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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feelin' proud,
Don't fergit to up and fling it,
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minute that ye sling it,
It's a boomerang to you. Crawford.

AMERICAN BISON HOLDING ITS OWN

Reports of the year's business and activities at the Lehigh County Trexler Game Preserve brings out some interesting facts concerning one of our most popular institutions.

Thus it is indicated that about half the Preserve's income during the year was derived from the sale of wild animals both for food and exhibition purposes. However the sale of these animals did not deplete the herds beyond the numbers desirable for our own park purposes. Sales simply represented the natural productivity of the animals, a condition that the commission in charge of the Preserve's operation has sought to promote by introduction of new blood into the herds.

It will be interesting to the public to know that by no means is the park area self-sufficient for the herds. Many thousands of dollars must be expended annually for the purpose of feeds to supplement the food which the Preserve itself produces for the animals which graze and those which browse. In fact the browse in the park has been entirely consumed by the animals and this is perhaps the most serious food problem and the most difficult to solve.

The entire report must be satisfactory to the people. Long experience in the Preserve now amply demonstrates that American big game will propagate normally and abundantly in this latitude and that their strains are not dying out. The same experience is being met with by the Canadian government in its national parks where encouragement also was given to what had been a disappearing animal species, the American bison. Canada back in 1906 bought a herd of buffalo from some Montana ranchers and during the next five years scattered them thru its park system. Four great herds grew out of this experiment together with smaller, uncounted herds that are roaming where the foot of man seldom treads. The four big herds have increased to such degree that Canada recently slaughtered 600 of the older animals, following the practice of recent years to cut down the herds every winter.

INVASION VIA YUGOSLAVIA HINTED

Whether the Germans are throwing out "feelers" for information or whether the reports are correct, we cannot yet know whether invasion of the Balkans by way of Yugoslavia is in progress or if in fact one is contemplated. At any rate from a variety of sources yesterday there were hints of such action altho American headquarters in Algiers have denied that an invasion has been begun.

However it would appear to mere typewriter strategists that in attack upon Hitler's Fortress Europe the Balkans will not be neglected. At least two good reasons present themselves. The first is that in Yugoslavia there already is well organized opposition to the Germans in the forces of Marshal Tito who has been making vigorous attacks, has repulsed vigorous counter attacks and appears to be holding his own if not in fact gaining ground. The second fact is that the Balkan satellites are believed to be the weak link in Hitler's armor, and any invasion from Yugoslavia at the same time that the Russians are advancing upon Rumania ought to disturb those satellites and if successful probably would shake them out of the Nazi orbit. Any successes in the Balkans likewise would have important effect upon Turkey.

Such invasion would seem to be possible without too great loss. American armies are believed to be on the East coast of Italy, directly across the Adriatic from ports which the Yugoslavs control. The United Nations are believed to be in complete control of that large gulf and therefore should be able with air forces based on Southern Italy and Africa to cover the invasion. Attack against Hitler in that part of Europe would be in country that appears unfavorable to him from the standpoint of getting sufficient reinforcements from other parts of Europe.

It is not without good reason that the British and Americans have been sending technical experts into that area already, as is admitted. The best reason may be that it is the point of the next invasion move.

THE CRYING NEED FOR BLOOD

During the week of January 17 another visit will be made to this community by the Red Cross mobile blood unit and during that week the hope is that 1206 persons will report to the unit and give blood for hospital use on our fighting fronts.

Up to yesterday only about one-third that number had volunteered thru registration at Red Cross headquarters, 611 Walnut St., and had made appointment for specific days on which they will give their blood.

It should no longer be necessary to make any preachments on the great need which the mobile blood unit serves thru the Red Cross. It is well known today that blood plasma works miracles on the sick at home and with the injured on the battlefield or at sea. It is known that the lives of American soldiers and sailors absolutely will be saved in great numbers if there be ample blood plasma at every point to which injured men may be brought. By the same token men are going to die if that blood plasma be not at hand.

The Red Cross is seeking to get so much plasma assembled and delivered to the fighting fronts that no matter how great the casualties in the coming invasions there will be enough to care for every soldier. That likewise must be the wish of every American on the home front.

More than eight hundred people in this community must hear and immediately respond to the call of the Red Cross if our community's share in this great enterprise is to be performed.

MacArthur Will Not Run

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7—Efforts to persuade General MacArthur to agree to let his name be used for a presidential contest have proved unavailing, according to word brought back from the southwest Pacific in recent weeks.

The general is represented as having reiterated privately what he said several months ago in a public statement—namely, that he had no political ambitions. His one ambition is to be given enough men and supplies to fight his way back to the Philippines and to be a part of the ultimate march on Tokyo.

This story of how General MacArthur feels has been brought back to the United States in several ways and by different individuals, but all stories seem to agree that the general does not want his name used by well-meaning friends or anybody else.

In Army circles here the constant reference to MacArthur as a presidential candidate has caused considerable discussion. Men who have nothing to do with political matters feel that their decisions which must be made in accordance with military requirements will be criticized as either advancing or retarding the MacArthur candidacy. Obviously, a clear-cut statement by General MacArthur would do much to clear the air and prevent all possible misunderstandings.

Statement Now Premature

The question is being asked why General MacArthur doesn't make such a statement. He could say, as did General Sherman, that he would not accept if nominated. But while that famous utterance is often cited as a precedent, it is interesting to observe that it is almost never repeated where there is talk of a draft. All during the time that President Roosevelt was keeping silent about a third term, there were suggestions that he should close the door and stop all speculation. His reasoning was doubtless that while in January, 1940, he might wish to take a certain course, events later might cause him to reverse his judgment. Thus it was early in 1940 that Postmaster General Farley expected that Mr. Roosevelt would announce that he would not be a candidate for a third term. Then events in Europe developed which caused the President to change his mind. He sent Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles to Europe to make a survey, and when Welles returned there was, it is believed, confidential information that total war would begin soon. And total war did begin on May 10, 1940, upon which day almost everybody who had had any doubts about a third nomination for Mr. Roosevelt began to say that the renomination was inevitable.

Around General MacArthur are some officers who know a good deal about politics. Former Governor La Follette of Wisconsin is on General MacArthur's staff. There are others in his entourage who no doubt admire General MacArthur greatly and feel that he should keep silent, not because he really intends to be a candidate but so that, if a miracle does happen and he is nominated, then he should be free to decide the question in the light of what the circumstances of that particular month happen to be and not on the basis of what is happening in January, 1944.

Silence Strengthens Position

It may be that the MacArthur admirers think that maintenance of silence will strengthen MacArthur's position in any requests he might make for military help and that more leverage is available to him that way than if he completely eliminates himself from consideration now by a flat statement of declination.

But long ago General MacArthur became a soldier. His father was a soldier. His whole training and tradition is on the military side. It seems incredible to anyone who knows a soldier's point of view that in the middle of war any general should think of giving up an important command to accept the nomination of a political party and run against his own commander-in-chief. It was done in Civil War days but it is questionable whether enough votes would not be lost to a general who withdrew from his command as to insure his defeat.

The presidency is a civil and political office—not a military portfolio—and anyone who has been absent from this country on military duty as long as General MacArthur has been could hardly cope with the vexing problems of state as well as men like Governor Dewey or Wendell Willkie or Governor Bricker or Senator Burton of Ohio or any of the other men being mentioned for the Republican nomination.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

ANONYMOUS TRIAL BALLOONS

The next convention of newspaper editors and publishers ought to pass a resolution recommending that no interviews and statements be published unless they bear a name. Certainly "a well-informed source," "a high official," "a person close to the President" and similar cliches have no place in honest journalism. If a man dare not stand by his own words, he ought not to speak them. If the President has something to say to the American people, he ought to speak himself. If General Marshall desires to speak to a people that trusts him, he ought to speak out freely as himself, not as a disembodied quotation mark. If ever a boycott were justified, it would be a boycott of the anonymous.

Of course, it leaked that the anonymous spokesman on the labor situation in relationship to the war was General Marshall. No matter how confidential such news is, it always leaks out. Even more important items become known which should never be kept secret. Had General Marshall been served as competently in his press relations as he has been in his military functions, he would never have attempted anonymity. Competent military officers do not waste time or effort on the impossible—an anonymity is impossible, no matter what the censorship.

Position Warrants Consideration

Apart from this error in method, General Marshall, as an American citizen, has as much right as anybody to say what he wishes without let or hindrance. Certainly his position warrants a discussion of the effect of domestic occurrences upon military achievements. But if we are to have orderly government, the declaration of government criticism, purpose, or policy with regard to any domestic or political question must be lodged in the proper civilian authorities to whom these particular problems have been delegated either by the people, the Congress or the President.

Eight officrs of state have authority and responsibility in the fields upon which General Marshall marched. First is the President. He is responsible for whatever occurs in his administration. I, who insist that both the railroad and steel strikes were inevitable products of the President's lack of a clear labor policy and his confusing labor tactics, cannot admit that anyone else can speak for the President in these matters. Next is Frances Perkins, secretary of labor, who is by law responsible. Then there are the ODT and WLB and WPB to which are delegated authority over industries. Then there is Judge Byrnes who shares a supervisory authority with Judge Vinson. And finally, there is Elmer Davis and the OWI who speak officially.

Why Drag in Marshall?

These officers of state have authority and responsibility in labor matters and Davis in the pronouncement of government public policy. Why drag in General Marshall? Who dragged in General Marshall? Does it serve anyone to utilize his great name and the faith the American people have in him as trustee for their children to have him involved in a political dispute? This controversy will rage from now until after the Presidential election in November. Is it fair to drag General Marshall into that? And if no one dragged in General Marshall—if he acted on his own—was it sound for him to become a center of political argument?

Various folks have become terribly excited about what General Marshall said. Actually, there is little of importance in what he said. If the war is to be lost by threatened strikes in the face of our production records which have been fabulously high, then there is something very wrong in other fields than production. On the other hand, the labor leaders have shown considerable lack of political insight in their excitement over General Marshall's statement when they, out of their experience, should have put the blame precisely where it belongs, beginning with the Wagner Act and coming up to the confused policies of WLB and Judges Byrnes and Vinson, all tying up into a knot of conflicting authorities due to Mr. Roosevelt's inabilities to centralize responsibility among his subordinates.

The entire business seems to be a very bad press agent's mistake and the smartest thing to do would be to forget it and to get on with the war. We need General Marshall for that.

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It costs a lot more to get well than it does to keep well.

Life is made up of trials and an occasional conviction.

And again, the only way to avoid growing old is to die young.



The Almanac In Pennsylvania German Homes

By RUSSELL W. GILBERT

The following paper was read by Dr. Russell W. Gilbert, Professor of German at Susquehanna University, before a joint meeting of the Selinsgrove Rotary Club and The Snyder County Historical Society, held at Selinsgrove on Thursday evening, November 18, 1943.—ED.

Man has always had an inherent urge to find his place in the universe. He could not help but look heavenward and note the regularity in the movements of the celestial bodies. He knew that "time marches on." Curiosity led him to observation; observation led him either to fact or to superstition: to fact, when he saw the beneficial effect of the sun's rays upon crops or the refreshing charm of "the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath"; to superstition, when he believed in the existence of a relationship between the position of the moon or a planet and a fortunate or an unfortunate event, by connecting the two falsely as cause and effect.

With superstition came astrology, a flourishing art in Babylonion and Chaldean civilizations, an art which spread rapidly to all ancient and medieval peoples. With astrology came the signs of the zodiac, named according to the fancied resemblance of the constellations largely to familiar creatures. Zodiac, a Greek root meaning "a little animal," is an imaginary zone or belt in the heavens formed by the apparent paths of the sun and the moon among the stars during the annual revolution of the earth. The twelve reappearances of the moon in a year were father to the thought of dividing the zodiac into twelve parts or signs, marked by twelve constellations. Perhaps the origin of the zodiacal signs lies with the Chaldean astronomers, about 2100 B. C.

For ages astrology held sway because man did not understand and observe correctly but had an erroneous association of cause and effect, on the basis of simultaneous occurrences. Even the ancients believed that plants and animals had come under the influence of heavenly bodies. In the Middle Ages these signs were thought to control the fate of the individual, perhaps the reason for distributing them to various parts of the human body. Petrus de Dacia (beginning of 14th century) is apparently the originator of the "homo signorum," the man of the signs, later called the "Anatomy," that gruesome picture of the exposed inward parts.

The derivation of the word **almanac** is uncertain. Roger Bacon is the first one to use it, in 1267: "In expositione tabularum, quae almanac vocantur." According to the Oxford English Dictionary, the form appears in Medieval Latin and then in the Romance languages, the immediate source of which was apparently a Spanish Arabic **almanakh**, although it is not an Arabic word (**al** is the Arabic particle). In spite of the numerous conjectures—such as the Aryan roots of "moon" or "month"—the word still shamefully hides its family tree. The word **calendar**, on the contrary, proudly proclaims its derivation from the Greek **kaleo (I call)**—because the priest called upon the people to offer a sacrifice at the appearance of the new moon. The Pennsylvania Germans use the term **Kalenner** (German: **Kalender**), but the English prefer **almanac.**

The almanac is the natural result of man's desire to record what he thinks, feels, and believes. Within its pages in all nations and ages, one can find hidden treasures of knowledge, traditions, folklore, and history—a veritable storehouse, too much neglected. Almanacs may have existed ever since man was able to write. Even the Egyptian obelisks, called 'fingers of the sun,' "may yet prove to be almanacs or astrological calculations" (The Old Farmer's 1943 Almanac by Robert B Thomas). Time does not permit, nor does the scope of this paper require, a detailed account of the development of the almanac from the second century of the Christian era to its publication in Europe and America. Suffice it to say, that the invention of printing in the fifteenth century did not find the almanac taking a back-seat; that famous men at Oxford, Cambridge, and Harvard gave their talents to its earlier publication (do not forget our own Benjamin Franklin); that the art of printing with its rude, but fascinating wood cuts, is historically imbedded in its pages; that it reached the peak of popularity in America in the nineteenth century in the territory of the original thirteen colonies; that it was a sort of secular Bible with invaluable information for those Americans with little opportunity for, or small desire for, extensive reading; that today in America about three hundred to four hundred almanacs are still published.

You see now the long history of the almanac, its general use throughout the world, its strange mixture of fact and fiction, truth and falsehood. I am glad we have now come to America. The Germans who came to America with their background of culture were glad too. They did bring with them a grand heritage—even the almanac. Almanacs of the earlier type were still prevalent in Germany recently Karl Heinrich Waggerl, born in 1897 writes in his **Freundschaft mit Buechern**: "Two books out of my childhood have remained unforgettable, one sacred, one secular. The one was my mother's mass-book . . . the other, the secular, was the calendar, which my father bought every fall at the annual fair, and when the thick tome was finally purchased and lay safely in my arm, then all the booths with their popguns and pinwheels, their gingerbread and Turkish honey had no further charm for me. For the calendar contained inexhaustible treasures in the way of pleasure and edification for a whole year."

It is no small wonder then that the Germans and Swiss who settled in Pennsylvania wanted to continue almanacs in America. It was simple for the many German newspapers to publish almanacs for their readers, especially in eastern Pennsylvania. In his chapter on "Journalism" in the book **THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS** (p. 136), Dr. Ralph Wood says: "Next to the newspapers, however, the most widespread reading matter of the Pennsylvania German masses was the almanacs, for the most part published by the newspapers themselves. Some of these, such as the Neuer Reading Calender, published by the Readinger Adler, and the Neuer Gemeinnuetziger Calender, published by John Baer in Lancaster, lasted until the World War. In addition to carrying the information with which we are familiar in older and modern English almanacs (weather predictions, agricultural hints, practical mathematics and miscellaneous bits of learning), they printed short stories, anecdotes and poems. As the newspapers gradually declined, sometimes the almanacs were with the Bible, the only German reading material that many farmers had."

Listen to what Ann Hark, the author of **Hex Marks The Spot says, in The Story of the Pennsylvania Dutch**: "But books were only part of the daily reading in which they delighted. Next to their Bibles and their hymn-books came their almanacs—those paper-covered calendars containing every sort of knowledge the farming folk needed. If a farmer wished to know the proper time for planting crops, the almanac could tell him. If a housewife wanted a recipe for making cake or removing stains, again the calendar supplied the answer. Information about holidays and festivals and phases of the moon, tales of adventure and weird happenings, scientific data, tables for measuring and for figuring interests, jokes and household remedies—all could be found between its well-thumbed covers. And even now the English version of the old-time German almanac still occupies a place in many a Pennsylvania Dutch abode."

Most of the Pennsylvania Germans were hard-headed business men—and their business was farming. They were close to the soil; the soil to them was the means of making God's creative genius work before their very eyes. These men loved their families—they knew their farms had to be well established; they knew they had to save in order to make it possible to nourish with the products of their farms their many children and themselves; they knew that all they had to do to make Christian men and women out of their progeny was to teach them to rely upon themselves, to work hard and honestly without expecting outside aid, to sing hymns and to pray, to read the Bible and to practice it. Living was a religion to them. The Pennsylvania German still believes firmly that God created the heavens and the earth. He too sees regularity in the universe, controlled only by God's guiding hand. Why, he reasons, should the same moon which produces the ebb and the tide not have some influence on man, God's highest creation? Why should the sun which gives its rays for growth and health not have "signs and wonders"?

Earl F. Robacker says in his book just off the press, **Pennsylvania German Literature**, p. 48, that the almanacs, the powwow books, and the 'Himmelsbriefe' "were responsible later for one of the greatest of all Pennsylvania German stereotypes; the characterization of the 'Dutchman' as a creature bound to earth by a multiplicity of superstitious beliefs." Religious doctrine, according to Robacker, "soon appeared unable to cope with the strong resurgence of age-old folk belief and practice. This recession of a dominant religious spirit is by no means peculiar to Pennsylvania; the same things appears to have happened in New England, in Virginia, and elsewhere."

To be sure, superstition is not the possession of Pennsylvania Germans alone. Superstition is like a bathtub; everybody has one and is ashamed to be seen in it. The staunchness of the Pennsylvania German's faith may have made him all the more gullible to superstition, all the more so because his European background was filled with it. I spoke to many Pennsylvania Germans about the almanac. Frequently, when a certain belief had not brought results in someone's experience, another reprimanded him within my hearing with: "Well, perhaps your faith was not great enough." And then came the sharp reply: "I believe in the Bible as much as you do." As though superstitions were a matter of faith (Glaawe)! But to the Pennsylvania German "Glaawe macht seelich" (Faith makes one blessed). Many tried to create the impression they were no longer subject to the superstitions of their parents and grandparents; others spoke so convincingly of their beliefs that I was almost converted to the discipleship of the moon cult. In fact, there is no denying that the moon has influenced the course of many lives, when hours have been spent in all-embracing study and self-effacing concentration under its beams.

The moon in its relationship to the zodiacal signs really plays a great role. The question of the up-sign or the down-sign constantly must be considered in these beliefs. Are the horns of the moon up or down? The time from New Moon to another is 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes and 3 seconds, to be exact. During the change from New Moon to Full Moon, taking about 14 days, the moon is waxing or on the increase; during the remaining period after Full Moon, the moon wanes or decrease: Increase, up-sign, im Zunemmede, iwwergehend, iwwerstehend; Decrease, down-sign, in Abnemmede, unnergehend, unnerstehend. The terms "iwwergehende" and "unnergehende," in general use by Pennsylvania Germans in Snyder County, are not given by Lambert.

The 1893 copy of Baer's Almanac states: "When the Moon reaches the first part of the sign The Goat (Capricornus, Stehbook) it has then reached the limit where it emerges above ecliptic—it is from then on in the "up Sign" till the Crab (Cancer Krebs) is reached. The Moon periodically assumes the position where sufficient magnetic force is produced for lifting the waters of the ocean above their natural level." Dr. George Fisher, of the Susquehanna University faculty, informed me, however, that modern physics does not use the term "magnetic force," but rather "gravitational force"; that such a conception of the moon's infleunce does not at all consider other stronger counteracting forces, such as capillary attraction and surface tension. The thought that the decrease of the moon results from "Der Schkorpion fresst" (The Scorpion eats) is an apparent confusion of the Scorpion with the Crab.

When the horns of the moon are up it is thought the moon will exert an upward force, when down a downward force. Yes, the force is said to be so strong that shingles placed on the roof in the up-sign will curl up and throw out the nails; shingles fastened when the horns are down will hug the roof. Those who hold this belief are certain that if shingles are placed on the same roof, some in the down-sign, some in the up-sign, one will see the difference. This is supposed to be true of boards in board-walks. One man told me confidently to try it. Place a board on the grass in the down-sign, and it will lie so flat as to smother the grass beneath. If a post in a fence seems to raise itself out of the ground during the freeze of winter, then you placed it in the up-sign.

Mildred Jordan in **One Red Rose Forever**, p. 148, writes: "He bounded his land with a fence, being careful to lay the lower rails when the horns of the moon were up, and finishing the job when the horns were down, according to the German belief thereabouts." What sems to be the explanation of this procedure? In an article, "Influence of the Moon on Agriculture," in Baer's 1849 English Almanac the statement occurs: "It is a fact that a rail fence, laid 'in the old of the moon,' will sink into the ground from six to ten inches in a short time; but if the same fence had been laid 'in the new of the moon,' it would have sunk very little, if any." The German belief to which Mildred Jordan refers is: the lower rails have a tendency to sink into the ground in the down-sign, or at least to touch the ground, which causes decay because of the moisture from the soil. The job is finished, however, when the horns are down, for, as Baer's 1932 Almanac states, "wooden rail fences should be staked when the horns of the moon point downward, as the stakes will then not rise up as they otherwise will." The method, it seems, depends entirely upon the type of fence under construction.

Anything that ripens or matures in the ground (peanuts, potatoes, etc.) should be planted in the New Moon or "im dunkle Mond," for it must be in the darkness of the ground and the moon. Anything that ripens or matures above the ground must be planted close to Full Moon, in the "Zunemmede." Plant beans in the up-sign to make them climb up the poles, or else they will merely creep on the ground. Onions will work out if planted in the up-sign. Many believe red clover should be planted in the down-sign, for then the root will stay in the ground and not everything will be stalk.

And now, away from planting for a moment. Never cut your fingernails or corns during the increase of the moon; they will grow too rapidly. By the same token cut your hair then. It seems to me quite a few in this audience in more prosperous days had themselves sheared at the wrong time. If you raise sheep for wool, then remember the horns of the moon must be up. Are your toenails growing down or in? If so, you did not cut them in the up-sign.

(To be Concluded)

DER KALENNER

Un kummt mer in des neie Yaahr—
Mer weess yo wie's im alde waar—
Do iss die Hoffning immer grie,
Doch wunnert mer wu naus, wu hie!

Noh holt mer der Kalenner bei,
Iss gaar so alt, doch immer nei;
Bringt neie Sache, wunnerbaar,
Un deel as wie's var Alders waar.

Do kann mer yeder Datum finne
Un brauch sich aa net lang zu b'sinne;
Dart sin die Munet, alle Zwelfe,
Un kann sich yeder selwer helfe.

Der saagt uns wann die Sunn uffgeht
Un was fer'n Schtaern am Himmel schteht;
Er saagt uns vun die Yaahreszeite
Un dutt die Himmelszeeche deide.

Er saagt vum Mond seim golde Licht,
Vum volle un vum halwe G'sicht;
Un schteht er runner, schteht er nuf,
Do gebt der Bauer Achding druf.

Un gebt's en Sunnefinschderniss,
Kalenner weess es ganz gewiss;
Hot alles vannenaus verzaehlt,
Quatemberdaage net verfehlt.

Dart kann mer sehne noch sogaar
Wie's Wetter waar vor hunnerd Yaahr;
Verfehlt er's wann er's Wetter deid;
Ya, des bassiert de g'scheitschte Leit.

Dart schteht sogaar der Hochzichdaag,
Den halt mer immer gut im Aag;
Un wu mer seller mol vergesst,
Do waaraa net viel Lieb gewest.

Un wann mer'n Kindsdaaf hawwe sott,
Un noch ken rechter Naame hot,
Vun Heiliche sin Naame dart,
Do iss die Waahl gewiss net hart.

Kalenner gebt uns guder Rot
Un helft eem efders aus der Not;
Er iss en guder Freind im Haus,
Mert wott yo gaar net sei mitaus.

Un wie er dart am Naggel henkt,
Do hawwich mir schun oft gedenkt,
Wie doch yuscht der Kalennermann
So viele Sache wisse kann!

December 30, 1943 —JOHN BIRMELIN

ES HICKERNISS YOHR 1899

Net lang zerick hawwich in der Zeiding gelese vun de Keschde, wie sie als noch blendi waare; wie sie als Briggel gschmisse hen far sie runner griege; un wie sie als uff die Baem gegraddelt sin far die Keschde runner schlagge. Sell hawwich aa all darrichgemacht wie ich yung waar. Un wie ich in Bissniss waar hawwich als viel Keschde kaaft, awwer sie hen mer net so viel druwwel gemacht wie die Hickerniss mol ee Yohr hen. Ich hab sellemols Schtor ghalte in Virginsville.

Die Hickerniss Baem dragge yuscht about alle anner Yohr. 'S Yohr 1899 waar en arrick Hickerniss Yohr. Die Auntelaunee Krick laaft newe am Schtedtel nunner. 'S Land leit nidder un nass, wu die Hickerniss Baem gut wachse. Schpotyohrs hen die Leit als die Hickernissa in der Schtor gebrocht un hen ihre Winder Goods kaaft; un was sie net auskaaft hen, hot mer 'ne Cash gewwe. Der Preis far die Hickerniss waar drei Vaerdel Daaler es Bushel. Viel vun de Hickerniss hawwich verkaaft un viel hawwich zu de Wholesale Candy Leit genumme un verschwappt far Schtor Goods. Awwer die Leit vum Land hen als meh Hickerniss gebrocht. Noh hen ich un mei Glaerrick die Niss aafange uff der Garret draage. Des waar en grosser Blatz un all in eem. Dart hen mer sie uff der Boddem geleert bis mer drei hunnert Bushel drowwe ghatt hen. Der Floor hot about acht Zoll dief mit Hickerniss gelegge. Do sin sie gut daerr warre.

Schpaeter kummt en Mann, as en grossi Bauerei naegscht am Schtedtel hot, un will wisse, eb ich Hickerniss kaafe daet. Ich hab gsaat, wann er net so viel hett. Er hot bissel gelacht un secht: Geh mol mit naus! Dart hot en grosser zwee-gells wagge gschtanne un voll mit Seck gelaade. Er hot 85 Bushel Hickerniss druff ghatt. Well, sell iss awwer iwwer mei Moos gange un ich hab "Nee" saage misse. Er iss es Land owwe naus un in Kempton iss er sei Hickerniss all los warre.

Darrich der Winder hawwich deel vun meine Hickerniss verkaaft un aa deel verhandelt am Preis wu ich gewwe hab. Un deel sin mer uff Hand gebliwwe. Die hawwich in Zucker Barls un tight zugemacht far halde iwwer der Summer. Sell Schpotyohr hot's ken Hickerniss gewwe. Mer hen zwee Barl (8 Bushel) geploppt un die Kaerne rausgemacht. En alder Mann, wu bei mir waar, hot sie im Daag geploppt un oweds hen mer die Kaerne rausgemacht. Die Nochbere sin als bei kumme un hen gholfe un mer hen manche gude Zeide ghatte. Ich bin alle Woch noch 'Reading, hab die Kaerne mit zum W. H. Luden un hab Candy genumme defor. Der Preis far die Niss Kaerne waar 35 Cent es Pund.

Alsemol iss mer aa bissel denewe kumme mit denne Niss. Die gude misse dinne Schaale hawwe un noh kann mer die ganse Aadler rausmache. Es hot Leit ghatt, wu die grosse Bulle Niss unne in die Seck hen un des hot mer net gsehne bis mer die Seck ausgeleert hot. Un des waare noch an sellem gude Kaerriche Leit. Sell vergesst mer net so leicht!

Trexlertown, Pa. —J. Y. SCHULTZ

Deaths of a Day

ABRAHAM M. LANDIS

Abraham M. Landis, 67, a former resident of this city, died Friday morning at the Eastern Mennonite home, Souderton, following a heart attack.

Mr. Landis had been a guest at the home since retiring two years ago from the Arbogast and Bastian Co., where he had been employed for 20 years.

He was born in Springfield township, Bucks county, the son of Mary, nee Moyer, Landis, and the late Abraham Landis. He was a member of the Old Swamp Mennonite church, near Steinsburg.

In addition to his mother, who is 95 years of age, he is survived by a sister Sally Landis, and a brother, Amos Landis of Coopersburg. The mother and sister are both residents at the home.

Funeral services will be held at the home Monday at 7:30 p. m. followed by further services Tuesday at 10 a. m. at the Old Swamp church. Interment in cemetery adjoining church.

MRS. EDWARD P. LOY

Mrs. Alice D., nee Huth, Loy, wife of Edward P. Loy of 617 N. 24th St., former head of the corset department at Hess Brothers, and an employe of that concern for 38 years, retiring four years ago, died of a heart condition at 2:45 a. m. Friday at her home. She had been in falling health for a week, and was in her 78th year.

Mrs. Loy was a native of Bethlehem, born in that city on Dec. 20, 1866, a daughter of the late John and Alice, nee Fraunfelder, Huth. She resided in Allentown for the past 40 years, and was a member of the Allentown Moravian church, and several women's organizations of that congregation.

She was a member of the 25 Year club of Hess Brothers.

Besides her husband, she is survived by a sister, Annie Huth, Allentown, and a brother, John Huth, Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be held from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Monday at 1:30 p. m. with interment to follow in Union cemetery, Bethlehem.

JOHN STERLING GORDON

John Sterling Gordon, 75, husband of the late Fanny L. nee Malseed, Gordon, died Thursday evening at his home, 4639 Hazel Ave., Philadelphia. Mr. Gordon was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 7, 1868, a son of the late John Sterling and Elizabeth nee Bell, Gordon.

There survive three daughters, Mrs. Harvey Slotter, Quakertown; Mrs. Otto Berninger and Mrs. Lewis Hinsey, both of Quakertown R. D.; a sister, Laura Gordon, Philadelphia; also nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted by Rev. Theodore J. Schneider, at 3 p.m. Monday at the A. W. Treffinger funeral home, Quakertown. Interment in Quakertown Union cemetery.

STEPHANIE KERETZ

Stephanie Keretz, 21-months-old daughter of Stephen and Marie, nee Durning, Keretz, died Friday at her parents' home, 10 Warren St., Bethlehem, of pneumonia.

MRS. MARY O'DONNELL

Mrs Mary O'Donnell, 61, wife of the late James O'Donnell, R. 1, Easton, formerly of 709 Columbus Ave., Phillipsburg, died at 4:12 p. m. Thursday at Betts hospital, where she was admitted Oct. 16 for medical treatment. She was a member of SS. Phillip and James Catholic church, Phillipsburg.

She is survived by a son, John, Summit, N. J., now serving in the U. S. Marines; a brother, John Coll, in Ireland and two grandchildren.

HARVEY E. FRANTZ

Harvey E. Frantz, 72, of Nazareth, died Friday morning at his home in Nazareth. He was born Feb. 2, 1871, in Lower Saucon, a son of the late Charles and Diana Frantz.

A retired machinist, he was a member of the Lower Saucon church and the husband of the late Agatha W. Brunnell Frantz.

Survivors are one son, Karl E., Carlson, Nev.; four daughters, Mrs. Ralph Fehr, Mrs. Muriel Harpel and Mrs. Violet Buss, of Bethlehem; Mrs. Letta Dearringer, Broadway, N. J.; one brother, Alvin, of Bethlehem, and six grandchildren.

Funeral services at 1:30 p. m. Monday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, Rev. C. A. Butz officiating. Interment in Fairview cemetery.

MRS. ELIZABETH E. MILLER

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Miller, 83, widow of Rolandus Miller of Craigs Meadow, died late last evening at Rosenkrans hospital, East Stroudsburg. She had lived in Monroe county for many years. She was the last member of her family.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the John Dunkelberger funeral home, South Stroudsburg. Burial will be made in Craigs Meadow cemetery.

ALVIN R. MEST

Alvin R. Mest, formerly of Alburtis, died at 10:10 a. m. yesterday at Allentown R. 2. He was 75 years old.

A son of the late Henry and Amanda (Dankel) Mest, he had been employed in various iron ore mines, and at the Alburtis iron furnace. He had been unable to work the last few years because of blindness. His wife, Clara (Leh) Mest, preceded him in death.

A son, George E. Mest of Alburtis, and a grandson survive.

Rev. E. C. Kaufman will officiate at services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at the Schmoyer funeral home, Breinigsville. Burial will be made in Trexlertown cemetery.

JOHN J. KUHNS

John J. Kuhns, father of Carson Kuhns, 221½ N. 13th St., died in Lebanon Thursday at the age of 58 years.

Born in Guths Station, he was the son of Alvin and Mary, nee Schreiber, Kuhns. Employed in Allentown for 26 years, he moved to Lebanon seven years ago. He was a member of St. Stephen's Lutheran church and was affiliated with the Orioles.

Surviving are a son, Carson Kuhns, Allentown, and a daughter, Mrs. Doris Willman, Lebanon; a brother, Milton Kuhns, East Greenville; a sister, Mrs. Anna Rutman, Catasauqua, and four grandchildren.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Huts Noh Fershtonna

Der Clair Price, der wert drous om Long Swamper wertshous wor doh weil tzurick ow'r mohl gabutta wie er sei fraw die Katie hoera hut 'm Wally Allender so eiferich rufa, "Wally, Wally, darbber, darbber kum mohl g'shwind doh har!" 'S wor ow'r net bis der Clair wenich danoh der Wally sehna hut hinnich da shire ruf kumma mit ma wesh puddle nossa, gakepta hinkle in da hond, os er die socha fershtonna hut.

Die socha worra denna waig: 'S Clairs hen shun fer yohra 'n alter shtumba hinnich 'm hous drunna gaeich 'm mind loch tzu, gayus'd fer 'n hock klotz won sie hinkle keppa hen wolla. Wie shtumba uf kours sin, sie shtarta foula, uns nagshd os es Clairs doh weil tzurick gawist hen, wor der shtumba so tzu sawga weck g'foul'd, un die Katie hut gore net gawist wie aw tzu gae fer 'n hinkle keppa os sie garn g'shwind gabutzt het.

In blotz fon noh 'm Clair rufa, un ihn 'n hock klotz uf duh lossa, hut sie im hofe rum gaguck'd, un 'n onnerer shtumba hinnich da shire drunna, net weit weck fom mind loch in die auga grick'd. Unna ebbes may sawga os wie ferleicht awenich tzu sich selwar gnutterra, os sie so fiela weiter tzu lawfa het, is sie noh dart nunner g'shtiv'ld mit ihr'm hinkle in da ainta hond, un die ox in da onnerra. Eb sie recht darta wor, "bawf," hut sie 'm hinkle der kup runner k'hock'd kot, uns weck g'shmissa fer ous bluta.

Gakepta hinkle jumpa uf kours gahairich, un wie aw der fol wor darta mit. 'S nagshd os wor, is die Katie noh nuf noch 'm wertshous gshp'runga kumma gons hinnich ochdem, un hut 'm Wally gagrisha, er sot ra tzu

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Step softly, under snow or rain.
To find the place where men can pray;
The way is all so plain
That we may lose the way. —Chesterton.

"HELP, HELP" HITLER CRIES

Adolf Hitler now feels himself so hard pressed by the Russians that, according to reports from Cairo, he has been urging the Japanese government, through the Jap ambassador to Germany, to attack Russia at once.

These stories go on to say that Hitler is trying to convince Japan that Russia sooner or later will join the Allies in attack upon Japan and therefore Japan should strike in a sneak attack at once.

This is a reasonable story and one that is far different from what appear to be German sources of propaganda to the effect that Russia will be content to make peace with Germany once the Germans are off her soil and even ally herself with Germany in order to fight against the United Nations. It is propaganda to plant seeds of distrust among the United Nations.

Russia it would appear is in this war now to gain just about everything that she has looked forward to attaining for many years. Certainly this is her chance. She was attacked by Germany and fought in self-defense for two years. Now she is on the offensive and it is incomprehensible that she will be satisfied merely with pushing the Germans off her soil. Then she would have good reason to expect another stab in the back from Germany if and when that country gets its second wind. It is also incomprehensible that Russia will neglect an opportunity to battle Japan and recapture important land areas and access to the sea which were taken from the Russians in the Russo-Japanese war.

As Bruce Thomas put it in a talk before the Kiwanis club on Thursday, Russia is more an Asiatic than a European nation. Her greatest prospects for development lie in Siberia which has greater riches than the North American continent and is four times as great in area. There is where her real future for development lies but it cannot be accomplished fully unless Russia is free and unhampered along the Pacific coast line.

So it is going to be to Russia's interest to join in the fight against Japan just as soon as it is possible for her to wage a war on two fronts, eight thousand miles apart, or as soon as Germany is "caput." Hitler probably believes all this and Japan likewise may believe it. But Japan which has bitten a very great mouthful may not be ready to take another bite until she has chewed what already has been bitten off.

Inasmuch as the Russians were stunned by the sneak attack that was the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war they will not need to be reminded to be on their guard against similar strategy on the part of the Japs. Especially will it be unnecessary to remind them with the memory of Pearl Harbor still fresh in the mind of the world.

A FINE RECORD BY FIRE DEPARTMENT

The year 1943 was another striking one for Allentown as to the sum total of its fire losses. In spite of the size of the community and the great value of structures and contents which make up the material city the total of loss sustained by all fires fought by the Allentown Fire Department during the year was well under $50,000.

In other words, the city did not have a single major conflagration in twelve months for that loss was divided among hundreds of small fires in automobiles, homes and business places.

Again, as for many years, we have been lucky as well as alert and well-prepared. We have been lucky in that fires have been discovered in such good time that progress could not be made by the flames. But no matter how soon a fire has been discovered, it matters little unless well-prepared firemen promptly respond to the call, swiftly move into action and effectively quell the fire before it has gotten a headstart.

During the past year fires were reported early after their inception. Then an effective alarm system swiftly notified the paid firemen who speedily responded with their apparatus and with their up-to-date equipment and abundance of water put the fires out without harmful delay.

By contrast one thinks of a recent fire in a nearby rural neighborhood. A fire was discovered in a dwelling. Prompt call was made by telephone to a rural fire company. But it required twenty minutes to get a driver for the apparatus and when it did arrive on the scene there was no water with which to fight the fire. As a result, the house burned to the ground, and complete loss of dwelling and equipment was sustained.

DOUBLING LOCAL AIR SERVICE

Airplane travel to and from the Allentown-Bethlehem Airport still is a drop in the bucket when compared with the transportation of people by other forms of conveyance but it is significant as to the growing importance of the local port that the schedule is to be doubled beginning next Monday.

This increase does not mean that local demand for the service has recently increased as it is bound to do when air transportation facilities become more popular and are more generally patronized. It is due to the fact that the Philadelphia airport has been closed and that people bound from and to that city will have to take planes to comparatively nearby airfields and then complete their trip by train, or other conveyance.

In the local situation, limousine service on a two-hour schedule, will be operated between Allentown and Philadelphia. Thus Philadelphians will be brought to this city to take planes for the West and South while Philadelphians returning from their travels will make their way from this city to their homes and business places through fast limousine service.

18 MONTHS OF WAR AT LEAST

President Roosevelt who has command of the best information from all parts of the world apparently does not think that the war is going to be over in a very short time.

He told Congress so, in very different words however, when, on Thursday, he laid a $100,000,000,000 budget before Congress. The budget embodies plans for at least 18 months of war.

Obviously if the war end on any front, much of the money will not have to be spent but least of all do the informed military people appear to believe that the end is anywhere in sight.

Political Action Money

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14—Attorney General Biddle has been put in a difficult position by the letter from Representative Howard Smith of Virginia, Democrat, who calls attention to what he alleges is a violation of the Federal Corrupt Practices act by the CIO Political Action committee.

The Attorney General must prosecute or make a ruling which, if it permits labor organizations to spend their money for political purposes, must at the same time permit corporations, trade associations and other organizations to spend money without limit in connection with Federal elections in which the President and Vice President and members of Congress are to be voted for.

Labor unions now are richer than many corporations and have vast accumulations of dues collected from 16,000,000 workers, and while Congress may have thought it was keeping this money from being used to influence elections, it may turn out that technical loopholes have been left which permit large slush funds in our politics.

The Federal Corrupt Practices act came into being in the administration of Theodore Roosevelt as a consequence of the exposure that various corporations had used stockholders' money to influence elections. Last year labor unions were placed in the same category as corporations and were forbidden to contribute to political campaigns "in connection with" any Federal elections.

Does Act Really Apply

But the CIO, through its counsel, Leo Pressman, assisted in the issuance of a memorandum last month to all regional directors of the CIO Political Action Committee telling them that the Federal Corrupt Practices act really didn't apply to money spent by them in connection with Federal elections "provided that this money is spent directly by the labor organization and not pursuant to an agreement or pre-arrangement with these candidates, their political parties or committee."

Thus, he says, "a labor organization may spend its moneys as part of its general activities in connection with a Federal election by way of advancing the candidacy of a particular person by distribution of leaflets, arranging meetings of its members and the general public, etc."

But every candidate for a political office would be happy if he didn't have to be concerned with campaign expenditures made in his interest. It would be a simple matter, too, if corporations could buy radio time or pay for billboards or banners or pay the expenses of political meetings of citizens to advance a particular candidacy and yet not be required to conform to the spirit and letter of the Federal Corrupt Practices act, which forbids contributions "in connection with any election at which presidential and vice presidential electors or a Senator or Representative in Congress are to be voted for."

Law Should Be Tightened

If the law is as broad as the CIO Political Action Committee claims it to be, then it is time Congress tightened it up so that money would not be a primary factor in influencing elections. President Roosevelt, it will be recalled, in his veto last summer of the Smith-Connally act—which contains the provision that amends the corrupt practices law to include labor unions—said that Congress should deal with this whole matter in separate legislation. Little did he realize then perhaps that what he believed was just a means of putting aside the proposal on the theory that action might never be taken turns out now actually to be a means of accelerating congressional action.

Congress has before it, incidentally, an amendment to the tax bill now pending in the Senate which would require labor unions to make a disclosure to the Bureau of Internal Revenue of all moneys collected from dues and of all expenditures. The labor unions are fighting the passage of this simple proposal in the Senate, though the House has adopted it.

The labor unions have taken a mistaken view of their right to be immune from compliance with existing Federal election laws whilst other organizations are restricted in political activities. Perhaps the whole question of the rights of labor unions will become a subject for action now. Clearly the union leaders have not learned to let well enough alone in these trying times when there is so much criticism being directed at unions for their wartime strikes and work stoppages.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

SHE MADE A WAR

I cannot say why I held off from seeing "Harriet" for so long, particularly as Helen Hayes is the star. "Harriet" moved me deeply and once I am sure that I actually sobbed. Something, an idea, a belief, an awakened faith, hit me in those areas of the subconscious where the pain is of the soul.

"Harriet" is the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe who made a war by writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was a meticulously well-intentioned person who hated war but loved justice, and it fell to her lot that to find justice she stirred a nation to war. She was much like the pacifists in America and England who disarmed those countries because they disliked "Merchants of Death." To prevent the munitions-makers from earning a profit, they created a world suitable for Hitler. Their motive was not to serve Hitler but to prevent war. They got not only a war but also Hitler.

Cause and Effect Move Curiously

Cause and effect move so curiously in human affairs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wanted to write but was no abolitionist. But when she wrote ardently on the negro question, she fanned the flames of abolition. "Uncle Tom" became synonymous with anti-slavery; yet, Mrs. Stowe was opposed to Lincoln. When the last curtain falls, however, she is speaking of her visit to Abraham Lincoln and her neighbors with spontaneous suddenness sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

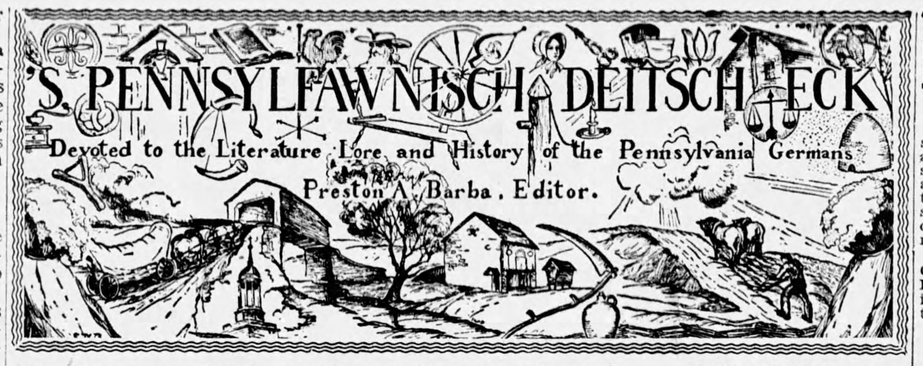
And curiously, it was that tune that somehow I felt in anticipation must be sung at the end of such a play. It must be sung not as a hymn but as an anthem. It must be sung again and again, not as something out of the Civil War, but as a song of the people, clear and vital and arousing. For this Republic needs still and everlastingly to be battled for—battled for and prayed for—that it may survive not only great and strong but as a Republic.

We rarely realize how the logic of events serves us badly. The other night I was speaking to a lady who dislikes my views and I am sure that she spoke to me because she wanted to feed her dislike. Yet, her dislike turned out to be due to inherited partisanship. I wonder how much of what we say that we believe is nothing more than inherited but unprobed prejudices. Little boys and girls are full of such prejudices always. When we were children, they were not called juvenile delinquency even when they led us into writing on the walls of buildings in chalk. Today, all that represents vast areas for sociological investigation, not because children are different but because the world has become too full of hate and prejudices. We are suspicious of the motives of children because we suspect our own motives.

Good Intentions Work Out Badly

Too many of us just accept our prejudices as unavoidable. For instance, Europe is divided into many countries and they are broken up into many peoples and races and languages. And each little group fights eternally for what it call autonomy. But we in America want a United States of Europe of one kind or another. No one in Europe wants it, but we recommend that they have it because then they would be as we are which is close to perfection. If the Europeans could only be as perfect as we are, their problems would be solved as ours are. It is queer how well-intentioned we are and how badly our good intentions work out. We do not at all mind telling the British, for instance, to get out of India but do not object to anyone going into Poland.

That is what stirred me most in "Harriet." The little woman was so well-intentioned; not an abolitionist; she did not hate the South; she did not want to free the slaves—not at the start; she was not a partisan of Lincoln. She hated strife and deceit and hypocrisy. She loved peace and hated war but sought justice and stirred a nation to bitter, costly and perhaps wholly unwarranted slaughter. She made a war.



The Almanac In Pennsylvania German Homes

By RUSSELL W. GILBERT

The following paper was read by Dr. Russell W. Gilbert, Professor of German at Susquehanna University, before a joint meeting of the Selinsgrove Rotary Club and The Snyder County Historical Society, held at Selinsgrove on Thursday evening, November 18, 1943.—ED.

Conclusion

Shrinkage is connected with the decrease of the moon or the down-sign. Because of this, many farmers will not put corn into the crib, or thresh the grain, or cure meat or butcher during the "Abnemmede." Smoke a ham in the down-sign, and you can see it shrink. The rind is cracked and full of folds. It will shrink even in boiling: "s Fleesch waerd z'sammeg'schnarrt im Koche." Cure it in the increase, and the rind is smooth and drawn; even the color is different. In Baer's Calendar 1849, an article on "Influence of the Moon on Agriculture," borrowed from the Ohio Cultivator, appears. The writer has a whole series of statements, each beginning with: "It is a fact . . ." For example: "It is a notorious fact, to which every intelligent housewife will testify, that beef or pork, or other meat which has been killed 'in the old of the moon,' will shrink in the pot. But if it had been killed 'in the new of the moon,' it will not only retain its full size, but come out rather larger than it was before cooking." Oh, that we had government meat inspectors who knew something about the moon, especially in these days of rationing.

The principle of increase (Zunemmede) and decrease (Abnemmede) is applied even in the curative arts. To remove a goitre, rub it three times while you look at the moon on the increase and say: "Was ich aaguck, nemmt zu; was ich reib, nemmt ab." (What I now look at, is on the increase; what I am rubbing, is diminishing).

In life, however, one must watch more than the moon. Are the signs of the zodiac correct? Many Pennsylvania Germans follow certain signs meticulously. But frequently, they admit, difficulty arises, for when the signs are right, then the ground is not right—it may be too wet or too dry; or else the ground is right but not the signs. There are those who do not believe in special times for planting, and each one of them says: "Ich blanz in der Boddem, net in der Kalenner," (I plant in the soil, not in the calendar), or "Ich blanz in der Grund, net in die Zeeche odder in der Mond." (I plant in the ground, not into the signs or the moon). There are many variants of the doggerel verse which served as an mnemonic device for the Zodiacal signs and which verse parents taught their children. I am using the one common among Snyder Countians.

Der Widder der schteest,
Die Kinner (Die Zwilling) sin bees;
Der Leeb der brillt,
Die Wog die gilt;
Der Schitz der schiesst,
Der Wassermann giesst;
Der Fisch der schwimmt,
Der Schtehbock schpringt;
Der Schkorpion schtecht,
Die Jungfraa schprecht;
Der Grebs der glemmt,
Der Schtier der rennt.

Plant corn in the "Gemini" or "Twins" in order to get two ears on each stalk. Others say corn gets more sprouts or "suckers" in the "Twins," but no grain. For some, "Leo" (Lion) always produced the big ears or "Kolwe." Some told me they plant corn in the up-sign; others would not think of planting it then, for it would merely shoot up—in fact, too much; but they plant it with the moon in perigee because it is then nearest the earth, and therefore keeps the plant from putting all its energy into sprouting. Corn planted in "Cancer" will merely dig and wiggle around in the ground, without growing out.

"Twins" is a good sign for tomatoes and beans, for "sie duhne besser aahenge." (There will be more of them). "Libra" (Scales, Wog) is the sign under which some plant tomatoes, for they will get very heavy and large. Large potatoes will result "im dunkle Mond un in der Wog." (in the decrease of the moon and in Libra). Yet, "die Wog iss dot" (Libra is a dead sign), for it is the only sign not referring to a living creature. It is a good sign for butchering and putting away meat, in that worms cannot come to life then. So you see, for some, "Libra" is barren; for others, it will produce large potatoes and tomatoes.

Onions planted in "Sagittarius" (Bowman, Archer, Schitz) will run to seed: Die schiesse dir all—'s iss im Schitz." "Pisces" is a good sign for cucumbers: "Wammer lange un glatte Gummere hawwe will, blanzt mer sie im Fisch." (To have long and smooth cucumbers, plant them in Pisces). In this sign, things tend to become slippery and slimy. Just try to make sauerkraut at this time, and you will notice how your product will slip down with greater ease than endless, entangled strands of spaghetti for a real Italian. If you plant cucumbers, tomatoes, or potatoes in "Virgo" (Jungfraa, Blummebopp, Blummemeedel), all you can expect is blossoms. "In der schnackeriche Jungfraa blanzt mer Blumme." (In the sign of the slender 'Virgo' one plants flowers). In spite of this, one woman told me she had the best luck with potatoes in Virgo—350 bushels in 1¼ acres. She did admit she put a little canite into the furrows to kill the worms.

Now a few words about the weather and the almanac. There were weather prognostications for every day. Some of those I interviewed lamented the fact that daily weather predictions are no longer listed. They tell me, this is true only recently because of government restrictions for the war. "Dumb Dutchmen"? Even the government believes in the authenticity of a year's prognostications in almanacs. According to a statement made by someone working in the U. S. Weather Bureau, the almanac publishers come there to get weather reports for the last 20 to 36 years. On these they base their predictions. Snyder County apostles of the almanac watch the appearance of the Icebox (Quartile), the Snowball (Sun), and the Herschel, in various combinations; put on your winter coats, it will be cold on that day or within a week. The Herschel is so called because Sir William Herschel (1738-1822), a German-English astronomer, discovered Uranus, which the figure of the Herschel represents. The down-sign denotes rain, for the moon is now like a cup held upside down. It will rain when the handle of the Big Dipper is up, for then the dipper has been tilted.

Here I mention a few more beliefsreached into a bag of characteristics, I found among the people of Snyder County. Chicks born in the sign of the "Ram" will be more "geduldig" (patient). To have the curly mane of a lion, cut your hair in the sign of Leo and in the increase of the moon. If you move into another home in the down-sign or in the dark of the moon, dark unfortunate days will haunt you. Watch the day on which a child is born; if the next day is under the same sign, the next child will be of the same sex; if the sign is different, the child will be the opposite sex. If anything is cut or pierced on the day John the Baptist was beheaded, it will die before sunset, or it will at least turn yellow as a ripe quince. This day is no longer designated in the almanacs, they say, because of the possibility of taking advantage of grudges against neighbors. To destroy your neighbor's fine peach trees, all you need to do is to cut or pierce them on that day. Too bad our surgeons, as well as those on whom the carving is done, do not know this day. During one week of the year called "Galluswoche," things all get bitter (if made then). According to Lambert's Dictionary "Gallus is the one around whose cell the town of St. Gallen grew up—the almanac saint for October 16. This name has become confused with Ger. **Galle** (Eng. **gall**) in the superstition."

These are some of the beliefs based on the moon and the zodiacal signs I found among the Pennsylvania Germans of Snyder County, but they are not peculiar to Snyder Countians. All one needs to do to prove this fact is to compare them with the excellent compilation which Dr. Edwin Fogel, my beloved teacher, printed in 1915 in his book, **Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans.** Many of these beliefs are still found almost 30 years later. These beliefs, traced by Dr. Fogel to Heidelberg and surrounding sections, were brought to America by our German ancestors. I believe the almanac had a tremendous influence in preserving and spreading these beliefs and superstitions. In going through hundreds of almanacs, I found greater emphasis on them in the earlier issues than in those of the last 40 years. Somehow, the Pennsylvania German's faith in religion carried over into the realm of superstition. Although other groups had and still have superstitions, the Pennsylvania German had a greater faith in them because he had learned well the art of faith—in God.

The Pennsylvania German, however, possesses the happy trait of balancing the serious with the humorous. If you think a gargle is necessary after every Pa. German story, the almanac will purify your informational halitosis. Here are but two examples of humor with a typical Pa. German ring. One appears in the 1885 Baer Almanac (English): "Don't blame the rooster for bragging over every egg that is laid in the family. Only human nature, nothing more. You remember that when that bouncing boy arrived at your house it wasn't the mother who went about doing the crowing." The other I borrow from Dr. Graeff's "Humor in Pennsylvania German" (the story appeared in the Landwirtschafts Calendar, Lancaster, 1831): "There was a great deal of competition among 3 tailors whose shops were on the same city street. One tailor hung out a sign—"The best tailor in the city." The second tailor countered by advertising "The best tailor in the world." The third competitor simply announced "The best tailor on this street."

As nearly as I could determine, 1400 to 1500 Baer (Lancaster) Almanacs are distributed yearly through agencies in Selinsgrove alone. The Selinsgrove Times and the Middleburg Post still give a copy free with every subscription, if desired. If you want to realize somewhat the role the almanac played in American life, and especially in the life of the Pa. German, just take a look at the collection of almanacs in the library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia.

Because the Baer Almanac (generally called the Lancaster Almanac in Snyder County) seems to have been, and still is, the almanac Bible of Snyder Countians, I scrutinized carefully many of its 118 volumes. They contain more than astronomical facts and weather predictions. I made a list of the varied subjects presented; the span is amazing, for it runs every imaginable gauntlet. I can see why the farmer in days gone by could hardly wait for its yearly arrival. It gave him and his family practical household and farming hints, recipes, inspirational reading, history, advice, anecdotes, humor, all types of information about our country and other lands viz., a long article on Africa by one who lived there in 1822 appears in the 1848 issue), and full-page wood-cuts viz., (the Natural Bridge of Virginia ...covered wagon crosses it — 1845; Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen—1855). Articles printed had appeared in papers or almanacs in New Orleans, Arkansas, Boston and all New England, Virginia, New Jersey, and Ohio, and even Dutchess County, New York—all about 100 years ago.

There is a revived interest today in the study of the almanac and its influence. Dr. Arthur D. Graeff has done more on the Pennsylvania German almanac than any other man I know. I am indebted to him for sending me carbon copies of his eight fine studies published in the American-German Review in 1938-1940. In the one entitled "Pennsylvania German Almanacs" Dr. Graeff says: "And who is there who will dare to scoff at these attempts which fathered medicine itself? Is it possible, that, hidden away in these old Almanacs, there may be germs of scientific truth not yet discovered?" One of the students at Susquehanna University recently asked me to find out whether it was true the Pa. Germans used moldy cheese on boils and carbuncles, a question a friend of hers, who is doing research work on a first cousin of penicillin, had asked. Perhaps someone can supply me with this information. The peculiar remedies and beliefs of the Pa. Germans may have a better foundation, here and there, than that with which they are credited. I cannot agree entirely with Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's remark (in "Old Almanacs and Prognostications"—Saturday Evening Post, June 8, 1935): "To my mind, each almanac should have on its cover, Taurus—the Bull."

It may be **luna**-tic (remember the derivation of the word) to disagree—or to deal only with the **moon** in relation to the signs of the zodiac. What about the sun and these signs? Only in one instance mentioned to me was this relationship considered in planting. The sun and the signs are supposed to influence human characteristics, as little verses for each month often indicate, although there is definitely no uniformity in the characteristics ascribed in the various almanacs to each month's horoscope. Indeed, it seems each editor drawing at random one after another and applying the label to the month in question. But there are those, and not only Pennsylvania Germans, who believe in the influence of the sun and the signs of the zodiac upon human traits. Recently, a lady came to our door to sell Christmas cards. From a folder of 15 especially attractive greetings Mrs. Gilbert selected the three she like best. Upon my arrival I was asked to make my choice of three cards, for the point had previously been made that our tastes are very similar. When the result was complete agreement—at least, in this case—, the saleslady inquired about the dates of birth. Were we born in the same zodiacal sign? No, not quite, but close enough—which accounted for the similarity in tastes and a happy union.

In the 1828 English edition of the Baer Almanac, a striking title appears, "The Almanac of Life." "The progressive stages of man's existence bear a striking analogy to the vicissitudes of the season, comprising in each succeeding month the period of 7 years; a calculation which suppositiously extends the duration of life to the advanced age of 84, beyond which all must be considered a dreary blank, neither profitable to ourselves or desirable to others." Apparently the Pennsylvania Germans and others believed that the individual was still useful up to age 84—and mind you, that was in 1828. They must have been liberals in their day. January, as an example of the almanac of life, is the month of infancy. "This month which commences our year, may be justly compared with the infant state of man, whose faculties are yet in embryo. The sunshine of joy irradiates his mind but transiently; it illumines his early days with glances of pleasure, unsubstantial and evanescent; a tedious night of helplessness and ignorance effaces the impressions made during the day. Artificial warmth, invigorating food, and refreshing sleep, are all that he requires or finds solace in."

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we mortals are strange creatures of thought, emotion, and superstition in this great, interesting struggle from the cradle to the grave. That is "The Almanac of Life."

DER MENSCH

Der Mensch iss nie zufridde,
Guckt vor sich un zurick;
An seinem Dasein un Schicksal
Hot er ewiches Geflick.

Un doch waerd alles besser,
Als wie der Mensch allee;
Der hot die seeme Fehler
As mer an Adam g'seh.

Er wachst uff alle Seite,
Doch iss es yedem klaar,
Dass er eigentlich viel klenner iss,
Als er vor alters waar.

Was batt ihm all die Weisheit
Un all der gross Verschtand?
Schreibt er sich selwer alles zu,
Was kummt aus Gottes Hand!

Wer macht dann all die Sache,
Die der g'scheit Mensch endeckt?
Wer gebt ihm aa der Mut dazu,
Dass er die Hand ausschtreckt?

Wer hot der Nordpol dann gemacht,
War's Peary odder Cook?
Wann eener hett, gebt's net meh Wart'
In unserm Zeitungsdruck.

Dennoh die Wrights, was sin die dann?
Was hen sie dann geduh?
Hett Gott kee Luft far Bahn gemacht,
Sie waere iwwel draa.

'S iss alles recht, sin schmaerte Leit,
Es g'heert 'ne alle Ehr;
Doch dass sie Gott es dankbar sin,
Des heert mer nimmermehr.

Es iss der seem alt Hochmutgeischt,
Des mer vor alters kennt
Un lest uff yedem Pyramid
Un yedem Monument.

Es waar emol en Keenich
Driwwe in Babylon;
Im Graasfeld hot er Gott erkennt,
Ward klee, der grosse Mann.

Es waar emol en annerer,
Der die Welt erobert hot;
Doch waar er'n yemmerlicher
Schklaaf
Un schtarb der Welt zum Schpott.

En mancher hot viel ausgericht,
Viel g'seht un aa ge-ernt;
Doch mit dem allem hot er nie
Sich selwer kenne gelernt.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Pease Porridge Hot

Mosch un Millich heess,
Mosch un Millich kalt;
Mosch un Millich imme Haffe,
Nein Daag alt.

Deel gleiche'n heess,
Deel gleiche'n kalt;
Deel gleiche'n imme Haffe,
Nein Daag alt.

I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND

Ich hab en gleener Mann,
Net greesser wie mei Daume;
Ich schmeiss en in en Beind Blech
Un koch en mit de Blaume.

Ich kaaf en gleener Gaul,
En Sattel hot er g'hatt;
Er gaellopt hie un gaellopt haer
Un gaellopt aus de Schtadt.

Johnny Armstrong Killed a Calf

Der Johnny Moyer schlacht en Kalb,
Der Pitti Schmoyer, der grickt halb,
Der Willi Royer grickt der Kopp,
Sell iss genunk fer'n aarmer Dropp.

Pussey Cat, Pussey Cat, What Do You See?

Nau Bussi, nau Bussi,
Nau saag mer was d' sehnscht!—
Viel mehner, mei Maedel,
Viel meh wie du meenscht!

Nau Bussi, nau Bussi,
Du daetscht doch nichs saage?—
Gewiss net! ich weess doch
Wie mich zu bedraage.

UP STREET AND DOWN STREET

Geh die Schtrosse uff un ab,
Wu die glaasne Fenschtre sin;
Un im allerglenschte Haus
Iss es schenschte Maedel drin.

—Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

Deaths of a Day

MRS. THERESA MILLER

Mrs. Theresa Miller, 260 W. Madison St., South Easton, died at 1:15 a. m. Friday at Easton hospital, where she was admitted last Sunday night as a medical patient. A daughter of the late Thomas and Bridget Hanlon, she was born at the Madison St. address and was a member of St. Bernard's Catholic church.

She is survived by a daughter, Mrs Charles Stout; a brother, Thomas R Hanlon, and two grandchildren, Marion and Charlotte Stout, residing at the Madison St. address.

RUSSELL FRUTCHEY

Russell Frutchey, a grinder employed by the Mack Manufacturing Co., who had been receiving medical treatment at the Allentown hospital since Jan. 7, died at that hospital Thursday night in his 55th year. His home was at 732 S. 8th St.

Mr. Frutchey had been in ill health for the past three months. He was a native of East Bangor, born Sept. 23, 1889, a son of Alice E., nee Loller, Frutchey and the late Milton Frutchey. He resided in Allentown for the past 14 years and was of the Methodist faith.

He was a member of the Keystone Beneficial society.

Surviving is his wife, the former Blanche M. Menhannitt; a son, Milton, Philadelphia; three brothers, Harry and Clark Frutchey, both of Pittsburgh, and William P. Frutchey, Wind Gap; two sisters, Bertha, wife of Edward L. Shover, Allentown, and Mildred, wife of Paul Mitchell, Easton, and two grandchildren.

Funeral services will be in charge of the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St.

ANDREW GALLOWAY

Andrew Galloway, 71, well-known Northampton county farmer, died at 3:45 a. m. Friday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Beck, East Lawn, Nazareth.

He was born Sept. 30, 1872, a son of the late William Galloway and Mary Muchlin Galloway.

He was a member of the Lutheran wing of Stone Church, Upper Mt. Bethel township. He retired from active farming about three years ago.

Besides his wife, Mabel (nee Morris) Galloway, somewhere in New Jersey, he is survived by the daughter, Mrs. Beck, with whom he resided; two brothers, Robert, Phillipsburg, and Frank, Belvidere, N. J., and one grandchild.

Funeral services will beheld Monday at 2 p. m. at the Bartholomew funeral home, 211 E. Center St., Nazareth, with Rev. Harvey Snyder, Nazareth, officiating.

JOHN E. MINGER

John E. Minger, a repairman employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co., who resided with his wife, the former Mary Petruska, at 828 N. 4th St., died at 4:15 a. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital where he had been a medical patient since Jan. 9. He was in his 48th year.

He was a member of St. Mary's Catholic church.

Besides his wife, he is survied by three sons, Third Class Petty Officer Edward Minger of the Navy; Robert and James Minger, both at home; two daughters, Helen and Marie Minger, both at home; his mother, Mrs. Anna Minger, Hazleton; two brothers, Michael Minger, Pottsville, and George

J. GEORGE WETTERAU

J. George Wetterau, 78, died at 10 p. m. Thursday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Silfies, 1731 Maple St., Bethlehem.

He had been ill since last July when he was stricken with a heart attack. He was retired four years ago by the Bethlehem Steel Co.

He was in the employ of the New Jersey Zinc Co., for a number of years until they moved their plant from E. 2nd St. Bethlehem, now the site of the merchant mills of the Bethlehem Steel Co., to Palmerton in 1911.

Mr. Wetterau was born Feb. 1, at Tamaqua, a son of the late August and Elizabeth Schmauch Wetterau, and for many years resided with his family on Warren Square.

He was a member of the First Evangelical and Reformed church and Hobah lodge No. 267 Knights of Pythias.

Surviving are two daughters Helen, wife of Charles R. Silfies of Bethlehem, and Florence, wife of William Wehrenberg, Westfield, N. J.; one son, Charles H., of Morgantown, W. Va.; two sisters, Mrs. Anna Leidinger and Mary Wetterau, both of Tamaqua, and two brothers, Jacob Wetterau of Scranton and August Wetterau of Tamaqua.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Weierbach funeral home, 835 Broadway followed by burial in Nisky Hill, Bethlehem.

JOHN E. STOFFLET

John E. Stofflet, 85, died at 9 a. m. Friday at his home, 711 McCartney St., Easton, from infirmities incident to old age. For the past 14 years, he had been resident manager for Lord, Abbett & Co., investment brokers, First National bank building, Easton, and had been associated with Mr. Lord in business for the past 25 years.

A son of the late Amandus and Isabell Stofflet, he was born in Plainfield township in July, 1859. His first wife, Mrs. Jennie Smith Stofflet, Wind Gap, died 30 years ago. He was a member of the Church of Our Lord, Pentecostal church.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Charlotte C. Stofflet; one brother, Harry Stofflet, Easton, and two sisters, Ella Stofflet, Easton, and Ida Stofflet, New York.

Funeral services will be held at 3 p. m. Sunday from the Shillinger funeral home. Burial will be in Memorial Shrine cemetery.

MANUEL R. GOMES

Manuel Rebelo Gomes, 136 Green St., Freemansburg, died Friday morning in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown.

He had been a resident of the Bethlehem area since 1915, was a native of Portugal and had been a member of Holy Infancy church. He was employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. until his illness.

Surviving are his wife, Laurinda (DeJesus), two sons, Joseph at home and Anthony of Bethlehem; two daughters, Margaret, at home, and Mrs. Anthony Ferreire, of Bethlehem, and his mother and a sister both in Portugal.

Funeral services will beheld Tuesday 8:45 a. m. from his late home followed by requiem mass in Holy Infancy church. Burial will be made in Holy Savior cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Laisa Der Pumpernickle

Der Porra Brendle fon Egypt hut uns yusht fertzailt fón ma brief os er da onner dawg grick'd hut fom Raymond Leh aryads in Englond. Der Ramie grick'd all'm noh aw der Morning Call, un kon net sawga wie fiel g'shpass un blessier as sie griega darrich unser shticker doh im Call. Wos noch mainer is, 's hut fiel beim Ramie os die socha net laisa kenna, un er must na noh ragler unser brief laisa, un kon net sawga wos 'n blessier os sie rous griega.

Grishdawg owet hen sie ebbes fon ra Grishdawgs party kot, un der Ramie wor uf 'm program die "Nocht Fer Grishdawg" sawga, so wie der Obadeiah Grouthomel sie yohra tzurick rum k'huck'd hut in die mutter shproch. Sel wor aw ebbes gons arbadiches dart driwwa in Englond, 'n Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shrich sawga omma Grishdfesht. Der Ramie sin m'r barich'd, het sel shtick ousa wenich galarnt wie er so on da tzaea yohr rum alt wor, un wert sella mohl all'm noh aw net draw gadenk'd howwa, os die tzeit kaimt woh ers sawga dade in Englond.

M'r shure worra froh die barichda tzu griega fom Porra fom Ramie seinra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha erfohring, un wos er darta driwwa dut, wert all'm noh aw gaduh die welt rum, won m'r yusht grawd immer hoera dade dafon. 'S sin wenich lanner woh der Call heit tzu dawg net onna gait, un wenich bletz woh m'r ken Pennsylfawnish Deitscha boova fin'd.

Hens Net Fershtae Kenna

M'r numma wotta m'r hetta doh die onner woch 'm fosfatemon Stewart Henrich un 'm kucha becker John Corell fon Northampton ihra grossa auga sehna kenna, wie sie gonga worra fer der Elmer Fehnel p'sucha im Sacred Heart hospital, un der Elmer wor der koshda g'floga. Der Elmer is awenich unna badenk'd tzurick hame noch seim mashina axident,—anyhow er is fert unna seina fiela freind os ols kumma sin 'n p'sucha, arder shicka os sie now noch Cross Roads on der shtore kumma mista won sie 'n sehna wotta.

Wel aenicha waig, der Stewart wor der airsht os gonga wor der Elmer p'sucha, un hut 'n frem weibsmensch g'funna in seinra shtub. Der Stewart wor etlicha mohl gonga der Elmer sehna, un hut grawd gawist wie tzu gae nuf uf der drit shtuck, noh hinna nous linx ums eck rum, un woh der Elmer die aller ledahd stub kot hut uf da link hond side fon so ma glaina shlub waig. Die dier wor tzu wie der Stewart onna kumma is, un is ewwa datzu nei wie won er selwar darta dahame wear. Sel wor der waig os der Elmer howwa hut wolla os sei freind kumma sotta 'n p'sucha. un der Stewart hut sich aw dahame g'fiel'd bis er wenich in da shtub wor. Noh ferhaftich sei won net 'n gons frem weibsmensch im bed galaiga hut shlofa, un der Stewart is tzurick ob tzum loch nous, allas os er gae hut kenna. Tzu all'm glick is die fraw net wocker werra, un der Stewart hut sich shier net arrick ganunk erahtouna kenna wie 'n nurse 'm g'sawt hut der Elmer wear hame. Da nagshda dawg hut der Stewart noh dahame beim Elmer ob g'shtopt fer 'n

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!
—Khayyam.

CLOSE OF LONG, WORTHY CAREER

For forty years Hon. Malcolm W. Gross had been in the public eye and for thirty of those years his life and work constantly were under public scrutiny while he was holding positions of honor and trust.

Four times the people of Allentown expressed their esteem and their confidence in him by conferring upon him the highest honor at their command, election to the mayoralty, while once the people of the entire county expressed similar confidence and esteem by choosing him for a county office.

Any person who did not know "Mal" Gross but learned about such a record in public office therefore would immediately conclude that he had been a person of unusual qualities. The people of Allentown, who almost to the last woman and man did know him over the years, esteemed him for those qualities which had been demonstrated to them over the years.

The personal acquaintances of most persons are exceedingly limited as to numbers as any one can learn if he ever decides to take inventory as to such matter. Even many men in public life, whose business it is to establish extensive acquaintanceship, are surprised when they look over and count any such printed or written list of friends and acquaintances and then compare it with the vast number of souls in their community.

Ex-Mayor Gross almost undoubtedly was the most important exception to this rule in this community. It seemed that just about everybody knew him and that he knew everybody in turn. The acquaintanceship on the other hand was not casual. It generally was of long standing and associated with earlier relationships of more or less intimate nature. There was evidence that mutual admiration and respect entered into virtually all these acquaintanceships.

In other words, Mal Gross probably knew more people and knew them more intimately than any man in the community and in turn he was probably known by and esteemed as a friend by more people than any local figure.

Qualities which make and hold friends in such great numbers for virtually a life-time, especially under the difficult conditions of propinquity, of heated political campaigns, of periods of business depression, of periods of labor unrest and strikes, must be very unusual. They may even defy analysis and be more easily resolved by saying it was Mal Gross' personality that was so gracious, so kindly and considerate, so patient under the most difficult conditions that made him the manner of man that Allentown knew him to be.

Men who have served Allentown as its chief executive undoubtedy have been impressed by the trust which the people have imposed in them and they have been proud of their community. Public service did this for Mal Gross to an extraordinary degree. He loved the community and its people intensely and sincerely. He was almost inordinately proud of it as to every spiritual and physical quality. He proclaimed that pride veritably from the housetops, not as a political gesture but as an honest and sincere expression of his feelings.

So in his sad and sudden passing yesterday the City of Allentown loses not only an upstanding citizen but thousands of people individually mourn the loss of a long-tested personal friendship.

The city loses one of the last of its elder statesmen—men who were so conspicuous and active in progressive steps which made Allentown a modern, beautiful city in which it is a good thing to live. No finer record of achievement has been achieved for Allentown by any man than that achieved during more than a quarter of a century by Hon. Malcolm W. Gross.

SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION OF NATIONS

In moving millions of men from occupied countries of Europe into Germany for forced labor in munitions factories, the building of fortifications and other war jobs Germany is carrying out a sinister plan to weaken if not destroy the peoples of the occupied countries against the day when Germany expects to be the master race in Europe.

In moving workers women have not been included in great numbers. Thus the natural reproduction of the peoples now under German heels has been disturbed and interrupted for years and may continue to be interrupted for a number of years to come. This can mean nothing if it does not mean fewer French, Belgians, Norwegians, Greeks, Czechs and other peoples after the war.

But there is also another sinister plan which German philosophy under Hitler has not kept secret and which the Swedes believe is being worked out in Norway. This is a plan to destroy or chase the intellectuals out of any given country and thus give the Germans freer hand with the more plodding types of a population.

In Norway in recent weeks, Norwegian students were deported in large numbers and their only offense appears to have been that, inasmuch as they are students and possessed of culture and devoted to its propagation, they are potential leaders of revolt against the Germans.

Outspoken condemnation of this practice issues from Sweden and that country through public officials has told Germany that her men of science and culture cannot count on the welcome with which they formerly were received. In fact it is entirely probable that Sweden will deny visas to these Germans who forever are trotting back and forth from between Germany and Sweden. They are probably more active in spying and propaganda work than they are concerned with science and culture. They probably are "tourists" such as Germany employed so lavishly and effectively in all the years before the war.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22—A week after Mr. Roosevelt's demand for a civilian draft bill, his floor leader Barkley had not emitted a word of approval. His leaders on the House side went further and assured newsmen, off the record, the bill would not be passed.

Indeed, the prevailing congressional suspicion seems to be that the President possibly had entered upon promotion of the bill (in his message, at least) to remove the curse from his record on the strike situation. In any event, the bill will not be even seriously considered unless some manpower or strike emergency arises, which the leaders obviously do not expect.

* * * *

The printed reaction out in the country was somewhat amazing. Endorsements came from conservative commentators largely—but also from the Bridges Communist-controlled longshoremen's union on the Pacific coast. When you get Communists and conservatives together, you may be sure someone is being fooled.

The reaction of the man in the street, as I get it conversationally, was likewise surprisingly approving. People generally hate strikes and sympathize with the unequal positions of the soldier with the war worker. They are irrefutably right in these positions.

But, in their righteous wrath, they are apt to be misled into espousing a remedy far more unjust than the injustices they want to cure. Few of them have studied the bill (Austin revised proposal, Jan. 10) and understand what it would do to them and the country. Congress knows.

* * * *

To me, it seems as unjustified as using an axe to eliminate a fly-speck on glass, and in this case, the glass is the final container of individual human rights, individual liberty—all that we are fighting for and including our "way of life"—in favor of male and female enslavement to the State for war reasons that are not apparent to all—including Congress.

Theoretically, it would practically declare national martial law on all the people to make a few work—and this in a nation whose production (work) is already so good that Mr. Roosevelt justly brags it is the best in the world.

* * * *

You can see this clearly by a detailed study of the bill—empowering the President by proclamation to move anyone anywhere away from his home into any other job at any rate of pay (that is, anyone except Federal, State, County, and local officials, including bureaucrats who are exempt along with pregnant mothers and those with minor children, and the other established military exemptees, although I do not see clergymen exempt).

One phrase promises exemption to those "necessary to the maintenance of national health, safety and interest" and another warns the boards against being "unfair, arbitrary or causing personal hardships." But obviously the door is left wide open for local boards to differ in their interpretations (as they already have) and to enter new fields of politics, graft and corruption.

* * * *

Appeals could be taken to the national draft director and to the courts, but only after the deed is done, and we all know what crowded places those are now for timely justice. (Incidentally, no provision is made for the drafted civilian to vote away from home, a rather pertinent matter this year).

The urge for this thing is the injustice of drafting the soldier. Not even there do the proponents propose justice in lieu thereof. A drafted soldier has his whole life provided by the Federal government and all are treated alike as to pay and special privileges, including insurance, allowance for dependents, medical care, etc.

Nothing comparable is promised the civilian draftee. He can be uprooted from his home, sent across the country to work in a field at half the salary or less—and all the government would give him is transportation and a polite invitation to the draft boards to consider housing conditions in the area to which he is sent. It would only equalize present injustices by creating more.

* * * *

In short, its theory is to absorb the human being completely into state totalitarianism. Mr. Roosevelt's pen slipped badly when he wrote Congress:

"National service is the most democratic way to win war."

It proposes final abandonment of civilian democratic independence. Its theory is that of both Fascism and Communism, but bars no slight resemblance to that of democracy which espouses voluntary contributions of effort and individual freedom of patriotic conscience.

Making Soldier Votes

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21—Secretary Stimson, though a Republican, is a loyal member of the President's cabinet, and there devolves upon him this year a task which, to say the least, is as difficult as any a cabinet member has ever faced. It is within his power to make votes for President Roosevelt's fourth term among the 7,000,000 soldiers who will be overseas this year. It is within his power also to remove any obstacle to letting the soldiers know the truth about the home front and do their own thinking. Mr. Stimson's job is not to give them canned facts, artificially concocted by some of his subordinates in the Pentagon building.

Unfortunately, Mr. Stimson has gotten off to a bad start. Some of these subordinates have already compromised his position by an official "Guide" which has been distributed to "informational officers" and those concerned with "orientation courses" in the Army.

For a moment, as the reader peruses this "Guide," he wonders whether he is reading a Nazi or Communist booklet used to indoctrinate troops or just an example of official ineptitude or of unconscious imitation. For the War Department "Guide" tells the officers how to color the minds of the troops on current events—and on the very things that will make votes for or against the Roosevelt administration this year.

Only One Kind of News

It isn't the business of the Secretary of War to appease the soldiers and help them get over their own bitterness against the present administration for capitulating to John L. Lewis and for the President's refusal to allow the Smith-Connally bill to contain penalties against wartime strikes. Yet Mr. Stimson's "Guide" puts the stamp of approval on one kind of news and excludes other news that it feels may be harmful. Thus the "Guide" says:

"Certainly the story that manpower is due to be drafted for war factory service is information of a type which is calculated to make the average individual in military service more contented with his lot."

Who can assure that to be true if mothers and fathers back home are to be drafted to help manufacturers make more profit? And who will vouch for the accuracy of the foregoing flat statement that "manpower is due to be drafted for war factory service?" Hasn't all the news of the past week indicated that Congress does not intend to pass such a law? Why should the War Department speak of the manpower draft as an accomplished thing in a pamphlet to be distributed and used for many months to come?

The "Guide" says, moreover, that "no good purpose is served by plying the soldier with information emphasizing the prevalence of high wages or extraordinary profits."

Isn't there room for a considerable difference of opinion on that point? If wages and profits are high, shouldn't the soldier know about it so that he may express himself in his letters to his hometown newspaper or even to soldier newspapers which reflect soldier opinion? Has the American soldier suddenly lost his right to the "freedom of information" which President Roosevelt acclaims as one of the four precious freedoms?

There is a simple cure for all this business of trying to make up the minds of American citizens or the soldiers overseas as to what they should think. It is not to hand them government-made propaganda. It is not to use government funds, as is now being done, to buy for Army camps specially selected pieces of printed matter that deal with controversial subjects, such as news or news interpretation. It is to let the soldiers do their own thinking by merely making accessible to them American magazines, newspapers and radio programs by transcription. It is easy enough to make miniature newspapers and magazines. American publishers and radio companies would be glad to make their wares available to the soldiers for a few cents just as cigarettes or any other commercial articles sold at camp stores are available. This method has some limitations, such as shipping space, but it is much better than to let someone with a master-mind in Washington dictate what the soldier should read or should think about what he has read.

The soldiers can "take it." The 7,000,000 Americans in uniform are not children but, according to the Army's own claim, the best-educated army in the world. Already the reactions of the soldiers are reaching here in letters to parents and to newspapers and are beginning to affect American public opinion in the good old American way—by the healthy exposure of news to the cool air of the citizens' judgment, unaffected by the Nazi or Communist tricks of "indoctrination" or by government order.

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HAAHNE G'FECHT

Der Gickerich, so schee un fei,
As wie en Haahne yuscht kann sei,

Der schtellt sich uff die Zehe hie,
Guckt in der Haffe, voll mit Brieh.

Der Gackerich kummt aa dohaer
Un wunnert was am aageh waer.

A ha! Des macht ihm Abbedit!
Er denkt, do macht er aa mol mit.

En yeder langt mit grosser Mieh,
Zum Haffe nei fer selli Brieh.

Sie hen gezawwelt un gepickt,
Un kenner hot en Maulvoll grickt.

Zwee Kepp, die kumme in die Heh,
Sie kenne des net recht verschteh!

Der Gicker - un der Gackerich,
Sie schtehne un bedrachte sich;

Uf eemol leicht's me yedre ei,
Der anner misst do Schuld draa sei.

En yeder denkt er hot sei Recht,
Un hot er's net, dann gebt's en G'fecht.

"Ya, bischt du besser as wie ich?"
So denkt der Gick - der Gackerich.

Noh fliege schunn die Tatze glei,
Sie gratze iwwernanner nei;

Sie schlagge mit de Schpore hie,
Vun rode Ohre laaft die Brieh.

Der Gickerich, im wilde Danz,
Verroppt em Gackerich sei Schwanz.

Der Gackerich fliegt in die Heh,
Sei Schwanzgeropp dutt aerrig weh;

Doch waar's aa yuscht fer'n Aageblick,
Noh kummt der Gackerich zurick,

Dem Gickerich der Schwanz geroppt,
Hot net emol bei sellem g'schtoppt,

Er ziegt ihn aa noch owwedrei,
Mit Kopp un Hals zum Haffe nei.

Im Haffe drin, do werd's erscht recht,
Do schpritzt die Brieh im Haahneg'fecht;

Sie gehne rum un rum un rum,
Un schmeisse noch der Haffe um;

Nau laaft die Brieh am Boddem dart,
Die Haahne fechte als noch fart;

Do kummt der Hund noch graad dezu,
Un der weess immer was zu duh:

Er yaagt mol graad so midde nei,
Do schtopt die Haahnefechterei.

Der Gickerich, der Gackerich,
Sie laafe weck un schemme sich;

Sie gehne ruhich heem in's Haus,
Un gucke ganz aerbaermlich aus.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

(A free rendition from Wilhelm Busch)

INFLATION

(Pennsylvania Germans of Northampton County endeavor to keep prices down in 1779!)

We have received recently the following communication with its interesting enclosure:

Dear Editor:

Price control, ceiling prices and the activities of the OPA are mentioned in the news columns and are on everybody's lips almost every day. Most of us think of these things as new ideas. At a recent public sale I bought a lot of old books and papers, among them a very rare copy of the "Philadelphisches Staatsregister" dated Wednesday, September 1, 1779. On the first page of this newspaper is a very interesting column which I have copied and am sending you herewith, as I believe something of this sort would be of timely interest to the readers of the ECK. It shows that an effort was made in a Pennsylvania German community during the dark days of the Revolution to keep prices down. From the prices mentioned in this article one can see that serious inflation had already set in, and we know from the phrase "not worth a Continental" that the effort to control prices and present inflation was not successful . . . .

