tzu denka os die maid sich noh nimmy long p'sunna hen eb sie nous in der raya wotta odder net, un die Helen hut noch so gor ihra aller beshda shoe aw kot os sie hut, un yusht 'n raya ruck iwwer ihra nocht kut aw fer nous gae helfa die si rum driva. Die Mamie hut ihra alta shoe aw, un yusht 'n alter koat iwwer ihra nocht kut aw gatzoga fer nous gae helfa. Sie sin im wosser rum gabawda bis on die gnee, un wor net bis die shoe wesh puddle noss worra os die Helen draw gadenk'd hut os sie die letza shoe aw het, un is g'shwind nei ins hous un hut ihra guta shoe ous, un 'n paar alta aw.

'S wosser is ols haicher un haicher kumma, un hen die si bei selra tzeit nimmy om hous ferbei nemma kenna, ow'r hen sie gons hinna rum die shtross ruf bringa missa, fer sie niver in da Mamie ihra shire driva om wertshous. Der Junior Steigerwalt is aw noch da tzu kumma mit da mashine un hinna noh g'fohra der pike nuf, un sei lichter gablins'ld fer die kola trucker halta fon ins "Si Parade" fohra. Der Fred Longacre un sei fraw die Eva worra aw noch dabei helfa, so wohl wie aw der Granville Rex. Tzu nin'd hen sie noh da Aggie ihra siva si nuf noch da Mamie ihra shire gadriva un 'n yaders hut gamaint sie kenta hame in ihra bedder gae. M'r maichda aw noch sawga os die "Si Driver," net yusht die si gadriva hen, ow'r hen ow so tzu sawga, da Aggie ihra si shtol in pieces ferrissa fer die si rous griega, un mus now airsht 'n neier shtol baua eb sie die si widder tzurick in der shwom duh kon.

Ow'r da "Si Driver" ihra druvel wor ols noch weit fon iwwer fer die nocht. Wie da Aggie ihrie im drukna worra, is es 'm Fred ei kumma senie weara aw uf tzimlicher nidderer grund un maichda 'm fersoufa won wosser noch eisht awenich haicher werra dade. Anyhow er is aw uf 'n noshion kumma fer sei si nei in die shire nemma, ow'r hut airsht shtelling sucha missa fer sei yairicher bull. Iwwel odder wohl is er nunner tzu da Emma Neumoyer g'shprunga im raya, un hut gawunnert eb er der bull net bei ihra in die shire shtella kent. Die Emma huts grawd ferwillich'd, un hen noh 's tzwet si parade fon da nocht kot in Normal Shquare.

Der aintsich'd druvel mit 'm Fred seina si is, os er now die tzwae alta drowwa in da shire hut, un de finf glaina uf da onner side 'm pike. Die alta si sin fergneech'd woh sie sin, ow'r die glaina hen so arrick hame wae fer die alta, os sie alla fingers long rous brecha fer uf p'such gae, un is so weit os es Freds nimmy ol fon hame darfa waeich da si uf 'm pike rum shpringa un dote g'forha werra. Die Eva secht, sie wot die si bei da tzeit dote sehna, ow'r wot sie sehna dote gae da rechda waig, un net drous uf 'm pike unnich ma grossa alta robblicha kola truck.

Well anyhow der Fred hut now widder blotz dahame g'funna fer sei glainer bull, un die Aggie is hard om kunsiderra fer ihra si shtol rum baua. Won sellie socha mohl widder ol om blotz sin, un 'm Fred sei glaina sicher uf da onner side 'm pike griega ken hame wae may fer die alta owwa in da shire, glawwa m'r os widder freeda in Normal Shquare is, bis es wosser mohl widder nochts hoch wert.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won misht hawna heit tzu dawg

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Not for the star-crowned heroes, the
men that conquer and slay,
But a song for those that bore them, the
mothers braver than they!
With never a blare of trumpets, with
never a surge of cheers,
They march to the unseen hazard—pale,
patient volunteers. —Howe.

A GREAT YEAR FOR THE FAIR

On a very few occasions revenue of the Allentown Fair during its annual exhibition week exceeded figures for the 1943 show, but the financial statement issued yesterday shows that in no other years was so great net profit made.

While general impression was that the Fair was a complete financial success few probably thought that a new financial record would be set in a year of war and during a period of gasoline shortage and severe curtailment of transportation by motor car.

Many factors appeared likely to affect the Fair seriously. It now appears that those factors did affect revenue in some respects but other favorable factors more than balanced the unfavorable ones so that the grand totals show that the Fair made a net profit of $46,856.

Inasmuch as the people of this community regard the Fair as something that is very much their own, even if they do not own any non-profit shares, these results and figures are highly satisfactory. They know that every dollar that is made is plowed back into a worthwhile enterprise to keep it in top-notch condition and to improve and expand it for community good in many ways. By the same token they would regret to have it an institution that was decadent financially for that would mean decadence and retrogression all along the line.

Allentown wants to see the Fair go on to bigger and better things. It knows this will be done according as it is successful financially.

JAP RATS UNDESIRABLE AT HOME

Altho many Americans remain in Japan as prisoners of the Japs and we in this country have thousands of the monkey-men with whom we'd gladly part, it does not seem possible to proceed very rapidly with exchange in order that we can get our Americans home and get rid of our undesirables.

The situation seems to be affected by the shortage of Japanese shipping. The country that started the war with over a thousand big ships is finding it difficult to maintain its commerce and its war and does not have the shiping necessary for travel to distant ports with exchange prisoners.

However it would seem that if the Jap government places any value at all upon the pack of little rats that it sent into the United States to gnaw and burrow into our country's security it would strain every point and resource in order to get them back home.

But the Japs are probably as disgusted with their nationals because of the futility of all their scheming as we despise them. They may wish not to do us a favor by taking them off our hands. The serious part is that unless the Japs do manifest interest and do take them off our hands, we cannot get our own fine people — missionaries, nurses, social workers — back home where they so much would like to be.

This disregard for the American Japs by their own country is a sample of the gratitude that generally is paid to spies and renegades. It may prompt the thousands of this low species of humanity now in our western prison camps to speculate upon the gratitude of princes and especially upon the gratitude of the son of heaven—the emperor—for whom they were willing to give their lives and in the giving would have felt they were achieving the world's highest honor.

IT WILL TAKE MONEY TO MAKE JOBS

Whenever there is discussion about the desirability of having enough jobs "to go round" after the war, the natural question of those who know that jobs do not just happen but are made by creative thinking of a comparatively few people is: "Where will the money come from with which to finance all the operations that are necessary in the creation of new jobs?"

Obviously new jobs will have to be created when tanks, guns, bombs, shells, fighting airplanes and battleships no longer are needed in the tremendous quantities that the battle-fronts now demand.

Because American businessmen in just about nine months changed from peace-time manufacture to the war program does not mean that by almost similar magic they can reconvert for another era of peace. After all, when it became necessary for American machines and American workmen to turn out war equipment and supplies, a powerful country that felt it was fighting for its very life was ready to do anything to put those machines and those men to work. Billions of dollars were thrown into the construction of huge shipyards and factories, into the purchase of vast quantities of machine tools designed especially for war production and in many cases adaptable for nothing else. Money was no object.

Will there be equal interest in a peace-time program? Will there be similar support or will American manufacturers be expected to make jobs unassisted?

Businessmen certainly are thinking ahead. They want to go into peace-time production. They want to employ as many hands as they possibly can.

But manufacturers in this community who already are looking toward peace days know that their machinery is going to pieces under the pressure of 24-hours-a-day war work. They know that even if their machinery could be retooled for war work, much of it will be worn out by the time the war is over.

The only way they can prepare for the future and the remodelling of their plants for peace is to build up cash reserves. But this the Government's tax policy certainly is not encouraging but in fact is preventing as renegotiation of contracts proceeds to cut more and more into profits and therefore is more and more harmful to the building up of reserves.

Congress is being told these facts by many manufacturers. It probably will be told by the organization of local manufacturers who are thinking ahead as to this matter of jobs after the war.

Full Trial of Air War

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26—Air power is being given its full chance to bring Germany to the point of surrender. But there are few here who are ready to say that air power alone will do the job.

Frightful as are the effects of bombing on Berlin, the Nazis are not expected to capitulate soon. Evacuation of large cities, such as the British carried out, may be expected and the Nazi government itself may scatter its offices in smaller cities and towns. But after an interval of panic the Nazis may do what the British did—they may dig in and prepare for the major battles that must come in other areas of combat.

There is no gainsaying, of course, that the air war has had a terrific effect, but it may be said without the slightest disparagement of what has been done thus far that strategic bombing by night without regard to specific military targets such as may be accomplished in daylight precision bombing has yet to prove decisive in a military sense.

Strategic bombing plus tactical bombing plus a major land invasion across the English channel all together will yield the desired result. It was only natural that Prime Minister Churchill should speak of air bombing as an experiment last spring when he declared that the experiment was worth trying provided other means were not excluded.

Preparing Other Means

The other means to which Mr. Churchill referred have not been excluded. They are being prepared on a bigger scale than military men have ever before visualized. Everything in this war is bigger and deadlier than in previous wars. The resources of the United Nations make this possible. No nation or group of nations can indefinitely stand up against the might of the Allies.

The only question to be answered is when the surrender will be effectuated. Military opinion here, although giving all praise for the effectiveness of the air war, still anticipates that the war must be won on the ground with tactical air power and tanks and artillery and across some of the same territory where our victorious armies marched in World War I.

The air war against Germany will, of course, not be diminished. It will go on with increasing fury. But the plans for a large-scale invasion are in the making and it cannot be long now before massive armies will be landed on the continent of Europe, probably in several different places.

The invasion may well be anticipated to develop sometime between now and next April. Unquestionably, the moment selected will be at the time of greatest confusion and disorganization inside Germany. That time may be approaching and it is devoutly to be hoped that an internal collapse may come in Germany which will make an invasion unnecessary. Then the argument will arise as to how much air power contributed, how much the land and sea forces did in safeguarding bases from which the planes flew, but such an academic argument would be most welcome. In the meantime, however, plans are not being made on the assumption that such a collapse is imminent.

Another Meeting Scheduled

Judging from the fact that President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill have met always about six months ahead of momentous events related to military or naval strategy, it may be assumed that a meeting is being held or about to be held. This is hinted in London dispatches passed by the censor, and Marshal Stalin may be present, too, so it is possible that the big happenings of next spring are being anticipated by the governments of Russia, Britain and the United States and possibly China.

It may be that some pronouncement to the German people will be made urging them to overthrow their leaders and set up a government with which the United Nations can deal. It may be that the main points or bases of a peace to follow unconditional surrender of the armed forces will be outlined. Certainly there has not been any clear statement as yet as to whether the German nation is to be dismembered and kept in slavery, as the Nazis predict in urging bitter-end resistance, or whether the Allied governments will deal with the German people as they already have with the liberated Italian people. Possibly an official declaration on these points will soon be forthcoming as a step in the psychological warfare that can help to shorten the days of combat.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

PROHIBITION

Hard liquor does not worry me as much as some because I never drink it. From that standpoint, I can be altogether objective regarding the gradual Prohibition which is creeping upon our people, not by legislation but by regulation.

Prohibition, however, involves moral issues. Already bootlegging and hijacking have appeared. The next stage is the speak-easy with our young girls and soldiers and sailors glorifying the hidden entrance and enjoying the thrills of forbidden poison. It is the moral issue which cannot be ignored. I did not live in the United States during most of the Prohibition era. My first contact with it was in Honolulu in 1930, when I saw my first hip-pocket silver flash and my first drunken girl—and a very beautiful young girl. That is the picture of Prohibition that remains permanently in my memory. It is that that concerns me, and should every parent. Bad liquor can and will be made even when good liquor is unavailable.

The facts of the present situation are:

Roughly there is a three-year supply of American whiskies on hand, less 100,000,000 gallons which the distillers are planning to hold as a base for blending when distilling is again permitted. This would leave a net supply for two years at the present rate of consumption, but as the consumption is increasing rapidly and there is no new distillation, the period is likely to be shorter.

Scotch Short Here and in England

Statistics concerning Scotch are not available but there is a shortage both here and in England and the prices have gone up to levels which already make bootlegging worthwhile. There are quantities of Highland whiskey but a great shortage of Lowland whiskey, because the distilleries and ware houses have suffered the damage of bombing and distillation has stopped. Popular Scotch in the United States is a blend of Highland and Lowland. The shortage is so real in the United States that imitation Scotch is being sold openly already. It will soon become a bootlegger's prize.

Some noise has been made of the amount of Bourbon in storage and the assumption is that it is being held for a seller's market. But as long as there is a ban on distilling, Bourbon distillers will hold on to substantial quantities of old Bourbon for blending, as it takes about four years from the beginning of distillation before a new Bourbon can be put on the market. If all the Bourbon available were made available to the consumer now, there would be none for blending, but a period of "cutting" and "moonshining" would ensue with all its attendant evils. Those who make a fuss about holding these stocks are playing politics rather than meeting the problem factually.

Rigid Enforcement of Laws Essential

What can be done? In the first place, price ceilings are essential to prevent whatever hoarding exists for inevitable higher prices. In the second place, bootlegging must be made so heinous a crime with the laws so rigidly enforced that no one dares to bring back the days of Al Capone. Every bootlegger and every speakeasy manager should be arrested and sentenced to maximum punishment with the most widespread publicity of all persons involved, particularly political personalities.

But these proposals will not solve the problem. In Canada and England, by prolonged experience, it has been found that limitations upon the hours of sale, under strict supervision, do work. No hard liquor might be sold in public places on Sunday and after midnight. It is believed that this measure would effect a large saving in consumption. In San Diego, I am told, the midnight-closing rule works very well. In New York, if bars and restaurants and hotels closed at midnight, officials would have to see to it rigidly that no "hot spots" supplied wants that are neither necessary nor wise. Certainly, those who like to drink whiskey ought to cooperate in their own interest and obviously, only wholehearted cooperation can do this job. When the consumption of beverages in hotels in the United States increased for the first 10 months of 1943, 38 per cent over the same period in 1942, the consumer is creating his own shortage. He needs to be saved from himself.

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Schtimme Aus'm Kaerrichhof

Vum Lloyd A. Moll

En Uffruhr im Millerschtedtel

IN MEIM Rumschtiere uff 'm Kaerrichhof un mit denne Verschtarwne schwetze, hawwich allerhand Gschpichte un Gschichte ausgfunne. Schgandaale, Familye Schtreit, Schwindlerei, Maerder un Dieb hen mer ihre Lewenslaaf verzaehlt. Do iss awwer en Gschicht, das mich gelechert hot, weil ich deel devun heere hab verzaehle, wie ich noch so'n Rotzer waar. Wie ich dem Kerl gerufe hab, wu mer die Sache verzaehlt hot, andwart er glei. Sei Naame daerf ich eich net saage, weil ich ihm verschproche hab, des net zu duh. Hald ich mei Verschpreche net, kennt der Kerl verleicht gschpucke in meinre Bettschtubb un mir mei Ruh noch nemme, wie er aa gedreht hot zu duh, wann ich mei Verschpreche net halde daet. So'n Lebdaag wott mer doch aa net uff em Hals hawwe in seine alte Daage.

Der Kerl hot gsunge, "O Sallie, Sallie Grosscher, du bischt en aarmes Dier. Du hoscht die Schteefens gfresse, dieweil dass du bischt hier." Des hot mir bissel gelaut, ass wann er en geheerichi Kischt hawwe kennt, weil des so verschtruddelt rauskumme iss. Wie er die zwee Leine rausgelaerbst ghatt hot, schtutzt er, fangt widder varne aa, awwer kummt net weiter. "Schtaernsackerment! Wie des Dunnerwedder geht nau die naegscht Lein!" saagt er.—"Sing mol 's gans Lied. Des hawwich schunn lang mol heere wolle," saag ich.—"Ya, wann ich yuscht hald griege kennt an der Lou. Er hot's gschriwwe un sett's noch wisse. Ich kann yuscht net weiter kumme. Mer hen's doch en dausend Mol gsunge dart beim Tscharli Heimer in der Barschtubb."—"Wer iss odder waar der Lou? Fang mol varne aa un verzaehl mir die gans Gschicht. Ich kann ken Kopp odder Hinnere rausgriege, wann du in der Mitt vun deinre Schtori aafangscht," saag ich. Er waar ruhich var e Weil, noh saagt er:

"In Millerschtedtel waar die Schtross ee Leeme, wann eischt en Regge kumme iss. Die Geil sin im Dreck gebaade bis an die Gnie un die Wegge waare drin bis die Naawe vun de Redder Schpure gemacht hen. Waar's drucke Wedder, noh hot's gschtaabt, dass die Weibsleit schier narrisch waare sin weeich em Dreck in de Heiser. Der Schtaat hot nichs duh wolle weeich der Gschicht, so hen die Kaunselleit ihre Kepp mol zammeghenkt. Der eensichscht Weg des Lebdaag zu verhiete, waar far Schtee in die Schtross zu duh. Die Schtee vun Hand fei zu mache, hett zu lang genumme un aa zu viel Koschte gemacht. So hen die Kerl geblaant far en Maschin, as mer en Grosscher heesst, zu kaafe. Des hot awwer en Uffruhr gemacht unnich de grosse Taxbezaahler im Schtedtel! Sie hen gscholde, die Kaunselleit verflucht un alles Wieschtes gheesse. Die Gangmeeschter waare die greeschte Landeegner in der Nochberschaft. Es waare drei Brieder. Eener devun, der Ed, waar net gheiert un eens vun 'de Buwe.' Er hot sei Schnapps gegliche un immer der Sack voll Geld ghatt far sei Darscht zu lesche. Eleenich zu drinke iss gaar ken Gschpass. Der Ed hot immer guti Kumpni ghatt un do waar ich aa debei. Far eens, hawwich 's Geld nie net iwwermeessich ghatt; un 's naegscht, farwas hawwich mei Bissel noch verzaehre solle? Der Ed waar freigewwich un hot sich net bloge misse far was er ghatt hot, weil er alle Quatember geaerbt hot. Un so hawwich ewwe mitgedrunke. Beim Tscharli Heimer in der Barschtubb waare alle Daag der Lou Blotz, der Willibi Kaeffer un der Ed. Do hot der Ed ghaust iwwer den Tax, as gelegt muss warre far der Grosscher bezaahle. Der Lou waar gewickst. Er hot mol Schul ghalde, awwer des waar zu aagebunne far der Lou. Nochderhand hot der gelebt vun seine Kundewidde: Meind verkaafe, Liese mache un so dergleiche. Der Willibi un die Aerwet waare ken gute Freind. Er hot mol en Geilsdokter warre wolle, awwer er iss net weiter kumme, als me Gaul sei Maul. So wann en Bauer en alter Gaul ghatt hot, as sei Hawwer nimmi kaue hot kenne, iss der Willibi gholt warre far dem alte Reche sei Zaeh feile. Denne zwee Kerl ihre Eikummes waar net naegscht genung far ihre Darscht, so hot der Ed sie drenke misse. Verschtanne—ich waar aa net weit eweck, wann er sie uffgsetzt hot.