The price fixing idea is of course as old as the old Roman empire, but until I read the article in the old newspaper I did not know it was used in Revolutionary War times. The action of the Philadelphia committee referred to began early in 1779 when profiteers put up the price of tea and other imported articles which were becoming scarce. The Committee of Inspection and Observation (every county had one of these) in Philadelphia set a fixed price at which tea could be sold. In May of the same year the Committee met again and appointed a subcommittee to set a schedule of prices on various imported products and also set the price of butter at no more than 15 shillings per pound. The committee set the maximum price to be charged as so many "prices" of what the original or normal price of the article was. For instance, tea at the beginning of 1779 sold at 3s 9d to 5s depending on the grade. In June of the same year it sold at about $4 10s, or an advance of about 20 prices, that is, 20 times its original cost. The "16 Preise" (of the German article) allowed to mechanics and daylaborers therefore meant that if a daylaborer, for instance, was paid 60 cents a day in normal times, under the price fixed by the committee, he was allowed to charge 16 x 60 cents or $9.60.

I cannot find anything to indicate that the Philadelphia committee attempted to fix the prices of farm products like the Northampton County committee . . . Each county had one of these committees and each apparently acted independently. You will note also that the price of butter in Philadelphia was fixed at 15 shillings per pound maximum in May and the Northampton committee set a price of just half as much in August when prices were running away all the time.

Yours sincerely,

Royersford, Pa. (signed) Raymond E. Hollenbach

Here follows the report of the committee of Northampton County as it appeared in Das Philadelphische Staatsregister for Sept. 1, 1779.

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY,
IM STAAT VON PENNSYLVANIEN

Bey einer am Montage, des 9ten August, 1779, an des Obersten Johann Siegfrieds hause gehaltenen versammlung der County-Committee, in gegenwart folgender glieder: Jacob Strowd, Nicholas Fuchs, Matth. MacHenry, Thomas Everitt, Henrich Geiger, Patrick Stuart, Friedrich Scheckler, Philip Boehm, Abraham Schmidt, Nicolaus Michel, Johann Santee, Michael Schneider, William Raup, William Meyer, Michael Inbord, Michael Schaefer, Timothy Read, Peter Seiler, Johann Neukommer, Christian Fischer.

Beschlossen dass die Committee von Philadelphia ein sicheres zeichen ihres eifers fuer das wohl des vaterlandes gegeben, dadurch dass sie die preise ihrer eingefuehrten waaren herunter gesetzt hat, und dass diese Committee einem so loeblichen Exempel folgen, und die preise ihrer landes-producten in dem verhaeltniss herunter setzen wollen, dass kein landmann oder anderer fuer ein buschel weitzen, welches 60 pfund wiegt, mehr als Sechs pfund fordern soll, und so in verhaeltniss fuer dasjenige was mehr oder weniger wieget.

		Pf.	s.	d.
Fein Weitzenmehl	das hundert Pf.	17	0	0
Rocken	das buschel	5	10	0
Welschkorn	" "	5	10	0
Buchweitzen	" "	3	0	0
Haber	" "	2	10	0
Heu	das hundert	22	10	0
Butter	das pfund	0	7	6
Rindfleisch	" "	0	3	9
Hammelfleisch	" "	0	3	9
Kalbfleisch	" "	0	3	0
Schweinefleisch	" "	0	5	0
Sohl-leder	" "	1	0	0
Ober-leder	" "	2	0	0
Best Stangen-eisen	die Tonne	600	0	0
Ein Kalbfell, woraus 4 paar manns-schuh gemacht werden koennen		7	10	0
Ditto, kleinere in proportion				
Geschirr und Sattler leder, das pf.		1.	2	6
Schindel-naegel	das pfund	1	5	0
Andere Naegel in proportion				
Schmieden werden 16 preise fuer ihre arbeit erlaubt, wenn ihnen das eisen dazu geliefert wird, und 20 wenn sie es selbst geben.				
Allen handwerkern und tagloehnern sollen 16 preise und nicht mehr zugestanden werden.				
Gastwirthe sollen folgende preise erhalten:				
Fuer ein gut Fruehstueck	Pf.	0	15	0
ein gut Mittagsmahl		0	15	0
ein gut Abendessen		0	15	0
ein Pferd auf heu, die nacht		0	16	0
Haber, das quart		0	2	6
Besten Westindischen Rum, gill		0	7	6
Franz-branntewein, hiesigen				
Pfirsich und Aepfel-branntewein, gill		0	5	0
ein bohl Toddy, mit zwey gills Spirits		1	0	0
Whisky, die gill		0	3	9

Beschlossen, Dass diese Committee des besten Sinnes ist, die Acte zur verhuetung von vor—und auf-kaeufer der waaren, gegen solche personen in die strengste ausuebung zu bringen, die sich solcher verwegenen streiche schuldig machen, und die uebertreter ihrer schluesse zur strafe zu ziehen.

Unterzeichnet auf befehl der Committee
JACOB STROWD, Vorsitzer.

(From the above we have seen that the Northampton County Committee, following the praiseworthy example of the Philadelphia Committee, took action to reduce the prices, so that no farmer shall demand more than 6 English pounds for a bushel of wheat weighing 60 lbs. Other items, as well as wages for mechanics and daylaborers shall be kept in proportion in accordance with the table set up by the Committee, which will deal severest punishment upon all hoarders, profiteers and black marketeers. —ED.)

WANN MOL DIE WELT KEN LIEB MEH HOT

Wann mol die Welt ken Lieb meh hot,
Sin Menschehaerze hart wie Schtee,
Un so kalt wie'n Schweizer Baerrick,
Wer kann so'n Sach doch do verschteh?

Wu Lieb mol iss, gebt's net viel Foss;
Die schlaggt ball halt un ebbes dut;
Un Wunde heelt far Freind un Feind,
Des macht im End yo alles gut.

Wer schaffe will far Gott un Mensch,
Un hot ken Lieb, in alles fehlt;
's iss net yuscht's Waert—'s g'heert meh dezu,
Die Lieb iss was ihn recht haerschtellt.

Was iss die Lieb? Guck Jesus aa!
Es Greesscht in Lieb muss Opfer sei;
Un Freind un Feind die schtehne gleich,
Wer des mol weess vun Schpott iss frei.

Schwetz net von Lieb un b'scheiss die Leit,
Un nemmscht 'ne weck, was dir net g'heert!
Die Golden Rule halt immer aus,
Wer die ausfiehrt iss do geehrt!

Wann's nimmi geht, wu du maagscht sei,
Dann fehlt ee Ding, un des allee;
Wann des aawendscht, geht's glei dann ab—
Die Lieb die macht yo alles geh!

Un die fehlt net—wisst's yuscht die Welt!
So'n gleeni Sach mit so 're Kraft!
'S iss nichs schunscht do, as ihr gleich iss;
Mit Lieb der Welt Gott Friede schafft.

Geh mol zum Feind un bet far ihn,
Als waer er yo dei beschter Freind;
Duh was du kannscht un dann noch meh,
Dann geht glei fart dei greesschter Feind.

So hot geduh dei Heiland do,
Far all sei Feind hot er gebet!
Wer des mol dut, der ihm iss gleich
Un in der Welt in Ehre schteht.

Die Lieb gebt meh, wie's scheint sie hot,
Sie gebt all, was mer sehne kann,
Un dann noch meh—es Lewe aa!
Wer ehrt net so en Lewesplaan?

Die Lieb fehlt net mit uns zu geh
Un bei uns sei in allem Schtick;
Sie losst net geh, was kumme maag,
In nix geht sie uff uns zerick!

Will's mol net geh deheem un draus,
Beguck die Sach un sehn was fehlt;
Wann d' des mol weesscht, waerd's annerscht sei,
Mit wisse wie, waerd manches g'heelt!

Was macht dich gross? Meenscht 's waer die Lehr?
'S hen Mensche 'n Lehr un sin net gross!
Weil du die Kraft zu liewe hoscht,
Des macht far dich dei Lewesmos!

Die Welt brauch Lieb in unser Zeit;
An manche Not geht sie verbei;
En kaltes Haerz hot Lieb net drin,
Wu des net iss, kann Gott net sei!

Kannscht in der Not noch freindlich sei,
Wie hart's geh maag, dei Beschtes duh;
Un glaage nie, was kumme maag,
Dann gehscht yo graad der Liewe zu!

Vergeb deim Feind, der bees dir winscht,
Un schlecht dir dut graad wann er kann;
Er hot net's Licht, des weist sich glei,
Er weess yo nix vum Lewesplaan.

Frog net vun annere far dich duh,
Was du net gleichscht far sie zu duh!
'S geht niemand yo graad gege sich
Un nemmt die Dier un schlaggt sie zu!

Des iss es Haerz vum ganse Ding,
Vum Aafang waar nix Scheeners do;
Des bleibt aa schteh bis an des End,
No geht's dann aa em Heiland noh!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ

DUMMHEET ODDER IGNORANCE?

Two Lehigh County neighbors were arguing about politics and the approaching election.

"Ich schtimm Republican," saagt der Eli.

"Wann du selle Weg schtimmscht, weisscht du yuscht dei Ignorance," meent 'm Eli sei Nochber, der Tobias.

"Republican schtimm ich," insisted Eli, "un ich will 's verschtanne hawwe, dass ich yuscht so viel Ignorance hab, wie du aa."

Deaths of a Day

FLOYD J. FLUCK

Floyd J. Fluck, 58, prominent agriculturist and farmer of Wassergass, Lower Saucon township, died at 4:35 o'clock Friday morning in St. Luke's hospital. He had been a medical patient there for 11 days.

One of the dealers in the Bethlehem South Side Municipal market, Adams and 3rd Sts., Bethlehem, he was born in Lower Saucon township, Feb. 5, 1885, and was a son of the late Francis A. and Matilda Gerlach Fluck.

He operated the farm on which he and his family resided for years. He was a member of Old Williams Evangelical and Reformed church and for 30 years he was an officer-deacon and elder. Fraternally he was affiliated with Hellertown castle, 112, Knights of the Golden Eagle.

Survivors are his wife, Myrtle Moore Fluck; three daughters, Mrs. George Mease, Hellertown R. 1; Mrs. Walter Buttner, Easton R. 4; and Mrs. Harry Kline, of Durham; two sons, Francis A., of Pleasant Valley, and Floyd J. Jr., at home; 18 grandchildren; two brothers, Victor Fluck, of Hellertown, and Wilmer Fluck, of Hellertown R. 1; four sisters, Mrs. Annie Sloyer, of Bethlehem; Mrs. Stella Seiple, of Easton; Mrs. Gertrude Trach, of Allentown, and Mrs. Lizzie Schweikert, of Allentown R. 60.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 1:30 p. m. in the Templeton funeral home, 326 Main St., Hellertown, and at 2 o'clock in St. Luke's Union church, Williams township, followed by burial in the Old Williams cemetery. Rev. Paul Strauch, Freemansburg, will officiate.

SIMON ANDERS

Simon Anders, 67, who resided with his niece, Mrs. John Green, 25 S. 13th St., Easton, died at 11:40 p. m. Thursday at the Easton hospital, where he was admitted on Jan. 14 for medical treatment. He formerly resided at 315 E. Kleinhans Ave., South Side, Easton. His wife, Mrs. Martha T. Anders, died four years ago.

He is survived by a brother, Russell, Easton R. D.; a sister, Mrs. Henry Purdy, Easton, and by a step-son residing on the South Side.

Funeral services will be held at 11 a. m. Monday from the Schlert funeral home. Burial will be in St. Joseph's new cemetery.

WILLIAM F. REICHENBACH

William F. Reichenbach, 317 N. Law St., died at 3:42 a. m. Friday in the Sacred Heart hospital where he had been a medical patient since Monday. He was 67 years old.

Born in Allentown, the son of the late Henry L. and Mary M., nee Wolle, Reichenbach, he had been employed for the past nine years as a maintenance man by the YMCA. He was a member of the Salem Reformed church and the Dubbs Bible class.

Surviving are his wife, Mantana, nee Butz, Reichenbach; two sons: H. Stanley Reichenbach, Allentown, and Norton H. Reichenbach, Reading; two daughters, Mrs. Howard Kuder and Marie Reichenbach, both at home; a brother, Charles Reichenbach, Allentown; and eight grandchildren. His mother, Mrs. Mary Reichenbach, preceded him in death on Dec. 28.

Rev. William F. Kosman will officiate at services on Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. at the Wonderly funeral home, 1119 Hamilton St. Interment will be in the Arlington Memorial Park cemetery.

WILLIAM HARRY LAVER

William Harry Laver, 61, of Reading, a brother of Erasmus Laver of this city, died Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Potts of 143 S. 11th St., Reading. A native of Montgomery county, he was employed as a sandblaster for the past 12 years at the Jacobs Aircraft plant, Pottstown.

Funeral services will be held at 10:30 a. m. Monday from the Lutz funeral home, Reading, with interment to follow in Edgewood cemetery, Pottstown.

DARRIL D. FREEMAN

Darril D. Freeman, four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Freeman, West Bowmanstown, died Friday at the Allentown hospital of diphtheria.

He is survived by his parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Quinton Steigerwalt of West Bowmanstown.

Private funeral services for adult relatives will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the Ziegler Funeral home, 177 Delaware Ave., Palmerton. Interment in Bowmanstown cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Sis Kayose

Sis kayose wie leit em kenna won m'r maint m'r wear fon hame. Da onner dawg uf 'm waig noch Fildelfy mit 'm trolley kar, un mit 'm Porra Brendle fon Egypt fer kumpany, hen m'r alla gabut bakonta leit aw gadroffa. Der airsht bakont, wor der Clair Everett, 'n bus fuhrmon doh fon da shtadt woh 'n dakg ob kot hut on seinra arwet, un hut noh sei fraw die Annie nunner noch Fildelfy ganumma. Der Clair huts g'sheind, wear arrick shlaiferich, un hut sich 'n shtick waigs unna drous, hinna inna grosser shtuhl k'huck'd mit ra maining fer shlofa gae. 'S hut ow'r net long ganumma bis er der Porra un der Pumpernickle hoera hut Pennsylfawnish Deitsch balawdga, un huts shlofa noh uf gewwa, un sich tzurick riwwer navich sei fraw k'huck'd, un aw shtarta mit mocha. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r wissa net wen ers airsht gakent hut, der Porra odder uns, ow'r hen 'm anyhow net sawga breicha war m'r worra.

Ferol os m'r der Clair un sei Annie 's airsht net gakent hen, huts net long ganumma fer sie larna kenna, bardich wie m'r ous g'funna hen os ers Mandus Everetts fon Walberts ihra boo is, un woh shun fer yohra shoft fer die trolley kumpany. Eb m'r uns noh um sehna hen kot, worra m'r shun drunna in Souderton, un woh aw glei dale onnerra dabei worra os uns gakent hen bei da shproch. Owets uf 'm hame waig wors grawd widder da sama waig, un ol hen wissa wolla ferwos m'r nimmy Sundawgs uf da luft weara. Errshtounlich wies sheina mawg, bout ol hen gawiat fon da grossa Eastern Light kumpany, un hen fershprocha fer fon da Mondawg owet ob nei hoericha, won m'r uf da luft sin.

Ainer fon da bakonta Soudertona, wor der Dan Rice un woh shoft fer die trolley kumpany drunna om 69d shtrossa station. Der Dan kairt tzu da Souderton grundsow lodge, un shure wor 'n blessier fer 'n aw tzu dreffa uf 'm trolley kar. Sis kayose wie gutie kumpany 'n trip ferkartzer'd,—eb m'r uns um sehna hen, worra m'r shun drunna in Filly. Un owets uf 'm tzurick waig wors grawd widder da sama waig. M'r hen widder gons hinna drous im shteela dale fom trolley k'huck'd, un glei tzwae monskerl hoerra blauderra fon da Souderton Grundsow lodge. Howwich g'sawt tzum Porra, "Hey Porra, doh sin noch mainer Grundsi um dawaig." "Yar," hut er tzurick gaontwert, "Bill ich glawb duh hosh'd recht." Noh uf kours hen die tzwae kerls mohl uf gaguck'd un g'shmutz'ld, un ainer hut g'sawt, "Duh bish'd yoh der Pumpernickle, un duh der Porra Brendle."

'S wor ol recht fer uns tzu kenna, ow'r der Porra huts airsht shier net glawwa kenna os der kerl wist war er wear. Noh bis es recht rous kumma is, hut der kerl, un woh niemond shunshd wor os wie der Warren Ziegler fon Washington Square Gardens, der Porra ols gakent wie er gabredich'd hut drunna in Sumneytown. Eb der Warren fiel sawga hut kenna, hut der Porra 'm shae deitlich ous galaig'd woh er ols dahame wor, wie sei elterra k'haisa hen, wie fiel g'shwishter os er kotta hut, un war die nochberra um sie rum worra woh sie gawohn'd hen drowwa uf ma hivel.

Der Warren is now 'n officer in da Norristown Penn Trust kumpany, un kairt aw tzu da Sounderton Grundsow lodge. Der onner kerl os beim wor, wor der Harold Gotshalk fon Souderton, un woh ols helft die Grundsow lodge tzetble tzuracht mocha. Ow'r 's beshd fon ol wor, wie der Warren uns fertzailt hut wie os 'n freind fon South Carolina 'm alla gabut fom Pumpernickle seina shticker shick'd, un woh er arrick gute laisa kon. Der kerl dart drunna is niemond shunshd os wie der al Norristowner obnemmer, Sam Cope, un woh ragler alla winder dart nunner gait bodder reaselcher sheesa, un fisha. Die nagshd woch ae tzeit fertzaila m'r weiter fom Sam Cope, socha os der Warren uns fertzailt hut eb er fom trolley is, on Washington Square Gardens.

Glei is noh 'n yunger soldawdt tzurick in unser dale fom kar kumma un hut sich grawd navich uns k'hck'd. Er un der Harold hen nonner gute gakent, un ht net long ganmma bis m'r ow im g'shpraich worra. Noh ferhoftich sei won er net fon Perkasie kumma is, uns wor der Russel Hammersmith un woh da 18da, da ledshda mohnet, frei gewwa is werra beim Unkle Sam darrich 'n gronket os er uf galaisa hut in da Carolinas. Er hut rickshtrong druvel kot, ow'r is shtarrick uf da ferbessering, doch net gute ganunk fer mit seina onnerra soldawdta frein moch woh er dabei wor, un woh ol driwwa uf da onner side 'm sae sin. Der Russel is frei gewwa werra da 18d Dezember, un growd 'n mohnet druf, odder ewwa da 18d Yanner, is sei tzwilling bruder Bill fon Ambler, aw 'n k'heierter mon un fodder fon ma kind garufa werra. 'M Pumpernickle sei shproch wor aw net frem tzum Russel. Un so worra noh aw noch blenty onnerra bakonta uf 'm trolley kar os die ohra recht g'shpitzt hen, wie sie uns hoera hen shwetza.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r brouch net yusht travala uf 'm Fildelfy trolley kar fer ous finna wie weit rum os der Pumpernickle bakont is.

M'r hen yusht 'n V mail brief grick'd os der Sergeant Roy Buss fon New Guinea, da Nazareth Item g'shick'd hut, un woh er shwetzt fom Pumpernickle laisa drunna uf da onnerra side da ard.

Die Nazareth tzeiting druck'd se mohls da mohnet 'n bardich dale fer die maid un boova os fert im griek sin, un woh sie "Nazareth Service Messinger" haisa, 'n kredit tzu ol os heifa 's rous griega.

In seim brief secht er, er het paar Allentown un Easton boova aw gadroffa, un der Call grick'd darrich sie, fer 'm Pumpernickle sei Allentown Fair, un Dorney Park lodwarick brief laisa.

Pennsylfawnish Deitsch laisa, secht der Sergeant Roy, gang'd 'm abissel hinnerlich, un kents besser fershtae wons ebber shwetza dade.

Er winsch'd net yusht os ers besser laisa kent, ow'r maint 's wear aw 'n shond dawaig wie fiel fon da yunga leit heit tzu dawg die Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shproch ous shtarva dada lossa.

M'r sin froh tzu sawga os sel net ol iwwer der fol is, un wolla uns hartzlich badonka tzum Edward Heilman, fom Harold V. Knecht post No. 415, American Legion, Nazareth, fer uns 'm Sergeant Roy sei brief sehna lossa.

'M Sergeant Roy sei Pap is der William Buss, 402 S. Main shtross, Nazareth.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

If your natal day is today, you are self-reliant, diplomatic, fond of dressing well and care a great deal for the good opinion of your friends and business associates. Secretive, but not to the extent of trickery, you are affectionate and lovable and should make a happy circle wherever you are. Benefits through unusual channels—often unexpected—are prognosticated for you in the next year. These benefits relate to military, engineering and aeronautical activities. Inheritance is not improbable. This period favors love and marriage. Born on this date a child will enjoy much success and popularity—legacies being likely. Sorrow through bereavement is shown.

25 Years Ago Today

**A Wednesday,

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New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Anticipate charity by preventing poverty; assist the reduced fellowman, either by a considerable gift, or a sum of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in the way of business, so that he may earn an honest livelihood, and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding out his hand for charity. This is the highest step and the summit of charity's golden ladder. —Maimondes.

A BLOW AT HITLER, VIA FRANCO

Inasmuch as it has been said again and again that oil will win the war, there is sound sense in the action taken yesterday by the United States government in suspending all shipments of oil to Spain during the month of February.

In accord with the policy of keeping General Franco in a tractable and non-belligerent mood the United States and Great Britain have permitted many trade freedoms to the Falangists of Spain (blood-brothers of the Nazis and Fascists). Among these have been shipments of oil and petroleum products out of the Caribbean area.

All the while however, as has been established, shippers of goods to Spain have been introducing all sorts of contraband into the cargoes and there has been good reason for believing that Spanish ships have been transferring some of this contraband plus oil, to German submarines out at sea. In addition the Spanish have retained their "Blue Division" on the Russian front, which while little more than a token force in this instance is a token likewise of the favor with which Franco regards Hitler and Nazi Germany. To cap all other favors, the Spanish in recent days have granted a credit of $40,000,000 to Germany which means that Germany is to get that amount of goods from Spain.

Now much of these goods undoubtedly comes indirectly from the United Nations. Our American cotton, which has been flowing freely to Spain, is converted by that country's textile mills into German military uniforms and other goods. There is a probability that Spain even sells the oil that is permitted to reach her to Germany which is in sore need of it.

Time was when the neutrality of Franco had to be bought at almost any figure which he demanded. That was when the Germans and Italians still were in North Africa and the Mediterranean was all but closed to traffic of the United Nations. Today it can matter little whether Franco be neutral or hostile. He no longer counts for very much. We can get along without him. So it is timely to cut out Franco not because we wish to cut out the Spanish people and interfere with their domestic economy, which in so many respects is dependent upon the outside world, but because we wish to cut out Hitler and increase the effectiveness of the blockade against him.

If Franco really needs oil and petroleum products, then let him turn to Adolf Hitler for his supplies. Certainly if Hitler is so self-contained as he has boasted and if he is as friendly to Spain as he has professed, he will be able and willing to take care of the petty needs of his poor neighbor. It is the rankest kind of nerve for Franco to look to the nations that he regards and treats as enemies for help in any way.

CITY'S GOOD REPUTE ENHANCED

A good name is to be treasured above riches and so anything which adds to the good reputation of a community like ours is of great value and to be sought after diligently.

Without any doubt the appearance in this city for Muhlenberg's sailors and marines of a nationally known dance band, under the auspices of the Coca-Cola Co. on Thursday evening, served to enhance Allentown's good reputation and to advertise the name of the community most favorably throughout the United States.

In the first place let us consider how widely the local program was heard. For this concert 175 American radio stations were hooked up in the biggest chain that has ever favored a broadcast from this city. It has been figured that at least eighteen million people listen in on the programs offered by this chain at the time of evening selected for the broadcast. Furthermore these people are scattered over the length and breadth of the United States.

More however than a mere program of music such as can be heard from a thousand other stations was the inclusion of a distinctly local program which was one of the most excellent epitomes ever prepared on the history and the present activity of Muhlenberg college.

It can be said that this program was an historical thriller as any adequate presentation of the dramatic Revolutionary War story of General John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg can be.

It is not too much to believe that many thousands of Americans will long remember the story of General Muhlenberg as told over the ether on Thursday night and its application to the current war. They will remember too that a splendid college, bearing his family's name, is doing an unusual war work in the field of education and that with the same vision which has shaped its war work it is prepared to carry on the program of education for young Americans in the days of peace that are to come.

OIL—GERMANY'S HEEL OF ACHILLES

Inasmuch as so little information that is important is permitted to trickle out of Germany, appraisal of the harm done to the Nazi war machine by the bombing program cannot immediately be made and the matter becomes largely guesswork.

However little hints escape the tight cordon upon news from time to time to supplement the appraisal of damage which can be made through the study of aerial photographs which are taken after great air raids.

One such hint recently has come from a newspaperman in Ankara which reports that as a result of the sensational raid upon the Ploestl oil-fields in Rumania last year the Germans now are forced to ship all raw oil from Rumania to refineries in Hungary and Austria. This newspaperman also reports that three big synthetic oil plants in Germany itself were destroyed by RAF raids. To add to Germany's oil troubles, he reports, only single track railroad lines reach the Hungarian and Austrian refineries and therefore movement of oil trains is slow and there has been considerable sabotage against these trains, especially at small way-stations where trains are side-tracked for hours while awaiting the passage of traffic moving in the opposite direction.

Accordingly the Germans are blaming their retreats on the Eastern front to the lack of fuel oil which is so necessary for their mechanized army, which is just as satisfactory as any explanation which could be offered. For the same reason, lack of petroleum products, there undoubtedly must be limits as to the size of the air force which Germany can get off the ground and keep in the air. Even though her factories and her fifty or more million workers—native and slave—turn out incalculable quantities of airplanes, vast quantities of high-grade gas must be produced in order that the planes can fly. Thus every blow which serves to cripple any part of Germany's oil producing system, whether natural or synthetic, is a blow equal to the destruction of a part of her mechanized army.

Political Phenomenon

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28—A strange phenomenon in national politics has developed. Although the nominating conventions are six or seven months away, it is almost unanimously conceded that President Roosevelt will be nominated for a fourth term.

Not a word has been said by the President to encourage such a step, and, while a few zealous supporters have been outspoken and active in support of a fourth term, it cannot be denied that the principal reason why the politicians of the Democratic party favor a fourth term for Mr. Roosevelt is that they really believe he is the strongest vote-getting nominee they could offer.

This is but another way of saying that, once the Democratic strategists admitted a change in personnel in the White House is desirable in order to nominate some other Democrat, they would at the same time be admitting the strength of the Republican argument that a change in the presidency can be made even in time of war.

Along with the certainty that Mr. Roosevelt will be renominated goes a sincere confidence among the Democratic politicians that he will be re-elected. They do not think the country would "change horses in midstream." Strangely enough, they concede that if the Republicans had unity in their party and really nominated their strongest man, the race might be close. But while they don't expect to see the same majority in the electoral college as in previous Roosevelt elections, they do feel certain there will be a majority.

Feel Willkie Will Not Be Nominated

This feeling of assurance about success has been heightened considerably by the Willkie controversy inside the Republican party. Democrats of prominence who talk privately about the election and who have a good knowledge of national politics say that they are quite sure Willkie will not be nominated. They believe the hard-boiled business men who control the Republican party are as bitter against Willkie as against Roosevelt. Chief cause of this bitterness apparently is that Willkie, who looked like a good reactionary in June, 1940, when he emerged from the presidency of a public utility company to get the Republican nomination, turns out to have a few liberal ideas and actually might be friendly to labor and might even go along with certain New Deal reforms that have public support behind them.

One of the principal troubles with the Republican party is that it has in it so many influential campaign contributors who are business men primarily and who never have understood national politics. The same qualities which make some of them unbending in the face of certain inevitable social reforms often make them unbending as against political leaders who sense the popular demand for legislation to bring about those reforms.

No Progressive Since 1912

Since the days of Theodore Roosevelt the Republicans have been torn between conservative and progressive factionalism, but at no time since 1912 has the nomination of a real progressive by the Republican party chiefs been permitted. The first true progressive to emerge since 1912 on the Republican side is Willkie, and the moment the conservatives discovered his progressivism they turned on him.

There is some reason to believe that Governor Dewey of New York has progressive instincts and, if elected President, would be found accepting many of the New Deal reforms but with "clarifying" rather than "nullifying" amendments. Since the New York governor says he is not a candidate, he does not have to express himself and hence the Republican business men cannot find out how he really feels. The advice from a political viewpoint doubtless being given Dewey is that he remain silent or abstract—at least until after he is nominated.

Dewey's chief weakness, however, is that while he may reveal signs of progressivism on domestic issues that would appeal to progressive Republicans, he is inclined to straddle on international policy questions. He did this in the pre-convention campaign of 1940. If he tries this year to satisfy both isolationist and cooperationist wings of the Republican party, or if his nomination is the result of isolationist support, the cleavage inside the Republican party will not be diminished but intensified—and that is the Democrats' chief hope for success next November.

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Interpreting War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON
Associated Press War Analyst

Possibilities of a Nazi military debacle that could strike a shattering blow at German war morale are increasing hourly on the Baltic flank in Russia.

The triumphant Russian capture of Lyuban erased virtually the last German claim on the Leningrad-Moscow rail line. And the capture of Volosovo on the Leningrad-Narva railroad to the west slammed shut the north escape hatch to Estonia for the left wing of Nazi armies tottering back from the Volkhov bulge.

Narva, too, is in immediate danger of falling into Russian hands to seal the narrow isthmus between Lake Peipus and the Gulf of Finland.

Moscow reports placed the Russian front astride the railroad and 20 miles in breadth from north to south, converging on Yamburg, last important station east of Narva and only 10 miles from that frontier town.

The Russians had snapped at Volosovo the only rail route upon which Nazis still far to the east in the crumbling Volkhov bulge could possibly reach Narva and the shelter of the Peipus lake chain.

An estimated quarter million German troops virtually are cut off now in the swampy lands between Leningrad and Lake Ilmen. The only rail and highway communications still available for their escape is the Leningrad-Pskov system gravely menaced by the continuing westward advance of the center of the Russian Volkhov army. Its patrols, very likely, already are across the Leningrad- Dno-Vitebsk railroad and threatening the Leningrad-Pskov getaway route 75 miles to the rear of desperate Nazi forces.

The jaws of a Russian trap designed to annihilate Nazi troops south of Leningrad, north of Lake Ilmen and east of the Luga river currently are some 70 miles apart.

One element of the Leningrad relief army is driving down both the Pskov and Vitebesk railways from the north.

The right wing of the Volkhov army is pushing northward to meet it up the Vitebsk line and is within striking distance of Batetskya on the Novgorod-Luga line, the only rail span still available to German forces in the Volkhov bulge to reach the Leningrad-Pskov route.

At Batetskya, the Russians would be within a dozen miles of Luga. They would cut the distance to a junction with the Leningrad army and complete the great trap behind the foe in the bulge to 60 miles or less. At the pace at which the Russians have been driving ahead on both fronts the crisis could be reached in a day or two.

It is possible that the first anniversary of the Stalingrad victory which started the Nazi retreat in Russia will see another and greater Germany disaster there.

Great genius requires infinite patience.

Genius is but the reflection of endeavor.

Forgive the faults of your friends but not of yourself.



WHEN THE DAYS BEGIN TO LENGTHEN

Waerr'n emol die Daage lenger,
Waerd der Winder aa noch schtrenger.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY

Der Humpty-Dumpty hockt uff de 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.

CURLY-LOCKS

Grollkopp, Grollkopp, wott du waerscht mei!
Du wescht mer ken G'schaetr, du fiederscht ken Sei;
Yuscht hock dich uff's Kisse un naeh mer en Saam,
Dann lebschte vun Aerbiere, Zucker un Raahm.

RIDE A COCK HORSE

Reit emol Geilche un sei mer net faul!
Noh sehne mer'n Fraa uff me schneeweisse Gaul
Mit Ring an de Finger un Belle am Schuh,
Wu immer sie geht, hot sie Musick dezu.

I DO NOT LIKE THEE, DOCTOR FELL

Ich gleich dich gaar net, Dokter Fell!
Weess net fer was, ich saag der sell;
Du gleichscht mich aa net? Ei, ya well,
Dann sin mer ewe, Dokter Fell!

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSEY

Ich gleich unser Bussi, so schee un so waarm,
Ich schtreich re der Buckel un halt sie im Aarm;
Ich duh sie net zaerre, schunscht daet sie mer weh
Die Bussi un ich, mer schplele so schee.

SEE A PIN AND PICK IT UP!

Sehnscht en Schpell, dann pick sie uff,
'S bringt dir Glick, verloss dich druff;
Sehnscht en Schpell un losscht sie leie,
Geb yuscht acht, es kennt dich reie!

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Most of the information which has come down to us regarding the life and works of Conrad Weiser is of such a serious nature that it is refreshing to note a lighter side of the man.

It will be remembered that Weiser was very active in religious affairs during the period from 1730 to 1745. He was closely identified with the Rieth's Church at Tulpehocken until 1735 when, largely through the influence of his friend, Rev. Peter Miller, he deserted the Lutheran faith and joined the Brethren in Wisdom at the Ephrata Cloisters.

Weiser's activities as an agent for the province in Indian affairs was frowned upon by the Ephrata monks but his membership in their order lent an element of prestige to the Ephrata Brethren and no formal attempts were made to have him withdrawn from government services. The tenets of the Seventh Day Baptists adjured the holding of civil or military office.

In 1774 Weiser performed noble service for the province by conducting the memorable Lancaster Treaty with the Six Nations and, as a reward, Governor Thomas appointed him as Magistrate of northeastern Lancaster County (now Berks). His acceptance of the office was not to the liking of the devout members of the order of Sophia as the brethren were called. He was the object of a series of veiled insults.

One day Weiser encountered one of his detractors on the highway between Reading and Lancaster. The pious one rode a horse. Weiser seized the opportunity to repay some of the jibes which this individual had hurled at him.

"I observe," remarked Conrad, "that you consider yourself superior to the Lord."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The Lord was content to ride upon an ass, and you must have a horse."

"You see, it is this way," rejoined the brother, "the governor has appointed all of the asses to be magistrates. That is why I am compelled to travel on horseback."

CHARLES GOODYEAR

A striking example of a good old Pennsylvania German family name, known far and wide today only in its Anglicized form, is that of Charles Goodyear, the discoverer of the process of vulcanizing rubber. Johann Christian Gutjahr came to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, from Saxony some time during the first half of the eighteenth century. In 1746 he married Margaretha Roesner of the Lititz Moravian settlement. He was employed as a hatter, but also operated a farm near Lititz. Twelve children survived their father upon his death in 1791. He is buried in the Moravian cemetery in Lititz.

Charles Goodyear, the discoverer of vulcanizing, was a direct descendant of Johann Christian Gutjahr, probably a grandson. He was born in Connecticut in 1800 and 30 years later he established a hardware manufacturing business in Philadelphia. In 1836 he discovered that rubber changed when dipped into nitric acid. The surface hardened but elasticity was retained. Before this time articles of rubber were stiff and hard in cold weather and sticky in warm weather.

Three years later Charles Goodyear accidentally discovered that Indian rubber, mixed with sulphur and subjected to heat, was not melted but remained elastic, losing its adhesiveness. This discovery eventually became the vulcanizing process so important to the automobile industry today.

Charles Goodyear never amassed a fortune. He was almost always involved in lawsuits to protect his inventions and patents. His attorney was Daniel Webster.

SAUER KRAUT VS. SCURVY

Does sauer kraut contain Vitamin C in sufficient quantity to counteract the disease of scurvy?

Perhaps some of our physicians and dietitians have definite knowledge on this point. At least Quartermaster General Harmon of the Confederate Army thought that the succulent dish had health-restoring properties and for that reason included it in his list of demands upon the inhabitants of Chambersburg during Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania.

In June, 1863, the Confederate Army invaded Pennsylvania and captured the town of Chambersburg. Soon after the troops had occupied the town General Harmon called a meeting of the town authorities. This group included the Rev. B. Bausman who later served churches in Reading and at Bethany Orphans' Home. It is Doctor Bausman's testimony which gives us this story of sauer kraut versus scurvy. After the group of town fathers had assembled, General Harmon handed them a list of supplies which the conquerors demanded from the inhabitants. Among other things there was a demand for 25 barrels of sauer kraut.

Doctor Bausman says that this item "touched some of our people in a tender place. For it was well known that even before the war a feeling of contempt towards Pennsylvania prevailed in some parts of the south. Even many descendants of our own state affected to sneer at the rock from which they had been hewn. It was conceded that we knew how to farm and do some other things, but socially and intellectually we lacked many things—in short, were were **in Dutch.**" Which technically meant that we were impenetrably and irremediably **"dumb."**

Consequently the members of the town council thought that the sauer kraut item had been included in the list of demands as a cruel joke against Pennsylvania, especially because there could be no supply of sauer kraut available in mid-June.

One of the councilmen made bold to suggest to General Harmon that sauer kraut must have been included as a jest. "Was it not perhaps a slur intended against this community?"

General Harmon smiled faintly and said: "Gentlemen, that article is asked for in all seriousness, without a jest or unkind design. The disease of scurvy prevails in our army to a fearful extent. Sauer kraut is pronounced an excellent preventive as well as a remedy for this disease. Allow me to assure you that a painful necessity prompted us to insert that item in the requisition."

DIE WALNISS BAEM

Every Pennsylvania German farmer has a profound respect for the black walnut tree—a respect amounting almost to reverence. When he clears away the brushes in the fence corners or removes timber from woodland, he will topple every tree and erase every sapling except the walnut. A towering walnut near to his barn he regards as better protection against bolts of lightning than patented copper rods, sold by high pressure salesmen. Only the most money-hungry landlords will sell the trees which stand on their fields along the fence rows.

The present-day farmer comes by this devotion honestly. It is a part of his agricultural heritage. When the earliest settlers came to Pennsylvania the non-German groups judged the quality of the soil by the color of the grass growing there. The darker the shade of grass, they reasoned, the better the soil. The so-called Blue Grass of Kentucky was a magic attraction for Scotch-Irish settlers. Cultivation proved that Blue Grass soil was not a guarantee of fertility.

The early German settlers sought out the lands where the walnut trees grew tall and sturdy. The soil of their native Palatinate was limestone and they knew that walnut trees and limestone soil were usually found together. In his volume on "German and Swiss Settlements in Pennsylvania" (1901), Dr. O. W. Kuhns states that four-fifths of the limestone soil in Pennsylvania is still owned by descendants of the early pioneers.

As American settlements extended westward the Pennsylvania German homesteaders poured into the valleys where the walnut flourished, so that today it is possible to follow the Pennsylvania German by following the walnut tree.

REVIEWS

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN DESIGNS. A Portfolio of Silk Screen Prints. Published by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. 1943.—$4.50.

This handsome portfolio consists of twenty loose-leaf plates taken from the Index of American Design. It was prepared by Mr. Benjamin Knotts, formerly State Director of the Pennsylvania WPA Art Project and now in charge of the national Index of American Design in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. These twenty plates offer accurate color fac similes of Pennsylvania German designs as found on articles of earthenware, fraktur and dower chests. Of additional value are the line drawings to be found on the reverse of each plate, indicating the object to which the original design was applied, together with interesting descriptions of these objects, their dimensions and their ownership. Of the twenty plates eleven are based on objects in the possession of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, two on objects owned by the Metropolitan Museum and the rest by private collectors.

In a few short introductory paragraphs Mr. Knotts defines the nature of Pennsylvania German folkart in general: its honesty and sincerity of expression, its bold directness, and the close relationship between object and design.

The purpose in issuing this portfolio was, as stated, to give to the public and to designers and decorators the true character of Pennsylvania German design in an easily accessible form. But Mr. Knotts wisely warns against adapting our folk designs to any objects of our own day, but rather to apply them to objects similar to those on which they were used originally; or better still, to use the wealth of source material in Pennsylvania German folk design as the basis of a point of view for decoration, so that the craftsman of today would not merely imitate what seems "quaint", but he would actually be exercising a contemporary as well as a traditional sentiment. Here there is room for difference of opinion. It would seem to us that when once that continuity of folk life from which all folkart must spring is irrevocably broken by the processes of history, all endeavors to reintroduce such folkart, no matter how honest in themselves, are at best but a sort of psuedo-romanticism. Severed from its natural backgrounds, without the continuity and racial kinship that animated it, it is destined to be of short duration. So it was with the pre-Raphaelite movement in English art and with the ardent endeavors of John Ruskin and William Morris to turn back the hands on the clock of inexorable time.

We are not certain what method of procedure determined the selection of these designs. We readily agree that the sgraffito plates chosen for reproduction are representative. We cannot say the same about some of the examples selected from fraktur and from chests, whose designs do not illustrate so well the basic motifs that underly Pennsylvania German folk expression. The mermaids of the Odenwelder chest and of the Ullman earthen ware mug hardly deserve so much emphasis in so small a collection, for the motif of water sprites and mermaids in Germanic folkart is still too problematic; it may have to be accepted as a later Renaissance importation, illustrating Naumann's once famous theory of debased or "gesunkenes Kulturgut".

But no matter how we may differ as to the choice of material all will delight equally in these skillful color reproductions. The designs are reproduced from the original by a comparatively recent technique of printing, the silk-screen process, sometimes called serigraphy. As Mr. Knotts explains in his introduction, it is based on the principle of the stencil, but differs in application. In this process the color is not applied directly but through a tightly stretched mesh of silk fabric. The paint is forced through the silk by passing a rubber squeegee over the silk and the deposit of paint can be controlled in the application of each separate color. Thus each print becomes really an individual act and the process lends itself well in the production of fine prints in limited editions.

The same process was used very satisfactorily in a larger and somewhat similar portfolio done a few years ago under the title Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania, consisting of designs selected from Examples of Pennsylvania Folkart collected by the Pennsylvania Art Project for the Index of American Design of the WPA National Art Program (see ECK for March 8, 1941).

But in the portfolio under review here this silk-screen process is carried out to a still greater degree of perfection. In the reproduction of the sgraffito plates, for example, the optical illusion is so perfect that the degree of difference between the pleasure of seeing the original and the fac simile must in all fairness be considered negligible.—ED.

* * *

CHOOKY. By Lucille Wallower. David McKay Company. Washington Square, Philadelphia. 1943.—$2.00.

With "Chooky" we add another to the list of delightful juvenile books whose authors have drawn upon the folkways and traditions of the Pennsylvania Germans. "Chooky" is a worthy companion for Marguerite De Angeli's "Henner's Lydia" and Katherine Milhous' "Lovina."

The publisher feels confident that "Chooky" will win the hearts of young and old alike by its quiet, homely humor and by its strong simplicity. He does not recommend the book to those who look for action and the sort of climax based on dangerous or otherwise breathtaking incident.

Miss Wallower is both author and illustrator of this story. Words and illustrations lean hard upon each other. We shall not hold it against the author and artist that she has not dared to leave those picturesque precincts of Pennsylvania German life, which somehow the outside world has come to expect. Like "Lovina" and "Henner's Lydia" this narrative unfolds itself among the "plain" people. From an artistic standpoint, for ease and breadth of execution, we believe illustrations of the above mentioned books superior to "Chooky". The text itself adheres rather closely to the general pattern of Marguerite de Angeli's "Henner's Lydia" and there is a certain sameness of stereotyped phrases and idioms employed in the creation of atmosphere and local color. But the author apparently has first hand knowledge of the "plain people" and the scene in which they have their being.

"Chooky" is the story of Susan Margaretta Diffendorfer and the fate of Chooky, a crippled black "Peepie" chick, to which she is devoted. Susie lives with her Mom and Pop in an old stone house on a farm near enough to Harrisburg to attend the market there. The story has the added interest of being definitely dated. It is the year 1883, before the Camel Back Bridge, the first bridge built over the Susquehanna, was carried away by the flood of 1902; before the State Capitol, dedicated in 1822, was destroyed by fire; when the Court House, built in 1860, was still in use; when there were market sheds on Market Square; and when horse-pulled trolley cars operated on the streets.

"Chooky" is a gentle and appealing story in which the author has treated her subject matter with sympathetic understanding. It should find a place for itself among the growing list of juvenile books whose purpose it is to acquaint the children of America with our diverse racial elements and their folkways and to waken within them a sense of understanding for and appreciation of the colorful pageantry of our national life.—ED.

Deaths of a Day

PIERCE N. MINDLER

Pierce N. Mindler of Richlandtown died at his home yesterday in his 59th year.

Born in Springfield township, he was the son of the late Albert and Mary, nee Gottler, Mindler. He lived in Richlandtown for the major part of his life.

Surviving are his wife, Florence, nee Hunsberger, Mindler; a son, Erwin Mindler, and a daughter, Mrs. William Hoffman, both of Richlandtown; four brothers: Jacob Mindler, Coopersburg; Amos Mindler and Carl Mindler of Bethlehem; Mark Mindler, Hellertown; four sisters: Mrs. William Transue and Mrs. Raymond Kressler of Hellertown; Mrs. Charles Sesulka, Bethlehem; Mrs. Lillie Moyer, Quakertown; and three grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the Brenner funeral home in Richlandtown with continued services at 2 in the Springfield church. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

MRS. ELIZABETH SHOCK

Mrs. Elizabeth Repash Shock, 83, 131 E. Union Blvd., Bethlehem, died Friday morning in St. Luke's hospital. She was born Nov. 29, 1860, in Germany and had been a resident of Bethlehem for the past 50 years. She was a member of Holy Ghost church.

A son Ambrose Shock, of the East Union Blvd. address, survives along with four grandsons.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday at the late residence. Requiem high mass will be celebrated at 9 a. m. in Holy Ghost church. Interment in Holy Ghost cemetery.

MRS. MARY A. THOMPSON

Death claimed one of Emmaus' oldest residents yesterday afternoon when Mary A., nee Ruth, Thompson, 80, widow of Franklin D. Thompson, died at her home, 231 S. 2nd St. She had been ill for several years, complications ending her life at 1:30 p. m.

She was born in Hilltown, Bucks county, the daughter of the late Jacob and Sarah, Titlow, Ruth, and resided in Emmaus for 60 years. She was a member of St. John's Reformed church and was active in its organizations.

Surviving are one son, Eugene F. Thompson, at home; one brother, Harry Ruth, Barto, Pa.; two grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 p. m. from the Ritter and Buzby funeral home. Rev. Ralph D. Althouse, St. John's Reformed pastor, will officiate, with interment following in the Northwood cemetery, Emmaus.

IRVIN O. SNYDER

Irvin O. Snyder, a retired carpenter, died at 11:55 p. m. Thursday at his home, 1821½ Linden St. in his 82nd year. He had been in failing health for the past year, and was bedfast since Monday.

A native of Slatedale, he was a son of the late Edward and Jane A., nee Remaley, Snyder. He resided in this city for the past 24 years, was of the Evangelical faith, and held membership in the Carpenter's union and the P.O.S. of A., Weissport. He had been employed as a carpenter at Wint and Co., Catasauqua, retiring 12 years ago.

He was married to the former Libby J. Kuhnsman, and the couple would have observed their 59th wedding anniversary on Jan. 31.

Besides his wife, he is survived by nine children: Mrs. Lillian Diefenderfer, Mrs. Edith Leonard and Irvin M. Snyder, all at home; Florence, wife of Samuel Wagner, Pottsville; Luetta, wife of Carl Hess; Blanche Snyder, Webster Snyder, Charles Snyder and Jennie, wife of James B. McDonald, all of Allentown. He is also survived by 19 grandchildren, and 7 great-grandchildren. Four of his grandsons are serving in the armed forces.

FRANK B. ALWERS

Funeral services for Frank B. Alwers, New Ringgold, who died Thursday in the Pottsville hospital on his 67th birthday anniversary, will be held at the Greenawalt funeral home, Orwigsburg, at 2 p. m. Monday, with Rev. C. E. Heugel, officiating. Interment in St. Paul's Lutheran cemetery, Orwigsburg.

Mr. Alwers had been in ill health for some time and had been a patient in the Pottsville hospital for three weeks. He was born in Orwigsburg but resided in the vicinity of New Ringgold for a number of years.

He was a member of the Lutheran faith and was the last member of his immediate family. His wife, the former Minnie Kocher, died a number of years ago.

MRS. SAVILLA S. DEPPEN

Mrs. Savilla S. Deppen, 83, wife of William Deppen, Bethlehem R. 1, died at 1:30 p. m. Friday in Nazareth.

Born in Hanoverville, June 6, 1860, she is survived by the husband and two daughters, Elsie and Mrs. Thomas Blair, Bethlehem R. 1, four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Undertaker Harry L. Dillinger, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, has charge of the funeral arrangements.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

So Alta Hunder G'shpicta

'S sin wenich socha g'shpassicher ob tzu hoericha, wie alta hunder g'shpicta. Dan onner dawg wors unser blessier yusht tzu rechdie tzeit nei shtoppa beim fendu groyer George Miller drowwa nagshd on Lynnville, fer socha wie sel ob hoericha. Der George un sei Ellie hen yusht 'n lot p'such kot,—ihra dochtermon der notary public Alton Snuder wor darta, so wohl wie aw der Howard Bennicuff un der Frank "Rover" Heintzelman ol fon da New Tripoli gagend. Sie hen kartz dafor etlicha socha feranner'd kot drous uf da bauerrei, un worra yusht fartich shoffa wie m'r onna kumma sin, un hen shtarta blauderra fon da alta tzeita.

'S hut gore ken lang ganumma bis sie on hunder g'shpichta kumma sin, un woh der "Rover" glei om fertzaila wor fon ol da fiela socha os er shun helfa hut driva won sie drowwa in da Pokonose worra fer harsh un barra. 'S hut uf kours alsa mohl abissel shtubbas ganumma bis er rous kumma is mit da farab, ow'r hut noh gore nix hale k'halta wos er helfa hut ferrichda. Ol die socha sin uf kours ols g'shaina won der "Rover" awenich im "shwoop" wor, odder ewwa so tzu sawga, mit da tzwae fees im bux.

Die airsht g'shicht wor, longa yohra tzurick wie sie 'n tzaea golla fess'l feish gamochter ebbel jack mit nuf ganumma hen fer ihra darsht lesha darrich die hunder tzeit. Der ebbel jack wor frish un roe, un hens gons foss unna in der bock offa fom alta offa in da kabin fer 'n uf hitza, in da maining os sel 'n ferbesserra dade. Der "Rover" secht, er het uf g'fir'd os die dauva om foss nadierlich g'shwitzt weara, un het der ebbel jack alla gabut fersuch'd fer sehna eb er besser werra dade. Die onnerra worra uf kours ol drous yawga, un der "Rover" hut 'n tzimlichie gutie shnoll awhanka kot bis die onnerra owets tzurick kumma sin.

Der "Rover" wor yusht om koffie kocha wie die onnerra tzurick kumma sin fom yawga. Wie sie ow'r g'sehna hen wie wonklich os er wor hen sie ous gamocht der ebbel jack wear "alt" ganunk, un hens foss nunner in der kaller ganumma uns fershteck'ld. Sel hut der "Rover" net tzu gute gaboss'd, ow'r er hut weiters nix g'sawt, g'shweia aw net os er sich 'n g'wart fershteck'ld hut kot.

Darshdich wie die shitz ol worra fer koffie, hen sie mohl yaders 'n kupchie ganumma, un glei awfonga grummla wos doh letz wear, der koffie wear nix nutz. Der "Rover" hut na ow'r g'sawt sie wista yusht net wie guter koffie shmocka dade, sie sotta 'n drinka un ihra meiler halta,—er wear kicha maud. Un er wor aw kicha maud bis die onnerra, g'sehna hen ous wos os er der koffie noh g'fill'd hut wie der koffie nidder is werra. Noh ferhoftich sei won er der koffie net gakoch'd hut kot mit 'm shpiel wosser woh sie shun fer etlicha dawg 's g'shar rous gawesha hen kot. Sis leicht tzu denka os sella owet ken koffie may gadrunka is werra, un die onnerra hen aw shae halt aw g'shloga fer supper mocha odder 's het all'm noh nix gewwa. Un der Rover fer 'n shtrofa, hen sie gute g'shmiert mit hunich.

Ow'r sel wor all'm noh ols noch net 's end fon da socha. Sellie buddle os er fershteck'ld hut kot, hut 'm "Rover" arrick aw galaiga da nagshda dawg, un is alla gabut nunner in der kaller fer sehna os sie ol recht wear. Sie hen so'n alter shule hous offa im kaller kot, umring'd mit blech, unna loch im budda fon da kich fer die kabin uf hitza. Ains fom "Rover" seina g'shefta wor fers fire tenda, un denk die buddle hut 'n um gamocht uf der esh haufa kartz eb die onnerra da nagshda owet tzurick kumma sin fom yawga.

Ainer fon da yeager hut sei flint net ous galairt bis drin in da kabin,—ebbes os now nimmy erlawbt is, uns nagshd os wor huts gagroch'd, un hut grawd darrich der kicha budda nunner in der esh haufa g'shossa woh der "Rover" galaiga hut mit seinra kish'd. Der shuss is 'm so nagshd om kup nunner in der esh haufa os er der wind g'shpiert hut im shlofa. Der "Rover" klaimt, 's weara wenich tzeita os er shneller wocker wear werra wie sella mohl, un aw wenich tzeita woh er shneller ous 'm bux kumma wear wie sella mohl. Er is ains gongs owwa nous in die kabin fer ous finna war g'shossa het noch 'm, ow'r hut 'm kerl os es gaduh het kot grawd fergewwa wie er ous g'funna het os es yusht 'n axident wor.

Der "Rover" hut aw net sawga kenna wos fer 'n tzeit os er moryets ols kotta het fer dale fon da yeager uf griega fer breakfasht essa. Grawd owwich 'm kicha offa wear 'n loch im shpeicher floor gawest fer der shpeicher uf warma. Mohl ae moryet wear er gonga un het die peffer box ous galairt owwa uf der hase offa, un het noh gore ken lang may ganumma bis sie alla ainer ous 'm neshd gawest weara. G'shnipst hetta sie wie won sie 's aller arrickshd kalt hetta, ow'r het gore net long gadauert bis sie gawist hetta wos g'shaina wear, un hetta 'n lot socha g'sawt os net shae gawest weara tzu hoera.

Un so het der "Rover" all'm noh fert fertzailt fer der iwwerreshd fom nommy dawg, won der Howard un der Alton net uf rierish werra fer hame gae. Der Howard bardich hut hame gawolt,—hut gaduh het het fergessa seinra Mamie tzu sawga os sie sich hee hucka sot won sie mead werra dade fom shtae. Un sella waig is die alt hunder g'shpichta party noh uf gabrocha ons George Millers', un mier sin glei danoh aw uf der waig, unserra g'shefta noh.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won alla socha so leicht tzu duh weara wie onner leit faller sehna, weara wenich leit os may shoffa breichda, un ol kenta 'n gonser dawg uf shuckle shteel hucka sich shuckla.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

If this is your birthday, you are naturally ambitious and should take care in directing it. Follow one chosen profession or calling faithfully. Be thorough and painstaking in whatever you undertake. You are capable of loving deeply, and your marital and domestic life will be ideal. Love or domestic disappointment appear probable in the next year. Guard against deception, especially of women. Business will progress well; promotion is likely, but for men, marriage had best be deferred. Today's child will be successful in the chosen career, but liable to love sorr

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

One song leads on to another,
One friend to another friend.
So I'll travel along
With a friend and a song—
I'll travel along
Ten thousand strong—
To the end. —Gibson.

COMMUNITY ROUSED BY INFLATION PERIL

Very few persons there are in Allentown today who during the past week have not heard a lot of talk about inflation and especially about its dangers to the people in general.

Whether the subject has been well understood cannot be known but the fact is that it has been widely discussed. In other words the community was made inflation-conscious to the highest degree during the past week. Thousands of our people learned that, because inflation will be so harmful to the American people, it must be fought with all our power and the greatest amount of power is to be derived if all the people understand the situation that is developing in this country and will take their own personal steps to prevent it.

So in this community during the week all possible means of showing the people how to take such steps were taken. Thousands of school children, prodded by a call for papers on inflation, stirred talk at the family dinner table as their young minds, inexperienced in the field of economics, sought to get enough material for the essay that was to be written in school on the following day. Thus the problem of inflation was made a burning question in just about every home in the city. Adults who do not like to be bothered about too abstruse questions just had to give some time and thought to the subject or stand convicted of being behind the times by their young questioners.

Through other media facts about inflation were developed and it was shown especially that universal support of the price-control programs has done much and can continue to do much to prevent rapid and destructive inflation.

During the coming week this educational program will have its emphasis in the rural districts of this county where appropriate programs will be conducted by the rationing boards in Emmaus, Trexlertown, Catasauqua, Slatington and West Bethlehem. When that program has been completed this community certainly can lay claim to being one of the best informed on one of the most important subjects of the day, a subject that comes right home to every individual person and a force that may have the greatest bearing on every individual's happiness and general welfare.

COMFORT FROM EXAGGERATION

The Germans must be hard-pressed for favorable propaganda to hand out to the people of their bombed and distressed cities for they have taken to extravagant exaggeration of the stories given out concerning their own bombing raids.

Late in January after months of comparative absence from the air over Britain, German raiders again made their appearance as if to say: We are not knocked out and still can give you lots of punishment. British reports as to those raids on the nights of Jan. 21-22 and Jan. 29-30 indicated that comparatively few German planes participated, that a small amount of explosives was dropped and the number of dead in the two raids on London was well under a hundred persons.

Now however the Germans claim in a broadcast to their people that they sent 900 planes over London on the two nights mentioned and that on each occasion they dropped over a thousand tons of explosives and incendiaries.

Naturally the British are wondering what became of all those 900 planes (if that was the number sent out) inasmuch as so few flew over London on the two nights designated.

A more direct answer is given by the air raid system of Great Britain which reports that about 300 German planes crossed the English coast line during the entire month of January and that of these some 30 never recrossed the line, having been brought down in England. Furthermore on the nights of the two raids no more than 90 planes came over.

WAR CASUALTIES 25 MILLION

American casualties in this war up to this time have been the lowest of any country engaged in the struggle. In fact we have been at war for 26 months and our losses have not yet touched the figures of World War No. 1 in which this country was engaged for 19 months.

By contrast other countries have lost heavily and total casualties are estimated by the Baltimore Evening Sun to be already in excess of 25,000,000.

The British total, excluding civilians, was estimated at approximately five times that of the United States. Latest official British figures are as of Sept. 3, 1942.

"The Evening Sun" included estimates on Axis losses to reach the total of more than 25,000,000, using "general" figures from various sources.

The chief comparison drawn was between United States and British Empire casualties.

For the United States, "The Evening Sun" listed a total of 146,186, including 33,153 dead, 49,518 wounded, 33,617 missing and 29,898 prisoners, as of Feb. 1, 1944.

The British military casualties were fixed at 514,993, as of Sept. 3, 1942, with 92,089 dead, 226,719 wounded, 88,294 missing and 107,891 prisoners.

Other estimates included:

France, from General Charles de Gaulle — 60,000 killed, 300,000 wounded, 1,000,000 prisoners.

Belgium—7,500 soldiers and 10,000 civilians killed.

Russia, from the United Nations Information Office—4,500,000 killed and missing.

China, from the U.N.I.O.—Military deaths, 2,300,000, and civilian losses between 10,000,000 and 12,500,000.

Poland, "accepted estimates"—200,000 soldiers and 500,000 civilians killed in Warsaw alone, 3,200,000 killed by the Germans, 2,000,000 sent to forced labor in Germany and 2,600,000 deported from Western to Central Poland.

JAP ISLANDS ANTICIPATING EARLY ATTACK

With conquest and occupation of the Marshall Islands, the American forces will be a thousand miles closer to Tokio than they have been before at any point on the vast periphery of Japan's outlying defenses.

Altho we still are thousands of miles from the Jap mainland, the Jap leaders already appear to be getting jittery for they are telling their people to expect bombing of Tokio and to prepare for it. They also announce that a large part of the city's population has been dispersed to other parts of the country. At the same time they are whistling in the dark by promising the invading Americans that the Japs are waiting for them with the most elaborate anti-aircraft defenses.

This is of course the American plan, namely to carry the war to the Japanese islands. But it is going to be done only when we are in better position to do it and feel absolutely certain that the job can be finished. But when that job is attempted it is not likely that Jap cities will be bombed indiscriminately. There will be no point in wiping out paper cities or in making homeless people who can roll up in a blanket on the ground, cook on a little charcoal stove and keep house about as comfortably as if they were in dwellings with paper roofs and walls.

The objectives will be the Japanese shipyards, war munition factories, transportation and public utility systems. There will be no desire to make Japan the scene of one vast conflagration. Our only desire will be to lop off the arms of the Jap war octopus. Then the main body will be just another harmless jellyfish.

War Comes to Newsmen

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The war came home to the Washington correspondents with the news of the tragic fate that befell Raymond Clapper.

For not only had Ray Clapper been voted by his colleagues time and again to be the most fair-minded, but he was also the best-liked man among them.

Ray Clapper went beyond his line of duty. At the age of 51, he had reached a position in his profession as political analyst and Washington commentator which did not require him to cover war operations or to subject himself to the rigors of a war correspondent's life. He was not content, however, to see the war from a distance. He felt the throb of the United Nations' cause, and he was deeply affected by the trend of the world before we entered the war. He was outspoken in 1940 and 1941 in his belief that America must make common cause with the free nations of the world.

The first trip he made was to Britain in a bomber. Then he flew by way of South America and Africa to India and China, where he met Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. On another trip to Cairo he surveyed the Mediterranean developments and inspected the Salerno area.

Still another trip Clapper made was to Sweden, where he got at first-hand some impressions of what was happening inside of Germany. He disregarded the risks of wartime travel by plane and kept his thoughts focused on how he could be of service to his readers. After each visit he came back to Washington and shared with his colleagues the impressions derived from his journeys.

Wanted All the Answers

Ray Clapper made up his mind to go out to the Pacific to get the answers to many questions. He wanted to know about MacArthur and the New Guinea operations. He wanted to get closer to what was happening in mid-Pacific. He was given every facility by the government and he shrank from no risk, for he felt it was his duty to take those risks.

Clapper was well-liked by officialdom, by Republicans as well as by Democrats. He knew all of America's prominent men, and they came to recognize in his work the integrity and disinterestedness which is the goal of every honest member of the journalistic profession. He was known as a liberal, yet he did not hesitate to criticize liberals. He was known as the friend of President Roosevelt and of Wendell Willkie and yet he did not hesitate to criticize their utterances and actions if he felt that the criticism was justified.

Began as Routine Reporter

Ray Clapper began in the routine reportorial tasks of press association work only to find himself soon on important special assignments as his experience increased and his judgment ripened. He not only wrote daily dispatches that were widely syndicated in newspapers from coast to coast but he became one of the ablest of the radio news commentators.

Ray Clapper's quality of friendship was of the enduring sort that will leave behind it a memory how decent and honorable competitive reporting can be in a profession too often marked by jealousies and unwarranted manifestations of rivalry.

Ray Clapper lost his life in a battle zone in an airplane accident, but the hand of fate which ended abruptly his useful career wrote as indelibly as if he had fallen in battle the final chapter in the biography of a truly heroic personality.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

COOKING THE GOOSE

Every day now new developments are taking place in Soviet Russia which give Americans cause for wonder. The first was the Pravda hoax, now denied even in Russia, that England was making a separate peace with Germany. Then developed the Russo-Polish boundary dispute and the rejection of the good offices of the United States. That was followed by the vicious attack on the Pope which can only be a prelude to the arrest of Polish priests as fascist agents as Russia regains Polish territory. And finally, the nominal partition of Soviet Russia into so many countries that any peace conference will be loaded with Russian delegations, all controlled by the lord of the Kremlin.

The Molotov partition of Soviet Russia is based upon the assumption that Russia consists of the following autonomous countries: Russian Soviet Federated SR, Ukrainian SSR, White Russian SSR, Azerbaijan SSR, Georgian SSR, Armenian SSR, Turkmenian SSR, Uzbek SSR, Tadzhik SSR, Kazakh SSR, Kirghiz SSR. To this must be added the Mongolian and Tuvinian people's republics and the Karelo-Finnish SSR, Moldavian SSR, Estonian SSR, Latvian SSR, Lithuanian SSR.

* * * * *

The last five in this list are independent countries whose existence has been guaranteed by the United Nations and not one of which is now Russian territory. To them will, in time, undoubtedly be added a Polish Soviet republic under Wanda Vassilevska and a Jugoslav Soviet republic under Tito. Should Otto von Bismarck found a free Germany, that will be included and Czechoslovakia is in alliance with Soviet Russia. I wonder what would happen if the Chinese Communist army were to declare itself independent of Chiang Kai-shek and such independence were recognized by Soviet Russia. The British would come into such a conference with perhaps six votes: Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India; Soviet Russia with more than 20 votes as things now stand. The United States comes in with one vote, Uncle Sam's.

No administration in Washington can hope to receive a confirmation of any treaty so arranged, and although it may be possible by deceitful propaganda and trickery to get around holding a peace conference and signing a peace treaty, the Congress will in time demand a greater voice in the conduct of our foreign policy in the hope of protecting American national interests.

* * * * *

Up to now, it has been accepted in most quarters that Mr. Roosevelt's conduct of the foreign policy has been well-nigh perfect. From now on, the American people will scrutinize that policy more closely and will demand some explanation for the amazing development of Russia's independent actions and antagonistic attitudes. Why is Russia picking this precise moment to create turmoil among the United Nations and to frighten our people and the British people? We must go back to Teheran. Why have neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Churchill addressed Congress and Parliament on Teheran as they addressed those bodies on every occasion during this war?

Criticism of our government's conduct of its foreign policy in time of war is an extremely unpleasant task; yet national interest requires that the whole people be informed as to what is being cooked up.



The dialect sketch which appears below was already set up for this issue of the Morning Call when the news of the sudden death of its author, Lloyd A. Moll, shocked his many friends and admirers. Our first impulse was to leave the sketch unprinted, but then we yielded to the thought that the author himself would have wished it otherwise. And so there appears here on the very day Lloyd Moll is brought to his long rest the last of those many dialect tales and sketches which have appeared in the ECK over a number of years and which have brought him the acclaim he deserved: the best writer of Pennsylvania German prose of his day.—ED.

Schtimme Aus'm Kaerrichhof

Vum LLOYD A. MOLL

DER TILGHMAN BITTEBENNER

Ich bin mol ee Daag uff der Kaerrichhof, do kummt mer en Schtee in die Aage mit em Naame "Langschwamm" druff. Weil ich gut bekannt waar in sellre Gegend, hot der Naame mich graad geindressiert. Ich hab gsehne, dass der Tilghman Bittebenner, wu unnich dem Grundhiwwel leit, dart gschtarwe waar. Die Yohrzaahl iss mer nau graad vergesse, es hot aa net viel zu duh mit der Gschicht, das ich eich heit verzaehle will. Ich hab selle Owed em Til gerufe un aa glei Andwart grickt.

"Ya, mer hen en ausgedriwwe," saagt er.

"Wen hen ihr ausgedriwwe?" hawwich gfrogt.

"Ei, der alt Flexler un sei Gschpuck," hot er geandwart un haerzhafdich gelacht.

"Die Gschicht meecht indressant sei, daetscht mer verzaehle devun?" hawwich ihn gfrogt.

"Numme zu gaern, un yuscht weil die Leit gsaat hen, ich daet ken Woch im Haus bleiwe. Ich hab 'ne awwer gewisse."

"Well, Til, fang varne aa un verzaehl mer die gans Gschicht," saag ich.

Er hot mol bissel gschtutzt, noh saagt er, "Ich bin in Oley gebore, hab dart gheirt un en Familye vun zwee Buwe un drei Maed ghatt. Mei Aerwet iss schlecht warre un es iss uns hinnerlich gange. Noh hawwich ausgfunne, dass ich Aerwet griege kennt in Langschwamm. So bin ich mol ee Daag dart nuff geloffe. Ya, seller weit Weg, weil Fuhrwese hawwich kens ghatt. Hab aa en Blatz gfunne, wu ich Aerwet griege hab kenne, awwer der Mann hot ken Haus ghatt far mich neiziege. 'Well, iss kens in der Nochberschaft, das leer iss?" hawwich gfrogt. 'Yo awwer do bleibt niemand drin,' hot der Mann geandwart.—'Ferwas net?' frog ich.—'Ei, do gschpuckt's. Un des Gschpuck hot noch alle Familye ausgedriwwe, das neigezogge waar,' saagt der Kerl. Ich hab dodriwwer gelacht. 'Wu iss es Haus un was soll die Ursach sei vun dem Gschpuck?' hawwich ihn gfrogt.—'Des Haus iss an's alte Flexers Gaerwerei. Der alt Flexer hot als drin gewuhnt. Der waar der lewendich Deiwel. Er hot sei Leit abschupne mit Aerwet un ihne yuscht genunk gewe, dass sie so zu Not lewe hen kenne. In me Handel hot mer sei Aage weit uffhalde misse, odder mer iss noch bschisse warre. Er hot karz gemesse, un unschwaer gewoge, wann er verkaaft hot. Iwwerhaabt alles gegrappscht, dass er die Hend druffiege hot kenne, yuscht far'n Haufe Geld zu griege, ehrlich odder unehrlich—es hot ihm nichs ausgemacht, so lang der Daaler in sei Sack gange iss.

"Mol ee Daag schtaerbt er. Ich denk, mer sett saage, er waer verreckt. Sie hen ihn verscharrt un selli Nacht iss schunn 's Gschpucke aagange. Er hot sei Familye, wu noch zerick gebliwwe waar, ausgedriwwe, un die Zeit hot noch niemand lenger as wie ee Nacht im Haus gewuhnt. Es hen's schunn deel gebrowiert, awwer der alt Sauhund hot sie allemol nausgschtiwwert,' hot der Mann mir gsaat.

"'Kann ich's Haus lehne? Der alt Flexler muss en besserer Mann sei wie ich bin, wann er mich ausdreiwe kann. Ich faerricht mich net weeich em Deiwel selwert,' saag ich.—'Des kannscht du numme zu gaern hawwe far nichs, yuscht so dass mol widder ebber drin wuhnt,' saagt er. Der Mann hot mir gsaat, wu ich hiegeh misst far's lehne. Ich bin gange, es gelehnt, un selli Woch noch neigezogge.

"Mei Fraa waar net aawerglaawisch un hot sich aa net gfaerricht, awwer 's Lebdaag iss schunn die aersicht Nacht abgange. Die Deere sin uff un zu gange, awwer es iss niemols ebber reikumme. Die Kinner waare schunn im Bett, un sin net wacker warre. Mir hen der Gschicht mol weil zugeguckt, noh sin mer aa ins Bett. Naegschte Owed iss ebmer die Schteeg uff un ab mit me lange Ketteschtrang. So hot's en Zucht gemacht, awwer sehne hot mer nichs kenne. Mir sin awwer net gewiche. 'Die Sache misse noch schlimmer warre far uns auszudreiwe,' saag ich zu der Fraa. Es waar im Schpotyohr, wann's frieh dunkel waerd, wie mer hiegezogge waare. So mol ee Owed beim Nachtesse kummt en grosser Hund graad darrich die Deer rei, mitaus die Deer uffgeh. Er iss um der Disch rumgeloffe un gegnarrt. Des hot die Kinner vergelschtert. 'Halden eich ruhich un saage nichs, er waerd schunn widder naus geh,' saags ich. Wie er so en dutzend Mol um uns rumgeloffe waar, macht er en Schprung iwwer der Offe un zum Fenschder, das graad hinnich em Offe waar, naus. Es Fenschder waar awwer net uffgewest. Mir sin als net gezogge. 'Es muss noch schlimmer warre. Mer grickt die Rent net eenich aeryets far nichs,' saag ich. Es Fenschder am Giwwel geeich die West iss yuscht net zugebliwwe. Die Scheiwwe sin ee Mol nooch em annere ewwe yuscht rausgfalle, as wann ebber vun innewennich sie nausgschowe hett. Hunde bei de Dutzende sin nachts ums Haus rumgschprunge, ghaust un geblafft. Wann ich mei Flint grickt hab far sie schiesse, hot der Laadschtecke sich im Laaf fascht gemacht ghatt, so dass ich net laade hab kenne.

"Mer hen mol ee Owed in der Kich um der Offe rumgsotze, die Fraa, die Kinner un ich. Uff ee Mol fangt ebbes aa zu rausche, as wann en grosser Rewwer am laafe waer. Es waar so 'n gleeni Runn newe am Haus, denk ich, do waer 's Wasser hoch drin, doch hot's net gereggert ghatt. Ich bin mol naus far sehne, awwer do waar nichs. Wie ich zerick ins Haus bin zu der vedderschte Deer rei in der gross Gang, wu die Schteeg vum Schpeicher kummt, iss en Schtraam Wasser runner kumme, dass ich geglaabt hab, daet mich bletzlich verseefe. Ich hab mich hardich naus in die Kich gschaaft. Dart waare die Kinner, die Fraa, der Offe un all 's Hausrot am Rumschwimme un 's Wasser waar heecher, as wie die Fenschdergschteller. Des hot verleicht en vaerdel Schtunn gedauert. Uff eemol waar alles widder wie devor. Es waar ken Faadem vun unsere Gleeder nass un aa nichs schunscht im Haus. Des hot uns alsnoch net ausgedriwwe. En Mann unne Kopp iss mol ee Nacht im ganse Haus rumgschtiert. Lewe un Benderdiere hen oweds ums Haus rumgebrillt—als sin mir gebliwwe.

"So iss des Ding fartgange far ee ganser Munet, noh sin mei Kinner grank warre. Die Maed hen die Gichdre grickt, un wann des als an sie kumme iss, hen sie sich gebroche. Band in alle Farwe iss ihne zum Maul rauskumme bei der Yaard, so dass mer alsemohl nichs meh gsehne hot vun denne aarme Kinner. Wann mer hie iss far des Band uffhewe, waar 's in me Aageblick fart. Die Buwe hen aa ebbes an sich grickt. Wann des sie iwwernumme hot, sin sie uff der Begleeding vun der Schtubb rumgschprunge. 'Mende,' saage ich zu meinre Fraa, 'nau kummt die Gschicht awwer zu naegscht heem. Do muss ebbes geduh sei. Die Kinner kenne mir net leide losse un noch verleicht verliere darrich dem Satan seine Schtreech.'

"'Well, Til, de Sundaag hen mir gezaehlt far noch der Kaerrich zu geh un in die Beich. Farwas saagscht net mol ebbes zum Vadder Bally? Daer kanns uns verleicht aus dem Elend helfe,' hot die Fraa gsaat. Selle naegschte Sunndaag sin mer all de Weg nunner noch der Kaerrich geloffe. Ich hab em Vadder Bally die Gschicht verzaehlt.

"'Til, ich kumm ee Owed nuffgeridde. Grick noch fimf gute, schtaerricke Mann unnich dich, un hald sechs gute Schittelgawwle uff Hand, so dass mer sie hen, wann mer sie breiche,' saagt der Vadder. Mir sin heem un drei Owed dennoh kummt er ruffgeridde. Selle Owed hot's hesseldaanisch gemacht! Die Deere sin uff un zu gflogge, dass mer net im Schtand waar far nauszugeh. Die Fenschdre hen gerabbelt, Grabbe sin in de Schtubbe rumgflogge, Hunde hen geblafft un die Leeb gebrillt, wie der Vadder reikumme iss. In 're schtrenge, laude Schtimm saagt er die drei allerheechschte Warte. Uff eemol waar alles so ruhich im Haus, mer hett en Meisel heere kenne gnawwere.

"'Nau, Til, geh gschwind un hol dei Mann,' saagt er. Ich bin gschprunge, was ich geh hab kenne far die Menner, wu ich frieher mit gschwetzt ghatt hab. Die waare der Michel Benner, der Grischtian Wewer, der Kaschper Hinkel, der Mattaes Fink un der Yakob Harzel. Wie mer zerick ans Haus kumme sin, waar der Vadder gans weschnass gschwitzt vun dem Gschpuck hewe. 'Wu waar'n ihr so lang! Hab schunn paarmol gemeent, ich misst en widder fliege losse. Nau legen die Schittelgawwle dart uff der Boddem mit de Zinke geeich nanner, so wie mer en Bett mache daet, noh will ich der alt Flexler schunn druffbinne,' saagt er. Mer sin drei Mann uff yeder Seid un die Gawwle gelegt, so dass die Zinke in der Mitt zammekumme sin. Der Vadder hot en hesslichi Zeit ghatt bis er der Flexler do druffleie ghatt hot, awwer wie er mol gelegge hot, macht der Vadder 's Greiz iwwer ihn, noh waar alles ruhich. Der Vadder hot der Schweess vun sich gewischt, noh saagt er: 'Ich will en Besem, en paar Schuh un en Schtrohhut hawwe, noh nemme mer's Gschpuck nuff uff der Diehlekopp. Des kennt zwee Meil sei. Denken ihr Menner, ihr kenne die Gawwle so weit draage, mitaus den alte Satan runnerschmeisse? Ihr misse den ganse Weg ruhich sei, kenner daerf en Wart schwetze bis mer 'n drowwe hen. Ich will ihn noh schunn dart hiebinne, so dass er ken Dummheete macht.' Mir hen die Gschicht bewilligt un sin uff der Weg. Ich saag dir awwer, der Schtaernsackerment waar schwaer! Un zu laafe der Baerrick nuff mit so me Gewicht uff 're Schittelgawwel waar ken Gleenichkeet. Er hot sich alsemol uff denne Gawwle rumgewelst, dass ich allegabott geglaabt hab, er daet uns runnerfalle. So alle vaerdel Meil hot der Vadder uns ruhe losse. Die letschte hunnert Fuss der Baerrick nuff waare die schwaerschte. Bis mer drowwe waare, hen die Schweessdroppe wie Kaerscheschtee uff uns gschtanne. Wie mer nuff kumme sin, nemmt der Vadder der Besem, un kehrt en grosser Blatz gans sauwer. Dart hot er der Besem, der Hut un die Schuh hiegelegt, noh hot er uns gerufe. 'Nau kummen do in die Mitt vun dem Ring, legen die Gawwle uff der Boddem, noh gehne hinnerschich zerick der Baerrick nunner. Ich will die Gawwle mitbringe, wann ich den alte Satan in der Ring gebunne hab,' saagt er. Mir hen so geduh un der Vadder waar die gans Zeit an ebbes in Ladeinisch saage.

"Mir waare kaum der Baerrick drunne, iss er aa kumme. 'Nau, Til, alle Friehyohr musscht du en Besem en Hut un en paar Schuh dart nuff uff der Diehlekopp nemme, odder der alt Deihenker meecht widder zerickkumme.' Well, mir sin heem un sell waar's letscht vum Gschpuck im Haus in Langschwamm. Mir hen Ruh ghatte, awwer wie der Vadder mir gsaat hot, so hawwich geduh de naegschte Friehyohr. Wie ich nuff uff der Kopp kumme bin, waar der Besem dart gelegge, awwer nichs meh iwwerich as wie der Schtiehl. Die Schuh hen ken Sohle meh druff ghatt un der Hut waar in Fetze verrisse. Es waar alles as wie gekehrt in dem Ring.

"So hawwich alle Friehyohr geduh un mir hen die gans Zeit, dass mir im Haus gewuhnt hen, unser Ruh ghatt."—

"Well, Til, hoscht du der alt Flexler gsehne, wie ihr ihn dart der Baerrick nuffgedraage hen uff de Schittelgawwle?" hawwich gfrogt.

"Schwetz net so gumm! Mir hen ihn net sehne kenne, awwer der Vadder hot," andwart er.

"Wie lang hen ihr noch im Haus gewuhnt noochderhand?"

"Ei, bis mei Kinner uffgewachse waare, noh sin mer widder noch Oley gezogge," saagt er.

"Wer hot dann em alte Flexler der Besem, die Schuh un der Hut noh uff der Diehlekopp gebrocht?" frog ich.

"Ya, sell weess ich net. Ich hab noh glei 'a kalt Fiewer grickt un sie hen mich dohaer gelegt," saagt er un waar fart.

DIE ALT WIEG

Die alt Wieg uff Vendu, mei erscht Buwli Bett,
Un fimf Cent gebodde? Ich denk awwer net!
Schdobb bledzlich graad dart, Mr. Groyer, ken Geld,
All die Greenbacks un Silwer un Gold in der Weld,
Nichs, nichs kann sie kaafe, sie iss mer zu lieb—
Mei Kindheits Draam, Schlummerbaam, selich alt Wieg.

Do hawwich far's erscht die Erschepfung erblickt,
Do hot als die Mammi debei g'hockt un g'schtrickt;
Un Gott un die Engel, wie's immer noch waar,
Waare do bei der Mammi, mich hiede vun G'faahr.
Un oft peind mei Haerz in dem schpaet're Daag, heit—
Waer ich yuscht naegscht zu Gott, wie ich waar selli Zeit!

Ya, do hot sie g'hockt un mich g'schockelt zu Ruh,
Mei lieb, himmlisch Keenich'n gedresst in Kadu!
Ken fei seide "Lady" varschtellt wie net gscheit,
Awwer feiner un reicher as die Fratzhanse heit;
Un beim Schockle un Schtricke, do waar sie am bescht,
Dieweil hot sie g'sunge zum Buwli im Nescht:

Hush-a-bye, Liewer, lei ruhich un schlummer,
Heiliche Engel behiede dei Ruh;
Himmlische Sege vun Gott unne Nummer,
Falle so leichtsam dei Schlummerschiff zu.

Graad so hot sie g'sunge, ich heer sich noch heit,
Far die alt Wieg erinnert mich nau vun de Zeit;
Des iss all, das ich hab, far die Yohre sin Dieb,
Sie hen alles genumme, as die altfashioned Wieg;
Goodbye—sie iss leer, doch iss sie voll Freed;
Un Aadenke, das ewichlich nimmi vergeht.

So schdopp, Mr. Groyer, net noch en Gebott—
Selli Wieg iss mei Aldar vor Engel un Gott!
Sell frischt mei Gedechtnis un 's nemmt mich zurick,
Wu die Mammi debeit hockt un schockelt un schtrickt;
Un ich heer ihre Schtimm, ich kenn's un die Weis—
Ya, sie singt mer en Lied aus siess Paradeis!

—SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Der Dokter Fauscht waar'n guder Mann
Un gaerbt die Schieler dann un wann;
Er schword sie un sie hupse glei
Bis in die Welschkarnfelder nei;
Sie hupse raus un in die Grick,
Er gaerbt sie in die Schul zurick.

* * * * *

The Old Woman Must Stand at the Tub

'S iss hart fer die Mammi am Zuwwer zu schteh,
Die Gleeder sin dreckich, die Finger duhn weh;
Doch sin sie mol sauwer, was sin sie so schee!
Dann iss es blessierlich fer danse zu geh.

* * * * *

I DOUBT, I DOUBT

Ich zweiwel, ich zweiwel! Mei Feier iss aus;
Ich guck fer mei Weiwel, des iss net im Haus.
Ich sattel der Haahne un's Hinkel geht mit,
Dann hol ich mei Weiwel aa widder zurick.

* * * * *

ONE, TWO, THREE

Eens un zwee, eens un zwee,
Ich gleich Kaffe, der Billy gleicht Tee;
Meensche nau net as sell waer schee?
Eens un zwee, eens un zwee,
Ich gleich Kaffe, der Billy gleicht Tee.

* * * * *

TEN LITTLE INDIANS

Zehe gleene Inschebuwe fische mit de Lein,
Eener fallt ins Wasser, dann waare's yuscht noch Nein.

Nein gleene Inschebuwe hen dezu gelacht,
Eener, der grickt Bauchweh, dann waare's yuscht noch Acht.

Acht gleene Inschebuwe hen die Gens gedriwwe,
Eener beisst der Genserich, dann waare's yuscht noch Siwwe.

Siwwe gleene Inschebuwe bloge'n aldi Hex,
Eener grickt en Ohrfeig, dann waare's yuscht noch Sechs.

Sechs gleene Inschebuwe heere Schpott un Schimpf,
Eener schemmt sich halwer dot, dann waare's yuscht noch Fimf.

Fimf gleene Inschebuwe schtehle'n Fessel Bier,
Eener waerd ne g'soffe, dann waare's yuscht noch Vier.

Vier gleene Inschebuwe fiedere die Sei,
Eener fallt ins Seifass, dann waare's yuscht noch Drei.

Drei gleene Inschebuwe baade daerrich der Schnee,
Eener hot die Naas verfrore, waare's yuscht noch Zwee.

Zwee gleene Inschebuwe fresse immer mehner,
Eener iss verschprunge, dann waar aa yuscht noch eener.

Ee gleener Inschebu, dem waar's so recht verleed,
Un wann er noch net g'heiert iss, dann geht er zu de Maed.

Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. SUSANNA CHRISTMAN

Funeral services for Mrs. Susanna Christman, 67, of Lehighton R. 3, who died at her home yesterday morning, will be held from the Heller Funeral home, Weissport, at 2 p. m. Wednesday. Rev. J. A. McConomy, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Weissport, will officiate. Interment will be made in the Union Hill cemetery, Weissport.

Mrs. Christman was born at Trachsville and is survived by her husband, Harrison, and two foster children, Ruth Heydt, at home, and Mrs. Anetta Koons, Lehighton. One sister, Mrs. John Schaffer, Palmerton; and two brothers, David, Kresgeville, and George, Bloomsburg, also survive.

LEWIS HOFFMAN

Lewis Hoffman, 68, of 45 W. St. Joseph St., Easton, died at 1 a. m. Friday in the Easton hospital. He was admitted to the hospital Thursday night. His wife, Elizabeth, died four years ago.

Mr. Hoffman was a member of the Salvation Army for more than 35 years and was commissioned a lieutenant in 1909 at New York City. He gave up his commission some time ago because of ill health. Since last summer he was employed at the White House restaurant.

Surviving are two brothers, Fred and Harry, both of Allentown, and several nieces and nephews.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHAMBERLIN

Mrs. Elizabeth Carey Chamberlin, widow of Arthur Boyd Chamberlin, died Friday morning at the Easton Home for Aged and Infirm Women, 1022 Northampton St., Easton.

She was born in Easton, a daughter of the late Henry S. and Elizabeth Hay Carey and entered the home on Aug. 26, 1939. She lived in Easton all her life and had many friends there. She was a graduate of the Easton High school and was a member of George Taylor chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Easton. Her only survivors are a number of nephews and nieces.

LEWIS J. HOFFMAN

Lewis J. Hoffman, 67, of W. St. Joseph's St., Easton, died Friday at the Easton hospital of pneumonia.

Born in Luzerne county, he was the son of the late John and Catherine, nee Fear, Hoffman. His wife, Elizabeth, preceded him in death.

Surviving are four sons and one sister: William Hoffman, Rockport, Pa.; Frederick and Harry Hoffman, Allentown; John Hoffman, Philadelphia, and Mrs. Charles Rush of West Hazleton.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 8:30 a. m. from the home of his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Kramer, day at 2 p.m. from the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St., Allentown. Interment in St. Mark's cemetery.

MRS. WILLIAM H. GREEN

Mrs. Emmalina R., nee Kreitz, Green, wife of William H. Green of near Delps, Danielsville R. 1, died at 2 p. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient since Dec. 5. Mrs. Green was in her 73rd year.

She was a native of Northampton county, and was one of the first members of the Daughters of America, Riverside council, No. 27, Northampton. She was also a member of the ladies' auxiliary of the Pt. Phillips Rod and Gun club, and was of the Lutheran faith.

Besides her husband, she is survived by a sister, Mrs. Harry F. Benninger, Laurys, and three neices, Mrs. Harry Zellner, Lynnport; Mrs. James Odsted, Oxford, N. J., and Mrs. Norman Kresge, Laurys.

Rev. A. R. Apple will officiate at funeral services to be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton, with interment to follow in the Fairview cemetery, Northampton.

IRMA L. UNGER

Irma Louise Unger, 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Unger, 316 N. Front St., Allentown, died Friday evening at her home.

Besides her parents she is survived by five brothers and two sisters, Rudolph and Julius Unger, both of Allentown; Frank Unger, U. S. Army, Virginia; Alvin Unger, U. S. Army, N. Y. City; Joseph Unger, U. S. Marine Corps, somewhere in the South Pacific; Mrs. Joseph Hoanzl, Allentown, and Margaret Unger at home.

Funeral services are in charge of the J. S. Burkholder funeral home and will be announced later.

JOHN KRAMER SR.

John Kramer Sr., one of the pioneer Slovak residents of Bethlehem and formerly employed as a laborer at Lehigh university, died Thursday at his home, 640 Atlantic St., Bethlehem.

He is survived by nine children: Joseph, Camp Barkley, Texas; Michael, Camp McCain, Miss.; Helen, at home; John, Reading; George, Philadelphia; Stephen, Bethlehem; Mrs. Michael Arendas, Bethlehem; Mrs. Charles Ruth, Reading, and Mrs. Matthew Kacar, Bethlehem; a brother, George, Hartford, Conn.; a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Medvec, Malby, Pa.; 22 grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 8:30 a. m. from the home of his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Kramer, 935 E. 5th St., Bethlehem, with requiem mass to follow at 9 a. m. in St. Cyril and Methodius church, Bethlehem. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Sis Ferdreaslich

Yar bei golly wons net ferdreaslich is mit da shnops bisnis alla weil. Der mensch hut der darsht, un der shnops is so rohr, so tzu sawga wie die weissa mice. Un noh is aw net yusht die rohrichkate os 'n mensch bodder'd, ow'r der druvel uns aeland os ebber hut fer 'n tzu griega, is aw ken glaenichkate. Un war maint sel wear net der fol, brouch yusht mohl fer der aewich wunner shwetza mit 'm Llewellyn Haines fon Emmaus, un woh doh in da shtadt imma lecktrick blotz shoft.

'M "Wellie"

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—Lincoln.

HITLER GAMBLING HEAVILY ON ITALY

Unable to do much about the situation on the Russian front and thus bring comfort to the German people, Adolf Hitler appears determined to make the best possible showing against the Americans and British in Italy where for several months he has been holding the United Nations to minor gains and presently is seeking to wipe out some of those gains if not in fact to inflict a very disastrous blow to the entire Italian invasion program.

According to all reports, Hitler is throwing some of his finest troops into counter-attack against the Americans and British. One crack division is reported to have arrived from Southern France. Panzer units have arrived on the Italian front and at least one division appears to have come from the Russian front for Americans have taken quite a few Polish prisoners—men who claim they were impressed into Nazi service alongside German troops.

All of this looks like good sound sense on Hitler's part. The tougher he can make it for the Allies in Italy, the tougher he can make invasions at other parts of Europe appear to the Allies. If he can inflict a major defeat, it will be serious for the prestige of America and Great Britain among the conquered peoples of Europe. He might also be able to shake our standing with Russia. There are some who believe that he is counting heavily on a victory in Italy and then will proffer peace to Russia on an attractive basis. If able to secure peace with Russia he would then be in position to deal the more effectively with any other invasion forces from the British Isles or from Africa, or both.

The hope must be that Hitler will be disappointed in all such calculations. Certainly for the time he is being encouraged for very bad weather certainly has hampered the Allies in their Italian invasion inasmuch as, during so many days, it has grounded our air forces which ought to be able to batter the way for the land forces. Even at this time, contrary to traditions about "sunny Italy," weather is reported to be just about as unfavorable as could be imagined. There is no doubt, as the President said yesterday, that the situation on the beachhead at Anzio and Nettuno is serious.

ALLENTOWN HOSPITAL'S AFTER-WAR PLANS

Trustees of the Allentown Hospital are looking to the future in the confident expectation that after the war facilities can be enlarged thru additional construction.

During the month of January 838 patients were admitted to the institution and daily thruout the month there was an average of 338 patients. In addition 1294 patients were treated in the dispensary. Such totals daily tax the institution's capacity.

These figures are all the more remarkable inasmuch as admissions of accident victims during the month was low, accounting for only eight persons injured in traffic and six as a result of accidents in homes and industries. In normal times of heavy, fast traffic on the highways these figures are multiplied.

Any one who visits the institution realizes that enlargement would be desirable at this very time. It can be realized therefrom that expansion at the very earliest moment possible is in the community interest. This the trustees propose to do. This they propose to do after a very careful study of the present plant with relationship to any proposed additions. For the purpose an outstanding planner of hospitals has been secured to work with local architects in the preparation of adequate plans.

LINCOLN INSPIRATION FOR AMERICAN BOY

Abraham Lincoln continues to be the American exemplar of opportunity for the highest achievement and the inspiration for every American with ambition to succeed. He will continue so for as one of his eulogists said on the occasion of his death: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Any ambitious American boy well may make comparison between Lincoln's environment and opportunities and his own.

Lincoln hardly knew what it meant to have a mother or family life that was encouraging to happy, youthful development.

Available to him were but few books and some of these he walked miles to secure for study. But how he absorbed such books as the Bible!

His formal schooling was limited to a few months and this almost certainly was at the hands of teachers who would be considered highly unfitted for teaching in our day. Everything that he learned or gained was by the hardest possible way.

Young Americans well may say to themselves: If Lincoln could go so far with so little outside help and under so many physical discouragements, why should I not also be able to go far inasmuch as help for me today is so wide and physical inconveniences are so few and so easily surmounted?

The young American can say to himself: Today, no matter where I live and no matter what my other environment may be, I can and in fact must get many years of formal education by well-qualified teachers from a host of sources of knowledge. With the will to get ahead, higher education and technical training if desired is within my grasp. A thousand and one roads are open leading to useful endeavor and to success. The roads have been opened and the journey has been made easier but still it is required that I know whither I wish to go and am determined to get there.

As in Lincoln's day, there still is no royal road to learning. Roasted pigeons still do not fall into our laps. Motor cars and airplanes cannot rush a man's mind nor train his hands and move him along the road to achievement. He still must trudge, often wearily, on the road to knowledge and to productive achievement.

But if Lincoln could do it in primitive Kentucky and Illinois, then under the more favorable conditions that prevail for youth in these United States today thousands of young Americans are going to do it. And many are going to do it by reason of the inspiration from the life of that great American who just 135 years ago today was born in a log-cabin in Hardin county, Kentucky.

Soldier Electioneering

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11—Both President Roosevelt and the Republican party leaders have a definite interest in seeing to it that the coming election campaign is fairly conducted. It is not enough to assure the soldiers of a federal ballot or a state ballot or both. It is important that the news that reaches them from this country shall not be colored by the War or Navy departments or by the Office of War Information.

It would certainly not help the cause of unity in the United States if the President permitted his position as commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy to be used to forward his fourth-term candidacy. If he is elected as a result of the use of government communication facilities and the sending of political propaganda through such facilities, it will produce ill feeling after the election.

More than ordinary interest attaches, therefore, to the charge made by Representative Clarence Brown of Ohio, Republican, that the full text of Mr. Roosevelt's recent speech on the soldier vote issue was broadcast on short wave by the government but that the reply of Republican Leader Joseph W. Martin was not accorded a similar privilege.

To Study All News Releases

Mr. Brown proposes that a bi-partisan commission of six members of the House of Representatives be created to study and investigate the distribution of all news releases and published material, including motion pictures and radio scripts, which can in any way be used for vote-getting purposes.

The War and Navy departments ought to welcome that proposal because it would relieve them of a tremendous responsibility the awkwardness of which they already realize. If they could say that the published material had the approval of a bi-partisan committee of Congress, there would be no justification for criticism.

The chief problem, of course, relates to the soldiers and sailors who are overseas. Newspapers printed in English are rare and soldiers' newspapers cannot possibly give any but the briefest mention to political news. Mr. Roosevelt's prestige as commander-in-chief is already a considerable factor in reaching the members of the armed services overseas, and he more than anyone else ought, therefore, to be concerned with trying to give the other side equal use of the facilities of communication. It would be a ten-strike for the President's own cause if he did so.

Good Sportsmanship Appreciated

Nothing is more appreciated by the average voter than good sportsmanship on the part of candidates, and Mr. Roosevelt starts with an advantage over his rivals because he is commander-in-chief and because officers and subordinates generally are inclined to lean over backwards to make sure they are giving the President ample space for his addresses on any facilities used.

The soldiers and sailors will probably get their most effective electioneering from the folks back home. The cry, "Write to the servicemen," will be heard again and again. Also it is not yet clear what the armed services are going to do about political discussions.

Not a few of the persons in uniform now overseas have been active in either federal or state or local politics. It is their habit to talk politics or to try to convert their friends to their way of thinking. What will the attiude of the War and Navy departments be toward officers or enlisted men who try to make votes for their favorite candidate? This will be especially important if any particular day is selected for voting overseas and if the officers who order the men to march to the polls say anything about their own views on politics.

It will be an embarrassing situation to handle, and it would be desirable for the War and Navy departments, when once the presidential nominees have been chosen, to issue a warning about keeping politics out of the mess halls and the meeting places and letting each individual make up his own mind on how to vote or even about voting at all. There should be no get-out-the-vote pressure among the troops and sailors overseas.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE BIG WHITE HOUSE

This Lincoln's Birthday reminds us that 1864 and 1944 are similar in the fact that both years were constitutionally set apart for national elections. The essence of our political system is limited tenure in office constitutionally fixed. Our country today is different from the America Lincoln knew only in a few sharp rises in the luxuries of living; but the soul of a free people does not change appreciably as long as they remain free, no matter what the exterior alterations in their lives may be.

Lincoln's Lowly Origin

Lincoln understood this so well, for he was, of all men, the lowliest in origin; yet he became the highest in rank. Say what you will of the man's modesty, he could not but have asked himself the question on the day he first breakfasted in the White House, "How came I here?"

Men have, of course, risen high in other times and other lands whose ancestors were as lowly in the social and economic scale as Abe Lincoln's, but their rise was rarely by the narrow path of personal probity and public integrity. Genghis Khan rose by slaughter and rapine, but Lincoln's bequests to his people were greater than the Mongol empire and lasted longer. Lincoln must have recognized the paradox of rising to power without employing power; of preserving a state without destroying some other state.

On Aug. 22, 1864, he addressed the 166th Ohio regiment which was returning home from the front. Only four days before he had spoken to another Ohio regiment and he said to them:

"There is more involved in this contest than is realized by every one. There is involved in this struggle, the question whether your children and my children shall enjoy the privileges we have enjoyed. I say this, in order to impress upon you, if you are not already so impressed, that no small matter should divert us from our great purpose."

Statement of Americanism

These words must have played through his mind during those hot and fearsome August days. For when he faced the 166th Ohio regiment, he amplified them into this magnificent statement of Americanism:

"I almost always feel inclined, when I say anything to soldiers, to impress upon them, in a few brief remarks, the importance of success in this contest. It is not merely for the day, but for all time to come, that we should perpetuate for our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. I beg you to remember this, not merely for my sake, but for yours. I happen, temporarily, to occupy this big White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field, and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life with all its desirable human aspirations—it is for this that the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthrights—not only for one, but for two or three years, if necessary. The Nation is worth fighting for, to secure such an inestimable jewel."

Let us repeat:

"I happen, temporarily, to occupy this big White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has."

The father of the child who spoke those words was a ne'er-do-well backwoodsman who seemed to have spent his life sitting on a tree stump. That child grew into the figure of a man who among the 32 that became President of this land was second only to Washington and surpassed in the humanity of his spirit by no one. He is not remembered as much for his service as for his personality, not as much for his accomplishments as for his philosophy of Americanism. The opportunity for such a rise to national pre-eminence must never be lost to the children of America—never as long as the memory of Lincoln survives in our land.

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UNNER EM WALNISSBAAM

Es waar als en Walnissbaam hinner em Haus,
Der Gibbel am Hausdach waar hoch driwwer naus;
Sehr dick un so schtandhaft waar Schtamm un die Nescht,
Wo Veggel im Sommer gebaut hen ihr Nescht.

Wo hoch uff em Gibbel in frieh Maryeschtunne
Die Amschel un Laerrich ihr Platz hen gefunne.
Un hen als mit frohe un herrliche Zunge
Ihr Maryegebet un ihr Lobsang dart g'sunge.

Im Sommer im Schatte dart schpielte mir Yunge,
Un hen als beim Schpiele en Liedle gesunge.
Dann luschtich un eifrich die Schtecke geritte,
In frieh Kindheitsyohre—mit alles zufridde.

Der Rock un der Jerry, die Betz un die Doll,
Die waare dart immer ganz ruhich im Schtall;
Der Rock waar en Schimmel, schneeweis un vollkomme,
Sell waar yuscht en Schtecke—die Rinn abgenomme.

Der Schtall waar der Holzplatz wo Kletz un wo Briegel
Sich sammelte mit Holz un verbrochene Riegel;
Sell waar unser Gaulschtall—als Dach waar der Himmel,
Der Harry waar drin un der Bahly beim Schimmel.

Zu trenke die Geil un ihr Hunger zu schtille,
Waar die Sehpring yo so hendich mit Scherbe zu fille;
Als Futter waar's Graas yo ganz hendich zu finnne—
Do brauch sich yo niemand dabei lang besinne.

Dann sin mer noch 'm Schpringhaus um Nahrung zu suche,
Der Hunger zu schtille mit Pei un mit Kuche;
Die Millich im Graawe, der Kaes un so Sache,
Un die dick Millich dart—wie die Aage noch lache!

Ich sehn dart die Trauwerank immer noch henke,
Wo Wind un wo Schturm sie immer noch schwenke;
Dart hen mer gegaunscht in de waarm Sommerdaage
In lieb Kindheitszeite—hot kens nix zu klaage.

Die Buwe vom Schtedtel, die Baure ihr Dechter,
Gegaunscht mit en anner mit freindlich Gelechter;
Die Maed hen ihr Liebsang so arnschtlich gesunge,
Die Buwe ihr Schetzen so eifrich geschwunge.

Im Schatte nooch Mittdaag die Sense zu dengle,
Die Hemmer un Dengelschteck heer ich noch glengle;
Als "tap, tap, tap, rap, rap, rap," in alle Ecke
Sehnt mer die Dengler im Schatte rum schtecke.

Dart unner em Walnissbaam mitte im Sommer
Uff em Waasem die Rugschtunn zu schpende im Schlummer;
'S iss Rule im Schatte um Schtories verzaehle
Un lache un pralle un Liege ausdeele.

Dart sehn ich Grumbiere mit Karrich gefaahre,
Ge-dumped uff 'n Haufe in friehere Yohre;
Die Eppel im Schpotyohr nei g'faahre mit Wagge
Un dann in der Keller mit Kerb gedraage.

Im Winter die Schlachtsei, frieh maryets im Schnee
Gedriwwe mit Faenger am hinnere Bee;
Ich sehn noch der Platz, wo ihr Blut waar vergosse,
Un heer noch ihr G'schrei, wie ihr Lewe verflosse.

Dart's Briehfass am Schtamm, wo mit Holz un mit Poschte
Waar schtandhaft gefixt, ohne Geld, ohne Koschte;
Der Seigalge dart, un die Sei hen gehanke,
Des hab ich noch alles in meine Gedanke.

Der Baam iss eweck g'hackt, der Schtumpe verzehrt,
Der Backoffe, Schpringhaus un alles verheert;
Doch sehn ich noch immer, so lang wie ich leb,
Der Baam un der Holzplatz, die Geil un die Reb.

Ich sehn dart der Vatter am Schaffe, die Mutter
So eifrich mit Millich, mit Raahm un mit Butter;
Die Brieder un Schweschter, in frieh Kindheitsyohre—
Die Maed un die Bobbe, die Buwe am Faahre.

Ach! geb mer zurick mei unschuldiche Daage!
Ken Kummer, ken Sorge, ken Elend zu klaage;
Un duht em mit Schmaerze zuweile was quale,
En Trost von der Mutter duht alles yo heele.

—THOMAS J. B. RHOADS
(Onkel Jeff)

DER GRUMME EECHE

Vum Arthur D. Graeff

Lange Yohre zurick iss en gleeni Eechel vumme Eechebaam g'falle. Iwwerdem kummt en Grundsau un graabt ihr Loch naegscht am Blakke wu die glee Eechel gelegge hot. Iwwerm Scharre, deckt die Grundsau die Eechel zu mit Grund un Laab. Der Winter iss kumme un die glee Eechel leit im Schnee un Eis un iss verfrore. Awwer wie des Friehyohr widder kumme iss un die waarm Sunn hot der Froscht uffg'schmolze, iss ebbes Wunnerbaares g'schehne. Die glee Eechel iss uffg'schprunge un en gleener Keim wachst vun innewennich raus, biept in die Heeh un saagt, "Wie geht's in de Welt?" N Baam waar gebore!

Awwer die Welt hot sich net viel um seller glee Schuss bekimmert. Die alt Grundsau wuhnt immer noch in ihrm Loch un geht alsfert aus un ei. Sie scharrt un graabt bis endlich en Deel vun de gleene Warzle abgerisse waare un des glee Eechebaemche schteht in G'faahr gans ausgegraawe zu warre. Awwer graad wie G'faahr am greeschte waar, kummt en Yaeger un schiesst die alt Grundsau. 'S Baemche waar nau sicher, awwer mitdem dass es net recht meh aagewarzelt waar, iss es net schtrack uffgewachse.

Alle Yohr iss es gresser warre. Alle Yohr schtarricker. Die annere Baem hen yuscht gelacht.

"Er iss verhext," saagt der alt Keschte.

Er iss zu dumm fer sich graad hieschtelle," meent der Hunsholz.

"Er iss zu dumm fer sich graad hieschtelle," meent der Rusche schittelt sei Bletter un saagt:

"Seller Eeche iss zu grumm, es gebt nix aus ihm."

Die Zeit vergeht—zwansich, dreissich, ya, fufzich Yohr sin vergange. Der Eeche waar schier so grumm as en Drauweschtock.

Der Hausrotmacher iss kumme un schneid der gross Beindbaam um. Dann beguckt er der Eeche un schittelt der Kopp.

'Aus so 'me Schtamm kann mer nix ausdrehe.

Der Holzhacker geht druff los un hackt der Hunsholz, awwer der Eeche packt er net aa. "Ei! Ei! Ei!" saagt er, "Wann ich dich fei mache daet, geebt's ken Offelong vun mehner als en paar Zoll. Sell iss zu hart g'schafft."

Der Holzkohle Brenner iss kumme un er nemmt der Rusche, awwer er lacht yuscht iwwer der Eeche. Der Bauer iss kumme fer Fenseriggel zu mache. Der alt Keschte geht unnich die Ax, awwer der Bauer flucht yuscht, wie er der Eeche beguckt: "Hols der Deiwel, dass die Sei dich net g'fresse hen, wie du noch en Eechel waarscht."

En hunnert Yohr gehne verbei un der grumm Eeche schteht alsnoch. Er iss der heechscht Baam im ganse Busch. Vun weit un breed sin die Leit kumme fer der grumm Eeche zu sehne. Schpotyohrs hen sie als sei gleene Eechle uffgelese un in annere Weltdeeler geblanst.

Die Feggel hen ihre Neschter gbaut in die grumme Nescht vum alte Baam. Der Habbich waar im Gippel, die Laerrich weiter drunne, die Wacht uff de nidderschte Zweige un der batzich Zaahschlipper find sich en glee Loch im Schtamm. Der Geelschpeech schtellt sich in die ewwerscht Kaft un gloppt rat-ta-ta-tat der ganse Daag lang. Unnich em Baam hupse die Haase rum, un de alte Grundsau ihre Kins-kins-kins-Kinner graawe ihre Lecher unnich de Warzle, awwer es baddert der alt Baam nimmi.

Der grumm Eeche iss nau der Keenich vum Busch. Der Wind pischpert zu ihm. Der Daa bosst sei Bletter; der Dunner schallt um ihn rum; 's wedderleecht ihm aus de Wolke wie en Gruss; er nemmt sei Baad in de Reggedroppe. Daags saage sei Bletter zu de Sunn, "Bleib draus" un nachts zaehlt er die Schtaerne un wunnert eb's mehner Schtaerne am Himmel hot als Bletter an seine Nescht. Der Mond iss der Tschodsch un der scharf alt Ketzer winkt mit eem Aaag fer deite, dass der alt Eeche gewinnt.

Noh kummt mol ee Daag der Schiffbauer. Er muss en abaddiche Sart Holz hawwe fer en gross Schiff zu baue. Die Balke misse dick un schtaerrick sei un der Kiel muss gemacht sei vum me grumme Eeche. Schtaerricke Bleck muss er hawwe fer die Schiffsrippe. Der Schiffbauer bedracht der grumm Eeche un saagt: "Seller Baam muss ich hawwe, do maag 's koschte was es will."

Aus sellem grumme Eeche iss en Schiff gebaut warre un sell Schiff faahrt heit noch uffem See—en ewich Schiff aus me grumme Eeche!

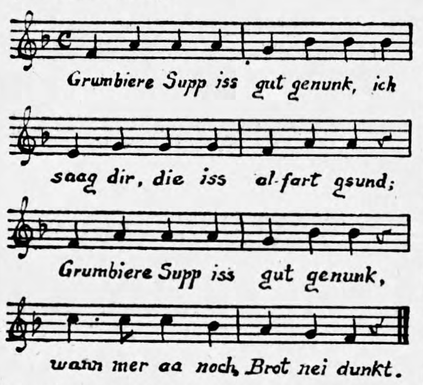
GRUMBIERE SUPP

It is said that the paleontologist, given a part of the jawbone or some other fragment of the skeleton of a prehistoric animal, can recontruct the same to a great degree of accuracy.

A once well-known folksong, "Grumbiere Supp," was to be sung at the annual meeting of the Grundsau Lodge, Nummer zwee, an de Schibbach. Unfortunately only a few scattered phrases continued to linger in the memory of men. These were brought to our dialect poet John Birmelin. He applied his magic wand and the result is before us.

Whether our ancestors brought this song of the humble potato with them from their native land, we do not venture to say. But we do know that the potato was known in the Palatinate in the 17th century. One source points out that Waldensians from Piedmont brought the potato with them when they settled in Germersheim. Already at the time of the migrations to Pennsylvania the Palatines called the potato the "Grundbirne," and hence our term "Grumbiere."

The few fragments furnished John Birmelin are printed in bold type.



Grumbiere Supp is gut genunk,
Ich saag dir, die is alfart g'sund.

Chorus

Grumbiere Supp is gut genunk,
Wann mer aa noch Brot nei dunkt.
(To be repeated after each stanza)

Dutt mer Salz un Peffer nei,
Do soll sie aa noch besser sei.

Grumbiere Supp, un gliedich heess,
Blos sie yuscht un sei net bees!

Wann mer sich die Zung verbrennt,
Yuscht geleffelt, frisch nei g'henkt!

Wann mer maeryets frieh uffschteht,
Grumbiere Supp wann der Haahne graeht.

Grumbiere Supp in de Middaags Schtund,
Draus am Dierli blafft der Hund.

Owets singt der Hawwergees,
Weil er schunscht nichs bessres weess.

Grumbiere Supp wann der Schnee uff em Boddem iss,
Grumbiere Supp fer die kalte Fiess.

Summers hot's ken Schnee un Eis,
Kumme dann die Hawwerleis.

Grumbiere Supp un scheene Maed,
Buwe, sei mer yuscht net bleed!

Hot mer aa ken Schnitz un Gnepp,
Sauergraut un Seideschpeck.

Grumbiere Supp as die Katz driwwwer laffe kann,
Grumbiere Supp as mer'n Hund dot schmeisse kann.

Grumbiere Supp, wer die net kennt,
Frog yuscht mol der Haabtmann Zendt!

Der Gehmann schreibt in Hitz un Kelt,
Der Kline gebt immer acht uff's Geld.

Der Allebach iss'n guder Koch,
Der Landis schreibt am Grundsau Loch.

Grumbiere, Grumbiere, Grumbiere Supp,
Hopsa, Haffedeckel, schlipp, schlipp, schlupp!

Zammegebeschtelt vum JOHN BIRMELIN.

Sung at the meeting of Grundsau Lodge Nummer zwee an de Schibbach, Telford, Pa. on Feb. 2, 1944.

John Birmelin claims the distinction of being the first to recognize that "Grumbiere Supp" is not poetry.—ED.

'N BUWLI ISS 'S

'N Buwli iss 's, ganz aus re ann're Welt,
Wer hett's gedenkt, dass so was waer beschtellt!
Ken Schtrimpche aa, ken Hemmche, un ken Keppche net—
Ja! schtreck dich mol! Winscht, gell, dass dich der Guckuck hett?

Ei! Was 'n G'sicht, un was 'n Schtimm—
Du denkscht: ich reib zu hart un mach's zu schlimm;
So muss 's sei! Ich hab so Aerwet gut gelaernt,
Mit so me bische G'schpass waerd mer net graad verzaernt.
Guck, Kerliche! Nau waerrscht du mol uffgedresst,
Dann ruhscht du aus; bischt weit vun heem gewest.
Ei was? Schperrscht 's Maulche uff! Iss's dir dann schunn verleed?

Bischt faul? Ken Wunner, wann mer dich mol wippe daet.
Guck, Mutter, guck! Do bring ich dir en Mann,
So klee nu schee, as mer yuscht denke kann!
Du guckscht so bleech un krank, un doch so voller Freed—
Dei Glick iss gross, ken Wunner, wann mer yauchze daet.
'N Buwli iss es—wer weess was do drin schteckt,
Wann endlich all sei Krefte sin geweckt;
'S kann lewe lang un bees in daere arge Welt;
'S kann schtaerwe frieh un gut, dann waer's yo gut beschtellt.
Die Welt iss schrecklich bees, drum iss mer's bang.
Soll's waerklich lewe gut, dann lebt's net lang.
Wie schloft's so siess, ken Sarye dricke noch sei Haerz—
Un Muter, schlof du aa! Vergess nau all dei Schmaerz!

18. Jenner 1886. ELI KELLER (1825-1919)

Deaths of a Day

PAUL KLEIN

Paul Klein, 69, of 720 Lawrence St., died Friday morning of a heart condition while enroute to the Sacred Heart hospital in the hospital ambulance. He had been ill for the last two weeks.

A native of Austria, he came to this country 50 years ago. He retired four years ago after 25 years service with the American Steel and Wire Co. He was a member of the Russian Orthodox Greek church, Catasauqua. His wife, Catherine, nee Ostak, Klein, died 10 months ago.

He is survived by five children, John Klein, Syracuse, N. Y.; Kathryn, wife of Finn Vanbitto; Michael and Nicholas Klein, and Julia, wife of William Troxell, all of this city. Three grandchildren also surpvive.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 8:15 a. m. from the late home, with further services in the Russian Orthdox Greek church, Catasauqua. Interment in the parish cemetery.

BEULAH SCHAEFFER

Beulah Schaeffer, of 829 Northampton St., Easton, died at 3:45 p. m. Friday at the Easton hospital.

She was born in Watsontown and has lived in Easton for the past 35 years. She is survived by four brothers and one sister.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the Curran funeral home, Easton. Rev. Veit will officiate and burial will be made in Hayes cemetery.

EZRA S. KUNKLE

Ezra S. Kunkle, 639 First Ave., Ave., Bethlehem, died Friday morning at the late home. The husband of Millicent J. Hitchkock Kunkle, he was born in White Haven, the son of Charles S. and Christine Searfass Kunkle, and was a member of Grace Lutheran church.

Besides his wife he is survived by one son, Carl C. Kunkle, U. S. Navy, California; one daughter, Mrs. Millicent Drake, Bethlehem; one brother, Milton Kunkle, Binghamton, N. Y., and one grandson.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. at the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St. Rev. J. Howard Worth will officiate and burial will take place in Nisky Hill.

WILLIAM S. MACK

William S. Mack who retired several years ago after rounding out 48 years as a blacksmith, died suddenly yesterday at his home in Niantic, Montgomery county. He was 79.

Mr. Mack was the husband of the late Katie S., nee Yerger, Mack, and a son of the late Elhannan and Sarah, nee Steiurock, Mack, and was a member of Christ Reformed church in Niantic.

Surviving are one son, Elhannan Mack of Niantic; a brother, John S. Mack of Reading; one grandson and one great grandson.

Revs. W. C. Mantz and Edwin Conrad will officiate at funeral services in Christ church on Wednesday at 2 p. m. Burial will be in the cemetery adjoining the church.

Answers To Questions

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Morning Call Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage.

Q. Where are the oldest cathedrals in the world? L.N.M.

A. The oldest extant cathedral is a Greek chapel in the catacombs of St. Pricilla, which was used by St. Peter when he came to Rome. This is no longer used as a cathedral. The second oldest in St. John Lateran in Rome.

Q. Are soldiers requested to make a will before going overseas? P.A.

A. The War Department says that it is not compulsory that soldiers in the United States Army make a will before going overseas. However, they are advised to do so.

Q. How many persons die in a year from the effects of liquor? M.B.

A. According to the Bureau of the Census, 2,386 persons died of alcoholism in the United States in 1941.

Q. Why are bananas picked green? D.E.

A. When a banana ripens on a tree it loses its aroma, becomes dry and tasteless, and its skin splits, admitting insects. For these reasons bananas are picked green even in the countries in which they grow.

Q. What is the proper way to lift a heavy weight? C.C.

A. According to the Department of Labor, the correct method is to spread the feet, bend the knees and lift with the leg and shoulder muscles.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, February 12, 1919

The purchase of a site adjoining the Twelfth ward school building was voted down at a regular meeting of the school directors.

A victory dance and card party was held in the Odd Fellows Hall under the auspices of the Division of Industries of the Bonney Vise and Tool Works, the first social affair held by the employes of the concern.

Joseph Politski, boarding with Anton Regetz, Egypt, died after an accidental fall down stairs resulted in the fracture of his neck.

Twenty-five of the Lutheran congregations of Allentown and Lehigh county were represented by their pastors and laymen at a meeting in St. Michael's Lutheran church when plans for the reconstruction of the churches in the devastated areas of France and Belgium were discussed. Although their quota was only a half million dollars, the Lutheran church was confident it could raise a million dollars.

The Elks honored their past leaders with a program known as Past Exalted Ruler's night.

The State Senate confirmed the appointment of Frank D. Beary, Allentown, as adjutant general of the National Guard.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

LINCOLN

God sent him to a cabin first to learn
That toil will ever be man's chief concern;
To live with toilers and to share the fears,
The hopes and all the sorrows of the years.
God gave him humble parents, as he gave
His only Son, who came men's souls to save;
Tried him with hazards from his earliest youth;
Filled him with furious longing for the truth;
Made learning difficult. To prove desire,
Left him to read by candle light and fire;
Forced him to walk long miles a book to gain;
Tested his will with weariness and pain.
Tall and ungainly, with no gift of grace,
God set the light of glory in his face;
Gave him that splendor which the spirit wears
And shines through heartaches and outlives its cares.
And when at last went Lincoln to his Lord,
The love of humble folk was his reward.

Words of Wisdom

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken in the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of character. Let parents always bear this in mind. —H. Ballou.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Sid Karolina Barichda

'S dut em net yusht gute fer alsa mohl fon hame kumma, sehna wies har gait in onnerra daller fon da welt, ow'r shod aw nix fer hoera fon bletz woh m'r selwar net bakont is. Da onner dawg wors unser blessier fer 'n brief griega fom alta obnemmer Sam Cope fon Paxville, Sid Karolina, un woh uns dale shaina socha fertzailt hut fon dart drunna, woh er shun fer yohra winders onna gait fisha un yawga. Der Sam is so on da 80 yohr rum alt, ow'r dade net denka os er halver sel wear, da socha noh os er alla weil om driva is.

Tzum bei shpiel, er wor doh fer drei gonsa dawg so fleisich on da arwet wie 'n gluck mit aim yunga, sich sei aiga boat baua fer fisha gae. Bout 'n woch dafor wor er un tzwae onnerra kerls 15 miles fon Paxville noua noch ma laich fisha, un hen 9 grossa bass g'fonga in tzeit fon ra shtun. Die fish hen fon tzwae, bis drei un drei fartel pund 's shtick gawoga, un worra so shaina fish os aenich aryads tzu sehna sin. 'S aintsich'd wor, 's boat hut 'm Sam net recht aw g'shtonna, un ous gamocht fer sich selwar ains baua seina aigna gadonka noh.

'M onnerra Mondawg hut er noh ols huls un onnerra socha grick'd os es nembt fer 'n boat baua, un bis Midwoch middawgs hut er 'n nummer ains 14 feesich boat fix un fartich kot, un kon now fisha gae, grawd wie er will. 'S aintsich'd os 'n so weit den winder gadruv'ld hut, wor die kelt. Socha wie sel maiga kayose louda, ow'r er schreibt uns, 's wear 'm ledshda Sundawg, der 6d Harning 28 degrees gawest in Paxville, die same tzeit os es so in da fartsich rum doh howwa wor. Ow'r der Sam secht, ferol os es kalt wear, un so kalt wedder net oft rum kaimt, weara die blumma shun eiferich om bleea, un die summer fegel om fliega.

Wos mier die Oshter blumma haisa, secht er, weara shun eiferich om bleea, uns same dade ous halta mit onnerra blumma shteck in da hafe. Die omshla weara druppa wciss om ruf tzu shoffa fom warma lond, un hen ebbes galarnt os m'r dafor sei lava net gawist hen. Omshla wie m'r wissa, sin immer om singa un tziggerra ebbes os sie net duhn in Sid Karolina. Gailshpaich un shtora secht er weara aw druppa weiss uf 'm ruf waig, 'n baweiss os es free yohr nagshd wear.

Der Sam secht, socha weara arrick ruich dart drunna in Paxville gaeich dale yohra os er sich erinnarra kon. Die beshd tzeit wor doh etlicha yohr tzurick wie sie ainer g'shossa hen, 'n holdup kot hen, 'n kidnapperrei, un ae neager fersoffa is, odder aw gamard wor un hen 'n noh airsht ins wosser g'shmissa. So weit os der airsht g'shossa aw gonga is, secht der Sam, er wear grawd datzu kumma wie die socha g'shaina gawest weara. Der neager het 'n gross loch in da brusht kot woh sie 'n g'shossa hetta, un het uf 'm buckle galaiga mit da auga gross uf, shier wie won er sei sale om watcha wear noch 'm himmel gae woh ken marder 'm may weiter shawda duh kent. Der neager wear g'shossa werra die weil os er omma fenshter k'huck'd het laisa,—die uhrsoch fer die sheeserrei, er hut sei naus tzu weit in onnerra neager ihra moonshine bisnis g'shteck'd kot, un hen 'n ous 'm waig g'shoft fer 'n ruich halta.

Noh is da sama winder aw ainer g'shossa werra un in der raver g'shmissa werra—ferwos wissa m'r net, ow'r 'n onnerra hut sei fraw ferwish'd bei tzwae onnerra kerl uf ra mashine un hen aw widder "Fireworks" kotta; un hut paar lava gakosh'd. Ainer hut er ow'r yusht gadrusha mit da pishtole, un der kerl wear rum galoffa mit 'm ohr'm in ra shlank bis er gawist het os er naryards ken shawda gelt griega kent, fer ols noch langer sella waig rum lawfa

Den winder wears ow'r ruich, un ol weil der shnops tzu hoch im price wear, un der tzugar tzu rohr fer moonshine mocha. Un won ken moonshine rum wear fer schnitzer parties howwa woh sie nonner uf metzla mit bolvier messerra, gaibts aw ken sheeserrei, uns wear allas ruich un freedlich in Paxville.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'N lot leit hen heit tzu dawg uhrsoch fer shichterrich gucka won der mailmon gait—da Mondawg is Valentine dawg, der dawg woh blenty g'shpass un shpite ous gaeb'd wert.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Horoscope

Although the person who has a birthday today is a good and clear reasoner, you are, at critical times, apt to be impractical. Avoid speculation, at it would be dangerous for you. You are fond of music and art, and have some ability for both. In your social life you prefer the company of the opposite sex and are quite popular. You will have outstanding success in travel, advertising, intellectual and literary pursuits in the next 12 months. Business will make rapid progress. Born today a child will be idealistic, poetical, romantic, possibly a genius. He or she will go far in life and enjoy good fortune

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New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles

Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The paradoxes of conduct begin to twinkle into sight: sugar is good, but there is a time to refrain from taking it tho you can; a lie will easily get you out of a scrape, and yet, strangely and beautifully, rapture possesses you when you have taken the scrape and left out the lie.

—Montague.

AMERICAN SPEEDING TAKING JAPS' BREATH

The American battle fleets in the Pacific area continue in their broad campaign against the Japs, striking within a few weeks all along the arc that reaches from Paramushiru, northeast of the Japanese islands, to the Gilbert and Marshall islands, Truk and New Guinea. Tokio's radio pretty well summed it up when it said that "the war situation has increased with unprecedented, grave seriousness — nay, furiousness."

It is very evident that American forces in the Pacific have determined to give the Japs rest and peace nowhere. Perhaps the latter's greatest worries now concern their atoll fortress, Truk. In fact, according to their radio reports yesterday they are greatly excited about it. Whether wild rumors are coming out of Truk to the homeland by radio or whether the Tokio radio is inventing stories in order to derive information thru denials by the United States, the fact is that the Japs are making some fantastic reports about Truk. Thus they have apparently magnified the score of the attack upon Truk, perhaps to provide groundwork for later stories of big defeats administered to American invaders.

While the American ships' radios are silent in the course of the big battle and even Washington is not being informed as to all the moves which are being made, it does appear that the Americans have accomplished what they set out to do—attack the installations and shipping in Truk, get a lot of men acquainted with the situation there and thus be prepared the better for future attack and probable attempt to seize important holdings if not in fact take the Japs' "Pearl Harbor."

What is surprising and alarming the Japs is learned from their own report. As the Tokio radio put it: "The tempo of the enemy chain of advancing operations, added to its remarkable speed, indicated that the enemy attacking force is exceedingly powerful."

Without any doubt Admiral Nimitz' hope is that the Jap fleet can be coaxed out to sea for a battle to decide supremacy. The Japs sense this challenge and answer it by saying that "the main force of our invincible navy is biding its time until the very end," believing that the American fleet as it advanced would encounter supply difficulties which would give Japan "the golden opportunity to destroy the enemy at one stroke." But Nimitz will not be caught napping.

STAVE OFF COMPULSORY BOND SALES

Higher and higher over the top with each day goes Lehigh County's total of sales for the Fourth War Loan and now is well in excess of ten per cent higher than the quota which had been established for this community.

However not all that had been expected from individual purchasers of bonds was realized. In common with reports from most parts of the country not nearly enough individuals increased their purchases. Thus the great national total and goal was achieved because the large corporate interests far exceeded the quotas which had been set for them.

Now the war is far from over and as it goes along more and more War Loan campaigns will have to be conducted. In all probability the goals sought will be progressively higher in amount. It must be evident to individual purchasers that ultimately they will have to step in and buy more bonds than they ever had expected to do. It can be believed that many corporate interests and public institutions cannot maintain the pace which they have set in earlier loans. Their bond purchases in the four campaigns which have been held might better have been retained in part as a great national backlog against the succeeding campaigns.

Of this individuals can be certain: The next and all other War Loans will have to go over the top. The war must be fought to a finish and to victory. If individual Americans fail to put them over voluntarily, then a way will be found to achieve the same result.

Compulsory bond buying has not yet been found necessary and it is to be hoped it never need be made necessary. But if the situation demands it, if individual Americans make it necessary by holding back when freedom of action still is theirs, then the way will be found to do it and it will be done. Of that we can be very sure.

BRIDES AT HOME MUST GROW UP

Because so many marriages during war time are made in haste and under sudden impulse, sociologists fear that there will be a very serious increase in the number of divorces during the next few years and with them the many social difficulties that grow out of unfortunate wedlock.

War marriages can last however and if they fail, it will be for the same reasons that ordinary peacetime marriages. They will not fail because of the war or because they occurred during a war but because the persons party to them have the ordinary human failings.

A study has been made of the subject in the March issue of True Confessions of which Dr. Lewis M. Terman of Stanford university is quoted as saying the risks of early marriages and brief pre-marital acquaintance, such as the war promotes, have been vastly exaggerated.

Why then, the magazine asks, do so many marriages fail? It is, say the psychologists, primarily because the marriage partners are not "emotionally" grown-up. Physical growth should, but does not always bring emotional maturity—the ability to respond to situations like an adult. A marriage based on emotional immaturity has two strikes against it from the moment the knot is tied.

Our boys who have gone to war will return as men, trained in military discipline, inured to combat. Facing the raw realities of life and death, they will mature with startling suddenness. And the wife who does not grow with them may find that her man has returned a pre-occupied stranger.

The war bride who takes a job because she wants to do her part is most likely to be successful in her marriage, say the experts. A mature person, she sees herself as part of the social unit, does not expect happiness on a silver platter as a Cinderella adjunct to the marriage ceremony.

Furthermore, the psychologists believe that holding the marriage together is principally a wife's job. She must make the major adjustments. And while her man is away, if she will keep growing to meet these adjustments, her marriage will grow, too.

Do Soldiers Want Vote?

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The state of mind of the soldiers and sailors overseas on the subject of presidential elections may or may not change during the coming months but at the moment all the fuss about soldier voting seems not to have stirred up too much interest among the armed forces.

Thus a service man writes to this correspondent:

"There has been some talk here of late on the subject of the forthcoming elections. There are very few of us who have been out here as long as I have who can work up any interest in the thing at all. Figure out how many of us have been out here a year or more and you will know approximately how many people wish to God they'd forget the elections and get on with the war—and consequently how many people would just as soon Roosevelt ran for a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth term, if necessary, just to keep party politics from daring to raise its head in the middle of this struggle. We want the war to be over. We don't care particularly who is President while that happens, but we do feel that a change means lost motion.

Few Overseas Votes Will Be Cast

"An election platform can banter about post-war plans and it does little to further the war, which seems to be far from won. I very much doubt if there will be many votes cast from this side of the world without considerable electioneering—and electioneering will repulse most of us. Result: Most of us won't vote at all—and the rest will vote for Roosevelt.

"Another item: Don't for the love of God let them clutter up the mails with political pamphleteering. That will be disastrous to any party trying it because it will be slowing up our mail from home.

"I think I am average in my attention to the daily press. It was six months before it dawned on me that Dewey had been elected Governor of New York. Go ahead and write about all the vital home-front issues, but millions of men overseas want to hear more and more noise on the subject of getting the war won, and are singularly disinterested in what the comfortably-settled big talker is going to do after we have finished winning this war for him.

Soldiers Out of Touch With Home Affairs

The foregoing is interesting from more viewpoints than one, and especially because it reminds us that many service men have not been seeing the daily papers for the last year and one-half or even for several months. It's easy to get out of touch with the United States when stationed far away, and while reading matter is sent regularly by relatives and friends, it still isn't possible for those in fighting areas to spend much time reading back issues.

The service men have their minds absorbed on the war. They are preoccupied with one thing—getting it over. Anything that can contribute to the early end of the war interests them intensely. Politics no doubt has not been of much concern to the soldiers and sailors between the ages of 18 and 25 who constitute a large segment of our overseas forces. Some of these young men have been interested in public matters, but the vast majority probably have not been.

An important aspect of this situation is that the young men do not have the deep feeling one way or the other about the New Deal or Roosevelt or anyone else in public life. Their parents may write them and tell them all about it, but the youth still will not become interested unless somehow the election appears to have some bearing on the length of the war.

Many Awkward Problems

Neither the War nor Navy Departments relish the idea of handling the ballots, and there are plenty of awkward problems in connection with letting information go to the troops which could affect their voting. If the figures which have been announced as to the total number overseas by November, namely about 7,000,000 should materialize it is doubtful whether the soldier vote will divide as it normally would. Many will not vote at all, even if Congress gives them the opportunity by a new law.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

BRITISH COMMENT ON AMERICAN ELECTIONS

I disagree with my Republican friends, including Governor Bricker, about British newspapers minding their own business concerning American elections. It is the business of a newspaper to report and comment on everything that comes within its scope. When Pravda recently denounced Americans for their views on Russian policy, there was no particular resentment in this country although Soviet Russia did manage to have a Polish newspaper in London closed down. The distinction must be made that whereas every newspaper in Russia is government-owned, the press in Britain is free and editors express their own private views.

I am convinced that an American election is as much the business of a British newspaper as a British election is the business of an American newspaper. If an appreciable section of the British prefer Roosevelt to Dewey or Willkie to Bricker, they should and undoubtedly will say so, just as I should write freely on the dangers of Harold Laski succeeding Winston Churchill.

* * * *

The British, however, have to recognize in their own interest that they often say things quite all right for England but very badly for America. In that respect many Britishers have unwittingly done Dr. Goebbel's work in this country. The dowager, for instance, who says at a dinner party, "We must have Roosevelt," does a very bad job for England even if what she says is true. If instead she had said, "You must have Roosevelt," it would have been different—the difference between "you" and "we," between mine and thine.

* * * *

Many Republicans are normally friendly to Great Britain with an understanding wink of the right eye. In the past they have not been as antagonistic to Britain's policy in India, Ireland, Persia, China and the empire generally as the Democrats and the so-called liberals who only too often regarded the British as the devils of history. But the British, particularly when Lord Lothian was ambassador, adopted an attitude of antagonism toward Republicans. All Republicans know of Lord Lothian's intervention in the Taft-Willkie situation in 1940 and resent it. Lord Lothian had a right to express a preference but it was stupid to do it.

Even more awkward, from a British standpoint, has been the alliance between British groups in this country and Freedom House and its numerous related organizations which have paradoxically supported both Roosevelt and Willkie.

* * * *

I should hate for the day to come when Americans will be so sensitive that they will be resentful of intelligent or even unintelligent criticism of themselves and their conduct and their affairs by foreign newspapers. Such criticism often has great value and I need only cite the fact that the most significant book on our early institutions and perhaps the most influential was written by a Frenchman, Montesquieu, and that the supreme study of our political life was written by an Englishman, Lord Bryce. I am certain that Republicans enjoyed Pravda's spanking of Willkie and I cannot believe that their skins have become so thin that they cannot take a lacing from Anthony Eden's paper. Furthermore, I should hate to believe that after all the horrible things that American columnists have said about England and Russia, we are unwilling to have newspapers in those countries say equally horrible things about us.

* * * *

But the question does arise: Can England at this stage afford to intervene in the 1944 election directly, or indirectly, by speech or implication? That is something that I cannot decide for the British and their press being free—in some respects even freer than ours—the British government cannot decide that question. It is one for each British editor to decide for himself.

I can only say this in the way of what might be called constructive advice: After what has happened since Teheran, the British need lots of friends in the United States, particularly friends in a party that is likely to control the next Congress. They will make no new enemies by speaking freely from a strictly British standpoint; they will lose friends by electioneering. This is not a matter of right; it is a matter of judgment.



AN OLD LETTER

(No doubt our early ancestors after arriving in Pennsylvania wrote letters describing the trials and perils of the long sea voyage to those of their kin who remained behind in Switzerland, in the Palatinate and in the valley of the Rhine. Unfortunately but few such letters have been preserved.

Johannes Naas was a prominent elder and preacher in the earliest days of the German Baptist Brethren (Dunkards) in Germany. Alexander Mack, organizer of this sect, had come to Pennsylvania in 1729 and now urged Naas to join him in the new world. Johannes Naas with wife and daughter sailed on the Brigantine "Pennsylvania Merchant" and landed in Philadelphia in September, 1733. Shortly after his arrival he wrote a letter to his son then living in Switzerland. We offer it to our readers in English translation and considerably curtailed.—ED.)

Germantown, October 17, 1733.

Heartily Beloved Son, Jacob Wilhelm Naas,

I greet thee and thy dear wife Margareta, together with her dear children, very heartily. . . . The eternal and almighty God give you all much light of grace and faith so that you may not only choose the good in time of grace, but may you also win the true and active faith, in true sanctification and childlike obedience in Christ Jesus. Would that the great God through Jesus Christ might work this within us and in all who love His appearance. Amen, yes; Amen. . . .

The 24th of June we went from Rotterdam to within half an hour's distance from Dort, where we lay still, the wind being contrary. On July 3rd we started and the ship was drawn by men several times on the river Maas, as far as the neighborhood of Helvoetsluys. There the wind became favorable so that we sailed into the sea on July 5th, near Helvoetsluys. Then the seasickness began among the people, that is, dizziness and vomiting. The greatest number after having vomited could begin to eat again.

On the 13th of July, early in the morning, we arrived in the port of Plymouth, which port lies in the midst of rocks. We had to lie in the middle of the harbor until the ship was released by the customs officers and provisioned.

On July 21st we sailed into the big ocean and on our left we lost the land, France and Spain. The 24th we also lost it on our right, namely England. The 25th a little child died. It came upon the ship very sick; the next day about 8 o'clock it was buried in the sea. When the body fell from the plank into the water I saw with great astonishment that a large number of fish appeared and darted quickly away in front of the ship, as if they wished to flee from the corpse.

For ten days we had steadily a good breeze, so that we sailed a long way on the big ocean.

The 28th of July, before daylight, a French man-of-war by the name of Elizabeth, came near us. This Captain examined our Captain in French. After having made themselves known to each other, they wished one another a happy trip and each went on his course.

After this day we had very changeable weather so that in three week we made only sixty hours (about 180 miles), which in very good wind we could have done in one day. . . .

The 7th August during the night again a little child died and in the same hour a little boy was born, and the dead child buried at sea on the 8th. . . .

On the 13th again a little boy was born. The 17th we had another storm, which was much stronger than the first for six or eight hours and blew the sea very high up. It lasted for one and one-half days and one and one-half nights, but towards the end was not so strong. Sails, rudder, holes, everything was hurriedly fastened up and left to wind and sea. After that it grew so calm that we did not get much from the spot during several days. During this time the people got well again from dizziness and vomiting. Then we got again strong wind from the side by which we made good headway.

On the 23rd of August again a child died and was buried at sea that evening.

The 26th, about 5 o'clock P. M. we passed by a mast standing fast, the point of which showed a half yard above the water, quite immovable and with ends of rope still on it. By good fortune our ship passed it at about a rod's distance. The Captain had just been drinking tea. Many people were very much frightened by this sight, because it was impossible for this mast to be standing on the bottom and yet it was immovable. . . . .

The 7th of September another big fish, a shark, was caught by the crew. The crew took a hook, which was very large and strong and of about a finger's thickness; to this they fasten one and one-half pounds of bacon. When they saw the fish near the ship's side they threw the hook with the bacon to him, which he swallowed at once and since the fish was very thick and five feet long and of great strength in his tail, as well in as out of the water, they drew him into the ship with a very hard pull, and drove back all the people, so that it should not hurt anybody, as he struck the deck so powerfully with his tail that if he should have hit any one against the legs, those would certainly have been struck in two. But after the ship's carpenter had cut off the tail with his axe after ten strokes, his strength was all gone. His mouth was so big that he might have swallowed a child of two years. The flesh the Captain ordered to be distributed to the delighted people.

On the 11th again a little child died, without anybody having noticed it until it was nearly stiff, and the 12th it was buried at sea.

The 13th a young woman, who had always been in poor health, died in childbirth and was buried at sea on the 14th, with three children, two of them before and now the third just born, so that the husband has no one left now.

On the 16th in the morning about four o'clock a woman fifty years of age died; she had not been well during the entire trip and always repented having left her native place. She was buried at sea that same day.

And since the trip owing to the many changes of wind had lasted somewhat long and the greater number of the people had all consumed their provisions, having expected only a journey of six weeks from land to land, they had gone on eating and drinking hard, from morning until late at night. Then at last they found it a great hardship to live on the ship's fare alone; thus the greater number so entirely lost courage that they never expected to get on land again. . . . .

On September 18th a ship from Rhode Island came up to us. It had a cargo of sheep and other things, and was sailing to the West Indies. Our Captain had a boat lowered into the water and rowed with four seamen to their ship. When they had drunk the welcome together, he returned and brought with him half a bag of apples, a goose, a duck, and two chickens and distributed the beautiful apples at once among the people. That caused great rejoicing to get such beautiful American apples on the high sea, and those which were still left over he threw among the people to grapple for them. . . .

On the 20th again a young married woman died and was buried at sea the same night. . . . Thereupon we had a very heavy fall of rain that some people caught half kegs of water, only from the sails, and from the Captain's cabin. This was followed by a powerful windstorm from the northwest. The sea rose up so high, that when one looked into it, it was just as if one were sailing among high mountains all covered with snow; and one mountain-wave rose over the other and over the ship so that the Captain and the First Mate and the Cook were struck by a wave that they kept not a dry thread on them; and so much water poured into the ship that many people's beds, which were near to the holes were quite filled with water. . . . . Not a human being remained on deck, but one sailor who was tied fast in order to watch by the rudder; all the rest, the Captain, the mates, the seamen crawled into their beds in their wet clothes, and the ship lay sideways to the wind always on its side so that it drew water all the time, which however, poured out again. At midnight the waves struck so hard against the portholes aft, that two boards sprang away from the windows where some of the people lay in sleep and slumber, and the water rushed through the window, as big as it was, and straight into the beds, which caused a great terror to those who lay near the window. The water took away a board together with the rope; we all sprang up because the friends who lay near the window had not tied the board fast enough and the misfortune might have become a very great one. . . . . The ship's carpenter the next morning made a new window board. The storm also abated a little and thus the anxiety of the people grew a little less and towards two o'clock in the afternoon it cleared, the wind ceased and the portholes in the ship were opened, and it was beautifully calm weather. Then the Captain quickly ordered a kettle of rice to be boiled, in order that the people might get something warm to eat that day and night for their supper.

The 22nd at noon the ship lay as still as a house, then the people dried their clothes again. A good breeze sprang up at dinner time and blew all night, so still and so steady that one did not know in the ship that it was moving and yet made two miles and a half in one hour. At midnight the first soundings were made, 150 rods deep, and no bottom found.

The 23rd at nine o'clock another sounding was made and at 55 rods ground was struck and at eleven o'clock at 35 rods; shortly after, 20 rods; and yet we did not see any land, but were nearing the river (the Delaware). Then the people became very joyful on account of the good breeze and the ground being found. But the Captain did not trust himself to reach the river by daylight; since one could not see any land even, and at four o'clock in good wind he reefed the sails, and had the rudder tied fast, because there are many sandbanks in front and inside of the river.

Early in the morning all sails were set again and we headed for the river although the breeze was not very favorable and there was a heavy fog. . . . . At twelve o'clock we saw the land with great rejoicing. Towards half past four we neared the river, for one is still six hours away from it when one gets in sight of it. Meanwhile I and the Captain caught sight of three boats sailing toward us; then the Captain cried, "These are the pilots or steersmen." One could hardly see them among the waves. Then he had all the sails set and was very glad that the pilots came to meet him. The first one who came he did not accept, but when the second came, whom he knew, he took him into the ship at once, intending to sail into the river that same night, however, when we were on both sides against the land just in front of the river, suddenly from the southwest a storm broke loose such as we had never yet had. Then all had to help reef the sail, and the anchor was thrown out for the first time. . . . . So we lay at anchor all night and the storm soon ceased.

The 25th, early in the morning, we weighed anchor, set sail, and tacked into the river. We saw there on both sides with so much joy, as can easily be imagined, the land and the beautiful trees near the shore just as if they had been planted there.

On the 26th the before mentioned last born baby died and was buried in the river. That same day during the night we sailed into the narrows of the river, which is indeed very delightful to see, as wide as the Rhine where it is the widest, and on both banks are the most beautiful woods and groves and here and there houses stand on the banks which have fish nets hanging to dry in front of them.

The following day, the 27th, we passed New Castle with little breeze and in a very dense fog. This town lies forty miles distant from Philadelphia. Since we had very little wind we had to sail mostly with the tide or with the current of the water, therefore we sailed during the 28th, and on the afternoon of the 29th we arrived safely in Philadelphia.

We were met by brethren and sisters in small boats who brought us fine bread, apples, peaches and other refreshments of the body, for which we gave thanks to the Highest publicly on the ship near the city, with singing and ringing shouts of delight. With many tears we praised and glorified the Lord for having preserved us in His Father's hand, and having carried us as on the wings of the eagle so that we all could meet again in love on this side of Eternity. See, dear children, brethren and friends, this is in short the description of our journey across the very big sea.

* * * * *

Now that we have safely arrived in this land and have been met by our own people in great love and friendship all the rest has been forgotten in a moment (so to speak), for the sake of the great joy that we had in one another. This hardship has lasted about nineteen weeks; then it was over, wherefore be all the glory to the Highest: Amen, yea; Amen!

For it does not rue us to have come here, and I wish with all my heart that you and your children could be with us; however, it cannot be and I must not urge you as the journey is so troublesome for people who are not able to patiently submit to everything, but often in the best there are restless minds, but if I could with the good will of God do for you children all, I assure you that I would not hesitate to take the trip once more upon me for your sake; not because one gets one's living in this land in idleness! Oh! no; this country requires diligent people, in whatever trade they may be—but then they can make a good living. There are, however, many people here, who are not particularly successful; it would seem that if some people were in paradise it would go badly with them. Some are to be blamed for it themselves; for when they come to this country and see the beautiful plantations; the number of fine cattle; and abundance in everything; and, knowing that they have only just come here, then they want to have it like that at once and will not listen to any advice but take large tracts of land with debts, borrow cattle and so forth. These must toil miserably until they get independent. Well, what shall I say, so it is in the world where always one is better off than the other. If a person wants to be contented here with food and shelter, he can under the blessing of God and with diligent hands get plenty of it. Our people are all well off; but some have more abundance than others, yet nobody is in want. What I heard concerning the people who do not have the money for the passage, surprised me greatly, how it goes with the young, strong people . . . also old people who have grown children and who understand nothing but farm-labour, there the child takes two "freights" (meaning ship fares) upon itself, its own and that of the father or of the mother for four years (referring to the system of indentured service) and during that time it has all the clothing that is needed and in the end an entirely new outfit from head to foot, a horse or a cow with the calf. Small children often pay one freight and a half until they are 21 years old. The people are obliged to have them taught writing and reading and in the end to give them new clothes and present them with a horse or a cow.

There are few houses to be found in city or country where the people are as well off, that do not have one or two such children in them. The matter is made legal at the city hall with great earnestness. There parents and children often will be separated 10 to 20 hours (in distance) and for many young people it is very good that they cannot pay their own freight. These will sooner be provided for than those who have paid theirs and they can have their bread with others and soon learn the ways of the country.

I will make an end of this and wish patience to whomsoever reads this. God be with you all. Amen.

JOHANNES NAAS.

From Martin Grove Brumbaugh's "History of The German Baptist Brethren in Europe and America." (Mount Morris, Ill., 1899), where the above letter is published in its entirety.

DER UNGLAAWE

Kann's Kind weit geh vum Weg eweck,
Uff dem es kumme iss dart hie?
Was 'd saescht, des aerndscht far's Gut un Bees,
Des halt doch aus bei Mensch un Vieh!

Die rechte Lehr ins Haerz geblanst,
Wann's Haerz emfenglich iss un zaart,
Wie'n Feis schteht's fescht far alle Zeit,
Ken Zweifelsluscht verfiehrt es dart.

Iss nichs im Haerz, as Weltausblick,
Wie leicht nemmt's ei die Zauberlehr!
Die schtimmt graad ei mit Schlauerei,
Un Menschewitz schteht dann in Ehr!

Wer alles glaabt, as ihm g'saat waerd,
Dem fehlt's am Sinn un aa Verschtand;
Wer meent, die Welt die breicht ken Gott,
Der weess net viel vum Welteschtand.

Nemmscht aus der Schrift, was 'd net verschtehscht,
Un dunkel iss zum Mensche Sinn,
Dann reisscht graad raus es Haerz devun
Un endlich findscht, 's iss nichs meh drin.

Ken Frevel schteert die Mutterlehr,
Setz die mol recht ins Haerz dernei;
Wie weit vun heem der Schtols sie dreibt,
In dunkler Zeit schteht sie do glei!

Hack weck der Schtee, wu druff du schtehscht,
Was hoscht du dann? Ken Fusshalt meh!
Iss mol ken Gott un ken Gericht,
Wie meenscht dann, wie's am End waerd geh?

Mach mol die Biwel gaar zu Schpott,
Saag "des un sell geheert net hie",
Glei hoscht ken Biwel un ken Gott,
Dann schtehscht yo gleich em dummschte Vieh.

Die Geischterwelt leid weit vun do,
Doch aa im Haerz, wer's sehne kann;
'S iss net zum Aag un Menschesinn,
As Gott uffdeckt der ewich Plaan.

Wer glaawe hot, allee hot's Glick
Bei Gott zu schteh, un mit ihm geh
Zu sehne, was die Seel erwaart,
Un macht aa 's Lewe do schunn schee.

O Mensch, dei Zweifel batt dich nichs!
Die falsche Lehr bringt dir ken Ruh!
Mit all deim Schtols bischt graad wie'n Heid—
Du gehscht deim Dod yo graad druff zu!

Bischt recht im Sinn, dann weescht des aa!
Du meenscht verleicht, kennscht bloffe heit—
Kennscht bloffe Gott un duh wie'd wottscht!
Du findscht noch aus, dass 's dich noch reit!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. CLYDE ERVIN HORN

Mrs. Amy Alvena, nee Schrope, Horn, wife of Clyde Evin Horn of 1625 Allen St., who was admitted on Wednesday to the Sacred Heart hospital for medical treatment, died in that institution at 5:25 a. m. Friday. Mrs. Horn, who was in her 50th year, had been in poor health for some time, and was stricken seriously ill two days ago.

A native of Valley View, she was born May 19, 1896, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Schrope who reside at 526 N. 15th St. Mrs. Horn was an active member of the Grace Evangelical Congregational church, a member of the women's missionary society of that church, and also of the Willing Workers, local division No. 956. She has resided in Allentown since 1906.

Mrs. Horn was the mother of the Horn sisters, vocalists and marimba players who have played in numerous churches of this city.

Besides her husband and parents, Mrs. Horn is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Charles Reinhard, Althea and Dorothy Horn, all at home; three sisters, Edith Schrope, Verna, wife of Irwin Gernert, both of Allentown, and Beulah, wife of Reuben Walmer, Lebanon; three brothers, Guy and Walter Schrope, both of Allentown, and Irvin Schrope, Valley View. Mrs. Reinhard's husband is serving with the Seabees, and is stationed in the South Pacific.

MRS. THOMAS R. MATTHEWS

Mrs. Thomas R. Matthews of Quakake died yesterday morning in the Geisinger Memorial hospital, Danville. She was the former Ethel Faust, Mahanoy City, and was a member of St. Paul's Reformed church, Mahanoy City.

Surviving are her husband, her mother, two sisters, Thelma, Mahanoy City, and Mrs. Roy Yost, Tuscarora, and two brothers, Gerald, Reading, and Leon, Pennsgrove, N. J.

ARTHUR K. KRAUSS

Arthur K. Krauss, 44, of 307 4th St., East Greenville, died Friday at the Allentown hospital.

Born in East Greenville, he was the son of William H. and the late Catharine, nee Koch, Krauss. He was a member of the New Goshenhoppen Reformed church, East Greenville.

Besides his father he is survived by one brother, Clarence K. Krauss, and one sister, Marguerite Krauss, both of East Greenville.

All services will be held from the late home on Monday at 1:30 p. m. Rev. C. M. DeLong will officiate. Interment in Christ Union cemetery, Niantic.

MRS. MAMIE L. LOCKWOOD

Mrs. Mamie L. Lockwood, 63, of 521 Liberty St., died Thursday at 11:25 p. m. at her home a short time after she was taken suddenly sick and collapsed at 6th and Liberty Sts.

Mrs. Lockwood was on her way home from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Gruver, 720 N. 7th St., when she collapsed. Residents of the neighborhood called police, and they, at her direction, took her to her home.

Born in Allentown, the daughter of the late Revere and Emma, nee Nagle, Woodring, she was a member of Emmanuel Evangelical church, and the Missionary and Ladies' Aid society of the church.

Her husband, Harvey A. Lockwood, died nine years ago.

She is survived by three sons, Revere and Charles Lockwood, both of this city; Corporal Harvey Lockwood, U. S. Army, England; a daughter, Mrs. Charles Gruver, Allentown; two grandchildren, and one sister, Mrs. Edwin Unangst, Allentown.

Rev. E. E. Stauffer Jr. will officiate at services to be held Monday at 2 p. m. at the Bachman funeral home, 1030 Walnut St. Interment in Greenwood cemetery.

ARTHUR KRAUSE

Arthur Krause, 43, of 307 4th St., East Greenville, died at 3.50 a. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital. He was admitted for treatment on Jan. 31.

MRS. JOSEPH KURTZ

Funeral services for Mrs. Anna, nee Stiermeyer, Kurtz, wife of Joseph Kurtz of 475 E. 9th St., Northampton, who died at 7:25 p. m. Thursday in the Sacred Heart hospital, will be held on Monday at 9:30 a. m. from the late home with requiem mass to follow at 10 a. m. in Our Lady of Hungary church, Northampton. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery. Rev. Paul Repchik will officiate.

Mrs. Kurtz, who was in her 43rd year, was admitted to the hospital for treatment on Nov. 25.

A native of Austria, she came to America in 1912 and resided in Northampton until her late illness. She was last employed as a weaver at the Jacquard Silk Co., Catasauqua, and was a member of the International Workers organization, Northampton branch. Mrs. Kurtz was also a member of Our Lady of Hungary church.

Besides her husband, she is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Joseph Weglarz, Northampton, and a son, Joseph Jr., New York City. A grandchild also survives.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Blenty Socha Kot

Die alt sawg is, fiel leit hetta nix well sie sich nix kaufa dada. Wel, so fiel is shure, os der Jake Schofer fon Topton sich mohl blenty on da heck k'halta hut fer 'n lot bauerra garaid shoft tzomma sommla, won allas sei wor os da onner dawg ferkauft is werra on seinra fendu. 'M shtock noh het m'r waricklich denka kenna sei fodder un gross fodder fer ihm hetta aw shun gabauert, un er het now rums un shtumps ous ferkauft. Fon hiltzna shtrow govla un huls shlitta aw nuf tzu shpotzier weggelcher, un aenich ebbes un allas shunshd os es nembt fer 'n iwwer hunnert ocker bauerrei shoffa, sin noch wenich socha os net darta worra tzu ferkaufa. Dale hut iwwer rous gute k'hol'd, un dale aw net, wie ewwa der fol is on ra fendu woh alla hond bauerra garaid shoft ferkauft wert. Un noh tzu denka os er yusht fer tzwae yohr om bauerra wor.

Der Victor Goodhart fon Shtanniersville wor der groyer, un wolla wetta seinra shtim noh, os er 'n guter Kourt greisher mocht drous im Reading kourt hous. Der Victor kumt fon drunna nagshd woh die shtadt Reading ihr'm gadierra kerrich hofe on Shtainersville. Darta werra alla hond gadierra bagrawwa fon kanary fegel, hund, kotza un monkeys aw nuf tzu wos leit howwa maiga in pets un net wissa wos tzu duh mit won sie dote gain. Sel uf kours hut nix tzu duh mit 'm Victor, un aw nix tzu duh mit 'm Jake Schofer ferol os er un sei boo der John aw doda ous laiger sin. Sie bodderra net mit gadierra, 's same wie der Victor aw net bodder'd mit 'm gadierra kerrich hofe.

Ow'r doh shwetza fom John Schofer gamohnt uns yusht draw, os er net long tzurick so'n aryle tzeit kot hut drunna beim Warren High om wertshous. Ol wissa wies da lokus gait won sie ous 'm grund shluppa—die bickle shpringa na uf, un sie groddla ous da shawla. Wel, sel is grawd wos der John gaduh hut mit seim hem os er aw kot hut. Aina waig odder da onner is es hem 'm aw uf g'shprunga der buckle nunner, uns nagshd os wor, hen ol os darta worra reema kot fom John seim hem. Ebber is noh noch gonga un hut 'n suss, odder ewwa 'm John sei aller liebshtie buddle mauga droasht ferglaid in shticker fon seim hem. Die barichda sin, er wear bong gawest er graich'd kalt won er so hame gang'd, un is niver tzum Davy Schmidt on der Shlisselshtae shtore un hut sich 'n nei hem kauft. Ow'r so weit os m'r wissa, wase sei fraw die Minnie net mohl evens os er 'n nei hem hut, un besser sawga don aw nix may weiter so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns.

'S hut uns ols gakitz'ld on da fendu, wie willins os der Stanley Stoudt fon Lyons, un der Mr. Ralph "Reifie" Reifinger fon Topton worra, fer 'm John helfa die fendu tzettle nei ins hous nemma won sie fol worra. Der John hut gaduh 's wear fer die shaina weibsleit sehna os drin im hous weara un onnerra hen gamaint 's wear ferleicht aryads 'n buddle hooshda druppa fershteck'ld. 'S hut g'sheind sie hetta alla bait abissel kalt kot, un wear ferleicht aw gute gawest won der Jake un der John 'n huckshter shtand on da fendu kotta hetta wie paar weibsleit gamaint hen os sie hetta.

Der Mr. Ralph "Reifie" Reifinger hut dawgs dafor 'm John 75 eishters mit gabrocht fon da shtadt, un sie owets ob galawda uf 'm hame waig. Er hut paar weibsleit os als mit 'm uf un ob fohra noch da arwet, un woh nadierlich wissa hen wolla wos er nei tzu nemma het ons Schofers wie er darta g'shtopt hut. Wie der Reifinger g'sawt hut er het 75 eishters, hut aenie gamaint, "Ei duh welt, so'n grossie fendu om kumma un yusht 75 eishters, doh gaits ow'r shure shporesome har in da sup." Der Jake un der John hen ow'r ken tzeit kot fer aw noch 'n huckshter shtand runna, sie worra so bisy ganunk fer sehna os allas ferkauft is werra os sie tzu ferkaufa hen kot—un woh blenty wor.

Hen Hawsa Fliegel?

Yar hen hawsa fliegel? Won sie hen, hut der Lawson Gambler fon da Topton fire kumpany da onner owet die wohret g'shwetzt omma fress in Reading, un won sie net hen, hut er ainer os ken Pennsylfawnish Deitsch fershtonna hut gahairich baloga. 'S wor denna waig. Der Lawson, der Charlie Herman, un der "Boomby" Fisher worra dart nous ebbes fon ma fress ei nemma, un woh niemond recht wissa hut wolla wos es tzu essa gaibt. 'S airsht hen sie sella ob gawort uf da onnerra side fom dish woh der Lawson k'huck'd hut, un sis mohl rote k'halta werra wos fer flaish os sie graichda. Der Lawson so iwwer der dish niver, hut noh g'sawt 's wear hawsa flaish, un, woh 'n Englisher navich 'm net recht fershtae hut kenna. Endlich hut er 'm kerl noh ous galaigd in seim beshda Englisha hawsa flaish dade "Rabbit meat" maina in English, un allas wor ol recht bis selar kerl kartz danoh sei daller grick'd hut. Der kerl hut die socha mohl awenich badrocht, un noh wie er g'sehna hut os er 'n fliegel fon ebbes druf hut, der Lawson so droashdmeedich g'frok'd," Say brother, since when do rabbits have wings?"

Die barichda sin, der Lawson wear shire tzu arrick gabodder'd gawest fer 'n g'sheidie ontwert gewwa. Iwwel odder wohl is nocha mohl rote

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
—Talfourd.

A SHANGRI-LA IN FACT, NOT FICTION

Launching of an aircraft carrier to be known as the Shangri-La at the Norfolk Navy yard on Wednesday recalls some interesting history of this war and suggests some important early happenings that are likely to be associated with or be caused by the capacity of this new craft.

Very appropriately the honor of naming the ship was given to Mrs. James Doolittle, wife of the celebrated flyer who gave the Japs the jitters back in 1942 by flying over Tokio. Doolittle and his aviators took off from a carrier now known to have been the Hornet and after attacking Tokio sought as best they could to attain safety in China. Many of the flyers fell into Jap hands. Some (perhaps all who were captured) are believed to have been executed in the frenzy which seized the Japs after the totally unexpected and, to their way of thinking, the impossible bombing of Tokio. In great excitement they sought to learn how the American flyers had penetrated their vast ring of defenses and for a day or so they appear to have been completely deceived by President Roosevelt's facetious answer to the question of American newspapermen. In that answer the President said Doolittle's men and planes came from Shangri-La.

In the United States and Great Britain this was at once understood as a good joke and a clever evasion but the Japs for a time appear to have been completely deceived, which was not the President's intention.

Not for many months was any information released that was more definite than the Shangri-La story. For months the Japs were kept guessing as to the points from which attack could be made against their country. In fact the hysteria which was developed and the demand for the defense of the home land is believed to have served a splendid purpose for the United Nations at that particular critical stage of the war by prompting the Japs to pull squadrons of cruisers, destroyers, submarines and planes away from widely scattered points for the defense of the home land.

In very short time the Japs will have a real Shangri-La to pester them for there is little doubt that the big carrier will be sent into the Pacific where the field for carriers is so big and so important. In fact counterparts of the Shangri-La already are giving the Japs plenty to think about as they sit back on their rocky islands. During this week, planes from carriers attacked the Mariana islands, which are almost 4000 miles west of Pearl Harbor, only 100 from Guam and about 1,200 from Tokio itself. Last week, carrier-based planes almost cleaned out the harbor of Truk as to its fighting and merchant ships.

If the Japs were excited by the Doolittle raid when our carriers had to travel all the way from Pearl Harbor, a distance of more than five thousand miles, what must their emotions be if they realize that our carriers now can anchor in Kwajalein atoll, a distance of 1,700 miles from Tokio, or one-third the distance that Doolittle and his men had to travel?

TRAINS RUN AND WALKING IS GOOD

There will be little sympathy for the northern tourists who are reported to be stranded in Florida resorts because Florida ration boards have been instructed not to issue gas coupons for those who wish to drive home.

The fact is recognized that there must be many tourists now in Florida who got there by using precious gasoline that was secured thru the carelessness or "disregard of regulations" by gasoline boards in the Northern and Eastern states. Some scandalous cases have been brought to public attention. More have remained unknown. But the fact that the tourists who were able to get to Florida does not constitute a good reason for enabling them to get back. If they got there by connivance with or by deceiving ration boards or thru black market gasoline then to be "stuck" in Florida can be looked upon as the operations of blind Justice. They cannot look for sympathy and expect to get it.

There may be cases of invalids who should be enabled to make their way home but it is difficult to believe that all the thousands of tourists who flooded the Florida race-tracks during the past season and drove their cars to the tracks were so seriously ill when they left for Florida during the winter that they just had to get out of the northern winter climate.

One city alone reports 27,000 tourists who will be stranded there, if they cannot get requisitions for gas to make the trip home, or will have to go home by train. It would indeed be interesting to know how many of these 27,000 had a bona-fide reason for making the trip by motor in the first place.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION IN ARGENTINA

By another turn of the kaleidoscope that is politics in Argentina, that so-called republic today has a new set of rulers, namely a clique of generals who at pistol-point forced President Ramirez to resign after having held office only a few months.

In similar fashion Ramirez attained the post of president last June and it will be no surprise if some other clique in a few weeks or months ousts the present gang headed by General Edelmiro Farrell.

For the United States there is concern about any of these changes because there is good reason to believe that our enemies, the Nazis of Germany, have their fingers in just about everything that happens in Argentina. It is the last resort of the Nazi spy system and it can be expected that the Germans will exert every endeavor to hold on to the little spot of American earth that is left for their illegal operations.

So our Department of State is watching everything that transpires in Argentina with particular interest. It is a danger spot and the newest revolution appears to have made it more threatening to United Nations' interest than it had been even before the Ramirez revolution.

End Rubber Stampism?

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25—Has there been a return to constitutional government and is the "rubber stamp" process of jamming legislation through Congress at an end?

This is the question that overshadows all else just now as the Congress reveals to the country that it differs with the President on a fundamental piece of legislation, namely taxation. For while the President made a mistake in the tone and approach he used in his veto message, the fact remains that the American people are hardly aware of the clumsy and inadequate machinery that exists both to raise revenue and collect taxes.

The truth is the Bureau of Internal Revenue and the Treasury face a crisis which is only beginning to be understood. The legislators know in what a mess the whole tax problem happens to be but the people haven't yet made their protests felt with respect to the annoyances that lie ahead. Literally tens of thousands of tax cases are jammed up in the Treasury which will not be settled for years. Individual taxpayers who expected quick refunds on overpayment will not get them. The staff doesn't exist and the red tape is overwhelming. If the President would stop making a political football of the Bureau of Internal Revenue and would give the time and attention which that bureau needs in order that it may have an ample staff, some progress would be made.

Tax Bureau Should Be Free of Politics

Actually what ought to be done is to separate the Bureau of Internal Revenue from all politics just as Congress set up the general accounting office as an independent unit. The head of the Bureau of Internal Revenue ought to hold office for 15 years, just as does the comptroller general. The staff should be recruited from the best brains of the country and the rules and regulations should be rewritten so that the auditors can effect settlements without forcing taxpayers to go through the most costly processes of litigation to get refunds that are merited by simple justice.

The amount of buck-passing and supineness which exists among the personnel, because they have been brow-beaten by technicalities so long that they are unable to adjust returns without months and months of prolonged correspondence, is amazing. It is a matter of considerable surprise that Congress has not gone into that phase of the problem but perhaps the demand that is arising for "simplification" of tax returns may also include simplification of regulations and methods of administration.

The personnel of the bureau is beyond reproach and is overworked and neglected. It needs a new leadership and one that is not in any way beholden to politics. The system of appointing collectors of internal revenue from the political world is wrong, not because these men yield to pressure but because they do not intend to make the internal revenue service a career. The Nation is entitled to permanent administrators—not a personnel looking for political rewards or one that uses positions in the bureau merely as stepping-stones to other opportunities in the business or professional world.

Teamwork Needed in Tax Policies

The issues raised by the Presidential veto of the tax bill can easily be swallowed up in political implications, especially since opponents of the administration will not be slow to charge that the revolt should mean the elimination of a fourth-term candidacy. The main issue, however, is that Congress must formulate tax policy and that the Treasury and the legislators should work together as teammates rather than face each other as antagonists.

Senator Barkley says in accepting re-election as majority leader that he hopes the incident will result in closer relations between Congress and the President. That result will come only if the President wishes to throw overboard his brain-trusters and radicals and pay some attention to the elected legislators. The suggestion that there be a big technical staff to study and write tax laws and appraise the statistical information of the Treasury is a wise one. The reform has long been overdue.

Mr. Roosevelt will have to learn another lesson, namely that while he has a constitutional right to veto a tax bill, it isn't wise or considerate to do so. For the Congress also has a constitutional right to withhold payment of the President's salary or the salaries of the Justices of the Supreme Court but it would be unwise and inconsiderate to do so. Custom and tradition are very powerful even under a written constitution.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

HOLY GROUND

This story is true. It is in fact the story of America in life and in death, in peace and in war. The names are fictitious, but I know who Lieutenant Marx is. His desire for anonymity is to be honored because he seeks no personal glory in the normal humanities of Americans. I shall recite it as it came to me without altering a word:

David Marx, lieutenant (s.g.), was about to leave his south Pacific base on a mission by air which included certain islands, the scene of recent bloody combat. A young Irish American seaman, Jim O'Connell, approached him the day before the party was to start.

"You're going to cover Island X, Lieutenant Marx?"

"Maybe," the officer said.

"I wonder," said Seaman O'Connell, "could you do me a great favor. I've got two brothers—they were in the Marines. They're buried there. Could you—if you have time—try to find their graves? Row 81, Number 9 and 10. I sure would like to know what it's like where they're buried."

* * * *

The lieutenant promised he'd visit the graves.

When the party reached Island X, Lieutenant Marx asked for an hour's leave for his personal mission. His commander insisted on accompanying him. Together they found the graves of the O'Connell boys. Marked by crosses, the brothers rested side by side. On their right and on their left were graves marked by the Star of David, where two Jewish boys were buried. Lieutenant Marx rooted some flowers out of the jungle, planted them reverently on the graves. With his small camera, he snapped a photo of the scene.

Back at his base, the lieutenant had the picture developed in a few hours. He gave it to Seaman O'Connell and described the scene to him.

The young seaman studied the picture—the two crosses flanked by the Stars of David. His eyes filled with tears as he said softly, "Gee, Lieutenant Marx, my brother always did keep swell company."

* * * *

I hope this story is read by those who desecrate graves, who paint swastikas on synagogues and hammers and sickles on Catholic churches. I hope it will be read by those who believe that there are deep, sinister movements of hate that influence and affect our people. I hope that it will be read by those who are thriving on the cultivation of hate—hate of the Jew, hate of the Catholic, hate of the Protestant, hate for hate's sake.

This is a living example of a rejection of hate. It is as true as Abie's Irish Rose. It is as true as Al Smith. It is as true as Archbishop Spellman's attack on antisemitism. It is as true as the McCosker-Hershfield foundation in which an Irishman and a Jew have joined in a great charity. It is as true as the normal, wholesome American way of life, the basis of which has always been respect for differences; respect for the conscience of the individual.

The boys who are fighting on our many fronts, when they return, will laugh at the songs of hate which the home-bodies sing so lustily in these days of distress. In the foxholes, they know that they are brothers because their blood and sweat mingle with the earth of the battlefield in defense of their country. In the tanks and planes and ships that fight on the seas, they cannot hate the comrade who stands beneath the same fire and in the same danger for the same cause.

Pert and Pertinent

Cooperating with Mexico's national forestry conservation program, Mexico City has had all "braseros," traditional charcoal-burning kitchen stoves, removed from dwellings.

Farmers in Britain are in need of rubber boots and waterproof clothing, and the supply of rubber tires available for farm tractors is not sufficient for minimum needs.

Durban, South Africa, will spend $160,000,000 on postwar construction, of which about $92,000,000 will be used for low cost housing, $1,200,000 for civic offices, $2,000,000 for improving beaches, $720,000 for a concert hall and $460,000 for a boardwalk and similar attractions.



OUR FIRST WAR LOAN AD

We know that Benjamin Franklin was a man of wide interests and many diverse abilities and achievements. Now we also learn that he produced and distributed at his own expense America's first war loan advertisement.

In 1755 General Braddock, in his campaign against the French and Indians, was sorely in need of horses and wagons to haul supplies. Benjamin Franklin, who had not always been kindly disposed to those stalwart and thrifty German pioneers in the hinterland of Pennsylvania now made an appeal in the form of an advertisement. It was published both in English and German. We offer here the English version:

ADVERTISEMENT

Lancaster, May 6th, 1755

NOTICE is hereby given to all who have contracted to send Waggons and Teams, or single Horses from York County to the Army at Wilt's Creek, that David McConingby and Michael Schwoope of the said County, Gentlemen, will attend on my Behalf at York Town on Friday next, and at Philip Forney's on Saturday, to value or appraise all such Waggons, Teams and Horses, as shall appear at those places on the said Days for that Purpose; and such as do not then appear must be valued at Wilt's Creek.