"Well, der Schteegrosscher iss gkaaft warre, uffgschtellt, die Schtee feigemacht warre un uff die Schtross. Der Ed hot als behaabt so'n Ding kennt net schaffe, es misst verbreche, wann grosse Wacke neigeduh daete warre. Der Zerill Larisch hot an dem Grosscher gschafft. Nooch em Feierowed iss er in die Barschtubb kumme far den Schtaab vun de Schtee sei Hals nunnerwesche mit me grosse Glaas Tschin. 'Well, Zerill, wie hot der Grosscher gschafft?' hot der Ed als gfrogt.—'Gut, gans gut! Heit hen mer zehe Dunn feigemacht,' andwart der Zerill.—'Hu!' hot der Ed gegreckst. Mol ee Daag hot der Lou der Zerill iwwer'n Seid gerufe.—'Du bischt zu verdammt dumm, Zerill. Nau wann du marye owed reikummscht un der Ed frogt dich widder wie der Grosscher gschafft hot, noh saagscht, gaar net. Saag ihm ebbes waer verbroche un ihr hette net schaffe kenne. Saag eenich ebbes, wie er hett gut gschafft. Noh wolle mol sehne, was der Ed zu saage hot.'

"Well, de naegschte Owed wie der Zerill in die Barschtubb kumme iss, hot der Ed ihn widder gfrogt wie die Aerwet gange waer selle Daag. 'Verdammt schlecht! Ei, mer hen gnapps ee Load rausgrickt heit,' andwart der Zerill. 'Kumm, Buwe, wolle mol eens drinke,' saagt der Ed, iss an der Bar geloffe un hott's uffgsetzt far die gans Barschtubbvoll. Es iss aa net beim eende Glaas geblliwwe. Bis der Ed die Schtross nuff iss far heem geh, hot er der Bauch nausgschowe un gezielt far graad zu laafe. Die darschdiche Brieder waare gedrenkt un's Geld im Tscharli seinre Schubblaad waar gewachse. Nooch sellem Daag hot der Grosscher nimmi gut gschafft! Eeemol waar des letz un 's naegscht mol ebbes schunscht, Ya, der Lou waar gewickst! Awwer des Ding iss en alti Gschicht warre. Der Lou hot gsehne, dass do mol ebbes schunscht geduh sei muss far der Brandewei laafe mache. Ee Daag kummt er bei mit me Babbier un do waare Reime druff. Es waar niemand in der Barschtubb, als wie der Ed un der Willibi. Verschtanne, waar der Tscharli dart. Er hett em Ed gedraut, awwer ich zweiwel, eb er der Lou un der Willibi eleenich gelosst hett. 'Ed, do will ich dir mol ebbes lese, sehne was du meensecht devun', saagt der Lou un lest 's Lied vun der 'Sallie Grosscher.' So hen die Kerl der Schteegrosscher gedaaft ghatte. Wie er faerdich waar lese, hot der Ed recht gebrummt: 'An der Bar, do muss gedrunke warre. Des Schtick misse mir drucke losse un unnich die Leit im Schtedtel griege. Du gehscht heit noch zum Packer (des waar der Drucker in Millerschtedtel) un losscht des Lied drucke—ich bezaahl was es koscht,' saagt er. Awwer der Packer hot nichs domit zu duh hawwe wolle. Ich denk die Kerl, wu all gschtumbiert warre in dem Schtick hette em Packer sei gansi Druckerei verschlagge, wann sie gewisst hette, dass er ebbes mit zu duh ghatt hett. Awwer 's Schtick iss gedruckt warre, vermutlich iss der Lou noch der Schtadt un hot en Drucker grickt, wu nichs denooch gfrogt hot.

"All des iss hehlingerweis harregange. Ich hab als gsehne, wann ich in die Barschtubb kumme bin un die drei warre aleenich drin, dass do ebbes am aageh waar. Mol ee Daag kumm ich nei un der Ed ruft mich an der Bar. Er hot mer ee Brandewei nooch em annere kaaft. 'Lou, kumm mol haer un saag em —' . . . Dunnerladder! do hett ich dir schier mei Naame verblatscht. Well, sie hen mich gedingt far des Schtick vun de Sallie Grosscher darrich die Nacht unnich allre Dier im ganse Schtedtel neischtecke. Was der Schinner hawwich drumgewwe! Ich hab fimf Daaler grickt vum Ed un all den Brandewei, das ich saufe hab kenne. Naegschte Daag hot's awwer gerabbelt im Schtroh! Die Buwe uff der Schtross hen gsunge:

O Sallie, Sallie Grosscher,
Du bischt en aarmes Dier.
Du hoscht die Schteefens gfresse,
Dieweil, dass du bischt hier!

Die Weibsleit waare all am Peement kehre, so wie sie ewwe duhne wann en Schgandaal aeryets waar un sie wolle ebbes ausfinne dewege. Des Schtick hot die Kerl, wu ebbes zu duh ghatt hen mit em Grosscher kaafe, un annere gaar scherdlich gschtumbiert. Eens vun denne, wu sie so beleidicht hen, waar der Abbedeker. Vun ihm hen sie gsaat, er daet sei Medizin mache vun Wasser aus der Schwowe Grick. Der Dokter waar unschuldich un iss zerick kumme mit me Schtick. In dem hot er die drei, der Ed un der Lou un der Willibi, die drei alte Fletterwisch gedaaft. Es iss gschwetzt warre far den wu's Schtick gschriwwe hot, zu reschte. Ya, mer kann mutmoosse, awwer far's uff der Mann zu bringe, iss en gans anneri Gschicht. Es hot nichs gewwe aus der Reschterei. Es waar mer oft dottlich, awwer der Ed hot mich immer gedreescht mit Brandewei. Darrich die Sallie sin mer mannichmol gedrenkt warre un der Tscharli iss net aermer warre."

"Wie bischt dann do haer kumme," frog ich.—"O Sallie, Sallie Grosscher —." —"Sel mol ruhich vun der Sallie! Saag mer ebbes schunscht vun deim Lewe," saag ich. — "Du bischt en aarmes Dier," singt er. "Waarscht gheiert?" frog ich.—"Die weil dass du bischt hier!—"Hald doch mol's Maul vun dem verrickt Schtick!"—"Hoscht die Schteefens gfresse—", singt er als noch. "Ruhich! Ruhich mit deim Gsing!" hawwich recht gegrische. Awwer er macht fart, "Dieweil dass du bischt hier! Wann ich yuscht noch meh wisst devun. Es waar noch so'n Gutes vum Tschon tschumpe in die Kaerpet Lumbe. Lou, Lou, wie iss sell noch gange?" hot er gerufe.

Ich hab aa yuscht nichs meh aus ihm griege kenne. Was die iwweriche Vaersch devun waare, kann ich eich net saage. Es macht aa gewiss net viel aus. Der Dreck, das die Kerl gschmisse hen zu sellre Zeit iss bei dies Zeit schunn all eweckgewesche. Wann mer wisst vun denne Schgandaale, das sie uffgedeckt ghatt hen, daet's em aa nichs batte. Die Sallie hot ihre Dienschte geduh ghatt, mer hot mit Verschtand uff der Schtross faahre kenne.

Der Bescht Thanksgiving

Es scheint about en dausend Yohr
Wie unser Tschon iss fart
Mit Buwe vun de Nochberschaft
Un annre vun de Schtadt,
Mit Feier in de Aage
Un hocher Schbunk debei,
Far Freiheed unnerschdidse
Bis alle Land iss frei;
Mei Haerz iss naegscht verbroche,
Un die Mammi dart am Gate
Hot bidder gheilt, es waar gewiss
Uns niemols so verleed;
Es waar ken Drosch vun kenre Ord
As winsche er bleibt gsund,
Un bede Gott behied en bis
Der Tschonny widder kummt.

Mer hen gewisst wie schauderhaft
Es macht im alde Land,
Un ass des Fechte wiedich iss
Waar all de Weld bekannd;
Die Schrecklichkeit vum Battlefeld,
De Keenich ihre Brall,
Un gross Geblaerr vun Weldmecht waar
Uffkors bekannd zu all;
Doch hawwich un die Mammi
Oft ghockt beim Owetlicht
Un ausgemacht mitnanner, schur
Des grickt en anner Gsicht;
Mer finne aus uff weller Wek
Der Haas mit naekschtem tschumpt,
Wann unser Tschonny schbunki dart
Moi in der Battle kummt.

Well, 's iss harly noch sechs Munet
Iss er mit de Buwe fart,
Un akkordin zu de Zeitung
Iss der Tschonny uff em Job;
'S iss ken Keenich so allmechtich
Odder Tschenrel iwwerm See
Ass unser Bu verschrecke Kann
Vun frei Amerika;
Grick yuschtemol die Zeiting un
Beguck die letschte News;
Dart saagt's der Battle iss am End,
Die Keenich hen die Blues.
Sie daede ball abhandle
Far'n Kaader odder'n Hund,
So geht's net lang bis unser Bu,
Der Tschonny widder kummt.

Des gebt gewiss en grossi Zeit
Nooch all dem bidder Schdreid,
Un all die Buwe kumme heem
Zu ihre liewe Leit;
Die Haahne krache uff de Fens,
Die Kinner singe fei,
Mir saage "Willkumm!" allemol
Viel liewer as good-bye!
Die Facktry Wissel blost gedicht,
Die Belle ringe laut,
Mir yohle bis die Gallus Knepp
Abfliege yuscht about;
Die Mammi heilt far very Freed
Un ihre ald Haerz tschumpt
Far denke an die Zeit wann er,
Der Tschonny widder kummt.

Mer schlachde 's fett Kalb, meiner drei!
Wann unser Tschonny kummt;
Es geht verleicht sechs Munet,
Doch zaehle mer die Schdund;
Es very bescht iss nichs zu gut
An so 're haerrlich Zeit
Far de Buwe ihre Willkumm
Safe do vun de annre Seid;
Ya, des gebt der bescht Thanksgiving
As noch im Kalenner waar,
Un des waerd aa net vergesse in
Sechs hunnert dausend Yohr;
O, mer heile un mer lache,
Un die Band schbielt dass es brummt
Yuscht 's geht so lang far waarde bis
Der Tschonny widder kummt.

Written by SOLLY HULSBUCK (the late Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939) to commemorate November, 1918.

AUTUMN DAYS

CIDER TIME

Autumn days were looked forward to with great eagerness by boys years ago, even though it meant returning to school, and school in those days was a very hum-drum sort of an affair. School was just school-recitations in class and study between. But it was considered a necessary evil that had to be endured and that was that. However, there was "Institute Week" which meant a week's vacation in October and that softened the sentence, for school was often referred to as jail.

It was the promise of many pleasures that made the boys accept school, for with September came cider making and the start of corn husking; nut gathering and Hallow-een in October; hunting and trapping in November and then finally Christmas in December.

Almost every locality had a cider press or cider mill either as an individual enterprise or in connection with a flour mill for mechanical power was necessary. Great quantities of cider were needed for it was not only the main non-alcoholic drink, but was also used in making vinegar and apple butter. The farmer's wife usually had to commandeer the amount she would need or it would all be consumed. The cider that was to be used as a beverage was placed in a shady place in the yard on a support to keep it off the ground, while that which was to become vinegar went into the cellar.

The making of cider attracted boys for the process was very interesting, and fresh cider very good. The farmer arrived with his wagon loaded with apples and empty barrels. The apples were shoveled into the large hopper from which they went into the chopper, then the small pieces came down on the press and were spread out on racks. Here the pulp was wrapped in large cloths made of material resembling burlap which acted as a filter and allowed only the clear juice to pass through. After several layers of pulp were in position the pressure was applied. The youngsters could hardly wait until the cider started coming out.

While this was going on they would try to make themselves as useful as possible, even though the farmer who had brought the apples and the man who ran the press, could have gotten along very much better without them. The boys would pick apples that missed the hopper, keep flies and bees away from the horses, help the cider maker handle the racks and spread the pulp, anything that could be used as an excuse to get cider to drink, for there was nothing better than a dipperful of cider right from the press.

Country boys did not need the warning given by the cider maker when they started drinking, "Drinkt net zu viel—es gebt euch es Bauchweh." (Don't drink too much—it will give you the belly-ache.) They knew from previous experience what would happen if they drank more than they should. Now and then a boy from the city, who thought that the farmer and the cider maker were just stingy, would really fill up on the fresh juice. After a few hours he would realize that he had made a mistake in not heeding the advice, for by that time the bellyache had started and from then on he would be a busy fellow—running.

There were some soft drinks to be had at that time. Sarsaparilla, cream-soda and birch beer were the most popular, but they cost a nickle a bottle and nickles were scarce in those days, so cider was the main drink, for it aged in a short time and no longer had such a marked laxative action.

When it was a few weeks old it became "scratchy" and began to get a little authority, but the actual alcoholic content never became very high, so that it was never considered "strong drink." There were a number of ways to treat cider to make it stay "fresh" and most people preferred it that way.

When cider was made into applejack, it became something quite different for then it packed a terrific wallop. It was as strong as whiskey and sometimes it was served in a mixture with fresh cider. That combination was so deceptive that many a fellow after an evening of drinking would wake up in the morning wondering what had caused the explosion, for he would feel as though he had been through one.

The following lines are the thoughts of a chap who has been through an apple-jack battle the night before.

APPLEJACK

Ich wunner, was es gewwe hot—
Mei Kopp dutt mir so weh;
Un ich bin aa so arrick schwach,
Ich kann schier gaar net schteh.

Mei Aage sin ball zugebabbt,
Meil Maul schmackt graad wie Sand;
Un in de Ohre brummt es so,
Ich bin ball vum Verschtand.

Ich fiehl gewiss gans iwwer schlecht,
Un alles dutt mich schteche;
Mei Maage geht so uff un ab,
Ich muss mich glei noch breche.

Vun so Schtoft bleiwwich gans eweck,
Es reisst ehm vun de Fiess;
Frisch Cider iss mir graad genung,
Er iss so gut un siess.

Wyomissing, Pa.
September, 1943
—LOUIS J. LIVINGOOD, M. D.

Deaths of a Day

MILTON T. McCOLLOUGH

Milton T. McCollough, 52, 252 East Wilkes-Barre St., Easton, died at 9:50 a.m. yesterday at the Easton hospital, where he was admitted Thursday evening for medical treatment.

A son of the late Ida and Terry McCollough, he was born in Wayne. For the past 14 years, he had been employed as a patternmaker at the Taylor-Wharton Iron and Steel Co. He formerly was connected with the Valley Union Encampment No. 196, I.O.O.F.; Charity Rebekah degree lodge No. 3, I.O.O.F., and Canton Lafayette No. 22, military branch of the same order. Several years ago, he was treasurer of the Trump baseball team and Lehighton lodge No. 244, I.O.O.F.

Surviving are his wife, Theodora; four sons, Milton, John, and James, Easton, and Charles, Vallejo, California; two brothers, Walter, Easton, and Charles, New York City, and one granddaughter, Patricia Ann McCollough.

EMMA L. KRAUSE

Emma L. Krause died Friday at about 3 p.m. at her late home, 212 N. 14th St., in her 78th year.

Born in Allentown she was a daughter of the late Lewis and Saran, nee Weida, Krause. She was the last of her family there being no survivors.

Dr. W. F. Kosman, pastor of Salem Evangelical and Reformed church, will conduct strictly private funeral services on Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Heckrote and Spacht funeral home, 824 Walnut St. Interment in the Greenwood cemetery.

MRS. ANNA KUZIO

Mrs. Anna Blazowski Kuzio, wife of Frank Kuzio, 741 Jennings St., Bethlehem, died Friday.

She is survived by her husband and the following children: Adolph, U. S. Merchant Marine service; Private Thomas Kuzio, North Africa; Private Edward Kuzio, England; Carl, Mrs. Josephine Koller and Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Bethlehem. A brother, Joseph Blazowski, of Chicago, also survives.

The funeral will be held at 9 a.m. Monday, with a solemn requiem mass celebrated at 9:30 a.m. in St. Stanislaus church, of which she was a member. Burial will take place in the family plot in Holy Saviour cemetery.

MRS. PAULINE LeCAUSE

Mrs. Pauline LeCause, 51, wife of the late Paul LeCause, 903 Ferry St., Easton, died at 7:30 p.m., Thursday at her home from a complication of ailments. She was a member of St. Anthony's Catholic church.

Surviving are the following children: Mary and Josephine, at home; Victor, Easton; Mrs. Edwin Paxton, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Private Frank, U. S. Army. She also leaves one brother, Pellegrino Spano, Easton, and one grandchild.

LIZZIE I. KLINE

Lizzie Ida Kline, 63, daughter of Kate and the late Josiah Kline, died Friday at her home 653 Church St., Royersford, after a four week illness.

She was born in Montgomery county and spent the greater part of her life in Royersford. She was a member of the Grace Lutheran church. Her mother is the only family survivor.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the Kimes and Nelson Funeral home, 367 Walnut St., Royersford. Interment in Fernwood cemetery.

MRS. JOHN C. AHNER

Ida J., nee Hoffman, Ahner, wife of John C. Ahner, died suddenly early yesterday at her home, 132 Hill St. in Slatington. She was 62 years old.

Born in Bowmanstown, she was the daughter of the late James and Ada, nee Krause, Hoffman. She was a member of the St. John's Lutheran church in Slatington.

Surviving are her husband; a son, Sergeant Harry R. Hoffman of the United States Marine corps; four sisters: Mrs. Clarence Schaffer, Northampton; Mrs. Amandus Nester, Mrs. Richard Bartholomew, and Mrs. Richard Rehrig, all of Lehighton; a granddaughter and a great-granddaughter; and a brother, Henry Hoffman, Lehighton.

Funeral services will be held at the David Heintzelman funeral home, 314 2nd St., Slatington, on Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the Union cemetery in Slatington.

ALICE R. A. HINKEL

Death claimed Alice R. A. Hinkel, 72, yesterday at 4 p. m. at the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Knauss, Macungie R. 1. She had been in ill health for the last few months.

She was a daughter of the late Henry F. and Carolina (Bortz) Hinkel and was born in Salisbury township, Lehigh county.

Surviving are two sisters, Mrs. Harry F. Becker, Emmaus, and Mrs. William A. Knauss, Macungie R. 1; nine nieces and four nephews. She was a lifelong member of the Western Salisbury church.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday afternoon at 2 p. m. from the late home, with Rev. Paul M. Spieker, pastor of Western Salisbury church, officiating. Interment will follow in the Western Salisbury church cemetery. Viewing Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

MRS. NANCY INFANTI

Mrs. Nancy Infanti, 58, 317 N. 6th St., Allentown, widow of Carmine Infanti, died Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital after a long illness. She was admitted to the hospital Wednesday.

A native of Italy, she came to this country at about the turn of the century. She first settled in Cementon and later moved to this city. She was a member of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel church.

She is survived by seven children, one of whom was by a former marriage: Frank Budline, Mrs. Michael Galiano, Pasquale and Dominic Infanti, Mrs. Katherine Dutko, all of Allentown, Mrs. Louise Hurrold, Philadelphia, and Louis Infanti, U. S. Army, stationed in North Carolina.

Funeral arrangements are in the care of Charles H. Becker, and will be announced later.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1918

There was hope that difficulties between Peru and Chile, which had resulted in recent rioting and disorder, could be resolved. The Peruvian government, through its consul general, apologized to the Chilean government for any part it had played causing a disturbance.

Fire destroyed the entire greenhouse on the estate of General Harry C. Trexler, at Cetronia. The fine collection of palms in the southern wing was completely destroyed. The fire was discovered too late to bring it under control.

Traced through a pawn ticket, Peter Loitson, formerly of Boston, was apprehended in Philadelphia and charged with the murder of John Bafil in South Bethlehem. After he was brought to Bethlehem he confessed that he had killed Bafil to get his money, which was $2,500 in cash.

The borough of Northampton celebrated the signing of the peace terms with a victory mass meeting in the high school auditorium in which all the notables from the region, and many visitors, participated. Previous to the meeting there was a big parade, in which all of the patriotic organizations of the town took part.

Horoscope

Today as a birthday gives a progressive, determined nature—one that is marked by self-confidence, the quality of profound and accurate thought. You have the ability to direct and influence others. You never cease trying to better yourself. Beware of a tendency to be careless and forg

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

Charter for Pacific

By DAVID LAWRENCE

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. —Thoreau.

HONESTY IN WAR NEWS DEMANDED

American newspapers faithfully have been observing the regulations pertaining to the release of important news from the battle and diplomatic as well as the home front even though they have been irked many times and repeatedly have been double-crossed as they were in the stories that came out of the Cairo conference.

For days newspapermen of America knew that President Roosevelt had left Washington and there was every reason to believe that he had gone to Africa to meet Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek and perhaps even Stalin. Long in advance of the publication of the actual meeting, American newspapers knew the conference was in session. The Office of War Information of course knew it and knew that the newspapers knew it. More than a day in advance of American publication of the news, reams and reams of paper were filled with stories of the conference that came over the wires to every newspaper with press association connections. A good-sized newspaper could have been filled completely with authoritative stories that were in hand more than a day in advance of the actual release hour. Side by side with these restricted publications came articles of similar content for immediate publication but camouflaged to present the story as coming from European, not American sources. A cheap and disgusting deception was thus brought about in the presentation of the news, not as to content but as to source and it can be said that it has riled American newspapermen from coast to coast.

In fact down in Bayonne one newspaper "jumped the gun" by publishing release stories hours in advance of the release date and thereby exposed the hypocrisy which marked the entire handling of the story.

As a result of it all, American newspapers are demanding a showdown on all this matter of war news. They want to know whether they are going to get a square deal for American readers (the parties with the most important interest) or whether they are going to be tricked and cheated and sabotaged repeatedly as they have been almost since the war began.

Every American newspaper has a duty to perform to its readers and it must live up to the confident expectations of those readers. That duty is to secure and present as swiftly as possible all important news. To that news American readers are entitled as promptly as the readers of British newspapers or papers published anywhere in the world.

In behalf of their readers, American newspapers resent the shackles with which only too often they have been bound unnecessarily, as later events established.

Unless the Office of War Information and the entire system of gettings news from the war and diplomatic fronts be given an immediate shakeup Congress can expect a storm of the greatest fury to break. American newspapers are enraged by what happened in the Cairo story and they are determined that never again shall such a fiasco be repeated.

HARMON SCORES ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN

Many Americans have thrilled to the story of Lieutenant Tommy Harmon who for the second time has been able to return to his fighting command after being lost over trackless wastes when his plane went down.

Once before the great All-American football player went down in a storm over South American jungles. His trek out of the swamps and jungles made an epic story. Then he went through a lot of the African campaign in the air without being shot down or being lost. But in his latest field of operations, China, he was not so lucky. One day he flew just a little bit too low in a big operation over a Jap airfield but managed to land his damaged plane in wild country where friendly Chinese found him and enabled him to get back to his flying command.

In both episodes there has been demonstration of the fighting spirit that is built up by the game of American football. It is a spirit that prompts the football player never to quit. If he can't run the end, he tries the line and if one side of the line refuses to budge, he tries the other and if all things fail he still can pass or kick.

There must be thousands and thousands of Tommy Harmons in the armed services for in the same way that "Old 98" was trained in his youth so were they.

A GREAT JOB BY THE CHILDREN

The accumulation of $4,000 in cash from the sale of 429 tons of tin cans by the school children of Allentown is an impressive tribute to the thoroughness and value of their patriotic work.

Material that ordinarily would have been just so much trash proved to be an item of high value not only to the war effort but in the matter of dollars and cents for the girls and boys and for the social welfare program which they now propose to finance with this money.

The collection of all this trash for conversion into tin and steel must have saved a very large amount of money in collection costs, for house-"When I saw these, I wished the thousands of children could be with me. Then they would holders must pay to get rid of such junk. And money must have been saved at the points where these cans generally land, namely on dumps or along the highways or in fields that utimately must be tilled and from which the rubbish must be removed.

The collection of these cans solved a very big problem for the city whose vacant lots have been made eye-sores by clandestine littering. But best of all, the collection has materially aided the war effort.

During the summer a local teacher, who had done a lot of work in this collection of cans and often wondered whether the work was worth as much as it cost in effort, secured a job as a guard at the Bethlehem Steel Co. His station was a gate through which passed railroad tracks. He will tell you that his greatest satisfaction was to see car after car of tin cans, collected by the children, roll into the yards from the detinning plants and go on their way to the blast furnaces. have known that their time was well-spent and that their effort was worthwhile."

The Why of Cairo Terms

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3—Although there is virtually unanimous approval here of the terms laid down in the Cairo pronouncement, the drastic nature of the agreement has occasioned considerable comment.

One point of view inquires whether it would not have been wiser simply to demand the unconditional surrender of Japan and after that goal had been achieved, fix the punishment such as has just been formulated by the heads of the government of China, Britain and the United States.

The answer, of course, is that it was desired to stimulate the Chinese people to make a supreme effort to defeat Japan. Without China's effective aid, there must be a prolonged war. The Cairo agreements gives the Chinese a positive assurance that lost territories will be restored to them. It also arouses the Koreans, who are promised independence.

Japanese Psychology Differs

But there was doubtless another reason for the drastic terms. The reason goes directly to Japanese psychology and differs from the viewpoint that might be used as against Europeans. The Japanese war lords have told their people that the Americans and British are soft and that after a few months of difficult warfare they will tire of the struggle and that a stalemate, if not victory, will be attainable. The whole Japanese strategy has been built on the theory that if the Japanese entrench themselves firmly the United States and Britain will not really work to dislodge them but will be satisfied with a compromise peace. Hence terror has been used to try to frighten us. The shocking treatment of the American fliers who raided Tokyo and fell into Japanese hands and the beheading of an Australian flier were deliberately intended to strike terror in the Allied ranks. The Japanese have completely misunderstood the English-speaking peoples and have rather imagined that we would be affected by the same kind of brute force as might influence their own behavior if the situation were reversed.

So it may be presumed that President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek decided that there was no advantage in leaving the peace terms indefinite and that the most effective way to break up Japan was to announce now that her stolen territories would be taken from her and restored to China or to the United Nations, as, for instance, the mandated islands.

This news will unquestionably show the Japanese that the United Nations seriously mean to carry the war on to the bitter end, that there will be no compromises or retreats, and that China is to become the big power of the Far East along with Russia in the Asia of the future.

May Lead to Internal Collapse

It is important that the American and British response to the Cairo pronouncement, which gives every evidence of being widely approved, shall be conveyed to Japan. Once the Japanese recognize that the United Nations mean to fight the war in the Far East to a complete victory, their desperation may lead to internal revolt. For there are economic interests in Japan which will not wish to let the war go to the point of actual destruction of Japanese cities and towns.

The time when the bombing of Japan may be expected is perhaps a year or so away, and before such an event can occur, some bloody battles for valuable island bases in the Pacific will have been fought. When the American Navy, assisted by the Marines and the Army, advances closer to Japan, when there are air bases inside China which can be adequately supplied for constant bombing of Japan, when the Chinese armies have been equipped and mobilized in ever-increasing numbers, then the climax of the war against Japan may be expected.

It does appear, however, that the war in the Far East will be a long one and will absorb a good deal of our military and naval strength even when Germany has been conquered and all armed services can be concentrated on the Pacific war. The theory that America will be out of a state of war in 1944 or 1945 would seem to be too optimistic at the moment. The defeat of Japan is a much harder job than most Americans visualize, but that means the time has come when all available resources must be concentrated on accomplishing it just the same.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

RENEGOTIATION

If the process of renegotiation of war contracts, as practised by the Army and Navy were employed only to prevent and estop profiteering, no one could object to what is being done. But it is becoming obvious to thousands of manufacturers that the formula involves more than that. It involves also the prevention of setting aside reserves for reconversion to peace-time production. It keeps a manufacturer from planning for a restoration of consumer goods. It involves the prospect, for many firms, of post-war bankruptcy.

The whole business is extraordinarily complicated, dealing with about 12,000 manufacturers whose contracts run upwards of $35,000,000,000. The Army has 44 Price Adjustment Boards to consider these contracts, with no binding uniform standards. There is, of course, an appeal to department officials in Washington, but appeal to the courts is forbidden. The judgment of Army officials, often only temporarily installed in high power, is binding and final.

Process of Specialization

I have been told by manufacturers, amid much shivering and repeated requests for "This is off the record," that when they prove that if they cannot set up reserves they will never be able to rehire their employes who are now in the services, that officials tell them not to worry; they'll be able to borrow from the government. In other words, they are being deprived of war profits so that the government can obtain a larger equity in their enterprises after the war. Renegotiation thus becomes a process for the socialization of private enterprise in the United States. This is the most amazing formula the smart boys have yet worked out.

The manufacturer, when he renegotiates a contract, finds himself faced by officials who treat him as though he were a thief, particularly when efficiencies, competence, knowledge and the application of sound principles in mass production, results in a saving on price—even when he passes the saving on to the government. When one such manufacturer reduced the price the government paid because of savings in manufacture, he was attacked for charging a higher price before the savings were effected. And when the manufacturer or his lawyer attempts to educate the government official, he is told that his plant can and might be seized if he is not obedient. Manufacturers are threatened and coerced into signing the renegotiated contracts—I suppose to save time in renegotiation. I wonder what a just court of law would think of a document signed under the threat of confiscation.

Difficult to Disregard

I have seen a letter signed by Under-Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson in which he says: "I can assure you that if any threats of any kind were made they should be disregarded." But it is difficult to disregard the power of government when the law authorizes the seizure of plants. It is true that seizures because of renegotiation differences have not been carried out, but the coal mines were seized not because the owners went on strike but because their employes went on strike. Industry dares not ignore the full implications of those seizures any more than it can ignore similar prior actions. Industry cannot ignore the fact that its sole customer in time of war is the sole authority over prices, materials, manpower, labor relations, capital structure, profits and every other business relationship. When you negotiate with that kind of a negotiator, you either knuckle under or go out of business. Most knuckle under; many will go out of business.

No one wants profiteering. No one wants blood money. But what is a just profit? Should it include enough for reconversion to peace production? Should it include a reserve for re-employment of men and women who gave up their jobs to go to war? Should it include sufficient to cover a period of a year for the change-over from one commodity to another? These are ordinary business practises. During the years of the depression, it is estimated that some $30,000,000,000 of private capital were poured back into American industry to save it from utter collapse. Where would we be today if that industrial establishment had not remained intact when war came?

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CHRISTOPHER SAUER, SENIOR

The following paper was prepared by the Editor of the ECK and read October 8, 1943, before The Historical Society of Berks County, Reading, Pa., in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the publication of the Sauer Bible.

IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 1743 Christopher Sauer, Germantown printer, published a book whose significance as the greatest colonial printing enterprise of its day must forever redound to the glory of our early German pilgrim fathers in Pennsylvania. Sauer's German Bible not only anterdated the publication of the first English Bible in America by forty years, but it was also notably the first Bible to appear in the Western Hemisphere in any European language.

By virtue of the establishment of his German press in Germantown, Pa. in the year 1738 Christopher Sauer came in the course of his years to wield more influence over the colonial Germans in America than any other one man of his time.

It would seem quite fitting that we who live two centuries later, should look into the life and character of this man who exercised such powers. Let us first survey hastily the external facts of his life.

Born in 1693 in the town of Laasphe, then in the small principality of Wittgenstein, long since incorporated into the Prussian province of Westphalia, Christopher Sauer landed in Philadelphia with his wife Maria Christina and three-year-old son Christopher in the year 1724. He came to Germantown where he associated with Alexander Mack and Peter Becker, leaders among the German Baptist Brethren. In 1726 he purchased a small farm on Mill Creek, but after a few years returned again to Germantown. Only in 1738, when he was 45 years of age, did he set up a printing press and in the next twenty years issued books, pamphlets, almanacs and newspapers, which were purchased and read by colonial Germans from the New England States southward through Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. Christopher Sauer died in 1758 and was buried in a little family plot near his residence in Germantown. Visible traces of his grave have long since disappeared and the exact spot of his last resting place is unknown today.

There is much that we should like to know about the life of Christopher Sauer. We live in an age in which the human interest story makes a tremendous appeal, but there are unfortunately various periods in his life which have become obscured by time. It was the custom of early historians to accept freely such material as tradition had preserved without insistence upon documentary evidence. Then came the era of the debunking historians who shattered many beloved images for us, and much hitherto accepted data has been rudely challenged. With respect to Sauer it is my opinion that much remains still to be done. Unfortunately the able historian of today is seldom able to cope with the difficulties of 18th century German manuscripts and the German scholar is rarely a trained historian.

However interesting the facts of his life, it would seem to me far more important that we today should ask ourselves what manner of man Christopher Sauer was in respect to his mental and spiritual characteristics, what was the source of his influence, and what importance he may hold for us of the 20th century.

Was it mere accidence that he should be born in the insignificant village of Laasphe on the Lahn? — Laasphe is not far from the towns of Berleberg and Schwarzenau, both of which were during Sauer's boyhood the scenes of unusual religious activities. Here assembled from various parts of Germany those religious souls who protested vehemently against the rigidity and empty formality of the then established Protestant Church, Separatists, who were known by various names, Fanatics, Enthusiasts, the Inspired, Anabaptists, et cetera. Both Church and State took up a vigorous opposition and persecuted and imprisoned them. There were but few places in all the German Empire where such persecuted pious souls could find refuge. The small principality of Wittgenstein in which Sauer was born was one of the few oases where such unfortunate religious zealots could find safety. Its ruler, Count Casimir, had come to the throne in 1712, when Sauer was 19. During Casimir's minority his mother the Countess Helwig Sophia was the regent. This pious woman extended her protective patronage to such refugees and befriended Alexander Mack —and others who later migrated to Pennsylvania. Christopher attended the Reformed Church in his youth but he could hardly have escaped the influence of these various Separatist religious movements so close at hand. But there is no documentary evidence that he was ever baptized into the German Baptist fold, nor is there any evidence that he was later baptized in Pennsylvania, although there is no doubt that his religious affiliations in Pennsylvania were with the German Baptist Brethren, or Dunkards, as they are better known. It has been pointed out again and again that he left Germany because of religious persecutions, this in the face of the fact that Wittgenstein was one of the few places were dissidents and separatists were safely harbored. The reasons for his emigration to America are therefor obscure. He was 31 when he landed in Philadelphia. What had he done during those first 31 years of his life? Most historians say that he was a tailor by trade. The late Governor Martin Brumbaugh, historian of the German Baptist Brethren, states that according to all the records of his descendants he was not a tailor, and that he is not known to have practiced that trade either in Europe or in America. He states that he was a doctor of medicine, having acquired his medical knowledge in the famous school of August Hermann Francke at Halle. He further states that he was a graduate of Marburg University which is a short distance from his birth place and the first Protestant University in Germany. On the other hand the eminent Pennsylvania historian, the late Julius Sachse, has sought evidence at Marburg and found none. He also correctly points out that Francke's famous Halle Institute, from which Muhlenberg went forth later, did not have a medical school. Whatever then his earlier training, we do find that Sauer was skilled in many trades and was variously active in Pennsylvania, even though we may not accept **in toto** what we read about him in the **ACTA HISTORICA ECCLESIASTICA**, namely that he "has become dexterous in at least 30 trades. For having come to America as a tailor, he has since become a printer, apothecary, surgeon, botanist, clock and watchmaker, cabinet maker, bookbinder, newspaper maker, manufacturer of his own tools, wire and lead drawer, papermaker, etc. etc."—It is true that the Institute at Halle did have an apothecary and a laboratory for compounding certain proprietary medicines of which they alone had the formulae, and the sale of which became one of the chief sources of income for the Halle Institute. It is of course not impossible that Sauer may have been at the Institute and acquired some medical lore. We know that he was interested in botany and in medicinal herbs. It is however more likely that the well-known household remedies compounded at Halle were sent to him in Germantown for disposal over the country side just as chests of such medicine were also sent to Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg. One of the most popular of these medicines was the Essentia dulcis, or Golden Tincture, which has continued to be a balm and comfort to our Pennsylvania German people down to our own day under the name "Goldendur."