The Waggons that are valued at York and Forney's are to set out immediately after the Valuation from thence for Wilt's Creek, under the Conduct and Direction of Persons I shall appoint for that Purpose.

The Owner or Owners of such Waggon or Set of Horses, should bring with them to the Place of Valuation, and deliver to the Appraisers, a Paper containing a Description of their several Horses in Writing, with their several Marks, natural and artificial, which Paper is to be annexed to the Contract.

Each Waggon should be furnished with a Cover, that the Goods laden therein may be kept from Damage by the Rain, and the Health of the Drivers preserved, who are to lodge in the Waggons. And each Cover should be marked with the Contractor's Name in large Characters.

Each Waggon, and every Horse Driver should also be furnished with a Hook or Sickle, fit to cut the long Grass that grows in the Country beyond the Mountains.

As all the Waggons are obliged to carry a Load of Oats, or Indian Corn, Persons who have such Grain to dispose of, are desired to be cautious how they hinder the King's Service, by demanding an extravagant Price on this Occasion.

B. FRANKLIN.

The above item, featured in the Sunday Edition of the Washington Post (1943) was sent to us through the courtesy of one of the readers of the ECK, Mr. Edgar M. Eshelman, Tacoma Park, Md.—ED.

EN HOHLER ZAAH

Wie oft hot net en harter Brocke,
Beim beschte Esse, eem verschrocke.

Der Fritz, der hot en hohler Zaah,
Do beisst er druff un denkt net draa,

Do faahrt's ihm nei as wie der Blitz,
Es reisst ihn waerklich uff vum Sitz.

Noh hupst er rum un hebt der Backe,
Ke Wunner dutt's ihm nimmi schmacke.

Ya well, er muss doch ebbes duh!
Die Schmaerze losse ihm ke Ruh.

Erscht fillt er's Maul mit Duwackschmok,
Un eb's ihm helft, des iss en Frog;

Der Backe gschwellt mit seim Geblos,
Un waerd die Schmaerze doch net los,

Dann waerd emol der Schnaps browiert,
Den hot er gut drin rum geriehrt,

Doch hot der Schmaerz noch meh gezuckt,
Der Schnaps, den hot er nunnerg'schluckt.

Er sehnt en kalter Wasserkiwwel,
Er dunkt der Kopp mitsamt dem Iwwel,

Iss nass bis iwwer Kopp un Ohre,
Doch hot er's Zaahweh net verlore.

Dann endlich, kummt sei gudi Fraa
Un biet en gudes Mittel aa;

Ken Schnaps un aa ken Schmokduwack,
Sie bringt en heesser Hoppesack;

So hitzt er dann mit heesse Hoppe,
Un's Zaahweh will doch gaar net schtoppe;

Er saagt: "Des hett ich noch gebreicht!"
Un hot der Fraa eens neigeleicht.

Dann dutt er'n Blaschder hinnich's Ohr,
Noh waar's noch schlimmer wie devor.

Noh denkt er, geht er mol in's Bett,
So as er dichtich schwitze sett;

Hot siwwe Debbich uff sich druff,
Un's Zaahweh heert aa noch net uff.

Noh waerd ihm aa die Hitz zu gross,
Do schtrawwelt er sich widder los.

Er zawwelt mit de dinne Bee,
Die grosse Zehe duhn ihm weh;

Dann iss er unnich's Bett gegraddelt,
Der Schprausack hot sich uff ihn g'sattelt.

Ya, well! Do hot er aa ke Ruh,
Un weess aa nimmi was zu duh;

Er iss am End, do helft nichs meh!
So muss er dann zum Dokter geh.

Dart hot er an der Dier gegloppt,
Un's Zaahweh hot aa schier gaar g'schtoppt;

Der Dokter ruft: "Ya, kumm yuscht rei,
Du brauscht var mir net bang zu sei!

Wer iss es dann? Ach liewer Fritz!
Nau kock dich uff den hoche Sitz!"

Noh hot er'm Fritz in's Maul geguckt
Un paar mol an der Zaah geduppt:

"Ah hah! Des sehnt mer yuscht zu wohl!
Der Zaah iss in der Waerzel hohl!"

Dann geht der Dokter uff die Seit,
Der Bauer weess was sell bedeit—

So schmunzlich kummt der Dokter widder,
Do faahrt's em Bauer in die Glieder;

Noh sehnt er noch die Hokezang,
Dann waerd's ihm awwer erscht recht bang.

Der Dokter hot sich net lang b'sunne,
Den faule Zaah schunn widder g'funne,

Noh nemmt er halt—ya, glei dutt's weh!—
Er ziegt der Bauer in die Heh,

Er hot gedreht un hot gezoppt
Un ruck un rack!—der Zaah geroppt.

Was waar des awwer'n Selichkeit!
Nau waar der Fritz vum Schmaerz befreit.

Der Dokter weist em Fritz der Zaah,
Un ganz verwunnert guckt er'n aa;

Des waar en Ding wie'n Hickerniss,
Un gross genunk fer'n Geilsgebiss.

So freindlich schteht der Dokter dart,
Der Fritz bezaahlt, noh geht er fart;

Geht heem un hockt sich an der Disch,
Nau waar der Hunger g'sund un frisch.

Die Fraa reecht ihm die Schissel hie,
Mitsamt de Brocke un de Brieh;

Do geht er heftich driwwer haer,
Sie freet sich graad so wohl wie er.

October 1, 1943 —JOHN BIRMELIN
Freely rendered after Wilhelm Busch

DER FEBIWERRY

Ich hab ken diefi Laerning grickt;
Es waar als net die Rul
Far meh as zwee, drei Munet
Weck fule in de Schul.
Des Schtuddi-e dutt uffs Haern so schaffe
Un 's dutt em oftmols Koppweh mache,
Doch meind ich heit noch paar so Sache
Vun sellre alde Schul.

Ich hab gelaernt die Grundsau kummt
Im Febiwerry;
Sie graddelt aus me Loch im Grund
Im Febiwerry;
Un wann sie ihre Schadde seht
Gebt's Eis un Rummadis un schneed
Un rode Naase uff de Maed,
Im Febiwerry.

Awwer wann der Dachs ken Schadde macht
Im Febiwerry;
Dann hockt er uff de Fens un lacht
Im Febiwerry;
Un sell's en Sign as zimmlich glei
Kummt Friehyohr un die Feggel bei,
Un 's Gluckesetze geht mit nei,
Im Febiwerry.

Der alt Abe Lincoln waar gebore
Im Febiwerry;
Zurick en hunnert un so Yohre
Im Febiwerry;
Er waar en grosser Bresidend,
Un 's Laerne waar sei Elemend,
Un weldweis iss er nau erkennt
Im Febiwerry.

En aarmer Kerl waar er gewiss,
Im Febiwerry;
Gebore in de Wildernis,
Im Febiwerry;
Far'n Figger mache in de Weld,
Dart hot er g'figgerd un aa g'schpeld,
Beim Feierhaerd darrich alle Keld,
Im Febiwerry.

Der Valentin waar aa gebore
Im Febiwerry;
Mer kaaft sie nau an all de Schdore,
Im Febiwerry;
Die scheene sin far Tschentelleit,
Die wieschte schicke sie far schpeit,
Im Febiwerry.

Ich hab am Schdor so'n Pikter grickt,
Im Febiwerry;
Un hab's bei Mail de Polly g'schickt,
Im Febiwerry;
Un des iss ehrlich nunner wohr:
Sie hen naegscht Daag mei Haut un Hohr
Beim Buschel g'funne uff em Flor,
Im Febiwerry.

Der Washington waar aa en Kind
Vum Febiwerry;
Er hot der John Bull wiescht verschind
Im Febiwerry;
Des waar der erscht Mann in dem Land
As net gelogge hot, sell's bekannd,
Un aa der letscht, denk ich, bei Gum,
Im Febiwerry.

Mei Laerning langt net weider naus
As Febiwerry;
Awwer nemm der Tschortsch un Lincoln raus
Vum Febiwerry;
Was waer dann unser Hist'ry nau,
Was daed mer, saag mer, ennihau,
Unne Valentin un die alt Grundsau,
Im Febiwerry?

(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939) —SOLLY HULSBUCK

POLITIKS VAR ALTERS

POLITIKS iss ewwe nimmi wie var alters. Do iss es alsemol ordlich heess warre. Heitzedaag kumme paar Kandidaate rum ewennich var der Leckschen un gewwe em paar Karde. Un paar Daag nooch der Leckschen iss alles widder ruhich. Mit Telephons un Radios un alledaags Zeidinge weess mer schunn wer g'elect iss e paar Schtunn noochhaer.

Yohre zurick waar des net so. Do hot mer yuscht eemol die Woch en Zeiding grickt un es hot alsemol lang genumme bis mer alles ausg'funne hot. Awwer die Leit hen sich sellemols, meen ich, meh indressiert in so Sache.

Mei Paep waar en Schreiner un winders hot er viel in seim Schapp g'schafft. Wann's en wieschter Daag waar, sin die Nochbere kumme un hen sich um der Offe g'hockt. Glei sin sie uff Politiks kumme. Sell waar glei nooch em Grieg, nooch em Civil War. Ich kann sie heit noch sehne kumme mit ihre hellblooe Soldaate Iwwerreck aa, mit me Cape un geele Gnepp mit Aadler druff. Eener vun denne friehere Soldaate iss als uffg'schprunge un iss gans zitterich warre. Er waar hart gee-ich der Lincoln un die Abolitionists gewest. Er hot als g'saat, all die mit Fliggelreck un hoche Hiet waere Schpitzbuwe, un wann alles gange waer, wie's g'sott hett, waere die Demograade uff de Siddliche ihre Seit gange.

'S erscht as ich weess vun Presidents in meinre Kindheet waar wie der Greely uff em Ticket waar. Mei Onkel hot Waertschaft g'hatt un mir sin als zu ihm uff B'such. Er hot mir mol en Box Candy gewwe un do waar en grosser roder G druff mit em Horace Greely sei Pickter im G. Die Box hawwich lang uffg'howe awwer 's Candy waar glei all.

Wie's g'heesse hot der Tilden waer g'elect, hawwich en Flag an unser Deer g'schteckt. In e paar Daag sin awwer die Berichte kumme der Hays waer g'elect, noh hawwich awwer mei Flag widder reigenumme.

Es sin aa als Parades g'halte warre—Fackellichter Parades var der Leckschen un Salzrewwer Parades nooch der Leckschen. Wie der Beaver 's erscht Mol geloffe iss far Governor (1882), hen mer en Fackellicht Parade g'halte mit Lichter, alte Besem un Flinte un alle Sarde Floats. Uff eem waar en gross, weiss Duch mit me Pickter vun me Baam druff. Owwich eem Nascht waar en gross Loch. Uff dem Nascht hot en Beaver g'hockt un unne draa waare die Warde, "Beaver can't get in". Im Parade waare aa viel Reider uff Geil. En bekannter Bauer hot mir en zwee-yaerich Fill gewwe far im Parade reide. Er hot g'saat er daet selwer em Fill sei Maem reide un noh daet's schee newehaer laafe. Es iss aa bis die Band kumme iss. Noh hot ee Gaul uff de linke Seit die Schtross geh solle un der anner uff de rechte Zeit, far die Band darrich die Mitt geh losse. Noh iss mir des Fill uffriehrisch warre. Ich hab's awwer g'halte, yuscht wie die Band verbei kumme iss, hot's Fill 's letz End gee-ich die Band gedreht g'hatt.

Wie der Grover Cleveland 's erscht Mol President g'elect iss warre (1885), hen mer en Salzrewwer Parade g'hatte. Mer hen widder allerhand Floats g'hatt. Uff eem waar en Offe mit Feier drin un en paar eifrich am Koche far der Salzrewwer nuff. Ich hab widder en Gaul reide wolle un bin zum me Bauer, wu sechs Geil g'hatt hot. Er hot g'saat, er hett noch eener, die annere waere all verschproche. Er gaebt mer die Rose, saagt er. Des waar en alti langhoorichi Schimmelmaerr. Ich hab sie genumme un mer sin ab noch Boyertown. Darte hen sie die Geil all hiwwe un driwwe an de Schtross zammeg'halte bis es Parade ready waar. Wie mer all uffgeleint waare, kummt en Mann 's Pavement runner mit me grosse Firecracker un hot en graad newich der Rose abg'schosse. Die annere Geil sin verschrocke un sin alle Wege naus. Die Rose hot awwer yuscht der Kopp bissel rumgedreht un geguckt wu 's haerkaemt. Die Leit hen all gelacht. Ich waar der eensichscht meh dart. Well, wie mer mol uffgeleint waare, sin mer vier Schtunn iwwerall im Land rum ge-parade. Noh hawwich die Rose noch drei Meil heem reide misse. Ich kann eich saage, die naegschte paar Daag hawwich meh g'schtanne as wie ich g'sotze hab.

Es sin aa als Liberty Poles uffg'schtellt warre. Mer hen mol eener vun 110 Fuss uffg'schtellt mit me alte Besem owwe druff (a clean sweep!). Awwer paar Nechte druff hot die anner Party den Liberty Pole umgemacht. Awwer mer hen widder eener uff un hen en voll Naegel g'schlagge. Seller hot lang g'schtanne.

Bei denne G'schpichte hot's aa als blendi Punsch g'hatte. Sie hen en rumgedraage in me biechne Eemer mit me gleene Schebber drin. Wann der Eemer leer waar, iss er widder uffg'fillt warre. Der Punsch waar aus heess Wasser gemacht mit blendi Yankee Drum, Zucker un Lemons drin. Er hot deel zimmlich hart aagepackt bis alles varbei waar.—Des waare vun de gute, alte Zeite.

Trexlertown, Pa. —J. Y. SCHULTZ

Deaths of a Day

MARY LAVELLE

Mary Lavelle, 703 West Wilkes-Barre St., Easton South Side, died Friday morning at her home after an illness of a week.

She was born in Easton, a daughter of the late Michael and Julia Lavelle, and moved to South Side about 40 years ago, following the death of her father.

Surviving are three sisters: Miss Claire Lavelle, at home; Mrs. Joseph Fitzgerald, New York City, and Mrs. Lewis J. Mattes, 702 West Wilkes-Barre St., Easton South Side; a brother, Martin Lavelle, at home, and a niece, Mrs. Harry Schoenly, Allentown.

Miss Lavelle was a member of St. Bernard's Catholic church, The Blessed Virgin Mary sodality and the Catholic Women's Educational Society of St. Bernard's church.

MRS. CAROLINA CHRISTOPHER

Mrs. Carolina De Carlo Christopher, 26, wife of Fred Christopher, of Bath, died at 4 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital where she was admitted for treatment on Thursday.

She was born Aug. 8, 1907 in Italy, daughter of Anthony and Carmela Manjino De Carlo, and was a member of Sacred Heart church, Bath.

Survivors are the husband and five children; Anthony, Freddy, Matthew, Mrs. Frank Kuller and Carolina, at home.

Two brothers, Matthew De Carlo, U. S. Army, Camp Phillips, Kansas and Anthony De Carlo, Nazareth, R. I.; three sisters, Mrs. Joseph Keller, Mrs. Anthony Temus and Marquerite De Carlo, of Bath, and two grandchildren, also survive.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a. m. Monday from the late home Broadway, Bath. Rev. Edward B. Burkhardt, rector, will officiate at requiem high mass at 9 a. m. in Sacred Heart church, Bath. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

MRS. HELEN HOLPIT

Mrs. Helen Holpit, 34, of East Mauch Chunk died of a stroke yesterday morning at her home. She was a member of St. Mary's Greek Catholic church, Nesquehoning.

She is survived by her husband, John, and four children: Eleanor, Ethel, Mary and Helen, at home. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hascin, East Mauch Chunk, and the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. Stephen Yurick, Mrs. John Gmitter and Emory, at home, and John, Lehighton, and Private Michael, Florida.

OTTO M. BERNINGER

Otto M. Berninger 73, a resident of Quakertown and vicinity for 55 years, died at his home, Quakertown R. 2, Friday. He was born in Egg Harbor City, N. J., May 17, 1870, a son of the late Alois and Victoria nee Link Berninger. A cigar maker by trade, he retired some years ago. Nieces and nephews are the only survivors.

The funeral will be held Tuesday at 9 a. m. at the A. W. Treffinger funeral home, N. Ambler St., Quakertown, with a high mass celebrated in St. Isadore's Catholic church, W. Broad St., Quakertown, at 9:30 o'clock. Interment will be made in St. Isadore's Catholic cemetery, Quakertown.

Folk Musician Dies at 95

One of the few remaining survivors of the Pennsylvania German folk music tradition, George Heckman of 32 N. Jefferson St., died yesterday in his 95th year.

One of the 21 children of the late Jesse Heckman, a Northampton county farmer, he was born in Moorestown on Aug. 25, 1849. His mother was Margaret, nee Miller, Heckman.

In his youth Pennsylvania German folk music was flourishing and it became an integral part of his life. Never a professional musician, he learned to play by ear on his violin the folk tunes and dances that he heard regularly when he was young. Until his death he continued to play jigs and waltzes in the Pennsylvania German tradition.

Early in life he was a farmer. For the past 50 years he resided in Allentown, and at various times was employed by the Atlas Cement Co. and the American Steel and Wire Co. He retired several years ago. He was a member of Zion Evangelical and Reformed church.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Julia Wandel, Allentown, and Mrs. Cardie E. Heckman, with whom he lived; a son, Wiegand Heckman of Fullerton, and a sister, Mrs. Vesta Remaley of Bath R. 1; eight grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren. His wife, the late Sarah Jane, nee Moyer, Heckman, preceded him in death nine years ago.

Rev. Simon Sipple will officiate at services at the Wonderly funeral home, 1119 Hamilton St., on Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in Grandview cemetery.

FREDERICK R. LITTLE

Frederick R. Little, for the past 25 years in the employ of the King Coal Co., and a resident of 24 West Ettwein St., Bethlehem, died at 9 a. m. Friday, in St. Luke's hospital.

A native of Michigan, he was a son of Annie and the late Richard Little, and married Margaret Fink, who preceded him in death.

Survivors are his mother, Mrs. Annie Fehr; two daughters, Mrs. Marie Radiewie and Anna Little, all of Bethlehem; a brother, William Little, Allentown; a sister, Mrs. Edith Ross, Binghamton, N. Y. and one grandchild, Rev. John R. Waser, pastor of Emmanuel E. C. church, will officiate at funeral services at 4 p. m. Monday, in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. Interment, Memorial park.

MARJORIE A. MEITZLER

Marjorie Ann Meitzler, 14-month-old daughter of Mrs. Margaret, nee Younger, Wittman, died suddenly Friday at her home in Siesholtzville, Macungie R. 1.

She is survived by her parents; two step-brothers, Earl and Stanley Wittman, both at home, and her maternal grandmother.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at 2 p.m. from the DeLong funeral home, Topton. Interment in St. Peter's church cemetery, near Siesholtzville.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

HUNDS G'SHPICHTA

Wos wor ow'r shun 'n hunds wertschoft drowwa on Bowanstown fer die ledshda paar wocha. Ow'r so wie die socha now sheina, is allas widder g'sett'ld un denk 'sis safe fer shwetza dafon. Mohl fers aller airsht, hut der Milt Scherer un sei fraw die Flossie so'n wunnerborer druvel kotta mit ihra dochter Hester ihr'm hund der "Patsy." Die Hester is shun 'm ledshda summer nunner noch Texas fer bei ihr'm "sailor" mon tzu sei, uns Milts hen fershprocha fer der hund fersarya. Allas wor ol recht bis der "Patsy" doh weil tzurick awfonga hut peensa, un die Flossie wor shure er graich'd brusht fever. Uf die fohrsarrick hee, but sie 'm die brusht gute gariva mit gens fet, kamphorated ale, un 'm aw dale fom docktor Weiss seina kalt un grib pilla ei gewwa. Sie is evens noch gonga un hut der hund in paar dicking wolla duch gawick'ld, ow'r er hut yusht ken ferbessering gawissa.

Endlich is die Flossie bong werra sie wist ferleicht net ganunk fon da hunds bisnis fer der "Patsy" ol recht driwwer griega, un hut ihr'm bruder, 'n fee docktor "Specky" Balliet arder g'shick'd fer mohl ob shtoppa der "Patsy" sehna. Wie der "Specky" der "Patsy" g'sehna hut kot, hut er g'sawt sei wear ken brusht fever os er het, ow'r grawd aweck 'n alla dawga hunds gronket, un tzeit laenich dade sawga eb ers darrich mocha dade odder net.

Noh uf kours wor die Flossie ferarnsht uf 'gshoft, un hut bol dawga nocht beim "Patsy" k'huck'd fer 'n fersarya. Sie is evens nimmy fon hame fer noch bingo parties gae, lodge fersommlinga, noch ken ra bandage klass, g'shweia aw nimmy noch ihra peanuckle klub woh sich ragler fersomm'ld beim "Reds" Farber. Nay, die Flossie is blose naryads may hee, ow'd 's hut sie gross ordich batzawlt, der "Patsy" is uf die ferbessering kumma, un is now widder so tzu sawga munder un g'sund.

Ow'r sei wor net ol fon da hunds bisnis darta in Bowanstown. Im sama block wohn'd die Minnie Fields, woh Somshdawgs drowwa in Lehighton ins Cohna Department shtore shoft, un tzwae glaina hundelcher kot hut os sie so garn lose gawest wear. Ow'r darrich die flaisch rationerrei sheinds, wie won heit tzu dawg niemond hund wot, un die Minnie hut sie yusht net lose werra kenna. Sie hut sie evens gaguarantee'd sie weara hous gabrocha, hetta ragler ihra waram pilla grick'd, un so g'sund os aenicha hund sei kenta. Ow'r 's wor net dawert, niemond in gons Bowmanstown shwinds, hut hund gawolt, un hut sie aw net lose werra kenna drowwa in Lehighton woh sie ol ihra kustomers im shtore ols g'frok'd hut eb sie net ungfare 'n hund odder tzwae howwa wotta. Evens ihra mon hut gabroviert fer sie weck gewwa tzu freind on da Palmerton Zinc kumpany wor er shoft, owr is sie aw net lose werra.

Wie die Minnie k'hoert hut da Hester ihra "Patsy" wear gronk, is sie paar mohls da dawg kumma gucka, sehna wie er aw kaimt. Die Flossie uf kours hut gamaint sie kaimt weil sie hund so arrick gleicha dade, aw'r hut 'n gons onnerrie uhrsoch kotta fer kumma. Ferol os sie arrick gamocht hut wie der "Patsy" ra aw leia dade, maina dale, sie het innerlich gawinsch'd won er druf shnoopa dade so os sie ainer fon ihra hund nei duh kent fer sei blotz nemma.

Wie der "Patsy" ol recht wor, hut die Minnie ow'r gawist os sie shunshd rum gucka mus fer 'n hamet fer ihra hundelcher, un hut endlich 'n kort ins fedder fenshter k'hank'd wohs druf g'sawt hut, "Wanted, Good home for two house trained, wormless dogs." Etlicha dawg danoh hut sie 'n brief grick'd fon ma fuhrmon fon ra Laich tzu Sae bus os darta darrich gait, un woh g'sawt hut er hets sign g'sehna, un wear im marrick fer paar guta hund. Die Minnie hut 'm noh gaontwert besserer hund wie sie het gaibts net, un er hut ra tzurick g'schriva, sie sot die hund aryads nuf noch Nesquehoning noch ains fon seina ragler shtopping bletz bringa un er dade sie mit nemma. So hut sie, un der kerl hut sich net yusht shier letz gamocht wie shae os die hundelcher weara, ow'r die ledshd woch aw g'schriva fer sawga, wie gute hous gabrocha os sie weara. Die hundelcher hut

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
For glory or despair.—Alexander.

UNDERMINING HITLER'S ALLIES

There is little question that when Russia submitted terms for peace negotiations with Finland other countries of Europe were in the minds of the diplomats who were representing Uncle Joe Stalin. Thus Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary are tied up with the Axis, being bobs on the tail of Hitler's kite. Like bobs they all are getting very tired of being swung around in the gales of war which is lasting all too long for all of them and is getting nothing for any of them as promised by Hitler and Nazi friends in the governments of the satellite countries.

Bulgaria, which is closely allied with Russia by reason of language, religion and historical traditions, has never been at war with our ally. There is little doubt that Bulgaria today would rather see Russia win than the Germans and would rather be on Russia's than on Germany's side. However there is no immediate way by which this can be done.

Rumania and Hungary, which are at war with Russia, have very good reason to study very closely the peace terms that have been offered to Finland for there is the pattern which they may hope will be followed if and when they can shake the Germans loose and seek to secure peace by negotiation with the Russians.

This pattern in Finland's case would seem to reveal that Russia is not seeking territory in Central Europe for in the case of the Finns she has agreed to go back to the 1940 boundary lines with a slight exception. The exception concerns the port of Petsamo which in 1940 had been Finnish, but open to Russian commerce. However the developments in this war revealed that Petsamo was very important strategically inasmuch as the Germans used it as the base for raids upon the Russians in the North and attacks upon convoys from the United States and Great Britain which were seeking to reach Murmansk. So Petsamo has assumed a larger importance in Russian eyes than it had four years ago. However the Russians are not arbitrary even about Petsamo, suggesting that this port be made a subject for negotiations later.

Accordingly Rumania and Hungary may feel encouraged at the moderate terms which have been offered to Finland. In fact the indications are that Rumania already is putting out peace feelers. There seems to be no doubt that leading Rumanian diplomats are in conference with the same Russians who met with the Finnish representatives in Sweden only a few weeks ago.

A BLOW HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

Many idle threats are made by disgruntled and angered persons but few of them are carried out as literally and boldly as was done by those two American soldiers, recently returned from the fighting front, who invaded the office of President John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers.

The complete details of the meeting between the soldiers and the beetle-browed head of the miners have not been revealed. There is considerable difference in the reports that have come out of the meeting. Some are that one of the soldiers punched Lewis before the fracas could be halted. Others say no blow was landed.

The fact would seem to be that the soldiers on the battlefield vowed to tell Lewis what they thought of him if they ever got back home and that they would "take a crack at him" too. Whether the blow ever landed may always be a subject for dispute but the noise of its landing or its reputed landing has been heard pretty well round the world by this time.

Whether the blow landed does not matter either. The intent was there and the effort apparently was made. The soldiers got a gripe out of their systems and unmistakably told Mr. Lewis what they and many others think of him for his conduct during the war.

DULL PUBLICITY FOR SUBS' WORK

Dispatch of units of the British fleet to the Far East to fight the Japs has been followed by occasional reports of severe damage done to Jap naval and merchant shipping. The most recent report concerns the activity of a British submarine which sank one warship and damaged another.

This attracts attention to a difference in reporting between British and American sources. The British seem to like to report a particular exploit like the sinking of a cruiser by a submarine. The American reports lump all submarine activities over a period of time and make one announcement as to the number of ships and estimated tonnage sunk. No individual attacks and sinkings are described.

This method of reporting, while it may be impressive in some ways, lacks the color of the British report. It also does little to sing the praises of the American submarine crews which are doing such a big job in this war and are credited with having already destroyed almost half Japan's shipping.

The New York World-Telegram, in a recent editorial, points out the value of this silent and little publicized activity saying:

"There cannot be air raids on Tokyo, attacks on Truk, invasions of the Marshalls, or other spectacular U. S. Navy exploits every day. But every day, and every hour of every day and night, our submarines stalk their prey.

This is the silent service—low in publicity, but high in the esteem of our navy and in the fears of the enemy. When the history of this war is written it will be shown that the European conflict turned largely on defeat of the Nazi U-boats and that the Pacific conflict turned on the victory of Yankee undersea raiders.

"Yesterday Secretary of the Navy Knox announced that our submarines had sunk 14 more Jap merchant ships. This brings their total bag to 611, or almost half of the enemy's estimated prewar merchant tonnage.

"To evaluate this we can recall our own experience when the U-boats were sending our supply ships to the bottom of the Atlantic. For a few months Allied military authorities faced the probability that Germany would win the war unless they could lick that menace. They did lick it, thereby making possible the successful African and Mediterranean campaigns, the relief of Russia, and the preparation in England for the largest amphibious operation in history.

"Japan is in worse shape than we were. Moreover, she has little chance of escaping the undersea peril as we did. She is especially vulnerable because her empire of conquest is spread so far over the Pacific. Her defense lines hang on distant island bases. Not only her troops and fleets, but also her air squadrons are absolutely dependent on supply ships and tankers. Much of her failure in the air during recent American offensives in the South and Central Pacific is due, according to our commanders, to her supply troubles and her shortage of tankers.

"Shipping losses also curtail her war production. She cannot make full use of her captured raw materials and strategic resources in the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and Malaya.

"This creeping paralysis is slow, but it is sure—as long as our daring submarines continue their deadly business."

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The Allied army on the Anzio beachhead has had overwhelming air superiority. It also has enjoyed a somewhat greater strength than the Nazis in artillery and tanks. But the trouble has been a deficiency in number of fighting men.

The Nazis recently called in some reserves from Yugoslavia and also from southern France. The most recent check (since their third major drive started) indicates they have marshalled 18 or 19 divisions, upwards of 370,000 men, south of Rome on all fronts.

While the size of our force naturally has not been publicly indicated, it is evidently inferior. This is shown by the fact that it has not been able to maintain the initiative.

This condition forecasts an indefinite hard struggle for Rome, with no one here making any definite predictions. The final outcome of victory should be assured as long as our mechanical superiority continues—and it should continue.

But initiative may remain in German hands at the beachhead until our army there is made numerically stronger than the opposing German force.

The mechanically inferior Germans are able to call upon reserves from all the nearby occupied territory in Europe and maintain direct supplies of material from those points and the homeland.

We must get ours from across the seas on lines hundreds of times as long. Therefore, we cannot act swiftly.

However, the Nazis now seemed to have used at long last their major Italian army. Until these recent actions, it had been held in northern Italy in front of the Po river and along the Apennine line.

• • • •

The Nazi introduction of automaton tanks was no great surprise. For some months, the Germans have been using radio directed glider torpedoes. These have wings and their direction is controlled by airplanes flying above them.

The same principle was applied to these new secret weapon tanks which are even easier to block as they are clumsier to direct, must have a special field for operations, and are subject to destruction by artillery hits.

• • • •

The winter campaign is now nearing an end in Russia. Spring is already opening on the southern front, which means a new type of fighting if not a new campaign. The important question is whether the Nazis have enough power to start a general counter offensive or a decisive movement to break up Russian progress.

My guess is the Nazis have been required to use up most of the reserves of men and material they were saving for the spring, in order to save themselves from annihilation in these recent Red winter drives. The terrific bombings of factories also should have made any great German counter-action impossible.

On the other hand, the Russians now are in a position, especially in the south, to force another decisive German retreat. The Germans have held especially well their vital rail-line of communications from Odessa into Poland, which is the backbone of the front. If that line can now be broken, the Germans will have to base back to Rumania.

Timely Editorial

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 3—Although the "London Times" is easily the most influential of the British newspapers in Europe, it is unfortunate that the splendid editorial recently published by that newspaper advocating a program that opposes the dismemberment of Germany attracted so little attention in the United States.

The "Times" has issued its view at a time when an advisory commission of British, American and Russian representatives is endeavoring to formulate terms of peace to accompany the demand for unconditional surrender. Unquestionably there is a certain relationship between the work of the commission and the editorial in the sense that a considerable section of British opinion asks that the commission take under consideration the idea of keeping Germany intact as far as possible from an economic point of view.

What is happening, of course, is that the superficial-minded abroad who have been demanding dismemberment of Germany have not reckoned the consequences of such a step to Europe as a whole and to Britain in particular. Also, it seems hardly likely that Russia, from the standpoint of markets, wants Germany dismembered. In a sense, therefore, it may be surmised that the "London Times" editorial was written after giving due reflection to the viewpoint of Russia.

Follows Pattern of 1919

The demand for the dismemberment of Germany has come mainly from those who think that this is the way to keep Germany militarily weak. That theory was held also by the Allied governments in 1919, when, by the terms of the treaty, Germany was compelled to demobilize her army to 100,000 men after her navy had been sunk or destroyed prior to the signing of the treaty. Furthermore, for a period of years, certain German territories were occupied by Allied forces. This, too, had no effect on the recovery of German military strength—something which occurred after 1933 when Hitler came into power and the other nations of Europe refused to challenge him or to build up their own armaments to meet his inevitable challenge.

The way to prevent future wars is not to rely on buffer states or dismemberment of Germany but to prevent the economic chaos and social disorder which gives dictatorship its chance to thrive. Unless there is provision for some kind of economic stability in Europe, all the Allied governments will have to maintain occupying armies and be burdened with heavy armaments indefinitely. The tax burdens will grow to such a point that again proper military preparation will be whittled down.

The long-range viewpoint which surveys Europe as an economic entity and begins to think in human terms of the after-the-war problems of transportation, markets and food production and the interchange of goods and services is one that must figure in the making of the peace treaty.

Good Psychological Warfare

Entirely apart from these aspects, however, is the all-important matter of psychological warfare. The many influential elements inside Germany which could be instrumental in an overthrow of the Nazis have been unable to determine whether "unconditional surrender" means merely a military requirement whereby German forces were to place themselves at the disposal of the Allied commanders and give up their arms, or whether it means that Germany, as a whole, is to be broken up in pieces as so many public speakers in Britain and elsewhere have indicated.

The "London Times," therefore, has helped to clear the air for the carrying on of a phase of psychological warfare which conceivably could shorten the war and save lives. If the German business men, for instance, and influential men in the army and navy are to face complete destruction and if all the properties in Germany are to be confiscated irrespective of their original ownership, these factors are likely to contribute a desperation and resistance to the bitter end that might be avoided, whereas the objective—the complete surrender of Germany's army, navy and air force—could be accelerated by a clear statement as to the economic future of Germany.

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A Journey Through Pennsylvania In 1810

By MAHLON HELLERICH

(A paper prepared for the Department of History at Temple University)

DIARIES are invaluable for the study of history. For diaries are usually kept in strictest confidence, and their thoughts and observations in many respects give a more accurate picture of contemporaries and contemporary events than do other less well-guarded documents. The diaries of important personages of history are valuable for the illumination they throw upon important people and happenings of the past. The diaries of more ordinary folk are equally valuable in sketching in portions of the social picture of their day. And in both instances the diaries are probably most interesting and useful in their self-analysis of the character and personality of the writers who kept them.

In this paper we will examine briefly a diary of Margaret Van Horn Dwight which was kept on a journey to Ohio in 1810. The diary covers only a short period of time—October 19 to December 1, 1810—a period of approximately six weeks. Margaret left her home in New Haven, Connecticut in order to reach Warren, Ohio. The latter part of her journey lay through Pennsylvania, and it is her observation on the roads, taverns, towns, farms, and people of that state in which we are interested.

The diary reveals Margaret Van Horn to be an unusual though not an exceptional young lady. At the time of her journey she was twenty years of age having been born on December 29, 1790. She was born into a family of New England intellectuals in whom the influences of Puritanism and Federalism were strong. She was a niece of President Timothy Dwight of Yale and a great-granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards. Much of her childhood and adolescense was spent in the home of her grandmother, Mary Edwards Dwight, in Northampton. Upon the death of her grandmother in 1807 she came to New Haven to live with her aunt, Elizabeth Dwight Wooley. It was this family which Margaret left in 1810 to journey to Ohio, and the diary was kept to be sent to her cousin, Elizabeth, who had remained in New Haven.

This genealogical record, however, gives only the barest outlines of the character and personality of Margaret Van Horn Dwight. Her diary in a large measure completes that picture. From it we learn that Margaret was a girl of her age. Though born into the best of New England families she was no asistocratic snob. While critical of the manners and speech of many people she met on the journey she still accepted their crudities with good humor and understanding. She did not hold herself aloof from her companions. Nor did she complain overmuch of the hardships which she faced. Indeed she readily accepted the task of hiking in rain and snow and cold over most of the mountains of western Pennsylvania. She came from the ordered and decorous world of the New England household into the disordered and strenuous world of the Pennsylvania turnpikes in a very short time. This was a violent change which might have easily embittered her outlook upon the land and people through which she had passed. But her observations upon Pennsylvania life while salty and pungent and at times tart and short are, nevertheless, tempered with a keen understanding and a wise tolerance. Throughout the diary one sees a young woman who possesses a great zest for life and is thrilled by the adventure of her journey. In fact, an underlying current of expectancy and curiosity runs throughout the journal. Margaret Van Horn Dwight is an unaffected, natural, and wholesome girl with unaffected, natural and wholesome reactions to the situations in which she finds herself. And as in the case of most girls of her age she is decidedly interested in her prospects for romance and marriage. She is a girl who can still write in her journal after hiking for two days across Pennsylvania mountains and spending three days in a crowded mountain tavern with rough wagoners that:

> "Susan & young Mrs. Jackson have been quite unwell all day—I have never felt in better health, & my spirits are pretty good, considering all things—"

And Margaret's high spirits gave her confidence in her romantic quest also:

> "I believe Mrs. Jackson has cast her eye on Susan or me for a daughter-in-law—for my part, though I feel very well disposed toward the young man, I had not thought of making a bargain with him, but I have jolted off most of my high notions, & perhaps I may be willing to descend from a judge to a blacksmith—I shall not absolutely determine with respect to him till I get to Warren & have time to look about me & compare him with the judges Dolson & Stephenson—It is clever to have two or three strings to ones bow—"

Margaret Dwight was a normal girl of her times.

Margaret made the journey with the Woolcott family who evidently were New Haven friends. Deacon Woolcott, the leader of the party had made several previous trips to Ohio. On October 20 "he appears to be a very fond husband." But by October 22 Margaret's opinion of him had changed. For she says, "I never will go to New Connecticut with a Deacon again, for we put up at every byeplace in the country to save expense." And finally near the journey's end on November 29, Margaret writes of him:

> "Mr. W.—is a very strange man—I don't know what to make of him—I shall be so thankful to get there—& then if I am caught with a Deacon of any name, again, I shall deserve to suffer—"

However Mrs. Woolcott "is an amiable sweet-tempered woman, as I ever saw; the more I know her, the better I love her—". Susan Woolcott, the daughter of the family and Margaret's companion, "is a charming girl—." But Erastus Woolcott, the young son, is somewhat like his father:

> ". . . but Erastus is a rather obstinate boy—he feels superior to his father & everyone else in wisdom—."

This little party of five made the journey in a wagon drawn by two horses. They not only carried with them some clothing and private belongings, but also provisions in the event that the taverns did not provide edible food or did not exist. While at Bethlehem they were joined by another party consisting of a Mrs. Jackson, her two sons and a daughter-in-law. The two parties journeyed on together across the state. Margaret did not care for Mrs. Jackson at first and although her prejudice was later weakened it was never entirely removed. The remainder of the family impressed her more favorably and the relationships between the two groups were always amiable and at times intimate. Margaret's estimate of the Jackson family is typical of her judgments:

> "Mrs. Jackson is a clever woman, I believe, but I have a prejudice against her which I cannot overcome—She is very inquisitive and very communicative—She resembles Moll Lyman or rather Crazy Moll of Northampton in her looks—She has considerable property & feels it very sensibly—Her youngest son is almost eighteen & has his wife with him, who is not quite as old—They have been married 2 months, & are a most loving couple — I cannot help thinking whenever I see them together, of "love I Sophia?" & her name is Eliza & his, John — The other son is very obliging but not a very polished young man—"

This, then completes our preliminary sketch of Margaret Van Horn Dwight. She was a young lady of twenty, born of an established New England family, who voluntarily left her family and connections to establish herself in Ohio in 1810. She was a girl of energy, adaptability, good humor, and common sense. She made the journey to Ohio in the late Autumn of the year when weather conditions were unfavorable. She made the journey in the company of friends with whom on the whole her relationships were pleasant. We can now fully understand the nature and tone of her observations on Pennsylvania and Pennsylvaniana.

Her diary, of course, relates many incidents which occurred on the journey. We are only indirectly concerned with these. However, we are deeply concerned wtih her views on Pennsylvania and its citizens; and at times, unfortunately, we must fish about for these inasmuch as the bulk of her journal is devoted to a chronicle of the incidents of the journey. However while scattered and brief those remarks do help to illuminate the life of certain phases of Pennsylvania society of that period.

The first portion of the journey extending from October 19 to October 27 was spent in crossing New York and New Jersey. Therefore we are not particularly interested in the observations of those days, other than to note that the basic pattern of the journey is formed here—poor roads, worse taverns, rough and crude road companions, threatening and unpleasant weather.

The first town in Pennsylvania which Margaret Dwight and her companions entered was Easton, and the first large group of Pennsylvanians whom they met were the Pennsylvania Germans. These were a people who were foreign to Margaret, and about whom she had probably heard some disturbing accounts. For they are referred to contemptuously in her diary as "the dutch" and the "dutchmen." And Margaret as many other English-descended travellers had reason to be disturbed by the Pennsylvania Germans. For they spoke either a foreign language or an unintelligible form of English. They had a distinctive set of customs, a distinctive style of architecture, and a distinctive group of religions. And what was most disturbing was the fact that these people appeared content with their way of life and did not wish to change it to conform to Anglo-Saxon views. It is evident that Margaret was immediately irritated by these factors as she entered the Pennsylvania German region of our state on Saturday, October 27.

However her initial displeasure was heightened by the fact that her party spent the Sabbath, October 28, in a poor tavern in Hannover Township, two miles from Bethlehem. There she met with the usual poor accommodations and with some Pennsylvania German farm folk who were spending their Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon in the neighborhood taverns. And as is the case with most farm folk in a similar place at a similar time their actions were largely of an uninhibited and crude nature. To add to her disturbance the news that a group of "Yankees" were staying at the local hotel had probably been spread throughout the countryside, and as a result whole families of Pennsylvania Germans began to drift into the tavern on that Sunday to see the novel sight. It is always disturbing to be stared at, and the disturbance is increased when the staring is accompanied by laughter and comments in a foreign language. To cap Margaret's discomfort the first unfavorable weather of the journey was met with on this weekend. Thus her unfavorable analysis and estimate of the Pennsylvania Germans is natural and understandable:

> "I can wait no longer to write you, for I have a great deal to say—I should not have thought it possible to spend a Sabbath in our country among such a dissolute vicious set of wretches as we are now among—I believe at least 50 dutchmen have been here today to smoke, drink, swear, pitch cents, almost dance, laugh & talk dutch & stare at us—They come in, in droves young & old—black and white—women & children — It is dreadful to see so many people that you cannot speak to or understand—. . . The women dress in striped linsey woolsey petticoats & short gowns not 6 inches in length—they look very strangely — The men dress much better — they put on their best cloaths on Sunday, which I suppose is their only holiday, & "keep it up" as they call it—. . . The children have been calling us Yankees (which is the only english word they can speak) all day long—Whether it was meant as a term of derision or not, I neither know nor care—of this I am sure, they cannot feel more contempt for me than I do for them;—tho' I must sincerely pity their ignorance & folly — There seems to be no hope of their improvement as they will not attend any means—. . . I think wild Indians will be less terrible to me, than these creatures—Nothing vexes me more than to see them set & look at us & talk in dutch and laugh—"

In this evaluation one can easily see the usual criticisms of the Pennsylvania Germans—criticisms which are the result largely of a conflict between the two different cultures. The language is the first barrier and the greatest. The Anglo-Saxon (Margaret) is offended by the fact that a people stubbornly retain a none-English language in a predominantly English land. Such a people can only be stupid and "dumb." And as a result of that stupidity their manners, customs, religions, methods of agriculture must be crude. And that crudeness can easily be translated into a complete lack of culture by an embittered observer. Margaret Dwight was not an embittered observer, but her notes are not unusual in their estimate of the Pennsylvania Germans.

However there are exceptions to every man-made rule. And Margaret Dwight did find some well-mannered, polite, and apparently cultured Pennsylvania Germans. In Bethlehem Margaret and Susan were met by a "very pretty boy" who accompanied them in a tour of the city. Margaret recorded this opinion of him:

> "We felt very much oblig'd to him, though we neglected to tell him so — He is the only polite dutchman small or great, we have yet seen; & I am unwilling to suppose him a dutchman."

And while passing through Shippensburg Margaret "saw in it a handsome young gentleman who was both a dutchman & Pennsylvanian, yet in an hour & half I did not hear him make use of a single oath or prophane word—It was a remarkable instance, the only one I have known, & I could not but remark it—Prophanity is the characteristic of a Pennsylvanian—"

(To Be Concluded)

Keystone Wisdom

(Pennsylvania German Sayings)

Bei de Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche
hot's blendi g'scheide Leit;
Sie kumme vun dem "Schlisselschtee,"
sell macht sie arrick g'scheit.
Wann ebber ebbes dischpudiert,
ihm halte sie Wedderhatt,
Un mit manche schmaerde Antwart
sin sie immer dart.

Do schpringt 'n Yunger am Bierebaam nuff,
un fallt aa widder runner;
Er iss en gleener Deihenker,
er macht seim Paep viel Kummer;
Er hot doch net sei Kopp verbroche,
so kann sei Daadi bralle:
"Waerscht net nuff gegraddelt, Yunger,
waerscht du net runner g'falle."

Schwetzt ebber vun seim Nochber
un seller gebt nix drum;
Er saagt er waer ken drei Cent waert,
un waer aa schrecklich dumm;
Es druwwelt ihn yo gaar net,
wie Seef uff me Billy Geess.
"Was ich net weess," so denkt er,
des macht mich aa net heess."

Die Sally hot en scheener Appel,
mit runde, rote Backe;
Er iss net faul un aa net grie,
hot yuscht paar gleene Blacke;
Sie gebt ihn zu de Betsy,
un die Bets saagt, "der iss faul"—
Weess net as em geschenkter Gaul,
Guckt mer yo net ins Maul.

Mer gehne naus ins Hinkelhaus,
dart suche mer die Oier;
Die Hinkel gackse hie un do,
wie der arrickscht Vendu Groyer.
Mer gucke in die Neschter,
awwer's sin yo kenni drin;
Mer sott sei Oier gaar net zaehle,
eb sie schunn gelegt sin.

Der Henry hot die Mande g'heiert,
un O! die Lieb waar gross;
Er drickt sie un er bosst sie,
un er hebt sie uff der Schoss;
Es nemmt en Weil, er laernt noch ebbes,
sell wees ich yo gewiss!
"Luschdich wer noch leddich bleibt,
un draurich wer schunn g'heiert iss."

Die Hannah iss mol in die Schtadt
far en gansi neie Riggins;
Mer henke zu de Fenschdre raus
un gucke wie der Dickens;
Awwer wann sie am me Schtee naus
schtolpert,
sell happened nau als ball,
Dann weess sie, as "der Hochmut kummt,
yuscht wennich vor dem Fall."

Der Jecki hockt im Waertshaus
un iss doch immer g'soffe;
As er sell sei Lewe uffgebt,
darf mer gaar net hoffe;
Beyeemert sich un greckst dorum,
dann hebt er sich am Maage.
Er iss nix nutz in daere Welt,
wie's fimft Raad im me Wagge.

"Wie mer's macht, so hot mer's"—
kann die Jennie gaar net glaawe;
Die Wanse schlofe in ihr'm Bett
un noch paar alte Schaawe.
Sie butzt yuscht, wann sie fiehlt dafor,
un wu die Leit's mensecht sehne—
"'S iss net alles Gold as glitzert,"
wie so manche vun uns meene.

Es hot aa Deel as denke,
sie sin besser wie annere Leit;
Sie mache Geld, sie sin so fei,
un hen en guti Zeit;
Sie gleiche sich, sie sin so schee,
un O! des iss en G'schmeechel—
Sie wisse net, "en blindi Sau
findt alsemol en Eechel."

"Wie du dei Bett gemacht hoscht,
so musscht du leie drin",
Sin ordliche wieschte Warte
wann ich so schlaeferich bin;
Mer kann net immer schlofe,
wer esse will, muss schaffe;
Die Yaaghund sin yo gaar nix nutz,
was yuscht rumhocke un blaffe.

Mir Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche
hen uns abgeblose heit;
Mir hen eich aa gewisse,
dass mir sin g'scheite Leit;
Nau wann du uns net kenne duhscht,
dann winsch du, dass du hettscht,
Weil "seller wu es letscht lacht,
lacht immer noch am bescht!

Reading, Pa. MABEL J. SAYER

Deaths of a Day

MRS. JAMES SOTTOLANO

Mrs. Rose Sottolano, wife of James Sottolano of 1715 Washington Ave., Northampton, died at 7:18 a.m. Friday in the Sacred Heart hospital where she had been a patient since Jan. 11. She was 47 years old.

She was a member of the Grace Evangelical and Reformed church in Northampton.

Surviving are her husband, James Sottolano; three sons, all of whom are in the armed forces: Samuel Sottolano, James Sottolano, and Paul Sottolano; and a daughter, Patricia Sottolano, at home.

EDWIN GRUBE

Edwin Grube of Bath R. 1 died at 1:30 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital at the age of 71 years.

His parents were the late Eli and Matilda, nee Steinbach, Grube. He was born in Saucon and spent the major part of his life as a farmer. He was a member of the Altoonah church.

Surviving are his wife, Ellameda, nee Remaley, Grube; five sons: Harvey Grube and James Grube of Bath R. 1; Russell Grube and Joseph Grube of Bethlehem R. 1; and Clarence Grube of Martin's Creek; and 29 grandchildren.

Rev. J. A. Klick of Nazareth will officiate at services on Wednesday at 2 p. m. at the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. Interment will be in the Altoonah cemetery.

JOSEPH TUSKE

Joseph Tuske, 57, since 1935 operator of the Tuske hotel at 744 Lawrence St., died there at 11:30 a. m. yesterday after an illness of 18 months.

He was born in Hungary, a son of the late John and Agatha (nee Mentes) Tuske, and came to the United States 31 years ago. He was a member of the St. Stephen Magyar Catholic church at 5th and Union Sts.; the Verhovay Aid society of Allentown and the Hungarian Home Assn.

There survive his wife, Mrs. Mary (nee Beck) Tuske; two daughters, Mrs. Walter Bziedzic, Allentown, and Paula Tuske, at home, and one son, Joseph, also at home; a brother, Paul Tuske, New York City, and two brothers and two sisters, John, Frank, Barbara and Mary, in Europe.

The funeral will be held Tuesday at 8:30 a. m. from the Weber funeral home, 502 Ridge Ave. Requiem high mass will be sung in St. Stephen's church at 9 o'clock and burial will be in the Sacred Heart cemetery.

MRS. EMMA K. FICKERT

Mrs. Emma Keeler Fickert, 60, wife of Curtis Fickert, 1643 Easton Ave., Bethlehem, died Friday afternoon in St. Luke's hospital.

She was born May 12, 1881 in Seidersville, a daughter of Henry and Mary Reinbold Keeler, and was a lifelong resident of Bethlehem.

Survivors are her husband, a son Curtis, Allentown; one grandson; a sister, Mrs. Charles Woods, Allentown; three brothers, Enos Keeler, Center Valley; John Keeler, Bethlehem; Charles Keeler, of Allentown.

Fraternally she was affiliated with the Ladies Auxiliary of the Orioles, Daughters of America and Auxiliary of the Golden Eagle.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the Paul J. Zimmerman Funeral home, 153 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, where friends may call on Monday night. Interment, Memorial Park. Rev. Byron K. Horne, pastor of Central Moravian church, will officiate.

MRS. CORA V. NEFF

Mrs. Cora V. Neff, widow of Henry O. Neff, Germans Corner, died suddenly at 1 p. m. yesterday at her home. She was 70 years old.

Born in Lynn township, she was a daughter of the late Benjamin and Carolina (Handwerk) Hamm. She was a member of the Heidelberg Reformed church. She was the last member of her family and her only survivors are nieces and nephews.

Rev. Thomas Bachman will officiate at services to be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Elwood Heintzelman funeral home, Slatedale, and to be continued at the Heidelberg church where she will be buried in the church cemetery.

MRS. ACHSAW W. FEHR

Mrs. Achsaw W. Fehr, the widow of Harrison Fehr Sr., who served at one time as president of the Lehigh Valley Transit Co., died at 4 p. m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital after a long illness.

She was born at Easton a daughter of the late William and Sallie A., nee Fraunfelt. Walter and was a member of the First Presbyterian church of this city and the senior auxiliary of the Allentown hospital.

Surviving are one son, Harrison Fehr Jr., of Philadelphia; a brother, Brinton Walter of Easton; six grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. A son, Willard, preceded her in death.

Services will be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the Bachman Funeral home, 1030 Walnut St. Interment will be in the Easton Heights cemetery.

JESSIE RIOS

Jessie Rios, seven-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Selieriano Rios of 761 Princeton Ave., Palmerton, died at 6 a. m. Friday.

Surviving are her parents and the following brothers and sisters: Epaphania, Marcella, Raymond and Joseph, all at home.

Funeral services will be held on Sunday at 2 p. m. in the Sacred Heart church in Palmerton. Interment will be in the parish cemetery.

MRS. ELLAMANDA DANNER

Mrs. Ellamanda Danner, 72, widow of Simon Danner, died Thursday night at her home, Walnutport R. 2, near Bossard Corner.

Born and raised in Northampton county, she was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Reph. She resided at her late address for the last 12 years. She was a member of the Lutheran faith, and the Danielsville council, Daughters of America.

She is survived by eight children, 33 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. The children are: Mrs. William Peters, Slatington R. 1; Mrs. William Hunsicker, Schnecksville R. 1; Mrs. Alfred Kressler, Oklahoma; Mrs. Samuel Miller, Mauch Chunk; Wesley Danner, Bangor; Samuel Danner, Northampton; Thomas Danner, at home, and Robert Danner, Allentown.

Two sisters and four brothers also survive. They are: Mrs. Milton Feller, Danielsvile; Mrs. Katie Heffelfinger, Rockville; Robert Reph, Rockville; John Reph, Danielsville; Amandus and Calvin Reph, both of Danielsville R. 1.

Funeral services, with Rev. A. S. Delbert officiating, will be held Monday at 2 p. m. from the Schisler Funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Interment in Zion Stone church cemetery, Kreidersville.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Butcher G'shpichta

Doh da onner dawg huts widder dale arya g'shpichta gewwa bis es Dewey Schallers fon g'shwishich Lanark un Centre Valley fartich worra shlochta. Mohl fers aller airsht, hen sie widder der gawainlich druvel kotta fer die sow dote griega un wissa net eb der Dewey net grawd tziehla hut kenna, odder eb die May die sow tzu arrick gadaurt hut. Aenicha waig, fer mohl ordlich weil hen sie gore nix may g'sehna fom Dewey odder da sow, un is na shier fohr kumma wie won die sow arrads tzu ma rotta loch nunner g'shlupt wear un der Dewey wear ra noh fer sie rous tziega. Endlich hen sie ow'r mohl widder lava g'sehna in da si ben, un glei hut der Dewey die sow rous gatzoga om shwontz un hen noh weiters ken druvel may kotta fon darta ob bis 's ons wersht sheesa, un laver wersht flaish kocha gonga is.

Now so weit os die wersht bisnis aw gonga is, wor der Dewey arrick partickular mit dols ins fils'l duh. Er hut grawd bout gawist wie er die wersht g'solsa hut wolla howwa, net may os notewenich, doch grawd uf der dubba ganunk fer sie recht gute shmocka mocha. Un fer sel tzu duh, hut ers sols mit ra sols box nei gatzott'ld 's same wie m'r aw ols die eishter subba g'solsa hut on da fendu wie noch eishter sub tzu kaufa wor. Wel anyhow, allas is ol recht ob galoffa bis es ons wersht sheesa gonga is. Noh hut der Dewey die darm k'hand'ld, un die May hut der sheeser gadray'd. Uf ae mohl hut die May awfonga glawga 's gang'd so hard, sie wist shier nimmy tzu draya, un der Dewey hut ra g'sawt 's fils'l dade tzu kalt werra, sel wear die shuld os es so sonderbore hard gang'd.

Wel anyhow, die May hut sich bol dote gamocht fers fils'l darrich draya, un is g'shwitzt os es wosser ra fon da shtarn ob gadrubst is. Endlich hut sie sich hee k'huck'd un g'sawt, sie kents ferhoftich sei nimmy langer draya, doh mist aryads ebbes letz sei. Der Dewey hut ow'r gamaint sie wot yusht humbug shpiela fer sich rous shaila fom draya, un g'sawt sie sot mohl die wersht handla farna on da shnoutz, un er wot die g'shicht draya. Ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl won er die draya aw shier gawist hut rum tzu griega, un hut 'n grawd gamohnt wie iwwer 'm shmaltz ous dricka won die greeva tzomma gadrick'd sin os sie bol noch brondawei shtinka, un kon die dray ken bitz'l may draya. Noh uf kours hut der Dewey ei gewwa os doh aryads ebbes letz sei mist, un hut der wersht sheeser mohl hinnershich gadray'd, un allas rous ganumma os drin wor. Noh gons drunna uf 'm budda tight on da shnoutz, wos dada n'r denka os er g'funna hut. Wel so wie die Fegelcher uns gapifa hen, hen sie holes die grank die sols box ins fils'l falla lossa, un woh sich grawd farna on die shnou.. g'shoft hut kot, un wore ken wunner os die May die g'shicht n...my draya hut kenna. Der wersht sheeser hut die longweilich fershtubbing kot, bis sie die sols box ous 'm fils'l ganumma hen.

Ow'r sel wor noh ols noch net ol der druvel os sie kotta hen bis sie fartich worra shlocht... Der Dewey un die May weara in aim hoar ous g'falla iwwer 'm laver wersht flaish iwwer duh, un ol weil sie net aenich werra hen kenna waeich da sow ihra bocka tzae. Ains hut gamaint 's wear aw si flaish, un wotta 's gons waisa tzum kessel nei shmeissa, uns onner wor shure die bocka tzae dada net in die laver wersht kaira. Iwwel odder wohl hen sie sie hous galust, un werra sie wol fermuthlich ins safa socha g'shmissa howwa, der blotz woh sellie socha nei kaira.

Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Dewey un die May die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit so gore is yoh shun widder die tzeit woh die Lehigh-Northampton Pomona Grange sich fersomm'ld,—un des noch so gore driwwa bei da Star Grange on Moorestown, woh sie immer so guta kucha hen.

M'r wolla wetta os so wie der Pomona master Mandus Borger, un die Pomona lecturer'n Jennie Bartholmew shun fer 'n gonsie woch ken kucha gessa hen, un heit widder nei shloga bis on die

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—
love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

—Coleridge.

PASS THE AMMUNITION

Announcement to employes of Bethlehem Steel Co. by the United States Navy that it desires record output of big shells during the next two months is very, very good news. It is to be expected in turn that very good news for the Navy will be written by Bethlehem Steel Co. workers by exceeding all expectations.

The news is good because it almost certainly indicates that the war in the Pacific is getting along more satisfactorily and with greater speed than had been expected. Because it has been moving so rapidly it becomes necessary to advance the program as to manufacture and delivery of shells to the big battleships which are going to dash into this fray long before it had been expected such thing would be practical. It would seem to indicate that the late spring and early summer will see plenty of action upon tremendous scale in the Pacific for it will be along about that time when shells that are made now will be reaching the fleet.

For a long time the American action in the Pacific very much resembled pushing away at a snow-bank with a wide shovel. Action in recent months has been like the movement of an arrow, proceeding almost due west from the Solomons, Gilbert and Marshall islands in the general direction of the Philippines and China. Just as a slender arrow moves more swiftly than a clumsy shovel, so American naval action promises to be very much more speedy in the future than it could be in the past because of so many handicaps.

The United States Navy in effect has said to the men of the Lehigh Valley who turn out its big shells: We believe we've got the Japs on the run, so pass the ammunition.

WASTING SENTIMENT ON GERMANS

Issuance early in the week of a statement by 28 prominent men, clergymen and writers, decrying the efforts of the Americans and British to obliterate German manufacturing cities by bombing, very properly has drawn fire thruout the country from hosts of people who are a great deal more concerned about the safety of American and British boys than they are about the monuments and cultural objects, the war factories and the war workers of Germany.

One of the very best answers to the squeamishness of the 28 clergymen and writers comes from Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, of Boston, who feels that they have lost a sense of perspective in their contemplation of cruelty and the brutality that is war, a war certainly not of America's desire and making. Bishop Oxnam tells of his own son, a chaplain on the Anzio beachhead, who administered the Holy Communion to men in battle, and then goes on to say: "These men were in bomb craters and in nearby foxholes under constant artillery fire. The shells that sought them out were made by civilians in the cities being bombed. The planes that strafed them were manufactured in these centers our bombers seek out now by day and night. Would these clergymen increase the shells and bullets? The conscientious objector fails to recognize that he is responsible for the results that flow from his refusal to use force as the conscientious cooperator in this war is responsible for the results that flow from his use of force.

"I believe that subjection to Fascism is more degrading and destructive in the long run than war, hideous as war is. The best military judgment is that to end the war as speedily as possible this bombing is necessary. I hate war. And like other fathers never open a telegram these days without hesitating. But I want a world free from Fascists. I want to be certain that my sons do not march a generation hence. I believe that victory is essential to that end that these bombings are a revolting necessity."

One may add to the bishop's statement that Germany certainly asked for any punishment that she is getting. Her leaders planned it differently of course and her people gloated over the destruction of Warsaw, Rotterdam, London and other cities.

It is contrary to all human urge and emotion to become sentimental about a bully who has met more than his match, or about the man who has fallen into the pit that he dug for others. In this job the United Nations are in much the same role as the warden of a penitentiary who swings the switch leading to the electric chair. He had no part in the fact that a convict has been seated in that chair. He is just a part of an inexorable operation of justice which has caught up with a criminal.

The Germans are just beginning to be overtaken. Nemesis is not to be halted.

ARE JAPS PLANNING ATROCITIES?

Reports out of the Office of War Information in Washington, which has listeners tuned in on Japanese radio broadcasts, indicate that the Japs presently are telling their people of atrocities allegedly committed against Japs by Americans and British. Altho they have no interest in nor concern with the monastery at Mount Cassino in Italy, they are making much of the bombing of that structure in their broadcasts.

All this inclines American authorities to belief that the Japs are preparing for or already have committed atrocities upon prisoners in their hands. It is also believed that by reporting to their people that Americans and British have bombed Jap hospital ships and have strafed wounded nurses and soldiers in lifeboats they are preparing themselves to do just such things if and when opportunity offers.

Of course there is nothing to be done about it. Americans are convinced that Jap behavior in this war from start to the present time stamps them as brutes of lowest calibre. The Japs either are convinced or are trying to convince their people that Americans are savages. And in any bout of name-calling, neither side ever gets anywhere.

Need New Press Rules

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 10—Two years ago the suggestion was made in these dispatches that the practice of interrogation in presidential press conferences be revised so that the Chief Executive would have an opportunity in advance of the sessions to examine the questions asked and determine for himself whether he would answer them.

The episode of the Italian ships confirms the need for the change. Here was a matter of international importanoe which Mr. Roosevelt was asked about and before he realized the significance of his answer, the incident had created repercussions and misunderstandings abroad.

The President is particularly skillful in parrying questions, and his press conferences are unique in that they have always been on an impromptu basis both on the part of the questioners and Mr. Roosevelt. But it has already been demonstrated after 11 years that the President is good at repartee and that the newspapermen can ask searching questions. What is important now is that the President as well as the press be safeguarded by a change in the system.

Rule Once in Effect

There once was a rule in effect before the present administration whereby questions were submitted in writing an hour or so in advance of the press conferences. The President had an opportunity to consult other officials and departments of the government and get the information desired. If he chose to disregard a written question, he could do so without being compelled to make an evasive answer on something which in his judgment should not be answered.

But the rule was that if the President did answer a written question, he could be asked on the spot any question the newspapermen happened to think of and thereupon the press conference was no different from those now being held by Mr. Roosevelt. In fairness to a President who cannot possibly know up to the minute what the newspapermen know has been said or given out in various parts of the government, the hour or more for advance scrutiny would enable the President to inform himself.

For one thing, the change in the system would assure the press of answers that they knew represented careful study and not offhand comment. Unquestionably many of the inconsistencies and apparent contradictions in statement which have been the basis of criticism from time to time stemmed from this very clumsiness in the handling of important news by the President in his conferences.

Time and again things Mr. Roosevelt has said in press conferences have caused controversy, especially when relayed informally by the reporters to members of Congress on Capitol Hill. The White House has always maintained for reference a stenographic record of what has been said so that some of the misunderstandings have been removed by reading the exact context.

English Pounced on Error

An effort has just been made in the House of Commons to use Mr. Roosevelt's error in announcing offhand the future disposition of one-third of the Italian fleet to Russia as a means of embarrassing Mr. Churchill. The Prime Minister was asked to make sure that in the future important announcements of this kind were made in concert by simultaneous announcement in the capitals of the countries concerned. Mr. Churchill sidestepped the issue but undoubtedly some of our British friends chuckled over the affair because it was not long ago that the American press was criticizing the Prime Minister for letting some news out of the bag which ought properly have been made the subject of official announcement at the same time in London and Washington.

The problem of allocating the Italian fleet also has a bearing on Italian enthusiasm for the war against the Nazis. The Italian naval fleet was pro-Ally and took big chances in effecting a surrender. To be told suddenly that the ships would be given to Russia is to introduce an unnecessary complication in an already complicated situation with respect to the Badoglio government. Assurance has doubtless been given the Italians since the press conference—in fact, Prime Minister Churchill repeated it publicly to the House of Commons—that nothing will be done during the war to disturb the Italian fleet but that the equivalent in tonnage probably would be made available to the Russians.

Mr. Roosevelt is perhaps the most heavily burdened man in the world and he ought to be protected against chance remarks. A change in press conference methods would be in the public interest.

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News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, March 10—The visit of State Under Secretary Stettinius to London is being played down because Mr. Roosevelt said it would make no headlines.

The official story is that he is going over to get acclimated at the British foreign office. But he is seeking more than a whiff of the climate in those hallowed halls, and if all the news about it were given out, there might be plenty of headlines.

* * * *

There is no use pretending Anglo-American-Russian relations are in a settled state. Russian external policies, the Polish, French nationalist committee and Italian problems—all together representing practically the entire fundamental basis of world policy—are far from a common understanding.

In fact, collectively, they are in such a state that a sound contention could be made that there is no Allied political policy today (as distinct from the military policy on which there seems to be unity).

A disillusionment with Russia has developed in the State Department here from Stettinius on down, excepting possibly only State Secretary Hull at the top. Observers from within have noticed that trend spreading apace with Russia's repeated steps to develop agreements with each individual nation in Europe (unilateral understandings) contrary to Hull's stand against separate alliances.

Nevertheless, Hull's friends classify him as more hopeful than most of the others that the Russians are merely presenting alternatives to the world, first moving in one direction and then in the other, at one time pleasing us, and at another goading us. That these moves represent a threat and possibly a break is the more common view of other officials.

* * * *

Why Mr. Roosevelt and the British are giving one-third of the conquered Italian fleet to the Russians has not been thoroughly explained. No one has even hinted that we should get one-third of what the Russians conquer in this war to make matters even.

Only explanation offered here is that the Reds have sacrificed greatly—one of the highest officials saying privately the war would have ended in a stalemate, had not Russia wasted the German army. This seems to represent the official attitude.

The British, however, seem even more resentful of Moscow diplomacy, if not frightened by it. If Mr. Stettinius can make any progress toward solution of this complex tri-partite relationship, he will not only get a headline, but a medal. For instance, if he could only get the Poles and Russians on speaking terms, he will have wrought a diplomatic miracle.

Furthermore, there does not appear to be even a joint understanding regarding the future of Germany. Mr. Churchill indicated to Parliament he favored partitioning that nation when he suggested Poland should be given compensating territory from Germany for whatever the Russians take away from her eastern frontier. No cheers were heard here about that.

* * * *

On the Italian problem, most of our officials, talking unofficially, would like to get rid of both the king and Badoglio, and see a republic, with a true legislative assembly representing all parties freely, established when we get to Rome, but what Stalin thinks about that may be something else again.

Thus, none of the recently developed attitudes of Moscow and London, except the Finnish peace offer, has found great favor here. In fact, it is doubtful that our own action in one particular, in bringing Argentina to her senses by a strong policy, found favor in London.

If we had followed the British, we would still be running away from that situation. There are also the matters of acquiring British bases and competitive viewpoints on trade relations in which the British obviously do not like the Hull policy.

Thus the agreements which have been made and so widely advertised (Moscow, Teheran, etc.), have fallen far short of a common political understanding. You need no secret information to see that. It is apparent behind the news daily.

To show the progress achieved in motor car design, the Automobile club of Buenos Aires, Argentina, held an exhibition of ancient and modern cars, the Argentine President and his Cabinet Ministers attending the opening.



A Journey Through Pennsylvania In 1810

By MARLON HELLERICH

(A paper prepared for the Department of History at Temple University)

(Conclusion)

The Woolcott party passed through the Pennsylvania German country from Easton to Bethlehem through Allentown and Kutztown to Reading. Along this route Margaret Dwight had an opportunity to examine briefly the farms and crops of the Pennsylvania Germans. She noted first the great barns of these people, and then the large fields of grain. However she was disturbed by the sight of women working in the fields. Margaret recorded her observations on the agriculture of the Pensylvania Germans while passing through Bucks County to Reading:

"Stone is used for everything in this State—The barns & houses are almost entirely built of it.—I imagine the Duch pride themselves on building good barns, for a great many of them are very elegant—they are 3 & 4 stories, have windows & one or 2 I saw with blinds—They are larger and handsomer than most of the houses—The Dutch women are all out as we pass, dressing flax, picking up apples & &c—The dress of the women grows worse & worse—We find them now with very short petticoats, no short gown & barefoot—The country is not pleasant, at least does not appear so as we ride thr' it all—I should think the land must be good as we see large fields of grain very frequently—There does not appear to be as much fruit as in NY & NJ.—"

Margaret was impressed by the productivity of these people and their land.

From October 27 to November 5 Margaret Dwight and her friends passed through the Pennsylvania German country. They travelled over a road which led from Easton to Reading and from Reading to Harrisburg; and from Harrisburg through Carlisle to Shippensburg. This was the section of Pennsylvania almost wholly occupied by Pennsylvania German folk. We have already noted briefly her comments on the farms of these people. She also passed through their towns and cities and made brief comments in her diary about them. These comments as all the others in this journal are completely impressionistic; Margaret Dwight had no preconceived and explicit set of standards to guide her judgment of places and people.

The first town with a large Pennsylvania German population which she entered was Easton. She found Easton to be a pleasant town:

"As soon as we pass'd the bridge, we enter'd Easton, the first town in Pennsylvania—It is a small but pleasant town—the houses are chiefly small, & built of stone—very near together—The meeting house, Bank, & I think, Market, are all of the same description—There are a few very handsome brick houses, & some wooden buildings—."

From Easton Margaret journeyed on the same day the short distance of twelve miles to Bethlehem. This city, the Moravian center, had a much more distinct German culture than did Easton. Margaret was immediately impressed by this:

"Bethlehem....contains almost entirely Dutch people—The houses there are nearly all stone—but like Easton it contains some pretty brick houses—It has not half as many stores as Easton—The meeting house is a curious building—it looks like a castle—I suppose it is stone,—the outside is plastered....The school buildings are low, long stone houses—the stone houses are not at all handsome—but rather ugly—."

After the weekend in the tavern in Hanover Township the Woolcott party journeyed on to Reading. To reach this city they had to pass through the two small towns of Allentown and Kutztown. Margaret found that neither could compare with Bethlehem and Easton:

"Allentown is not a pleasant place—The houses are almost all stone—It contains 2 small stone churches—We went into a store, where I bought me a coarse tooth comb for 15 cents.—"

"Kutztown is but a few miles from Allentown—It has but one short street which is thickly built with stone & log houses—It is rather a dirty street & not more pleasant than the others—."

Reading, one of the largest towns in Pennsylvania, was a pleasant contrast to Allentown and Kutztown. For Margaret writes of Reading:

"We passed through Reading yesterday which is one of the largest & prettiest towns I have ever seen—We stopt about 2 hours in the town & I improved my time in walking about to see it—I went into the stores inquiring for a scissor case—Almost every one could talk english—but I believe the greatest part were Dutch people—."

From Reading the party proceeded on October 31 to Harrisburg. On this road they passed through Lebanon which at that time was already a sizeable town.

"We also passed thro Lebanon which appear'd to be a town of considerable size and pleasant—we did not stop at all in it—The other towns were merely one short dirty street—this town is one street only—but a tolerably pretty one—There are a number of good houses in it—We have once more got among people of our own nation & language—& they appear very clever—."

However, Margaret and her companions did not pass through Harrisburg. They only skirted about the city. And inasmuch as their route did not take them southward into Lancaster and York she could not comment on those Pennsylvania cities and centers of Pennsylvania German life. Shortly beyond Harrisburg the party entered the mountain ranges of the State and the towns were few and neglected in her diary. Thus her comments on Pennsylvania towns ended with those on Lebanon, and were not resumed until some of the larger towns of Western Pennsylvania were reached. From those remarks which we have we can readily see that they were based on a few hours observation. However they do reveal a few interesting details of the appearance of the town in that day to a casual visitor.

While the comments of Margaret on Pennsylvania towns are brief and casual, her remarks on Pennsylvania taverns are filled with much detail and intense feeling. For it was the taverns which were of greatest natural interest to her. It was in their power to make her journey pleasant or unpleasant. And on the whole they served only to increase her discomfort which already was great because of poor roads, angered companions, and the strangeness of the new land. Margaret found on the whole poor accommodations in the Pennsylvania taverns; the rooms were dirty and ill-ventilated, the hotels usually filled with drunken wagoners and travellers. Occasionally an exception was found to this usual condition. But Margaret soon realized that she had to accept the discomforts and hardships of the tavern. They were not a place of rest and comfort for the weary travellers.

The party first stayed in a Pennsylvania tavern over the weekend of October 27. The tavern was located in Hanover Township, a few miles from Bethlehem, and was kept by a Pennsylvania German family. Margaret found her experiences in this tavern both amusing and disturbing:

"First I will c'escribe our last night's lodging—Susan and me asked to go to bed—& Mrs. Jackson spoke to Mr. Riker, the landlord—So he took up a candle to light us & we asked Mrs. W. to go up with us, for we did not dare to go alone—when we got into a room he went to the bed & opened it for us, while we were almost dying with laughter, & then he stood waiting with the candle for us to get into bed—but Mrs. W. as soon as she could speak, told him she would wait & bring down the candle & he then left us—I never laugh'd so heartily in my life—Our bed to sleep on was straw, & then a feather bed for covering—The pillows contained nearly a single handful of feathers, & were covered with the most curious & dirty patchwork, I ever saw—We had one bed quilt & one sheet—I did not undress at all, for I expected Dutchmen in every moment & you may suppose slept very comfortably in that expectation—."

But poorer taverns were still to be found. On the evening of November 5, the party stayed at a hostelry a few miles west of Carlisle which Margaret described as follows:

"We....are in a most curious place tonight—If possible I will describe it—It is a log hut built across the road from the tavern, for movers — that the landlord need not be bothered with them—We have a good fire, a long, dirty table, a few boards nailed up for a closet, a dozen long boards in one side & as many barrels in the other—2 benches to set on, two bottomless chairs, & a floor containing dirt enough to plant potatoes—."

Usually members of the party of both sexes slept together in the same room and even the same bed without undressing. Conditions were particularly bad for the party during storms or over the Sabbath when they did not travel and had to spend the days in small, overcrowded taverns. When not disturbed by drunken "Dutchmen" they were disturbed by drunken "wagoners." The landlords gave little or no service, and at times even food was unobtainable. And on certain stages of the journey through the mountains there were no taverns, and the travelers had to stay in private homes which were usually overcrowded log cabins.

However occasionally the party did meet with a comfortable tavern. Such a one was found in Heidelburg to the west of Reading:

"We put up for the night at Leonard Shaver's tavern—I was extremely tired when we stopt & went immediately to bed after tea —& for the first time for a long while, undress'd me & had a comfortable night's rest—."

But even in the best of taverns sheer fatigue was the best guarantee of sleep and rest.

Still the difficulties of the Woolcott party with the Pennsylvania Germans and the taverns were insignificant as compared with those which they met while crossing the Pennsylvania mountains. From November 6 to November 21 the party struggled slowly over the seven successive mountain ranges. The first two days the party crossed three mountains. The weather was still clear and the roads fairly good. However from Peach Orchard on their real hardships began. There occurred an almost constant fall of rain and snow which flooded streams and made quagmires of the roads. At times the party was forced to spend days in poor taverns which were little improvement over the inclement weather. The members of the party were forced to hike over the mountains, by the fatigue of the horses. Cold, rain, mud, fatigue, wore on their spirits. But to add to their discomforts and particularly that of the women, were the wagoners among whom the party fell. There were men of a lusty, rowdy frontier lot among these wagoners, and they were not familiar with the niceities of language and manners. They considered raw mountain whiskey the best protection obtainable against the weather and a string of oaths the best stimulus to be applied to a recalcitrant team. These were values which a group of New England ladies could not appreciate. These wagoners were a 'constant abrasive to the physical fatigue of Margaret and her friends. The mountain journey was the difficult phase of Margaret's journey:

"If I could describe to you our troubles from roads, wagonners, & creeks, I would,—but it is impossible—."

"After a comfortable nights rest, we set out on foot to reach the height of the mtn.—It rain'd fast for a long time, & at length began to snow—We found the roads bad past description,—worse than you can possibly imagine—Large stones & deep mud holes every step of the way—We were oblig'd to walk as much as we possibly could, as the horses could scarcely stir the wagon—the mud was so deep & the stones so large—It has grown so cold that I fear we shall all perish to-morrow—We suffer'd with cold excessively—."

Three weeks of constant hardship were able even to break temporarily Margaret's high spirits. For at the foot of the Laurel Mountain she wrote:

"Last night we were again cheated out of our beds, & oblig'd to pass the night as we could, & that was most uncomfortable—I was quite unwell with the headache & had waited for a bed an hour & a half longer than I felt able to set up; & when I found I could get none, I had a long crying spell—This morning I feel almost sick—."

But the worst of the journey was over and on the morrow—Margaret was able to write:

"Rejoice with me my dear Elizabeth, that we are at length over all the mountain—."

Despite the difficulties of her journey Margaret was still able to see with delight the autmnal beauties of the Pennsylvania mountains. For on November 16 on the top of the Allegheny mountain she wrote:

"—this mountain is 14 miles over—At the highestpart of it is a most beautiful prospect of mountains—5 or 6 ridges one after the other— We clamber'd up a high rock near to the highest part, but found the prospect little better than the one from the road—I wish I could describe it to you— We have had no prospect of any consequence from any of the mountains before—I have been quite disappointed at not seeing any—We found winter green berrys of abundance on it—I pick'd a sprig of ivy from the top, which I will send you—call it laurel & preserve it, as it came from the very backbone of America, as they all tell us—."

Margaret also noted the heavy traffic which was crossing the Pennsylvania mountains at that time much of it in the form of fellow immigrants to Ohio:

"From what I have seen and heard, I think the State of Ohio will be well filled before winter.—Wagons without number, every day go on—one went on containing forty people—We almost every day, see them with 18 or 20—one stopt here tonight with 21—."

The mountains were crossed and Margaret's hopes and anticipations rose hourly. The greater part of her journey was completed: only nine days elapsed between Laurel Hill and Warren, Ohio. Her journal is concerned then little with comments on Pennsylvania. She spent a part of November 26 in Pittsburgh and made these observations about the city:

"From the little we did see of the town, I was extremely disappointed at its appearance—It is not one half as large as I suppos'd—but I am unable to give you any account of it, from my observation—It is situated at the coufluence of the 2 rivers, the Allegheny & Monongluhela—The town suffer'd very much by the flood—one house floated down the river—its inhabitants were in the upper part of it calling for assistance—none could be render'd & what became of them I did not learn—."

This little tragedy was one of the last comments Margaret made on Pennsylvania. For in a few days she was in the home of her cousin in Ohio.

The diary of Margaret Van Horn Dwight is a highly personal affair. That fact makes it difficult to evaluate it as a purely historical document. It is a perfect gem as a personal narrative. And from its comments one can glean observations which give a picture of life on the Pennsylvania turnpikes in 1810. In fact the confidential nature of the journal endows remarks with the richness and flavor of reality which other more impersonal documents lack. One is glad that Margaret Dwight conscientiously kept her journal:

"I do not find it as easy to write a journal as I had hoped—for we are seldom favour'd with any more than the barroom, & there is always as many men as the room will hold besides our party, & there is nine of us—so you may judge whether I find it difficult or not— I frequently begin a sentence & forget how to finish it,—for the conversation grows so loud, that I am oblig'd to listen to it & write between whiles—I sometimes get quite discouraged & think I will not try again, but I take too much pleasure in writing, to give it up willingly—."

The main source for the above paper was: Margaret Van Horn Dwight's JOURNEY TO OHIO IN 1810. Max Farrand, ed. Yale Historical Manuscripts I. New Haven, Yale University Press, 1922.

Es Iss Ken Unglaawe

Es iss ken Unglaawe—
Wer Saame in der Grund g'saet hot,
Un erwaart, er uffkumme sott,
Der draut seim Gott.

Wer saagt, wann Wolke dunkel sei,
"Halt yuscht Geduld, die Sunn scheint glei,"
Glaabt Gott iss frei.

Wer sehnt darch Schnee, wu winters fallt,
Die Aern wu uns am Lewe halt,
Weess Gottes G'walt.

Es iss ken Unglaawe—
Doch Daag un Nacht, gewissenlos
Letts leglen der Haerzglaawe gross—
Gott weess farwas!

(Meh odder wennicher nooch Tyndall)
September 30, 1943 RALPH S. FUNK

Ebbes Neies

'S iss ebbes Neies in unserm Haus,
Ich saag dir's in dei Ohr;
Der Doktor hot es heem gebrocht,
Darf driwwe vun em Schtor.

Du kannscht net rote, was es iss,
Sei Lewe kannscht du net;
Es iss kee Ketzle un kee Hund,
Doch es iss dick un fett.

Es lechelt ebmols, ebmols greischt,
Sei Aage sin so blo;
Es schloft un schloft e ganse Lot,
Sei Hohr iss geel wie Schtroh.

Es iss so glee as wie e Bopp,
So niedlich sin sei Fiess;
Sei Fingerling un alles—mei!
Ich meen 's iss zuckersiess!

Du kannscht net rote, was es iss,
Sei Lewe net, o nee!
Kumm riwwer un ich weiss es dir,
Mei Schwesterle so glee!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Deaths of a Day

Dr. Warren Kunkel, Retired Doctor, Dies

Dr. Warren Kunkel of 105 S. 6th St., former Philadelphia physician, died Friday at the Allentown hospital in his 65th year.

The son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Kunkel, he was graduated from Allentown High school and attended Muhlenberg college. He received his medical training and degree at the University of Pennsylvania, practiced medicine in Fullerton for a short time and then moved to Leoti, Kansas, where he remained for four years. Until nine years ago, when he retired, he carried on a medical practice in Philadelphia. He was a member of the Cedar church in Cetronia.

Surviving are his wife, Maude, nee Miller, Kunkel; a son, Barton E. Kunkel, Allentown; a brother, Dr. Paul Kunkel, who is a member of the staff at Cedar Crest college; five grandchildren. A sister preceded him in death.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. at the Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St. Interment will be in West End cemetery.

MRS. JAMES W. SMITH

Mrs. Ida E. Smith, wife of James W. Smith, died at 12:30 p. m. yesterday at her home, 934 North St., Allentown. She had been in ill health for 11 weeks.

Born in Fogelsville, a daughter of the late Phaon and Amanda (Fegley) Korn, she had lived in Allentown for the past 10 years. She was a member of Salem Evangelical Reformed church of Catasauqua.

Besides her husband, she leaves a daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Rosewarne, Allentown; three brothers, Charles, Allentown; Rev. Albert, Lancaster, and Claude, Harrisburg.

Services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St.

Former P P & L Engineer Dies in Harrisburg

James Lane Polk Jr., employed as a Public Utility Commission advanced electrical engineer at Harrisburg, and a former transmission engineer of the P.P. and L. Co., this city, died late Thursday of natural causes in a capitol rest room. Mr. Polk was in his 51st year.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania in 1915, with a B. S. degree in electrical engineering, he was employed for a number of years in the engineering department of the Pennsylvania railroad.

In April, 1924, Mr. Polk was named a transmission engineer in the engineering and inventory departments of the P.P. and L. Co., and he remained with that company until late in 1941. He was appointed to the public utility commission in February, 1942.

A sister, Adela M. Polk, superintendent of nursing in St. Margaret's Memorial hospital, Pittsburgh, is the only survivor.

HARRIET F. COHEN

Harriet Finger Cohen, wife of Aaron Cohen, Quakertown R. 3, was buried Friday afternoon in Baltimore. She died Thursday evening at the Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, after an illness of several months.