Regardless of what he did during those first 31 years of his life in his native land, and regardless of what he did during those 14 years after coming to Pennsylvania and before he established his press in 1738, we may be sure that the mainspring of his life was what it remained all his future years: his deeply religious nature, a constantly self-examining nature which, mystical though it may have been, expressed itself in a rugged and practical self-determination in all he did, said and wrote. Although associated with the Dunkards, who like the Quakers, Mennonites and Amish, were distinguished by simple living, by their refusal to take oaths and their opposition to warfare, his own nature was controversial and militant and bound to win him many friends and many enemies.

Welcomed in Germantown by Alexander Mack, who was to become the patriarch of the German Baptist Brethren in America and by Peter Becker another prominent leader among them, Christopher Sauer seems during the first two years to have practiced his various skills wherever his friends were in need of them. In the summer of 1724 Peter Becker and 13 others had started out from Germantown on a crusading expedition to the then remote valleys of the Pequea and the Conestoga and had succeeded in gaining the support of Conrad Beissel who was already an influential leader in those parts. In 1726 one Simon Koenig, who had come to America with Beissel had bought from the London Company 500 acres of land in Leacock Township. Drawn no doubt by the religious group led by Beissel, who was not yet tinged with the ecstatic mysticism and speculative theology of his later period, Sauer purchased from Simon Koenig 50 acres of land on the Muehlbach, left Germantown with his wife and son, presumably with the intention of giving himself up to agricultural pursuits, little realizing that this move was to become the turning point in his career.

Johannes Hildebrand from Germantown had purchased 162½ acres and Simon Koenig had kept 83 acres. These his neighbors like himself were all Separatists in spirit, entertained pronounced feelings against the orthodox Lutheran and Reformed Church and their professionally trained clergy. Following the example of the primitive Christians, they believed the clergy should be called from the humble walks of life, serve without salary and acquire their living by following ordinary trades. His neighbor Hildebrand assumed an active part in giving direction to the Conestoga movement. Vigorous evangelizing went on. At a widely attended meeting held at Coventry on Whitsuntide, 1727, Conrad Beissel in the absence of Elder Becker officiated and made a deep impression. The Ephrata Chronicle relates: "On this occasion quite extraordinary powers of eternity manifested themselves, such as were never known before or after." Also on this occasion Beissel seems to have become fully aware of his peculiar gifts as a religious exhorter and leader. Perhaps his success startled him into a sense of his own importance and he, as was said of him later, "Waxed wise in his own conceit." It was not long before a rupture occurred between the followers of Beissel and the Germantown group, the latter adhering to the Lord's Day, whereas the Beisselites believed in keeping the Old Testament Sabbath, no small factor in their seeking seclusion on the banks of the Cocalico and establishing the cloisters at Ephrata. To what extent Sauer had participated in these activities is not clear, but he seems to have been inclined to remain aloof. On the contrary his wife was impressed and tradition has it that at one of the revival meetings Maria Christina was baptized by Beissel. Growing ever more visionary and eccentric Beissel now sought the use of the press for the purpose of spreading his peculiar views, his first work being **DAS BUECHLEIN VON SABBATH** (The Book of the Sabbath) printed with Roman type by Andrew Bradford in Philadelphia in 1728. An English version, also printed by Bradford, appeared in 1729. Beissel now makes the acquaintance of Benjamin Franklin and, dissatisfied with Bradford, he has Franklin print his **MYSTISCHE UND SEHR GEHEIME SPRUECHE** (A book of Mystical Proverbs) with the imprint 1730. The next commission Beissel gave Franklin was a hymnbook for the use of the awakened Germans in Pennsylvania which also bears the Franklin imprint of 1730, and was the largest work in German thus far to proceed from Franklin's press, although in Roman type. In that same year Franklin printed Beissel's **EHEBUECHLEIN**, Booklet on Matrimony) written in the interests of celibacy in which he declares that matrimony is the penitentiary of carnal man. This booklet may have come into the hands of Maria Christina Sauer, at any rate she becomes convinced through Beissel's strange teachings of the sinfulness of married life. In 1730 she leaves her husband to join the Seventh Day Baptist group and in the course of time becomes the sub-prioress Marcella in the cloisters at Ephrata.

What would he and little Christopher now do upon the farm and in the motherless cabin on the Muehlbach? It was as though death had intruded upon them. Dissprirted and with self-reproach in his heart he sought the advice and consolation of his friends in Germantown. Let us in fancy lift the veil of the past for a moment. His understanding friends Mack and Becker console and counsel him: That wild and erring mystic Beissel has persuaded your Maria Christina that marriage beclouds the clear waters of the soul's spring. She is in the throes of inner struggles. We do not know what she suffers. She needs our prayers. We must follow the path of moderation that we may come to light and understanding. Kommt Zeit, kommt Rat. Time will bring all truth to light and time heals many wounds. We must watch and pray—But what of little Christopher?—Him too we can help. Have you not heard of the excellent schoolmaster Christopher Dock? Indeed, he is more than that; he is a truly remarkable man. Put your son into his school and he will lead him on the right paths.—But what then remains for me to do?—You? You ask that with all your talents? One might almost say you suffer with too many talents. There is only one remedy — work, work and more work. Settle down to a worthy task which will consume your time and energy. — But I am 37 and a failure!—Say not that. It is only that the harvest has been delayed—you will labor and you will reap to the last.—But what is this worthy task which is to lead to such fruition? — Alexander Mack, pilgrim from Schwarzenau, reminded him of their activities in the Fatherland. Had they not helped the little group in Berleberg to publish that famous Berleberg Baptist Bible and thus made the truth accessible to their followers? We need a German printer here in this New World. What could be more worthy than placing a cheap German Bible in every German home, even in the remotest hinterland of Lancaster and Berks? — Christopher pondered upon the advice and counsel of his friends. He now disposes of his farm and in April 1731 returns to Germantown with his ten-year-old son. But he does not yet yield to the idea of establishing himself as a printer—for afterall — what did he know about printing? Our records again become obscure. For a time he seems to have lived with Dr. Christopher Witt, a former member of the community of mystics under Kelpius on the Wissahickon. Dr. Witt had a mechanical workshop but also gave instruction in medicine, physics and the occult sciences. Whatever the nature of the instructions he received from Dr. Witt, Sauer considered himself capable enough to take up the making of clocks and established himself on the Main Street in Germantown with the sign Christoph Sauer, Uhrmacher, over his door.

(To be Continued.)

DER HAERBSCHT

Wann die Maeble Baem mol all iwwer gedeckt sin mit Faerwe—rot, arransch odder heligeel; wann der Eschebaam sei Farb dreht vun grie zu dunkel purple; wann der Baryebaam schittelt in der Sunnehelling un guckt as wann goldne Daahler druff gfedelt waere; wann die Bapplebaem un die Shumac wie rot Feier sin; wann net ee Baam meh grie iss, noh gucke die Beint Baem un die Zeedre Baem viel griener; wann der Wind die Bletter haerzhaftich schittelt bis sie vum Baam abreisse, noh sin sie wie lewendich un suche sich en Blatz far zu schlofe eb der Schnee un 's Eis sie zudeckt; wann der kalt Wind blost un die Schneeflocke zwaerwle, dann iss der Haerbscht hier.

Wann die Feggel, noochdem dass sie sich gfeddert hen un volle neie Feddere hen, uff ihre lange Rees sidlich gehne, wu sie Ungeziffer finne kenne far ihre Hunger zu settiche; wann die Schlange, die Grotte un die Bullfragge in der Grund schluppe um dart zu schlofe darrich der lang Winder, dann iss es Haerbscht odder Schpotyohr.

Im Haerbscht sammele die Eechhaase, die Fensemeis un annere Gediere die Niss in ihre Neschter; nau geht sell wunnervoll gscheit Gedier, die Grundsau in ihre Schlofschtubb, schloft about drei Munet un kummt am Grundsaudaag im Harning aus ihr'm Loch bissel frischi Luft zu schnappe un uns saage wie viel Woche Winder as mir noch zu griege hen. Sie iss unser Wedder Profet!

Im Haerbscht guckt die Nadur draurich, awwer sie iss net am dod geh—sie macht sich yuscht reddi. Die Nadur iss immer voll Hoffning. Bedracht yuscht mol die Bisch un die Baem un die Hecke; sie hen schunn Bledder—un Blumme-Gnepp gut mit braune Schaale gedeckt so dass sie net verfriere; guck mol wie schee grie die Weeze-un Karn-Felder sin.

Die Sunn geht nau alle Daag imme nidderere Zaerkel vun Oscht zu West un alle Daag gebt's wennicher Schtunne Sunneschein. Die Schtaerne un der Mond gucken glitzericher darrich die kalte Nechte. Der Froscht leit weiss uff de goldne Kaerbse un 's Welschkarn iss uff de Schock. Es iss Haerbscht odder ewwe Schpotyohr.

Aus'm FRANK W. MATZ seim NADUR BUCH Mohnton, Pa.

REVIEW

HOME CRAFT COURSES. By Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser.—Volume IV. Home Craft Course in Pennsylvania Dutch Home Weaving Patterns by Marguerite P. Davison, author of "A Handweaver's Patternbook". Photographs by E. Fletcher Brown. Schlechter's, Printers, Allentown, Pa. —$1.00.

The fourth of the booklets put out by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser of Plymouth Meeting, Pa., will prove most stimulating to the many home weavers who are interested in returning to the old patterns of our forefathers. Especially valuable are the explanations of the various drafts and their adaptations to the smaller and less complicated looms in private use today. The author points out that the designs are intended for weavers who use four-harness looms of whatever type. The adaptation of color and texture is left to the needs of the weaver and to such material as is accessible today. Weavers will be grateful to Mrs. Davison for adapting old patterns to small designs for runners, scarfs, bags, etc.

The author points out in her introduction that the designs presented in this book were prepared from actual weavings found in the Pennsylvania German country as well as from manuscripts preserved in the Philadelphia Museum of Art and in the Franklin Institute. In giving weaving directions in this work the author has in mind especially those weavers who are interested in the folkart of the Pennsylvania Germans and who have at their command average equipment. The book is not only illustrated with drafts of the threading and treadle combinations of the various designs, but it also contains beautiful half-tone illustrations of old Pennsylvania German blankets, coverlets and plaid linens.

The somewhat obscure treatment of historical backgrounds and the esoteric meanderings into the symbolism of design in Pennsylvania German folkart found in the author's introduction should not impair the usefulness of this practical handbook for home weavers.—P.A.B.

Deaths of a Day

ARTHUR S. GROSH

Arthur S. Grosh, 71, 422 2nd Ave., Bethlehem, noted cellist for many years identified with musical organizations of Bethlehem and vicinity, died at 6:50 p. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital.

He was admitted there on Thursday but had been ailing for the past five weeks with a heart condition.

A son of Herman and Amanda Haupt Grosh he was a member of Grace Lutheran church. Survivors are his wife, Minnie M. Myers Grosh; two daughters, Mrs. Clyde Fink, Bethlehem; Mrs. Allen Starner, Nazareth; two brothers, Samuel and Herman Grosh, Bethlehem; two grandchildren, Mrs. Warren Rutt and Mrs. Clyde Arthur Fink, Bethlehem.

Dr. J. Howard Worth, pastor of Grace Lutheran church, will officiate at funeral services at 1:30 p. m. Wednesday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem.

MARY E. MILLER

Mary Elizabeth Miller, 75, 33 N. 8th St., Easton, died Thursday afternoon in St. Joseph's Hospice, 123 N. 2nd St., Easton, after an illness of eight years.

A daughter of the late Alexander and Caroline Miller, she was born in Pocono Pines, and had resided in Easton all her life. She was a member of the First Methodist church. For many years, she taught in the Easton public schools.

Her only survivor is a sister, Arvilla Miller, Easton.

GEORGE BREYER

George Breyer, husband of Dena, nee Carver, Breyer, died yesterday at his home, near Sumneytown, aged 70 years, 7 months and 11 days.

He was a son of the late Jacob and Rosa, nee Weinberger, Breyer. Mr. Breyer was a member of Friedens Union church, being affiliated with the Lutheran faith. He was also a member of the Red Men's lodge at Green Lane.

Surviving are his wife, a daughter, Katie, wife of Milton W. Sweisfort, Norristown; two brothers, John Breyer and Thomas Breyer, Green Lane; four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

All funeral services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Wednesday with Rev. E. L. Angstadt officiating. Interment will be in Friedens Union church cemetery, Sumneytown.

FRANKLIN LAYTON

Franklin Layton of 544 N. Front St., died at 5:15 a. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital. He had been admitted a few hours before his death. The Ritter and Buzby funeral home, Emmaus, is in charge of funeral arrangements.

MILTON J. HARTZ

A well-known Fullerton resident, Milton J. Hartz, who was employed as an accountant by the W. F. Moser and Son foundry for 15 years, retiring in 1933, died at 4:10 a. m. Friday in the Sacred Heart hospital from the effects of a stroke he suffered at his home, 510 W. Union St., on Nov. 25. He was in his 81st year.

Mr. Hartz was born and raised at Coplay, and was a son of the late Abraham and Elizabeth, nee Schaden, Hartz. For the past 17 years he had resided in Fullerton, and was a member of Trinity Reformed church, Coplay.

As a youth he was employed as a telegraph operator by the Lehigh Valley railroad, and in 1898 became a purchasing agent for the American Cement Co. In 1918 he took a position as accountant for the Moser foundry, and retired 10 years ago.

Mr. Hartz is survived by his widow, Sadie E., nee Guth, Hartz, a daughter, Mrs. Robert Miller, Philadelphia, and two grandsons, Tery and Eric Miller, both of Philadelphia.

Rev. Richard Keen will officiate at funeral services to be held on Monday at 2 p. m. from the Schisler Funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton, with interment to follow in the Greenwood cemetery, Howertown.

MRS. JOHN C. WITTHUHN

Mrs. Mamenette, nee Hoffert, Witthuhn, wife of John C. Witthuhn, died Friday at her late home, 233 E. Walnut St. In failing health for the past three years she became bedfast 10 days ago.

Born in Allentown, she was the daughter of William and Emma, nee Schwenk, Hoffert. She had lived in Allentown all her life. She was a member of Star Council 16 of the Daughters of the American Revolution and was of the Reformed faith.

Surviving are her husband; a sister, Mrs. Paul LaFatte, and two brothers, Arthur Hoffert and William Hoffert, all of Allentown.

Rev. William Heller will officiate at services at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Monday at 2 p. m.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Whee Wos 'N Fendu

Yar, "Whee wos 'n fendu" worra werta os m'r 'm Dunnershdawg nommy dawg in alla ecka k'hoert hut om Henry Kelchner seinra fendu hinnich Shoenersville drin, gaeich Bedlahame tzu. So welt os sel aw gait, wor des es airsht mohl in longa yohra os fendu darta wor, un wos 'n shtock. Der Henry woh shun fer etlicha yohr laenich gawertschoft hut tzitter os die fraw un familia ous g'shtarva is, hut immer gaglawbt on guter bauerra shtock odder er het net die tzwae grossa tracktors kot, so wohl wie aw allas shunshd os es 'n bauer nembt fer sei lond da rechta waig shoffa.

'S sheind airsht wie geshter os er uns nei garuffa hut sei fendu uf schreiva. 'S nembt uns ken tzeit, ken lang, fer sehna ebs 'n gute odder shlechtie fendu gebt, un shure worra sella mohl froh tzu hoera os er tzwae groyer het fer ol die fiela socha ferkaufa os er kot hut. 'M Hennie sei fendu is may odder wenicher uf der shtutzt in der gong kumma. Sis ol ob gonga wie mohl ae dawg 'n mon nei g'shtopt hut wunnerra, eb er net ferleicht sei bauerrei ferkaufa wot. Der Hennie hut noh g'sawt er dade won er sei price graich'd,—un der mon hut grawd gawunnert wie fiel os er dafor howwa wot, 'n bauerrei fon ebbes wie 90 ocker. Wie der Hennie der price gamocht hut kot, hut der mon gawunnert fer 'n kash sale, wie g'shwind os er der blotz ferlossa kent.

Sis leicht tzu fershtae os es tzeit ganumma hut fer ol die fiela socha tzuracht mocha os der Hennie kotta hut, un 'm Dunnershdawg wor die fendu. 'S hut em naicher onna Fair gamohnt wie aenich ebbes shunshd, un dawaig wie allas k'hol'd hut, het m'r shier denka kenna der Hennie het aryads 'n foss shnops fershteck'ld kot wie die sawg ols is, os sie ols hetta yohra tzurick, won sie ob galumber'd bush lond ferkauft hetta. Alla shworta un hecka haufa het 'n gruck odder foss fershteck'ld, uns wear efter wie net gawest os die braiding fom waig die fendu leit meeder gamocht het uf 'm hame waig os wie die lang dafon. Un dadarrich hetta die socha os sie tzu ferkaufa kotta hetta, so fiela mainer k'hol'd os wie sie hetta wons net gawest wear fer die fershteckIda socha, woh uf kours ol gawist hen tzu finna.

Heit tzu dawg breicha die leit os fendu hen, ow'r ken fesser fershteckla fer leit beata mocha. 'S gelt is blenty, die neia socha sin rohr, un wos is noh tzu denka, os wie die leit gain noch fendua un froga net was sie batzawla fer socha os sie howwa wolla. Der Hennie hut sei fendu gute gaadfertis'd kot im Morning Call, un des da haicher os 'n fendu kumt, des da besser os die leit ous mocha os sie hen, des da liever is es uns. Un war maint 's dade net batzawla fer 'n fendu recht shoffend adfertisa, het numma om Henry seinra fendu sei solla. Nadierlich worra aw dale guta barya darta, ungfare so os wie der bureau mit da dreitzae brassna handles. Sis wor os der bureau selwar net fiel wert wor, ow'r die handle hetta fiela maina wie tzaea dahler hola solla—un wie sie aw hetta won sie halb nommy dawg ferkauft werra weara, bout die tzeit woh sie 'n gonsie wogga load heffa ferkauft hen fer gons abissel gelt.