She was born in Virginia on March 19, 1917 the daughter of Michael and Mary Finger. In Quakertown, she has been active in community affairs especially on the ration board and the Red Cross.

Survivors in addition to her husband, who is connected with the Quaker Farm Supply Co. at Quakertown, are her mother, Mrs. Mary Finger, two sisters, Lucille and Beuna, wife of Corporal Peter Schuster, all of Quakertown R. 3; a third sister, Clarisse, wife of J. Mason, New York City; and an uncle, David Finger of Finger farm, Quakertown R. 3.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Altie Familia Beavel

Doh net long tzurick wie m'r drowwa ons Irvie Hoffmans nei g'shtopt hen g'schwishich Scheidys un Rising Sun hut der Irvie gawunnert wos tzu duh wear mit tzwae alta beavla os er nimmy langer halta wot. 'S worra beavla os runner kumma sin fon seinra Fodders side, alla bait gadruck'd free in da 1700, un alla bait hard gawora. M'r hen 'm Irvie noh g'sawt, der dahler un cent wert wear wenich, ow'r dade uns fohr kumma wie won die aint wunnerbore guta familia barichda howwa maich'd.

Die aint beavel hut gore ken g'schreib, net so fiel os wie 'n nahma drin. Die onner is ow'r fol g'schriva, socha un sol uns gross wunnerra eb net dale Kistler familia barichda drin sin os dafor noch net om dawgs licht worra. Un aw net yusht Kistlers barichda, ow'r so gore Wiederstein familia barichda, un woh die beavel im airshda blotz fom alta lond doh riwwer gabrocht hen in 1752. Doh sin die barichda fon da beavel in so gute Pennsylfawnish Deitsch k'huck'd, os m'r wissa 's rum tzu hucka, 'm Porra Brendle seinra Englisha iwwersetzing noh.

Uf ma fedderra blawd fon da beavel sechts: "Die Beavel kairt 'm John Henry Wiederstein in "Bentzell pfani" un tzu da Anna Maria Gra, in "Allemangell," in "Heydelberg" Township.

"Anno 1752. In dem yohr sin m'r noch dem lond kumma. Uf der 13d October sin m'r noch da shtadt fon Fildelfy kumma. G'schriva da 13d Ocktober, 1752.

Uf ma onnera blawd fertzailt er may fon ihra trip:

"Now ich, der John Henry Wiederstein mit meinra fraw Anna Maria Krau un finf kinner, sin ous Deitschlond iwwer der gross sae. Unser trip ous Deitschlond hut g'shtart da airsht dawg fom Moy, un ganumma bis der 29d fom Ocktober. Yusht fer Michael's Dawg hen m'r lond g'sehna uf tzwae sida, un noh sin m'r fer ocht dawg fert der "Reiffer" nuf, bis m'r noch Philadelphia kumma sin. In Philadelphia hen m'r fer 14 dawg iwwer galaga. Noh sin m'r 's lond nuf bis noch 'm Bloe Barrick in "Lindauner Tuschiff," G'shriva in "Lindauner Tunschiff," Annon 1752.

"Die Beavel howwich kauft fer fier rix dahler, un hob sie mit gabrocht fer my lehring un Gottas ehr. Now hoerich, liebas Buch! Won aenich ebber kumma sot fer dich fert drawga, sawg, los mich leia, ich bin net dein, ich kehr tzum John Henry Wiederstein un Anna Maria Gra.

"My finf kinner sin doh rei g'schriva, un wons noch may gewwa sot werra sie aw datzu gamocht.

"My dochter Anna Maria Wiederstein wor gabora im yohr 1741, finf dawg fer Yohons Dawg, der 29d Yuli.

"My dochter Anna Cattrina Wiederstein wor gabora im yohr 1743, fer Grishdawg da 19d Detzember, fer Nei Yohr.

"My dochter Christtina Wiederstein wor gabora im yohr 1745 da 30d Harning, noch Nei Yors Dawg.

"My dochter Elisabetha wor gabora im yohr 1747, do 29d September yusht ae dawg fer Michaels Dawg.

"My dochter Eva Maria wor gabora im yohr 1750, da 8d Obril om 9 uhr owets fer Oshterra.

"Im yohr 1754 uf da 22 Martz, owets so on da 8 uhr rum wor my boo John Henry Wiederstein gabora. Er is g'shtarva da 28d Martz moryets so on da 9 uhr, un is bagrawwa im kerrichhofe on de kerrich in Heidelberg Township. ("Ihn des Heydelberger ThunSchiff bey der Linetzer (?) Kirchen ist er begraben worden auff den Kirch Hoff.")

"My liever Sohn John Conrad Wiederstein wor gabora da 21d Martz im yohr 1755 owets so on da 10 uhr rum.

"'M Henry Wiederstein sei fraw die Anna Maria is g'schtarva da 24d Obril 1780, owets so on da 10 uhr, un is bagrawwa werra da 27d Obril. Ihra leicht text wor Rev. 7,13.14.

"Der John Schneider wor gabora da 2d Harning, 1774, in "Lintauschip." Pader un goad Conrad Nein un sei fraw Elisabeth, Sei elterra worra der Daniel Schneider un sei fraw die Catarina Nein. Er hut die Maria Barbara Kistler k'heiert da 26d Yanner, 1796, un hut nine kinner kot, finf boova un ae dochter. Fon denna sin tzwae boova un ae maid'l g'shtarva. Er wor k'heiert fer 44 yohr, 6 mohnet, un 16 dawg. Alt, 66 yohr, 6 mohnet, un 16 dawg.

"Die Barbara Kistler wor gabora da 15d Dezember 1777. Ihra pader un goad wor der Philip Kistler un die Christina Wiederstein, leddich."

'S sin yusht drei John Schneiders' kinner uf g'schriva.

"Daniel, gabora da 6d September; Maria Barbara, gabora da 16d Detzember, un der Jonathan, gabora da 26d Nofember, 1800."

Noch seinra fraw ihr'm dote hut der Wiederstein sei hamet all'm noh gamocht bei seinra dochter Eva Maria, un woh k'heiert wor tzu ma John Kistler.

Die Kistlerra

"Heit, der 17d Obril is gabora tzu da Eva Maria, 'm John Kistler seinra fraw 'n Sohn. Es is gadauft werra da 3d Moy, se pedar wor der grossfodder Henry Wiederstein. 'S yohr, 1781.

"Der John Kistler hut 'n Sohn gadauft grick'd un der nahma fom kind wor John Michael. Der pedar un goad wor der Michael Mosser un sei fraw die Barbel fon "Lohull." 'S kind wor gabora da 14d Ocktober, un gadauft da 10d Nofember, 1782. Der Henry Wiederstein hut die tzwae boova uf g'schriva in seinra beavel. Sie sin gadauft werra in da Arigle kerrich.

"Der John Kistler hut 'n dochter daufa lossa da 25 Martz, 1785. Sie wor gabora da 25 Harning. Der pedar un goad wor der Damuel Kistler un fraw Maria Magdalena.

"Der John Kistler hut 'n sohn gadauft da 14d Detzember. Er wor gabora da 1d Ocktober, 1786, nommy dawgs so on da 4 odder 5 uhr rum. Pader un goad, Conratt 9 (Nein) un sei fraw die Anna Elisabeth.

'S wor 'n kind gabora tzum John Kistler un seinra fraw da 16d Augusht 1788. Sis gadauft werra un hut der nahma Mali grick'd. Pedar un goad Michael Mosser un sei fraw.

"'S wor 'n dochtor gabora tzum John Kistler un seinra fraw da 14d Harning, 1790. Sie is gadauft werra un hut der nahma Cattrina grick'd. Pader un goad wor der John Kistler un sei fraw.

"'M Henry Wiederstein sei docter Maria Susanna is bagrawwa werra da 14d Yanner, 1786."

"Daniel, gabora da 6d September; Maria Barbara, gabora da 16d Detzember, un der Jonathan, gabora da 26d Nofember, 1800."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Tzu monicha leit maiga die socha in darra gawissa alta beavel net fiel maina, un tzu onnerra widder mochts dierra uf fon ihra freindschoft, os sie so ferleicht sei lava net ous g'funna hetta won der Irvie Hoffman fon Scheidys 's net miglich gamocht het uns die beavla 'm Porra Brendle gewwa fer darrich gae.

Die beavla werra now iwwer gadray'd im Irvie Hoffman seim nahma tzu da Lehigh County Historical Society, un woh sie immer in ehra k'halta werra, un won noch aenich ebber shusnhd os alta beavla odder bicher hut mit nei g'schrivna socha, dada m'r arrick gleicha tzu hoera dafon.

M'r sawga gross donk tzum Irvie Hoffman, un aw tzum Porra Brendle fer die english iwwersetzing mocha.

PUMPERNICKLE

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The beauty of the house is order;
The blessing of the house is contentment;
The glory of the house is hospitality;
The crown of the house is godliness.
—Old Fireplace Motto.

WATCHDOG NEEDED FOR U. S. PROPERTY

The scandals resultant from the sale of surplus war materials during and following World War I promise to be repeated (are already being repeated) in this war unless the most emphatic steps be taken against careless and even criminal sales of Government-owned property.

Already a number of flagrant cases have been brought to public attention thru revelation by a few public officials who have become aware of the swindles, steals or "errors of judgment," whichever may be the word to define the action. Others have escaped attention but may be just as serious.

Only yesterday our readers learned of sales of so-called "over-age" electric batteries in the number of some 50,000 to a civilian employe of the Army depot in Ogden, Utah, for a price of only $70. That was about seven for a cent. It was not so very much later that "some" of these batteries were sold by a brother of the Army civilian employe for $20,000. The whereabouts of other batteries similarly disposed of at "give-away" prices has not been determined but probably very large profits were made similarly.

There certainly has got to be a watchdog or the Government is going to be skinned out of its eyeteeth in disposing of perishable goods from time to time and non-perishable goods following the ending of the war. In the very nature of things large stocks are going to be on hand and they must be liquidated in the general clean-up.

Business Week in its current issue comments upon the Baruch report which disfavors a separate Office of Demobilization and contends that the real issue is not the creation of a central agency but whether Congress or the President is to take the responsibility—and the credit—for superintending such an agency.

"By putting his three new demobilization offices under the Office of War Mobilization, Baruch makes that the central agency," the publication declares. OWM was created by executive order, and it answers to the President rather than Congress. Although Baruch wants Congress to keep out of the administrative side of reconversion, he makes the suggestion tactfully, and he makes an express point of asking for legislative indorsement of his program.

"Following publication of the Baruch report, Senator Walter F. George introduced a bill that would establish an Office of Demobilization responsible to a joint committee of Congress. He explained that it's not his idea that Congress should attempt to control the operations of the new office, but that it should act as a watchdog."

"As a practical matter if Congress doesn't get its foot in now, it may never have the chance again. George himself says that if too much of the demobilization machinery is established by presidential decree, it will be very difficult for Congress to set up an agency by legislation."

INFLATION AVERTED BY PRICE CONTROL

It is important that inflation be prevented in this country not only during but after the war. Therefore it is important that the controls over prices which have been placed in the hands of the Price Administrator be continued.

Under present legislation, the Office of Price Administration will pass out of existence on June 30. To continue it for another year, as proposed in a bill now before Congress, is the only assurance that we can escape the evils of inflation or at least the evils of uncontrolled inflation.

Certainly price control has proven its worth as Americans who went thru World War I can attest. In that war there was little control and the result was financially ruinous for millions of Americans. In this war control has been quite effective and it would have been more effective if politicians had been able to keep their meddling fingers out of the program. The control has been so effective that Chester Bowles, Price Administrator, was able to say to Congress during the week that there has been no increase in the American living cost level in the last eleven months and that if price control be continued without substantial change, "inflation during the war can be prevented." He added that the nation can come out of the war with a "sound and balanced structure."

Mr. Bowles admitted OPA faults but he pointed out that it has proven its worth by holding down living costs to less than half the over-all increase during World War I. This has been done in spite of the fact that the OPA has been dealing with something like 8,000,000 prices. Making some comparisons Mr. Bowles presented these figures: "After 53 months of World War I, the cost of living was up 65 per cent. In January, or 53 months of the current war, cost of living has risen 26 per cent."

INSURANCE RATES TELL SUB STORY

There is no better index of submarine operations during this war than the insurance rates which are charged for cargoes shipped by sea to various parts of the world.

The insurance people are not sentimentalists. They cooly and calmly figure risks from known facts and frequently from inside information which otherwise is masked by the greatest secrecy.

When submarine warfare was at its height in the Atlantic insurance rates were almost prohibitory. They almost duobled the cost of any article when delivered to its consignee.

Since the peak was attained more than a year ago, there has been steady reduction in rates, sometimes for just a few areas and other times for single theatres of war. But during the present week the insurance companies slashed war insurance upon all cargoes shipped to and from all ports on the Atlantic ocean. That is equivalent to saying to Mr. Hitler: "Adolf, your submarine campaign is not getting along very well."

Manpower Muddle

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The most discouraging aspect of the war is the manpower muddle in the United States. It is discouraging because it is so unnecessary.

With all the experience gained in World War I, and with all the knowledge to be derived from the operation of conscription in other countries for the last several decades, the American bungling is inexcusable and indefensible.

Congress and the President, in general, and the War Department, in particular, are responsible for the mess. Since time immemorial it has been the custom to select troops for an army by age classifications. It is obvious that a boy of 22 or 25 makes a better soldier than a man of 35 or over, and yet for many months the Army has been inducting men in their late thirties.

The waste represented by this indifference to age classifications has repeatedly been called to the attention of the War Department, and finally General Marshall himself publicly said the older men were not standing the physical strain.

One of Several Blunders

But this is only one of several blunders. The first major mistake was the misleading claim made on behalf of "Selective Service," that citizens would be selected on the basis of their usefulness and that this was better than a volunteer system. It was assumed that key men would not be allowed to volunteer from industry but would be selected.

The Navy and War Departments, however, for a long time failed to keep this promise—the volunteer system was permitted to operate along with the Selective Service method. Executives of aircraft companies told the government repeatedly but in vain that they were more troubled by the tendency of their valuable workers to volunteer and thus disrupt industrial organizations than by denial of requests for occupational deferments.

Another mistake, of course, was the blanket deferment of agricultural workers, and for this the Congress and political pressure are responsible. It is impossible to raise an army if whole groups are deferred for any reason disconnected from the war. Thus the question as between fathers and non-fathers has a sentimental argument back of it, but not a military justification.

Married Men Better Soldiers

As a matter of fact, in many respects married men make better officers and soldiers than unmarried men—they are more settled and better poised and take their responsibilities and duties more seriously than do the unmarried. Pressure from Congress brought up the father and non-father distinction. It never would have been raised by the War Department itself because there is only one way to select troops and that's on the basis of their physical strength and temperament.

Unfortunately, this was not the basis used. Indeed, boys under 30 were permitted occupational deferments in the early months of the war when employers should have been forced to employ older persons. Only now, after the war is two years and three months under way and the draft law is more than three years old, the instructions are going forth to local draft boards to restrict deferments of boys from 18 to 26 years of age.

General Hershey has said he didn't have the authority to make age classifications. But he is doing it now. He has really had all the authority he needed, but somebody's faulty theory as to how to select an army influenced General Hershey. Indeed, it is a mysterious fact that no congressional committee has ever delved deeply enough into the whole Selective Service problem to find out who actually made the hap-hazard rules and policies under which manpower has been selected.

Buck Has Been Passed

The buck has been passed all around. For a time the alibi was that the War Manpower Commission and the Selective Service system had divided authority; the President transferred Selective Service to WMC; then Congress stepped in and gave General Hershey the full power. To what extent was he hamstrung by others? To what extent did he or his staff ignore past experience? The subject presents an interesting basis for careful examination. Even if it revealed situations now too late to be remedied, it might also reveal to the parents of the 18-year-olds and the families of fathers just why the present muddle has arisen. But mostly someone in the government ought to clarify the manpower muddle so that many of the persons with plans for the other fellow to be drafted will understand that you have got to get troops from somewhere to fight a war.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

BALANCE OF POWER

The reason that the Atlantic Charter has disappeared from the current discussion is that it no longer applies. The course of the war has moved in a different channel. Europe has resumed its struggle over the balance of power. F. A. Voigt, editor of the very important british publication, "The Nineteenth Century and After," wrote of this:

"England has no one permanent foe in Europe, for none of her vital interests conflict with the vital interests of any European power. Her only foe is that power, or that coalition of powers, which may endeavor to dominate Europe. Against that foe she must always be ready, always be strong, and always have allies. As her foe varies, so her allies vary. The foe of yesterday may be the ally of tomorrow and the ally of yesterday the foe of tomorrow.

"The power of the British empire, plus the power of continental allies, will, if the empire is strong, always balance the power of whatever powers seek domination. And as long as the balance is maintained, there will be peace, for no one power can prevail over the rest of Europe plus the British empire, as long as the empire is strong."

* * * *

Obviously the foe of yesterday is the ally of today. Great Britain, at some time in her history during the past two centuries, has been at war with every country that is today her ally and it might also be said that she has been in alliance with nearly all of them. Alliances must of necessity be temporary as long as it is the balance of power that is to be maintained, for obviously, as Mr. Voigt points out so clearly, whichever country upsets the alliance, friend or foe, is the enemy of Great Britain.

And at this moment the moral and physical authority of Russia expands with the success of her arms and with the positiveness of her policy. The fact that that victory is in no small part due to 14 months of British resistance when Soviet Russia was allied to Nazi Germany, that part of it is due to $4,000,000,000 of American lend-lease and 7,000 American airplanes, does not lessen Russia's stature. To the nations of Europe, seeking a positive policy and a specific course, Russia offers an understandable nationalism, more understandable than the Atlantic Charter, the four freedoms and unconditional surrender, none of which quite faced the realistic necessities of European countries struggling for existence against both friend and foe. Even Poland may find a more satisfactory relationship in the positiveness of Russia than in American and British ambiguities. Certainly no one can understand the American Arab-Jewish policy, and our attitude toward both France and Italy could not have reassured any Frenchman or Italian.

* * * *

Nevertheless, Mr. Voigt makes it clear that Great Britain cannot long continue to be confused because the United States is uncertain, Great Britain will have to act, with or without Mr. Roosevelt, and for better or for worse. He says:

"There is a policy—of which the times is the chief exponent—" which, if it were carried out, would divide Europe into two spheres of interest, the one western and British (or Anglo-American), the other eastern and Russian. This policy is incompatible with the existence of Europe as an organic whole, with integrated and balanced Europe—and also with the security of the British empire, for today, eastern Europe has come to comprise the industries of central Europe and the eastern Mediterranean. To be master of eastern Europe is, therefore, to be master of all Europe. If England were to abdicate in eastern Europe, she would be abdicating in all Europe. Such a policy would lead to her isolation, it would destroy the British ascendancy in the Near and Middle East, it would, by placing the Balkans and the straits under the domination of one power, bring the British command of the Mediterranean to an end. It would isolate Turkey and eliminate British influence in Iraq and Iran, and threaten the security of India and of the Persian gulf. It would compel England to reconsider her attitude toward Germany."

This is something to think about.

The "Clothes Exchange" for children's wear started China from Assam, India, is being constructed across the eastern frontier of India over difficult terrain. in cities in England has proved so successful that the plan is to be extended to include the clothes of adults.

A new city is planned for workers who will be employed in the steel and engineering plants now under construction near Johannesburg, South Africa.

The East Persia Route, extending 600 miles over the desert and mountains along the old caravan route, was made entirely by hand by thousands of peasants.



ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

HOW DIFFERENT!

Intellectual honesty requires that we present the unkind as well as the gracious, the vituperative as well as the laudatory remarks directed toward us Pennsylvania Germans. The following excerpts from the travel-diary of an Englishman show us how the Pennsylvania Germans appeared to him one hundred and forty-five years ago.

In July, 1799, Thomas Hill, an Englishman, set out from New Brunswick, N. J. to visit Lycoming County in Pennsylvania. The journey was made on horseback and his route led from Easton through the German settlements of Northampton and Monroe Counties. His diary recorded his impressions and he did not attempt to conceal his low opinion of the early German settlers he encountered en route. Some of his statements reach the point of loathing the Germans.

His first night among them was spent at Stierk's Tavern. Of Stierk he says, "He's an intelligent German, a rare thing. Very unlike the Yankees they can give me no information at all."

The following day he had breakfast at Harry Hoe's Tavern. "All Germans," he writes, "are the most early rising, hard working people I ever saw; they seem to enjoy no more happiness or knowledge, than some bell flowers, who sleep at night, wake early, to bed late, perpetuate their species and die. They cannot tell you the distance or route to the next village. How different from the new English . . . the women, all at work in the fields . . . are masculine in the extreme; their countenances seem to express much jealous suspicion."

Another host named Leiby served "salad with milk, oil, vinegar, bonny clabber (curdled milk) and bread; good God! How can they work so hard on such food! They (Leibys) have a fine black-eyed girl two and one-half years old, but I suppose by ten she will lose all her beauty and look like one of Shakespeare's witches. Am I in America!"

"No wonder they acquire wealth. No schools, no itch for learning."

". . . I come to a house kept by Snyder as a tavern . . . a house more dirty than a hog pen."

A few days later he reached an Irish settlement. "He (the host, an Irishman), is well informed; has three seeming industrious girls; chatty; use thee and thou; majestic sounds after the Yaw, Yaw! . . . They live pretty well, ham, eggs, lettuce, plain; much better than the German warm salads."

(To Thomas Hill we wish no ill!
May German salads daily be
Served him through eternity!—P.A.B.)

* * * * *

SPIEL, TSCHO, SPIEL

"Spiel, Tscho, spiel," writes the great American man of letters, William Cullen Bryant, in describing a barroom scene which he witnessed in a village in Northampton County, Pennsylvania, in 1846. "The bar-room was full of fresh-colored young men in military uniforms, talking Pennsylvania German rapidly and vociferously. They surrounded a thick-set man, in a cap and shirt-sleeves, whom they called Tscho, or Joe, and insisted that he should give them a tune on his fiddle."

Bryant continues to describe the scene which followed. Joe complied with the repeated request and "about a dozen young men stood up on the floor, in couples facing each other, and hammered out the tune with their feet, giving a tread or tap on the floor to correspond with every note of the instrument, and occasionally crossing from side to side. I have never seen dancing more diligently performed." The famous author of **Thanatopsis** was being treated to a Pennsylvania Dutch Square Dance, a folk feature in which the agile-limbed and fleet-footed swains of our Pennsylvania Dutch counties still excel in Folk Festival contests.

Bryant's description of his visit to eastern Pennsylvania forms one of his "Letters to a Traveller," published by the author in 1850, a copy of which was graciously presented to the writer of this sketch by Robert C. Salathe of Reading, thus calling his attention to this particular letter of October 23, 1846.

The traveller is impressed with the evidence of material prosperity which he sees in the Pennsylvania country-side, and amused at hearing "English spoken with some peculiarities." While interviewing "a tolerably intelligent man" on political problems Bryant records the following conversation. The man was asked about the local views on the tariff question:

"Oh," said he, "There are different obinions, some likes it and some not."
"How do the Democrats like it?"
"The Democrats in brinciple likes it."
"Did it have any effect on the election?"
"It brevented a goot many democrats from voting for their candidate for Congress, Mr. Brodhead, because he is for the old tariff. This is a very strong democratic district, and Mr. Brodhead's majority is only about a sousand."

Eleven years later, in 1837, William Cullen Bryant wrote an article in the New York Evening Post in which he held the Pennsylvania Germans up to scorn, calling them the "Benighted Dutch, who must first be taught to read before they will know how to vote." This is the sort of libel which characterized the remarks of persons who wrote about our people in the earlier days. They condemned what they did not comprehend. Bryant was impatient with the Pennsylvania Germans because they did not accept all of the new-fangled ideas of the day, but somehow they have prospered, retaining the good of the past as they accepted the good of the new and all the while they continued to enjoy "Spiel, Tscho, spiel!"

* * * * *

THE BEWITCHED OVEN

A wealthy man from New York state some time ago bought a farm near Coopersburg, Lehigh County. He started to modernize the fine old stone house and engaged local laborers to clear away some small buildings in order that the landscape architect could lay out the grounds. The laborers performed their tasks thoroughly until they received orders to tear down an old bake-oven. This they hesitated to do, saying that the structure was bewitched.

Pressed for details the workingmen explained that occult forces were present in the old oven. Bread baked there would come out of the oven with distinct letters embedded or raised on the under-side of the loaves. The owner was alarmed. He consulted a hex-doctor and was informed that it was the work of witches who were trying to convey a spirit message to the people on earth. The practitioner's advice was that a record should be kept of all the letters as they appeared and an effort made to assemble the letters into some message.

Several bakings yielded no clues, the letters were always the same, or nearly the same, in appearance. Then the practitioner advised that the oven should be abandoned, explaining that the witches had probably adopted the oven as their home and therefore they objected to the hot fires of baking-day. They might take vengeance, he warned, if their protests were disregarded.

The New Yorker refused to be terrified. Assuring the workingmen that he would assume all of the blame the witches could heap upon him, he ordered the oven torn away. When the stone floor was uncovered it was found that at the back of the oven there were foot-stones from a nearby cemetery on which were carved the initials of persons who had been buried there. When the cemetery was modernized the footstones had been removed to facilitate the moving of the plots and the thrifty mason who built the baking oven had used them, letter side up. They had made out a pretty good case for the witches, but not quite good enough.

(Contributed by E. Douglas Kains, Wyomissing.)

When Good King Arthur Ruled This Land

Der Keenich Arthur, seiner Zeit,
Waar'n rechter guter Keenich;
Er schtehlt drei Beck vun Gaerschtemehl,
Mol graad fer sich alleenich.

En Pudding hot er dann gemacht,
Un fillt en gut mit Blaume;
Un noch dezu paar Klumpe Fett,
So gross as wie zwee Daume.

Er laad sei ganzi Freindschaft ei,
Vergesst aa net sei Fraa;
Der Keenich hockt net lee am Disch,
Do essen annre aa.

Der Pudding, hen sie all gemeent,
Waer aerrig gut gerode;
Sie hen, was owets iwwrich waar,
Am naegschte Daag gebrode.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

FEGGEL SANG

Glei kummt der Friehling widder rei,
Noh kumme aa die Sangfeggel bei
Mit nele Gleeder—g'faerbt mit Bloo,
Rot, Schwarz un Gold, Brau, Geel un Groo:
Des iss en lang Gewaart bei mir;
Es Feggelg'sang gebt mir Blessier,
Un's dutt mir leed, sie misse geh
Ins Summerland, wu iss ken Schnee.

Der Friehling iss glei widder do;
Wann Feggel singe, bin ich froh.
Es Feggelslewe iss so frei,
Am Singe iss es Haerz debei.
Die Lieb iss dief bei yeders Paar,
Sie fliege freehlich hehr un hehr
Un singe mit 'me frische Mut—
In ihre Welt is alles gut.

Im Friehling iss die haerrlich zeit,
Die Welt kummt raus mit neiem Kleid.
Wie iss es dann, ihr Feggelein,
Dass Mensch b'halt sei Nadur allein?
Weise uns die Feggelswege
Die alt Nadur eweck zu lege!—
Ich hoff, wann ich uff'n Ausflug geh,
Iss Feggelsg'sang—'s iss wunners schee!

21. Feb., 1944 —RAY S. BROWN

REVIEW

A CHECK LIST OF IMPRINTS OF THE GERMAN PRESS of Northampton County, Pennsylvania 1766-1905 with Biographies of the Printers by ALFRED L. SHOEMAKER, Ph.D.—Volume IV in the publications of The Northampton County Historical and Genealogical Society, Easton, Pennsylvania, 1943.

This book adds further testimony to the great activity of the German press in Pennsylvania. And who read all these German publications? Could it possibly have been the untutored "dumb Dutch"? Let all who are in doubt read this book.

The author has taken upon himself the task of checking German imprints issued from the presses within the present geographical confines of Northampton County between the years 1766 and 1905, the latter year terminating German printing in that county. Those bearing false County imprints were not included. To many such an undertaking would seem as futile as laborious, and yet to the thoughtful student it offers an important chapter in our local history and for the future historians it contains latent social, intellectual and spiritual deductions.

Preceding the compilation itself is a valuable historical sketch of the German press in Northampton County. In 1728 the Philadelphia printer, Andrew Bradford, printed the first German book in America. It was done in Roman type. Christopher Sauer established his press in Germantown in 1738 and was the first to use German type. Ephrata followed in 1745 and Lancaster in 1752. But now the scene shifts to Northampton County, where Johann Brandmueller established a press "bey Bethlehem in der Fork Dellawar," meaning Friedensthal near Nazareth, and in 1766 printed there the first German publication in the county, **Zur Christ Nacht,** the text consisting of Choruses and Solos presumably to be sung in the form of a cantata. Although printed in Roman type, it preceded the printing of any English in the county by 33 years. In the following year appeared **Die Taeglichen Loosungen der Brueder-Gemeine fuer das Jahr 1767,** the first county imprint of that annual Moravian publication, known as the "Text Book," which was begun in Herrnhut, Saxony in 1731 and continues to appear today.

Twenty-five years now elapsed before further German printing is carried on. In 1793 Jacob and Cornelius Weygandt, father and son, established the **Neuer Unpartheyischer Eastoner Bothe und Northamptoner Kundschafter,** the first newspaper in the county, antedating the first English one, the **American Eagle,** by six years. In the following years various German newspapers were founded and came to an untimely end. Only one endured. The **Northampton Correspondent** outlived all others, appearing from January 25, 1806, to March 7, 1903. Its founder was Christian Jacob Huetter whom Dr. Shoemaker considers the most enterprising of all the German printers in Northampton County. It will be of interest to our readers to learn that this German printer was an ancestor of the Vice President of the United States, Henry A. Wallace.

For a number of years the **Unabhaengiger Demokrat** (founded 1843) seems to have held the forefront. Its great success is explained in part by the fact that in the late 1840's it began to print a weekly column in the Pennsylvania German dialect.

Most of the German newspapers emanated from presses in Easton. The first one founded outside of Easton was **Die Abendzeitung,** whose first number appeared at Nazareth, Nov. 24, 1837. On Janu. 18, 1849, appeared **Der Vaterlands-Freund,** Bethlehem's first newspaper. The Hellertown **Telegraph** was founded in 1858. In Hellertown also appeared **Der Beobachter** (between 1894-95), the last German newspaper to appear in Northampton County, of which, curious enough, no copy has been found.

Dr. Shoemaker divides for convenience all imprints, exclusive of the newspapers, into four groups: those that concern the church; those that pertain to the school; those that have to do with the home; and those that have to do with politics. About two-thirds fall under the first category, the church, comprising sermons, the Moravian "Text Books", church constitutions, synodical reports, liturgical literature, catechisms and hymnals. Here should be mentioned one of the most successful of all these German imprints, Thomas R. Weber's **Die Pennsylvanische Choral Harmonie,** which went through sixteen editions between 1849 and 1890. The first edition was actually printed in Allentown by Blumer and Bush, but most of the subsequent editions, as well as many other Weber hymnals and singing texts were printed by Weber himself at Hellertown. These books were used extensively throughout the eastern counties and attest to the Pennsylvania Germans' joy in singing. Imprints pertaining to the school are the Becker grammars, printed by Huetter in Easton; primers such as the **ABC Buechlein;** Christian Rauch's arithmetic; Siegfried's German geography; **Der Kinderfreund** by Valentine Hilburn, the first superintendent of the Northampton County schools; these were familiar landmarks in the education of the Pennsylvania German school children of former years.—Of the four groups above mentioned, imprints pertaining to the political life of the county are least in number, for here the newspapers sufficed. For collectors today the most interesting imprints are those pertaining to the home: **Taufscheine,** printed and painted birth and baptismal certificates, **Haussegen, Himmelsbriefe,** the most interesting of the latter located by the author bearing the information that it was edited by George Hohmann, "bey Hellerstaedtel in Northampton County". George Hohmann is better known as the author of the famous hexbook **The Long Lost Friend.** Dr. Shoemaker has found but one "powpow" book printed in the county: **Der sympathetische Haus-Freund oder die Wunder der Sympathie und des Magnetismus** (Bath, 1857). Here too we should mention **41 Bewaehrte Recepte,** printed at Milligrove (now called Aluta) by Samuel and Salomon Siegfried in 1834, interesting because it would seem to be the earliest German imprint anywhere dealing with cooking. Curiously it saw but one edition. Does this signify that our Pennsylvania Germans were not interested in cooking, or that they needed no cook-books? Among the imprints pertaining to the home are included also the various German almanacs published in the county and which were wellnigh indispensable in the Pennsylvania German household No novels appear among the imprints, but in their stead ballads printed on broadsides were popular and widely distributed.

In concluding his historical sketch the author points out that German printing in Northampton County was most interesting and extensive between the beginnings of the Thirties and the end of the Sixties of the nineteenth century.

The main body of the book is taken up with the Check List of Dated Imprints (1766-1905) and contains, according to the reviewer's count, 448 items. The book also includes a short list of undated imprints and undated broadsides; a list of the German newspapers of the county and the locations of German presses; and a list of the printers with dates of activity of the same. These lists are followed by biographical notes of the printers, no small task, for which students and scholars should be especially grateful to the compiler. A Bibliography and a most carefully executed Index conclude the work.

The author, a native of Lehigh County, is a graduate of Muhlenberg College (1934), pursued graduate work at Cornell, Munich and Heidelberg, and received his doctorate from the University of Illinois. The subject of his thesis was **The Study of the Pennsylvania Dutch of the Illinois Amish.** He is a member of the faculty of Lafayette College on leave during service in the U. S. Army.

In this compilation Dr. Shoemaker has executed a tedious task with the disinterested devotion and meticulosity of the scholar. He has rendered a distinct service to Northampton County. We hope that he will undertake similar compilations for others of our Pennsylvania German countries.

The Northampton County Historical and Genealogical Society deserves to be commended for undertaking the publication of this work.—ED.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. MARCELLA KILPATRICK

Mrs. Marcella Kilpatrick, 81, widow of Howard Kilpatrick, died Friday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. D. Theodore Hoke, 1126 Elm St., Bethlehem.

Born in Bethlehem, she was the daughter of the late Stephen H. and Leah Best Long Kilpatrick. For the past 65 years she was a member of the Emmanuel Congregational church in Bethlehem.

Surviving are two sons, Frank H. Kilpatrick and Laurence Kilpatrick of Bethlehem; three daughters, Mrs. J. S. Haigh, Norristown; Mrs. D. Theodore Hoke, Bethlehem, and Mrs. Earl Remaley, Mineral Point, Wis.; two sisters, Mrs. Clara Haus and Mrs. Annie Jane Anderman of Philadelphia; 18 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. at the Steyer's funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. Burial will be in the Fairview cemetery, Bethlehem.

MRS. BIAGGIO SENECA

Mrs. Angela Marie, nee Pillo, Seneca, wife of Biaggio Seneca of 143 Allen St., died in the Sacred Heart hospital at 9:45 a. m. Friday. She was 63 years old.

She came to this country from Italy 50 years ago. For a short time she lived in Bethlehem, then moved to Allentown. She was a member of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and the Sacred Heart society of that church.

Surviving are her husband, seven daughters, Mrs. Thomas Zazo, Mrs. Vincent D'Imperio, Mrs. Remo Bedotto, Mrs. Joseph Shumbatt, Mrs. Robert Roberts, Mrs. Joseph Altieri and Donnie Seneca, all of Allentown; a son, Corporal Joseph Seneca, somewhere in England, and 13 grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at her late home, 143 Allen St., on Monday at 8:30 a. m., followed by solemn high mass of requiem in the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel at 9. Interment will be in the Italian cemetery.

BERTHA NEFF

Bertha Neff of 303 N. 9th St., died unexpectedly Thursday at the Allentown hospital, where she had been admitted only an hour earlier for routine observation. She was 33 years old.

Born in Philadelphia, May 13, 1911, she had resided in Allentown the past 20 years. She was employed at the Neff Bros. Men's Clothing store and had been at work Thursday.

Surviving are her mother, Mrs. Anna Neff, above address, and the following brothers and sisters: Harry and George, both of Allentown, Morris and Nathan, Philadelphia, and Rose, Jersey City, N.J.

Miss Neff was a member of the Jewish Community Center, Junior Haddasah, the Center War Service Activities committee and was active in USO work.

Services will be held Sunday at 11 a. m., from the Bachman Funeral home, 1032 Walnut St. Rabbi William Greenburg and Cantor Rubin Sherer of Temple Beth-El will officiate. Interment will be in Mt. Lebanon cemetery, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM L. MULLEN

William L. Mullen, 313 E. Union St., died at his home at 3:20 a. m. Friday after an illness of several weeks. He was in his 76th year.

Born in Slocum, Pa., he was the son of the late Reuben and Jane, nee Ogen, Mullen. He had been residing in this city the past 35 years and was employed as inspector for the Mack Mfg. Co. He was a member of the Lutheran faith and was active in the Allentown lodge of the Loyal Order of Moose.

Surviving are his wife Rose, nee Koenig; one grandson and one sister, Mrs. Edgar Reed of Wapwallopen. Services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., with interment in Grandview cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 8:30 p. m.

TRUMAN J. STEFFAN

Truman J. Steffan, 61, of 2008 Mulberry St., Harrisburg, and a former resident of Bethlehem, died yesterday at his home. He was employed as the chief clerk of engineers of the M. of W. department of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Surviving are his wife, Nellie, nee Teale, Steffan; a son, T. Guy Steffan, Austin, Tex.; a daughter, Mrs. Edward Lee, Harrisburg; three sisters: Mrs. Betty Schlotterer, Bethlehem; Mrs. Agnes Shipe, Palmerton; Mrs. Ida Weaver, Philadelphia; and a grandchild.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 3 p. m. at the Daniel B. Snyder funeral home, 701 N. New St., Bethlehem. On Sunday at 4 p. m. there will be a brief service at his late home in Harrisburg Interment will be in Nisky Hill cemetery, Bethlehem.

GEORGE J. SOBETSKY JR.

George J. Sobetsky Jr., 119 Mechanic St., Bethlehem, died at St. Luke's hospital Thursday. He was born Sept. 20, 1942, a son of George A. Sobetsky Sr., and Marie (Hoey) Sobetsky. He is survived by his parents; paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Andres Sobetsky; maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoey.

Rev. A. B. Conway will officiate on Monday at 1 p. m. at funeral services. Burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

MRS. MICHAEL DEMCAK

Funeral services for Mrs. Michael Demcak, 239 W. Ridge St., Lansford, who died at 7 a. m. yesterday in the Coaldale hospital, will be held at 1:30 p. m. Sunday from the home with further services at 2 p. m. in St. John's Slovak Lutheran church. Rev. John Kovacik, pastor, will officiate. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery, Summit Hill.

Mrs. Demcak, the former Anna Perzel, was a member of St. John's Slovak Lutheran church, Lansford, and was affiliated with the Evangelical Ladies Union. She had been a medical patient in the Coaldale hospital since March 11.

Surviving are a daughter Anna, at home, and four sons: John, Raritan, N. J.; Joseph and George, at home, and Andrew, a member of the Navy.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Is 'n Lose Werra

Wel, tzum ledshda is 'm Russell Hausman doh fon da shtadt sei fraw die Stella ihra shwartzer koat lose werra, os sie shun so long so laedich wor. 'S wor uf kours net die farab fom koat os die Stella net gaglicha hut, der ketzer wor ra yusht tzu gross, un hut immer may odder wenicher g'fiel'd wie won sie sich drin ferlierra maich'd alla mohl os sie 'n aw hut. Endlich is es ra ei kumma 'm Elwood Snyder sei Mam die Tavilia drowwa nagshd on Lyon Valley kent der koat ferleicht weara, un hut der Russel uf g'shport fer mit dart owwa nous gae, ferleicht kent sie da Tavilia der koat ferhondla.

Die Tavilia is ow'r aw net tzu iwwermaesich gross gamushder'r, un der koat hut ra ken pieces besser gaboss'd os wie er aw da Stella gaboss'd hut. Ol die weil os die Stella ow'r om koat aw broviera wor, un so arrick galommadiert hut won er numma wenich glanner wear, (odder sie awenich graiser) so os sie 'n weara kent, hut 'm Elwood sei fraw die Elsie dabei g'shtonna un net bohna g'sawt. 'S wor net bis die Elsie shure wor os die Tavilia der koat net nemma dade, os sie g'frok'd hut fer 'n mohl aw broviera. Un ihr maigna 's glawwa odder net, ow'r selar koat hut die Elsie grawd tzu ma tee gaboss'd, grawd wie won er gamocht gawest wear fer sie.

Noh ow'r het n'r die Elsie mohl sehna solla locha fon ohr tzu ohr. Un die Elsie wor aw net 's aintsich'd os galocht hut, die Stella hut aw galoch'd wie 'n g'shmutzter sees kucha, un hut gore ken lang ganumma fer 'n barya mocha. 'S aintsich'd os wor, 's wor gahairich kalt sella owet, un denk yaders wor so halver bong 's onner dade ous backa. Die Elsie hut g'farrich'd won die Stella der koat widder mit tzurick noch da shtadt nemma dade gaibts sie 'n ferleicht nimmy, un die Stella hut g'farrich'd won sie der koat weara dade fer hame gae, dade die Elsie ferleicht ous backa bis 'n onnerer dawg. Aenicha waig, die Stella wor noh gahairich iwwel ob weil sie ken onnerer koat kotta hut fer weara fer hame gae, un wor doch aw tzu kalt fer gae mit ous.

Iwwel odder wohl is es da Stella ow'r bei g'falla, os der Russell 'n heater uf da mashine het, un die Tavilia un die Elsie hen ra aw paar guta warma vommas aw gabutta fer weara, fer hame gae won sie der koat darta lossa dade. Anyhow bis es fartich wor, is die Stella noh hame mit ihra galainda vommas fer sich warm halta, un 'm Elwood sei Elsie kon shier net driwwer kumma wos fer 'n guter barya os sie hut mit 'm shwartza koat os da Stella sei lava net gaboss'd hut. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wolla die weibsleit die socha aw net rum gablauder'd howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Wor Der Pumpernickle Kartz
Der Douglas Jacoby fon Newport,
Rhode Island, hut uns yusht 'n gutas fertzailt wie er da onner, dawg om Call rei g'shtopt hut fer der "Old Timer" Brit Roth p'sucha. Der Brit un der Pumpernickle hen desks grawd bei nonner un nadierlich, aim sei p'such is aw 'm onnerra seiner. Ferol os m'r der Docktor shun etlicha yohr tzurick larna hen kenna, huts doch ken shawda gaduh fer widder bakont gamocht werra beim Brit.

Un eb m'r recht fartich worra nonner die hand gewwa, hut der Docktor g'sawt er wot uns 'n gutas fertzaila. Dart drowwa nagshd on Newport wear 'n airport, un woh tzwae Allentown boova weara. Kenner het ow'r nix gawist fom onnerra bis der aint mohl ous g'funna het os der onner der Allentown Morning Call graich'd. Glei het selar woh der Call grick'd het, druvel kot mit seinra tzeiting. Bol alla dawg bis er kumma wear fer die tzeiting griega, wear 's Pumpernickle shtick sarwer rous g'schnidda gawest, ow'r nix shunshd ferletz'd on da gonsa tzeiting.

Endlich wear der kerl os die tzeiting grick'd het die socha laedich werra, un het mohl wenich low galaiga.

—Slatington—

Warren Bachman, 235 W Washington St.—Telephone 306

Club in Session On Monday

World War II Mothers, No. 6, will meet Monday night in the Knights of Friendship hall at 8 o'clock. Rev. R. Maxwell Paine, of St. John's Reformed church, is scheduled as guest speaker. Mrs. William Pfeifer, Allentown, district organizer of World War II Mothers' clubs, will also attend the meeting. Important matters concerning the furnishing of a room at Indiantown Gap will be discussed and all members are urged to attend. A covered dish social will follow.

PAPER DRIVE WEDNESDAY—The first collections of paper will be made Wednesday afternoon, March 29, from 4 to 6 p. m. All streets, west of Main St. in the uptown section, will be covered in this collection. On Saturday, April 1, the east end of the uptown section will be canvassed. Wrap or tie in small bundles for easy handling and place paper on the curb by 4 p. m.

SOLOIST — Renee Orkin, talented vocalist and a student of Slatington High school, will be one of the soloists at the annual spring concert by the Slatington High school band Friday evening, May 5.

GIFTS FOR SERVICEMEN—Members of St. John's Lutheran who are in the service will receive another pleasant surprise on Easter. A pound of salted peanuts will be sent to approximately 66 of the members in the service. Ninety-two members of the church are in the armed forces, but it is impossible to send a gift to 35 members overseas, unless by special request.

YOUTHFUL SOLOISTS — Mary Jane and Susan Evans, youthful vocalists, will be featured in the community sing in Smith hall on April 28. These charming young ladies made a "hit" in the recent Tom Thumb wedding. They will sing three modern, patriotic numbers.

RED CROSS NOTES—Thirty-two workers in the Red Cross rooms made splendid progress during February. They worked 314 hours and made 6,015 surgical dressings. The group also sponsored a card party for the Red Cross War fund. More than $50 was realized from this affair. It is important that all citizens "kick-in" to the best of their ability with cash donations for the much-needed war fund equipment. This is not a roll call. It is an out-and-out effort to raise sufficient money to provide the means to care for our men in all camps and on all battlefronts.

FINE ATTENDANCE — More than 300 juniors and seniors attended a two-hour social period by the gym clubs of Slatington High in Smith hall. Mrs. Abby Kane and Lloyd Williams of the physical education departments were in charge.

FORUM MARCH 30—The regular forum session for men of the community will be held in the social rooms of St. John's Reformed church on March 30. The topic: "Labor Vs. Capital."

SOLDIER HOME — Private First Class James A. Geary, son of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Geary, is spending a furlough with his parents. He is stationed at the Army Air Base at Richmond, Va.

24 Years Old Today

William H. Meixler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Meixler of 148 S. 6th St., is today observing his 24th birthday anniversary somewhere in the south Pacific area. On April 25 he will have been in the U. S. Marine Corps for three years. He has been overseas since last October. A letter to his parents recently informed them that he was now a corporal.

—Catasauqua—

Reuben C. Weaver, 115 Howertown Rd Phone 479R

FireCo. Auxiliary Elects

Practically all of the present officers were reelected at the meeting of the Ladies auxiliary of the East End Fire Co. Thursday evening in the fire hall. They are: President, Mrs. Lewis Walker; vice president, Mrs. Clarence Wertman; recording secretary, Mrs. Edgar Graver; financial secretary, Mrs. Thelma Stengel; chaplain, Mrs. Marguerite Smith; pianist, Mrs. Francis Seyfried; assistant pianist, Mrs. Grace Seaman; auditors, Mrs. Wayne Goldsmith, Mrs. Frank Yellis, Mrs. John Walker.

Mrs. Robert E. Weaver and Mrs. Eva Rinker, who had been members of the board since the auxiliary was founded declined reelection. The report of the nominating committee was presented by Mrs. William Jacobs, the chairman.

The auxiliary voted to donate $25 to the 1944 Red Cross War fund. It was decided to hold a birthday party in connection with the April meeting.

The annual banquet of the auxiliary will be served at the Hotel Germania, S. 7th St., Allentown, on Thursday evening, May 4.

At a recent meeting of the auxiliary an appeal was made for afghans for soldiers at Indiantown Gap. At the meeting Thursday it was announced that 50 afghans had been completed, and will be delivered over the weekend.

NEW PASTOR—Samuel O. Undercuffler of Allentown has assumed the pastorate of the Full Gospel mission, 713 Front St., succeeding Elwood H. Kern of this place. Worship will be conducted on Sunday at 3:30 p. m. and on Wednesday at 7:45 p. m., with Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Pastor Undercuffler has been in charge of a mission at 234 Hamilton St., Allentown, for the past five years.

MOOSE SOCIAL — The monthly social will take place at 9 o'clock tonight in the Moose home.

SERVICES AT MICKLEYS — Rev. Richard Keen, the Reformed pastor, will conduct services in St. John's church, Mickleys, Sunday at 10 a. m. At 7:30 p. m. the pulpit will be occupied by Rev. Harvey T. Sell, pastor of the Lutheran congregation.

TRANSFERRED TO FLORIDA — According to word received by members of his family, Rufus Wint has been transferred to a naval base in Florida. He recently completed his boot training at Sampson, N. Y.

SHOENERSVILLE CHURCH — A Lenten service will be held at 10 a. m. Sunday in Christ church, Shoenersville, Rev. Harvey T. Sell, Lutheran pastor, officiating. The Sunday school at 9 a. m.

TENDERED SURPRISE — A surprise birthday party was tendered Mrs. Harriet Raysley at the home of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Quigg, 123 1st Ave., West Catasauqua. Present were: Mrs. Fred Martin, Mrs. Thomas Quigg Sr. and daughter Pauline, Imogene Quigg, Hokendauqua; Pauline Martin, Catasauqua; Betty DeLong, Allentown; Mrs. Thomas Quigg Jr., and daughter Cordella, and Pauline Zuber, West Catasauqua.

CHANGE IN PROGRAM—The entertainment committee of the Charotin Hose Co. has made arrangements with Sharkazy's orchestra to appear at the social quarters this evening. It had previously announced that Tiny Kulowitch and his orchestra would appear, but Mr. Kulowitch was injured in an automobile accident.

GET PROPERTY DEED—The deed to the former D. G. Derry property at 5th and Pine Sts. has been transferred to the borough and the school district, who are joint owners, having purchased the premises some time ago at a sheriff's sale. Foreclosure proceedings were started by Atty. Thomas E. Weaver, solicitor for both the borough and school district, on outstanding taxes which ran into the thousands.

The management of the property has been vested in the hands of the following committee: John Grazier and William F. Worseck, borough council; William W. Heckenberger and J. Russell Moat, school board. The committee made arrangements for the cleansing of the premises of refuse and dirt. This work is already underway.

Trespass notices have been posted and the windows and doors will be barricaded by a local contractor under the supervision of the committee, of which Mr. Grazier is chairman.

Burgess Comments

Burgess Harry L. Baker commented as follows on the acquisition of the property:

The mansion at 5th and Pine Sts. has finally become the property of the taxpayers.

Robbed of the greater part of what was once beautiful and elegant, and ruined, to great extent, by those bent upon destruction alone, we now post trespass notices to warn our destructive forces to "lay off," or else!

Soon, the windows and doors will be barricaded by our authorized agents, and another episode in the fascinating annals of a once aggressive community will have been chronicled.

We have lost much through the medium of indecision and an honest desire to be more than fair with delinquents!

The individual payer of taxes has suffered greatly because of our failure to act in the conventional and legal manner.

Now that a step in the right direction has been made, it should be comparatively easy to cash in on those tax-liable assets which clutter up our records, and bring such ready criticism from those who are willing to safeguard themselves against embarrassment by meeting their tax obligations as they fall due.

MOVE TO PHILADELPHIA — Mr. and Mrs. Darwin L. Mushrush, who resided at 319 Walnut St., for a number of years, moved to Philadelphia several days ago with members of their family. Mr. Mushrush has been employed in that city for some time.

WILL SERVE LUNCH—The kitchen at the headquarters of the Southwark Hose Co. will be open over the weekend as usual, it was announced on Thursday. Platters will be served. It had previously been decided to discontinue the service by the committee.

—Macungie—

O. P. Knauss, 128 Main St. Tel. 271R

Time of Baptist Services Is Changed

Corporal Dallas A. Wetzel, son of Mr. and Mrs. John O. Wetzel of town will celebrate his 30th birthday shortly. He is in the eastern theatre of war operations and this will mark his third year in the army. Corporal Wetzel writes frequently to his relatives here and anticipates a furlough home ere long for the first time.

CHURCH SERVICE—Rev. Raymond C. Miller will speak on "The Church's Battle for a Better World" on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Salem church near Sieshoiztville. He will also conduct preparatory service at 2 o'clock on Easter Sunday afternoon at the same place.

CHANGE SERVICE TIMES—Starting tomorrow, the Baptist church of Macungie will have services at 9:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., with Sunday school to be held at 10:15 a. m. For over 50 years, the Sunday school had met in the afternoon and the change of time sets a precedent in the local church. The Baptist church has been partially affiliated with the Missionary Church Assn., with headquarters in Fort Wayne, Ind., but hopes to complete the affiliation in the near future.

BRIEFS—The farewell party last night to Macungie's latest war entrants was another pleasant event which cheered the four men toward their coming duties. A goodly number of friends participated.

Among those who celebrated their birthdays yesterday are Miss Salome Moyer, Mrs. Ray Krauss, Walter W. Heintzleman and Florence Moyer, while today is the anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Robert Alan, Miss Elmyra Schmoyer and Band Director Ralph Daubert.

The thawing snow and rain the past few days brought much moisture to the earth, which is valuable for crops later.

A big watch dog of Herbert Seibert Sr. was found dead on the cement highway back of the home yesterday morning, evidently struck by a motor car at East Macungie.

ESTATE NOTICE — Estate of Carrie E. Whitenight, deceased, late of the City of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania. Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against it to make known the same without delay, to RAYMOND N. WHITENIGHT, Administrator, 2322 S. Fifth St., Allentown, Pa. IRA T. ERDMAN, Attorney. M25-A1-8-15-22-29

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that Nicholas Adam and Melva Adam, residing at East Greenville, Pennsylvania, will file in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, as well as in the Prothonotary's Office of Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, on April 5, 1944, applications for conducting business under the assumed or fictitious name act as amended May 28, 1943, the said business being known as Mary Lee Beauty Shoppe, and that the said business will be conducted at 110 North Sixth St., Allentown, Pennsylvania, and that they are the only persons interested in or owning said business.

SNYDER, WERT & WILCOX,
Attorneys.
510 Hamilton St.,
Allentown, Pennsylvania.
M25

ARRIVES IN NEW GUINEA

Mrs. Alma Gillespie, 524 2nd St., Catasauqua, received a cablegram Friday from her husband, Staff Sergeant Harold A. Gillespie, informing her of his safe arrival in New Guinea. He is a member of the staff of a General Hospital unit, and before going to his new post was stationed at Chickasha, Okla.

Gillespie, son of School Director and Mrs. James B. Gillespie of Catasauqua, entered the service June 7, 1941. He received his preliminary training at Camp Grant, Ill.

SECRET AGENT X9

By ROBERT STORM



WHERE AND WHAT SATURDAY NIGHT

Bring Your Queen of Hearts to the Ace of Clubs

THE CIRCLON

WHERE SIXTH CROSSES HAMILTON

Proudly Presents

THREE MEN AND A NOTE

Entertaining During Dinner

DINNERS SERVED
5:00 TO 9:00

DANCING TONIGHT
9 'TIL CLOSING

For Reservations Phone 2-4642



For Perfect Food
And Good Company
Make a Habit of Dining
At The Traylor

Sunday Dinners Served in Our Dining Room
Meet Your Friends in the Omar Lounge

HOTEL TRAYLOR

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!

TONITE at Lehigh Valley's NITE CLUBS

RIO CHIAM
734 Hamilton St.
2nd Floor

★ DICK HUGHES EmSee
★ KATHLEEN DENNIS Singing the Way You Like It
★ GLORIA DONYA Tap Dancer Extraordinary
EXTRA ADDED
★ "RACE HORSE" WILLIAMS Versatile Sepia Comedian

CLUB RIO
Allentown-Reading Highway
5 Minutes West on Hamilton St.

To Avoid Disappointment—Make Reservations Early
3-9213 — PHONE — 2-2338

After The Show **SHERMAN HOTEL—433-35 Lehigh St.**
You Can Wine, Dine and Dance Every Day Except Sundays.
Kitchen Now Open Evenings.
Try Our Famous Chicken in the Ruff
Served Without Silverware. A Tender Delight in Every Bite
STEAKS — CHOPS — SEA FOODS
PLENTY PARKING SPACE BOTH SIDES OF HOTEL

HANOVER LODGE
TONIGHT
BOB JOHNSON and HIS ORCHESTRA
Beer—Wines—Liquors and Special Platters
Opp. State Hospital Ph. 39872 1609 Hanover Ave.

CARLISLE GRILLE
Carlisle and E. Hamilton Sts. : Phone 3-9324
TONIGHT—TROLLEY STOPS AT DOOR
BOB McCLISTER and HIS LONDON CRITERIONS
SEAFOOD AND LIGHT LUNCHES - BEER - WINE - LIQUOR

HOTEL EMAUS
CHICKEN—BEEF—PORK
FRIED OYSTERS
STEAMED CLAMS
CRAB PATTIES
Hot — SANDWICHES — Cold
422 CHESTNUT ST., EMMAUS, PA.

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

SUNDAY DINNERS



Full Course 65c and up

Don't bother with cooking dinner Sunday—take it easy and save ration points, too. Dine with us and have a dinner that will delight you!

HOME Restaurant
17 South 7th St.

LENTZ BROTHERS
RESTAURANT and VILLAGE RATHSKELLER
7th and Linden Sts. — Allentown
Never a Dull Moment
Bring Your Wife or Girl Friend to Pleasant Surroundings
Famous for Good Food and Drinks
Our Saturday Luncheons Are a Treat
OPEN SUNDAYS
11 A. M. Till 8 P. M.
Featuring
Roast Turkey — Chicken
And Everything Good to Eat
½ Portion to Children



DORNEYVILLE HOTEL
¼ Mile W. of Hamilton St. Terminus R. 222

TONITE AT THE SPA
FLOOR SHOW, FEATURING BOOPSY, THE GLASS EATER
"THE HULA DANCER"
Special Roast Chicken Platters
LEHIGH MOUNTAINS
3 Miles South of Allentown
BEER—WINES—LIQUORS
JOE TRETTER, Prop.

OPEN DAILY AND SUNDAY
8:30 A. M. to 11:30 P. M.
LINDY'S Restaurant
719 LINDEN STREET
Specializing in Italian and American Dishes. (We Make Our Own Spaghetti and Ravioli Dough and Sauce)
Ala Carte Platters, 45c to 85c

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE PERSONAL PROPERTY

Saturday, April 22, 1944, at 1:00 p. m., along the concrete pike leading from Bath to Cross Roads about ½ mile south of the latter place in Moore township, Lehigh Co. Chevy sedan, air compressor, Servel gas refrigerator, gas range, Rudd water heater, iron safe, etc., etc.

Full ads April 15, 18, 21.

PAUL BEERS, Auct. WILLIAM SMITH. M25-A1-8-22

SHOAT SALE AT Best Station Hotel

MONDAY, MARCH 27, AT 1:30 P. M.

125 head. Weigh 25 lbs. to 125 lbs. Extra nice load. All vaccinated.



M18-24-25 ROBERT L. HILL.

JUST A REMINDER

OF THE SARAH STEWART SALE

Today, March 25, 1944 at 1:00 o'Clock

between Seemsville and Dannersville, in Northampton county.

Household goods and lots of antiques.

M25 LESTER MILLER, Auct.

JUST A REMINDER

OF THE CHARLES REITER SALE

Today, March 25, 1944 at 1:00 o'Clock

between Newtown and Haafsville in Lehigh Co.

Full line farm stock.

M25 DEWEY WOTRING, Auct.

PUBLIC SALE OF Real Estate and Personal Property

Thursday, April 6, 1944, at 12:00 o'clock noon, along black top road leading from Palm to Clayton.

Eleven acres of land with 6-room stone dwelling with hot water heat, frame barn with accommodation for 6,000 chickens.

Farm implements and household goods will also be sold. Conditions by

JAMES P. KUHNS.

AMBROSE KULP, Auct.
D. T. MOSER and
GRACE FOGEL, Clerks. M25-A1-5

PUBLIC SALE

STARTS AT 1 O'CLOCK

There will be sold at public sale on March 25th, 1944, on the farm of the undersigned, situated between Huffs Church and Fredericksville:

Five-burner oil stove, dining room suite, odd chairs, chest of drawer, odd davenport, seven new Congoleum rugs, dishes and cooking utensils, floor lights, 1½-h.p. gasoline engine, metal feed box, corn sheller, farmer's boiler, seven screen doors and screens, chicken fountains and feeders, garden and other tools.

Complete half-day sale.

KARL BUNGENSTOCK,
East Greenville, Pa.
NICK ADAM, Auct.
FRANK BENFIELD, Clerk. M23-25

SHORT NOTICE PUBLIC SALE

Tuesday, April 4th, 12 noon, between Shankweilers and Siegersville.

General tractor on rubber—16" attached plow, 2-row cultivator, brand new-marker, grass mower, 4-wheel trailer-potato digger, weeder, 2-section harrow, potato grader, corn shredder, cutaway disc, 2-row corn planter with fert. attachment, single row corn planter, 2 Buckeye 500 cap. brooder stoves, chick feeders, corn on cob, alfalfa hay, Katahdin second seed potatoes, 2-burner 2-room kerosene heater, 4 speed trans., 2 speed Eaton rear end, heavy trailer axle complete, auto parts, gas cans, and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms, cash. Drafted.

LUTHER S. LICHTY.
DEWEY C. WOTRING, Auct. M25-A1-4

PUBLIC SALE

Tuesday, March 28

AT 12 O'CLOCK

on my farm, 4½ mi. from Palmerton, known as Little Gap, 3 mi. north of Danielsville, at the foot of the mountain.

HELLO FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

Dairy cows, fresh and close springers, stock bulls & fat bulls, lot of fat hogs weighing from 200 to 250 lbs., brood sow with litter, 5 O.I.C. boars, fancy stock horses & mules, 1 spotted riding pony, roan mare in foal, 1 high-class saddle mare, military broke for lady to ride, black saddle horse for lady to ride. Special mention, 1 pair of mare mules weighing 2,700 lbs., extra well broke A1 real team. Anybody interested in dairy cows, here is the place to buy them.

This stock must be as represented.

J. J. WALKER.
SCHEIDY FRITZINGER, Auctioneer. M23-24-25-26-27-28

SHORT NOTICE SALE OF Farm Stock and Household Goods

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1944, AT 1 P. M., ½ MI. NORTH OF GILBERTS CHURCH, GILBERT, MONROE COUNTY, PA.

One steer, 2 pigs, 30 chickens, 6 tons of straw, 3½ tons hay, 100 bu. oats, 3 1-3 tons corn, 10 bu. wheat, two-seated sleigh, corn sheller, grindstone, some lumber, 100-gal. gas tank, tools, etc., iron kettle, chicken feeders and fountains, electric fencer.

Two-burner oil stove with oven, dining room table, chairs, radio, dishes, pails, sweeper, carpets, etc.

THOMAS TRACH.
D. C. KOMBOLE, Auctioneer. M24-25-28-29

EXECUTORS' SALE OF Valuable Household Goods

Thursday, March 30, 1944, at 12:00 o'clock sharp, at 227 South Whitefield Street, Nazareth, Northampton Co.

Three-piece living room suite, 3-pc. parlor suite, 9x12, 11x13, 9x11, 10x11 rugs, linerain carpet, lot of rag carpet, lot of throw rugs, electric refrigerator, old writing desk and bookcase, lamps, lot of chairs and rockers, 2 White sewing machines, old clock, marble top stands, 4 bedroom suites, 2 with marble tops; old settee, cherry dropleaf table, oak table, old chest of drawers, mirrors, pictures, curtains, drapes, canned fruit in quart jars, silverware, lot of dishes, antique cooking utensils, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Terms, cash.

ELAMANDA GERNET,
ELMER P. DECH,
Estate Executors.
CLARENCE HUBER, Auct.
WALTER KUNKEL, Clerk.
A. ALBERT GROSS, Atty. M25-29

PUBLIC SALE OF 30 Head of Tioga County Dairy Cattle and a Carload of Indiana & Ohio Horses

ON THE WERLEY FARM, HAMBURG, PA.

The herd consists of fresh and close springer cows and stock bulls. I will have a real bunch of dairy cows.

The load of horses consists of 1 team strawberry roans 4 & 5 years old weighing 3,400 lbs.; 1 team sorrel horses 4 years old weighing 3,200 lbs.; 1 team strawberry roans weighing 3,200 lbs. Balance are single horses 4—7 years old weighing from 1,400—1,700 lbs. These horses are broke and gentle the way you like them. They are the best load of horses I shipped.

M25-27-28 WM. R. WERLEY.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AND FARM STOCK

The undersigned will offer at public sale Saturday, April 1st, on the road leading from Little Gap to 57 Lower Towamensing, Carbon County, Pa., the following, to wit:

One farm containing 80 acres, some in timber; double frame dwelling, frame barn, all slate roof, spring on farm, also a well; wagon shed. 27 acres in wheat.

Farm stock—1 1941 Cletrac HG 68-in. farm tractor with cultivator and corn planter attachments; 1 Oliver 14-in. two-bottom plow, 1 Oliver 3-section tractor harrow, 1 Superior grain drill, 8-ft. grain binder, 1 grass machine, 1 new hammermill, 1 Iron Age potato planter, Iron Age potato sprayer, potato digger, 1 2-section smoothing harrow, 1 crosscut saw, 1 Holstein cow, 2 10x12 brooder houses, lot of poultry feeders and water fountains, 1 brooder stove, 1 hand corn sheller, 1 hog feeder, 2 rolls hog wire, lot steel posts, and some household goods. Sale starts at 12:30 o'clock p. m. Terms: 6 mos. credit or 2% for cash. WALTER GREENZWEIG.

ALBERT SMITH, Auct. M25-29-31

PUBLIC SALE OF Farm Stock and Household Goods

Saturday, April 1, 1944, at 12:30 o'clock p. m., on the former Theo. Gehman farm between Macunsie and Hensingersville, in Lehigh Co.

Three horses, team strawberry roans 6 years old, weight 1,450; 1 dark brown horse 6 years old, weight 1,500 lbs.; 2 Holstein stock bulls, two years old, 1 six months old; 6-month-old heifer, 10 shoats between 60 and 70 lbs.; 100 New Hampshire Red chickens, Oliver 16-inch tractor plow, 2-section spring tooth harrow, Oliver hand plow, Ontario 11-tube disc drill, 2 McCormick grass mowers, one like new; dump rake, John Deere 8-ft grain binder, double corn planter, Oliver riding cultivator, steel land roller, 2-row marker, 2 flat wagons, 2 body wagons, 1 wagon, circular saw, Dellinger feed grinder, corn shredder, harness, collars, 2 new chicken shelters, 9x10, on skids; water fountains, chicken feeders, Buckeye 500-chick cap. brooder, butchering outfit, single and double trees, tools and numerous articles household goods, 2 kitchen stoves, 2 parlor heaters, 1 two-burner kerosene heater, maple dining room suite, chairs, some dishes and many other items.

Terms, cash.

CHARLES H. HARTMAN.
WOODROW ROTH, Auct.
J. D. SCHMOYER and
HAROLD KNAUSS, Clerks. M25-28-31

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE PERSONAL PROPERTY

Saturday, April 15, 1944, at 1:00 p. m., opposite the 7th Street Open Air theatre, ¼ mile south of Mickleys, along the old Mickleys-Allentown pike, in Whitehall township, Lehigh Co. Dockash kitchen range, 3 bedroom suites, arrowback chairs, radios, ladders, etc., etc. Full ad March 18th and 24th. Terms, cash.

HARVEY REICHARD.
FRED MILLER, Auct. M4-25

PUBLIC SALE OF FARM STOCK, HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND ANTIQUES

Saturday, March 25, 1944, at 1:00 p. m., near Schalls school house, along black top road leading from Point Phillips to Newtown, in Northampton Co. Fordson tractor, farm stock, household goods, Indian relics and antique furniture. Full ad March 18, 24.

HARVEY SHIREMAN.
VICTOR MEIXSELL, Auct. Agent to Sell. M4-11-25

JUST A REMINDER OF THE GEORGE A. WERNER PUBLIC SALE

Today, March 25, 1944 at 12:00 Noon

BETWEEN COLESVILLE & SEIDERSVILLE

Real estate and antique dishes.

M25 ALTON KNERR, Auct.

PUBLIC SALE Household Goods

AT 113 WILLOW ST., CEMENTON, NEAR SCHOOL HOUSE

Saturday, April 1st, 1944, at 1:00 p. m., consisting of enameled gasoline range, like new; electric refrigerator, Hartman upright piano, excellent condition; living and bedroom suites, chairs and rockers, swinging baby cradle, well preserved; electric washer, lawn mower, like new; miscellaneous household articles.

GRACE E. FOGELMAN.
DEWEY WOTRING, Auct. M11-18-25-A1

PUBLIC SALE OF Farm Equipment

The undersigned will offer at public sale on Route 45, midway between Bath and Beersville, a complete line of new and conditioned farm machinery on Saturday, April 15, 1944, at 1 p. m.

Full ad later.

GEORGE HUGO.
ELMER KIST, Auct.
W. O. MINNICH, Clerk.
J29-F5-12-19-26-M4-11-18-25

PUBLIC SALE OF FARM STOCK

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale in the Village of Petersville, Pa., on Route 45, on Tuesday, March 28th at 1 p. m.

Two horses, 5 & 7 years old, work in all harness, 10 Holstein cows, 1 with calf and 2 probably fresh by time of sale.

Mc. grain binder, Mc. corn binder, Mc. riding cultivator, sulky plow, 8 tons corn on cob, and some other articles.

No more use for the horses and the cows I dispose of on account of help. Terms Cash.

ALLEN P. MINNICH.
PAUL BEERS, Auct.
W. O. MINNICH, Clerk. M13-18-21-25

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF Valuable Real Estate

Wednesday, March 29, 1944 at 2 o'clock near Lakeside along route 45 in Rush township, Schuylkill county, Pa.

The real estate consists of a lot of 98.8 perches more or less, near Lakeside, in Rush township, Schuylkill county. Improvements consist of a frame double dwelling, garage and all necessary outbuildings.

Conditions made known on day of sale by.

JOSEPH REISEG,
Executor of the Estate of Frederick Reiseg.
M20-22-25-27-28

ED. J. KNOLL, Auctioneer Sells Today—1:30 P. M. Valuable Household Goods

AT NO. 954 EAST TILGHMAN ST., EAST ALLENTOWN

Beautiful modern 3-pc. living room suite, moth-proof and like new, with spring filled cushions and backs; 4 room-size rugs, drophead sewing machine, floor lamps, dining room suite, cuckoo clock, Victrola, metal utility cabinet, ice refrigerator, poster beds, birdseye maple vanity and chest of drawers, cherry dresser and vanity, tables, chairs, rockers, porch rug set, elec. train and tracks with transformer, dishes, glassware, utensils, carpenter tools and numerous other articles. Nothing sold privately.

M25 MRS. HERBERT DEIBERT.

PUBLIC HORSE SALE

WILL BE HELD AT JOHN SIPOS HOTEL STABLES, STOCKERTOWN, PA.

Thursday, March 30

AT 1 P. M.

One carload of South Dakota farm chunks purchased direct from farms where they have been purchased by John Pretz, who has been buying horses in this same locality for the past 25 years.



These are all young, 4-7 years old and well broke, with plenty of bone, shape and quality, not too much flesh but the kind that will improve and you work them. You will find these horses healthy and ready for the gears, and not half dead with shipping fever like most horses shipped here from the large horse auctions from the West. Every horse will be sold for the high dollar regardless of price. With a money back guarantee if not satisfactory.

Conditions of sale, cash.

M25-27-29 FRETZ & SIPOS.

NEW HOLLAND SALES STABLES, INC.

NEW HOLLAND, PA.

Monday, March 27—10 carloads of acclimated work horses and mules. Some outstanding horses among them.



Sale will start promptly at 12:00 noon with acclimated horses and mules. One carload shipped from Iowa by Sam Hobson. This is another load of those well known type of horses always selected by Mr. Hobson. They are mostly chunks ranging in age from 3 to 6 years. One carload shipped also from Iowa by Job Stoltzfus. Special mention of one team of sorrels with silver mane and tails. The remainder of his load are all real good farm chunks and wagon horses. One carload shipped from Kansas by Aaron Kolb. This is as good a load as he ever shipped to these stables. They have been bought directly from the farmers.

NEW HOLLAND SALES STABLES, INC
JOHN H. GINGRICH, Gen. Mgr. M25

PUBLIC SALE OF Farm Stock and Household Goods

Saturday, April 1, 1944, at 12:30 o'clock p. m., on the former Theo. Gehman farm between Macunsie and Hensingersville, in Lehigh Co.

Three horses, team strawberry roans 6 years old, weight 1,450; 1 dark brown horse 6 years old, weight 1,500 lbs.; 2 Holstein stock bulls, two years old, 1 six months old; 6-month-old heifer, 10 shoats between 60 and 70 lbs.; 100 New Hampshire Red chickens, Oliver 16-inch tractor plow, 2-section spring tooth harrow, Oliver hand plow, Ontario 11-tube disc drill, 2 McCormick grass mowers, one like new; dump rake, John Deere 8-ft grain binder, double corn planter, Oliver riding cultivator, steel land roller, 2-row marker, 2 flat wagons, 2 body wagons, 1 wagon, circular saw, Dellinger feed grinder, corn shredder, harness, collars, 2 new chicken shelters, 9x10, on skids; water fountains, chicken feeders, Buckeye 500-chick cap. brooder, butchering outfit, single and double trees, tools and numerous articles household goods, 2 kitchen stoves, 2 parlor heaters, 1 two-burner kerosene heater, maple dining room suite, chairs, some dishes and many other items.

Terms, cash.

CHARLES H. HARTMAN.
WOODROW ROTH, Auct.
J. D. SCHMOYER and
HAROLD KNAUSS, Clerks. M25-28-31

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE PERSONAL PROPERTY

of valuable personal property. The undersigned will offer at public sale Sat., April 8, '44, at her residence in Slatedale, Pa., the following personal property, to wit: 2 extension tables, 1 kitchen sink, ice refrigerator, sideboard, couch, sewing machine, library table, radio, mirrors, piano, chairs, rockers, electric table lamp, bookcase, dining room chairs, Hoover sweeper, beds, combination writing desk and bookcase, 2 cradles, 3 spinning wheels, carpet rags, rag carpet, cooking utensils, jars, kitchen cabinet, 1 wood chest, 1 iron kettle, Oliver plow, 2 1-horse cultivators, scaffold, adjustable trestle and many other articles too numerous to mention. Conditions made known on day of sale and due attendance given by MRS. JAMES F. BLOSE. Sale starts at 1:00 o'clock p. m.

WM. DeLONG, Auct.
HARRY C. BALLIET, Clerk. M25-A1

PUBLIC SALE OF Farm Stock

between Martins Creek and Pleasant Grove, ¼ mile off highway, on Friday, April 7, 1944, at 1 p. m.

One bay horse 8 years old, 11 milk cows, 4 close springer heifers, 2-year-old stock bull, 19 shoats, brood sow.

Thresher, corn binder, manure spreader, grain drill, Oliver and McCormick riding cultivators, 2 riding plows, Oliver walking plow, roller, Letz combination feed grinder, 10 tons corn, Kalamazoo stove, boy's bicycle, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Conditions, 8 months' credit, 3% off over $25.00.

ANNA KOHONOVICH.
CLARENCE HUBER, Auct.
WALTER R. KUNKEL, Clerk. M25-A1-6

PUBLIC SALE OF Valuable Household Goods

Saturday, April 1, 1944, at 12:30 o'clock at house No. 21, East Fogelsville, along Route 22, in Lehigh County.

Seven cu. ft. Westinghouse refrigerator like new, electric Easyway washer, electric Vacuette sweeper like new, electric waffle iron, electric Jiffy water heater, green enameled kitchen range, 5-unit New Perfection oil stove, parlor heater, sewing machine, four 9 by 12 rugs, 4 plank chairs, living room suite, dining table, buffet, kitchen table, rockers, porch glider, 2 bedroom suites, new 9 by 12 Congoleum rug, double-barrel shotgun, carpenter tools, dishes, glassware, cooking utensils, lawn mower, storm sashes, 100-foot garden hose, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Nothing sold before the sale.

Terms, cash.

MRS. EMMA RUMFELD.
SHERMAN RUMFELD, Auct. M25-31-A1

SHORT NOTICE SALE OF Valuable Farm Stock

Friday, March 31, 1944, at 11:30, on Route 29 between East Greenville and Palm, Montgomery Co.

Twenty-six cows, 11 heifers, 1 bull, 100 chickens, 22 milk cans, 6-can cap. milk cooler, Serge milking machine, 2 units; Rep. milk cooler, Serge water heater. Farmall tractor. The following tractor implements: Disc, cultipacker, plow, 4-section harrow, cultivator, grain drill, mowing machine, corn planter, side delivery rake, hay loader, binder, corn binder, potato planter, manure spreader. All above machinery are tractor hitch. Also riding cultivator, 2 spike harrows, potato sprayer, plow, grass seeder, threshing machine, blower attached; Blizzard blower, Case hay chopper, belts, 3 heavy wagons, flat hay ladders, tractor trailer on rubber, 2 sleighs, express wagon, scoop, scalding trough, grindstone, wheelbarrow, ropes, chains and all the tools, as everything will be sold, since I sold my farm. Also some household goods. Conditions by

CLYDE J. ACKERMAN.
AMBROSE KULP, Auct.
D. T. MOSER &
GRACE FOGEL, Clerks. M25-28-30

ED. J. KNOLL, Auctioneer Sells Today—10 A. M. AT EXECUTOR'S SALE Valuable Real Estate, Tombstones and Tools

The undersigned executor of the estate of Elmer M. Bernd, deceased, will expose to public sale the following described real estate and personal property;

Real Estate to Be Sold at 10 A. M. on Premises

Being all that certain lot or piece of ground situate on the northeast corner of Main and Lehigh Streets, South Catasauqua, Lehigh County, Pa., having a frontage on Main Street of 150 feet and extending in depth 116 feet, more or less. Erected thereon is a 2½-story frame dwelling house, slate roof, with improvements consisting of water, heating plant, electric, water and bath, also two-car one-story frame garage, with slate roof.

Also at the same time and place, all that certain vacant lot or piece of ground situate on the northwest corner of Second and Main Streets, South Catasauqua, Lehigh County, Pa., having a frontage on Main St. of 235 feet and extending in depth 120 feet more or less.

Personal Property to Be Sold at 11 A. M. at the foot of Fairview Cemetery, West Catasauqua, consisting of tombstones, stone cutters' tools and equipment and a frame work shop.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF CATASAUQUA, Executor of the Estate of Elmer M. Bernd, Deceased.
ROBERT E. HAAS, Attorney. M25

ADMINISTRATRIX SALE OF Valuable Personal Property

Amelia J. Jarrett, the administratrix of the estate of William M. Jarrett, deceased, will sell at public sale the following personal property on Friday, March 31, 1944, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the corridor of the Court House, Fifth and Hamilton Streets, Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa.

The personal property consists of the following, to wit

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily, Except Sunday, in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

The Allentown Call Publishing Company

Telephone No. 4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM, 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER—Patterson and Center Sts. Lansford—Phone 708
EASTON: 671 Northampton St.—Phone 8622
MONROE CO., 766 Main St., Stroudsburg—Phone 1102

Royal W. Weiler, President and Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Asst. Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiler, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES	Week-days	Sunday Only	Weekday and Sunday
One Year	$6.24	$1.56	$7.80
Six Months	3.12	.78	3.90
Three Months	1.56	.39	1.95
One Month	.52	.13	.65
One Week	.12	.03	.15
Single Copy	.03	.03	

Circulation mainly in Lehigh, Northampton, Carbon, Bucks, Berks, Monroe, Schuylkill and Montgomery counties, Pennsylvania.

A superior advertising medium because of its well balanced and thorough distribution.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

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All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

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

That figure of Nobody in sodden khaki, cumbered with ugly gear, its precious rifle wrapped in rags, no brightness anywhere about it except the light of its eyes, its face seamed with lines which might have been dolorous, which might have been ironic, with the sweat running from under its steel casque, looms now in the memory, huge, statuesque, silent but questioning, like an overshadowing challenge.

—Tomlinson.

TO LOSE AIR SERVICE IS UNTHINKABLE

Announcement yesterday from United Air Lines that it is likely to abandon service for the Allentown-Bethlehem Airport came as a shock to this entire community which has come to be very proud of the airport and of the service which there is provided for everybody who wishes to fly.

The action is not arbitrary nor capricious. It follows action by the Lehigh county court which has enjoined the company from flying lower than 100 feet over a farm adjacent to the airport. Inasmuch as under certain weather conditions it becomes necessary to use runways on the airport that put the planes over the farm in question as they make altitude, it can be seen that the company must quit service or operate in contempt of the court when the wind is blowing from a certain quarter.

Appeal is to be made before the State supreme court as soon as possible but until that step can be taken and decision can be received there may be many days on which the east-west runway alone will be open to the big transport planes that land here. It is flight over this runway which will take the planes over the forbidden ground. If the supreme court's decision sustains the local injunction then suspension of service can become permanent.

The situation is one in which a Gulliver of business finds itself tied to the ground by Lilliputians. Allentown-Bethlehem Airport has become a giant in the field of aviation. Air mail and express move in and out of the port in great volume and most of it is high priority war business. Businessmen from the huge war industries of the Lehigh Valley use aviation to speed their trips to all parts of the country. Since the closing of Philadelphia Airport (for which Philadelphia has taken much unfavorable criticism), Philadelphia's air business has had to come to Allentown-Bethlehem Airport. By every yardstick which can be applied, Allentown-Bethlehem Airport is a big, a highly useful and in time of war virtually an indispensable enterprise.

However, it was the misfortune of the Allentown Airport to have been in financial difficulties some years ago. At that time aviation prospects were not so bright as they are today. Some land accordingly was sold in order that cash might be realized. Present owners of that land, who purchased that land with full knowledge of the use to which the adjacent airport was being put, in recent months sought an injunction to require flight over their land at altitudes which the aviation people say cannot be done at all times and under certain circumstances. Thus Gulliver is being pinned down upon the earth.

The situation is one that challenges the community. Something certainly can be done; something must be done to solve the problem and "Keep 'Em Flying," as a war-time slogan puts it. Allentown worked too hard and too long to get where it is in aviation to surrender to the petty situation that has been developed. Bigger problems than this, it would appear, were surmounted in the past. This one should be solved without interruption to service for a single day or without interference with the arrival and departure of a single transport or mail plane.

ADVANCING ON PHILIPPINES

Attack by the United States Navy on the Jap stronghold on the Palau atoll aroused new enthusiasm yesterday for the war inasmuch as the point under attack is only about 600 miles from the Philippines and on a line from Pearl Harbor to America's former island possessions.

There are indications that the American fleet moved without challenge from surface or air units. In fact Japanese warships, which had been in or near Palau, fled precipitately when their scouting planes reported the coming of the American fleet.

All the conclusions which are being reached are that the Japs are not going to risk their precious warships, especially their big battlewagons on any engagements for a long time to come at least. It is believed that they have quit Truk and Rabaul as large operations bases and that they now have abandoned Palau as well.

Accordingly it is being believed that big military operations which the Japs set up at many points can be almost entirely disregarded and by-passed as American action moves westwardly from the Solomons and northwardly from New Guinea. More and more it appears likely that the Japs can be left to starve out on the many islands which they grabbed so greedily and fortified so carefully during the years of preparation for attack. General MacArthur's dream —return to the Philippines—comes nearer realization day by day.

SPANIARDS DESERT RUSSIAN FRONT

General Franco, erstwhile pal of Mussolini and Hitler and as head of the Falangists, a totalitarian like that pesky pair, appears to be seeing the light in the European and world situation and is reported to be withdrawing all Spanish soldiers who had been on the Russian front.

It will be remembered that Franco very badly needs oil and many other articles that can be secured only from the United States or Great Britain. In spite of his friendship for Hitler, Franco can't get a gallon of oil or gasoline from the great boaster. Because of Franco's leaning to the Nazis, the United States cut off his imports from North America. It was pointed out at the time that if this country were to perform friendly acts, Spain in turn ought to make at least a few friendly motions. Specifically our diplomats reminded Franco that the famous Spanish "Blue" Division was in Russia, fighting on the side of the Germans. There were evasive answers and among others, Franco insisted that the Blue division soldiers were operating in Russia as volunteers, not as mercenaries and representatives of Spanish goodwill for Hitler and his Nazis.

Within recent days the State Department was informed that a week ago the Blues started return to Spain and that the last Spanish soldier is expected home on the day before Easter.

The Spaniards evidently are as tired of Russia as the Germans have become. All the glory of the war has faded for them. They are going to be glad to get back home and Franco probably will be glad too to have them and thereby gain a new sales talk when he tries to arrange renewal of shipments of gas and oil from North America.

Inaccurate Heckling

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 31.—For the last several months there has developed in this country a sort of heckling campaign against the Department of State. Some of it originated with the left-wing groups that didn't like our cautious policy with respect to General De Gaulle. Some of it comes from the elements which like to believe that the United States "has no foreign policy" and never has had any, which is inaccurate because America has had a foreign policy as far back as 1917—one that was applied specifically as recently as November, 1939, when the Congress repealed the arms embargo and took the first step toward helping the Allies. And now some of the criticism is coming from Republicans who themselves have never made clear what they want by way of foreign policy but who insist that whatever our policy happens to be, it is not clear enough or something.