Sis 'n tzeit un blotz fer allas on fendu, un woh so fiel leit ihra failer mocha, is, fer ol die guta socha halta bis es aller ledshd fon da fendu. Die maining is, os die leit os sie wotta bleiva dada bis der onner garaidschoft ferkauft wear, un wie aw gawainlich paar duhn. Die os bleiva sin gawainlich dealers os tzomma shpiela, un nonner die socha net nuf beata un hinna noh widder fendu hen unnich sich selwar. Ol die onnerra beater so wie Docktor, Tzae Rubber, Lawyers un onnerra os owets in ihra offisa sel missa, kenna net bleiva bis es bidder end, un die os duhn, griega die barya. 'N groyer kon yusht griega fer socha wos die beater gewwa wolla dafor, un won die guta kauf leit fert sin, grick'd ebber shunshd die barya. Sis uf kours fershtonna os dale alsa mohl bleiva, un wie doh der fol wor mit 'm kersha desk os wenich gadenk'd hen os 'n hunnerd dahler hola dade. Bis es fartich wor, hut er ow'r 'n hunnerd sechtich dahler k'hol'd kot, un yusht well ae gawissa weibsmensch die tzeit got hut fer worta bis er ferkauft is werra. Die wosser bonk woh der groyer Woody Roth g'sawt hut os er net bei uns shtae dade, os es bind huls wear

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

UNION LABEL

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

We often make our duties harder by thinking them too hard. We dwell on the things we do not like till they grow before our eyes, and, at last, perhaps shut out heaven itself. But this is not following our Master, and He, we may be sure, will value little the obedience of a discontented heart. The moment we see that anything to be done is a plain duty, we must resolutely trample out every rising impulse of discontent. —Temple.

FORCING SUBS TO CHANGE TACTICS

Report from the United Nations that ship losses due to German submarine activity during the month of November were the lowest for any month since May, 1940, is further evidence that the threat of Hitler and his new navy head to intensify sub warfare has been met and answered for the time, at least.

In fact almost since the time when the threat was made and the submarines began their hunting in packs instead of as lone wolves, sinkings have decreased steadily. On the other hand with the adoption of the tactics of fighting in packs, submarine losses have greatly risen in numbers. Repeatedly we have read stories of encounters between American defenders—destroyers, fast patrol boats and planes—and these packs and the sinking of one or more of them.

In the months during which the seas have been comparatively safe for travel vast numbers of men and huge quantities of munitions and supplies have been moved across the Atlantic to Africa and Italy and the British Isles. Much has gone to Russia, by way of the Persian Gulf and Murmansk. In fact so much has been sent that current industrial production in the United States in many lines is being delivered to the west coast, presumably for the Japanese war.

Temporarily the sub menace has been thwarted. Sinking of the Germans' most serious threat to the prosecution of the war was at the rate of 25 per month during the six-month period in which Hitler and Admiral Doenitz had promised to win the war with this arm alone. This is at a rate believed to be ten higher than Germany's monthly productive capacity. But even that productive capacity may have been reduced seriously by the bombing of German industrial cities wherein important elements of submarines are produced. Furthermore the destruction of 150 subs in six months was by action at sea when the subs attacked convoys or were sighted by patrol vessels and planes. It takes no accounting of probable losses to the Germans in this category when the submarine nests in Germany, France and other conquered countries were bombed by the American Air Force and the RAF.

Now there is basis for belief that the Germans again are changing their tactics and reverting to the old lone-wolf style of fighting with U-boats. Only a week ago a lone Cuban freighter was sunk off the coast of South Carolina, presumably by a single sub which had ventured close to the United States' shores.

It may be that the subs once more are being sent out on solitary missions, that they will roam the Seven Seas and take pot-shots here and there when they meet unconvoyed vessels. They may seek to force the United Nations to keep watch upon parts of the seas instead of the main trade routes, thus dividing patrol forces widely.

The best that can be hoped for is a minimum of sinkings by this type of ships. No method has been discovered by which the sub absolutely can be found well in advance of danger and dispatched. Nothing probably can be done except to minimize losses and probably scare the sub crews ultimately into refusal to take to sea. This was what happened in the last war when German sub crews mutinied and touched off the first serious spark that lit the way to Germany's collapse and capitulation. Otherwise we will have the subs with us until the last day of the war and often until then we can expect them as callers along the Atlantic coast.

BULGARIA FEELS PROPAGANDA PRESSURE

Very much thought was given at the Cairo and Teheran conferences as to the value of these conferences and their pronouncements for propaganda purposes. Even if, in a time of war, there is forgetfulness as to the ancient proverb that the pen is mightier than the sword, the value of the pen as an instrument for the waging of war has not been entirely neglected.

Without any doubt the historic conferences had as one of their hopes a break-down in the morale of Germany's satellite partners in the Balkan states. It has been known that the peoples of those countries under German domination are not entirely happy and even less hopeful of the results. Especially has it been known of the Bulgars. They always have been much closer to Russia than to Germany, and although still friendly in their relations with that country, might be influenced to do some hard thinking and perhaps make some important decisions when it became known to them that Russia is on friendly terms with Turkey and that both are very, very close to the United States and Great Britain.

The effects already are being reported from Europe. Thus a Stockholm paper reports that the Germans have warned Bulgaria not to change her course, a warning that certainly would not have to be delivered if there were no trouble brewing. From Budapest comes the report that Bulgaria has ordered general mobilization and the report presumes that the mobilization is directed against the Germans if they seek to interfere with any new decisions which Bulgaria may make. Such change is indicated in the fact that a shakeup of the cabinet is in progress. This shakeup is said to be in the line of getting rid of the pro-Nazis in the Bulgarian government.

General belief in Europe, it would appear, is that the Bulgarians would like to quit what they believe is a sinking ship. The question is whether they can do it immediately inasmuch as Germany stands close at hand with a gun pointing at their heads.

Critical Declaration

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10—Charles E. Wilson, who is the chief operating executive of the War Production Board, has just delivered a speech which contains such a significant declaration at this critical moment in American history that his words should be weighed deeply by the business world. He warns against a "right wing reaction" and he is the first business man to do so.

Mr. Wilson was formerly president of the General Electric Co., and was called to government service because of his experience in production. He is not a politician and he is by no means an expert in governmental affairs. He has made some mistakes in administration, and this correspondent has not hesitated to point them out. But Mr. Wilson has just made a contribution to the thinking of our times which might well have been expected to emanate from a man far more intimately identified with public life than he has been. His comment is courageous and broad-visioned.

"Now we are coming into an election year," he said, "when passions and prejudices are likely to be accentuated through the normal interplay of party politics. I submit that if we give way to those passions and prejudices, if we allow them to influence our actions, if we lend ourselves to the breaking up of the society into partisan groups and cliques, we are playing into the hands of the enemy. More than that, we are jeopardizing our entire national future.

Threatens Entire Structure of American Life

"Many of us in the 1930's feared that a left-wing reaction would draw labor so far away from the main body of American sentiment that the gap could not be closed without a disastrous struggle. I do not want to be an alarmist—perhaps I exaggerate since I spend so much time in Washington, where politics is always exaggerated—but I tell you frankly that I am deeply alarmed today over the possibility that a right-wing reaction may draw some sections of capital so far away from our traditions as to imperil the entire structure of American life as we know it.

"This above all is a time when the industrial leaders of America owe it to their country and to themselves to exercise temperate judgment—to practice the arts of compromise—to avoid the temptation of sacrificing enduring values for temporary gains—and to withhold encouragement from dangerous men who preach disunity.

"Our American democracy is a hardy plant; but surely we have learned by now that democracy in any country can be blighted by the many deadly parasites which will always attack it if they can. I refer not merely to Japanese beetles and Nazi bloodworks, but also to an American breed of maggot which has been all too numerous of late, and which is trying to break through the skin of democracy and suck the life blood out of it.

"There are too many men who are ready to spread the poisons of falsehood and hate at every turn. You and I and all of us who are sincerely devoted to the American ideal and to the democratic principle have an obligation to speak out boldly and act boldly to prevent these so-called Americans from plunging us into disastrous internal strife."

Statement Does Not Smear Anyone

Mr. Wilson's comments are implicit rather than explicit. He does not call names or smear anyone but he draws attention to a trend which is recognizable by anyone who follows the many currents of discontent that are being set in motion today and will tend to grow more intense as the presidential campaign approaches.

As one who is not in the confidence of Mr. Wilson, there is nevertheless no doubt that he must be referring to the undue encouragement which the forces of reaction and the opponents of democracy in America have derived from the recent Republican gains in the state and local elections. Too many Republicans of the reactionary school of thought have already made mincemeat of all the progressive legislation adopted in the last decade. They are already assuming that because the American people are irritated by administrative mistakes and wartime restrictions, the electorate will accept any Republican nominee for the Presidency and particularly one who straddles on world issues.

Mr. Wilson has given a timely bit of advice to the business men who think the 1944 election is already over and that the Nation is ready to go back to ultra-conservatism—to the spokesmen who are beginning to pick flaws in the world cooperation program already acclaimed and to become preoccupied, as in the 1920's, with the illusions of another era of economic nationalism and isolation.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

THE MORAL OF THE EDISON SAGA

Charles Edison, born into business and wealth, was for some years a Republican. When that party, after 1932, seemed to be a dead horse, Mr. Edison, ambitious to serve his people in high office, switched his partisanship to the New Deal and became a great liberal. For this noble act of conversion, he was chosen Secretary of the Navy and in due course, with the assistance of one Hague, he was chosen Governor of the State of New Jersey as a Democrat. In this office he served with distinction but also with heartaches, for he discovered that democracy as practised in New Jersey means abject servility to Hague. Mr. Edison, having the breeding of a gentleman and the upbringing of a patriotic American, found it difficult to swallow the civics of I-Am-the-Law Hague.

Like so many other rich men's sons who succumbed to the blandishments of the New Deal, Edison evolved himself into an astonishing liberal who supported not only labor, but its extreme left wing. Thus when a strike broke out in the Air Associates, Governor Edison instructed its president, LeRoy Hill, to resign—and invited the New Jersey State Chamber of Commerce to appoint his successor, an unconstitutional act on the part of the governor and none of the business of the chamber. But what is the Constitution among liberals?

Edison Shocked at Deals

Governor Edison built his strength on the support of the CIO and the League of Women's Voters. The former in New Jersey is left wing; the latter is an offshoot of the political power of Eleanor Roosevelt. The head of the CIO in New Jersey is Irving Abramson, whom Edison supported in his candidacy for Congress and who became part of the Edison administration. When the New Jersey Communists formed a political marriage with Mayor Hague last summer, it came as a shock to Governor Edison and when Mayor Murphy of Newark ran as a Hague rather than an Edison candidate for governor, the embarrassment was increased by the Communist attacks on Edison. Murphy was defeated and Senator Barbour died before the Republican governor took office. So Edison appointed a business associate to fill the seat in the Senate, clearly a stop-gap until the next election when Edison himself would run for the U. S. Senate, supported by the CIO, headed by Irving Abramson and the League of Women's Voters.

Now comes the payoff. At the annual meeting of the New Jersey CIO Council, that majestic body of political labor lined up for Mayor Hague and accused Governor Edison of nullifying "the unity" labor achieved when it went all out for Hague. Walter Barry, international representative of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, with deep knowledge of American political life used the occasion of the panegyrics of Hague to say that Republican political machines "are as dirty and rotten as any other machines."

Deep Moral Preachment

Edison's fight against Hague was described by Brother Barry as bringing "confusion in which reactionaries benefit." Hague, of course, is no longer a reactionary but is a liberal and a progressive and a friend of labor. While Governor Edison was being attacked as an abettor of reactionaries, his erstwhile friend and associate in liberalism, Irving Abramson, said not a word in his defense, the Governor's past support of the CIO being completely forgotten now that he can no longer serve. Hague is still the law in New Jersey—for the CIO and the Communists.

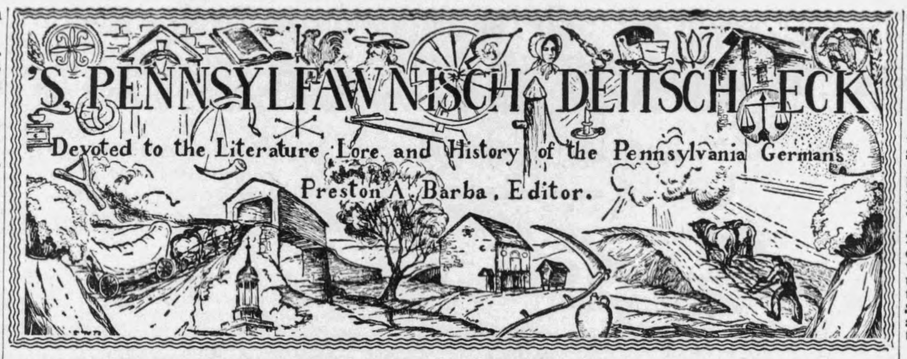
This may appear an important local row. Truly it is a deep moral preachment. Rich young men, ambitious, earnest, desiring to serve, deserted their own principles and their own kind to make themselves willing accomplices of the left wing politicians and revolutionists in the socialization of the United States. Their end is always the same; when they are no longer needed to front for the revolution, they are kicked out. When their consciences keep them from serving as the revolutionists order, they are discarded. The moral of Edison is that a decent citizen has no business making a bedfellow either of Hague or the Communists.

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"A pat on the back will spur most any man on to doing his best"....provided it is administered with a hair brush before the age of 12.

The North Pole should have an ideal climate because no wind ever blows there except the South Wind.

One reason why the world seems worse than it really is, is because you never hear about the bad things that don't happen.



CHRISTOPHER SAUER, SENIOR

The following paper was prepared by the editor of the ECK and read October 8, 1943, before The Historical Society of Berks County, Reading, Pa., in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the publication of the Sauer Bible.

Continued

In 1732 Christopher Sauer built a large house on a six-acre lot adjoining the now historic Wistar mansion. The second story of his house he had constructed in such fashion that partitions could be swung open. In this large chamber the Baptist Brethren of Germantown met and worshipped until 1760. In these years he seems to have carried on various activities as clockmaker, optician and apothecary, and probably also sold religious books and medical remedies.

As early as May, 1732, Benjamin Franklin, ever the astute business man, had attempted to publish a German paper. He had called it DIE PHILADELPHISCHE ZEITUNG, in reality only a translation of his larger and more frequently issued PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE. It was not even printed in German type. Besides, Franklin was not sympathetic toward those Palatine boors, as he termed them, who had overrun the colony and together with the Quakers might become a troublesome political factor. The time was ripe for a German printer who would nourish the souls of his people in their own German tongue with the German type they knew best. Yes, he would turn to printing, even though he had had no training. He could hire printers. He would set up a press and under God serve the interests of his many fellow countrymen, in their quest for freedom and their equal rights in a new world.

But where would he obtain the needed press and type? He wrote to the Lutheran Court preacher in London, the Rev. Friedrich Michael Ziegenhagen, who figured so prominently in the earlier life of the Lutheran patriarch H. M. Muhlenberg, and also to the Rev. Gotthilf August Francke, Director of the Halle Institute, with whose recommendations Muhlenberg had been sent to America. In a letter to Francke dated June 15, 1735, Sauer requests that a press and type be purchased for him and sent to America and he would at some time in the future make repayment to the Rev. Friedrich Ziegenhagen in London. Francke in Halle wrote to Ziegenhagen in London about this request and closed his letter: "The beforementioned Sauer has demanded in his letter that some type for printing be bought here and sent to him. . . . But, as we are overloaded here with other matters, we cannot adapt ourselves thereto. Further, I doubt whether any service would be rendered by a printing press in the West Indies."

Sauer was not discouraged by these refusals. Where and how he finally obtained his press, whether from the group of Brethren who had published the Berleberg Bible, or whether the printing press was constructed at home, no conclusive evidence has furnished us with an answer. In less than two years after Francke's refusal of aid Sauer is in possession of press and type. In a letter dated Nov. 17, 1738, he writes: "Where can I find words to praise the good God! I am deeply indebted to Him. May my All be at His service for the glorification of His name. This was in feebleness my desire and longing for the great benefits which I have enjoyed during my sojourn here as well as during my whole life. Therefore I longed to establish a German Printing establishment in this land, which N. bought for me and has forwarded to this place." This person N. has not been definitely identified.

In 1738 Christopher Sauer, now 45 years of age, enters upon that career which has brought him enduring fame in the annals of American history. The first item from his press was a broadside whose lengthy title reads in English translation: AN EARNEST ADMONITION TO YOUNG AND OLD, TO A SINCERE TESTING OF THEIR HEARTS AND CONDITIONS, RECENTLY SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA, AND BECAUSE OF ITS IMPORTANCE FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED FROM ENGLISH INTO GERMAN BY A LOVER OF TRUTH. The first page bears the imprint "den 3ten Monat des Jahres 1738" (according to our new time reckoning, June, 1738). It is the first printed page to appear in America in German type. On this imprint the name appears Sauer, although in the early days in America it appears as Saur. On English imprints appears the Anglicised form Sower.

In an early letter of 1738 Sauer states that he knows of no better vehicle to spread the news of the establishment of his German press throughout the land than to issue an almanac. DER HOCH-DEUTSCH AMERICANISCHE CALENDER AUF DAS JAHR NACH DER GNADEN-REICHEN GEBURTH UNSERS HERRN UND HEYLANDES JESU CHRISTI. 1739. His calendar for the year 1739 was ready for delivery in November 1738. It was the first of those almanacs which were to be continued by father, son and grandson for 40 years and which more than any other publication spread and endeared the name of Sauer among the German populace of the Colonies. It was the first German almanac published in America. That Sauer had some eye to the commercial significance of his enterprise would be indicated in his statement under the title that his calendar was calculated for the altitude of the sun in Pennsylvania, adding that it could however be used in the territory adjoining Pennsylvania without appreciable difference. We of today can hardly estimate the importance which this almanac had for the people of that time. It was of course nothing new to our immigrant ancestors, for in Germany the almanac had already occupied a place beside the Bible. To the importance attached to the almanac we must ascribe that love of medical lore, interest in the constellations which prevail at birth, and regard for propitious signs of moon and zodiac for planting and harvesting, in short much of the quaint lore and superstition that has lingered among our Pennsylvania Germans into our own day. Here the husbandman found the proper time for sowing, reaping, building fences and laying shingles on his roof; also the homely remedies of the day, how and when to let blood, etc., for physicians were often inaccessible.

The first almanac, of quarto size, and without title page consisted of 3 sheets, or 12 leaves, or 24 pages. The months and calculations followed in close succession without intermediate reading and took up the first 12 pages. The rest were taken up with reading matter of physiological and hygienic character, an account of the eclipses, a record of the colonial and provincial courts and fairs, a chronology of important events, a ready-reckoned interest table, a list of books which had been sent him on commission from Frankfurt am Main and several advertisements.

The succeeding ones were similar in construction until 1743 when Sauer enlarged it to 32 pages, and designed and engraved a crude symbolical plate for the cover which was used until 1759. In 1748 he added 4 pages filled chiefly with medical advice and other useful recipes. It was further enlarged and by 1750 it had increased to 48 pages containing much religious and practical literature principally of his own composition. The people believed in Sauer's integrity, but often put too much faith in his weather prognostications. A farmer named Welker from Sumneytown, consulted the almanac before loading his wagon and starting forth for Philadelphia, and found it promised fair weather. But on the way it began to rain. He became very angry and decided to stop in Germantown and tell the weather man what he thought of his lies. Sauer listened patiently and then meekly replied: Friend, be not thus angry, for although I made the Almanac, the Lord Almighty made the weather. In compiling his almanac Sauer was very conscientious about inserting the names of Saints and Saints' Days. But our peasant ancestors were so accustomed to refer to some particular Saint's day for doing certain work, to sow or to plant, that Sauer after much reflection yielded and inserted them. He finds it necessary to explain that he has done so in compliance with urgent requests, but at the same time remarks about the follies and absurdities of such beliefs, which indicate only the grossest superstitions. Ever sensitive to a higher purpose this almanac furnished for him a convenient vehicle to instruct and move his people to a consciousness of the wrongs that existed in their day and world. In one of his articles VOM KRIEG UND FRIEDEN (Concerning War and Peace) he took up the subject of slavery against which fifty years earlier that small group of German Quakers and Mennonites under Pastorius had so bravely protested for the first time in America. Sauer writes as follows: "America labors under an especially sinful horror. Although the soil yields so richly and there is everywhere so much room that everyone could obtain his daily bread so abundantly, nevertheless many poor slaves are stolen in Africa and sold like other merchandise or cattle, although they too are humans like all of Adam's children but for the color of their skins."

Soon after he had established his press Sauer entered upon an agreement with the Ephrata congregation to print them a hymnbook. It was to be a duodecimo volume and to contain some 650 hymns. Various members of the Ephrata cloisters were prepared to help in setting the type and correcting the proof. But alas! they found themselves without paper. They sought paper from the merchants and the mills. No paper for sale! What had happened to the paper supply? Was Benjamin Franklin irritated because Conrad Beissel had turned away from his press and given the new commission to Sauer? The sly fox had cornered the paper market! So that was the trick? Yes, the entire stock of printing paper in the province was controlled by Benjamin Franklin and he would sell only on his terms and for cash. Neither Sauer nor Ephrata had the necessary cash. What was to be done? In this crucial moment Sauer turned to his influential friend Conrad Weiser. On Sept. 8, 1738, as the entry shows, Weiser on behalf of the Ephrata group bought of Franklin 157 reams of paper for which he paid 93 pounds, 8 sh. 6 d. Assured of paper he now entered upon the task of printing the famous ZIONITISCHER WEYRAUCHS HUEGEL. To indicate how far we have removed from the poetic and symbolistic religious expressions of the 18th century it may be allowed to read here an English translation of the full title of this rare American imprint. It reads as follows: The Zionitic Incense Hill or Mountain of Myrrh, wherein there is to be found all sorts of lovely and sweet-scented Incense, prepared according to the Apothecary's Art. Consisting of diverse workings of effectual Love in God-awakened souls, which has developed in many and various spiritual Hymns. Also therein the last Call to the Supper of the great God, in various ways is most admirably set forth, for service of the, in this benighted part of the world, at the setting of the sun, awakened Church of God, and is given to the light for their encouragement, upon the midnight advent of the Bridegroom.

Work on this book now proceeded but not without difficulty, for in the midst of setting the type Sauer entered into a bitter controversy with Beissel about the 400th hymn, written by Beissel himself and in which he was charged with having compared himself with Christ. Venomous letters went back and forth. This led to an estrangement of some years between Sauer and Beissel, but despite the controversy the book was brought to completion and appeared in the year 1739. This rare imprint is the first book printed in America in German type. It is a volume of 800 pages, the largest piece of printing of that day in the province of Pennsylvania.

Encouraged by the reception and extensive sales of his yearly calendar Sauer in that same for him momentous year 1739 also launched DER HOCH - DEUTSCH PENSYLVANISCHE GESCHICHT - SCHREIBER ODER: SAMMLUNG WICHTIGER NACHRICHTEN AUS DEM NATUR- UND KIRCHEN-REICH, the first German newspaper to appear in German type. The first issue bears the date August 20, 1739. It was at first a very unpretentious little sheet consisting of four pages, with two columns each, the pages 13 by 9 inches. The subscription rate was at first 3 shillings for the year and subscribers were to have the right to insert advertisements free of charge. He had announced his plans for publishing the paper in his almanac for the same year, somewhat in these words: Be it herewith known to all such who have frequently inquired about the publication of a future newspaper, that we are not disposed to waste your precious time, by collecting and assembling every week all sorts of stuff which can have no value for the reader, much less to publish all sorts of falsehoods as is the common course of the world. . . . We are not willing to bind ourselves to a definite time for the appearance of such a paper. Presumably however we shall publish such four times the year, Nov. 16, Feb. 16, March 16 and Aug. 16.—His announcement was met with such widespread approval that it appeared monthly from the beginning. In the long years of its existence from 1739 until the Revolution brought it to an end it was the most influential German newspaper.

As early as 1751 the subscription list numbered 4000 and Sauer complained that the large increase prevented its appearing on time. Sauer's enemies recognized the weight of its influence among the people. Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg in a letter to Benjamin Franklin deplores the influence Sauer has over the Lutherans and the Reformed, and that efforts to undermine this influence had been futile. Sauer, thought Muhlenberg, continued to turn the Germans against their clergy and against everybody who endeavors to bring order into church and state affairs. Whatever his enemies may have said and thought, it cannot be denied that the distinguishing characteristic of Sauer's paper was its lofty moral tone and purpose.

To Be Concluded

DER HAAHNE

Der Haahne macht die Aage zu,
Wann er sei Lesson saage dut;
Er brauch ken Brill un ken Babier,
Er draagt sei Sach graad all im Hut!

Suppose der Haahne wott Parre sei,
Graad aus der Fauscht kaemt alles raus;
Noh waer ken G'faahr, wie's oft sei kennt,
Die Breddich gingt zum Fenschter naus!

Ken Parre breicht dann nerwes sei,
Er hett ken Breddich bei sich heit;
Sie waer im Haerz, un des in voll—
Was waer doch des en Haerrlichkeit!

Wann er die Aage net uff hot,
Wie kann er sehne, was aageht?
Er weess dann net, wer schlofe dut,
Un wer im Hof noch draus rum schteht!

Oft hocke Leit un wisse net,
Graad wu sie sin un was zu duh;
Es oft waer Not, 's waer ebber dart,
As Aage hett so gross wie'n Kuh!

Mer losst der Haahne, wie er iss,
Un winscht em Parre aa sei Glick;
Die zwee sin immer gute Freind—
'S geht kenner uff sei Freind zerick!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ.

AUTUMN DAYS

By LOUIS J. LIVINGOOD, M. D.

NUT GATHERING

When the blight destroyed the chestnut trees in the eastern United States, the loss could not be figured in terms of money alone, for with the passing of the chestnut trees one of the most pleasant activities of the Fall was lost. "Going for chestnuts" (Keschte suche) was different from going for other nuts, for it was looked upon as a frolic while gathering walnuts and hickory nuts meant work. The latter were considered more as commercial crops.

Chestnuts could not be kept more than a few weeks before they became dry and hard, so they had to be eaten soon after ripening and for that reason were never considered as a money crop. They did bring a good price in the market, but as soon as the quantity offered for sale increased the price dropped.

Young boys were not the only ones who went for chestnuts for men and women of all ages enjoyed it. As soon as they were ripe they fell to the ground. By simply turning over the dead leaves the nuts were found. The location of every chestnut tree was known to the boys and while there were hundreds all over the mountain, most of the trees bearing the larger nuts were on the farms. Being isolated and having the advantage of drawing strength from the fertilized soil was probably the cause of that. This season started bad feeling between the farmer and the town people (die Stedter) for the latter felt that inasmuch as the farmer had done nothing to help in producing the chestnuts he had no more right to them than they had. The farmer, of course, felt that as long as the trees were on his land the nuts belonged to him, which they did.

Instead of spending a lot of time hunting the chestnuts after they fell, the farmer had a special method of harvesting them. Old blankets, sheets, pieces of canvas, etc., were placed under the tree. The large boys of the family would bring a ladder and rope and get up into the tree and, using long poles, would knock off the partly opened burrs which fell on the covers spread below where they were readily collected. This was called whipping or beating a tree. In the Dutch they called it, der Baam g'schwunge. Without proper equipment this could not be done for the first branch of a chestnut tree was usually so high from the ground that a ladder was necessary to reach it. Small trees could be climbed with the climbing irons used by linemen to mount poles, but on large trees the bark was too thick for the spurs to penetrate to the wood so they would break free as soon as weight was put on them.

A hard frost ripened the chestnuts and a high wind brought them down, but when there was no wind the boys used other means to make them fall. The usual thing was to throw sticks at the clusters of burrs, but the formation and arrangement of the branches was such that an ordinary stick would be caught and remain in the tree, so special sticks, chestnut clubs (Keschte Hewwele) was used. A favorite was the spoke of a buggy wheel with a large iron nut on one end. Spokes could be found around the blacksmith shops and the nuts were picked up along the railroad tracks. The weight of the nut prevented the club from being caught. Sometimes a form was constructed on the end of the spoke and filled with molten lead. This produced a smooth round knob and made the best possible "Keschte Hewwele".

Hazel nuts were scarce and the boys usually ate them as they picked them. Butter nuts were also scarce in this vicinity. Hickory nuts and walnuts had value, but a lot of work was needed to get them ready for the market, so the boys were not greatly concerned about them. Afte the walnuts were dried they were hulled by hand or by special machines similar to a corn sheller. When fit, the nuts were cracked and the meat picked out. In order to get out the kernels in halves or large pieces the nuts had to be cracked in just the proper way, so this was done by the farmer or one of the older boys. The entire family would sit around the kitchen table in the evening and pick them out. Sometimes nut-picking parties would be held. Stories were told and cookies eaten while the folks worked. About this time the cider that had been made earlier in the Fall was getting "scratchy" and tasted good.

The meat was sorted according to size, halves, quarters and small pieces. A complete half of a kernel was called an eagle, a quarter a half-eagle while the entire kernel was a double eagle. Some of the nuts were used for cookies and candy (moshey) while the rest went to the market.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. PETER SUKEENA

Mrs. Stella, nee Gaywaski, Sukeena, wife of Peter Sukeena of 2141 Liberty St., died at 4:35 a. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital where she had been receiving medical treatment since last Sept. 7. Mrs. Sukeena was in her 37th year.

A native of Minersville, born July 25, 1907, Mrs. Sukeena was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gaywaski, and she resided at Minersville until 1938, at which time she moved to Allentown. She was a member of St. Catharine of Siena church, and also the Woman's Alliance society of that church.

Besides her husband, she is survived by three sons, Peter Jr., serving in the Navy; Edward and Vincent, both at home; two brothers, Frank and John, both of Minersville, and four sisters, Helen, Philadelphia; Anna, Pottsville; Pearl, Chester, and Victoria, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 9:30 a. m. from her late home, 2141 Liberty St., with requiem high mass to follow at 10 a. m. in St. Catharine of Siena church. Interment will be made in the Holy Saviour cemetery, Bethlehem.

RICHARD SAMUELS

Richard Samuels, who operated a produce business in the Lehigh Valley until he was taken ill two years ago, died Friday at his home along Bethlehem R. 1, in his 66th year.

Mr. Samuels was a native of Wales, a son of the late William and Elizabeth Samuels. He was a member of the First Baptist church of Bethlehem, the Stanley Goodwin lodge, F. and A.M.; Knights Templar; Bloomsburg consistory, 32nd degree Mason, and Rajah Temple, Reading.

He is survived by his wife, the former Elizabeth May Shoemer, at home; two daughters, Mrs. A. Dewey Benninger, Pontiac, Mich., and Mrs. R. E. Stafford, Bethlehem; a brother, Thomas G. Samuels, and a sister, Mrs. Stanley Price, both of Arlington, Va. There are four grandchildren.

Rev. Edwin Frey will officiate at funeral services to be held on Monday at 2 p. m. from the late home along Bethlehem R. 1, with interment to follow in the Memorial Park mausoleum.

MRS. LAURA D. DAVIS

Mrs. Laura D. Davis died Friday in Nazareth. She was the sister of Mrs. Mattie Stocker, 1447 Linden St.

Born in Easton she was the daughter of the late Aaron and Sally, nee Hartzell, Frey. Her husband, the late Charles Davis, preceded her in death 35 years ago. She was a member of St. Mark's Reformed church in Easton.

Her sister, Mrs. Mattie Stocker, is her sole survivor.

Private funeral services will be held at the convenience of the family at the Stanley F. Stephens funeral home, 1335 Linden St. Interment will be in the Union cemetery, Easton.

CHARLES L. DILLINGER

Charles L. Dillinger, 4 1st Ave., West Catasauqua, died at 6:30 a. m. Friday, in the Sacred Heart hospital, of pleuro-pneumonia, in his 44th year. He contracted a severe cold and the following day was removed to the hospital for treatment.

Mr. Dillinger was a lifelong resident of West Catasauqua, having been born at that place, April 27, 1900, a son of Mrs. Anna Dillinger, nee Albert, and the late John Dillinger. Up to the time of his illness he was employed as a coremaker at the Bridesburg Foundry, Fullerton. He was a member of St. Mary's Catholic church, Catasauqua, the West Catasauqua Fire Co., and the Charotin Hose Co., North Catasauqua.

He served four years in the U.S. Navy, having enlisted May 9, 1919, and being honorably discharged May 8, 1923. For a number of years he was stationed at Newport, R.I., and later was a member of the crew of the U.S.S. Savannah. His rank was a seaman second class.

Mr. Dillinger is survived by his wife, Esther M., nee Klingler; two sons, Private Leonard J. Dillinger, U.S. Army, stationed at Camp Hulen, Texas, and Paul F., West Catasauqua; one daughter, Rita K., at home; his mother, two brothers, Joseph and George Dillinger, West Catasauqua, and five sisters, Gertrude, wife of Franklin Demmel, Allentown; Anna, wife of Al Davies, Frances, wife of Robert Morrow, and Theresa, wife of Robert Osgoodby, Asbury Park, N.J.; and Marie, wife of Edwin Woolley, Muskogee, Okla.

MRS. ANNA MAY WERNER

Mrs. Anna May Werner, wife of George A. Werner Sr., of Wydnor, Bethlehem R. 3, and mother of three servicemen, died at 5:30 a. m. Friday at her late home. She was 62 years old.

Born in Jersey City, she was the daughter of the late Otto and Emma Herrmann. She was affiliated with the Lutheran wing of the Friedensville church.

Surviving are her husband and six sons: William C. Riegel of Allentown; Phillip F. Riegel, Allentown R. 60; Joseph P. Riegel of the U. S. Army, stationed at Pine Camp, N. Y.; George E. Werner Jr., Bethlehem R. 3.; Elwood L. Werner, U. S. Navy, based at Camp Perry, Va.; Albert W. Werner, Air Forces, at McChord Field, Wash.; two sisters, Mrs. Tillie Herman and Mrs. Elsie Meyer both of Philadelphia; one brother, William Herrmann, Philadelphia, and four grandchildren.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. from her late home. Continued services will be held in Friedensville church, with burial in the adjoining cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Wor Gabutta

Bei jupperty won ow'r net der John Bachman fon g'shwishich Neffs un Schnecksville doh net long tzurick gabutta wor, wie der Clintie Geiger fon Neffs 'n nunner uf sei nelie bauerrei g'shick'd hut fer bluga. Der Clintie hut doh net long tzurick ains fon da Louisa Grim ihra grossa bauerreia kauft nagshd on Breinigsville, un 'm John arder gewwa fer nunner gae bluga. Der John hut dahame aw tracktors, ow'r sin louder-laedich tractors os yusht shpringa mit gasoline, un net mit bren ale wie 'm Clintie seiner. Wos noch mainer is, der Clintie hut gamaint der John wist wie so'n g'shicht tuz shtarta, un hut 'm weiters ken ous laiging gewwa wie aw tzu gae.

Der unnershit g'shwishich 'm Clintie seim tracktor un ol die onnerra os der John shun garun'd hut is, os seinie immer gas brenna, un 'm Clintie sei tracktor yus'ds yusht fer shtarta. Wie der tracktor im gong is, brouch m'r yusht 'n grawna draya, un die g'shicht shpring'd ob uf bren ale os es brumt. Wel anyhow, der John hut die g'shicht shtarta wolla, un yusht net sehna kenna ferwos sie net shpringa wot. Er hut sich fershott un ferbloak'd os er bol shwartz un bloe im g'sicht wor, un ols is die g'shicht net gonga. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hut ae halva dawg rum gawertschoft, un wie der tracktor net g'shtart hut, hut er gadenk'd er breich'd aw net bluga won er net wot, un is hame.

Owets hut der John 'm Clintie sei aeland noh gaglawk'd, uns airsht os der Clintie wissa hut wolla wor, eb os der tracktor don shtarta het wolla mit gasoline. Wie der John gawunnert hut eb er don tzwae orta socha breicht fer gae, hut der Clintie 'm shae ous galaig'd wies airsht gas tzu yusa bis die inshein shpringa dade, un no der grawna draya uf bren ale. Da nagshda morya is der John noh widder nunner, un hut gore ken lang ganumma bis der tracktor om juckerra, wor, un hut gablug'd os die shulla g'floga sin.