Much of the attack centers on the Secretary of State Cordell Hull, whose patient labors over the last several decades in favor of international cooperation and as against economic nationalism ought to be clear to anybody who is fair in examining the record. One of the mistakes the late President Wilson made was not to consult Congressional committees on foreign policy, though few people realize how many of the suggestions made by the Republican leaders were actually accepted by Mr. Wilson in 1919 and embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Discussed Foreign Policy With Congress

Today Mr. Hull is trying to cooperate with Congress. He has received 22 Republican Congressmen and discussed foreign policy.

He has made arrangements to discuss the future international organization for world peace with congressional committees. It is important that the record be made of this effort to bring about non-partisan consideration of foreign policy, though it may turn out that present-day Republicans are as partisan as were their brethren of yesteryears.

Some of the criticism which emanated from the conference the other day with the Republican Congressmen shows the difficulties. If Mr. Hull talks off the record about delicate matters, the callers do not observe his confidence and the newspapers are given by the Congressmen fragmentary reports which can lead to embarrassing relations with Allied governments. Why talk off the record, why not discuss everything in public, it is asked? Much as some Americans may be inclined to nurture the thought, the fact is that the United States Government is in no position to dictate to the other sovereign governments of the world. Incidentally, the other day Anthony Eden found himself denying vehemently in the House of Commons the insinuation of one of its members that the United States was dictating the foreign policy of Great Britain.

Neither the President nor the Secretary of State can tell Russia or Britain what to do. Each is an independent nation with a leader who has a mind of his own. The suggestion, sometimes made as a threat, that unless the Allies do what America wants done, the United States should withdraw and go isolationist is one that ignores the fact that the war is not yet won and that if any nation begins to fight the war its own way or to relax its efforts, Germany and Japan will be the beneficiaries.

Heckling Would Benefit Democrats

The Republican party has a grave responsibility the moment it begins to heckle the administration on foreign policy. For it may turn out that the administration will be the beneficiary at the polls in November of such tactics. The one thing the Democrats probably want to see happen more than anything else is the raising of the issue of foreign policy in the coming campaign. This is because foreign policy and war will then become interwoven in the public mind, and it will be to the advantage of the Democrats to subordinate domestic irritations and issues and let the country become agitated over what our foreign policy is going to be. This, in turn, will bring a debate on what our war policies are to be. In the end, the argument will be made by the Democrats that there must be no change in the presidency and that re-election of Mr. Roosevelt is essential to continuity of our war effort. This would be asserted so as to create such fears as to make many voters afraid to risk a change.

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These Days

By GEORGE F. SOKOLSKY

CITIES OF GOD

In man's march through the ages, slow and ponderous and often even upward toward the sky, he has built for himself cities foul with misery and iniquity and he has built for himself cities of God, cities that live eternally in his memory or symbols of the climb upward from savagery. And of the cities of God, those that can never be forgotten, those the mention of whose names light the fires of reverent memory, are Jerusalem, Athens and Rome.

What are we, of this western world, but the fruits of the culture and civilization that emanated from these cities like the rays of the sun in a dark and barbarous world? Our religion, our art, our law, our languages, our family system, our education—our way of life—are the products of these three cities.

* * * *

Athens has been made a ruins by war and Jerusalem and Rome have been sacked and burned at times by war. And in Jerusalem still stands a wall—a weeping wall—the remnant of a temple erected to the ideal of a god not fashioned by the fingers of man but one who in his mercy fashioned man. And in Jerusalem is still marked the Via Doloross along which He who carried the cross walked to His death. And there are other holy places deep in the hearts of all sensitive beings of our civilization. And there too stands the evidence that those who love never forget, for there is a new life in this Palestine —a life of redeeming the soil from aridity, a life of cultural rebirth in which the remaining sons and daughters of those who crossed the Jordan into the Land of Promise partake of the joy of rebuilding.

* * * *

And there is Rome, mistress of the west. Rome of the continuous history from Remus anl Romulus to Paccelli who sits as Pope to remind all of mankind that kings and princes seek refuge from the hates and intrigues of man but the pure of heart remain with their people and trust their destiny to God. Into Rome has been poured the beauty and art of a grateful world but from it has come the form and structure of our particular civilization. From Rome went the law, the religious and civil law that tamed the savage peoples of Europe and Asia and Africa, that taught them for more than two thousand years that murder is wrong, that love is the goal of all men, not only an instrument of living but the goal of life. It is this law, the Roman law, that still dominates the civil side of our lives and the religious law that influences even those who may not be Catholics nor even Christians, that marks our civilization as western, as different from that of Asia and Africa. It is the law that speaks the charm and glory of Rome—the law that calmed the Angels but did not make them angels, that fashioned the Celt and Teuton and Slav into peoples that rejected the wild and tribal life of daily ravage and rapine and settled them down to agriculture and family and to the worship of God.

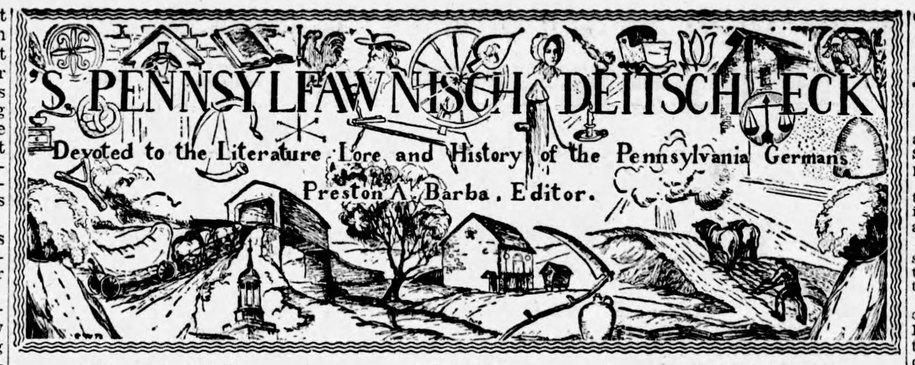
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Athens that gave us our art and the glory of literature and philosophy has become but a mart in the trade of small countries. Jerusalem has been enslaved to Asia and has sunk into tourism but is being lifted by the hope of a never-forgotting race of the Sons of Zion. Rome has stood. And standing still speaks to Europe and to all the world the sacred message of Micah:

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good;
"And what doth the Lord require of thee,
"But to do justly, and to love mercy,
"And to walk humbly with thy God?"

And this Rome has become a battlefield. Before it pagan warriors paused, but civilized warriors ride over it and drop bombs, passionless, scientific bombs that know neither right nor wrong but only that men must die and things must be destroyed. So this is what 20 centuries of civilization have wrought—and we speak of justice and righteousness and love! We have become an age of those who know neither reason nor truth.

(Copyright, 1944, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)



DER SUD WIND

Der Sud Wind bringt de Mensche Mut
Un weckt die Aerd vum Winterschlof;
Er haucht uff Barrick un Feld un Grof
'N waarmer Duft, 'n siessi Glut.

Die gans Nadur fiehlt sei Gewalt—
Yuscht net die Dode: schtumm un daab
Un reglos bleiwe sie im Graab,
Sie bleiwe u' bewegt un kalt.

Los vun de Eiskett laaft die Grick,
Es bliehe weiss die Eppelbaem,
Die Veggel kumme widder heem—
Alles Geliebtes kummt zerick—

Yuscht net die Dode—un ich guck
Iwwer der Hiwwel 'naus,—die Draene
Beweise wen ich winsch zu sehne
Weit liewer as der Friehlingsschmuck.

1887 —CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER

EN FRIEHYOHRS-LIED

O kummt yuscht emol do raus
Un hockt doch net dort nei,
Es iss so arrig schee do haus,
Mer meent yuscht 's kennt net sei.
Der waarm Wind kummt vum Siede ruff,
Die Sunn erwaermt die Welt,
Un Graas un Blumme kumme uff
Un zieren Busch un Feld.

Guck yuscht emol dort unne raus,
Die Ente un die Gens,
Die Fisch, die tschumpe owwe raus
Un schittle ihre Schwens.
Die Bullfracks, Krotte un die Fresch,
Dort druune an der Run,
O harch, die mache mol en Wesch
Un hen aa Lots vun Fun.

Un heer emol des Feggel-G'sing,
Die Amschel, Grapp un Schtaar,
Bloofeggel, Schwalme un Schperling,
Ach guck, en ganse Schaar.
Sie singe all so schee un g'lind,
Der Pihwie un die Laerch—
Des biet so g'wiss die Jenny Lind
Un die Argel in der Kaerch.

Ich denk mir schtimme aa mit ei
Mit unserm Friehyohrs-Lied.
Denn 's waer net recht un sott net sei,
Dass die Natur uns biet.
Ya, schtimmet ei mit aller Macht,
Harmonisch, laut un schee,
Un singt, dass Erd un Himmel lacht
Zu Gott dort in der Heeh.

Mir sin mit Jesu Blut erkaaft,
Vun Ewigkeit erwaehlt;
Mir sin aa in Sei Tod erkaaft
Un zu seim Volk gezaehlt.
Un Er lebt ewig, sell is wohr,
Un sell iss unser Glick;
Dann wann mol kummt Sei gross Friehyohr,
Losst Er uns g'wiss net z'rick.

Un sell Friehyohr blieht ewig fort,
So unvergleichlich schee;
Denk yuscht, 's iss gaar kee Winter dort.
Kee Kelt un aa kee Schnee.
Es heemelt eens schunn aa vun faern,
Mer waer so gaern dart nei—
So gaern, o unvergleichlich gaern,
Denn dort iss es gut sei.

O was waar sell en scheene Zeit
Daheem un in der Kaerch;
'S waar alles recht bei alle Leit
Un gaar nichs iwwerzwaerch.
Am Owet schpot un maryets frieh
Waar g'sunge un gebet,
Un mit der Aerwet, Lascht un Mich
Waar's mir gaar nie verleed.

Wann Jesus ruft, dann muss mer geh,
Un endlich bin ich fort;
Ich kann mei Eitre heit noch seh
Mit nasse Aage dort.
Ich seh, wie sie ihr letschtes Kind
Mit Schmaerze sehe geh,
Un wie sie doch zufridde sind
So alt un gans allee.

Noch langer Zeit kummt pletzlich Wart:
"Kumm dapper, dapper heem,
Kumm g'schwind, die Mammi muss nau fort.
Sie selwer saagt aa's seem.
Noht bin ich uff, der Heemet zu,
Darch Nass un Dreck un Kelt,
Bei Daag un Nacht, gans unne Ruh.
So schtark wie alle Welt.

"Ich kann net fort bis ich ihn seh,
Geh guck, kummt er noch net—
Ei, kann ich ihn dann nimmi seh?"
Un nau waar ich am Bett—
Sie lacht un ruft: "Ei, iss des dich,
Nau geh ich in mei Ruh,
Nau bet yuscht noch emol far mich
Un sei en guter Bu."

Der Daadi saagt: "Do hie legt sie,
Do ruht sie siess un fei,
Un wann ich schtaerb, legt mich do hie,
Sunscht naryets will ich sei."
Un Yohre lang waar des sei Bitt,
"Was ich zu bitte hab,
Legt mich nooch meine Tritt un Schritt
Do newe an ihr Graab."

Ich hab aa noch en Bitt an dich,"
Saagt er mir dort 's letscht Mol,
"Vergess mich net un bet far mich,"
Mit Haerz un Aage voll;
"Un noch eens, bin bekimmert drum,
Vergess des aa gar nie,
Un mach, dass ich dart nunner kumm,
Dart zu der Mammi hie."

'S iss graad wie er's befohle hot,
Sie sin do net allee,
Ya, yuscht exactly wie's sei sott,
Do sin sie alle zwee.
Sie waare eens do in der Zeit,
In Christo ihrem Hort;
Sie sin aa eens in Ewigkeit,
Ya ewig fort un fort.

Des alles kummt mir in mei Haerz,
Wie Harfeschpiel so dus,
Do unner Trauer, Freed un Schmaerz
Wie en siesser Engelsgruss;
Un weil ich do so haerzlich bet
Un such in Jesu Ruh,
Teent's immer fort: "Vergess mich net
Un sei en guter Bu."

So lieb un zaertlich zugedeckt,
Schloft wohl do in der Gruft,
Bis Gottes Sohn Eich ufferweckt,
Wann Seine Schtimm eich ruft;
Ich finn eich dort in Gottes Heer;
Wu'n ewig Friehyohr lacht,
Dort am kristall'ne Freide-Meer,
Umringt mit Licht un Pracht.

Ich geh nau do mei Wegle naus,
Good-bye, ich muss nau geh;
Nau ruhet do so friedlich aus,
Bis ich eich widder seh.
Good-bye! Ich ruf's eich nochmol zu
Un guck noch eemol z'rick;
Ich winsch eich gaern die heilig Ruh
Un's heilig, ewig Glick.

—JOHN VOGT

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR G. GRAEFF

KARFREIDAAG

The Friday of Holy Week is known among Pennsylvania Germans as **Karfreidaag.** The word "Kar" is a modern form of the old German "Char" meaning sorrow or care. It is the day of the Cruncifixion of our Lord and with this in mind we can understand why our people call it the day of sorrow.

In earlier times there were many prohibitions set upon this day, among them the following: no slaughtering of animals; no drinking of any kind; no hammer to be raised and no nails to be driven. It will readily be observed that these prohibitions grew out of the processes of the crucifixion. The Life of Jesus was sacrificed. He thirsted on the Cross and nails were driven into His hands and feet.

Also all forms of noisy labor were forbidden. Sewing, travelling, haircutting and the wearing of new clothes came under the ban. To be born on Good Friday was a portent of evil, but to die on that holy day was looked upon as a good sign that salvation was assured the departed one.

On the positive side the day was auspicious for building fences, for planting beans, onions, clover seed and flowers. The divining rod or "Winschelrute" cut on **Karfreidaag** had special powers. Insects and other annoyances would not return during the year if driven away on this day, it was once believed.

Many qualities were attributed to eggs laid on Good Friday. **Karfreidaagsoier** would not spoil. But they were not to be dyed for Easter eggs lest a small cross be formed on the inside of the shell. Such Good Friday eggs were considered as being the best eggs for hatching purposes. The eating of Good Friday eggs by the husband was supposed to insure that the next child born into the family would be a son.

Just how many of these beliefs were brought to America from the ancestral home and how many of these have survived we do not know. One custom known to be observed here is the prohibition against plowing on Good Friday. Superstition has it that defiance of this rule will cause the land to "turn sour"; another custom is the cessation of all forms of needlework and the general reverence for this day in the farm household. Can any of our readers add still other folk customs in the observation of this holy day?

GRIENER DUNNERSCHDAAG
(Green Thursday and the Dandelion)

Griener Dunnerschdaag is a distinctly Pennsylvania German holiday. It is unknown in America outside of areas where Germans have settled. Custom dictates that on the Thursday of Holy Week something green should be eaten. Because the dandelion is the earliest edible product of the soil it is usually selected as the "green" to be eaten on that day. It was a common belief that if dandelion were served on Green Thursday the eater thereof would remain in good health throughout the year.

Green is the color of spring and to eat green foods on Green Thursday is a recognition of the beginning of a fruitful year. During the Middle Ages the priests in some of the South German churches wore green vestments. Many other folkways characterize the observance of the holiday in Germany, but in Pennsylvania, as far as the writer is aware, the only survival is the serving of dandelion on the dinner table.

However, other interesting customs remain in connection with the dandelion. Children play the game "He loves me, he loves me not" by placing the flower under the nose. If the person is in love some of the yellow pollen will cling to the nose. Another game is to attempt to blow against the seed ball of the ripened flower. The number of seeds left clinging to the stamens after three hefty blows will predetermine the number of children the blower will have. Another children's game is to "blow out the lamp" by blowing against the seed-head and watching the tiny parachutes sail with the breeze.

According to the late Dr. Walker L. Stephen of Reading, Pa., "Custom was year ago to carry a piece of dried dandelion root in one's pocket and nibble a bit three times a day 'to keep healthy'."

The dandelion is a lowly weed and at its best can scarcely be regarded as an elegant dish, but on Green Thursday it comes into its own in Pennsylvania Germanland. Those who wish to observe the day in the Pennsylvania German fashion will in the next days be seen digging out dandelion stalks in nearby fields and meadows. Green Thursday and dandelion greens on the table and Spring will indeed be here!

PISSEBETT
(More about the lowly dandelion)

The dandelion grows everywhere. It is known in all countries and by more than one hundred different names. Among the Pennsylvania Germans its name is "Pissebett," so named because of the diuretic properties of the plant. Curious as it may seem, it is also known in English as "pissabed," a term applied, according to Webster, to any of various wild plants as dandelion, bluet, oxeye daisy, etc. The French word is "piss a lit" (lit, bed).

However the standard German word for the plant is "Loewenzahn" or lion's tooth. This corresponds to the English dandelion (French, dent de lion), which presumably came into the English by way of the Norman French.

There are also other colloquial Pennsylvania German names by which this plant is designated. The most frequently heard is **bittere Salaad.** Others are **Kichblumme, Hinkelsalaad, Ringblumme and Dotterblumme.**

The dandelion or **Pissebett** figured prominently in empirical medical science. A tea made from the root was supposed to cure nervous disorders; the sap of the stem cured yellow jaundice and a salad made of the leaves helped to "clear the blood." In South Germany children are warned not to carry **Kuhblumme** into the house lest they wet. This belief is also found in some Pennsylvania German areas where children are urged not to play with dandelion flowers.

ABRILLEKALB
(April Fool)

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary states that the origin of All Fool's Day (April 1) is unknown. A German source (Woerterbuch der deutschen Volkskunde) states that the custom had its origin among the southern Slavs in Russia but that it is more than three hundred years old in Germany.

The Pennsylvania German word for an April Fool is **Abrillekalb.** It appears in Lambert's Dictionary of the Non-English Words of the Pennsylvania German Dialect and dialect writers and newscasters have used it in this sense. The word was used in some sections of Germany in baiting the simple-minded. **Abrillekalb** (April calf) and **Maerzfilli** (March foal; also compare German **Fuellen** and Eng. filly) were words jokingly applied to persons who were subjected to pranks on the first days of those months.

Speculation upon the usage of these names in this connection leads one to consider the animals indicated.

It is true that most colts are born in March. The mares are bred to bear their foals at that time so that they may be available for work during the busier season on the farm. While calves are not necessarily born in April, nevertheless that month seems to be favored among breeders in many cases. Have the usages of **Abrillekalb** and **Maerzfilli** then some connection with the notation of the above circumstances of breeding?

In the case of the word **Kalb** there is another possibility, for this word is often used as an epithet for a silly person or blockhead. So too **en Fill** is figuratively applied to **en leppischer Mensch,** a dolt, a silly person.

In suggesting these origins the writer may himself be the April Fool. If so, perhaps the reader will enlighten him by offering other explanations for the usage of these words. But in the meanwhile let the reader be on guard against April First, for before it was designated as All Fool's Day it was counted as an unlucky day. Judas Iscariot died on April 1 and Satan was thrown out of heaven on that day!

DEI GLEENER BU

Es kummt en Daag in unsere Welt,
Dass mir ebbes net kaafe kenne, mit Gold odder Geld.
Mir breiche verleicht en braafer Mann
As uns aus unserm Druwwel helfe kann;
Schunn laaft er aryets, en gleener Bu
—im Feld—
As en grosser Mann gebt in 're schlimme Welt;
Im me gleene Heisel, naegscht bei dir odder mir—
Uff seim Paep seim Gnie, seinre Maem ihr Blessier!
Un wann der Daag kummt far ebbes zu duh—
Denk yuscht mol draa—'s iss verleicht dei Bu!
Verleicht schtehscht du nachts an seim Bett
Un wunnerscht, eb du recht bei ihm duscht odder net;
Eb du ihn recht fiehrscht, seller glee Mann,
As verleicht ee Daag alles recht mache kann;
Gerecht un ehrlich—wer weess? Bressident dezu—
Denk yuscht emol draa—verleicht dei gleener Bu!

—MABEL G. SAYER

WELLER BIN ICH?

Verhuddelt iss es mir im Kopp,
Ich meen ich waer am draame;
Ich bin gewiss en aarmer Dropp,
Weess net emol mei Naame.

Mei Mutter, die hot Zwilling g'hatt,
Die waare 'nanner gleich,
Bis uff die scheene glatte Kepp
Un dicke runde Beich.

Vun denne waar ich mol der Eend,
Der Anner waar mei Bruder;
Doch wer der Eend, der Anner waar,
Weess net emol mei Mutter.

Sie hen uns "Hans" un "Yakob" g'heesse,
Ya, so viel iss mir glaar;
Doch wer in aller Himmelswelt
Weess weller as es waar?

So hen mer ewwe net gewisst
Wer uns beim Naame nennt;
Mer hen uns waerklich zeiteweis,
Aa selwer net gekennt.

Doch waar der Druwwel noch net all,
Der Eend vun guns geht dot;
Eb's nau der "Hans", der "Yakob" waar,
Do weess ich wull kee Rot.

O, saagt mer yuscht, wer bin ich nau!
Der "Yakob," was noch lebt?—
Bin ich, am End, sogaar der "Hans,"
Was in de Wolke schwebt?—

(Suggested by some English verses entitled The Puzzled Dutchman)
March 22, 1944 —JOHN BIRMELIN

ABRILLKELWER

Es scheint verkammen mehner Kelwer im Land hawwe uff em erschte Abrill as eeniche annere Zeit. Leit duhne en anner vernarre yuscht far der G'schpass. Letscht Yohr uff em erschte Abrill hot mei Nochber, der Amos Schmidt, sich schee uffg'fixt mit seinre Fraa ihre Gleeder — Schuh, Schtrimp, Frack, Saddelbossel, Bruschtkisse un so weider, bis er leibhafdich geguckt hot wie en Weibsmensch.

Dann iss er noch em Schtedtel sich waahrsaage losse. Die alt Hex, wu declared sie kann em sei Lewe rode mit 're Euchre Deck vannenaus zu groo Hohr un Bollkepp, hot net vermerkt wie er verschtellt iss. Sie hot die Kaarde gut uffg'schoffelt un eb sie viel g'saat hot, waar er bedriebt un draurich. Sie hot ihm verzaehlt, er daet heiere inner 're karze Zeit un die Mudder warre vun dreizeh Kinner in so viel Yohr. Es hot ihn so unverhofft genumme, as er heit noch net ausmache kann, well's Abrillkalb waar —er odder die Hex.

Wie ich in Reddin waar edliche Yohr zerick, hot eens vun meine Freind mer g'saat vun me Bobbeli, as uff der erscht Abrill gebore waar un des waer gewiss so schwarz as Shoeblack uff eenre Seid vum Kopp zu Fuss. Es waar en sonderbaarer Schpeckdaakel accordin zu was er verzaehlt hot. Nadierlich hawwich des sehne welle, yuscht aus em Wunner, un so hot er mich ans Haus genumme. Schur genunk. Des aarm klee Kind waar gans schwarz uff eenre Seid. Yuscht die anner Seid waar aa schwarz, un ich kann 's net verlegle, wer's Abrillkalb waar.

Un yuscht letscht Yohr hen mer ebbes vun me Uffruhr g'hatt graad do in unser Nochberschaft. Der Viehdokter hot en Telefon Notis grickt mitte in der Nacht, er soll graad kumme, em Millichmann sei beschti Kuh waer am verwarge. Der Kerl, as g'schickt hot far der Dokter, hot g'saat, er muss bledslich kumme—die Kuh hot ebbes im Hals un verschdickt wann sie kenn Hilf grickt. Dann iss der Dokter schnell noch em Millichmann seinre Scheier. Alles waar all recht. Nichs hot g'scheint in Druwwel sei. Awwer uff em Weg zerick ans Haus hot er erblickt as en grossi Zwiwwel in de Bump schteckt.

—DER SOLLY HULSBUCK.

25 Years Ago Today

A Tuesday, April 1, 1919

Property transfers were unusually heavy. The reason for the abnormal amount of transactions was the scarcity of houses available for rental. Of necessity, people were buying houses for shelter.

Dr. P. F. Boyle, 508 E. Fourth St., Bethlehem, was stricken with hemorrhages while attending mass in the Church of the Holy Infancy and died before medical aid could be administered.

Rev. Dr. J. A. W. Haas, of Muhlenberg college, chairman of the committee in charge of the evangelical campaign in Allentown, delivered an excellent sermon to a large audience in Trinity Evangelical church. Dr. Haas chose as his theme the thought, "A good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

Eugene V. Debs, Socialist leader, threatened to call a general strike of his party throughout the country unless he were granted a re-hearing in the courts on charges upon which he was convicted under the espionage act.

The German government declared she would make peace only on President Wilson's famous 14 points.

Deaths of a Day

FRANK KERECZ

Frank Kerecz, 15, son of Kalman and Amelia Szukics Kerecz, 427 Pierce St., Bethlehem, died suddenly at 10:30 p. m. Thursday at his home.

Dr. David F. Bachman, Northampton county coroner, after an official investigation, said death was due to an acute heart condition.

A pupil of Broughal Junior High school, the youth earlier in the night took part in a gymnastic exhibition there and left the building at 8 p. m.

He was a member of the Boys club of Bethlehem, and of Troop No. 27, Boy Scouts of America. He was interested in woodworking at the Boys club. He was an eighth grade student at Broughal.

Besides his parents he is survived by the following sisters and brothers: Christine, Irene and Joseph, at home; Kalman Jr., U. S. Army; Bela, Fountain Hill, and Stephen of Bethlehem.

Funeral at 1:30 p. m. Monday from the parlors of Undertaker Francis Connell, 427 E. 4th St., Bethlehem.

Services will be conducted at 2 o'clock in St. John's Windish Lutheran church, followed by burial in the family plot in Hellertown Union cemetery.

JOHN F. EHRHARD

John F. Ehrhard of 729 Union St. died at 4:20 a. m. Friday at his home after an illness of several weeks. He was 89 years old.

Born at Neffs, he was the son of Jacob and Mary Ann, nee Zellner, Ehrhard. He resided in Allentown all of his life. He was a cigarmaker by trade. For 25 years, until his retirement four years ago, he was employed by Faust and Landes, jewelers, as a utility man.

His first wife, the late Emma, nee Stillwagen, Ehrhard, preceded him in death 35 years ago. He was married for a second time 32 years ago to Anna C. Abele, who survives him. He was one of the oldest members of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church.

Surviving are his wife; a son, Fred Ehrhard, Allentown; a brother, Albert Ehrhard of Akron, Ohio, and four grandchildren. A daughter, Irene Mohr, also preceded him in death.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. at the Carl E. Spacht funeral home, 824 Walnut St. Interment will be in Greenwood cemetery.

MRS. EMMA M. YOCHUM

Mrs. Emma May Strawn Yochum, 78, widow of William Yochum, 918 S. Filmore St., Allentown, died of apoplexy Thursday night in the Allentown hospital.

For many years she had been a resident of Bethlehem. Funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday in the Weierbach funeral home, 835 Broadway, Bethlehem, with interment in Nisky Hill.

She was born in Bucks county, Sept. 20, 1865, a daughter of the late Samuel and Sarah Heft Strawn. Her husband preceded her in death many years ago.

Mrs. Yochum was a member of First Evangelical and Reformed church, W. 4th St., Bethlehem, and was active in the women's organizations of the parish. Her only survivors are nieces and nephews.

MRS. DIANA STONEBACK

Mrs. Diana Stoneback, formerly of Quakertown, died Friday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur C. Frey, in Grafton, Mass. She was 81 years old.

Her husband was the late George Stoneback. Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. A. C. Frey, and a son, Elmer Stoneback of Worcester, Mass.; a sister, Mrs. Edward Frey of Perkasie; two brothers, Harvey G. Ahlum of Lansdale and Harry Ahlum of Quakertown, and four grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Wednesday at 2 p. m. at the Treffinger funeral home, N. Ambler St., Quakertown. Interment will be in Trumbauersville cemetery.

WILLIAM RHOADS

William Rhoads, former resident of Lyons, died in the Allentown hospital Thursday at the age of 80 years. For the past four years he resided with a granddaughter in Trexlertown.

He was of the Lutheran faith. Surviving are a son, Curtis M. Rhoads of Fleetwood, five grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Rev. Luther Schlenker of Kutztown will officiate at services on Sunday at 2 p. m. at the Walter J. Christ funeral home in Fleetwood. Interment will be in Maxatawny Zion church cemetery.

MORRIS ABRAMS

Morris Abrams of 443 Montclair Ave., Bethlehem, died Thursday afternoon in St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem. He was 69 years old.

He was a retired businessman. Surviving are his wife, Rose Abrams; five sons, Charles Abrams, Emil Abrams, Joseph Abrams, Aaron Abrams and Isadore Abrams, all of Bethlehem, and a daughter, Mrs. Jerome B. Herzenberg of Branchville, N. J.

Funeral services were held yesterday.

ROBERT L. WASSER

Rev. Byron K. Horne, pastor of Central Moravian church, at 1:30 Tuesday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, will officiate at funeral services for Robert L. Wasser, late of 1727 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, who died Thursday. Interment in Emmaus Moravian cemetery.

Mr. Wasser, who had been employed by the Philadelphia, Bethlehem and New England railroad, leaves a son, Lieutenant Robert A. Wasser, in service overseas; a daughter, Elsie H., Bethlehem; a brother, Clarence W., Scranton, and two sisters, Mrs. Beatrice Alvis and Mrs. Eva Cain, both of Philadelphia.

MRS. ANNA BARBER

Mrs. Anna Barber, 57, wife of John Barber, died at 8 p. m. Thursday at her home, 203 Stewart St., South Side, Easton. She had lived at the Stewart St. address for the last 35 years.

Mrs. Barber was born in Washington, N. J., a daughter of the late William and Nancy Mount.

Besides her husband she is survived by two children, Irvin, at home; and Mrs. Joseph Deck, of Phillipsburg; two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Adams and Elva Mount, of Phillipsburg and one grandson, John Irvin Barber.

She was a member of the Washington Episcopal church.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Tzwae Kanaries Unna Bocka Buch

M'r dade so shure os allas net denka os tzwae kanary fegel unna bocka bu

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

In Christ's resurrection, therefore, the Christian men sees the earnest and pledge of his own resurrection; and by it he is enheartened as he lays away the bodies of those dear to him, not sorrowing "as the rest that have no hope," but with hearts swelling with glad anticipations of the day when they shall rise to meet their Lord.

—Warfield.

HOUSEWIVES CAN SOLVE EGG PROBLEM

As against scarcity of eggs during a considerable period of the winter, comes the current, seasonal flood which perhaps more than ever before is disturbing the producers, the larger buyers and the packers who had been wont to store large quantities of this food in lush periods.

If you happened to visit stores in the rural districts and even in the larger towns during the past few weeks it was to notice huge piles of crates containing eggs. Country folk and commercial poultrymen who have been wont to sell or exchange their products have been able to bring in more eggs than usual in recent weeks. Lacking storage and refrigeration space, they have dumped them upon the dealers who in turn have tried to push them upon the public by offering them at the lowest price in many months. In fact the prices for eggs all along the line—from the nest to the family larder—have been very much below the cost of producing such eggs.

This situation is likely to be affected in large part by the huge sales and consumption of eggs during the Easter holiday season. Much of the surplus is going to disappear from the stores and warehouses. The entire problem can be solved by the American housewife and valuable space in cold storage which otherwise would go to the storing of eggs can be devoted to other purposes. This can be done if the housewife will put more eggs into water glass during the current period of low prices than she ever has conserved before.

Certainly there will be no good economic reason for eggs to become lower in price for a year or more. Certainly now is the time to buy them and preserve them against the days next fall and early winter when prices undoubtedly again will be double or triple those of today.

NOTABLE VICTORY AT PALAU

It has taken more than a week for Admiral Nimitz to get a complete report from his far-flung battle fleet which attacked Palau and Yap on the last four days of March and to decide that all the information can be made public without giving any aid to the enemy.

The report brings out that the surprise attack upon the naval bastion in Palau caught even more ships than had been suggested in the earliest reports. Admiral Nimitz' flyers and surface craft officers have shown that in the running attacks over several days and which extended probably to, or very close to, the Philippines 28 Jap ships went down to the bottom and never will be of any use. In this category were types of vessels of unusual value to the Japs, namely tankers for the transportation of oil. There also were at least two destroyers and some smaller war ships. In addition to this 18 ships were probably sunk, or were struck or fired and so badly damaged they had to be beached. Some of these may be made useful again to the Japs.

American losses apparently were held down by reason of the surprise which appears to have been effected in most phases of the attack. These are said to have amounted to 25 planes but so many of the crews were saved that personnel losses were reduced to 18 men—an unusual figure for engagements in which 28 ships were sunk and 18 were probably sunk or damaged so badly that they will be useless for some time.

It all is further evidence that the Japs are on the run in the Pacific, that they are not powerful any more to resist at all points where they may be attacked and that what strength they do have is probably being concentrated and saved for a time and place when it can be used to better advantage than so far has been offered.

PLENTY OF TRAGEDIES MUST HAPPEN

Revelation that American gunners handling artillery shelled and killed some of their own fellow-countrymen in the attack upon Cassino follows very belated revelation that some months ago more than 410 American troops who were being flown over the lines in Italy in big transport planes were shot down by their own men.

This suggests that in all likelihood many other stories along similar lines have not been revealed and it also suggests the probability that some of the stories that have come thru rumor may be true or have a considerable kernel of truth, as for instance some of the latrine stories about the first American raid on the Ploesti oil fields. It also prompts question as to the principles served and the values to be derived from exposes of any and all mistakes which are made in the war.

Certainly war is a dangerous business. It likewise is a business that is engaged in by men under the heaviest pressures and under conditions in which much guesswork must be employed. It is a business prosecuted by men who for the most part have had comparatively brief training and have not become letter-perfect in the solution of the abstruse problems of physics, mechanics, ballistics and the other sciences that are so liberally employed in modern warfare.

Then too there is the eagerness and enthusiasm of Americans in the fray. In the age-old quarrel between the services there are charges that the airmen of one branch are likely in their zeal to shoot at anything that moves and therefore are likely to shoot the men and machines of some other branch of the American service.

Of course we are told at times about the slaughter of our foes by their own men. Germans and Japs also make such mistakes. They are common in and to war. But when the Japs and Germans make them, we think little of them or are pleased with them. When our own men make them, it is different of course and we are wont to become indignant or alarmed or go thru other unfavorable emotions. None of which does the slightest bit of good. It is a matter which has to be handled on the battle front itself. Fewer such accidents will occur as more and more men become seasoned and understand more thoroly the highly specialized and scientific business in which they are engaged and which they must prosecute under conditions most discouraging and hampering to sound, cool judgment and to flawless performance.

The only way that entire end will come to such episodes will be thru cessation of war itself. Least of all can it be corrected by any hullabaloo on the safe and quiet home front.

Dewey Now on Spot

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 7—Has the election of President Roosevelt for a fourth term been brought closer to realization by the withdrawal of Wendell Willkie from the Republican race?

Some observers here think so. Others believe that the prestige of the Dewey candidacy has been enhanced to the point where he may win the ultimate victory in November.

The basis for the assumption that Mr. Roosevelt's chances have been improved is that the Republican party is split between an isolationist and international point of view and that the independent voters of the country, most of whom do not vote in Republican primaries, will be inclined to vote again for Mr. Roosevelt rather than to take a chance on a middle-of-the-road candidate who is not forthright about international policy but attempts to appease both wings of the Republican party at the same time.

Any attempt to write off Dewey as an isolationist is not justified on the basis of the Wisconsin vote. It is true that the Dewey delegates were known as isolationists to many voters, and it is also true that Dewey himself in 1940 made speeches with an isolationist flavor when he entered Wisconsin. But it is also true that the New York Governor did not select the Wisconsin delegates and asked that his name not be used in that primary.

Mystery of Wisconsin As Test

Considerable mystery attaches to the readiness of Willkie to make Wisconsin a final test of his strength. Anyone with a knowledge of Wisconsin's political makeup would have said that this was the last place for an outspoken international policy man to seek delegates. Wisconsin is whole-heartedly in the war now but before Pearl Harbor it was considered a strongly isolationist electorate.

Willkie's withdrawal accelerates by many weeks the Republican situation and in a sense clarifies the air. It puts Governor Dewey on the spot. He is out in front. He must choose soon between the isolationist and international cooperation wing of the party. If he tries to carry water on both shoulders he will become a straddler in the eyes of the independent voters. If he appears to lean closer to the Willkie viewpoint than the isolationist viewpoint, he will virtually assure his own election.

Many Republicans of the conservative school have looked upon Willkie as a lone figure with little or no influence. This has been proved in Wisconsin in a four-cornered primary. They have scorned him as Democrat—as if Democratic votes were no longer important in a country in which the majority has three times in succession voted Democratic. These Republicans also have regarded it as important to drive Willkie out of the Republican party, little realizing that it is the Willkie following among the independent voters that has been at stake.

Where will that Willkie following go? If the Republican managers are counting only on corralling Republican votes next time, the 1944 election is as good as lost for them. They must convert many former Democrats, and among these are millions of independent mind.

Democrats Will Use Advantage

The Democratic managers will not be slow to take advantage of the Willkie situation. The Independents will want to know where Dewey stands. If he keeps silence till the convention and confines himself to generalities thereafter, an international crisis will arise next summer. The other nations of the world will wonder about America's policy after the elections. Will Russia be given less cooperation? Will the Lend-Lease agreement be abrogated? Will China get continued support? Or will the strategy of the war be unchanged and the plans for international cooperation afterward be more along the lines of the Roosevelt-Hull policies than along the line of the Republican ideas of 1920 when Harding succeeded Wilson?

The Wisconsin election is in a sense a break for the Democratic side because it raises the issue earlier than it might otherwise have been raised. Willkie will continue to be outspoken. His influence may be like that of William Jennings Bryan who when not a candidate had a greater hold on the voters than when he was running for office. He was always opposed by the regulars but nevertheless he influenced public opinion and his party.

Mr. Willkie did make a mistake—he should have known that to make speeches saying exactly what he thought about current issues is a cardinal mistake inside the Republican party and to take a definite position on world affairs was very risky, indeed. But he didn't make a mistake in following his conscience and expressing his convictions irrespective of the effect thereof politically. Sometimes it is important to lose an election contest to win a cause.

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News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The Dewey people suspected in advance Mr. Willkie might get as many as 20 delegates in Wisconsin.

The Republican leaders here conceded their "bad boy" generally from 10 to 14. Even the Bricker groups (with the best line on the result), figured at least two delegates, probably four.

When Willkie got none and ran fourth behind Dewey, Stassen and MacArthur, who were not even running, the surprise was a little more than anyone could adequately explain.

Comments of the leaders here naturally were mostly jibes at this most ignominious defeat of modern political history. Inasmuch as Willkie claimed he was a candidate of the people against the bosses, the common rejoinder now is that he apparently has more bosses for him than people.

The slogan, "Who Wants Willkie?" generally went unanswered. Without plausible objection, also, the withering score of the Dewey victory, followed by Willkie's withdrawal from the race, was accepted everywhere on high as meaning Dewey will be nominated, without any dangerous intra-party struggle, on the first or second ballot.

* * * *

But the complete sinking of a popular national figure needs more explanation than this. True, his personal popularity had been impaired by his utterances and tactics. His remark, only half explained, that one of his 1940 utterances was only "campaign oratory" obviously discouraged some support.

More important perhaps, he refused to support whomever is to be nominated by his own party, and his whole method suggested he was at least equally strong against his Republican opponents as against Roosevelt, if not more so.

Even so, all these facts seem to fall short of the complete significance of the defeat of a national figure who made 23 speeches through a state in which no one else was talking, and then ran last. It seems irrefutable to me that Willkie just had nothing interesting to sell. Note the light vote.

* * * *

A rise in the stock of Governor Bricker may ensue. He may hope to get a portion of the Republican organization group, although clearly the rank and file of the party want Dewey.

Some organization people still oppose the New Yorker on the ground that he is "immature or not quite regular enough." The movement to smoke him out however is now more apt to fail. Only Willkie and Democratic Chairman Hannegan were calling upon Dewey to speak out, although Mr. Roosevelt is certainly doing anything but that in either political or international affairs.

As only Dewey's enemies apparently wish to draw him into discussion and promises, it seems plain they want him to serve their purposes rather than his own.

If he can get the nomination without having indulged in a fight for it (making enemies), and without political promises, (cabinet jobs, etc.), he will be in the best position for the election campaign of any presidential candidate in a long time.

Girl bagpipers of Dagenham, England, had 1,000 engagements last year, 800 being for the services.

Many people in London are suffering from "sirenitis," caused by sleeplessness and fear of air raids.

Three cows on a Hawkinge, England, farm calved on the same day recently, and each provided twins.



REGINA

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

No story of colonial times in Pennsylvania has so touched the hearts of succeeding generations as that of the Pennsylvania German maid Regina, for years held captive by the Indians. The facts upon which the story rests are already mentioned by Henry Melchior Muhlenberg in the Hallesche Nachrichten (1787). Time has obscured the details. Even the heroine's name is questioned. Was she Regina Hartmann or Regina Leininger? Several egstern counties of Pennsylvania contend for the honor of her birth; several churchyards claim her last resting place. Elsie Singmaster here retells the story for the young of Pennsylvania.—Ed.

1763

Encouraged by the French victory over General Braddock the Indians fell upon the border settlements and the lonely farms, scalping, burning and carrying children into captivity. This is what happened to Regina Hartman.

Twelve-year-old Susan carried a basket filled with early blackberries, picked in a meadow a mile from the Indian village. "Oh, tell it again!" she begged.

Regina, who was eighteen, shifted her much heavier basket from one hand to the other. It was mid-July and very warm. Like Susan she was dressed in deer-hide skirt and sacque. Wherever their skin was exposed it was tanned dark brown; when Susan stumbled she showed white skin above her knees. Their hair was black with dirt and smoke except at the roots where it was blond; their blue eyes had an odd look. They had forgotten "Regina" and "Susan"; they had only Indian names and their speech was Indian.

"We're getting too near," whispered Regina. "I can tell you only a little today. We crossed the sea to a place of many houses. We traveled a long distance into the forest and my father cut down trees and planted grains and we were happy. One day my mother took my little brother and went to the mill and while she was gone the Indians killed my father and my brother." Regina quickened her step. "No more now."

"Won't you sing?" asked Susan.

"Not today."

"Oh, I wish I could remember my home!" sighed Susan.

They followed a path through a thicket and came into a village street where children were playing and dogs fighting. From the peak of each bark hut rose a lazy thread of smoke. In a doorway appeared an old woman wrapped in a woolen shawl, once red and black, now altogether black. Sometimes when the old woman slept, Regina touched it and saw her mother sitting on the deck of the ship, the baby in her arms; saw her in the covered wagon in which they traveled from Philadelphia to the Blue Mountains; saw the shawl folded in the chest before the Indians carried it away.

"You could have walked as far as the Thundering Waters in this time," scolded the old woman. "Get in here."

Regina said nothing; Susan showed her full basket and received a blow on the head. The children and dogs came running and the old woman drove them off.

In October Regina and Susan walked once again through the forest. When they looked up they could see thin places in the green and gold roof.

"Oh, sing!" begged Susan.

Regina set down her basket of walnuts and sang a German hymn in a low voice.

"'Alone am I, yet not alone,
In this dread solitude."
"Again!" begged Susan.
"If she heard I sang, she'd beat us"
"Then tell me about your mother."

Regina lifted her basket. "I can't remember her face. I can't remember any of them. The brother they killed with my father, and the sister they led away were both older than I; the brother who went with my mother to the mill was younger."

"What do you think your mother said when she came from the mill?"

"I don't know."

"Do you remember how they made you carry me on your back?"

"Yes, that I remember."

"Will anybody ever come to find us?"

"No."

"I wish I were your little sister!"

"I love you like a little sister."

When October was almost over and leaves crackled under foot, Regina knelt on the ground before the bark house, scraping the hair from a deer-hide. From the house came a muffled sobbing; the old woman had pushed Susan into the fire and she had burned her leg. Regina's head felt thick as though her brain were hardening; perhaps she would soon forget her hymn and her prayers.

She went into the hut and looked at Susan lying on the floor. There was a pile of skins but they were the old woman's bed; Susan did not dare to lie there.

"Try not to cry."

"Could you sing to me?"

Regina knelt. "'Alone am I, yet not alone, In'" — She leaped up—the old woman stood behind her holding a strip of leather. "Not the white language!" she screamed.

Suddenly the old woman seemed to lose her tongue. Outside also there was silence, not a dog barked, not a child cried. The old woman stepped to the door and dropped the skin curtain. There were sounds now, stranger than the silence—ironshod hooves of horses striking the stones, leather creaking on leather, shouts, exclamations in strange languages, then a command in the Indian language.

"Bring out every child!"

Leading Susan, Regina walked past the old woman into the bright street. The sun was setting; its rays seemed to lie on the ground. Outside there were white men—soldiers, dressed in leather with long guns across their saddles.

"The English have conquered the French," announced the interpreter. "Every captive must be returned. If any is hidden the English will destroy you. How many children have you?"

"Two," answered the Indian, pointing.

The soldiers went from hut to hut, lifting the curtains, prodding the piles of skins.

"Come with us," commanded the interpreter. "What are your real names?"

Regina shook her head.

"Where did you come from?"

Again Regina shook her head. Soldiers took them on their horses, holding Susan tenderly, and they rode away. When they camped, Regina and Susan lay close together.

"Will we find your mother?" asked Susan.

"No. We're going toward the setting sun."

The next day they came on a strange gathering. Here were more mounted men with boys and girls dressed in skins, blue eyes and hazel looking strangely from under mats of smoke-blackened hair. The soldiers counted them, shaking their heads solemnly. There were a hundred.

For days they rode on, still to the southwest, and came at last to Fort Pitt set on a bluff above the junction of two rivers where there were many men but no women. Some men laughed and some groaned but one and all patched and cobbled from their scant supply queer dresses and sacques and breeches. They made the captives understand they were to find their mothers.

"I would't know my mother," thought Regina.

"My mother was killed," thought Susan. "I know that."

"What will we do?" thought Regina. "Will they send us back to the old woman?"

"Perhaps there won't be any cold where we're going," said Susan, shivering.

They traveled east in wagons, over high mountains and into deep valleys. It grew colder and colder but they had good food. Colonel Bouquet, the commander of the fort, was with them; he told them they were going to Carlisle where there was another fort and a village. There all parents whose children had been carried into captivity were to come and find them. The problem which had troubled Regina occurred now to Susan. "What will we do when no one comes for us?"

"We'll find a way."

"Will you let me stay with you?"

"Always. Where one goes the other goes."

In Carlisle all were lodged in a thick-walled stone building. Again soldiers laughed and swore at sight of them. Colonel Bouquet talked to Regina in awkward Indian. Did she remember nothing? Regina told him what little she remembered. Could she not tell where she came from? Was she certain that her father was dead? Yes, her father and her older brother were dead, her sister had been carried away. Could she not remember her mother? Not at all. Was her sister among the captives. No.

In the morning strange sounds roused even the youngest. Outside was a murmur of many voices, then loud crying. Colonel Bouquet shouted directions. "Go to the Square and we'll bring the children there."

"What will we do?" whispered Susan.

"I don't know," answered Regina.

The captives were formed in line and marched to the center of the village. It was New Year; soldiers leading them piped and drummed gay tunes. Round an open place stood a log church and log houses. A throng of people constantly pushed forward and soldiers tried to hold them back. The people shouted and screamed children's names; the soldiers commanded, "March past the captives! Take your time! Make no mistake!"

Regina listened to the cries, saw children snatched from the line. "My little Mary! Thomas—oh, is it Thomas?" Some held back, frightened by their parents' ardor.

"How I would hurry to my mother's arms!" thought Regina.

She heard men and women crying; they looked as though they saw heaven, then as though they saw a grave. One woman, middle-aged, with brown hair, walked past a score of times. Finally she began to speak to the older children. "Do you know me? Am I your mother?" More than half the children had been claimed, wagons were starting north and east and west. "Do you know me?" she said doubtfully to Regina. Regina shook her head. When the soldiers gave the order to return to the barracks, the woman uttered a mournful cry and Colonel Bouquet spoke to her. "He'll comfort her," thought Regina. "He's kind."

"What will we do?" whispered Susan.

Flakes of snow drifted down. The unclaimed captives stood drearily together. Regina heard the sound of the wagons—faster, faster, fainter, fainter. Then she saw the weeping woman come forward, led by Colonel Bouquet.

"Try," he urged. "If she's here she may remember."

The woman laid her hands on her breast as though to suppress her sobbing. She lifted her head and sang brokenly.

"'Alone yet not alone am I
In this drear solitude.'"

Then Regina's heart leaped. She saw the house in the clearing and her parents and brothers and sisters. Holding Susan by the hand she went and stood by the woman and sang with her to the end of the stanza. The woman turned her head slowly. She looked into Regina's eyes and laid her hands on her shoulders. The name she said sounded strange in Regina's ears but she knew it for her own.

"Regina!" said she. "Oh, my daughter!"

The above story is reprinted here from STORIES OF PENNSYLVANIA (Harrisburg, Pa., 1937) by courtesy of its author and the publishers, The Pennsylvania Book Service.

En Herrnhuter Oschder Marye

Ich hab en Draam g'hatt vun Engel un Harfe un G'sang,
Un vun Musik so schee as ich nie devor g'heert;
Sie's kumme gans leis darch die schdille Nachdluft,
'S wie's Schtaernelicht fallt un's Dunkel net schdeert,
Ich bin uff g'wacht noh, 'S waar Oschder Marye gans frieh,
So frieh 's hott kee Mensch noch, kee Voggel, sich g'riehrt.

'S hen die Bosaune geblose weit ab uff 'm Schquare,
Far die Leit far die Kaerch uffzuwecke in Zeit.
Ich schdee dann auch uff, un bin faerdich eb lang
Middem Kaffi un Kuche. Die Kaerch iss net weit,
Doch dummelt mer sich yuscht so arg as mer kann,
Weil niemand will schpot sei—abaddich net heit.

Wie'ch dart hock in der Kaerch, un's Singe fangt aa,
Un die Argel zu schbiele 's wie en Schdimm vun der Heeh,
Kummt's ehrlich mer vor, as waer's widder im Draam,
As daet ich nau selwer vum Dod ufferschteh.
Es geht mer en G'fiehl dief drunne im Haerz,
As waer ich graad reddi in der Himmel zu geh!

Drie in der Kaerch awwer bleiwe mer yuscht e glee Weil;
D'noh geht's uff der Kaerchhof nuff, middem Chor,
Vun Bosaune, was Musik macht varne eweck.
'S geht langsam der Berg nuff un nei darchs gross Dor;
Noh unnich die mechdiche evergree' Baem;
Im dischdere Licht kummt's mer schauerlich vor!

'S lang as ich leb, hawwich niemols so wunnerlich g'fiehlt.
Ich hab g'schbiert in der Luft as sich's Friehyohr schunn regt,
Die Felder un Bisch, was mer meileweit sehnt,
Hen geguckt as waer'n darchsichdich's Veil driwwer gelegt.
Im Himmel sin noch en paar Schtaerne zu seh',
Ebwohl as vum Oschde sich's Maryerot schdreckt,

Iwwer die Berge, un Nodis so gebt der gans Welt,
As die Nacht iss am End. Uff de Graewer naegscht bei
Sin farwiche Blumme hie g'schdraet. In de Baem
Rings rum, unnich welle mer schdehe, duhn glei
Viel Hunnerde Veggel uffwecke mit G'sang
So laut, 's eb sie wisste 's misst Oschdere sei.

Noochdem's der Parre en aernschdes Gebed hot g'macht,
Wie die Leid un die Veggel, mit Bosaune un em Chor
En freehliches Lied duhn singe ihr'm Gott,
As wie en B'weiss as die Biwel iss wohr,
Kummt's Sunnelicht iwwer die Berge heil raus,
Un fillt mit nei'm Lewe, was dod waar zuvor.

'S hot mer, wie g'saat, en gans maerkwaerdich's G'fiehl aagebracht.
Ich hab g'meent ich daet sehne, so glaar 's middem Aag.
Die Mudder 's schunn lang uff em Kaerchhof dart leit,
Un Schweschder, un Freinde, un 's glee Bewi auch,—
'S hen mit uns g'sunge, un wie Engel geguckt,—
Sie lewe im Himmel im ewiche Daag.

—J. MAX HARK.

ES NEI VOGGELHAUS

Ya, geschter hawwich's Haus gebaut,
Un 's waar mir aa en Freed;
'S iss ken so'n grosses Ten'ment Haus,
Wie mer in Nei Yarrick seht.
Nee, 's iss yuscht nein bei vaerzeh Zoll;
Uff'm Poschte schteht's dort draus;
Wili hoffe nau es waerd glei voll—
Es funkelnei Voggelhaus.

Die aarme Veggel! Mer meent alsmol,
Sie waere naryets deheem!
Sie baue Neschter in yedes Eck—
An Scheier, Fens un Baem.
Ken rechter Platz, wann's reggerich iss,
Odder kalt un schtarmich draus;
Do sin sie waarm un drucke g'wiss—
Do in ihrem neie Haus!

Ich tschartsch sie aa ken Rente-bill—
Ich nemm ken Bens, daetscht du?
Wann eens vun meine Kaersche will,
Des helft sich frei dezu.
Yuscht dass sie far mich singe do,
Wann ich guck's Fenschter naus,
Un bleiwe friedlich, glicklich, froh,
In ihrem gleene Haus.

Nau, Bauer, schiess mei Veggel net!
Die singe siess un froh.
En Frog, eb ich in der Welt wett sei,
Waer'n die Veggel nimmi do,
Far die hab ich en Haus do hie,
Sin willkumm all zu Haus—
Bloovoggel, Amschel, Schwalm, Pihwie—
Wer's erscht kummt, dem iss es Haus!

Tacoma Park, Md. —EDGAR M. ESHELMAN

Deaths of a Day

GEORGE L. RUDOLPH

Funeral services will be held on Monday in Lansdale for George L. Rudolph, 74, native of Allentown and Philadelphia cigar company employe for 43 years, who died suddenly of a heart attack Thursday at his home in Lansdale.

Mr. Rudolph was a son of the late Tobias and Anna Marie Rudolph and he resided in Lansdale for the past 40 years. He had been confirmed in St. Michael's Lutheran church, Allentown, and in recent years attended Trinity Lutheran church, Lansdale.

Besides his wife, the former Sarah Anne Dressler, he is survived by the following children: Mrs. Margaret M. Delp, and Mrs. M. Burton Weaver, both of Lansdale, and G. Paul Rudolph, Flourtown. A sister, Carrie Pharo, Bethlehem, also survives.

MRS. EMERICH SCHREINER

Mrs. Mary Schreiner, wife of Emerich Schreiner of East Fogelsville, died at 6:30 a. m. Friday in the Sacred Heart hospital, where she had been a surgical patient since Wednesday. She was 53 years old.

Born in Austria, she came to this country 30 years ago. She was a member of St. Catharine of Siena church.

Surviving are her husband, five sons, James Schreiner, Fogelsville; Frank Schreiner, with the Army in North Carolina; John Schreiner, with the U. S. Army somewhere in England; Walter Schreiner, at home, and Joseph Schreiner, with the Marine corps in California; two daughtrs, Rose Schreiner, at home, and Mrs. Howard Stoss, Allentown, and four grandchildren.

MRS. ANNIE G. GEISSINGER

Mrs. Annie G. Geissinger, 58, a daughter of the late John and Rebecca, nee Gehman, Geissinger, died Thursday night at the Allentown hospital. She had been a patient at the hospital since Nov. 26.

A resident of near Zionsville, a member of the Upper Milford church, Mrs. Geissinger is survived by a son, Boyd, stationed in England with the Army and three brothers, Abraham, Clarence and John, all of the Zionsville section.

Brief funeral services will be held at the home of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Geissinger, Old Zionsville at 1:30 p. m. Monday with further services in the Upper Milford church with Rev. H. G. Nyce officiating. Interment will be in the adjoining cemetery.

STEPHEN LORENZ

Stephen Lorenz, 76, of Northampton, died Thursday in Nazareth after a long illness.

A native of Austria-Hungary he came to this country 30 years ago and settled in Northampton, where he worked in various cement mills. He was the son of the late Joseph and Mary Lorenz. He is survived by a brother living in New York City, and a cousin, George Lorenz of Northampton.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 8:30 a. m. from the Newhard Funeral home, Northampton, followed by mass at 9 a. m. at Our Lady of Hungary church, Northampton. Interment in German Catholic cemetery, Northampton.

HARRY A. MOHR

Harry A. Mohr, 82, died Thursday evening in the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. M. Gurney Rice, 2200 Birch St., Wilson Borough, after an illness of seven months.

Mr. Mohr formerly resided at McAdoo, where he was district manager of the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co. He was a member of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church, Allentown, a charter member of Hazleton lodge No. 200, B.P.O. Elks; Washington Camp No. 7, P.O.S. of A.; Betsy Ross council No. 668, Order of Independent Americans, and the Veterans' Corps, First Infantry, Philadelphia.

He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. M. Gurney Rice, Wilson Borough, and Mrs. John F. Dunfee, Clarks Summit, and six grandchildren. His wife, Mrs. Catherine Dillon Mohr, preceded him in death seven months ago.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday from the Ashton funeral home, Easton, with Rev. Stanley Leiby officiating. Burial will be in Grandview cemetery, Allentown.

MRS. MAMIE LERCH

Mrs. Mamie E. Holland Lerch, 61, wife of Frank Lerch, 1036 Knox Ave., Easton, died at 6:50 a. m. Friday in Easton hospital, where she was admitted Thursday morning for medical treatment.

A native of South Easton, she was a daughter of the late Peter and Ellen Sandt Holland. She was a member of the Lutheran congregation of Arndt's church and of the Lady Reindeer.

She is survived by her husband and a son, Clayton Lerch, Stewartsville, N. J.; a brother, Earl E. Holland, Laureldale, Pa., and a sister, Mrs. Bertha Winter, 1038 Knox Ave., Easton.

MRS. ROY E. STOUDT

Mrs. Mamie L., nee Strouse, Stoudt, wife of Roy E. Stoudt of 185 Main St., Emmaus, died Thursday at 11 p. m. at her late home. She was 48 years old.

She was born in Auburn, Schuylkill county, the daughter of Mrs. Ellen A. Traub and the late Charles Strouse. She resided in Emmaus for the past 19 years.

Surviving are her husband; her mother, Mrs. Ellan E. Traub of Emmaus; a daughter, Mrs. Thomas Mansell of Emmaus and a granddaughter.

Rev. D. C. Kaufman 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 Northwood cemetery, Emmaus.

MRS. MARY FREEMAN

Mrs. Mary, nee Lithgow, Freeman, of 349 N. 16th St., died in the Allentown hospital at 11 a. m. Friday. She was 70 years old.

She was born in Wayne. Her husband, the late William Guy Freeman, preceded her in death several years ago. She was a member of the Church of the Mediator.

Surviving are three sons: Roy Freeman, who lives in California; Fred Freeman and Stanley Freeman of Allentown; two daughters: Mrs. William Edwards and Margaret Freeman of Allentown, and seven grandchildren.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Die Peg Hut 'n Hund'l Grick'd

Yar bei golly won 'm ebbelmon Bill Haas fon nagshd on da Millers Kerrich sei fraw die Peg sich now net 'n hund'l grick'd hut, in blotz fon da Gurnsey kuh os sie shun long garn kotta het. Selar kicker woh sie in aim hoar doh net long tzurick grick'd het on ra fendu in Laurys, wor may os die Peg shtanda hut kenna, un hut da onner dawg ous gamocht sie kenta noch ae hund may ernarha won sie yusht die recht ort finna kenta.

'S Bills' hen shun 'n hund kot, 'n glainer shwartzer nidderbaenicher os immer gawain'd is im hous tzu sei. Wos die Peg ow'r garn kotta het, wor 'n hund os sich net farrichda breich'd fer laenich drous im dunkla sei, un aw ainer os leicht tzu finna wear won er ferlora gang'd. Da onner dawg hen sie noh k'hiert woh ebber in da shtadt 'n Great Dane hund kot hut, tzwae yohr alt, un shier drei foos hoch. 'N Soldawdt hut der hund kot drunna in da South, un wie er fert niver uf die onner side gamist hut, hut er der hund ma Allentown boo fermocht, un woh 'n k'halta hut bis sei tzeit kumma is fer ous tziega. Noh wos hut der Allentown soldawdt gaduh fer gute tzu sei tzum hund, os wie 'n tzurick hame tzu seinra fraw g'shick'd doh in da shtadt, un woh gore in da welt net gawist hut wie in da welt ocht tzu gewwa uf so'n gross gadierts.

Fargeshter hens Bills' der hund noh k'hol'd, un woh sie gamaint hen os der hund blenty blotz het fer in da ebbel binger rum shpringa die barster fert yawga. Ow'r so wies sheind, wil der hund liever shpringa in da shtross os wie in da bingert, ow'r fon sel'm fertzaila m'r wenich shpaiter. Die g'shpass mit 'm hund hut shun g'shtart die airsht nocht os sie der ketzer dahame kot hen. Die weil os er frem un unbakont wor, un gawaind wor fer in da kich tzu shlofa, hut die Peg ous gamocht, er maich'd don aw mohl fer 'n weil bei ihna in da kich shlofa. So wies ow'r sheind, wor der hund un woh King hais'd, weiters net shlaiferich die airsht nocht, un hut alla hond dumhata aw garich'd.

'S Bills' hen ihra kich doh weil tzurick so wunnerbore shae uf fixa lossa, un fer die socha noch recht fartich mocha, hut die Peg rote un weiss eckshtaenicha, ailduchna kurtains gamocht, un woh grawd ous tzu lieb gaguck'd hen. Eb der King ken kurtains gawain'd wor, odder eb er gamaint hut er het tzucht k'hoert drous im hofe, wissa m'r net. Aenicha waig wies Bills' geshter morya owwa runner kumma sin, ferhoftich sei won er net ae kurtain in huddla un fetza ferrissa hut kot, so wohl wie aw der fenshter shade, un woh naicher gaguck'd hut os wie 'n shpiel lumba os wie aenich ebbes shunshd.

Die kurtains un der shade worra ow'r net die aintsichda socha os 'm hund im waig worra fer nous gucka. Die Peg hut aw so wunnerbora shaina geranium blumma shteck kot, in louder laedich gleicha heffa. Sellie worra 'm alla 'n noh aw im waig, un hut aller ainer fom fenshter runner uf der kicha floor gawish'd, die heffa ferbrocha, un die blumma shteck ferdammert.

'S wor noh leicht tzu sehna os der King nimmy wilkum wor in da kich, un hut die Peg gore ken lang ganumma fer 'n der ous beats tzettle ob laisa, un der Bill hut 'n hinna nous in der hofe, onna longie ket gabunna. Now sellie ket wor gatzailt fer 'n glainer hund, un net fer may os wie 'n halb ous gawoxa kalb. Aenicha waig, eb sie sich um sehna hen kot wor die ket noch darta, ow'r der hund wor fert.

'S Bills' dochter Betty hut der hund sehna om ebbelhous nuf shpringa gaeich da Model shula shtross, un is dahinner drei allas os sie gae hut kenna. Der hund is es airsht yusht gadroll'd, ow'r hut 'n gore ken lang ganumma fer in der fol kanter kumma, wie er g'shpiert hut os die Betty 'm tzu nagshd noh kumt. Iwwel odder wohl hut sie g'shpiert os sie 'm hund net noh kon tzu foos, un is g'shwind tzurick hame g'shprunga fer ihr'm Pop sawga, der King wear fert.

Noh uf kours is der Bill nous fer 'm noh gae, ow'r hut grawd gadenk'd er kent 'n nimmy griega tzu foos, un is g'shwind uf die mashine gajump'd un 'm helter skelter noh bis shier nunner noch Drumloch, bout drei mile fon hame. Der Bill hut noh g'shtopt, un is fon da mashine un hut 'm hund gapifa. 'S airsht het der hund yusht mohl g'shtopt, un g'shtonna gaguck'd. Noh wie er g'sehna het os der Bill laenich is, is er tzurick tzum garoll'd, uf die mashine gagrodd'ld, un widder mit tzurick noch seinra neia hamet. Ferol os m'r wase, mawgs sei os die Peg awenich base owwa tzum ihr'm kicha fenshter nous gaguck'd hut woh sie ken kurtains un ken shade may fosht hut, un os sel feruhrsoch'd hut os der hund na darrich gonga wor.

Die barichda sin, der Bill het der hund now aw gabunna mit ra shweara shpar ket, un glawb ferleicht net os er may in gons kartz widder lose reis'd, fer fert shpringa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die graishda harlichkate os der Oshter haws aenich ebber bringa kent, wear freeda die welt iwwer.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

Although you are impatient, impulsive and argumentative, you are punctual, and when you start things, you like to see them move rapidly to completion. Your love is irresistible, impetuous and sincere. Minor frustrations will annoy you in the next period, but

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.—Coleridge.

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR

The unreliability of many people when reporting things that they either have seen or heard constantly is demonstrated in courts of law upon examination and cross-examination by attorneys. It also becomes known in many of our simplest associations and contacts. In this day of so much transmission of information by way of the air it is a matter of frequent amazement to people to hear widely varying reports that are given as to one and the same broadcast.

One of the most striking examples is afforded in the story which came out of Canada on Thursday night purporting to be a report of an invasion of Europe headed by Canadian troops. The original broadcast story appears to have been given by a German radio station. It was picked up by three Canadian stations. Apparently it excited the hearers at all stations to the point that they became inaccurate in reporting what they had heard. Then began almost hysteric effort to learn from British and American headquarters whether an invasion was actually in progress. Finally the entire story seems to have evaporated into thin air and just about everybody concerned started guessing what the three stations really had heard. After 24 hours or more it has not been established that the Germans really said an invasion was in progress. What appears might have been said by the Germans was that they were prepared for such an eventuality anywhere and would handle it as they did the Canadians in Dieppe.

If this is about what really was said then it vividly illustrates the carelessness with which so many people listen to and report what they have heard whether on the air or in conversation.

But the story goes a bit farther as to the war. Winston Churchill in his last speech cautioned his hearers against false reports which would be likely to emanate from Germany. The Germans are expecting invasion. They do not know when or where it will be. They would like to know, naturally. Likewise the Germans know that thousands of men and women in subjugated countries are their bitter enemies and that they are waiting with assassins' knives in their hands for invasion day. The Germans very much would like to know who all these members of the underground movements are in order that they might execute them. Churchill has indicated time and again that the Germans will try to get the underground to expose itself untimely. He has promised that the correct signal will be given when the invasion really begins.

Listeners in on short-wave stations may hear many false reports during the next few weeks and months. It may be part of the German plan. On the other hand, these reports may be garbled reports of something that was heard inaccurately and reported even more inaccurately as was the case on Thursday night with the Canadian stations. The time really to get excited will be when the Allies formally announce that invasion has begun and no sooner.

BORROWING UNNECESSARY TROUBLE

A few weeks ago excitement in Lewes, Delaware, concerning the arrival of American-born Japanese farm laborers in that community, prompted much comment and aroused the question in many communities: "What will we do if Japs are brought into our community?"

The question was brought closer to home during this week when farmers over near Great Meadows, N. J., raised such commotion about the arrival of only five Japanese-Americans that the employer decided to discharge them and the national Government agreed to remove them. Following the publicly announced decision of the employer, he returned to his home to find that in his absence a farm building had been destroyed completely and mysteriously by fire.

Experiences in Delaware and New Jersey have demonstrated that the arrival of this type of labor anywhere can be expected to stir trouble. Regardless of all the argument for the value of these men in a day of scarcity of farm labor and their right as American citizens to take jobs anywhere that they wish, the fact seems to be that in just about every community there are elements that will cause stir against the migrant workers. There even may be elements that will go much farther than mere protests.

It would appear that the wise agriculturists who do not wish to add to their troubles and annoyances will look very far and wide for farm labor and will undergo many hardships before they will invite trouble by asking the Government to send them some Japanese labor. And in most cases agriculturists or others who disregard the plain signs of warning will not profit one whit in the long run. They may think their employment troubles are at an end when they get the consent of the Government to send them some Japs, only to find that their troubles have just begun when public indignation gets to work on them.

ENGLAND A GIGANTIC AIRPORT

The people of the British isles will be the most air-minded in the post-war world, according to the prediction of Arch Whitehouse, a correspondent of True magazine who has just returned from a trip overseas.

The writer, who was an RAF ace in the first World War but an American citizen, ought to know aviation for he is the only war correspondent said to be eligible to wear RAF wings on his uniform.

After three months with the Eighth Air Force in Britain, he reports that England today is a gigantic airport. Fighters, gliders, bombers, are everywhere . . . and the British people really know their aircraft. It's a common sight for a civilian worker to glance up at a formation of high-flying planes and remark, "Hmmm . . . the American Liberators are out today."

"The underground movement in Nazi-dominated countries is guided by key Americans and Britons who have donned the characters and identifications of French peasants or Belgian merchants," Whitehouse declares. "Citizens of conquered countries aid materially in supplying information and assistance, but the planning and execution of daring underground movements are in a great measure led by young men and women from the British and American intelligence services."

War in Europe will last longer than is generally presumed, Whitehouse feels. Germany, he continues, has been subjected to much more destructive air blows than were ever suffered by Britain. However, the Germans are resisting more strongly than ever. It has become a matter of national pride to prove that they can endure shattering raids with as much fortitude as the British.

The younger British, both men and women, have been tremendously impressed by the American soldiers and American standard of living. Many hope, after the war has been won, to emigrate either to the Colonies or to the United States itself.

MacArthur's Letters

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 14.—General Douglas MacArthur, by the devious ways of present-day politics, has become a candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency.

The publication by Representative Miller of Nebraska, Republican, of an exchange of recently written letters which give the general's views on new dealism and domestic affairs puts into the open something that has hitherto been obscure and ambiguous.

The general didn't write just one letter but several. He maintained a correspondence with a Republican member of Congress which was related to domestic politics. The fact that Mr. Miller wrote most of the political comment and that the general agreed in phrases some of which are vague and implicit does not erase the impression of the general's deep interest in the subject matter presented to him.

Representative Miller says he met General MacArthur only once. So the continued correspondence wasn't at all necessary from the point of view of answering an admirer. Also, the general discussed the question of getting more help for the Pacific.

"I will be glad," he wrote, "when more substantial forces are placed at my disposition."

The general did say that he had no reason to believe that the prediction concerning his nomination and election to the presidency would come true, and had he confined himself to that observation there would have been little cause for criticism. As it is, the broad discussion of political and military questions in an exchange of letters with an individual who made no secret of the fact that he intended to work for the "draft" of General MacArthur for the Republican nomination is a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of War Department regulations recently announced by the Secretary of War concerning the political activities of members of the armed services.

Would Reduce His Prestige

It is doubtful whether any disciplinary action will be taken because the administration would be afraid of the accusation that it was, in turn, playing politics or that it was making a martyr out of the general. That would only lead to a public controversy impairing General MacArthur's usefulness as our commander in the southwest Pacific and serving no useful purpose at this time.

But if the friends of General MacArthur think that the publication of the correspondence will be helpful to the cause of the general, they are much mistaken. Unless he repudiates what has been given out and states that he not only did not authorize the publishing of the letters but that he is also in no sense a candidate, he will be regarded as devoting his time and thought to a political campaign in the midst of war. His prestige will be correspondingly reduced and, even if nominated, he would stand little change of election.

There is one thing the American people do understand and that is the necessity of keeping our military commanders out of politics. If they don't want to remain in the military service, they can resign or ask for retirement for which General MacArthur is eligible. To remain on duty in the face of the letters published by Mr. Miller is going to embarrass the general. Repudiation of them is his only logical course.

May Have Been Misled

For many months it has been reported here on good authority that General MacArthur intended to speak in no uncertain terms about his alleged candidacy and that he would publicly state his position. His consent was not asked when his name was put on the Illinois ballot. The Chicago Tribune endorsed him enthusiastically and the MacArthur name was the principal one on the ballot for the presidency. He got approximately the same vote from Republicans as did well-known "isolationists" or "nationalists." This does not mean that he shares their views. It does mean that the general either has been misled into thinking he has a chance to be nominated and is actually acquiescing in these tactics or else that his name is really being used to further the plans and purposes of political groups.

Lieutenant Commander Stassen of the Navy, also stationed in the south Pacific, said publicly his name could be used but that he would make no statements on current subjects and that if nominated he would accept. That's a forthright declaration and well within military regulations. General MacArthur has much explaining to do and his many friends in the United States hope he will adopt the course of candor rather than coyness or political maneuvering while he holds such an important command in a theatre of war.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE BATTLE OF THE GENERATIONS

Lillian Hellman has written another play, "The Searching Wind," which tries hard to say something about the conflict of the generations over the circumstances leading to war and the consequences of war but becomes so entangled in a Freudian triangle and in international politics and in the errors of the State Department that what I saw and listened to seemed to be a dramatized town hall of the air debate spiced with the eternal verities of sex plus what sons think of fathers.

Munich, of course, looks large. And it is Soviet Russia that might have saved the world from Munich and the audience applauds opposition to Chamberlain. And yet, at this distance, Munich is history and no longer pro-war propaganda and as history often writes itself, no one can be too sure. The documentation is still unavailable.

England stood alone for more than a year, taking from the Nazi such a strafing as no one imagined possible. And while England stood alone, Stalin and Hitler were in alliance, dividing Poland between them and, of course, doing nothing for Czecho-Slovakia and surely nothing for England. What would have happened to England and this war had there been no interval between Munich and Dunkerque for England to make some preparations and for the United States to get into the picture? Who knows?

* * * *

Of course, those were queer years and lots of mistakes were made, even by the most wise, including Stalin who made a deal with Hitler which was no better than Chamberlain's deal with Hitler at Munich—and may even have been worse. And our own President on Oct. 23, 1940, said:

"I give you and to the people of this country this most solemn assurance: There is no secret treaty, no secret obligation, no secret commitment, no secret understanding in any shape or form, direct or indirect, with any other government, or any other nation in any part of the world, no such secrecy that might or could in any shape involve this nation in any war, or for any other purpose. Is that clear?"

But that was not literally true then as we now know and it certainly was not then and is not now clear. On June 10, 1940, the President in an address at the University of Virginia announced all aid to the Allies; and in September that he had made an agreement with Great Britain exchanging 50 over-age destroyers for air and naval bases in the Bahamas, Jamaica, etc. The record will show that between Munich and the Nazi attack on Poland, the United States was moving in and getting ready to move in. And we know that we were convoying before we actually entered the war. But what more there is to know will have to wait until all the documents are published.

Without a Munich, there might have been immediate war and the United States might have stayed out and England might have been conquered. Who knows? Certainly not Lillian Hellman nor I. Therefore a play ridiculing the State Department, Chamberlain, Munich, and the Polish government-in-exile, overlarded with sentimentality, serves no particular purpose now except to raise the question, "how the hell did we ever get into this thing, anyhow?"

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THE GERMAN EXILES

By ELLWOOD L. KEMP

FAIR PENNSYLVANIA! My people's home!
O'er thy green hills and plains I love to roam;
I love to linger in thy lovely vales,
Where mountain peak the roseate morning hails,
Or where thy rivers hold their ceaseless flow,
And streamlets babble and sweet lilies blow.
A Switzerland, a France, within thee lies,
High over-vaulted by Italian skies.
Peace and prosperity within thee reign,
Thy happy people sing but freedom's strain;
Their thrift has turned thee to a garden fair,
And busy noises lade thy balmy air.
'Twas here, exiled across the ocean's foam,
My weeping people sought a peaceful home;
And here, through painful toil, that home they found,
Here still their hearty German accents sound.
My heart pulsates in sympathy with theirs,
I love their virtues and regret their cares.
By adverse fortunes have their souls been tried,
By cruel, bitter trial purified.

The conquered sons of Erin's lovely isle
Were dastardly retained in bondage vile.
Deprived of all held sacred, all held dear,
Their spoil sustained the victor's wild career;
The race profusely bled at every pore,
And Erin's songs and wit were heard no more.

Again, when Persecution's stern decrees
Drove England's exiles o'er the wintry seas,
By bitter hate the fondest ties were riven,
And mournful hearts petitioned help from Heaven.

Acadia's children sang the same sad strain
As captive Israel on Shinar's plain,
When England's strong, relentless hand
Forced them to leave their homes and well-loved land,
And seek, 'mid strangers on a foreign shore,
More kindly fortunes than were theirs before.

But far more ruthless was the cruel fate
When fierce Ambition joined with deadly Hate
And swept our honored German ancestry
Away, from land to land, from sea to sea,
To wander homeless on, through weary years,
And eat the crumbs which pity gave, in tears.

When gazing on their towns and cities, where
High, slender church-spires cleave the limpid air,
Where generous Wealth and Comfort free unite
With Taste to render home a rare delight;
And far away, o'er large and well-tilled farms
And cozy homes, half-hid in rural charms,
My mind, elated, soars in willing flight
To scenes which all my song, my love invite,
When still along the banks of German Rhine
Our fathers praised their God in notes divine.
I see again the humble, sturdy throng
Engaged in toil the purple vines among.
Nobility of labor they enjoy,
Contentment poverty cannot destroy;
Their songs are echoed through the vine-clad hills
More sweet and clear than music of their rills.
I mingle with the merry, laughing troop
Upon the village green, a joyous group;
I join the lively dance, the hearty song,
Forgetting all my tears, all toil and wrong.
Or climb the hillside with rejoicing friends
When April sad the varied circle ends,
To greet the rising sun with joyful mirth,
The herald of the new year's gladd'ning birth,
To toast the new, lament the old's decay,
With op'ning flowers of the month of May.
I follow with the laughing wedding-train
The bride with flowers crowned and happy swain,
And wish, 'mid toasts of wine and pleasant cheer,
Unnumbered blessings, faithful friends and dear,
And fruitful wedlock to the happy pair.

How sacred is the rite that binds to share
An humble life of toil two simple hearts
Unused to guile, and false, deceptive arts.
The glitter, pomp, and ceremonial show,
The brilliant jewels, vestments like the snow,
Of those united in a high estate,
Inspire not reverence so pure and great
Towards the holy, heaven-exalted rite.

I join the family when shades of night
Convene it round the genial evening fire;
With pleasure hear the tales the loving sire
Recites to ears attentive gathered round;
And ere the evening's o'er, the love profound
That lowered heaven to earth, raised earth to heaven;
And wise instruction from the Gospel leaven,
Condensed in simple, catechismal form,
A lore that steeled the heart 'gainst many a storm.

Nor Greece nor Rome, nor France nor England proud,
Though cultured and by virtues rare endowed,
Had seen such homes as these. Here virtue, love,
And truth, and piety that seeks above
Its highest aim, its richest theme, its hope,
Were first implanted, and here first found scope.
And hence proceeded all that goodly cheer,
That stern integrity, that god-like fear,
The pure devotion that each Sabbath morn,
From cot and palace and from farthest bourn,
Assembled worshipers to hear the Word
And thanks return for blessings God conferred;
All, all that makes the German name revered,
And patriot courage, too, that makes it feared.

Such was the land where Beauty's richest dress
Enwrapped the fruitful earth with loveliness;
Still over which the tourist loves to roam,
The scholar's pride, the artist's favored home.
Such were its sons a noble, sturdy race.
Untrammeled by the bonds which man disgrace,
In free-born majesty and strength they rose
'Gainst lovely Freedom's Pope-appointed foes.
Imbibing truth as does the thirsty sod
Refreshing dews sent by a gracious God.
Their lofty spirits could no more support
The abject slavery of the priestly court,
The degradation of perverted truth,
Of God-bought mercy sold as fares, forsooth.
Not flaming stake, not noisome dungeon-cell,
Not torments worthy of the prince of hell,
Invented by fanatic hate, could crush
The brave defenders of the truth, nor hush
Their fervent prayers, and grand old hymns of praise.
Nor cruelty, nor time, could quench the blaze
That set their hearts aglow; but fierce and fleet,
Like raging fire repressed, its gen'rous heat
Consumed the barriers of humanity.
The swelling tides, once free and unconfined,
Leaped on in mighty flow, as one combined.
The crumbling ruins of Error's mighty towers
Were swept away by its o'erwhelming powers;
The world of heart and mind was glad with birth
New and luxuriant o'er the blood-drenched earth,
Of Freedom's verdant offspring, fresh and strong,
Whose fruits mature throughout the ages long,
And multiply the hopes and joys of man.

Religion sweetly wove her garlands fair,
And Learning bound them in the victor's hair;
She set her fountains' gates wide, wide ajar,
And Learning kept them in their course afar,
And freely cast into their limpid streams
Her richest jewels, which the sunlight's beams
Make bright with glory. Men rejoicing sing
Eternal praise to heaven's gracious King;
The human heart, long, long oppressed with wrong,
When freed burst forth in glad, triumphant song,
Whose notes will echo with a mellow ring,
Till freed mankind, at last, will greet its King.

Long was the fight 'gainst cruelty, and ban.
Two centuries beheld, firm in the van
Devoted to the glorious truth of God,
The sons of Germany. Their German sod
Imbibed their life-blood's sacrificial flow;
And German breezes, as they murmured low,
Were burdened with the groans of martyrdom
Triumphant in the joys that were to come.
The groaning, shuddr'ing earth, time and again
Resounded to the tread of armed men;
The wide-extended plains, once bright with life,
Were darkened by a fratricidal strife;
And many a well-contested battle-field
Proclaimed the valor of Religion's shield.
The last, but far the greatest of them all,
How hallowed by a sainted hero's fall!
A stranger, truly friend! a sacrifice
So great and costly, sure, could well suffice.
What sage could tell, inspired poet sing,
The glories of fair Sweden's martyred King?
Above the grave where sainted heroes sleep
Let men, revering, sacred silence keep.
There nature's voices chant in sweetest strain,
And angel minstrels swell a glad refrain

In choral song. Nature sings in low, sad notes,
The heavenly song in holy triumph floats;
Grieved Nature lost her best and noblest sons,
Rejoicing Heaven reclaimed her honored ones.
But time will keep their hallowed memory green,
Their virtues live, although their forms unseen,
And manhood rises to a higher plain,
Inspired by deeds of these exalted slain.

At length the battle-thunders cease their roar,
And warriors' shouts and groans are heard no more,
And, like the mists from off the watery wold,
The war-clouds slowly from the land are rolled.
And slow-subsiding, as when in the night
The roaring tempests, with a demon's might,
To fury lash the waters, till they rise
In rival waves, foam-crested to the skies,
And finally, when storm clouds roll away,
And bright the sun brings in the new-born day,
The waves are calmed upon the ocean's breast,
So men's fierce-raging passions sink to rest.
The blazing sun, with his attendant train,
Looks down on Desolation's gloomy reign;
On cities where the noise of trade is hushed,
And lovely structures, like bright prospects crushed,
In fragments strewed around, the temples of God
And Art, where Beauty's feet have often trod;
And shattered pillars left on blackened walls,
Aloft, like arms raised with entreating calls,
Imploring Heaven's pity; in their moats
The crumbling walls of cities. Fiercely gloats
Destruction over all. Bare are the hills,
Denuded of their verdant glory. Rills,
Scarce purified from war's polluting stains,
In low tones murmur sad and plaintive strains.
Wide o'er the fields no golden harvests gleam,
When over all the glowing sunbeams stream.
The peasan't song and huntsman's merry call
Are hushed, and death-like silence reigns o'er all.
Instead of lowing herd and tinkling bell,
The howl of wild beasts break this tragic spell,
And sounds of mourning heard throughout the land,
Loud lamentations from the heart-pierced band;
The wail of widows grieving for the dead,
And orphans crying through the streets for bread;
The sobs of loving mothers over treasures lost,
And aged sires bemoaning loud the cost;
Fair sisters weeping for brave brothers slain,
And maids for lovers mangled on the plain.
The air resounds with cries of friends and foes,
Fraternized by their common loss and woes.
The noblest in the land once proudly trod,
Now silent sleep beneath the blood-stained sod.
Learning and Art, in mourning weeds arrayed,
Slow pace their sculptured halls or sylvan shade,
Lamenting their most gifted sons.
They heed not time as it in silence runs
Its rapid flight, and desolate and lone
Are now their homes. The chisel and the stone
Are left untouched, and scattered on the ground
The fragments of the easel lie around.
Hushed are the sounds of pleasing harmony,
The untuned cords can yield no melody.
The poet's shuddering soul recoils with dread
From scenes before his piercing vision spread,
And all his horrid dreams remain unsung.
Sweet Nature's book, with all its crowded throng
Of mysteries, tempts not the student's pains;
The golden field of Truth unsearched remains.
And Wealth has yielded sway to Poverty,
And Pride been humbled to a low degree.
Throughout the country, like a midnight pall,
Destruction lies and sorrow dark oe'r all.

Great was the price, but great the blessings won,
On Germany soon shines a milder sun.
The night was gloomy, but the dawn is bright;
'Twas sad transition to a clearer light.
Soon bruised hearts cease wildly to lament,
And grateful songs to bounteous Heaven are sent.
Again are heard the sounds of industry,
And joyful ring the sounds of merry glee.
The peaceful shepherd tunes his pipe again,
And harvests rich reward the toils of men.
The ruined cities from their ashes rise,
And resurrection graces glad the eyes;
Kind Nature strives to hide her ghastly wounds
By weaving verdant mantles over mounds
Of crumbling ruins. Hills are clad in green
To hide the ruthless deeds of men with screen
Of living beauty. Sounds of tinkling bells
Are heard again through flowery meads and dells;
And through the quiet Sabbath air
The clear-toned bells God's saving love declare.
And zealous devotees kneel at the shrine
Of Learning Heaven-crowned and Art divine.
Sweet Freedom smiles on men released from thrall;
Prosperity and Peace now reign o'er all.

But hark! what cannon-thunders roar aloud,
Like Heaven's artillery from the mountain cloud?
What sullen roaring as of coming storm,
More loud and louder as the war-clouds form
In ever denser masses 'mongst the hills
Through which the Rhine's enraptured bosom thrills?
O, Palatine! thy dream soon fades away,
Too soon war's horrors new reclaim their sway.
Hark! hark! the cruel shouts of fierce Turenne
Ring out o'er ever plain, through every glen;
How hallowed by a sainted hero's fall!
And burning cities light the midnight sky,
And murdered innocents for vengeance cry.
Unhappy people, o'er your peaceful homes,
Like blasting pestilence, destruction comes.
Entreaties nor defense can now avail;
Who dares oppose, sinks 'neath the leaden hail.
No tears can move that cruel monster's breast;
Unhappy land, for thee there is no rest!

(To Be Continued)

AN IDYL OF THE WAR

We believe to be rendering the readers of the ECK a service in presenting to them a long forgotten epical poem, THE GERMAN EXILES, built upon the theme of the emigrations of our Pennsylvania German forefathers from their homeland. It is reprinted from a rare book which was brought to the attention of the editor some time ago. Despite the careful attention our dialect, and the history of our dialect literature have received in recent years, this little volume seems to have escaped the notice of literary historians and anthologists. Its full title reads: AN IDYL OF THE WAR—The German Exiles and other Poems. By Ellwood L. Kemp, A.B. Professor of Ancient Languages in Keystone State Normal School. Philadelphia. John E. Potter & Co. 1883.

The plan and purpose of the poet is evxpressed in his Preface, in which he writes that he brings in this little volume two offerings, one to the altar of his country, the other to the altar of his people. The first refers to his longer poem "An Idyl of the War," inspired by the Civil War, the preservation of the union, and its regeneration "brought about by the sacrifice of the peace of quiet household and of the hopes of bright young lives, as well as by the wisdom and skill of those who guided our affairs during that trying time."

But our interest rests chhiefly upon that other longer poem in the book, which he brings to the altar of his people, namely THE GERMAN EXILES, an epical narrative which seems to have engaged particularly the love and affection of the poet. "THE GERMAN EXILES," he writes, "is based upon the incidents which attended the expulsion of the Germans from the Rhenish Palatinate, and the subsequent settlement of a great number of them in Pennsylvania. From them a large majority of the Pennsylvania Germans are descended. The story of their migrations and settlement has been undeservedly neglected. Pennsylvania is not the land of Penn. The German settlers and their descendants have contributed more to the formation of what is good and honorable in the State character than all the other elements combined. From them have come some of her best governors and legislators, and many of her most distinguished citizens, not least among whom is that Governor Ritner of whom the poet Whittier speaks so highly in one of the poems in his "Voices of Freedom."

"Though the Quakers, who, according to our average historians, were so generous in their treatment of the Indians, acted very ungenerously toward the Germans, though these were wretched and poverty-stricken beyond degree when they came; yet now most of the broad and fertile acres, and many of the populous towns and cities, of the State, are almost entirely in the possession of their descendants. Even in the "City of Brotherly Love" a large number of the prominent business men and leading citizens are Pennsylvania Germans, or of Pennsylvania German origin; a greater number, in fact, than most people imagine. The poem was suggested by the enthusiastic and instructive talks on the subject by Dr. Joseph H. Dubbs, of Franklin and Marshall College, in the course of his lectures in the class-room."

The stately measures of THE GERMAN EXILES, written more than 60 years ago, are indicative of no mean poetic talent. It is to be regretted that Ellwood L. Kemp did not further cultivate the Muse that had promised so much in his earlier years. Some of our older readers may remember him as the former Principal of the East Stroudsburg State Normal School and as a widely-known and esteemed lecturer before Teachers' Institutes.—ED.

Deaths of a Day

LORAINE D. KEELER

Loraine D. Keeler, infant daughter of Joseph H. and Eleanor M., nee McElroy, Keeler, of 142 S. Jordan St., died yesterday morning. She was born on Feb. 19 of this year.

Surviving are her parents; a brother Larry, and a sister, Joanne, both at home; her maternal grandparents and her paternal grandparents.

Rev. M. F. Klingaman will officiate at services at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Monday at 10:30 a. m.

LEON JONAS WEISNER

Leon Jonas Weisner of Kempton R. 2 died Thursday in the Allentown General hospital. He was 54 years old.

Born in Albany township, the son of the late David and Ellen, nee Moyer, Weisner, he was a retired farmer.

Surviving are his wife Mary, nee Deysher; two sons, Alton, at home, and Wayne, Kempton R. 2; a daughter Edith, wife of Clayton Kerschner, New Tripoli; one brother, Oscar, Kutztown, and a sister, Mrs. Messina Snyder, Bethlehem.

Rev. Ira W. Klick will officiate at services from his late home Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. and at continued services in Friedens church. Interment will be in the Friedens cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

ANNA NOVAK

Anna Novak, wife of Peter Novak, 1533 E. 9th St., Bethlehem, died at 3 a.m., Friday, in St. Luke's hospital.

Survivors in addition to the husband are the following children, Anna, Jennie, Stanley, Sigmund, all at home; Paul, in the U. S. Army, stationed in Iceland; Peter, in the U. S. Navy at Bainbridge, Maryland; John, of Bethlehem, and two daughters, Mrs. John Wrecsics, Bethlehem, and Mrs. Stephen Donchez, Bethlehem; two grandchildren; mother, Mrs. Sophie Skuba of Philadelphia, and one brother, John, of Philadelphia.

The funeral will be held Monday at 9 a.m. from the home followed by a high requiem mass at 9:30 a.m. in Our Lord's Resurrection Polish National cemetery, Allentown.

MRS. EMMA D. STRAWN

Mrs. Emma D. Strawn, widow of Evan H. Strawn, formerly of 8th and Juniper Sts., Quakertown, died in Philadelphia on Wednesday.

Born in Philadelphia, she was a daughter of the late Nathan D. and Mary (nee Centes) Dougherty. Survivors are two sisters, Mrs. Laura M. Ross of Philadelphia and Mrs. Lucy Heyl of Washington, D. C., also a brother, William K. Dougherty of Philadelphia.

Funeral services will be held at the Treffinger funeral home, N. Ambler St., Quakertown, on Monday at 2 p. m. Interment private. Friends may call at the Treffinger funeral home on Sunday evening.

MRS. JENNIE BELKEY

Mrs. Jennie Belkey, 66, wife of William Belkey Sr., died Thursday afternoon in her home, 317 McCartney St., Easton, after an illness of two weeks.

A native of Newark, N. J., she was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles VanHouten, and was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Easton, and of various church societies.

Surviving are her husband and the following step-children: William, Theodore and Dorothy Belkey, all of College Hill, Easton.

MRS. HARRY BECKER

Mrs. Anna Becker, wife of Harry Becker, 361 Tilghman St., died at her home yesterday after a short illness. She was in her 73rd year.

Born in Russia, she was the daughter of the late Jacob and Rose, nee Balk, Lubozsky. She was a member of the Agudas Achim congregation in this city.

Surviving besides her husband are the following children, all of Allentown: Rose, head of Nurses Aides at the Sacred Heart hospital; Jacob, a U. S. Army private in England; Mrs. Sarah Feder, and Catherine, Miriam, Louis and Samuel Becker. There are three grandchildren, one of them, Corporal Herman Feder, serving in the South Pacific.

Funeral services were held at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon from her late home, with interment in Laurel Hill cemetery. Rabbi Abraham Merrin officiated.

SANDOR RITOPER

Sandor Ritoper, 739 Evans St., Bethlehem, died at 11:30 a.m., Friday, at the residence. An only son, Stephen Ritoper was killed in action Feb. 1, 1943 in Africa.

Survivors are his wife, Mary Luther Ritoper; two brothers in Europe; two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Zelko, and Mary Ritoper, both of Bethlehem.

Mr. Ritoper was employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co., a member of St. John's Windish Lutheran church; and of the First Windish Sick and Beneficial society.

The funeral will be held Monday at 1:45 p. m. from the residence, followed by services in St. John's Windish Lutheran church. Burial will be in the family plot in Union cemetery, Hellertown.

PETER TOTH

Peter Toth, 716 Evans St., Bethlehem, died at midnight, Thursday, in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown. A native of Hungary, he had been a resident of Bethlehem since 1914 and was employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co.

A member of the First Hungarian Evangelical and Reformed church, Mr. Toth was also affiliated with the First Hungarian Sick and Beneficial society, the American Sick Benefit and Life Insurance Branch 64.

Survivors are his wife, Esther Kiraly Toth; two daughters, Margaret, Europe; Mrs. Joseph Biro, at home; a son, Peter Jr., Bethlehem; a grandchild, Alga Biro.

Funeral will be held Monday from his home at 1:30 p.m. and will be followed by services in the First Hungarian Evangelical and Reformed church. Burial will be in the family plot in Fountain Hill cemetery.

MRS. APPOLONIA IMP

Mrs. Appolonia Imp, 57, wife of Joseph Imp Sr., died Friday noon at her home, Ruch St., Stiles.

Born in Europe the daughter of the late Ferdinand and Catherine Dulk, she had been a resident of this country for 40 years. She had resided in Stiles for the last 15 years, where she was a member of St. John's Catholic church.

Besides her husband she is survived by a daughter, Emma, wife of August Wecksler, Stiles; two sons, Joseph Jr., Stiles; John, Coplay; two grandchildren, and a sister, Mrs. Mary Scheirer of Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be held from the late home Monday at 9:30 a. m. followed by mass at 10 a. m. in St. John's Catholic church, Stiles. Interment in parish cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Shlife Shtae G'shpichta

Won ebber shun shlife shtae druvel kotta hut, don is es der Will Young fon Laurys. 'M Will sei fraw die Ludy is arrick fer immer guta sharfa messerra rum howwa, un doh is nix in da welt os der Bill aryer uf 'm shtrich hut, os wie fer immer bei da nochberra rum shpringa shlife shtae laina fer messerra sharfa.

Doh weil tzurick is es 'm Bill noh ei kumma, da Ludy ihra dochter, 'm heet mon Bobbie Peter doh fon da shtadt sei fraw die Isabella gang'd da fendua fiel noh, ferleicht kent sie 'm mohl 'n shlife shtae kaufa. Die Isabella hut grawd fershprocha fer ihra auga uf halta won sie sella waig nous noch fendua gang'd, un hut sie aw gore ken lang ganumma bis sie kot hut wos sie gamaint hut wear 'n shlife shtae. In blotz fon ow'r die gute alt ort shlife shtae sei fer noss shlifa wie der Bill garn ainer kotta het, wos hut sie 'm kauft, os wie so'n glainer roter, huddlicher emery shtae.

Der Bill hut weiters ken indressa kot in so ma fire waisa fon ma shlife shtae, un hut da Isabella der dahler unna halb gewwa os sie batzawlt hut dafor, un hut der shlife shtae tzu ma guta freind on die fendu ganumma, un 'n widder ferkaufa lossa fer 'n dahler, yusht fer 'n lose werra. Die Isabella wor ow'r noh shure os sie wist wos fer 'n shlife shtae os der Bill howwa wot, un is nocha mohl uf der chob un hut 'm ainer kauft. 'S tzwet mohl hut sie die recht ort shtae un buck grick'd, ow'r fergessa tzu gucka eb 'n draya dabei wear, un wos der Bill now hut, is 'n shlife shtae mit ous ra dray.

Die barichda sin, der Bill un sei Ludy weara now shun bol die gons welt ous g'shprunga fer 'n dray sucha fer on der shlife shtae mocha. Evens der foos power shoft nimmy gons recht un is aw ken sitz druf, odder die Ludy kent sich ols druf hucka fer die g'shicht draida bis der Bill fartich wear shlifa. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Bill die socha aw net hous howwa ow'r sin shure won ebber is os so'n dray waisa rum leia hut, os der Bill numma tzu froh wear fer sie kaufa.

Is Fartich Werra

Wel, so wie m'r fershtain is der Ernest Peters fon Laurys, nagshd drowwa om Grange hall won da nagshda Somshdawg die gross nochbershoft fendu k'halta wert, 'm Dunnershdawg owet fartich werra gorda grawwa darrich alla blackout. Der Ernest wie m'r wissa, is ainer fom Julius Lentz seina air raid wardens, un hut yusht uf g'shloga kot drous im gorda fer shtarta gardla, wie die peif ob gonga is.

Wos der Ernest gaduh hut kot, er hut sei mashine in der gorda g'fohra so os die lichter shae iwwer der gorda nous galeicht hen, un noh hut er shtarta grawwa os die shiverra g'floga sin. Die barichda sin, er wear hinnershich un farsich iwwer 's lond har os die hossa bae gawock'ld hetta, un wear yusht recht gute ei g'shoft gawest, wie der blackout kumma is.

Ol die lichter hen noh ous gae missa un der Ernest hut sei mashine lichter aw glei ous kot, un wor drous uf da shtross mashina shtoppa os net gawist hen os 'n air raid test on gae is. Un so g'shwind os der ol glore widder kumma is, wor der Ernest drous in seim gorda uf paar hups, hut die mashina lichter widder aw gadray'd, un shtarta gorda grawwa wie won nix g'shaina wear.

Dale hen gamaint der Ernest het ferleicht gadenk'd fon da Laurys Grangers woh sella owet 'n fersommling kotta hen, dada sich erbarma un dada nei shtoppa fer 'm helfa sei gorda fartich grawwa. Ow'r so weit os m'r wissa, is kens 'm nagshd, er wear anyhow fartich gawest grawwa bis wenich fer halb nocht, un ferwos het er noh noch hilf howwa wolla.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Doh shwetza fon gorda grawwa, gamohnt uns yusht draw, os der Harvey Snyder fon Alt Zion doh weil tzurick so eiferich wor fer shtarta gardla, os er der shnae fom tzwivla lond gakairt hut mit 'm basem fer die tzwivla g'shwind blonsa.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

Today's birthday child is very courageous. You have keen perception and an analytical mind. You like society, travel, popularity, and you are led by your ambitions. You do not let upleasant surroundings disturb you, and you are an ardent lover. Your vocational affairs progress satisfactorily in the

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The ideal of Independence requires resistance to the herd spirit now so widespread, to our workshop of quantity and indifference to quality, to our unthinking devotion to organization, standardization, propaganda and advertising.

—Mason

AVOID THOSE UNNECESSARY WORRIES

If any one were to come across such an ancient article as a newspaper of December 23, 1943 (only four months old, to be sure) he would be startled anew perhaps to note the screaming headlines of that day: "500,000 U. S. WAR CASUALTIES FEARED IN NEXT 90 DAYS."

Most people will well remember the stir caused by that newspaper story which was attributed to a "high government official" and never was denied. In other words, it expressed the expectations of American leaders at that time and in spite of the fact that much criticism arose over causing a great deal of alarm and frightening just about every woman with a son in the service, it was not tempered by supplementary and more assuring statements.

However we now have gone more than a month beyond the 90 days that had been predicted would be so full of horror and loss. While there have been American battle losses, there has been nothing to compare with the figure of half a million. In fact the total of casualties for the American armed forces since the beginning of the war more than two years ago is less than forty per cent of that figure.

Thus it can be seen that a great deal of unnecessary worry and care were caused by the statement of that "high government official." It well may be a lesson for every family in the United States not to worry about what MAY happen. There will be enough time to worry and lament and mourn when serious things have happened. All of which recalls the philosophy of the venerable, graying man who remarked that he was indeed old, that he had had many troubles but "most of them never happened." In like manner most of the troubles which millions of women—mothers and wives—are having today because of the war are worries over things that never will happen.

If experience in the World War be repeated millions of men who have gone into the services never will even see an enemy or enemy craft; nor will they even hear the sound of enemy guns. Therefore millions never will be exposed to battle hazards and probable death and all the worry concerning them will be needless. Then too, of those who do see and engage the enemy, the larger percentage will survive without harm of any kind. So worry about them will be unnecessary. Of those who do suffer some harm, the greater number will be restored to health and strength. Undoubtedly losses in the war are going to be large but it is yet to be shown that they will be anything near what the pessimists have said. And it is to be hoped that the pessimists will have been eternally wrong.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY" TO HITLER

There may have been malicious intent on the part of the British in observing Adolf Hitler's 55th birthday anniversary by dropping the heaviest bomb load of the war upon railroad centers in Germany and occupied countries.

In the course of the evening the RAF sent more than a thousand bombers over Cologne and other German cities that are important for their railroad lines and communications with what is believed will be the invasion coast. Throughout the preceding daylight hours American bombers have been saying to Hitler "happy birthday to you" and saying it with hundreds of tons of explosives.

Interesting it would be to look into the mind of the average German who certainly must be able to figure it out that Hitler has brought all the current trouble upon Germany. Today millions of Germans are homeless because their homes have been destroyed. By day and by night they hear the shrieks of the air-raid warning sirens. They are being told by their own radio systems that armed invasion by the Americans and British is to be expected at almost any moment. Is it reasonable to believe that the Germans are placid, that they are able to go about their usual pursuits in ease and comfort of mind while all this is going on? Is it reasonable to believe that they are happy, even hopeful in their present state and that they thank Herr Hitler for it?

Let us imagine our own feelings if we were under bombing attacks by day and by night every day and every night of the week! Imagine how we would feel if we were being told to expect an invasion at almost any minute on the New Jersey coast, or New England or Virginia! There would not be very much enthusiasm for any national figures if we had come to such a desperate pass. It can be believed that privately Adolf's stocks are very low in Germany although publicly a pretense of unity must be maintained.

CAN HOUSING BE SAVED FROM SCRAP-HEAP?

It may be too late but certainly the delegates to the Pennsylvania Industrial Union Council of the CIO, meeting in York this week, have made a valiant effort to save something out of the wreckage of the temporary housing project in the 12th ward which has been known as Parkcrest.

Very clearly these CIO delegates, who represented close to a third of a million workers in the State, are very eager that housing conditions generally in the United States be improved through the building of new housing and the razing of sub-standard housing. They very evidently believe that public enterprise can or will do this better than private enterprise. At any rate, they know that they can talk to those who represent such public enterprise but they do not know whom to address if they wish to talk to private enterprise.

Accordingly they went on record as favoring more national public housing projects like our own successful and popular Hanover Acres. But they went farther in expressing the opinion and the confidence that the local, abandoned project Parkcrest can be developed into a satisfactory, permanent housing system that will be attractive not only during the war but long after the war has ended.

It remains to be seen what the pressure of this group of a third of a million workers can do as to this particular project that appeared hopelessly relegated to the scrap-heap.

Britain in Pacific War

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 21.—The American Navy doubtless is rejoicing everywhere today over the sensational turn which the war has taken in the Bay of Bengal, for the aid being rendered by the British fleet comes opportunely and will be a source of much encouragement to our armed forces who have been fighting Japan virtually alone.

There has never been any doubt of the power of the British fleet to render invaluable assistance in cleaning up the Burma situation. The whole problem has been priorities, and London has not seen as clearly the importance of hitting Japan with naval and air power from the Bay of Bengal side as have the commanders on the spot.

When Admiral Louis Mountbatten was chosen for the southeast Asia command, gratification was expressed in naval circles here, but when he failed to receive the necessary weapons and manpower to begin a full-scale attack in the Bay of Bengal a feeling of deep disappointment ensued.

It is, of course, vital that Japan, which is being hit on three sectors by the United States Navy from the Pacific ocean side, should be struck hard also from the China side and her possessions in Burma and the Malaya peninsula and Sumatra and Java attacked as well. A glance at the map will reveal that naval power can shut off the Japanese supply line to Burma, which is primarily by way of the Malaya Straits. All the Japanese forces in and around Burma can be left to wither if the Allies can enforce a blockade on the sea approaches.

Beginning of Bigger Raids

The raid which has just been consummated by the British fleet under Admiral Somerville on airfields in northern Sumatra is doubtless the beginning of a large-scale operation. The British fleet is described as being composed of aircraft carriers, battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines. It means that a sizeable campaign can be waged now. The British have the advantage of near-by fuel bases, as Ceylon, Admiral Mountbatten's headquarters, is not more than 1,000 miles away.

The American fleet, on the other hand, has been compelled to operate from distant bases, and this means the mobilization of a huge armada of sustaining vessels, known as a "mobile fleet." The British know amphibious warfare and have been developing in this war excellent techniques in handling aircraft carriers. For a long time last year a British aircraft carrier operated in the Pacific as an integral part of our fleet, officers being interchanged and American experience absorbed.

There is no reason why the British fleet should not make a record now in the Bay of Bengal and destroy a substantial part of Japanese shipping as well as major units of the Japanese fleet which have been reported to be assembling in the vicinity of Singapore.

Dutch No Doubt Helping

The dispatches speak of an "Allied" fleet, and this may mean that Dutch vessels and Dutch naval officers familiar with The Netherlands East Indies waters, especially in submarines, are playing an important role in the operations just announced.

The map shows that the Andaman islands, which lie a few hundred miles from the Burma coast, are in a strategic location for air offensives and defensives. It would seem logical that the British in due time would attempt to seize the Andaman islands and construct airfields there as bases for huge bombing planes. American Air Forces are located in India and if the British navy can clear the way, we shall some day perhaps be hearing of an air bombardment of Singapore by land-based planes from islands off the coast of the Malaya peninsula.

It is a comforting fact that, despite all the handicaps, the British fleet has been able to render the help now reported. This could not have been possible, perhaps, without the conquests of Tunisia and Sicily which helped to clear the Mediterranean of the Axis navies. Sometimes when the public gets discouraged about the slow progress in Italy, there is a tendency to forget that what happened in Italy last year had a direct effect on what is happening today in the Bay of Bengal in our war against Japan.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

IMMIGRATION OR BABIES

Everybody seems to be in a terrific hurry to solve all the problems that will face and beset our people once this war is over. The D. A. R., for instance, favors suspension of immigration for a period of five years after the war, except for technical experts and those admitted to complete family groups. The reason given, according to newspaper reports, is "industry will be tremendously taxed in readjusting from war to peace, thereby limiting for a time the number of available opportunities for employment. But that, I am sure, is not what is worrying the D. A. R., they are undoubtedly more concerned over the dilution of American culture by the constant increase of elements in the population who are not of the same stock as the originating American migrants.

• • • •

Let us be honest about this thing. There is no use camouflaging points of view to make them more palatable. The fact is that a large body of Americans lay all the current troubles and disturbances in this country to the increase in its non-Anglo-Saxon population. They insist that those who do not have Runnymede in their blood will never understand the Constitution of the United States. They criticize Mr. Justice Frankfurter on the ground that his mind was formed by a childhood in Austria.

All of this I do not wish to discuss today, but I should like to deal with this immigration question from altogether another standpoint. As the war is moving, out of it will come vast empires with huge accumulations of people. Soviet Russia may, with her allies and satellite states, reach well over 200,000,000 persons. China has about 450,000,000. If a central European state is organized, it may run as high as 150,000,000. Excluding the non-white elements, the British empire may run as high as 90,000,000. The United States is approximately 135,000,000.

• • • •

The war has given an impetus to births in the Anglo-Saxon countries but the general trend has been in the direction of a decreasing birth-rate due to birth control, artificial family limitation and a constantly higher and increasingly urbanized standard of living. France's decay is not as attributable to Blum as it is to its loss in population. Few study population problems, but first-class research jobs are being done by specialists and startling results are being produced.

One of them is, of course, that the United States, from both the standpoint of productivity and national defense, will have to look after the size of its own population. We have been able to produce approximately 11,000,000 persons in our armed forces without a drastic dislocation of industrial and agricultural labor, but we are pinched and any huge casual ties or a very prolonged war will result in actual manpower shortage. And we need to note that the Army, to make up its figure, was forced to resort to over-aged recruitments and is now lowering its physical standards by the reclassification of 4-F's.

• • • •

How are we to replace our population? Shall it be by increased births or by increased immigration? I wonder if the ladies of the D. A. R. have thought this problem out to its logical conclusion which is that if we are to keep the immigrants out, we must have larger families. It is, of course, possible to reduce population, but then wars do come, even among those who believe in eternal peace, and when they come the son and grandson of a recent immigrant makes as good a soldier as the scion of a Mayflower immigrant. In the fox-holes and trenches, no one asks questions about that.

May I suggest to the D. A. R. that instead of worrying themselves about immigration for a five-year period after the war is over, they appoint a committee to make a scientific analysis of the population problems facing the United States in the immediate future, that they study the curve of births and deaths prior to the war and that they get some authorities on population to indicate to them what we may face in the census of 1960. Maybe they will continue to oppose immigration and favor babies. It is one or the other.

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To economize transport, racing days in Eire will be limited by the government to 90 this year.

Many cities in Colombia have outlined postwar plans for expending their power facilities.

Shortage of imported materials is handicapping Argentina's industrial production.



THE GERMAN EXILES

By ELLWOOD L. KEMP

(Continued)

(The poet, having introduced the theme of his epic in the first installment (see ECK for April 15th), the exodus of the Palatines from their ancestral home, now continues to delineate the causes that led to those vast emigrations, namely, the repeated invasions and ravages of the fair Pfalz by the despotic French King Louis XIV, under Turenne in 1674, again in 1680 and most savagely in 1689 under Melac, when Heidelberg with its beautiful castle, Mannheim, and the ancient cities of Speyer and Worms were destroyed, 4280 villages laid waste and nearly 500,000 Palatines left destitute and homeless.—ED.

The tide rolls on, and, like a withering blast,
Wide o'er its course is desolation cast.
The smouldering remains of homes and grain
Now blacken every hill-side, every plain.
With tearful eyes in prayer raised up to God,
His people bow beneath His chastening rod,
In quiet faith, submissive to his will.
Their German land is still their own, and still
The faith for which they suffered much and long.
And German thrift and German purpose strong,
The land's prosperity will soon restore;
And greater peace than they enjoyed before.
Their God will grant them. Gladly they foresee
The free enjoyment of the liberty
For which they ventured life and all.
But no, 'tis not to be, their hopes must fall.
God's mercy hides from man's inquiring eyes
The future's store of good or ill, both wise.
The murky clouds have scarcely rolled away,
Scarce gleamed the streamings of another day,
When over the unhappy land once more
Destruction's furious legions wildly pour.
O, God! And will these terrors never cease,
And yield to fair and smiling fruits of peace?

Poor land! thy tribulations multiply,
In vain for help thy stricken children cry.
Melac! Melac! and all his savage horde,
Sweep o'er th' ill-fated land with bloody sword.
The country trembles 'neath their armed advance,
Their cannon-thunders, and their lightning's glance.
They sweep before them all, those savage men,
Lay waste like western storms destructive, when
From cloud to cloud the darting lightnings flash,
And rolling thunders rumble, roar, and crash;
The furious winds, loosed from their guarded cave,
In terrible contention rage and rave.
Th' affrighted earth, alarmed, in terror quakes,
And lofty hill its crested summit shakes;
The clouded sky in anger darkly frowns,
The tempest's roar all sounds of nature drowns;
And man and beast in horror-stricken flight,
In vain seek shelter from its potent might.
The monarchs of the forest groan and yield
Like wisps of grain swept from the harvest-field;
Huge rocky masses, loosened from the height,
Roll crashing down in swift, destructive flight.
Rocks, trees, and buildings through the air are hurled,
The scattered fragments of a threatened world;
And what escapes the winds through strong defense
Yields to the winged lightning's violence,
Throughout the wretched country everywhere
The heaven-lighted altars lurid glare,
And, ere the devastating storm is o'er,
The drenching rains in sheeted torrents pour;
And when the fury of the storm has passed,
The pitying stars shine on a desert vast.

The Frenchman leaves no spot inviolate,
But sacrifices all to his inhuman hate.
Afflicted poor, the children of Wealth caressed,
Alike are hurried from their homes distressed.
The sick, infirm and strong, the young and old,
Are pitilessly giv'n to Winter's cold.
Alas! four hundred thousand people see—
Can man on man inflict such misery!—
Their homes enrapt in hate-enkindled flames.
The fearful tale the cruel savage shames.
Manheim and Heidelberg, and Worms and Spires,
Hamlets and towns unite their baleful fires.
The funeral pyres of a country's hopes and weal.
The burning timbers fall with crash and peal;
The rising clouds of smoke, diffused by breath
Of winds, hang o'er the land like pall of death.
Which hides, by day, the weeping sun from sight;
And all-consuming flames illume the night
With horrid glare. And from the earth arise,
Unceasingly, the prayers and wails and cries
Of suffering, heart-broken fugitives;
But no relief the icy winter gives.
Loud ring o'er all th' infuriated yells
Of demons reveling in horror's spells.
The rolling river, plaining, whirls and groans
In pity over towns' dismembered stones;
The roaring blasts of frozen winter shriek
With horror at the sacrilegious freak
Of jeering, drunken soldiery, who hurl
The dust of emperors into their whirl.
Untombed from where for centuries they lay
In honored consecration. Night and day
Are stained by brutal actions. Far and near
Destruction ceases not. With shout and jeer
The maddened hordes add to their cumbering spoil
The products of the humble peasant's toil.
The cot and palace share a common fate.
The vine-clad hills, to satisfy their hate,
Are stripped of their now leafless ornaments.
No longer shall their fruits yield rich contents
Of sparkling juices. Nothing good is spared,
And all the land is dark and dread and bare.

The seer bewailed no scene more desolate,
Lamenting sadly o'er his country's fate
And bitter ruin. God's hand smote the might
Of Egypt to effect His chosen's flight,
But now his terrors in their power descend
Upon His children, who had sought a friend.
No promised land, attractive goal, revealed,
Cheers them across the storm-swept field;
No hand, apparently, directs their flight,
No pillared cloud by day, nor fire by night.
No miracle assauges winter's blasts,
And plenteous manna to the wanderers casts.
Oh, wither in their sorrow shall they turn?
Their wearied, fainting hearts within them burn.
How can they turn away from Father-land?
What hand will guide them to a stranger strand?
The winds of winter in their ravings wild
Are laden with the wails of freezing child
And starving mother. Sad, sad sight they form,
Proceeding 'mid the fury of the storm.
When Night o'erhangs her starry canopy,
Enwrapt in snows of virgin purity,
They huddled lie upon the frozen earth.
And hushed are wails and prayers and groans, from dearth
Of power to give them utterance.

In love kind Holland opened wide her doors,
Dividing without stint her frugal stores
With tears of sympathy. O, Charity,
Thou fairest sister of the heavenly three!
Thou art warm sunlight that dispels the gloom
Of weary hearts, alleviates the doom
Of lonely captives; eases soft the bed
Of dying mortals. Thou strewest o'er the dead
Sweet-scented flowers. Thou art a silent voice
That bids the mournful, bruised heart rejoice;
Sweet spirit that o'erlooks the faults of men
And sees but Eden's graces bloom again;
The highest attribute of God above,
Celestial beings carol, God is love,
In pleasing symphonies. 'Twas Justice stern
Imposed the curse, but Thou hast brought return
Of Heaven's sweet communion; oped the gates
Anew to lasting joys, where shining waits
Man's crown of glory. Thou 'twas, Charity,
That caused the deaf to hear, the blind to see,
That bade the entombed dead to life arise,
And drew the tear-drops from our Saviour's eyes.
When reigning only sovereign of the heart,
Ideas widen and mean thoughts depart;
A mint, exhaustless as the widow's cruse,
The store increasing as the gifts diffuse,
Takes place of want; content and joy abide,
Like summer's smile or like a happy bride,
To make life gladsome. Holland, thanks to thee
I offer. Once the mighty mistress of the sea,
The home of Wealth and Science and of Art,
Thou, too, hast learned earth's glory can depart.
But though, indeed, unfortunate,
The noblest attributes that elevate
Thou hast not lost; religious piety,
The love that binds mankind in unity,
And man to God in harmony complete,
That brings to man his highest end, replete
With untold bliss; true manhood, frugal thrift,
And true benevolence, God's greatest gift
To man redeemed; all these are thine,
O land, contented with thy lot benign.
'T was not from an o'erabundant store
Thou did'st supply their wants when stricken sore,
And gavest refuge to the exiled host;
It was thy tender heart, o'erflowing most
With human kindness and benevolence,
That did all this without a recompense.
Thou art resplendent with thy glories, bright
As e'er aurora in the northern night;
But not the least among thy deeds will shine,
When luminated by the light divine,
This, thy disinterested charity.
O, can we now, or e'er, return to thee
Sufficient thanks! It is not yet forgot,
Enjoying now in peace a happier lot,
In gratitude their children yet shall rise
And bless thee for thy noble sacrifice!

Amid the lowlands of the Rhine they rest,
Where fertile fields, in richest verdure dressed,
Delight the eye. 'Mid cheering scenes of peace,
The frightful visions of dark horror cease,
Again their hearts with gentle pulses beat,
And slowly frighted eyes dismiss the heat
And start of terror and regain the soft
And gentle glow of peace. They look aloft
And bless their God for goodness such as this.
Ofttimes they weep for Father-land, and kiss
Mementos they've retained, and thither turn
As if to view the land for which they yearn.
Their children play around the stranger's door,
And wail from pain and cry for bread no more.
New hopes arise when trust and hope seemed gone,
They seek a refuge and a lasting one.
And thou, most gracious Queen, superb in reign,
The power supreme o'er England's vast domain,
Not in thy stately court's magnificence
Did's't thou forget deeds of beneficence!
To thee I bring my tributary praise,
Such as the humble poet sings in lays,
Unknown and simple. Anne, gentlest queen,
What greater can I sing, than that 'midst sheen
Of earthly splendor thou did'st e'er remain
True woman; and what glory to attain
Surpasses this? Thy lovely deeds shall shine
Upon the crown imposed by hands divine,
Within our Father's royal heritage.
More brilliant than upon this earthly stage,
The jewels of thy crown corruptible.
Thy love won thee a love reciprocal.
By thee invited, came from Holland's shores
Our fathers—far too many for the stores
Of rich and bounteous Britain. Great, indeed
Must then have been their misery and need
When camped near London—ragged multitude,
To rouse within the forest monarch rude
The feelings of compassion. Man is man,
O'er all the world, made on the self-same plan;
The plan, by time and circumstance obscured,
Still bears resembling marks, through time endured.
Without control, love, pity, envy, hate,
Within th' untutored savage dissipate,
Within the nations duly ethicized.
They fabricate a glorious end devised.
All speak a common origin, and all
Respond, unequal, to the self-same call.
The cultured Louis' lust and pride and hate
Laid all their happy country desolate;
The dusky Indian-monarch's pity gave
A promised land beyond the western wave.
Thanks to Queen Anne's bounty opportune,
Full many could accept the proffered boon,
Glad, glad to seek beyond the ocean's foam,
Elsewhere denied, a country and a home.

Month after month tossed on th' Atlantic's breast,
Full many a weary exile found his rest.
At last, far down below the troubled waves
They sleep in peace in ocean's unknown caves,
And wait until the resurrection morn
Calls them to life, with Gabriel's wakening horn.
Then will they rise with joy to their reward.
They find more fitting rest than 'neath the sward,
The waves are emblems of their troubled lot,
Their rest below, of rest that endeth not.

(To Be Concluded)

DER NEI DAAG

Mer guckt oft rum zu sehne was
Aa do sei meecht far unser Gut;
Mer sehnt gaar viel un meent's waer recht,
Un frogt oft sich, was es do dut?

Es Aag nemmt ei en grosser Greis,
Un meent es waer nichs weiter draus,
As was es sehnt darch Luft un Duft,
Un frogt verleicht, "Was macht's aa aus?"

Weit un weiter heesst's immer noch,
Ken End iss do un naryets iss!
Gengscht mol ans Geh, wu kaemscht du hie?
Weit, weit vun do iss Finschternis!

Zum Aag scheint des doch wunnervoll—
Was helft doch des zu unser Lehr?
Far blind zu sei, waer dod ball gleich,
In so 'me Schtand, wu schteht die Ehr?

Meechscht du dann gaern viel weiter geh
Un dart allee im Dunkel schteh?
Der Weg as gehscht, geht net dart hie!
Guck in dei Haerz, dann sehnscht viel meh!

Gehscht aus mit dem, der's g'schaffe hot,
Schweischt mol mit ihm un er mit dir,
Dann bischt erschtaunt wie naegscht es iss—
Im Haerz findscht graad dezu die Dier!

Klopp yuscht dart aa un waart net lang—
Es gans Bild kummt glei far dei Aag;
Un immer klaarer waerd's alsdann,
Un glei brecht ei en neier Daag.

'S iss all im Haerz, as weit naus geht;
'S iss meh wie'n Draam un Phantasie;
Es glaawich Haerz wie'n Luftschiff fliegt—
Wann's aahalt, kummt's dann endlich hie.

Der Schepfer hot's graad so gemacht,
As wer sei iss, mit ihm geh kann;
Wie meh er glaabt, wie meh er sehnt;
Vun dart schteht uff der rechte Mann!

Wie's Bild sich weist im Haerze dief,
Waerd's net vum Aag graad so gemacht;
Es Haerz gebt G'schtalt un aa der Mut,
Doch's Licht allee molt ab die Pracht.

'S iss ebbes noch as helfe dut,
Mer sehnt's net dart, wie immer doch's
Am schaffe iss un losst net ab,
Bis 's Bild dart schteht so schee un hoch!

So baut mer dann vun Zeit zu Zeit,
Un all die Weil guckt mer aa zu,
Zu sehne wie es Bild sei soll,
Un aa was weiter noch zu duh!

Mer schtoppt net do, eb's faerdich iss,
Faahrscht weiter fart, halt des noch aus;
Du guckscht un duscht, wie'n Schaffmann sott,
Mit yedem Zuck, geht's weiter naus.

So kummt als dann en neier Daag,
Mit yedem Blick un weiterm Gang;
Ken Owed schteicht uff so'n Haerz ab,
'S iss immer Daag die gans Zeit lang.

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ.

My Father He Died, But I Can't Tell You How

Mei Daadi iss g'schtarwe—un gut soll er ruhge—
Vermacht mer sechs Geil, do kennt ich mit bluge.

Verkaaf ich die Geil, un kaaf mer en Kuh;
Viel Geld will ich mache, wie kumm ich dezu?

Verkaaf ich die Kuh, un kaaf mer en Kalb;
Viel Geld will ich mache, verlier aa noch halb!

Verkaaf ich des Kalb, un kaaf mer en Katz;
Die halt sich am Offe un geht net vum Blatz.

Verkaaf ich die Katz, un kaaf mer en Maus;
Grickt Feier am Schwanz, verbrennt mer noch's Haus.

Ach, hett ich mei Geil! Ach, hett ich mei Kuh!
Do waer aa doch wennigschtens ebbes dezu!

Mit Kalb un mit Katz, un sogaar mit re maus!
Do hawwich ken Geld un ich hab aa ken Haus.

—Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

Deaths of a Day

Wife of Founder Of Greenawalds Dies at 83

Mrs. Sarah F., nee Werley, Greenawald of Greenawalds died at her home yesterday in her 84th year.



MRS. AARON GREENAWALD

Her husband, Aaron M. Greenawald, justice of the peace for 55 years and treasurer of the Lehigh County Agricultural Extension Assn. since its organization in 1916, developed the suburb of Allentown now known as Greenawalds.

Mrs. Greenawald was a native of New Smithville, Weisenberg township, born Oct. 3, 1860. She was a daughter of the late Penrose J. and Dianna Leah, nee Gehringer, Werley.

On Christmas Day, 1881, Mr. and Mrs. Greenawald were married by Rev. Herman and Rev. Daniel Greenawald, the latter a brother of Mr. Greenawald. The couple moved to the section now identified as Greenawalds in 1882, and last Christmas they observed their 62nd wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenawald were members of Mickley's church for many years, but in 1918, with a group of friends, they helped to found Christ Reformed church at Greenawalds. Mrs. Greenawald was a charter member of the Sunday school, and active in the Women's Guild of the church.

Besides her husband, she is survived by five children: Llewellyn A., Northampton; Pirma H., wife of Morgan J. Knerr, Ruppsville; Jennie, wife of William H. Kuhns; Edwin J. and Margaret, wife of Carl Linde Jr., all of Greenawalds. Two brothers, Elmer Werley, New Smithville; Nevin P., Allentown; 30 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren also survive. She was preceded in death by a son, Charles, and a daughter, Elda.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at her late home with the Rev. Alfred S. Mertz officiating. Interment will be in Greenwood cemetery.

Henry Romich, Emmaus, Dies in His 89th Year

Henry L. Romich, former Emmaus councilman and school director, died Thursday night in the Allentown hospital. He was 88 years old.

Born at what is now the Hess Lehigh farm in Emmaus, he was the son of the late Reuben and Mary, nee Wieand, Romich. In 1879 he started the first milk route in Emmaus. He continued the milk route for 23 years.

He served two terms as an Emmaus councilman. For nine years he was a school director in Lower Macungie township. He served for 12 years as a school director in Emmaus. A director of the Allentown Fair, he acted as treasurer of the Lehigh Mutual Fire Insurance Co. in Allentown for several years. He was a member of the Reformed wing of the Western Salisbury church.

Surviving are his wife, Sallie E., nee Stoneback, Romich, and a sister, Mrs. M. C. A. Keck of Emmaus.

Funeral services will be held at his late home, 173 Main St., Emmaus, on Monday at 1:30 p. m. Entombment will be made at the convenience of the family in Greenwood cemetery, Allentown.

MRS. FLORA E. ANTHONY

Mrs. Flora E., nee Roth, Anthony widow of Harvey H. Anthony, died at 11:40 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital in her 72nd year. She had been ill for a year and was admitted to the hospital on Monday.

She was born and lived in Allentown all her life. She resided with her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Michel, at 120 N. Penn St.

Besides Mrs. Michel, other survivors are: two sons, Oliver Anthony and Ralph Anthony of Allentown; four sisters: Mrs. Katie Smith, West Catasauqua; Mrs. Sadie Derr, Mrs. Agnes Petri and Mrs. Mabel Phillips, all of Allentown; four brothers: Clinton Roth, Martin Roth, Edward Roth and Dewey Roth, all of Allentown; seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., on Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the Rittersville cemetery.

CHARLES PAVEY

Charles Pavey of 29 N. 12th St., died at 1:10 p. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital, where he had been a patient since March 20.

He was affiliated with the Equitable Life Assurance society in this city for 47 years. He was a brother of the late Mrs. Ambrose F. Peters. His parents were the late Rev. Charles and Helena, nee Miller, Pavey of Dublin, Bucks county, where he was born. He was a member of the Clover club.

Surviving are nieces and nephews.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Mackrel G'shpichta

Der shtorkipper Harry Young fon Laurys shure is 'n mon os fish gleich'd. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, 's mocht nix ous ebs frisha fish sin odder ei g'solsna fish.—yusht so long os es fish sin is er tzu fritta. Doh ow'r shun fer weil wor ols aeland im haichda grawd won er hunger kot hut fer fish un hut kenna griega kenna. Dadarrich is es noh leicht tzu denka os er doh net long tzurick g'fiel'd het fer donsa fer glora fraida, wie er 'n futtzae pund aimer mackrel grick'd hut fer ferkaufa im shtore. Der price wor abissel hoch, ow'r sel hut 'm Harry ol nix ous gamocht, er hut mohl grawd so in da nochbershoft fon finf pund mackrel ous 'm kessel g'fonga, un sie niver in die kich ganumma, un seinra Mary g'sawt sie sot fish mocha fer middawg.

Die Mary nadierlich hut gamaint finf pund mackrel wear 'n ordlicher haufa, ow'r der Harry hut g'sawt sie sot net fergessa os sie tzu fiert on der dish gangda, sie un er, die Emma un der Billy, un won die onnerra halver 'n hunger hetta fer fish os wie er het, don kaimta sellie net uf die tzinpon. Die Mary hut noh ei gewwa os sel ferleicht tzimlich nagsahd recht sei maich'd, un gore ken tzeit ferlora fer die mackrel iwwer duh. Wie die fish uf 'm offa in da pon worra, hut die Mary 'm Harry noh g'sawt sie het noch awenich wesh drous uf tzu hanka, er sot in da kich bei da fish bleiva, so os sie yoh net aw brenna dada.

Die Mary is noh nous in der hofe ihra g'shefta noh, un der Harry hut sich drin in da kich uf 'n shuckle shtuhl k'huck'd der Morning Call laisa. Eb er ow'r recht shtarta hut kot laisa, sin 'm die auga deckle shwear werra, uns nagshd os wor hut er k'huck'd shlofa, ochtsich mile die shtun bis die mackrel ol in die ginnie nei ferbrent worra. Aenicha waig, die Mary hut drous im hofe garocha os aryads ebbes aw brent ow'r ihra hartz hut net draw gadenk'd os es die mackrel weara wos sie yusht iwwer kot hut. Ow'r wie sie tzu da kicha dier nei kumma is hut sie wol glei garocha woh der haas im peffer huck'd, un hut 'n gore hefticher grish ous fer der Harry wecka.

Die barichda sin, er wear gore mechdich gapump'd, un het mohl rum g'shnuff'ld shier wie won er aw maina dade 's wear ebbes aryas net gons richdich. Un grawd so arrick os er g'shnuff'ld het, so arrick het er noh gucka missa un sich ols ershtoun'd, "Ei, Ei, Ei, Mary, unser guta mackrel sin yoh now ol tzu esh ferbrent, ow'r sawg nix, m'r wolla net howwa os der Pap un die Ludy 's ous finna."

Aenicha waig, der Harry is noh navich sei fish middawg kumma, un wert wol noch sich ferlossa missa uf der "Arnie" Troxell un der Ramie Sparks darta fom shteddle, un woh fon da beshda fisher sei solla uf weit un braid. Sie gain fiel nuf noch 'm Rockdale dom, un woh der Harry now uf hoffning laibt os sie 'm mohl ains fon da dawga 'n gutie mess fish tzurick bringa, so os er sei fish lushda beesa kon. Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Harry die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter, so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Wils Aw Net Hous Howwa

Doh shwetza fon da Laurys gagend gamohnt uns on noch so'n glainie gshicht os doh kartzlich darta beim Harry Young im shtore g'shaina is, wie die Florence Peters un ihra dochter Thelma Meckes kumma worra laves middle kaufa. Wie die Florence fartich wor kaufa un huts bocka buch uf gamocht fer ihra bill batzawla, glawwas odder net, ow'r ferhoftich sei won net 'n fladdermous rous g'floga is. Die barichda sin, die Florence hets gahairich k'hoss'd, un sich gawair'd uf die nin'd hound os sel 's airsht mohl gawest wear os sie ihra bocka buch uf kot het tzitter ledshd Fiert July.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der "Cocky" Ziegenfuss fon Bedlahame, woh on da Bedlahame Shtawl Kumpany shoft, wase all'm noh aw won ers ledshd mohl gabroil'd hut wie fiel gelt os er shun gamocht het gase milich ferkaufa omma halva dahiler die g'wart.

Der "Cocky" hut ols Batschlors hall k'halta, hut net mohl evens 'n gase uf 'm blotz kotta—ebbes os er now nimmy sawga kon.

Wos hen tzwae fom "Cocky" seina shoff kummerrawda gaduh—der yard fohrmaishder Jimmy Hassen fom uffna firebiotz nummer tzwae, un 'm Jimmy sei noteglaich der Jim Lawrence, os wie sie sin da onner dawg nunner noch Coopersbarrick noch ra gase bauerrei, un hen 'm "Cocky" 'n gase kauft.

Der Jimmy un der Jim hen aw net yusht der gase kauft, ow'r so gore, 'n hailinger hame tzum "Cocky" in der parlor gaduh, un woh er der gase g'funna hut wie er hame kumma is fon da arwet.

Die barichda sin, der "Cocky" wear now om gucka fer hilf—het garn ebber fer 'm der gase hava bis er 'n ola gamolka het.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Horoscope

If this is your natal day, you have musical talent which should be developed. You are positive in your opinions, but when thoroughly convinced, you yield with good grace. You have a clear and alert mind and keen foresight. You are capable of a deep and sacrificing love. In the next 12 months and you should utilize fully the undoubted energies prevailing which presages success. Go ahead, but watch expenditures, especially on friends and pleasure. Born today a child will go far, being determined, ambitious, industrious, far-seeing, capable, clever and generally fortunate.

25 Years Ago Today

A TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1919

Officer McFadden rescued a man on William St. after his wife had administered two black eyes. At police headquarters the man complained these beatings had continued regularly for three years and that he was "getting tired of it."

The Labor Council, through its president, Clarence J. Mosser, urged the city to take prompt action for a sanitary sewage system and a municipal light plant as a means of putting many of the city's unemployed to work.

Kiwanians heard their international secretary, O. S. Cummings ur

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Men, steered by popular applause, tho they may bear the name of governors, are in reality the mere underlings of the multitude. The man who is completely wise and virtuous has no need at all of glory, except so far as it disposes and eases his way of action by the greater trust that it procures him.—Plutarch.

A BIG JOB WELL DONE BY KNOX

Secretary Frank Knox is dead at his home in Washington at the age of 70 and while he has passed away in a period of war it can be said that his job virtually was completed and that it was a task well performed.

Almost four years ago President Roosevelt summoned the famous Chicago publisher and former candidate for the vice presidency to assume the job of building a greater navy in anticipation of participation sooner or later in the war that already had overwhelmed Poland, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Denmark and France. President Roosevelt foresaw that the United States could not escape being drawn into the maelstrom of war. To the end that there might be an united nation to fight that war Mr. Roosevelt surprised the country by naming Colonel Knox and Henry Stimson to the posts of Secretary of Navy and War respectively altho both men were outstanding members of the political party opposed to Mr. Roosevelt.

It can be said that Knox went about his job with the fullest enthusiasm and in complete harmony with his chief. He had gone far within the next year and a half. Then came Pearl Harbor.

Only after a year did we learn much about the effect of that blow. Not until almost two years did we get the complete story. And then came the year 1942 with its numerous sea battles in the Southwest Pacific and heavy American losses. Not until a few weeks ago did the people of this country learn at how low ebb were the strength and the fortunes of the American Navy up to the early part of the year 1943.

As the Secretary of the Navy, the fortunes of Colonel Frank Knox likewise were low in those dark and bitter days. But it cannot be said that at any time did he betray himself. He was an incurable optimist. The American Navy to him was the greatest fighting force on earth no matter what its losses. Of that he was confident.

All the while the American Navy was being tremendously enlarged. All the while much of the damage that had been done by Jap treachery and had been sustained in battle was being repaired. Frank Knox was carrying on an enormous job. Today that job virtually has been completed. The American Navy is so large and so strong that we feel certain it can meet and destroy any and all enemies. There are in course of construction so many ships that this is doubly assured. For the handling of these ships upwards of two million men have been trained.

Most of the job that is Washington's and had been in large measure the job of Frank Knox in one of the keenest national crises has been completed. The men of the United States Navy are ready to complete the job with the tools which have been put in their hands so largely thru the excellent leadership of Colonel Frank Knox.

INVASION THIS WEEKEND?

Just about everywhere in this country, in spite of any and all advice against the practice, speculation is rife as to the time and place of the European invasion. Likewise it appears to be a favorite occupation even in Europe where they would appear to have their hands full of more immediately pressing and certain facts.

Like their counterparts in the United States these guessers for the most part are agreed in expectation that the invasion will occur within the next two or three weeks. But what shall we think of the temerity of the Spanish newspaperman who not only fixes a day but the very hour and minute of the invasion? This newspaperman has gone back over the records of British commando raids on the French coast during the year 1942. He finds that five landing attempts took place that year at the time when high tide coincided with sunrise. Reasoning from this he feels sure that the invasion is going to begin this very morning at 4:41 or tomorrow (Sunday) morning at 4:39. If the Allies do not employ this favorable opportunity this weekend, then he is sure the invasion is off until the latter part of the last week in May.

BRIGHT DAYS AHEAD FOR CEMENT

Just as it was bad news late last year that Coplay Cement Co. had shut down its plant for the manufacture of cement, so it is good news that comes from David J. Uhle, vice president and general manager, to the effect that manufacturing operations are to be resumed on Monday.

Last autumn it was difficult to explain that the cement manufacturing business in general was in difficulties because of the war. Government demand for cement had decreased to almost nothing because the great war construction projects had been completed. Civilian demand could not develop because private enterprise was hampered in its efforts to buy steel and almost anything required for building construction.

So it is a portent of better conditions in general when this large and oldest cement manufacturing concern announces that it is going to start its wheels moving again. Enough business lies ahead to make the prospect assuring, even tho the war is not ended. And after the war the prospects for the cement industry are as bright as those for any American industry.

JAPS REFUSE TO BE PROVOKED

The Japs, it is said, do not like to be laughed at and inasmuch as they are where they are as the result of their own acts and wishes and our guffaws cannot well reach their ears, we can have frequent good laughs at their expense but without hurting their delicate feelings.

The latest good laugh is prompted by the explanations of the Japanese radio to its people for the lack of engagements between the Jap and American fleets. This explanation is that "the Japanese Navy refuses to be provoked."

"So sorry," say the Japs when the American Navy sallies thousands of miles to meet them, "but we refuse to be provoked into action." They will observe their good manners even if they choke on them.

He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day. That day may be postponed by the Japs. It cannot be prevented absolutely for some day the Japs must stand and fight or run and be sunk. The result in either case will be the same and the Japs who now refuse to be provoked must know it. They are merely trying to save face as long as possible.

Colossal Blunder

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 28.—If seizure of Montgomery Ward is lawful, then President Roosevelt has the right to seize every newspaper and magazine and every other business which refuses to grant "maintenance of membership" clauses in contracts with labor unions.

The President has made a colossal blunder. It will not only injure him politically but it will bring about the amendment of the price control law and the wage and salary stabilization act so that the powers hitherto exercised will be sharply curtailed.

The episode is most regrettable from the standpoint of the administration because the Attorney General's opinion is worded so as to endeavor to establish the supreme right of the President to act as dictator.

What the Attorney General has said will astound the Nation. It means that there is no constitutional protection any more—the President can do as he pleases. There is no reason now why he cannot order anybody to do as the administration directs and use the flimsy pretext that the "war powers" he holds gives the authority to back him up.

Uses Fiction of War Powers

Mr. Biddle's opinion uses the fiction that the Commander-in-Chief possesses some peculiar war powers. Under the Constitution, he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and has no authority over civilians unless martial law is declared. Civil rights have not been suspended, yet Mr. Biddle claims that the statutes do invest the Commander-in-Chief with powers to seize plants. He makes the point that Congress under the Smith-Connally law authorized seizures of war plants and then goes on to try to prove that Wards is a part of the war effort. If Congress had intended any such meaning, it would have said so. It could easily have said "any and all plants directly or indirectly related to the war effort." But it used no such broad language.

Mr. Biddle, evidently fearing that the courts might construe the Smith-Connally law not to apply to Wards then said it wasn't necessary to invoke just that statute because all the laws relating to war powers gave the President the needed authority. No precedents were cited and no detailed explanation to the Nation was made—it's simply the arbitrary claim of the Attorney General that the law is what he says it is. Opinions from an Attorney General who declines to justify the action taken by citing the basis in law for his action are valueless.

Rights Seem to Have Vanished

If the Attorney General is right—namely, that the President in time of war can exercise any authority he wishes, can confiscate property and use force to eject from his own office the head of a company who asks to be shown the legal authority for such acts—then constitutional rights in America can be said to have vanished.

All over the country and throughout the world the news sooner or later will be transmitted that, in order to help a labor union get a maintenance-of-membership clause, the Roosevelt administration was willing to use troops and take away civil rights under the Constitution.

Members of Congress for the most part stand aghast at the action. They have seen their own acts again and again misinterpreted in regulations and government orders but not until the Ward case was the full effect brought home to them.

The Constitution says something about seizures. It is in the fourth article of the Bill of Rights, which says:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated."

The newspapers show pictures of Sewell Avery, chairman of Wards, being forcibly ejected because he asked the Attorney General and the troops for their authority to remove him.

The whole country can understand the issue—and it will be heard from in the election campaign. The administration has made a mistake that may be reflected in protest votes not only from the Middle West but from other parts of the country next autumn. For it will be asked, "what is the use of winning a war against totalitarianism abroad and succumbing to totalitarianism at home?" And it will be a hard question to answer.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

VIVA SALVEMINI!

It took a European scholar to tell the Hollywood Writers' congress to "keep their money and go to Hell!" Lecturers, before all sorts of organizations, ought to print neat little cards with the legend, "Keep Your Money and Go to Hell!" My own method is slightly different. When an organization asks me what I am going to talk about, I answer that the members will learn when they listen to my speech and if they don't like it, they can boo.

Dr. Gaetano Salvemini was invited to address the Hollywood Writers' congress, but they wanted to be certain that he would not say anything that spoiled their particular propaganda. They wanted his to be like theirs. They would like the Harvard professor, who is an Italian pundit, to grace their program but only on condition that he would not speak according to his knowledge and his conscience. They wanted unity even at the cost of suppressing freedom; they wanted words but not dangerous thoughts. They hate the Japanese but copy their suppression of the free mind. The professor told them to go to Hell! Viva Salvemini!

* * * *

He said: "Roosevelt and Hull know less about Europe than I know about Kentucky." I have no idea how much the professor knows about Kentucky but I should imagine it is little more than a name to him. But I am sure that what he means is that people in Italy wonder why food and medical supplies are not pouring into conquered Italy in a plethora of profusion. (If that phrase is redundant, it is still what was expected.) And also, the professor undoubtedly means that Europeans wonder why we bomb their ancient and beautiful cities.

Of course, our answer is that that is how we expect to win this war. But Europeans still wonder what will be left of their continent after we win this war. They are growing very much concerned, I am told by Europeans, that everything will be blown to bits everywhere west of Russia. It is something to think about—if you are a European. Maybe some of our own internationalists who want to save the world might also give it a thought.

And they might give a thought to the curiosities of our own policy. The logical-minded Europeans are trying to discover and chart that policy. For instance, we develop Giraud but Stalin is for De Gaulle. So De Gaulle has it. We are for Mikhailovitch; but Stalin is for Tito. So Tito has it. We are for the King and Badoglio but we don't dare quite stand by them. Stalin stands by them and they are in. There is supposed to be an Anglo-American set-up but at Teheran it becomes a Russo-American set-up and the British are huffing and puffing and don't know what to say. It's like that all around and the Europeans wonder what we are heading into. We are also wondering because twice in two wars we have paid the costs of a European war and we have bailed out what is called civilization only to be misunderstood even by those whom we helped.

* * * *

These Europeans just cannot make out what we are doing and why. Neither can we. On the whole, Americans only want to win the war because we are in it and it has been expensive and we hope to lick it. What Europe does to itself afterwards is something that most Americans do not take too seriously. They, the Europeans, have been doing it so long there, in about the same way. Lots of long articles and speeches are written about it, but most Americans want to beat the enemy and bring the boys home. Next Christmas would be as good a date as any for family reunions. To Europeans, it seems as though we go to war for the sport of it. Otherwise, it makes no sense to them.

May be Professor Salvemini wanted to tell those Hollywood writers that to him it all makes no sense and maybe he wanted to say what, in his opinion, would make sense, but he only got as far as "Go to Hell!"

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THE GERMAN EXILES

By ELLWOOD L. KEMP

(Conclusion)

Ravaged from without and persecuted from within the Palatines leave the loved land of their fathers. Kind Holland opened wide her doors to them and Queen Anne received them graciously. For months they tossed on the wild Atlantic and many found peace beneath its waves. The surviving pilgrims journey up the Hudson to Schoharie, only to be further exploited and maltreated. In the last installment of the poem we follow them down the Susquehanna until "sweet Swatara's wooded banks they see." Here in Pennsylvania, through diligence, thrift and the fear of God, they and their children find peace and happiness. A Paradie expands!—ED.

Arrived, the weary pilgrims find,
Alas! no welcome greeting, warm and kind,
No sympathy for all their loss and wrong,
For they are children of a foreign tongue.
Repelled by all who should have been their friends,
Despair with hope within their breasts contends.
Heart-worn they kneel upon that stranger shore,
And shed more bitter tears than e'er before.
Their cup of tribulation overflows,
And disappointment deepens all their woes.
O, who could wisn to tell the cruel tale?
The heart would faint, the ruddy cheek grow pale.
And is the creature man, whom God called good,
Graded thus! lacks he all gratitude!
Repelled and driven to the forests wild,
Their abject poverty and tears reviled;
Schoharie's forest children proved more kind,
More faithful to the bonds that bind
Mankind in sympathy, they opened wide
Their hearts, and refuge by their kin denied
Was freely given. The exiles they received.
And wants, from their own scanty store, relieved
They taught the starving wand'rers seek for food
Amid the fields' and forests' plenitude.
The strangers battled well with want and woe,
And soon their settlements began to grow.
Amid the forests fruitful gardens smiled,
And hope and joys their hearts again beguiled.

But envy cruelly allowed them not
Enjoyment of that lovely, toil-worn spot.
Again submissive to God's mighty hand.
They sought with heavy hearts a better land.
The good results of Indian charities
Were sacrificed to heartless avarice.
Embarked, at last, on rude-constructed rafts,
The Susquehann's current slowly wafts
Them on through lovely regions, which invite
The toil of husbandmen. The pleasing sight
Soon dries their weeping eyes. Fair Nature's smiles
Reveal to them the love of God. The wiles
And cruelty of men are soon forgot,
As now the prospect fairer grows. Their lot,
Their fount of faith and praise, a treasure vast,
Has not embittered. Far away extend
Luxuriant forests, rich and flowery meads,
On which the untamed herd, unnumbered, feeds.
The quiet air refreshing vigor holds,
Sweet views of plenteous peace the scene unfolds,
And wakens tender longings in their hearts.
The stately deer, astonished, scarcely starts
At the unwonted sight, as slowly sweeps
The varied company past where he keeps
His careful vigils o'er his progeny.
When sweet Swatara's wooded banks they see,
Their hearts rejoice. The scene extended wide—
A paradise, it seems—bids them abide.
Delighted now they upward bend their course,
Scarce hindered by the limpid current's force.
They gaze enraptured on the lovely scene.
The earth is clothed in vegetation green,
More beautiful than ere their eyes beheld.
And soon by hymns of praise are breezes swelled
With heartfelt strains. Then, kneeling in the shade
Of stately trees in gorgeous robes arrayed,
They poured their hearts in gratitude to God.
And, ranged in groups upon the moss-grown sod,
Their minds reverted to the past, and through
Its varied scenes they pass in sad review:
Converse about those still in Germany
And Holland, and of those beneath the sea,
At rest, and of the future, still concealed,
And of the paradise to them revealed.
They take new courage from the beauty spread
Around them, and the life, and lose their dread
Of life's vicissitudes. Great Weiser, thou
Wast there, and though around thy noble brow
Fame has entwined no wreath of glory bright,
Yet thou art not the least 'mongst those we write
As greatest in our country's history!
In thee true softness blends harmoniously
With manly courage; wisdom sweetly meets
Simplicity, and treachery retreats
Before thy stern integrity. True friend
Of right, thou wast e'er ready to defend
The trusting Red Man 'gainst the cunning art
Of avarice. Thy honor takes its heart
From Christian virtue. Grateful thanks to thee,
The Red and White in glad fraternity
Were joined, the country saved from scenes of blood.
Brave warrior, faithful friend! thy mem'ries flood
The hearts of many with a grateful love.

The exiles felt the Mighty Eye above
Had led them there, although unseen, and there
They made their home. Their kindred, scattered where
The hand of fate or chance had led, in time
All gathered here; and soon their hymns sublime
Were heard from rolling Delaware to where
The Alleghenies cleave the liquid air,
And Poverty and Prejudice in vain
Against the weary pilgrims long maintain
A bitter strife. There yet are tasks undone
And tears unshed; their refuge must be won.
The love that could not rob the native lords,
But purchased with **extravagant** rewards
The sylvan land of Penn, with all its glow,
Possesses not yet so broad and deep a flow
That it could overleap the lofty bounds
Of blinding prejudice, that oft confounds
The plans of good philanthropists. The lands
Could not be sold to needy German bands;
But frugal thrift and honesty, combined,
Won all denied by fellow-men unkind.
Surrounded by that living bulwark strong,
In calm orations, elegant and long,
The Quaker could preach peace, and never dread
The Indian war-whoop in his peaceful bed.
But yet, poor people, they were ignorant,
Because not masters— 'twas unlucky, grant—
Of good old English. Yet, though wise o'ermuch,
Good English people, you could not speak Dutch!
As for petitions in the Latin tongue,
They were, in sooth, so very strange and long
That all your wisdom could not comprehend,
Such heathenish lore you never could befriend.

The land was theirs, reserved by Providence,
And won in spite of scorn and violence.
An unseen hand, through darkness, toil, and woe,
Had led them where its verdant beauties glow,
A land of promise far more rich and fair
ThenPalestine, enwreathed with balmy air.
Acknowledging the goodness of the Lord,
They used their Bibles as their shield and sword.
In gratitude they prayed and tilled the soil,
Proud to be called the sons of honest toil.
The forests fell before their sturdy stroke.
And light upon the wildness sweetly broke.
Forgetting not the lessons they had learned,
They prized the freedom which their hearts had yearned;
No shackles e'er they placed on fellow-men,
And lovely Tolerance was triumphant then.
Unharmed, the witches plied their wicked arts,
Fanaticism ne'er inflamed their hearts.
Mild Quakers were allowed to speak and sing,
In freedom, of th' eternal Lord and King;
Not robbed of their good implements of speech,
Because, foresooth, they did not like to preach.
Prosperity has blessed their faith and toil,
In peace their sons still occupy the soil.
Their trials have subdued their fathers' mirth,
For sorrow gave their spirits newer birth.
Still noted for their patient industry,
Still faithful to their God and Liberty,
Columbia has no truer sons in all
Her wide domain. Obedient to the call,
They followed Washington, and at his side
Withstood the fiery battle's rolling tide,
Enduring cold and hunger in defense
Of liberty. Throughout that long suspense
Of Revolutionary strife, they gave
Their treasure freely, adding counsel grave.
Monmouth and Trenton saw their glories shine,
Still glow at Yorktown and at Brandywine
Their deeds of valor. And at Valley Forge
Their prayers joined those of royal, sainted George.
The preacher-soldier's fame has oft been sung,
And long and loud are glowing praises rung
Of gifted Muhlenberg.

When war's alarm
Again its terrors spread o'er town and farm,
And, fiercely menacing the nation's life,
Arose that dreadful fratricidal strife,
The first to gather round the Stars of Light,
And keep our banner's radiant streamings bright,
Were sons of fathers from the German Rhine.
Their willing numbers swelled the growing line.
In town and city, mountain, plain, and glen
Were heard the heavy tread of marching men.
The gray-haired sire and slender, ardent youth
Marched in that army strong for Right and Truth.
Their bones are bleaching by Potomac's tide,
Along bold Lookout's rocky, storm-swept side,
In lonely nooks within the Wilderness,
And where the Shenandoah's wavelets press;
Where Chickamauga saw fierce legions hurled,
And thundering Gettysburg convulsed the world;
On the Peninsula, blood-drenched, and where
The Kenesaw uplifts its summit bare.
'Mid clashing hosts they fought and bled like men,
And died like heroes in the prison pen.
Forever loyal they increase our might,
Their speech is strange, but their hearts are right.

No land in this wide world with theirs compares;
The blood that flowed through Goethe's veins is theirs;
A slow transition to another tongue
Entails its incompleteness and its wrong;
But fully once accomplished, then, at length,
Their German nature will assert its strength,
Its majesty, all glorified by thought
More free and wider scope than ere this wrought
Its prodigies. 'Tis destined by God's hand
To strongly mold the future of our land.
Both song and painting yet will grandly rise,
Revealing mysteries to gladdened eyes.
Philosophy will wider, higher soar
Than e'er its boldest flights attained before;
And, guided by a purer, brighter light,
Dispel the darkness from imperfect sight.
Now sweetly dawns a greater, fairer day,
A Nevin and Rothermel have paved the way,
And Harbaugh—rev'rently I speak the name,
Pathetic sweetness thy rich music came.
It taught us all the wealth of German hearts,
Their rich affections free from shallow arts,
Their fond attachments formed for hearth and home,
And glorious hope where angels ever roam.
The strings are torn, the harp is laid away,
The moss and ivy cover its decay;
But echoes sweetly linger round us still,
And still its simple strains our heart-strings thrill.

DER PENNSYLVANIA DEITSCHER

O wer wollt net en Deitscher sei,
En Pennsylvanier meen ich awwer,
En Deitscher brav, un en Deitscher frei,
Doo sei es Schtaedtler odder Bawwer?

In Schtadt un Land, dorch Berg un Dhal,
Ringt aus sei luschtiger "gute Morge;"
Un heert m'r dess noch, schteht es gut,
M'r lacht, un denkt gar net an Sorge.

Sei Land is gut, sei Land is schee,
Viel Kricke hot's, un ah viel Rewwer;
Der Himmel glar, die Luft is rein,
Gewiss, doo gebt's kee schwache Lewwer.

Sei Vieh is fett, die Sei sin ah,
Sei Geil sin schtark un kenne ziege,
Un gut behandelt sin sie all,
Sunscht wo sin kenne so zu griege.

Un Oh die Maed! wie's domit schteht!
Die ganse Welt hot net ihr gleiche,
So dick un g'sund, so kreislich nett.
Die Backe rot bei Arme un bei Reiche.

Dann lacht juscht fort, ihr englisch Volk,
Ihr meecht eier dumme Schpuchte dreiwwe,
Gebt uns juscht Schpeck un Graut genunk,
Dann wolle m'r luschtig Deitsche bleiwe.

—ELLWOOD L. KEMP.

M'r Gackst Besser Net Bis Es Oi Is Gelegt

Alsemol in der Welt gukt em alles gans glar,
Unser Glick schmeist ihr' Schtrahle ins Lewe uns vor,
Un m'r legt grosse Plane mit Hoffning bewegt,
Doch m'r gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

Sehnt en Mann sich zu mache en grosses Schtick Gelt,
Un er rechelt sich 's aus als fer ihn waer's beschtellt,
Un gans froh is er nau als waer's Hols schun gesegt,
Doch er gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

En Schtudent sehnt sich schund an der Hed fun der Klaess,
Un er laaft schun dorum mit erbarmlich viel Saess
Als wann er het schun der gross Ziel ahgeregt,
Doch er gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

Hot en junger Mann en schee Maedel im Arm,
Un ihr' Vatter is reich, un ihr Lieb is so warm;
Er fiehlt sich's schun sei, un mit Schtols is bewegt,
Doch er gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

Fer gans oft fallt es Oi noch so gross newich's Nescht,
Un es werd gans versmaescht, un verleicht is es bescht,
Un so sagt zu uns een'ger der Verschtand in sich fraegt,
Das m'r gackst besser net bis es Oi is gelegt.

—ELLWOOD L. KEMP.

The above two dialect poems are found at the end of Ellwood L. Kemp's little book "An Idyl of the War—The German Exiles and other Poems" (Philadelphia, John E. Potter & Co. 1883) to which we introduced our readers recently, and from which we have reprinted the epical poem THE GERMAN EXILES, concluded in this issue of the ECK. These two poems deserve to be reprinted here, not only because they have escaped all previous anthologists and historians of our Pennsylvania German literature, but also because they were written in a period which preceded that of the larger output of our dialect verse. It is interesting to observe that the poet, who was at the time of the publication of this book Professor of Ancient Languages in Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown, Pa., saw fit to adhere to the phonetics of the German language in writing the dialect.—ED.

VUM TSCHAA-E

Er tschaat un tschaat der ganse Daag
In Haus un uff der Schtross;
Un wann er in der Karch aa hockt
So tschaat er frisch druff los.

Ich weess net was er tschaat—duscht du?
Ob's Duwack odder Gum.
Sei Fraa dutt schelte immerfart,
Er awwer gebt nix drum.

Er tschaat wann er am schaffe iss,
Er tschaat wann in der Ruh;
Er schteht un tschaat, er sitzt un tschaat,
Yuscht wie en alte Kuh.

Deel denke, dass er tschaat weil sei
Verschtand iss in de Zaeh;
Dann dass der Mensch net denke dutt,
Des kann en yeder seh.

Sell glaab ich net, weil er schunn lang
Sei eegne hot verlore;
Er hot verhaftich—denk mol draa!
Zwee Sets schunn ausgewore!

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELLA SINEX

Mrs. Ella Sinex, 57, of Mauch Chunk, died yesterday afternoon in the Allentown hospital.

She was a native of Bloomingdale and was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sibbach. She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Mauch Chunk.

She is survived by a daughter, Marian, wife of Private Charles Hascher, Camp Swift, Tex.; a sister, Mrs. George Haak and a brother, William Sibbach, of Mauch Chunk.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Bertha Melber funeral home, Harold W. J. Earley supervisor, 424 Center St., Mauch Chunk. Rev. A. C. Planz, pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, will officiate. Interment in the Mauch Chunk cemetery.

MILTON L. FRITCH

Milton L. Fritch, 59, brother of Mrs. Carrie Killian of this city, died at the home of his son, Warren Fritch, 562 Douglas St., Reading, yesterday morning. He was confined for the past five weeks with complications developing to cause his death.

He was born in Mertztown, the son of Mathias and Mary (nee Geist) Fritch and lived in that vicinity for many years. He was employed by the Boyertown foundry. He was a devout member of the Long Swamp church and was active in the Gilbertsville Fire Co.

Surviving are one son, Warren, Reading, two stepchildren, Mrs. Sadie Moore and Mrs. Esta Hoffman, Reading; five grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Carrie Killian, Allentown, and Mrs. Susan Kerchner, Topton, and three brothers, William and Allen, Alburtis, and Irvin Mertztown R. 1.

Funeral services will be held Monday afternoon at 3 p. m. from the DeLong funeral home, Topton, with Rev. William H. Kline officiating. Interment will follow in the Long Swamp church cemetery.

ANTHONY SMITH

Anthony Smith, 88, 1302 Delaware Ave., Fountain Hill, husband of the late Emma Smith, retired blacksmith and structural iron worker died at 6:45 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital.

Born in Bound Brook, N. J., a son of Francis and Marie Smith, he had been in the employ of the Bethlehem Steel Co. for 30 years.

Later he entered the structural iron business field and erected many of the fences in the Bethlehem area. His last place of employment was with the Allentown-Bethlehem Gas Co. He retired in 1928.

A sister, Mrs. Lottie Williamson, New Brunswick, N. J., and several nephews and nieces survive.

Rev. Edwin H. Frey, pastor of First Baptist church, W. Broad St., will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the Miller home, 529 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem, where friends may call Monday evening. Interment, Memorial Park.

THOMAS M. HAAS

Thomas M. Haas, of 2339 N. 18th St., Philadelphia, a former resident of Allentown, died at 6 o'clock last night in the Women's Homeopathic hospital in Philadelphia, in his 81st year.

He was preceded in death by one son, Monroe Haas, well known Allentown restaurant man.

Mr. Haas for many years was a shipping clerk at the Dent Hardware Co. in Fullerton and upon his retirement moved from Allentown to Philadelphia.

He is survived by his wife, Bertha, nee Oswald, Haas and three children, Clara, wife of William Kane, New York; Marie Haas, Philadelphia, and Florence, wife of Earl Roth, Allentown. Also surviving are seven grandchildren and one great grandchild.

Mr. Haas was a member of the Reformed faith. Funeral arrangements are to be made today.

MICHAEL MORGANELLO

Michael Morganello, 1219 Russell Ave., Fountain Hill, died at 10:20 p.m. Thursday, at the late home, following a month's illness.

A native of Allentown, he attended the public schools of Fountain Hill and was a member of Holy Rosary church, Bethlehem.

Employed in No. 4 machine shop of the Bethlehem Steel Co. he was one of the air raid wardens of Fountain Hill.

Survivors are his wife, Theresa Delgrosso Morganello; two daughters, Joanne and Patricia, at home; his father, Angelo Morganello, Fountain Hill; three sisters, Carmen and Diane, Fountain Hill, and Mrs. Joseph Conte, Rochester, N. Y., and a brother, Pat, U. S. Marine Corps.

The funeral will be held Monday. Solemn requiem mass will be celebrated at 9:30 a. m. in Holy Rosary church, followed by burial in the family plot in Holy Saviour cemetery.

CHARLES L. SCHEETZ

Charles L. Scheetz, 51, 737 Laufer Ave., Bethlehem, died Thursday in St. Luke's hospital, where he had been a patient for the past week. He had been ill for two months and until that time was employed in the Bethlehem Public Library.

He was born March 13, 1893, in Coopersburg. Survivors are his wife, Mary Frickert Scheetz; two daughters, Mrs. Beatrice Lawrence and Mrs. Mrs. Clinton Larrimer, Allentown, and Mrs. Clarence Kresge, Bethlehem, a son, Corporal Henry Scheetz of the U. S. Army, stationed in Hawaii, and a grandson.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the Paul J. Zimmerman home, 153 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, where friends may call 7 to 9 p. m. Monday. Interment, Hellertown Union cemetery.

SAMUEL KANN

Samuel Kann, a former resident of Reading who had been a merchant tailor in New York City, died at 6 o'clock yesterday morning at his home, 82 W. 150th St., New York, aged 75 years.

He is survived by his wife, Anna, nee Kemp, Kann, a native of Kutztown, as well as two children, Mrs. Addie Perry and George Kann, both of New York City. Also surviving is one grandchild.

The funeral will be held at 2 p.m. Monday with brief services in the chapel at Fairview cemetery, Kutztown and interment in the cemetery, Rev. Paul E. Schmoyer, pastor of St. Paul's Reformed church, Kutztown, will officiate.

One-minute Test

1. Where is the Great Stone Face," and who wrote a well-known story about it?
2. What were the names of Moses' brother and sister?
3. What State east of the Mississippi has the greatest area?

Hints on Etiquette

Don't take advantage of your employer and give just as little service and deference as possible just because you know he is "up against it" because of the manpower shortage. Work faithfully and be courteous for the sake of your own character if not to retain the job.

Words of Wisdom

Good-breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.—Chesterfield.

One-minute Test Answers

1. The White mountains (Profile, N. H.). Nathaniel Hawthorne.
2. Aaron and Miriam.
3. Georgia.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Ebbes Neias

Yar bei golly wons net yusht New Tripolier nembt fer neia socha ous kunsiderra. Doh huts 'n lot leit os sich bargraima hen wolla weil die wecker uhra so rohr un hard tzu griega weara, ow'r socha wie sel bodderra 'm Allen Handwerk dart fom shteddle sei fraw Helen ken pieces—bardich net won ihra shweshter Verna Kistler rum is fer der band'l tziega.

Die Helen fer die wohret tzu sawga wor doh weil tzurick in ra gahairicha fix wie sie free moryets uf shtae hut wolla, un hen ken wecker uhr kot fer sie wecka. Wos noch mainer is, die Helen un ihra Allen sin alla bait abissel hard fershtofa, un hut noh ihra shweshter Verna woh im nagshda hous wohn'd, gaglawk'd won sie yusht 'n waig het os sie moryets in tzeit wocker dade werra. Noch wenich blawnas, hen sie ous gamocht die Helen sot sich owets won sie ins bed gang'd, 'n band'l on der gross tzaea binna, un ae end fom band'l tzum fenshter nous hanka lossa. Die Verna, woh moryets wenich ebbes fon ra nocht eil is fer uf shtae, hut noh ferwillich'd fer free moryets nous ons hous gae, un der band'l tzuppa, bis die Helen wocker wear.

Un so wie die barichda rei kumma, is sel aw grawd wos sie gaduh hen. Die Helen hut sich der band'l on der gross tzaea gabunna, un die Verna hut moryets yusht paar glaina tzup mocha breicha bis sie uf wor. Die barichda sin, die Helen un ihra Allen hetta now im sin fer in die wecker uhra bisnis gae. Allas os sie uf kours dada, wear shticker band'l ferkaufa, long ganunk fer fon aim nochbers nous noch 'm nagshda raicha, un dade gore net long nemma sella waig fer 'n gons shteddel giei wocker howwa. Die band'l kenta fon fenshter tzu fenshter gae, un won aw alsa mohl ferleicht 'n band'l ferreissa dade, wear anyhow ken g'fohr os die shprings noh gaibta.

'N Aryie Tzeit Kot

In ol da 18 yohr os die "Ead" Fink fon da Glaina Lechaw drunna bresident is fon da Westlicha Solsbaryer kerricha koffie klotch, wase sie net won sie 'n druvel unna aeland kotta hen fer ice kream mocha, wie doh weil tzurick wie sel icich wedder wor. Sie kumma ragler alla Midwoch tzomma, un hen gatzailt kot fers ice kream mocha fer middawg. Der Bob Arnold, der kerricha iwwermaishder hut fer shprocha fer na ice griega, un wie er aw hut grawd midda ous da shtross.

Die weibsleit sin noh tzomma gonga fer die bree mocha, un die Helen Fink—des is 'm Bob sei Helen fon da Broad shtross Emmaus, hut ferwillich'd fers ice kream draya, won die Annie Bogert, 'm Clint sei fraw, 's g'shar wesha dade. 'S hut grawd 'n barya gewwa un 'n yaderrie is on der chob. Woh sie ihra gadonka ow'r kotta hen is may os m'r sawga kenna. Aenicha waig, wos hut die Helen gaduh wie sie sols ons ice duh hut wolla fers ice kream g'friehra, os wie Oxydol safa powder nei, un die Annie hut sols gayus'd fer g'shar wesha. Won sel net 'n uf huddlerrei wor dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear, un kenna leicht fershtae ferwos die "Ead" Fink g'sawt sol howwa, "Duh harry yarum weibsleit sawg'd yusht nix doh dafon, so os der Pumpernickle 's net ous fin'd."

Aenicha waig, die Helen hut so wenich Oxydol gayus'd kot in blotz fon sols, os es 'm ice kream nix aw gabrocht hut, un die Annie shtaid druf, sie het sei lebdawg net gawist os shmutzich g'shar sich so leicht wesha dade mit sols in blotz fon safe.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wons noch weil so fert rayerd wies doh shun weil hut, sols uns wunnerra, eb 'n lot bauer net ferleicht besser wossermalona bionsa dada in blotz fom grumbierra.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

If this is your natal day, you are cautious, yet shrewd; positive and intuitive. You always want to act on your intuition, but your cautious nature holds back, making a constant dispute within you. People sometimes take advantage of you in spite of your intuition. You are sensitive and easily offended. Mixed fortunes are in store for you in the next year. Avoid giving offense to superiors, especially government and law officials. Also avoid carelessness in business and correspondence. Your finances will improve later in your year. Born on this date a child will be artistic, literary and fond of pretty things. Such a child will be inoffensive, kind-hearted and moderately fortunate.

25 Years Ago Today

A Tuesday, April 29, 1919

A concert treat was enjoyed by a large audience in the Lyric theatre when the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Good Shepherd Home presented Elsie Baker, contralto. Miss Ethel Harrington, soprano, and the Aeolian quartet. Miss Baker was one of the premier singers of America.

Edward Floyd Kresge, North

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I smile so scoffingly today at the unsophisticated child that was myself, have I found any nobler thing in life than my own longing to be noble? Would I not rather be consumed by ambitions that can never be realized than live in stupid acceptance of my neighbor's opinion of me? The statue in the public square is less a portrait of a mortal individual than a symbol of the immortal aspiration of humanity.—Antin.

FIRST CHANCE TO SEE GAME PRESERVE

There will be opportunity for many to spend the weekend in the country and to those who can and who seek a prime pleasure of the current season a tour of the orchard country around Allentown can be sincerely recommended. The peach blossoms are at their height at this time and the apples are in their loveliest pink garb while other fruit trees are in various stages of flowering.

While almost any part of Lehigh and surrounding counties can be visited with pleasure in this respect those who visit the huge orchards of the Trexler Estate in the vicinity of Levans and Schnecksville also will have the opportunity on Sunday of entering the Trexler-Lehigh Game Preserve. This spot is to be opened to the public for the first time this season.

Up to the time of the war and rationing of gasoline, the Game Preserve was well on the way to becoming one of the most popular places in the county. Gas shortage put an end to that and there will not be any considerable revival of patronage for this beautiful and interesting spot until motorists once more can move freely and without worries as to the source of their next gallon of fuel.

But tomorrow the Preserve will be open. It will be opened to the public because our officials know that from many points in the Preserve just about the most beautiful views of the country-side are to be had and our country-side never is more beautiful than in fruit blossom time.

NEXT STEPS IN SOLDIER VOTE

Now that the Legislature has adopted the Soldier Vote bill and Governor Martin has signed it, the next steps will be decision by the Governor as to the day for the virtual house-to-house canvass to obtain names and addresses of men and women in the services and then the job of making that canvass.