Sin Onna Kumma

Sie sawga ols war aw halta dade, dade aw gawinna, uns same halt aw ous won m'r aryads onna wil, un wase net recht woh hee. War long ganunk om gae bleibt kumt aw endlich on der blotz wohs onna gawolt hut, un noh mochts ken hanker ous wie oft dafor os die leit os m'r p'sucha wil, shun gatzoga worra tzitter os m'r 's ledshd mohl darta wor. Un war sel net glawbt brouch numma mohl shwetza mits Charlie Haasa fon Andreas.

'M Charlie sei shweshter, odder ewwa die gons Browna familia hut fer sex yohr on Mickleys gawohn'd, un wohna now shun fer ebbes wie sex yohr in Fullerton. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, 's Charlies worra shunna mohl darta sie p'sucha, ow'r 's wor so long tzurick os sie nimmy recht gawist hen wie tzu fohra fer onna kumma, un sin bol in gons Lechaw kounty rum gakess'ld eb sie mohl noch Fullerton kumma sin.

Fer die socha recht ferhuddla, hen sie sich grawd aweck ferlora wie sie owwa darrich Meyersville runner sin, un hen net recht gawist w

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll:
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul.

—Dickinson.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE FOR DEFENSE

Eternal vigilance is especially necessary in a war and hundreds of thousands of our fighting men on land and on sea are doing little or nothing more and will probably do nothing more during this war than keep on the alert against attacks that never may come. Thus we have thousands of men patrolling American beaches. The force of men which is guarding the Panama Canal and Pearl Harbor must be enormous. The number of ships and men who are on the lookout at sea and who may never sight an enemy likewise must be very great.

The importance of such vigilance was emphasized in the recent German attack upon the harbor at Bari in the Italian boot and the sinking of 17 vessels, five of them American. Over a harbor crowded with ships that had unloaded or were unloading munitions and supplies for the United Nations' armies in Italy came some 30 German airplanes in a surprise raid.

According to the report, there was no air coverage for the port and its valuable cargoes. No United Nations' fighters were in the air nor rose to meet and fight off or down the invaders. They appear to have had their own way. If there were any guards, they were caught napping. If no air protection had been arranged for, then that has been proved to have been a serious mistake.

If the Germans have been taken too lightly since the conquest of lower Italy then there must be a revision of opinion. Even if the Luftwaffe has been badly crippled, even if most of its strength is being concentrated at other points, the fact was demonstrated that it has enough bombers for surprise attacks. And Germany probably has a good intelligence system in the areas that it has had to vacate so that information can be gotten out as to any weaknesses that may develop anywhere in our defenses.

It is logical that, if we have to have much defense on the continental United States against possible attack, there must be even more defense and more alert and flexible defense against attack on points as near the battle front as Bari.

FOR NEW OSTEOPATHIC HOSPITAL

Decision by the osteopathic physicians to establish a hospital in this city now is being followed by a public campaign to finance an institution that is to expand and vary hospital facilities in this city.

Just as the larger hospitals in their struggling days had to make appeal to the community, so this infant institution now plans to make appeal and upon the same grounds that justified earlier public support for the larger ones.

Modestly the association which has been formed to plan and develop the enterprise has fixed the goal for the campaign at $50,000. But it is significant of the spirit of the men who have conceived the hospital idea that they have themselves already made up $12,000 of this amount so that the total to be asked of the community is only $38,000. Thus this small group has given the best evidence of its sincerity. It is backing its idea in the most practical manner that is possible.

RAIL STRIKE UNTHINKABLE

For the third time in history the operating railroad men of the country have voted for a strike and set the day, Dec. 30, for an action to proceed "progressively" during the following three days until all transportation in the country, except the handling of mail, is brought to a standstill.

Although the decision for a strike to many appears unthinkable, 98 per cent of the membership of the unions concerned are quite calm about it and the leaders of the men have announced that they thoroughly approve the strike and are "thoroughly aware of its immediate effects."

Paralysis of the Nation's transportation would be so devastating in its wide effects not alone upon the American people at home but upon our entire war effort that one is forced to challenge the leaders' statement that they are "thoroughly aware" of such a strike's' immediate effects.

Certainly all possible effort both within and without the organizations concerned must be made to prevent what would be a major calamity for the Nation at any time and an especially serious one for the Nation in a time of war.

Can reason or emotion serve to stay a move that will harm so grievously if made?

Up to this time the people of this country have seen the government of our country yield to demands of small groups who threatened or actually resorted to strike in order to attain their ends. The blows which these small groups administered to our national well-being were great but they were but flea-bites compared with what might even be a mortal wound that could be inflicted upon the Nation through a country-wide stoppage of transportation. Do the railroaders therefore expect capitulation because they know the seriousness of the blow they can administer? In other words is the strike regarded purely as a threat which need not be fulfilled? Certainly there is ample ground for such belief because of the vacillating policy of Washington in other disputes in which strikers or men threatening to strike have had their issues settled by getting just about everything they wanted, regardless of its effect upon the entire national economy.

Back of the entire matter too may be the desire to force the government to take over the railroads as it did during World War No. 1, an experience that the country would not wish to be repeated.

At any rate, strike upon the country's transportation systems must be prevented. It would be intolerable and unfair to the millions of people in this country. It would be the most cruel betrayal of our millions of men overseas.

A Very Brave Example

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17—Just about 20 years ago a young man lay in bed wondering whether the ravages of infantile paralysis would wreck his life. He could no longer walk as his fellow men did. He could no longer move about among his friends and travel as he pleased—he was destined to a lifetime of circumscribed activity.

There will be other young men coming back from the war soon. They may be disheartened over their physical handicap—they may think their activities will be circumscribed. But they need only look today at the example of a man who braved the handicap and traveled nearly halfway around the world on a hazardous mission, on planes, on ships and in automobiles near the fighting zone. He had much to risk—a position of great responsibility, namely the Presidency of the United States—but he knew how to meet that risk.

Today President Roosevelt is back in the United States. The story of how he travelled and where he went will soon be told. For five weeks he has been absent. It has been announced that he visited Teheran in Iran and Cairo and that he went to Italy near the battlefronts. The Nazis tried hard to ascertain his route. They even went to the desperate lengths issuing a fake report of the capture of one of the President's sons, believing that maybe the President would be questioned or informed by radio and that his whereabouts would then be detected.

All for Ultimate Victory

But the scheme failed. The Nazis are not to know at this time anyway just how the President went to Europe and the Near East. But the American people can know that it was a hazardous journey in more senses than one. They can know that Mr. Roosevelt was warned about the dangers but felt that it was his duty to make a supreme effort to meet with Marshal Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill to accomplish the military coordination that must bring victory.

No such trip in the midst of war was made in 1917 or 1918 and no such journey by the Commander-in-Chief has been made in all our history. It was much more a journey by the head of our military and naval forces than by the head of our government, because the objectives were so predominantly military. Those who knew in advance about the trip have been genuinely worried. That he would be absent from the United States more than a month at a critical time in domestic as well as foreign affairs was in itself an argument offered by some advisers against the making of the journey. There were risks also at the places where the President stopped.

But Mr. Roosevelt does not lack personal courage and determination. Whatever differences of opinion there are among us with respect to the qualities of Mr. Roosevelt's administration at home or the controversies that have surrounded him in public office, it cannot be said that Mr. Roosevelt sought to hold so tightly to his office as to decline to risk his life on a long journey by sea and by air and on land near the war zones.

Protective Measures Taken

The measures taken to protect the President were far-reaching. There was, no doubt, airplane escort if he went aboard a warship to transact business such as signing bills—for the deck of a warship is American territory—and there was also protection whenever the air transport took him across thousands of miles in the Mediterranean or the Near East. But if anything had happened while the President was aboard a ship, if a torpedo from a plane or submarine had made an effective attack, Franklin Roosevelt couldn't jump into a life boat or do those simple things for himself in an emergency that a man in full physical vigor can do. For him the risk of a catastrophe was greater because he was already disabled.

But though he cannot stand or walk except with support, Mr. Roosevelt has never yet allowed that fact to impair his determination to get about just the same and to carry out in the midst of war the responsibilities of his position as Commander-in-Chief. Those of us who knew him as a young man in the 1920's have never forgotten the spirit of his fight against his handicap. Somehow today as he comes back from overseas, his whole trip seems a heroic manifestation of that same spirit and resolution plus a readiness to make the supreme sacrifice for an objective so closely related to the shortening of the war.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

THE FALLACY OF BIG FIGURES

An argument is often produced: Firm A did a business of $2,000,000 in the 1937-1940 period; it now does a business of $50,000,000. Its profits, before taxes, now are enormous actually and relatively. Most of the increase in Firm A's business is due to investments in it made by the Government of the United States for war purposes. Firm A is now not producing consumers' goods and except that it continues to advertise its trade names and marks, it has lost contact with its former customers. It is working for one customer, who is also the principal creditor who owns a mortgage on most of the plant—surely the newest and best part of the plant—and who controls the supply of raw materials, the labor relations, the bookkeeping set-up, prices, wages, and about everything else through a variety of boards, bureaus, commissions and inspectors, and contracts. And finally, there is the Treasury to take most of the profits—legally, of course, by Act of Congress.

The assumption is that Firm A has prospered by this vast expansion, that it has had the advantage of a 25-fold increase of its income produced. As a matter of fact, Firm A is broke unless it can finance its future either out of production or by loans from other than government sources. Firm A has to finance a return to normal production because no peace-time market will absorb the products of its war-time capacity representing in many instances expansion beyond even war-time necessity, yet justified by the military truism that it is preferable to waste than to take a chance.

Seems Marvelous on Surface

When you look at Firm A's position today, it seems marvelous, but management in that firm is wondering how it will deflate its overhead and payroll personnel without strikes and other troubles or come into its own possession of that part of its plant which is now owned by the Government of the United States. Such plants may be of no industrial value to Firm A, but they are of tremendous nuisance value in the industry—they might go to a competitor, for instance. Industry has no idea yet what is going to be done about all this, except that Bernard Baruch is heading a commission which is working at a solution.

It is being suggested that because Jesse Jones, Under Secretary of War Patterson and Under Secretary of Navy Forrestal came out of business and Wall St. Law they are by nature endowed with the burning urge to maintain and preserve the capitalist system and that therefore they can be trusted to treat with industry with justice, magnanimity, righteousness and a lust for private enterprise. Yet these men have also the political task of covering up all the errors of their own departments and of the administration as a whole. Furthermore, they are committed by association to the socialization program of the New Deal. Those who are not so committed are not and have not been entrusted with the power for major decisions in the New Deal. In the instances of these men, it might be said that the commission may be without conscious decision—but to the sufferers from New Deal socialization such distinctions are trivialities. When the government owns the major equity in an enterprise, that enterprise is in the process of socialization unless it can get out from under.

Counsels Are Divided

Socialization means government ownership of the means of production and distribution. It means only that in the economic field. As business men, particularly manufacturers, apply that yardstick to the current position of their own enterprises, they are beginning to see precisely what is happening to them and they are wondering how they can save themselves and the American economic system. Nobody quite knows. Counsels are divided. The attitude of the government as expressed for instance in renegotiations and in contract terminations is not clear, not uniform, not concerned with preserving a way of life. Its principle task seems to be to avoid the political opprobrium of profiteering. Maybe Baruch will produce a philosophic approach to the subject designed to save America as well as the reputations of politicians and properties of manufacturers.

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Silence does not always mean contempt....more often than not it means ignorance.

Four-fifths of the perjury of the world is expended on tombstones.

Poetry or music that is popular is usually considered inferior by psuedo-literary intellectuals.

Man is seldom impartial in his judgment of himself.



CHRISTOPHER SAUER, SENIOR

The following paper was prepared by the Editor of the ECK and read October 8, 1943, before The Historical Society of Berks County, Reading, Pa., in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the publication of the Sauer Bible.

(Conclusion)

The monumental achievement of Sauer as a printer was his edition in large quarto of Luther's German translation of the Bible. He had long entertained the plan of supplying the Germans in America with a Bible from his own press. We must not think that our earliest German forefathers were without Bibles. Many had brought their family Bibles with them from the Fatherland. Various organizations in Europe were concerned with propagating the gospel in the New World. Sauer himself had for years received consignments from Germany of Bibles as well as other religious books which he advertised and sold from his shop together with writing material and utensils and household remedies. A very important department of the great Halle Orphanage under Francke was the Canstein Bible Institute, established in 1710 for the purpose of printing and distributing Bibles and Testaments among German people throughout the world. From this Institute Bibles had been sent to Sauer who, as he states, distributed them gratis to the poor and needy and for money to such as were able to pay. Many of the Germans in Pennsylvania who were Separatists objected to the Halle Bibles and even questioned the correctness of Luther's translation. They preferred the Berleberg translation which had appeared in 1726. This differed considerably from the Luther translation and was therefore frowned upon by the orthodox clergy. We know from his advertisements that Sauer dealt in both versions. But both the Halle and the Berleberg Bibles were rather costly. There was no medium-priced Bible to be had by non-sectarians and after accredited pastors were once sent to the Lutheran and Reformed people in Pennsylvania the clergy became the exclusive distributors of the Halle Bible. Many of the Bibles in use were in small type and difficult for older persons. Sauer now believed it desirable to print an American Bible, one that would be acceptable to all religious groups, with type that aged eyes could read andq at a price within the means of poorer people. In 1740 he issued a prospectus in the form of a broadside in which he states his reasons for entering upon this project and gives details about the typography, terms of subscription, etc. He cannot yet fix a price but unbound copies will not be more than 14 shillings. As his plans grew he also announced the publication in his almanac for 1742. Interesting too are the advertisements in Franklin's PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE and Bradford's WEEKLY MERCURY. It is not easy for us today to realize the obstacle that confronted Sauer. There for instance was an act of Parliament vesting the printing of Bibles in England and the colonies in certain institutions through patent from the Crown. If prosecutions were to be started against him it might mean confiscation and punishment. He had managed to get the necessary printing material and type from Dr. Heinrich Ehrenfried Luther who conducted a type foundry and publishing house in Frankfort on the Main. We are not certain where he obtained the paper, although some of it seems to have come from Ephrata. His ink was made from Germantown Kienruss (or soot) which he also advertises for sale in his almanac and linseed oil from Ephrata. Work was begun in April, 1742. Only forms of four pages could be set up at a time, from which then 1200 copies were printed and put aside to dry; the type was then redistributed and the form for the next four pages was begun and thus he and his assistant continued through the 1248 quarto pages. Colossal as the task was, it was completed in 15 months and in the hands of the subscribers in August, 1743.

In November of the previous year Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg had arrived in Philadelphia. It was of course natural that he should become the accredited agent for the Halle Bible, having been sent forth from the Halle institution. It is believed that Muhlenberg had been cautioned against Sauer before his arrival. Since Muhlenberg refused to say anything in favor of the Bible then in the making, in fact was not slow in warning his Lutherans against it, Sauer expressed himself in vigorous terms. A heated controversy ensued. Muhlenberg in one of his reports to Halle writes "That the German printer, Christopher Sauer up to the present time (March 6, 1745) has let no opportunity pass to vilify me and my sacred office, and for no other reason but that according to my conscience I have admonished my congregations that when they were asked to buy of his newly printed Bibles to take heed and see whether he had not interpolated (he used the nasty word **untergeschmieret**) observations of his own." But Sauer had to meet not only antagonism from the orthodox, Separatists and sectarians objected, because it followed the Luther Bible of Halle.

Although Sauer was controversial by nature, he nevertheless sought to conciliate both the orthodox and the sects when he concluded to follow the 34th edition of the Halle Bible because it had the least number of textual errors. However this edition lacked the usual Appendix. To satisfy the sectarians he now added the Appendix consisting of the 3rd and 4th books of Esra and the 3rd book of the Maccabees according to the Berleberg version of the German Baptist Brethren. Subscribers could then take their choice, the sheets could be bound with or without the Appendix. But still another opponent now arose in the form of a Germantown printer who announced that he could import the Wittenberg Bible and sell it at 12 shillings. Sauer took pains to announce in his newspaper that his Bible in ordinary binding and with clasps cost 18 shillings, but unbound only 12 and then added the phrase which has reechoed down the years "For the poor and needy there is no price."—These controversies do not seem very real nor important to us of today and they might have vanished from the fading pages of time but for the musty researches of modern historians. We cannot quite escape the feeling that men like Muhlenberg and Schlatter and others of the orthodox clergy could well have afforded to be more charitable. Sauer performed a stupendous task with devotion and with courage. It must have been a great moment in that primitive little printing shop in Germantown when the last pages came from the press and Christopher Sauer in the midst of his faithful workers could cross his hands over his breast, raise his eyes to Heaven and exclaim "Dank Gott—es ist vollbracht!

No sooner had the public seen the beautiful red and black title page of the Sauer Bible when a new storm broke forth. The orthodox protested against the 11th line of the title which read "Nebst dem gewoehnlichen Anhang," (With the usual appendix). It was not the usual appendix, they said. From this "palpable falsehood" with which even one of modern historians charges Sauer, we can, I believe, exonerate him. The 34th edition of the Halle Bible did not contain the usual appendix, namely the 3rd and 4th books of Esra and the 3rd book of Maccabees. He therefor included these but took them from the Berleberg Bible. Sauer had definitely announced this in his newspaper stating that his subscribers could have his Bible bound with or without this appendix. However, not to be charged with this falsehood and to appease his opponents, he now set up a new title page in which the 11th line appears without the word Gewoehnlich (usual) and simply reads: Nebst einem Anhang. But in the 10th line an often unnoticed error appeared. The a before the two ll's of the word Parallelen (concordance) was omitted. If any of you are the proud owners of this Sauer Bible and the titlepage has this typographical error, you are still the possessor of the first edition but you have the second impression of the title page, and not the first as is sometimes stated.

This first edition of the Sauer Bible is sometimes called the first Bible printed in America. This is erroneous. The first Bible to be printed in America was of course John Eliot's Bible in the Indian language, published in Cambridge, Mass. in 1663, and 80 years before Sauer's Bible appeared. Sauer's Bible was the first Bible to be printed in a European tongue in the Western Hemisphere and 40 years before Aitkin's first English Bible.

How rare is the Sauer Bible of 1743? We shall probably never know how many bibles Sauer gave gratis to the poor and needy. We do know that he sent 12 copies to his benefactor Dr. Luther of Frankfort. To this shipment attaches an interesting tale. The ship **The Queen of Hungary**, on which it was put three weeks before Christmas, 1743, was attacked by French and Spanish pirates off the coast of Brittany, her cargo removed and sold to the highest bidder. Two years later Dr. Luther bought them at the purchase price of the original bidder. A census made by Dr. Wright in 1894 numbers only 39 copies of the Sauer Bible including all but one of the 12 copies sent to Dr. Luther and which were then in German libraries. In a remarkable book "America's First Bibles" which appeared in 1940 its author, the Rev. Edwin Rumball Petre was able to locate only 24 of these 39 copies in Dr. Wright's census, but in less than a year succeeded in bringing up his own census of the Sauer Bible owned either by institutions or privately to 103, and 31 others known to exist but untraced. Since the original number of the edition was 1200 the Rev. Mr. Rumball Petre thinks there must be scores of Sauer Bibles in the homes of our Penna. German people that are nowhere listed.

While opposition to this Bible venture was still high, Sauer bravely undertook the printing of a separate edition of the New Testament, duodecimo, intended to be a pocket edition so that even every German servant in the land might possess one. It appeared in 1745, the first New Testament to be printed in America.

In that same year, yielding to the entreaties of her 23 year old son, Maria Christina, sub-prioress Marcella left the Ephrata cloisters and returned to her family after an absence of 14 years. On June 20, 1745 Christopher Jr., wrote in his Diary "she took upon herself the household duties of my father." Maria Christina died on Dec. 14, 1752.

We can only look with amazement upon the achievements of Christopher Sauer during the 20 years of his career as a printer. In addition to the annual calender and his newspaper he published between the years 1739 and 1758 more than 200 hundred separate books and pamphlets. Let us mention here only a few that may have some possing interest for us.

In 1740 appeared a translation of the sermons of Whitefield, Methodist Apostle to America; in 1741 a temperance treatise; in 1742 the Moravian hymns **Hirtenlieder von Bethlehem** and the **Ausbund**, a hymnbook of 812 pp. for the Amish and Mennonites; in 1744 the Luther Catechism and **Das Kleine Davidsche Psalterspiel**, a hymnbook used extensively by the Dunkards; in 1745 the New Testament for the first time in America; in 1746 the Psalter; in 1747 two tracts advocating peace; and a German and English Grammar; in 1748 a strong peace plea in reply to Franklin; in 1749 Thomas a Kempis' Imitations of Christ; in 1752 the first Reformed hymnbook printed in America, the Heidelberg Catechism and a tract against slavery; in 1755 a translation of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, published for the first time in America.

And yet this busy printer and publisher found time for many other things. We see him as a man of wide public interest whic', led him constantly into disputes and controversies against the exploitation of German immigrants on the part of sharpers, the so-called Newlanders, who so ruthlessly sold poor German immigrants into indentured service. Many a German immigrant found aid and shelter in the home of Christopher Sauer in Germantown. In long articles he revealed the wretched conditions which existed on immigrant ships. His two long letters upon this subject addressed to Governor Denny in March and May of 1755 are fine revelations of the character and personality of Sauer. He became involved in a bitter controversy over the establishment of English Charity Schools for the Germans. The Rev. William Smith, of the Church of England had been instrumental in forming a Society for the Promotion of the Knowledge of God among the Germans. In a report about Pennsylvania he had ignorantly stated that one fourth of the Germans were Catholics and the rest likely to be seduced by enterprising Jesuits. In another pamphlet setting forth the purposes of the above-named Society he had so falsely reported conditions among the Germans that vigorous protests came even from the orthodox Lutheran and Reformed church people. The clever Rev. William Smith succeeded in getting a large sum of money through subscriptions in England and elsewhere for the establishment of English Charity Schools among the German in Pennsylvania. He even enlisted the interest of such men as Michael Schlatter, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg and Conrad Weiser. But he had not reckoned on Christopher Sauer who now used his great influence against their establishment. These schools were to be organized for the purpose of robbing the Germans of their own language. It had been imputed that the Germans became disloyal when they preserved their native language. Language had nothing to do with loyalty. Were not the Irish, the Welsh, the Swedes allowed to retain their language. No, their purpose was to draw the German voters away from the Quakers and thus destroy the power of the non-resistant elements. And besides, thought Sauer, Smith was trying through these English Charity Schools to bring the Lutherans within the fold of the Church of England.

Such Charity Schools were actually established in Lancaster, Reading, York, Easton and elsewhere, but many Germans, putting their faith in Sauer, refused to patronize them. How long these schools were continued, we do not know, but Sauer's paper does not mention them after 1756.

In his almanac and in his newspaper he was constantly advising, warning and exhorting his fellow Germans. He urged them to exercise their rights to vote, all of them should vote, including those living remotely "im Busch." He published the qualifications necessary for naturalization and showed them the advantages in becoming naturalized. In 1749 he advised his readers not to spend so much money in hotels and public houses. He condemns "Shooting in the New Year" as a common custom among the Pennsylvania Germans. In 1752 he attacks the German custom of having big feasts at baptisms and funerals. Like all the plain people he was a conscientious objector. He was opposed to all wars and especially the French and Indian War, and maintained that the Indians could have been placated if the white men had seriously tried. When the treaty of peace was finally concluded in 1756 he published an account of the various conferences that had led to the treaty. In 1758 he attacked the government for its tardiness in answering the Indian claims for which he was summoned before General Forbes. Undaunted he defended himself in true American fashion by replying that he always did what he thought was for the good of his country.

Christopher Sauer, knight of God and fearless champion of freedom and the rights of man, ended his earthly days on Sept. 25, 1758. For that day his son wrote in his diary: "My dear father has fallen asleep in heaven—his age, 64 years."

The first issue of the Sauer newspaper under his son's management contained a long obituary, from which I quote this fine passage: "His unswerving fidelity to the course he marked out for himself drew down upon him the hate of both great and little people, of the people who would gladly have seen this country, as regards temporal things, brought into a condition of servitude and slavery, and spiritually into obscurity and darkness, so as to have a better field for their dark operations. . . . As I have advised the enemies of the truth to moderate their joy, so now I advise the friends and well-wishers of this good man to moderate their sorrow."

In 1754 the elder Sauer had already placed his son in charge of the bindery and all English publications. Christopher Jr., now becomes owner and manager of the entire concern, and follows faithfully in the steps of his sire. In 1763 he published the second edition of the Sauer Bible, recognized as the first Bible to be printed on American made paper. This edition was so much in demand that he found his profits larger than he had planned. He showed his gratitude by issuing and distributing without cost his **Geistliches Magazin**, the first religious magazine published in America. The third edition with various conflicting legends attached to it, appeared in 1776, the first to be printed with type made in America.

But to enter upon the details of the life of Christopher Sauer Jr., and his many activities, his sad experience during the Revolution as a suspected Tory, the insults inflicted upon his person, the confiscation of his wealth and property, and an account of the lives of his two Tory grandsons and his later descendants down into the fifth generation as prominent printers and publishers would fall outside the province of this paper.

In conclusion I can do no better than to read you the fine passage from **The History of the German Baptist Brethren** by the late Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh:

"Could you have entered any German home from New York to Georgia in 1754 and asked, 'Who is Christopher Sauer?'—you would have learned that in every German home the Bible, opened morning and evening, was printed in 1743 by Christopher Sauer; that the sanctuary and hearth were wreathed in music from the Davidisches Psalterspiel printed by Christoph Sauer; that the family almanac, rich in medicinal and historic data, and containing the daily weather guide of the family, was printed by Christoph Sauer in 1739 and every year thereafter until his death in 1758, and then by his son until 1778; that the religious magazine, prized with pious ardor and read with profound appreciation, was printed by Christoph Sauer; that the secular newspaper, containing all the current domestic and foreign news, linking the farm of the German with the whole wide world, was printed from 1739 by Christoph Sauer; that the ink and paper used in sending letters to loved ones across the sea came from the shop of Christoph Sauer, and was of his own manufacture; that the new six-plate stove, glowing in the long winter evenings with warmth and welcome, was invented and sold by Christoph Sauer; that the medicine that brought health to the sick was compounded by Dr. Christoph Sauer; that the old clock, telling the hours, the months and phases of the moon, in yon corner of the room, was made by Christoph Sauer; that almost every book upon the table was printed by Christoph Sauer, upon his own press, with type and ink of his own manufacture, and bound in his own bindery; that the dreadful abuses and oppression they suffered in crossing the Atlantic had been lessened by the heroic protests to Governor Denny of one man, and that man was Christoph Sauer; that the sick immigrants upon landing at Philadelphia were met by a warm friend who conveyed them in carriages to his own house, and without money and without price nursed them to health, had the Gospel of the Savior preached to them, and sent them rejoicing and healed to their wilderness home, and that friend was Christoph Sauer; that, in short, the one grandest German of them all, loved and followed most devotedly, was Christoph Sauer, the Good Samaritan of Germantown.

In the above paper the writer has leaned heavily upon the following: Julius Friedrich Sachse: The German Sectarians of Pennsylvania, Phil. 1899 & 1900.—James Owen Knauss: Social Conditions among the Pennsylvania Germans in the 18th Century, etc. Lancaster, Pa. 1922. — M. G. Brumbaugh: History of the German Baptist Brethren in Europe and America. Mt. Morris, Ill. 1899—H. A. Brandt: Christopher Sower & Son, Elgin, Ill. 1938.

Deaths of a Day

STEPHEN M. CHECK

Stephen M. Check, Nazareth R. 1, (Penn Allen) died suddenly of a heart attack while seated at the wheel of his car shortly after midnight Thursday, at Nazareth.

He had just left his work at the Pennsylvania-Dixie Cement plant at midnight and had gone to Nazareth to pick up his daughter, who also changed work shifts at the same time. She was with him at the time when he was stricken.

Deceased was born in Northampton, May 15, 1903, a son of Michael Check and wife Mary Rindock. He was night watchman at the Penn-Dixie Cement plant No. 6 near Bath.

He was a member of the Sacred Heart church, Bath, and the Bethlehem Sokol lodge. He is survived by his wife, Rosa, nee Kovege; his father, Michael Check, Northampton; two sons, Stephen and Richard Check, at home; two daughters, Rosa and Mary at home; one stepbrother, John Rindock, Allentown; two sisters, Mrs. Annie Shimkoe, Pottsville; Mrs. Ellen Androshik, of St. Clair, Pa.

Funeral services will be held at the Sacred Heart church, Bath, at 9 a. m. Tuesday with interment in the Sacred Heart cemetery, Bath. Rev. Edward B. Burkhart, rector, will officiate.

MRS. WILLIAM A. HOFFNER

Mrs. Eva, nee Heffner, Hoffner, wife of William A. Hoffner, 105 S. 10th St., died Friday morning at the Allentown hospital. Admitted to the hospital on Nov. 30, she had been in failing health for the past two years.

Born at Wanamaker, Berks county, she was the daughter of Jacob S. and Annie, nee Smith, Heffner. She was a resident of Lehighton for 41 years. She was a member of the Trinity Lutheran church and was affiliated with the Daughters of Liberty and the Triple Clef musical society.

Surviving are her husband; two sons: Lieutenant Ernest F. Hoffner, Forst Jackson, S. C.; Staff Sergeant Donald E. Hoffner, Camp Breckenridge, Ky.; a sister, Mrs. Allen Mertz, Lehighton, and a brother, Charles Heffner, Lehighton.

Rev. Thomas Atkinson and Rev. Gomer Reese will officiate at services at the Trinity Lutheran church, Lehighton, on Tuesday at 3 p.m. Interment will be in the Lehighton cemetery.

MRS. HARVEY J. REICHARD

Mrs. Erie, nee Miller, Reichard, wife of Harvey J. Reichard, Allentown R. 1 died Thursday. She was in her 71st year.

Born in Logan Mill, Clinton county, she was the daughter of the late John and Julia, nee Heltman, Miller.

Surviving are her husband: and three sisters: Mrs. Sopiry Earon, Bethlehem; Mrs. Minnie Taul, Mill Hall, Clinton county, and Mrs. Mary Lazarus, Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be held at the William H. Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St., on Monday, at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the Cetronia cemetery.

C. Wilson C. Stuart, Accountant, Passes Away in 46th Year

C. Wilson C. Stuart, an active Allentown churchman, and an accountant, employed by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co. for the past 28 years, died at 9;50 p. m. Thursday in the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient since last Monday. He was in his 46th year.

Mr. Stuart was stricken ill during midsummer, and he became bedfast last November. He entered the hospital this week, where he underwent an operation for a brain tumor.

A native of Philadelphia, he was born on Jan. 9, 1898, a son of John M. and Jennie E., nee Crowe, Stuart. He became an employe of the LVRR 28 years ago, and worked at the Philadelphia office for 23 years. Five years ago he was transferred to the Bethlehem office, and at that time he moved to this city.

Mr. Stuart was intensely interested in the work of the church, and while he resided in Philadelphia he was a member of the Westminster Presbyterian church, and served as an elder for that congregation about 15 years. Upon taking up residence in Allentown he attended the Grace E. C. church, was a member of the church choir and was the teacher of the adult men's Bible class. He was also a member of the board of stewards of Grace church.

He is survived by his wife, Helen I., nee Chamber, Stuart; a son, Ross M. Stuart, at home; his father, John M. Stuart Sr., Atlantic City, N. J.; three brothers, W. Parker Stuart, Boston, Mass.; Raymond L. Stuart, Sharon Hill, and Lieutenant John M. Stuart Jr., stationed with the Army at Fort Dix, N. J.; three sisters, Blanche, wife of Walter Seley, Ventnor, N. J.; Eleanor, wife of W. Harry Spitler, Atlantic City, N. J., and Doris, wife of Emil Mitchell, Margate City, N. J.

Funeral services will be held at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Monday at 8:30 p. m. with further services to be held on Tuesday at 1 p. m. from the Oliver Bair building, 1820 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Interment will be made in the Arlington cemetery, Drexel Hill.

GEORGE L. TREXLER

George L. Trexler, son of William and Missouri, nee Lutz, Trexler, died at the home of his parents at Kempton R. 2 Thursday in his 27th year. He had been ill for several months.

He was a member of the New Bethel Reformed church.

Besides his parents, he is survived by a sister, Pauline, wife of Dr. Charles Tyler of Davisville R. I.; four brothers, Carl of Kempton R. 2; Dr. Harold of Reading; Dr. Warren and Dr. Ethan, both serving in the Army.

Rev. Clarence Rahn will officiate at funeral services to be held on Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. from the late home at Kempton R. 2, with continued services in the New Bethel Reformed church. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Altie G'shicht

Der Dave Miller doh om Call hut uns yusht 'n gutie altie g'shicht fertzailt os der Dr. Elmer Bautsch 'm g'sawt hut. Yohra tzurick wor ols 'n grundniss peddler beim nahma Brobst on da 7d un Hamilton. Mohl ae dawg is 'n gawissner gute bakonter mon tzum, un hut der Brobsht g'frok'd fer 'n finf cent pock grundniss. Wie er die grundnis kot hut, hut er 'm Brobst 'n check ous g'schriva fer finf un tzwonsich dahler, uns 'm hee k'hova fer sei finf cent rous nemma.

Der Brobsht is die sawg, het der check mohl aw gaguck'd, noh 'm mon g'sawt, "Ich wil d'r grawd sawga wie die socha sin. Die Allentown National bank un ich hen 'n agreement. Sie ferkaufa ken grundniss un ich kash ken checks."

Eb der mon sei grundniss noh kash batzawlt hut is may os m'r sawga kenna, ow'r shure worra froh sellie g'shicht tzu griega, wohra socha os g'shaina sin grawd doh dahame rum. Un grawd wie sellie g'shicht is, so huts moch blenty onnerra won m'r yusht 's glick hut fer sie iwwer hoera won sie sella waig fertzailt werra, odder ebber wie der Dave, gait tzum druvel fer sie uns fertzaila. Oi os m'r sella waig griega, duhna m'r in druck, so os sie nee net fergessa gain, wie so so fiel shun fergessa sin gonga.

Hund Sin Wie Menscha

Ferol os die sawg is, m'r sot menscha un fee net fergleicha, hen m'r da onner dawg net helfa kenna os wie tzu denka, hund weara so tzimlich nagshd wie menscha so weit os g'for sehna aw gait. Die socha sin g'shaina driwwa in Bedlahame uf da Vineyard shtross, grawd shier unnich da Barrick tzu Barrick brick. Der rigel waig gait iwwer die Vineyard shtross, un woh yusht 'n extra longie kola train hee kumma is, wie m'r iwwer der track fohra hen wolla.

is gawainlich unser gabrouch won m'r aryads onna rigel waig kumma, ow'r hen doch shun fer 'n gutie weil ken tzwonsich minuta worta breicha bis die train ous 'm waig wor, os m'r driwwer gakent hen.

Ow'r die tzeit wor gore net ferlora os m'r darta k'huck'd hen worta. 'S airsht is 'n glainer weisser, fertzopter hun dawaig kumma, un woh aw uf die onner side der rigel waig gawolt hut. Ebber hut der hund "Hamburger" k'haisa, ferwos wissa m'r net, er hut net gaguck'd wie won er fer 'n gutie weil der fersuch fon senich ra ort flaish kotta het. Aenicha waig, der hund wear garn uf die onner side der rigel waig gawest, un hut em doch gagrisa'ld fer unnich da kola kerrich darrich niver shpringa. Die train wor ol die weil om gae, net so arrick shtarrick, ow'r doch shtarrick ganunk os er net gadrout hut fer drunner niver shpringa. 'S hut em grawd gamohnt on menscha os g'fohr in socha sehna, un ols shtutza, eb sies duh s.tta odder net. Ae mohl sehna sie g'fohr, un noh widder net, un ol die weil os sie om kunsidderra sin, wert die g'fohr ols graiser un graiser, wie sie aw doh werra is, wie die train ols shtaryer un shtaryer g'fohra is.

Der hund woh mohl yusht ready fer g'shwishich da radder unna darrich niver shpringa, wie ebber gagrisha hut, "Hey Hamburger" un der hund hut g'shtopt un rum gaguck'd. Wie der mon ow'r fert wor, uns wor niemond may darta os sich ebbes um 'n bakimmert