All the indications are that a plan for such canvass that is credited to our own General Frank D. Beary will be adopted. Under this plan the State Defense Council, acting thru various branches and cooperating organizations and individuals, would secure the names of all service men from the local draft boards. Visits then would be made by air raid wardens or members of other groups in charge of the canvass to the homes of the service men where addresses would be obtained. Then, thru posting the names of ballot recipients at least 45 days prior to the election, the public can check the lists and report possible omissions.

Thru this system, as suggested by General Beary, only about one in every five homes will have to be visited. Homes from which no service men or women have gone do not require a call and therefore a waste of time and energy on the part of air raid wardens is avoided.

Pennsylvania now has set up a model program to enable all her sons and daughters in the armed services to vote and to be given the opportunity to vote with the fewest possible strings attached to their privilege.

GIVE BLOOD THE EASY WAY

Almost two hundred thousand American boys already have given their blood for their country. Some have given all that they had. These two hundred thousand men are the service men who have been killed or wounded in service. All these have given their blood for their country in the hard way.

Millions of Americans back home yield to no one in their patriotism, in their devotion to their country, in their determination that the current war must be fought to ultimate victory. To all these comes the repeated appeal for blood for the American Red Cross blood bank—the giving of blood in the easy way.

To Allentonians and Lehigh Countians this appeal again is near at hand. The Red Cross mobile blood unit will visit this city during the week of May 22-26 and registration of donors will begin on Monday next, continuing daily from 9 to 5 o'clock, except on Saturdays when the office will close at noon.

More than a thousand patriotic women and men will be needed on this next visit of the mobile unit. Without a doubt the quota will be satisfied. It will be filled if the spirit of this community is unchanged.

Important for all donors to know is change in the point of registration. Beginning on Monday next registrations will be received on the main floor of the P. P. and L. building and not at the Red Cross chapter headquarters, as upon previous occasions. Ninth and Hamilton Streets henceforth becomes the center of this preliminary work for the Red Cross Blood Bank.

AIR BAD PLACE FOR JAP ADMIRALS

If we are to believe the Japs, Admiral Koga, the commander of their combined fleet, was killed two months ago while "directing operations from an airplane at the front."

The report is so similar in details to the story that issued from Japan a year ago when Admiral Yamamoto was killed that we are inclined to suspect falsehood in the details altho we must believe that both Yamamoto and Koga are dead.

In each case it has been suspected that the Jap naval leaders committed harikari because of great Jap losses at about the time the admirals shoved off to the Styx, or whatever body of water the Japs are expected to cross before meeting the shades of their ancestors. Such a story would not however sustain the tradition of heroism with which the Jap authorities like to invest their leading men. A better story is to make it appear that they died fighting. Inasmuch as the Japanese navy has not been doing much fighting the Jap propagandists for the purpose of making a good story put their admirals up in planes.

Whatever the elements of truth in the story, a new man now is in command of the Jap fleet and he is reported to be a "colorless" personality by comparison with Yamamoto who boasted he was going to make peace in the White House. Inasmuch as the Jap fleet itself is colorless, it is fitting that it have a colorless leader.

Wallace on Inside Track

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 5—With all the talk about the so-called strength of the southerners in the Democratic party, the word is being passed out that none of their number will be considered for the vice presidential nomination and that Henry A. Wallace has the inside track for second place on the ticket.

President Roosevelt is represented as having indicated to Mr. Wallace that no effort would be made to interfere with the choice by the party of a running mate and that he would leave it to the delegates. But the delegates are for the most part hand-picked New Dealers and the line-up at the present moment is for Vice President Wallace.

Speaker Rayburn, who is the logical man to be the vice presidential nominee, has been discarded. It seems he comes from Texas, and to nominate a man from Texas after the way that state reacted to the recent Supreme Court decision concerning Negro voting is supposed to be bad politics for any Democrat especially with the Negro vote such a pivotal factor in the northern states.

Mr. Rayburn has served the administration well these many years, but it has not gotten him anywhere. The same may be said of James Byrnes, the Director of Economic Mobilization, who is one of the outstanding men in the Democratic party. But he comes from South Carolina, and that's supposed to be a bad state for political domicile so far as a party nomination is concerned.

McNutt Stepped Aside in 1940

Another man who has done the President's bidding is Paul McNutt. He stepped out of the way gracefully at the last Democratic national convention when, if he had but nodded his head, he could have had the vice presidential nomination instead of Mr. Wallace. But Mr. Roosevelt didn't want him and wanted Mr. Wallace, so, like an obedient servant, Mr. McNutt urged the convention to forget about him and follow the party leader.

Senator Truman of Missouri has been mentioned as a possible nominee. He hails from Missouri and is rather popular with his colleagues in the Senate. But the White House is believed to be behind Mr. Wallace, and that's about all there is to it.

The Republicans are not at all disturbed by it. They think Henry Wallace would be a handicap to Mr. Roosevelt in a fourth-term campaign. Recently with the circulation of rumors that the President's health is failing, the selection of a vice presidential nominee might be thought to be a very important matter. The President is in good health and will come back from his vacation much refreshed and physically strengthened. But the country will probably think more than they ever have before about who will occupy the presidential chair in the event of a turn in the hand of fate. And if Mr. Wallace is to be voted upon as a possible President some day, the chances are the Democrats will lose some support.

As a matter of fact, the popular impression of Henry Wallace does not coincide with the impressions that those who have worked with him offer in his defense. They argue that while Wallace is not the most graceful kind of speaker or the most tactful, he has a certain innate integrity which would make him a better balanced President in some respects than others who have occupied that post.

Southern Democrats Out in Cold

But however that may be, the fact is that the members of Congress who fight the battles for the administration—men like Senator Barkley, Speaker Rayburn, former Senator Byrnes and Senator Truman—do not seem to be in the running. Henry Wallace, who never served the Democratic party before he was appointed Secretary of Agriculture by President Roosevelt, is in top favor for second place.

The southern Democrats have just about been edged out of the control of the party. They hold some important committee chairmanships, but that's about all. In the forthcoming national convention they will no longer hold the veto power as they used to under the two-thirds rule. Some of them have fought the New Deal rather vigorously and have discovered that their true power lies in a coalition with the Republicans to make a majority in either the Senate or the House. The administration certainly has given the southerners the brush-off where the vice presidential nomination is concerned but, as for bolting the party and following the suggestion of Senator Ed Smith for a separate electoral vote, it is doubtful whether the southerners would venture to try such a program.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

MRS. ROOSEVELT SPEAKS HER MIND

I don't often read the "Ladies' Home Journal" because I am class-conscious and go in for men's magazines but every once in a while I look over my wife's shoulder and sometimes I see a page entitled, "If You Ask Me" by Eleanor Roosevelt. It is marvelous to think of the varied activities of this lady: Six columns a week of "My Day," once a month of "If You Ask Me," travels here and yon, speeches galore, appearance at plays—the pace is breathless.

The "If You Ask Me" page offers a varied fare. Here are a few questions which the lady answers:

"Can a soldier stop his wife's allotment if she starts going around with another man?"

"What do you think is the reason the women of this country have failed to fill the recruiting quotas set for the WAC, WAVES and Women Marines?"

"Where are Charles A. Lindbergh and his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh?"

"Do you ever get tired of the limelight in which you live and wish you were just a private citizen?"

* * * *

These are just a few but the prize of the piece is this one:

"What are the major differences between the Democratic and the Republican parties?"

And with regard to this, Mrs. Roosevelt goes all out. It is her meat. In the first place she says:

"I suppose the only way of gauging what the differences in theory may be is to compare their party platforms. It will appear that the main difference is that the Republican party usually adopts the Democratic platform an election or even two elections after the Democratic party has first proposed it. The words may be different, but the measures proposed, when they have been tried out by the Democratic party and accepted by the people, usually appear in the Republican platform."

* * * *

Now this is extraordinarily bad history. The Republican party and the Democratic party have existed for many years and their histories are accessible to those who have the patience to find out. There have been vast differences between them on many issues. The war between the states was once fought because of these differences. To take four instances, the Republican party opposed but the Democratic party favored Negro slavery; the Republican party favored but the Democratic party opposed a high protective tariff; the Republican party favored but the Democratic party often but not always opposed the gold standard; the Republican party generally favored strengthening the Federal administration and the Democratic party usually supported State's Rights.

Mrs. Roosevelt's statement is therefore historically careless. In fact, if Mrs. Roosevelt wishes to refer to the acceptance of one party of the platform of another, she might refer to the various platforms of the Socialist party which she will find in the more recent pronouncements of the New Deal. The spirit of Eugene V. Debs lives on and his votaries are in the administration.

* * * *

Mrs. Roosevelt then follows with a list of New Deal accomplishments, taken, as she says, from a speech delivered by Senator Barkley, before. I presume, his blood pressure rose and he delivered that masterly declaration on Americanism in the Senate. But even that list will not altogether stand her analysis because Republicans as well as Democrats voted for much of it and the original, the basic organ of it all is the RFC which was established by Herbert Hoover. And apart from that, much of the reformatory legislation, better drawn and more constitutionally established without the wickedness of administrative law, appears in the legislation of many of our states, Republican as well as Democratic.

The entire statement is a bit of partisan propaganda, correct for Charlie Michelson whose business it is, but out of place in the first lady of the land.

But Mrs. Roosevelt has anticipated that criticism by her assertion of dual personality stated as follows:

"....I never have liked public life. Of course, I am a private citizen when I am not actually doing things as the wife of the President or as the wife of the Commander-in-Chief, where the armed forces are concerned."

I wonder how any one can be so varied.

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IN MEMORIAM

LLOYD A. MOLL

Sept. 29, 1879 — Feb. 1, 1944

IT is fitting that we should dedicate this issue of the ECK to one who long ago had endeared himself to its readers. With his untimely death the community in which he lived and labored suffered an irreparable loss. Lloyd A. Moll was born in Macungie, Lehigh County. Known to older generations as Millerschtedtel, it has figured frequently in the stories of Elsie Singmaster, whose life also had its roots in this typical Pennsylvania German village. Here he was reared and here his youthful heart attuned itself to the traditions and folkways of his people. An inherent talent for music lead him early to the study of the violin. After instructions with local teachers, he attended the Coombs Conservatory of Music and received further training under the distinguished master, Heinrich Schradieck. As a concert violinist, accompanied by the harpist, Charles Hunsberger, Lloyd Moll was for many years a well-known figure, giving pleasure to thousands throughout the Lehigh Valley. He served as concertmeister of the Lehigh Valley Symphony Orchestra under Andrew Weingartner, but with the founding of the Allentown Symphony Orchestra he became its conductor and continued in that capacity through the twenty years of its existence.

Notwithstanding his high achievements in music, Destiny has apparently decreed that Lloyd Moll should be remembered by posterity for his attainments in quite another domain. In the latter years of his life, when a younger generation seemed to him to depart further and further from the loftier ideals of instrumental music, he sought solace and contentment in his love for the speech and the life of the Pennsylvania German people out of whom he had gone forth. He turned his hand to dialect writing. When this column was begun in 1935 he was among its earliest contributors and remained a staunch friend and supporter of the same until the end of his days.

It is a curious phenomenon in the annals of literary history that poetry has invariably preceded prose. In our own dialect literature many more have attempted to express themselves in verse than in prose. And so it was with Lloyd Moll. His early contributions, **Driebsaal uff der Bauerei** and **Die Hausbutzgichtere**, were verses which showed some metrical skill, but remained commonplace and conventional in treatment.

On Nov. 30, 1935, appeared the first of Moll's dialect prose sketches, under the general title AM SCHWARZE BAER. It was this series of sketches, some forty in number, appearing at intervals between Nov. 30, 1935 and January 14, 1939, which won for Moll a wider reading public. It had become apparent that his forte lay in dialect prose rather than in verse. AM SCHWARZE BAER is an imaginary crossroads tavern somewhere in eastern Pennsylvania. In the first sketch **Die Barschtubb** is described in detail. Here we are introduced to the genial landlord, Hiram Best, Dr. Druckenmiller, Al Schtettler, the tombstone cutter, Jim Dauweschpeck, the blacksmith, Hen Kramer, the professional loafer, Pit Geischt, the hostler, and the rest of the colorful gang who assembled there of a Saturday night. Through them and their reaction upon their immediate world the reader gets an intimate picture of Pennsylvania German life some thirty or forty years ago. Traditions, customs and folkways here take on flesh and blood. Perhaps only those of a former generation will fully realize how animated, how bright with local color, how lusty of life are such genre pictures as **Die Schuttelmetsch, 'S Grischtfescht an der Unions Kaerrich am Greizwek, En grossi Sei Metsch, Der Nei Parre, 's Aerbeere Fescht, Die Aernkaerrich, Die Welschkarnbaschtschprie, Die Schlachterei, Die Vendue beim Peter Grim, Sie hen Lattwaerrick gekocht ans Kunkels, Die Singschul**, and **Der Droppshaffe** (How many of you know what a Droppshaffe is?—See ECK, Feb. 4, 1939). With such verity and plasticity were these Black Bear sketches rendered that some of the readers inquired where the Black Bear Tavern stood, and others professed to know for a certainty. In these sketches Moll proved himself a master of Pennsylvania German prose. He showed that a literary artist can say what he has to say within the framework of the dialect. Under his hands it became a pliable medium, responding readily to his touch. Musician that he was, he was sensitive to the significance of dialect words, their tang and piquancy. Contrary to a common belief that our dialect is a mongrel, half German, half English, we find only a negligible percentage of English words in Moll's prose. He was a purist. He possessed a wide range of dialect vocabulary. He delighted in restoring quaint old dialect phrases where short cuts into Anglicisms would have been simpler. Obsolete and obsolescent words and phrases once more took on new life. In his prose our dialect is restored to its homely self-respect and simplicity. But this simplicity of style is deceptive. Its art lies in its artlessness. Let him who doubts, try to write a similar prose.

On August 1, 1938, Lloyd Moll entered upon a new sphere of activity as dialect columnist for the Allentown Evening Chronicle. 'S GEBABBEL IM SCHTOR continued to appear thrice weekly, until his death. These sketches were set within the framework of a country grocery store, around whose stove the village characters meet. This situation afforded the author the widest possible latitude for expressing himself upon local, national and international subjects in terms of the homely wisdom and philosophy of his created characters.

Next in literary importance to the Schwarzer Baer series are his SCHTIMME AUS'M KAERRICHHOF, the first of which appeared in the ECK for March 1, 1941. In these Voices from the Churchyard, interrupted only by his own death, he endeavored to do in sustained prose what Edgar Lee Masters did in verse in his famous Spoon River Anthology. The idea of tuning in on the dead of earlier generations, now resting more or less peacefully in some Pennsylvania German churchyard was in itself excellent and afforded a wealth of material in terms of the life of our early immigrants, through colonial times down into our own age. There are thirty-three such Schtimme, voicing a range of human passions and emotions and bearing witness to the author's sympathetic understanding of human nature. Some, like **Der Christian Baumer (odder der Belsnickel)** and **Der Miehlbacher** approach the form of the short story.

Through these several series of sketches and short stories Lloyd Moll had established for himself an enviable reputation as the best writer of dialect prose of his day. It was quite natural that he should be requested to go on the air. The Hummel Furniture Company engaged him to present a dialect program to be broadcast weekly over Allentown Station WSAN. The result was the popular "Assabe un Sabina im Eliedaal" for which he prepared the script and himself acted the part of Assabe to Paul Wieand's Sabina. (It is perhaps of interest to note here that this combination of names was first used by the author in his Schwarzer Baer sketch **Die Sabina un der Assabe heiere**, Jan. 25, 1936). He took great delight in the appreciative public response to these radio programs but unfortunately only participated in the first three when the Great Intruder on Feb. 1, 1944, brought an end to his activities as an interpreter of Pennsylvania German life.

There is irony in the fact that public acclaim of Lloyd Moll the prose master overshadowed him as a poet, and yet he himself took his efforts in the field of dialect poet seriously. His poetry is of unequal quality, but there are times when his sensitivity to the beauties of nature and to the pathos of life find beautiful expression. It would be an injustice not to call attention to a group of manuscript songs, eighteen in number, of which he composed both the words and the music. One has the feeling that they have gone forth from the inmost recesses of his being: here poet and composer have found their happy union. They are done with a fine comprehension of the German LIED. We can only hope that they will some time be published. The words of a few of these songs were included in Harry Hess Reichard's Anthology of Pennsylvania German Verse. It is, we realize, a violation of their very substance to print the words divorced from the music, but we feel justified in offering a few of these songs in this issue as a tribute to that part of the writer whom the public has least known. We believe that such poems as **Unser Mutterschproch, Draene, Was ich sehn in deine Aage, and 's Bobbel Lied** belong to the best in our dialect poetry; and the lines **Der alte Fraa ihre Lied**, dedicated to his mother who survives him, blind and in her 94th year, for beauty of austere simplicity, attain the very heights of lyricism.—P.A.B.

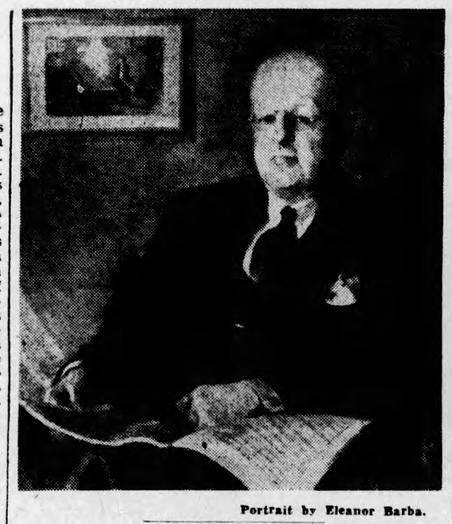
EN BOBBEL LIED

Soll ich dich schockle, mei liewes Kind?
Aage sin mied un du bischt yo wie blind.
Kumm zu der Mutter, ich heb dich so schee,
Graad wie ich hab, wie du waarscht noch so glee.

Witt nimmi g'howe sei? Bischt nau so gross.
Ach, kumm doch, ich heb dich uff meinre Schoss.
Kopp uff mei Achsel, do schlofscht du no glei,
Machscht mir viel Freede im Haerz noch debei.

Oh wie schnell kummt doch die Zeit far dich geh.
Mag net draa denke, mei Haerz dutt mir weh,
Kumm doch uff deinre Mutter ihr Schoss.
'S nemmt nimmi lang noh bischt du zu gross.

Im Friehyohr, 1939



Portrait by Eleanor Barba.

UNSER MUTTERSCHPROCH

Warte mit me scheene Glang,
Die heer'n sich lieblich aa
In dem G'schpreech un im Gesang;
Do hot mer Freede draa.
Schemm dich net mit deinre Zung,
Un mach's der Welt bekannt
Mit deim Wart zu Alt un Yung;
Des iss yo gaar ken Schand.

Mir hen Waerte siess un zaart
Fer'n scheener Liebensgruss.
Schtreng un wiescht en ann're Aart,
Wer'n Zaern ausiewe muss.
Was mer sich ausdricke kann,
Mer macht yo alles glaar.
So en Schproch veracht ken Mann;
Sie iss yo wunderbaar.

Unser scheeni Mutterschproch
Iss Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch.
Heb du sie in Ehre hoch,
'me Schpotter geb die Peitsch.
Wer sei Mutterschproch veracht,
Der sott verschtosse sei.
Iss er noch so dumm un lacht,
Macht sich en Rilps debei.

DER ALTE FRAA IHRE LIED

(Zu Meinre Mutter)

Gedaucht mit driewe Aage,
Do sitz ich gans allee;
Mei Schmaerze kennt ich draage,
Doch unne Lieb dutt's weh.

Wie langsam gehn die Schtunne,
Mitaus me gute Wart.
Die Elt hawwich gewunne,
Doch iss die Freindschaft fart.

Des Lewe iss so schee,
Waer es net far die Not.
Ach! Muss ich gans allee
Do waarte uff der Dot!

11. Moi 1939

Was Ich Sehn in Deine Aage

Was ich sehn in deine Aage
Brauchscht du mir yo gaar net saage.
Sin sie draurich un so leer,
Ach des macht mei Haerz so schwer.

Schtehne Draene in de Ecke,
Sin in meine aa so Flecke.
Sin sie glaar as wie die Schtaerne,
Was en Freed far des zu laerne.

Sin sie gross un duhn wie lache
Friede in meim Haerz zu mache,
Was ich sehn in deine Aage,
Kannscht du mir yo gaar net saage.

Warte kalt un oft verkehrt,
Missverschtanne, unergleert,
Kenne mir net so viel saage,
Wie en Blick aus deine Aage.

14. Yuli 1939

DRAENE

Driebsaal un en grossi Not,
Grankheet, Schmaerze un der Dot,
So aa wie verschtossni Lieb,
Mache oft mei Aage drieb.
Wann des Haerz mol iwwer fliesst
Un sei Schmaerz in Draene giesst,
Iss des yo zu meinre Wund,
Wie der Daa uff druckner Grund.

Iss mei Haerz mit Freede voll,
Wees net was ich saage soll,
Musick, das mit G'fiehle glingt,
Lieder, das en Singer singt,
Losse oft die Wange nass.
Draene sin zu mir ken Hass,
Wann mei Haerz noh iwwer fliesst
Un sei Freede so ausgiesst.

1939

ES FRIEHYOHR KUMMT

Es Friehyohr kummt, ich bin so froh—
Waer es doch heit schunn do!
Un har'ch mol wann der Biwwi singt,
Wie des glei noh ann're bringt.

Der Schnee der schmelst un geht eweck,
Losst zerick so bissel Dreck.
Dart sehnt mer noh die scheene Blumme,
Wie sie aus em Grund raus kumme.

Do freed sich noh die gans Nadur,
Blanse, alle Greadur.
Die Saft die schiesst in all de Beem,
Buwe bleiwe net deheem.

Es scheint die Lieb waer in der Luft,
Wie der Dau un Maryeduft.
'S iss alles haerrlich, alles froh,
Wann es Friehyohr iss mol do.

18. Maerz 1940

Deaths of a Day

PETER J. SHOEMAKER

Peter J. Shoemaker of Lynnport died Thursday night at his home in his 89th year. A retired laborer, he had lived in Lynnport for the major part of his life.

Surviving are his widow, Annetta, nee Reimer, Shoemaker; two sons: Charles E. Haack of Macungie and Frank A. Haack of Norfolk; four grandchildren, two great-grandchildren and a sister, Mrs. Mary Pringle of West Indiana.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Nestor funeral home in Jacksonville. Continued services will be held in Jacob's church, Jacksonville, with interment in the adjoining cemetery.

HENRY S. RAUCH

Henry S. Rauch, who lived near Emerald, died on Thursday at his late home at the age of 81 years. He had been in failing health for five months.

Born in Heidelberg township he was the son of the late Reuben and Elvina, nee Wuchter, Rauch. He engaged in farming most of his life. He was a member of St. Peter's Evangelical church in Emerald, Emerald Castle No. 221, and A.L.K. of M.C.

Surviving are three sons: Charles Rauch, Slatington R. 2, Ernest Rauch, Abington, and Daniel Rauch, at home; a sister, Mrs. Max Sommers, Hatfield, and four grandchildren.

Rev. Norman Dettra will officiate at services at his late home on Monday at 2 p. m. Continued services will be held in St. Peter's Evangelical church, Emerald. Interment will be in Union cemetery, Slatington.

MRS. BERTHA C. REX

Mrs. Bertha C., nee Danzer, Rex of 235 S. 4th St., Lehighton, died Thursday night at her home after an illness of two weeks. She was 87 years old.

Her death occurred just one week after the death of her brother, Henry Danzer.

Born in Beaver Run, she was the daughter of Henry J. and Catherine, nee Lechler, Danzer. She was a member of Wesley Memorial church in Lehighton. Her husband, Paul Rex, died several years ago.

Surviving are a sister, Matilda Danzer, and a niece, Mrs. Carrie B. Haas of Allentown, and a cousin, Mrs. Bertha Snyder of Philadelphia.

Rev. William T. Mann will officiate at services at the Lamonte H. Zimmerman funeral home, S. 3rd St., Lehighton, on Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Interment will be in the Lehighton cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Gross Ordichie Tezit

Whee wos hen sie 'm Dunnershdawg owet ow'r 'n gross ordichie tzeit kot in da neia Dieters foundry, Cherryville, wie die Lechaw township eiwohner ihra Fire Kumpany in der gong grick'd hen. Der Bobby Spangler fon Berlinsville is ei g'shteld werra ols Bresident, un der Paul Kleppinger ols Vice Bresident. 'S kumt uns fohr, wie won sel arrick shae gawest wear fer sellie tzwae boova, der Bobby un der Paul sella waig tzomma shponna in da Bresidents shteel, weils sie wor woh die Fire Kumpany in der gong grick'd hen. 'S wor 'm ledshda Nofember wie sie die socha iwwer shwetzt hen, ow'r noh net bis der 3d Harning os sie tzomma kumma sin mit onnerra Lecha township eiwohner, fer blawna fer 'n fire kumpany shtarta.

So weit os sel aw gait, is die fire kumpany grawd bout 60 yohr shpaiter in der gong kumma, noch 'm airshda awfong fer 'n fire kumpany darta tzu howwa. Im summer, bout 60 yohr tzurick hen sie g'sawt wear 'm soddler Weston 'n glainie summer shanty weck gabrent hinnich 'm grossa hous, darrich 'n gawitter shtraich. M'r sin shure won unser alter freind Spurg Weston noch lava dade, ainer fom alta soddler seina boova, os er 'n lot fertzaila kent fon selra tzeit. Gons Cherryville wor noh wild fer 'n fire kumpany tzu howwa, ow'r die socha sin widder uf gadrick'ld, un hen ken shaidlich fire may im shteddle kot bis 'm Dunnershdawg 'n yohr tzurick, wie die Dieters Foundry weok gabrent is.

Sis kayose tzu denka wies alsa mohl unglich nembt fer 'n annering mocha fers beshd fon da gagend. Shracklich wie sel fire wor, un der ferlush'd gross, sols uns wunnerra eb die Lecha Township Fire Kumpany ols noch in der gong kumma wear wons net gawest wear fer sel fire 'n yohr tzurick. Wos noch mainer is, wons wear, is es mohl gor net unglawblich os es aryads shunshd sei het missa—net in so ma shaina grossa neia gabei wie so der fol wor.

Die nei Dieters Foundry shure is 'n grosser kredit tzu Lecha township, un so weit os sel aw gait, tzum gonsa Lechaw Dahl. Gamocht fon bockashtae un eisa, mit blenty glaws fer helling, is es shier unglawblich tzu denka won m'r drin huck'd, os sel 'n foundry is, woh alla hond socha gagussa werra ous shtawl un eisa. 'S foundry dale nadierlich is weiter hinna drous, noh kumt die shtub fer die kastings reinicha mit sond, un outside woh die fersommling drin wor is die gross shtub, woh die kastings nunner g'shoft werra uf dreybank un onnerra mashina. Allas wor uf kours ruich 'm Dunnershdawg owet, nix is gonga in da foundry, sel wor da Lechaw Township Fire Kumpany ihra owet.

Der fersommling is k'halta werra in da grossa mashine shtub, un woh so tzu sawga g'shtopta fol leit wor. Tzu unser'm beshda gawissa hen sie in da nochbershoft fom drei hunnerd gleader in da fire kumpany, bout tzwae dudsend dafon os finf un tzwonsich dahler der kup zatzawlt hen ols "Life Members." So weit os sel aw gait, wissa m'r ken besserer waig fer da hame gagend bei shtae, os wie 'n "Life Membership" nemma in ra neia fire kumpany. Now is die tzeit woh die fire kumpany 's gelt brouch, un net in tzaea odder fiftzae yohr fon now, won sie mohl im gong is. Der summer is om kumma mit da shweara gawitterraya, un woh niemond wase wohs nagshd mohl ei shlecht. War uf kours net afforda kon fer grawd now finf un tzwonsich dahler gewwa fer 'n "Life Membership," shure kon afforda fer tzwae dahler 's yohr batzawla ols sei dale, fer die hame gagend helfa ferwohra fon fire shawda.

'S wor so shure os allas 'n blessier fer unser guter alter freind Aaron Rehrig fon Lockport darta tzu sehna singa un shpiela, un aw die drei Northampton Kounty Judges, der Laub, Barthold, un Frack hoerra shwetza. Yaderer kon Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, ebbes os gross notewenich is fer yader Judge darrich die gons Pennsylfawnish Deitsch gagend. Noh wor aw der Slatington Fire Chief Abner Boyer darta mit dale fon seinra fire fechter, in shnae weissa suita. Der Northampton Fire Chief Miller wor aw darta, un shure wor 'n blessier tzu hoera wie willins os die tzwae Chiefs, der Boyer un Miller worra, fer da Lechaw Township Fire Kumpany helfa uf alla waig miglich. Der lawyer Irvie Coleman hut die shwetzer bakont gamocht, un aw die neia ombtsleit fon da kumpany ei g'shteld.

Nich da shwetzerrei is 'm Paul Kleppinger sei shwartzer derby hute, woh sie da airshda owet os sie bei nonner worra blawna, gayus'd hen fer 'n kollection hava, widder tzu yuse gamocht werra fer die sama dinshda. Die kollect huts g'sheind wear gross gawest, un wolla hoffa soicha os net darta worra finna tzeit fer eb long mohl shwetza mit officers fon da kumpany, un aw joina.

Wie allas shunshd feriwwer wor, sin sie niver in da foundry leit ihra grossie ess shtub, un woh 'n iwwer rouser guter lunch ready wor, so gore 'n grossie garoashdie sow, os der Paul Kleppinger gewwa hut. Noh hen sie aw birch beer tzu drinka kot, un aenich ebbes un allas shunshd tzu essa os 'n mensch shier ferlonga hut maiga dafor.

M'r shure winscha da Lechaw Township Fire Kumpany fiel glick, un noch weiter wie sel, won sie mohl allas hen os sie breicha fer fire fechta, os sies fer 'n longie tzeit net yusa breicha.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Now os dawg fer dawg wenicher socha garation'd werra, wolla m'r wetta os es nimmy long nembt, bis rote un bloea ration tokens tzu griega sin finf cent 's beck.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Only the stern self-confident can hold
Their peace amidst the clamor, nor betray
Their capabilities; can sit unmoved,
With all around them trembling to have told
The utmost of their merits; only they
Can bear to leave their strength, unguessed, unproved.—Mullins.

HOUR GLASS SAND RUNNING LOW

The sands of the hour glass are running low, according to all indications, and the hour set by it for the tremendous effort to defeat Adolf Hitler in Europe appears to be at hand within hours if not in fact minutes.

In recent days the United Nations have sent word to Germany's four satellites — Finland, Hungary, Bulgaria and Romania—to get out of the war while there still is something to gain in gratitude from the side which generally is expected to be victorious. Hitherto warnings have been issued to individual satellites. This time, as if there were no time to spare and because there would appear to be simultaneous attack at many points, the four countries have been notified at the same time. Obviously it may take days for these governments to give an answer and to open negotiations, if their hands be not too completely tied by Germany. But the United Nations obviously are not going to wait long for an answer.

On the Italian front activity flared after four months of considerable inaction and inability on the part of the United Nations to advance satisfactorily. On that front, the commanding officers in their announcements to their men indicated their belief (or knowledge) that a drive upon the Germans in their Gustav and Hitler lines is the opening blow against the entire German position and power in Europe.

Then too the bombardment of Germany, now going into its fifth terrific week of incessant attack, yesterday assumed a somewhat new phase. For some days the airplane factories especially were under fire. Then for days the big railroad yards and bridges and other vital parts of the German transportation system were put under the hammer of thousands of tons of bombs. Then came attacks on Romania's oil fields. Yesterday the Americans concentrated much of their attention upon five plants that manufacture synthetic oil and gasoline. Hope and expectation have been that Hitler's military machine can be crippled at so many points that when time comes for the big attacks it cannot function in the manner that its planners so confidently had expected. It has been hoped to cut down plane production while the Luftwaffe was being knocked out of the skies; to knock out the the railroads so that Hitler cannot move troops from concentration centres to seacoast points that will be put under attack; to knock out the plants that furnish the fuel for the motor transport that will be required to take up army work because the railroads are inadequate. Other steps may be necessary in the great plan to destroy or at least cripple the gigantic war machine which Hitler and his followers have built up so intelligently but devilishly in the past twenty-five years.

When that work has been accomplished to the satisfaction of General Eisenhower then we can expect the big drives which have been referred to as the invasion of Europe. Perhaps no definite date has been set even at this late date and that the jump-off is dependent upon events and accomplishments still ahead of us.

BANNER MOTHER'S DAY OBSERVANCE

Observance tomorrow of Mother's Day promises to be marked by the greatest outpouring of gifts and memorials to the American mother in the history of this sentimental institution.

Today there are upwards of ten million men in the country's armed services. Virtually all are far from home. Virtually all have been thinking of home because Americans certainly are a home-loving people. They have not planned nor prepared for war and now that they are in it they want to get out of it and go home as quickly as is possible, but only after victory has been achieved.

The results can be foreseen long in advance. Just about every mother's son has gone to the post exchange or into the nearest city or town to buy a gift for that person who is closest to his heart—Mother. Letters have been written from all parts of the earth with a hope that they have been timed correctly for delivery today by the postman. There have been messages by cable sent by men who never before dreamed that such things as telegraph wires lie miles below the surface of the ocean to carry thought from continent to continent. There are messages which have flashed thru the ether between radio instruments, all directed to home and to Mother.

Already upon Christmas Day and more recently upon Easter we have had manifestation of the American boy's love for his mother and his thoughtfulness about her. These manifestations are likely to have been slight in volume compared with the demonstration of thoughtfulness and affection that will come from all parts of the world tomorrow to the greatest person in America—the American mother.

A NEW SCHOOL OF BOOTLEGGERS

In the days of Prohibition the most gullible and most atrociously swindled persons were the drinkers of hard liquor who bought the most despicable potables at amazingly high prices and thought they were pretty clever in evading the law and in overcoming the problems of supply and demand.

Today it appears that the most gullible and most atrociously swindled persons are women and some men who surreptitiously are buying so-called nylon stockings in black markets.

According to the OPA the cheapest kind of rayon hose are being washed in chemicals that give them a sheen imitative of nylons and then are sold at anywhere from $5 to $10 a pair. Just as in Prohibition days labels of most expensive whiskey were printed by the millions and stuck upon bottles of rat-gut, so today these cheap, "doctored" rayon hose are packaged in the most beautiful cellophane wrappings and carry the fanciest trade names.

It might be said of course that if any persons are silly enough to throw money away in this manner, that is their business. But it all goes to the heart of price control and to maintenance of standards that will protect the country from the perils of inflation. OPA seeks to protect an element of the public which perhaps deserves no protection because it is encouraging a reprehensible business and, quite properly, is being "stung" in the process. OPA seeks to protect these wrong-doers because in the long run such protection is going to be helpful to those who are obeying the laws in letter and spirit.

Mood of Nation

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 12.—Somehow the press conference which President Roosevelt held the other day at which he expressed his views on the Montgomery Ward case seemed symbolic of a rather unfortunate mood in the country today.

There was in the air, as the newspapermen assembled and heard the comments of the President, a sort of tension, even a hostility on both sides. The press represents the people in a broad sense—at least it presents their various points of view, palatable or unpalatable as they may be to the administration in power. It was evident at this conference that the President was on the defensive—that he felt the sting of the criticism they had been writing.

Thereupon, as so often happens where criticism comes one's way, there is a tendency to be resentful, to begin to blame the other fellow and to divert attention from one's own mistakes. When the President criticized the press for allegedly not printing all the facts about the Montgomery Ward case, he was in effect accusing the persons who publish the news reports. He was not drawing a distinction between the editorial commentators who were almost unanimously critical and those whose duty it is just to report the facts—a duty honestly and painstakingly fulfilled.

Apart from the merits of the Ward case, the incident has a lesson in it. The President had just been away on a long vacation. He has not been well. The burdens of his office have been almost beyond any human being's capacity to handle. The President came back into an atmosphere of friction—back into a fight. And yet had he sensed the mistakes of his own subordinates, had he been willing to acknowledge them frankly, how much stronger would his position have been with respect to those phases of the Ward case which are plainly open to honest differences of opinion? What, for instance, are the powers of the War Labor Board, and if a court says they are not specific and there is no authority to seize a plant like Ward's, then is it not logical to put the problem up to Congress and ask for a piece of specific legislation?

Anyway, there are all sorts of ways by which legitimate differences of opinion as to war powers or peace powers can be resolved without the use of troops—but usually court process is best. Supposing the President had said that the approach was wrong, but that he still believes his basic principle of maintenance-of-membership or compulsory arbitration is right in wartime? His position certainly would have been stronger.

The training, however, in the political world is not to admit errors. Also, it seems to be customary to draw a red herring across one issue and try another—all on the supposition that the public is naive and doesn't see through these stratagems. Most of the time these tactics are resorted to in the mistaken notion that that's the way to retain political power. Many persons feel that they must retain public office at almost any cost—even at the cost of candor and frankness.

Maybe some day public men will discover that the very opposite is true, namely that when men stick by convictions and are ready to yield their offices rather than to play politics or use the tricks of propaganda in politics, the support of public opinion comes overwhelmingly to their side.

What is basically needed is a new approach that is really an old approach. It's the approach whereby the individual is ready to acknowledge his wrongs and mistakes and is prepared to risk the consequences of such admission. Because this is fundamentally the very thing that Jesus counselled nearly two thousand years ago—one hears it often spoken of as the spiritual approach. Actually the mood of the country today is one in which friction and antagonisms play no small part because the spiritual approach is too often disregarded. Men participate in the rituals of the various churches and even pay lip service to the abstractions of ethical conduct but the willingness to examine individual behavior in terms of individual responsibility is lacking.

Whether it be in the press or the government, the President or the Congress, these are months in which it might seem that a national unity could be forged on a basis of reason and that the animosities which perpetuate friction and factionalism could yield to the spiritual touch. But leadership in high places must set the example. If the President and the Congress and the press could reason together and not against each other, a mood of unity would emerge, and it would be an especially helpful mood as the Nation prepares for the tragedies that the all-out invasion of Europe soon must inevitably thrust upon us all.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

IT CAN'T BE RIGHT AND WRONG

If it was right for the government to seize Montgomery Ward, it was wrong to return it to its owners and management without due process of the law, which can only be a decision in the courts. If it is right to return the business to its owners, it was wrong to seize it without due process of the law.

Somewhere in this curiously confused picture there is an error of administration, an error of judgment and an error of law. And who pays the damages for the losses during the government operation of a private enterprise? Who pays for the losses to the owners of the business? What compensation can possibly be paid to Sewell Avery for the indignities he suffered?

Judge Holly has decided that he could not rule on the legality of the seizure because "events have transpired which apparently have taken the case out of my hands." But no such events have transpired or could have transpired. Since when are the courts of this country bound by the conduct of administrative officials? Judge Holly was not called upon to rule on the facts but on the law and the law in this particular act of administrative whimsicality should have been adjudicated finally in the Supreme Court of the United States. If the law is sound, then it remains sound no matter what the President, Attorney-General Biddle or Mr. Avery thinks about it. The law must be above persons and personalities; else, we have here not a government by law, but the tyranny of anarchy.

* * * *

Undoubtedly, the answer to the puzzle lies in the illness of the President and his return to Washington in good health. Undoubtedly, the papers on this subject came to him in a great batch and he signed them assuming that his subordinates knew what they were doing. Upon his return to Washington he discovered that the country, in an election year, was incensed by this unjust act, particularly at a moment that C. I. O. unions were breaking the no-strike agreement. Mr. Roosevelt is too shrewd a political leader long to suffer stupidity on the part of his assistants, particularly when it runs counter to public opinion. I am sure that could we have peeped into his office when he did some talking on this subject, we should have found a very angry gentleman who demanded to know what his own people were trying to do to him.

In a word, a way had to be found out of this ugly business that would save face all around and a way was found. But that way does not and must not satisfy the American people because the issue still stands as to the constitutionality of the iniquitous Smith-Connally act which was passed to spite John L. Lewis and has survived to fill with fear every American citizen. Nor do we know whether the Supreme Court would uphold the Biddleisms expressed in this case which, if binding even upon administrative officers, are, in effect, an amendment of the Constitution by the fiat of the Attorney-General.

* * * *

That is the issue in this case and it must not be allowed to die by the mere gesture of the presidential wrist. The Smith-Connally act must be adjudicated and if the courts interpret it as Mr. Biddle interpreted it, then the act should be forthwith repealed as vicious legislation extending executive authority beyond the intent of the Constitution and beyond all reason.

As it is, a business has been hurt; a small one might have been wrecked. Its management has been brutally handled. The people have witnessed an exhibition of administrative assertiveness bordering on the totalitarian. And a judge in a Federal Court avoids decision with what looks like unseemly alacrity.

I am sure that the people do not want the congressional investigation to cease because the business has been returned to its owners. Let them get to the bottom of this problem of the authority of the Executive to do as he and his subordinates please with the lives, property and peace of mind of the American people.

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MEI MAMMI

(MOTHER'S DAY)

Fart vun deheem un darch die Welt!
An yedre Dier in Schtadt un Land
Haw' ich mit ausgeschtreckti Hand
Gebettelt—awwer net far Geld:

Far Lieb haw' ich gebettelt. Ach!
Mit all meim Suche hie un haer
Waar ewwe als mei Hand noch laer,
Mei Harz waar laer un krank un schwach.

Noh haw' ich widder, mied 'un drieb,
Mich heem gemacht mit meinre Klaage—
Un in de Mammi ihre Aage
Dart waar die langg'sucht himmlisch Lieb!

O scheeni Lieb! O Mutterharz!
Was hot die Welt in dir verlore!
Ich such dich widder darch die Yohre
Un fin' dich—gehn ich himmelwarts.

1888 —CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER

EN CURE FAR FRIEHYOHR FIEWER

Ich weess net was die Ursach iss,
Awwer des iss ehrlich waahr,
Wann iwwerall Aerwet blendi iss,
Bin ich zu schwach defor.
Un 's iss abaddich immer so,
Wann's Friehyohrwedder kummt,
Noh fiehl ich immer, meiner sechs,
Teetotally verlumpt.

Nau ann're Zeite bin ich gut
Un 's iss mer nichs verletzt,
Awwer Friehyohrs fiehl ich, ach, du Grund,
Gaar schauderhaft verhext;
So lappich, schlappich in de Gnie,
Un hunsich, mied un matt;
Ich meen alsmol 's iss Farriwell
Zu alles bledzlich dart.

Awwer 's iss die Rule aafangs bei Leit,
Wu so elendich sin,
Waerd g'sucht far'n Change, un so duh ich,
Ich saag dir, wie ich's fin:
Ich schleich do niwwer an die Krick,
'S iss g'sunder dart, gewiss;
Dart hot's vun selle deitsche Karp
Un grosse Katzefisch.

Was fiehl ich immer dart so gut,
Der Change nemmt bledslich halt;
Ich kann's graad schbiere in meim Blud
Un fiehl wie'n Friehyohrskalb;
Anschtatts vun schwach as wie ich waar,
Bin ich gaar mechdich schtark,
En Match far eenich Katzefisch
Odder zwansich Punder Karp.

Ich waar do yets emol dart hie,
Gerischt mit Lein un Gart,
Un blendi Ang'le, fedde Warrem
Un Deiwelsdreck im Sack;
Un alles waar so ruhich, schdill,
En gudi Zeit far Fische;
Es waar mer schur, des gebt emol
En feiner Daag far Bisse.

Un wie ich alles ready hab,
Dann schmeiss ich mol dart nei,
Un hock un waart un waart un hock
Awwer Fisch kummt kenner bei;
Doch watch ich manche lange Schtunn,
Dass ich ken Zoppe miss,
Un grick ken Beiss vun kenn're Ord
Except Moschkieter Biss.

Dann fallt's mer bei, ich hab net uff
Der Warrem g'schbautzt recht gut,
Un Fisch, die beisse ewich net,
Wann ebber sell net dutt;
So duhn ich mol en frischer draa
Un schlawwer harzlich druff,
Un schmeiss es nei un uff eemol
Fliegt alles in die Luft.

Ich hab en kleener Zopper g'hatt
Un's hot mich so excite,
Ich bin, bei Tschinks, dart rum gedanst,
Wie ebber net gans g'scheit;
Un reiss die Gart mit alle Mecht,
Mit yuscht so'n Schwensli draa;
Die Lein henkt fescht dart uff de Nescht,
Un's Fischli hoch im Baam.

Awwer wer en guder Fischer iss,
Dem waerd's net gaern verleed;
Es koscht en neie Lein, be sure,
Un aa en frischer Bait;
Awwer denk emol an all der G'schbass
Un all die gross Blessier;
Es iss bei gliedich so viel waert—
'S iss ennihau so zu mir.

Un bis ich widder weil dart hock
Un dabb dart rum im Dreck,
Dann fang ich edlich mehner Schwens
Un alsemol en Heck;
Far Fisch sin graad wie Mensche aa,
Wer aussetzt far sie fange,
Find kleene Fisch, die beisse 's Bescht
Un zoppe an de Angel.

Ich fang en Lot so kleene Schwens,
Der Deiwel maag sie hole!
Schteeschlupper, Suckers, Sunnefisch,
Un aa Schtrumpbendel Oole;
Un endlich schlof ich schier gaar ei,
Dann—was der Hund waar sell?
'S iss ebbes hot die Lein un macht
En farchderlich Geschnell.

Zieg, zieg, far Holy Moses, zieg!
Sell iss mei erscht Gedank;
Mei Harz kloppt un verschpringt mer schier,
Wie'n Sinder an der Bank;
Ich zitter wie en Laab im Wind
Un nemm en guder Halt;
Gewiss, 's iss ennihau dreissich Pund,
Ass dessemol raus fallt.

O, wann ich yuscht en Derrick hett!
Wie schleef ich so viel heem?
Gedanke so wie sell haw' ich,
Un zieg bis ich mich schtreen;
Ich zieg allmechdich un gedicht,
Dem weiss ich mol en Trick!
Dann schlipp ich mit de Fiess im Dreck
Un rutsch graad in die Krick.

Ich hab die Gart awwer noch in Hand
Un schaff mich widder raus;
Un bis der gross Fisch aa noochkummt,
Haw' ich en Schillgrott haus!
Sell iss noh wu der G'schpass nei-kummt,
Un's dutt mer immer gut,
Far ich fisch yuscht far die Blessier,
Un's macht aa g'sunder Blut.

So wann ich hunsich viel deheem
Un 's Friehyohr Fiewer grick,
Nemm ich die Gart un Lein un schleich
Do niwwer an die Krick;
Der Change iss immer gut far mich,
Wann 's aa net helft am Schpeck,
Far wann mer schwach iss, bleibt
mer's Bescht
Vun alle Aerwet weck.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK

(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

CONESTOGA

There is no object that is more symbolic of the growth and the development of the United States than the covered wagon, known universally as the Conestoga wagon. tI is not surprising that the boat-shaped bodies and the convex tops, covered with white linen should have earned them the fantastic name of "The Ships of Inland Commerce," as they moved through the green hills of Pennsylvania, westward bound. On the western prairies they were called "Prairie Schooners," but their constant and abiding name is "Conestoga Wagons," derived from the place of their construction, on the banks of the Conestoga Creek in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

What is the meaning and origin of the Indian word Conestoga?—In 1608, one year after the first English settlement in America, Captain John Smith explored the lower reaches of the Susquehanna River and drew a map of the region. His explorations carried him as far north as the Octorara Creek in Maryland, but he did not reach the present boundaries of Pennsylvania.

In 1670 Augustin Hermann, one of the patentees of the settlement of German Mystics at Bohemia Manor, explored the Susquehanna and constructed a map on which the creek is shown and its name spelled Onestego. The Bohemia Manor settlement was similar in some respects to the Ephrata community. It was located in present-day Maryland, not far from Chesapeake City. Bohemia River (Maryland) a favorite fishing spot, derives its name from the old-time religious settlement.

On Franquelin's map of 1684, two years after the Penn Settlement, the point of the junction of the Conestoga and the Susquehanna is marked and named Conestoga Fort. On Popple's map of 1733 the creek itself is named Conestoga and as early as 1704 William Penn had made a treaty with the Indians of Conestoga Manor.

The French explorers had learned of these Indians on the Susquehanna and had named them the Andastes. To the Virginians they were known as the Susquehannocks. They were a part of the Iroquois family and in that Confederacy they were known as the Conestogas, which means "the people of the forked roof-poles."

The term Andastes is much older than the Iroquois name Conestoga. In one of his earlier Journals Conrad Weiser speaks of an Andastes fort that he came upon in 1737 in the wilderness north of Muncy, Pa. His red companions on that journey informed him that the Andastes had once been a very powerful tribe, but that that was before the memory of any living person. The Iroquois conquered these people in 1685 and many of them fled to North Carolina.

PILMORE'S JOURNAL

(1772)

The Rev. Mr. Frank Stanger, Woodstown, New Jersey, while doing graduate work at Temple University under the preceptorship of Dr. Raymond Albright of Reading ,came upon a colonial Journal that is not without interest for Pennsylvanians.

Joseph Pilmore was an Episcopalian clergyman of the colonial period. In 1772 this man of the cloth made a tour of the eastern counties of Pennsylvania and recorded his observations in his journal. Under date of May 27 Pilmore records his visit to Reading as follows:

"We set forward pretty early, and travelling steadily all day, about six o'clock we got safe into Reading. I was greatly surprised to find such a town above sixty miles from Philadelphia. It contains about four hundred families, who live in the greatest Plenty of all the Blessing that this world can bestow, and what is still better, they are at unity with themselves.

"In the evening, we had most of the genteel people of the Town at the Court House, and God enabled me to preach the Gospel, not in word only, but also in Power."

A second entry into Pilmore's Journal is of great interest to us because it helps to throw light upon the religious character of "Baron" Stiegel. The Rev. Joseph Pilmore writes that he and his party stopped in a little town between Lebanon and Lancaster. The name of the town he spells "Mannam" but obviously this is only a phonetic spelling for Manheim, the town in which Stiegel lived. The following quotation from the journal will tell its own story:

"On our way we stopped to dine at a little town called Mannam, where a gentleman has built a very large glass-house, and they have brought their manufactory to great perfection. The proprietor lives in a fine large house, and has a large chapel upstairs with Pews and Pulpit and Organ in it. We joined in singing an Hymn and Prayer, and our Heavenly Father gave us His blessing. June 2, 1772."

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Few persons will suspect that William Dean Howells, eminent American man of letters, was of Pennsylvania German descent. And yet we have his own testimony that his "Grandmother's maiden name was Dock and that she was of pure Pennsylvania German stock. She could not read English but read her old Luther Bible." This Howells states in a letter to Reginald Wright Kaufman, formerly associate editor of the Saturday Evening Post. Kaufman is of the opinion that Howell's Pennsylvania German heritage can be traced throughout his works.

William Dean Howells (1837-1920) was in his day the Dean of American novelists. He was editor of the Atlantic Monthly from 1866 to 1881 and of Harpers from 1886 to 1891. From the time of its organization in 1909, Howells served as President of the American Academy of Arts and Letters until his death in 1920.

He wrote seventy books which span the entire field of literature. Poetry, essays, dramas, books on travel, criticism and politics furnished a wide range for his gifted pen.

It would be interesting to know whether his grandmother was related to the famous colonial schoolmaster Christopher Dock. There were at least six men named Dock who came to Pennsylvania during the early settlement period. Perhaps some member of the Dock family association could furnish us information with respect to the Dock in question.

Friehyohrsblumme

Bischt du schunn im Busch rumkumme,
Wann die Meng vun Friehyohrsblumme,
All so schtrack un schee do schtehne?
'S hot desi grosse un viel gleene,
Das zum Grund raus wolle schluppe,
Dich so haerrlich aazugucke.

Lewwergraut, des kummt gans frieh;
Guck! un sehn yuscht mol graad wie
Darrich die harde Eechelbletter,
In dem kalt un wieschte Wetter,
Sie sich in die Heeh do biege
Far die waarm Sunn gut zu griege.
Alle Teene hen ihr Farwe,
Das sie vun dem Himmel arwe.
Wie mit eenre gleene Scher,
Schier as wann sie'n Schneider waer,
Hot yo die Nadur sie g'schnitte
Aus de Wolke, schee zu fitte,
Dass es basst far yede Blumm.
Sin ken zwee gans gleich dorum.
Sie hen so viel Orde blo,
Alsemol aa hie un do
Kann mer'n gansi weissi sehne;
Des macht mich doch immer meene,
Die waer weiss far ihre Schtrol,
En Familye schwarzes Schof.

Sehn dart seller Summer Baerrick,
'S iss yo meiner Himmel aerrick;
Wie en Debbich gans hellblo—
Bluets! die sin aa schunn do;
Sin so schneckerich un glee,
'S dutt mer immer haerzlich weh,
Wann die Leit so uff sie drede;
'S iss mer graad as wann sie daede
Schmaerzlich heile do dewege,
Wie sie sich noh all umlege.

Sehnscht du selli ganse feine
Mit de gleene pinke Leine?
Die 'Spring Beauties' heesse sie!
Ich wisst aa net besser wie
Far die scheene Blimmcher nenne—
Bei dem Naame kannscht sie kenne.
Gleene Schtaerne, vum Himmel g'falle,
Unni Zucht un unni Schalle;
Sin so glee, schier net zu sehne.
'S hot so Leit, die duhne meene,
"Die sin glee un nichs abaddich."
Blumme sin sie, fix un faerdich!
Far es mensch vun denne Leit
Iss es en verlorni Zeit
Sich ewennich nunner biege
Far Blessier aus denne griege.

Driwwe an dem alde Schtumbe
Iss en ganser weisser Glumbe
Blutwarzel—wie schtrack sie schtehne,
Dass mer kennt verhaftich meene,
Des in Hochmut waer geduh,
Awwer do iss nichs dezu,
Will ich saage, in dem Fall.
Musscht yo kens vun denne roppe,
'S meecht ihr gleene Haerzer schtoppe;
Blut in Droppe, un gans rot,
Laaft eweck, noh sin sie dot.

Dart iss aa en Insching Zwiwwel,
Die dart schteht so am me Hiwwel,
Yedi Blumm en rechti Kansel,
Braune Leine far Gramansel,
Mit em Parre gans allee,
Un die Keffer far'n Gemee.

Was die Fraa en Wesch draus hot,
Do in daere gleene Lot;
Henke datte unni Glamme,
Hosseblumme iss ihr Naame;
Lauter Hosse, das do henke,
Far zu drickle, kennt mer denke.
Bick dich, guck sie yuscht mol aa,
'S iss yo ken Undaedel draa!

Witt du ebbes raares sehne,
Die das net in Glumbe schtehne?
Gans allee, verleicht aa paar,
Awwer schee! ya wunnerbaar!
Welt musscht laafe hie zu kumme,
Bis du finnscht die raare Blumme;
Dief im Sump musscht du baade,
Wasser, Dreck, bis an die Waade.
Des sin Orchis, so viel Aarde,
Meh wie was mer hen im Gaarde—
Ganse feine, all in Schtreiss,
Pinke, purple, geel un weiss.
Deel, die gucke graad wie'n Kend,
Mit de Bletter wie gleene Hend,
Das sich schtrecke far zu wehre,
Geyich die Leit, das sie verschteere.

Hoscht schunn geele Schlippers g'sehne,
Wie bradaal sie all dart schtehne?
Alle Warde duhn em fehle,
Ihre Scheeheet zu verzaehle.
Du musscht sehne mit deine Aage,
Wie so schtolz sie sich bedraage.
Sehnscht die grosse weisse Flecke,
Das die Baem so schee bedecke,
Graad as wann der Winter Schnee
Vergesse helt eweck zu geh?
Far so Baem me Hund noh heesse,
Iss far mich en dummes Wese;
Judas Baam, des basst gans gut
Far den Baam so rot wie Blut.
Deel Leit wotte den net g'schenkt—
Judas hot sich do draa g'henkt;
Un die Blimmcher rot draa henke,
Helft noch an die Zeit zu denke,
Wie der Schweess zu Blut iss gange,
Uff em Herr seim Kopp un Wange.

Noh hot's noch viel ann're Blumme,
Das im Busch zum Grund raus kumme.
Iss es net doch so karyos,
Un die Wunner mechtich gross!
Nadur! wu hoscht die Farwe grickt?
Wie hoscht uns die Blumme g'schickt?
Ich kann eich net all verzaehle,
Was 'ner all do darrich verfehle,
Wann ihr net im Busch rum laate;
Die Blessier brauch niemand kaate.

Wann du gehscht, nemm ebber mit,
Das zu dir in alles fit,
Un hot Freed an denne Sache,
Das die Mensche Hend net mache.
'S iss nichs meh vraeryerlich,
Un aa so bedeierlich,
Wie en Mensch, das draus rum rennt,
Scheene Blumme gaar net kennt.
Die hen Aage, sehne net,
Un ken G'fiehl—ich mach en Welt!
Wann dei Freind die Sache gleicht,
Du weischt ihm, er dir verleicht,
Zu 're gansi raari Blans--
Was en Freide, ihr sin gans
Eenich far do driwwer schweize,
Weil 'ner uff em Boddem setze,
Far die Wunner zu bedrachte;
Gaar nichs duhn ihr do verschte,
Un verleicht gans unni Warl,
So vergniegt, setz 'ner dart,
Gans mit Wunner iwwerkumme,
Dass yo gaar ken Warte kumme.

—LLOYD A. MOLL.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. AMELIA K. JOHNSON

Mrs. Amelia K. Johnson, widow of Alvin Johnson, died at 6:30 p. m. Friday at the residence, 61 E. Ettwein St., Bethlehem, following an illness of one week of pneumonia. She was in her 95th year.

She was born in Plainfield township Nov. 5, 1849 and was a daughter of Benjamin and Sally Ann Stofflet Getter. Nine children survive: Three sons, Albert J. Merwine, Allentown; Norman Merwine and Erwin J. Merwine, both of Bethlehem; six daughters: Mrs. Edna Bond, Bethlehem; Mrs. Ida Strahler, Seidersville; Mrs. Addie Ziegler, Philadelphia; Mrs. Cora Frankenfield, Belfast; Mrs. Lizzie S. Thornton, Bethlehem, with whom she resided; Mrs. Jennie May Randolph, Allentown.

Twenty-four grandchildren, 53 great-grandchildren and 22 great-great-grandchildren also survive. Undertaker Marvin M. Steyers has charge of the funeral arrangements.

MRS. PAULINE ZOLD

Pauline, nee Henzel, Zold, 36, formerly of Northampton, died at her home, 1494 2nd Ave., New York City, Thursday night, relatives learned yesterday. She was stricken acutely ill on Tuesday.

Born in Northampton, the daughter of Mrs. Mary Henzel, she attended and graduated from Northampton's schools. She moved to New York City ten years ago, following her marriage to Joseph Zold. She was employed by a cigar making firm for several years.

Surviving are her mother, one sister, Mary Henzel, New York City, two brothers, John Henzel, Northampton and Michael residing in Europe.

Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

WILLIAM F. GRAFFIN

William F. Graffin, a native of Catasauqua, died suddenly in his home at Narberth of a heart ailment in his 79th year. For many years he was associated with the Cary Wallpaper Co. of that place.

Mr. Graffin was one of a family of 10 sons born to the late Charles and Maria Snyder, Graffin, of Catasauqua. His father was a veteran of the Civil War and for 34 years storekeeper at the Crane Iron works. He also served as postmaster of Catasauqua under President McKinley and President Theodore Roosevelt.

In his earlier years William Graffin was employed in the offices of the Davies & Thomas Co., Catasauqua, after which he left for Narberth. Besides his wife he leaves a daughter, residing at Yonkers, N. Y., and three brothers, former Postmaster Samuel S. Graffin, Catasauqua; Walter Graffin, this city, and Robert Graffin, Easton.

ABRAHAM M. GEISSINGER

Abraham M. Geissinger, 66, died at 7:30 p. m. Friday at the residence of his brother, Jacob Geissinger, 52 W. Saucon St., Hellertown.

He was born March 18, 1878, in Lower Saucon township, a son of Noah and Annie Y. Moyer Geissinger. For eight years he was in the employ of the Bethlehem Steel Co. in the ingot mould foundry. He was a member of the Dewey Fire Co. and Durham Lutheran church.

His wife, Mamie Funk Geissinger, died six years ago. Survivors are four brothers, Daniel M., Quakertown; Jacob M., Hellertown; John, Los Angeles, Cal.; Isaac, Allentown; a sister, Mrs. Katie Yoder, Quakertown. Two sisters preceded him in death.

Undertaker Clarence Templeton has charge of the funeral arrangements.

Answers To Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Morning Call Information Bureau, Haskin Service, Washingeon, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage.

Q. What is the latest figure on the number of war prisoners held in the United States? B.C.

A. According to a figure released by the War Department on Feb. 8, 1944, the total was 174,116, including German, Italian and Japanese.

Q. What is the normal pulse rate of an adult? F.R.C.

A. The rate varies with age. The pulse of a healthy adult beats on an average 72 times a minute.

Q. Was Napoleon a chess player? D. N.

A. Napoleon is said to have been fond of the game. William the Conqueror, Henry I, John and Edward I were chess players.

Q. What is the American Union Jack? R.E.

A. It is a blue flag used by the Navy, and which bears white stars similar to the field of the Stars and Stripes. It is flown at a jackstaff at the bow when in port and is used by pilots and in the bow for ambassadors and ministers.

Q. What are the principal causes of Army air accidents during the training period? C.M.

A. A survey of the accidents has shown the causes to be as follows: personnel error—78.7 per cent(includes judgment, technique, operating carelessness, and maintenance); materiel failure—14.5 per cent; miscellaneous (weather and terrain)—3.3 per cent; undetermined—3.5 per cent. There has been a consistent decrease in the number of accidents throughout the training program.

Q. What are the important industries in Palestine? N.N.E.

A. Besides agriculture there is an important diamond industry established by Belgian refugees. Another new development is the manufacturing of drugs and vitamins, and a third the production of wearing apparel. The yearly fashion show at Tel Aviv attracts many buyers.

Q. Is the Pole star larger and brighter than our sun? A.D.M.

A. Polaris is a star larger than our sun, and between 300 and 350 times as bright.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

CURIOSITY

So much to see, so much to learn,
So much from day to day
Of intimate and small concern
Along the briefest way,
Or slow or fast I'm sure that I
Some mystery am passing by.

From heights the hawk and eagle see
Upon the teeming earth,
Strange sights that are denied to me,
Of constant death and birth.
I wonder every step ahead
Upon what hidden charm I tread?

Still, as the curious youngster small
Who questioned why and how—
Eager to know life's secrets all,
So am I, even now,
Walking the world, with eyes aglow,
Wanting its mysteries to know.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Arya Socha

M'r hen shun k'hoert woh leit alla hond onnerra socha tzurick noch shtorra ganumma hen fer ous shwabba, ow'r so weit os m'r wissa, is der Maurice Shoemaker fon Emmaus der airsht os ungrout shteck tzum shtoremon Kline ganumma hut fer sie ous shwabba uf tomats shteck. Ow'r so weit os sel aw gait, kon m'r 's 'm Maurice aw net ferdenka, weil 'm Klinie sei wusslicher klerrich Fogel, 'm 's ungrout im airshda blotz uf k'hank'd hut kot.

'S wor so denna waig. Der Maurice wor eiferich om gardla wies 'm el kumma is er kent aw noch etlicha shteck tomats blonsa yusa won er sie yusht het. Noh wos hut er gaduh, os wie is ains gongs nunner tzum Klinie noch 'm shtore, un der yung Fogel is kumma fer 'm ob worta. Sie hen etlicha box blonsa kotta, uns hut der Fogel gore ken lang ganumma fer 'm Maurice 'n halb dudsend rous mocha un ei wickla, un der Maurice hut sie batzawlt un is hame. Owets so on da ochta rum wie er die tomats blonsa hut wolla, hut der Maurice gamaint dale fon da shteck hetta so kayose grout, un hut sie tzimlich gute unnersuch'd. Noh hut er tzwae orta blonsa kotta, ae ort, 'n gonser wunsicher shtuck woh der Maurice gamaint hut wear ungrout, un sex shteck woh er shure wor weara tomats.

So wie die Fegelcher uns gapifa hen, wor der Maurice doch net gons shure os er may wist wie tomats gucka dada, un hut sei nagshd dier nochber Ralph Beitler, woh aw drous im gorda om gardla wor, on die fens garufa fer'm weissa wos der Fogel 'm ferkauft het fer tomats blonsa. Der Ralph hut 'm noh grawd g'sawt ol die grossa shteck weara ungrout, un sel glae wunsich shteckchie wear die aintsich'd tomats blons os er het. Der Maurice wor noh gabutta, un het die blonsa ains gongs tzurick nunner hame ganumma, ow'r hut gawist os der Klinie shun tzu hut, un hut sie weck galaig'd bis da nagshda owet. Noh hut er die socha iwwer shwetzt mit 'm Beitler so os er aw on da sama tzeit nunner noch 'm kaimt, fer 'm shtorekipperlie Fogel sawga wel os ungrout wear, un wel os tomats blonsa we

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light, our obligations are yet with us.—Webster.

ROSY REPORT ON OUR AIR FORCES

Our country has been in the war almost two and a half years or a little more than 29 months, to be exact, and in that time our air losses as the result of our enemies' activity have been just about six thousand planes. That is about 200 planes per month for an average of seven per day. On the other hand, according to the figures released by General Arnold our aviators and other Army forces have destroyed 16,510 enemy planes, they have probably destroyed 4,650 and damaged 5,546 while on the ground they have destroyed at least 3,664 with probables and damaged planes amounting to 1,779 more.

All these statistics are interesting and comforting but they are important only as greater significance can be derived from them. Some such significance has been given to these figures by General Arnold who believes that the German air force has been reduced to little more than a shell, that the German industrial machine has been damaged so severely that plane production has been reduced to 25 per cent of planned production and that the Luftwaffe has been deprived of anticipated and vital reserves for the hard fighting days just ahead of it. Because of this Germany must decide whether she will use all her remaining air power to halt the bombing of her country or whether to save and hold it against the day of anticipated invasion. Arnold believes she cannot do both.

Whether Germany can be bombed out of the war by the breaking of her people's morale General Arnold is not ready to predict but he suggests that German morale cannot be any too high for these reasons: "We have hit thirty-three German cities as hard as Coventry was hit, we have made 8,000,000 of their people homeless, we have bombed their plane factories and their synthetic oil plants. Recently we have hit every factory producing aviation gasoline. Frankly, I don't know how they stand up under it. There has never been an air force of the power we are using against Germany. We hope to get pretty good ideas before it is over of what can be done by air."

On the same day that General Arnold gave these figures, one large airplane company reported the completion of its 13,000th battle plane since the war began. In other words, one company alone has been able to build more than twice the number of planes that have been lost in battle. American air strength is constantly on the upgrade and has not yet reached the peak at which Army men believe it must be absolutely invincible.

One of the happiest notes in his report was that reduction in the training of pilots, which has been widely announced, does not mean that our battle fleets in the air are going to be smaller in the future. It simply means that the United States has lost fewer pilots by far than had been expected would happen in the early years of a war for which the country was illy prepared. As a result the program for training pilots is so far ahead of all planning that thousands of young men have been released to the infantry.

CLOSE OF AN EXTRAORDINARY CAREER

Allentown's generation which now is in middle life most intimately knew the late Fred J. Lanshe and therefore appreciated deeply the high character of this splendid citizen and community leader quarter of a century and more ago.

Mr. Lanshe was one of the city's most progressive businessmen in his day. Few men in the local business world did so much to attract attention to Allentown as a shopping centre and then followed thru by making Allentown everything that the people expected from a modern business community.

But it was in the social life of the community that Mr. Lanshe's finest efforts were exerted and his achievements therein constitute the finest monument that can memorialize a man. In his home of many children, in his church of great achievements his name shall not be forgotten.

THE EASIER WAY TO GIVE BLOOD

The hurry-up call has gone out to the community for about 50 women and men who will volunteer to give a pint of blood to the American Red Cross on the occasion next week of a periodical visit by the Mobile Blood Unit.

By dint of a lot of drumming up of patriotic interest during this week the quota had almost been filled. Then came cancellations due to such changes in plans and unforseen circumstances that can occur in the ranks of any thousand people.

Accordingly fifty persons who had not calculated upon giving blood this time or have never before given any will be needed if the blood unit is to leave Allentown with the amount of blood which will be needed so critically by sailors and soldiers on the battlefields when the very big battles begin.

PROBE SHOOTING OF AVIATORS

There are hints of serious violation by the Germans of the agreed-upon laws of war in the report of the killing of 47 Allied aviators following a jail-break from a prison camp near Dresden.

According to the Swiss government, which handles American matters in Germany, the shootings occurred almost two months ago but were not reported by the Germans and did not become known to the Swiss officials until they visited this particular prison camp a month later. This would appear to indicate that the Germans have been concealing some important facts as to the shooting and that the laws of war have not been strictly observed.

The British government has lodged strenuous protest against the Germans thru Swiss channels and wants the answers to some very important questions. Inasmuch as the British hold many German aviators as prisoners some very determined positions can be adopted.

It does not appear that any Americans were among the 47 who were shot but if there were, then our country also will want to know all the details and particularly will we wish to know what prevented timely report.

Public Forgets Mistakes

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 19.—Although there is very little discussion of politics for publication nowadays among officials here, there seems to be no doubt that the Democrats have a great deal more confidence about winning the autumn elections than they had a few months ago.

Perhaps the chief reason for their optimism can be summed up in one phrase—short memories. The Democrats have a theory that the American people are so much absorbed in the war situation, or will be soon, that they will forget most of the mistakes of the last few years and most of the so-called issues of a domestic nature.

To illustrate the point, just the other day a Democrat asked this correspondent whether he believed most of the people remembered what the fuss was about in connection with Senator Barkley a few weeks back. Did the people really recall what the issue was and what the controversy was about? Possibly this is a simple thing to put to test if one asks his friends and acquaintances. The chances are that most people have forgotten what happened in that episode. Yet, at the time it occupied prominent space in all the newspapers and was a sensation.

President Roosevelt, of course, had some such phenomenon in mind when he promptly disposed of the Montgomery Ward case. It is still recent and will be remembered by a great many people, but the question is whether by the autumn it will be recalled.

War Situation To Be Democrats Strategy

The whole strategy of the Democrats is to focus attention on the war situation—and if it appears that the war is about to come to an end, then to focus on the peace negotiations. Certainly, between now and the time for the November elections the "invasion" will have begun and the newspapers will be filled with dispatches about the desperate struggle abroad. Under such circumstances, how much attention will be paid to political controversies? Will the radio speeches on campaign subjects be listened to?

This is a campaign which will probably settle once and for all the age-old argument of whether presidential elections are actually won or lost during the campaign or whether they are lost or won as a consequence of the acts of an incumbent President during the preceding three years of his term of office.

Many observers have contended that election campaigns do not change many votes and that people are set in their prejudices for a candidate or a party long before the campaigns are held.

If this theory is correct, then the Republicans will have an advantage because there is no doubt that the administration has been on the defensive for the last two years and has encountered considerable opposition because of its method of administering the war program on the home front.

Invasion Would Submerge Convention News

If, on the other hand, campaigns are won by the speech-making and the emphasis that is given to issues during the campaign itself, then Governor Dewey will be at a distinct disadvantage. For one thing, the New York Governor has not made many speeches and has maintained an attitude of aloofness toward the nomination itself so that whatever opportunity the public may have had to get acquainted with him or his views has been largely forfeited because of the peculiar campaign developed in his behalf. It is a serious question whether the Republican nominee will be able to compete with the headlines or the news that will be coming from the battle front. In fact, if the "invasion" happens during the time of the Republican convention, the news of that convention and its platform may be obscured entirely.

As for the Democratic convention, it will not need much public attention. President Roosevelt is really in no need of publicity from a Democratic national convention. In fact, the very opposite will be true. Every effort will be made to make it appear that the action of the convention is merely the routine result of a unanimous agreement of the party on the President's renomination.

It would not be at all surprising, too, if the President was out of the country during the time of the Democratic national convention. If, for example, the invasion is completed by that time and our troops are landed on the coast of France and have cleared a considerable area, Mr. Roosevelt may be over there on one of his customary "inspection" trips which he takes in campaign years.

In any event, the chances for publicity during the campaign will favor the President far more than they will his opponent, and it is much to be regretted that Governor Dewey by his silence has been, in effect, losing opportunities to acquaint the country with the basic issues of the war and the peace.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE DEBASEMENT OF POLITICS

A friend of mine has a theory about the New York mind which I find sufficiently intriguing to start an argument. Let me state it his way:

Obviously there is a New York mind and personality. It is a composite of all the country, in fact of all the world. It is a personality that is conditioned by the fact that it does not own its own home and its own land. The New Yorker lives in tenements whether on Park Ave. or in the slums—large barracks in which there is no neighborliness and no common bond of memory.

Therefore, the normal New Yorker has no roots. He moves as his family grows or becomes smaller and his memories are not enshrined in a permanent home. In fact, the history of the city is the pulling up of the tents and setting them down in new districts all the time.

Most of the millions of people who live in New York, he says, are either foreign born or the children of foreign born. He does not say that in contempt or mockery but as an explanation of why the traditions of America do not take hold quickly. Most of these people come from countries on the continent of Europe where one group or one party or one royal family has ruled or has dominated the rulers and has controlled the lives of the people. They are accustomed to that way of life and when it appears here in any form, they regard it as wholesome and normal whereas to most Americans it is abhorrent. He makes the point that freedom has usually been fought for by people who like to own land and their own homes; that freedom has been lost in the machinations of the big cities.

* * * *

He then dealt with the insecurities of life. The farmer can eat and even clothe and house himself—roughly, it is true—under the most adverse economic conditions. But the city person is always—even under the most favorable conditions—a dependent person. He must be serviced or he cannot live. He produces nothing that he eats nor can he clothe himself even if he manufactures some item of clothing. He cannot build a house for himself. Children become so serious a problem to him that he reduces their number almost anti-socially or does not have them at all.

All of this, when applied to politics, leads to debasement. Whereas American politics used to be a difference of policy within a unified principle, it has become a personal hunt for position. Even in political parties men flop over to an opposition that differs not only in policy but in fundamental principles. This is most evident in the circumstance that conservative Republicans, for instance, will accept endorsements from the Communist American Labor party. A Republican might even accept an endorsement from Sidney Hillman who is raising a $2,000,000 campaign fund to defeat the Republican party. This involves not only a debasement of politics but even of morals. It is expressive of the paucity of principle and the pursuit of personal employment even at the expense of principle and the welfare of the country.

* * * *

My friend points out that in the usual American small town or village, varieties of peoples merge rapidly. There is, of course, a right and a wrong side of the track, but it is crossed. In a city like New York, neighborhoods take on group characteristics as, for instance, Harlem or the Jewish section in the Bronx, or little Italy, or the Germans, Czechs and Hungarians in Yorkville. Whereas it is true that the young folks speak English and get away from European languages, cultures and traditions, the older folks pull them back and social pressures are produced which force the political ambitious into a group line, even at the expense of political integrity. This leads to further debasement.

This explanation is novel and I find it interesting and I pass it along for thought. It ought to start an argument.

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Der Tambour Yockel

Vum JOHN BIRMELIN

This ballad, appearing in print for the first time, was read by Mr. Birmelin at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society held at the Moravian College for Men at Bethlehem, Pa., on May 13, 1944. Mr. Birmelin has based his narrative poem upon a legend which has clung tenaciously to the Jerusalem Union Church of East Salisbury, Lehigh County, since the eighteenth century. The ghost of Tambour Yockel, who so insolently defied both God and the Devil, has haunted the church precincts down through the generations. It is only natural that the clergy should incline to discredit the legend, but history does not explain satisfactorily why this ancient church, founded in 1759, fell into disuse and ruin, when others in this locality continued to flourish. The fact remains that the last entry in the early church-book was made in April, 1791. Church and congregation vanish from the records for more than half a century. Only in May, 1847, the corner-stone of a new church was laid. Even then the old churchyard was avoided and the edifice erected on the opposite side of the road. Perhaps John Birmelin's fine ballad, written in the modified Nibelungen stanza, will lay the ghost of Tambour Yockel for all time.—ED.

En Kaerrichhof leit verwildert
am Salzbaerrick, in der Heh;
Die Kaerrich schteht verfalle,
ken Dier un Fenschtre meh;
Paar Veggelcher, die singe
verscheecht dart uff der Mauer,
Un duhne glei verschtumme,
as wie im diefe Drauer.

Un wann's emol so duschpert,
dann greischt der Wipperwill;
Mer heert ihn runnersause,
dann widder alles schtill.
Die dunkle Schadde schleiche
un decke alles zu;
Die Nachteil heert mer rufe,
"Tu-witt, tu-witt, tu-hu!"

Die alde Leit verzaehle,
ass efters in der Nacht,
So eener vun de Dode
nichs gudes darde schafft.
Es iss der Tambour Yockel;
mit seinre Deiwelei;
Do mache Leit en Umweg,
geht niemand gaern verbei.

Er waar emol der Tambour
im deitsche Regiment;
Die Drummeknippel rausche
in seine flinke Hend.
"Barumm, barumm, barumm-
bumm!"
so geht er vannehaer,
Marschiere die Soldaade
mit Pack un Schiessgewehr.

Er waar en schtolser Tambour
un seinre Pflicht gedrei;
Doch endlich—wie noch immer—
do waar der Grieg verbei.
Do heert mer die Trompete
dann noch zum letschte Mol;
Soldaade ziege heemwaerts,
fer Iwwel odder Wohl.

Der Tambour in der Heemet,
es schteht ihm nimmi aa;
Er packt emol der Bindel,
geht nooch Amerika .
So iss er do am Salzbaerrick
dann endlich aagelandt;
En luschdich froher Bruder,
glei iwwerall bekannt.

Ya, luschdich waar der Tambour,
doch graad so frech un frei;
Am liebschte noch im Waertshaus,
beim Bier un Brandewei.
Dart waare noch so Brieder,
net besser as wie er;
Die saufe imme Owet
so manche Glesser leer.

Verzaehlt er als de Buwe
wie's waar im letschte Grieg;
Un um sich gross zu weise,
verzaehlt er manchi Lieg.
"Barumm, barumm, barumm-
bumm!"
So gloppt er uff der Disch;
Do fillt der Waert die Glesser,
des Bier iss gut un frisch.

Dann widder am verzaehle
vun schauderhafte Schtreech;
Fiehrt laschterhafte Rede,
die Brieder waerre bleech.
Do hen ihm dann die Aage
im Eifer recht geblitzt;
Mer meent en waahrer Satan
bei ihm im Schaedel sitzt.

Doch eener waar im Waertshaus
Hockt ruhich newe draa
Der hot so schpettisch g'schmunzelt
un fangt so langsam aa:
"Ya weesscht, der Rode Heinrich
Waar aa im Regiment.
Des waar mer awwer'n guder!
Hoscht ihn verleicht gekennt?

"En Mann mit schtramme Glieder,
so an de sechs Fuss zwee
Wie'n Eechebaam gewachse,
den sehn ich heit noch schteh.
O, ya! Der Rode Heinrich
waar schunscht en guder Grischt;
Doch wer ihn mol beleidicht,
der grickt eens ausgewischt!"

Do schtutzt der Tambour Yockel—
Waar des uff 'ihn gezielt?
Der Naame Roder Heinrich
hot ebbes uffgewiehlt.
"Barumm, barumm, barumm-
bumm!"
so hot's am Disch gerauscht;
Der Zarn fangt aa zu schteige,
un runner kummt die Fauscht.

Do muss der Waert mol gucke,
er waar ge-indressiert;
Die Kehle waerre drucke
wann ebber dischbediert.
Er hockt sich zu de Buwe,
hot aa e bissel g'hetzt;
Ya, wann sie mol recht dowe
waerd widder frisch uffg'setzt.

Un richdich, saagt der Tambour,
"Nau Buwe, sauft mol aus!
So lang mei Geld noch glingelt,
do setzt ich's uff fer's Haus!"
Do dutt der Waert sich rege
un schenkt de Buwe ei;
Er selwer iss ken Schtiefkind,
un zaehlt sich aa mit nei.

Do hot der Schnapps gezingelt,
der Witz fliegt hie un haer;
Sie froge noch so schpettisch,
wie's mit dem Heinrich waer.
Doch endlich hot der Tambour
genunk vun dem Krawall;
Do schnellt er sich vum Schtuhl uff
un iwwergreischt sie all:

"Ihr blaerre wie die Kelwer,
un seid aa graad so dumm!
Nau mach mer eener's Maul uff—
den schlack ich greiz un grumm!
Un mit dem Rode Heinrich,
do nemm ich's aa noch uff;
Nau gehn ich uff der Kaerrichhof,
un ihr geht mit dart nuff!

Dart drowwe, bei de Dode,
dart fodder ich ihn raus;
Un kummt der Deiwel selwer,
do macht's mer aa nichs aus!"
Sie hen an ihm gedischdert:
"Des waerrschte doch net duh!
Verschteer doch net die Dode,
un loss ne ihre Ruh!"

"Ihr losst ihn aa net ruhge,
un schmeisst mer'n immer vor!
Des losst sich kenner g'falle,
was mol en Tambour waar!
Ich geb nichs um ken Deiwel,
ken Himmel un ken Gott;
Un duhn ich mol verrecke,
dann heer ich doch ken Schpott!"

Do schlackt er owwe runner,
's hot uff em Disch gegracht;
Die Buwe waarn verschrocke,
's hot kenner meh gelacht.
Dann reisst er mol die Dier uff,
schtockdunkel waar's dart draus;
Geht schtols un gravitaetisch
zum Lumpetempel naus.

Saagt eener vun de Brieder:
"Mir gehne aa mit nuff;
Do kennt noch ebbes g'schehne,
der Kerl iss wiescht im Suff!"
So sin sie naus gewackelt,
der Waert bleibt noch zurick;
Er hot sich bissel g'faerricht,
un waar aa schier zu dick.

Noch immer geht der Tambour
so schtols dart vanne haer;
Die annre bucklich schleiche,
wie wann's ne iwwel waer.
Sie heere wie er grummelt:
"Barumm, barumm, bumm-
bumm!"
Un waar er net der Tambour?
Denkt immer an die Drumm.

Un endlich dart am Kaerrichhof,
do schteht er graad am Tor;
Er losst die Schtimm erschalle:
"Nau kummt emol hervor!
Kummt all, ihr Gnocheyockel,
der Rode Heinrich 's erscht!
Nau geb mer mol en Ohrfeig;
noh sehn, ass du dich wehrscht!"

En Eil, die heert mer rufe:
"Tu-hu! Tu-wit-tu-hu!"
Er meent sie daet ihm schpotte.
"Ya, Bu! Was witt du duh?"
Die Schpeckmeis schwewe runner
vum alde Kaerrichetarn:
"Verflammte schwarze Fetze!"
so grummelt er im Zarn.

"Ya, well! wann ihr net raus wott,
dann muss ich ewwe nei!
Heit Owet mach' mer's ferdich;
do will ich's Deiwels sei!"
Uff eemol heert mer's brause,
as wie en schtaerryer Wind;
Do sehnt mer wie der Tambour
wie in de Luft verschwindt.

Mer sehnt die Wolke ziege,
am Himmel, dick un schwer;
Un helle Blitzeschtraahle,
die leichte hie un haer.
Dann schlackt's mit Grach un
Dunner,
in Dodegraewer nei;
Mer heert der Tambour yohle:
"Gott helf un schteh mir bei!"

Doch wu sin nau die Brieder,
in allem Saus un Braus?
Sie yaage fart im Schrecke,
es helft ihm kenner raus.
Sie schpringe bis an's Waertshaus,
der Waert hot aa noch Licht;
Die Siffer sin aus Ochdem,
verzaehle ihm die G'schicht.

Do hot der Waert gerode,
sie gengde besser heem;
Ihn selwer blogt's Gewisse,
Die Sach waar net bequem.
Noh sin sie ewwe gange,
as wie gedroschne Hund;
Im Draam hot's noch gedunnert,
der Schlof waar net so g'sund.

Sie kumme, ganz verschottert,
an's Waertshaus, in der Frieh;
Der Waert weess was sie wolle
un schtellt die Boddel hie.
Dann gehn sie an der Kaerrichhof,
am Haerz, do waar's ne schwer;
Sie wunnre was em Tambour
dart drowwe g'schehne waer.

Sie hen der Tambour g'funne—
do hot ne's Haerz gegloppt—
Der Rock un Hut verrisse,
die Glieder wiescht verroppt;
Sei G'sicht waar gans verschunne,
die Aage schtarr un wild;
So leit er uff me Haufe,
en yaemmerliches Bild.

En Ooswoj sehnt mer fliege
hoch owwe, in der Luft;
Er schwebt rumhaer fer Luder,
er riecht en fauler Duft.
Der Tambour waerd begraawe,
mit Scholle zugedeckt;
Der Herr Gott sei ihm gnaedich,
Wann Er ihn widder weckt.

Die alde Leit verzaehle—
die Saag geht um un um—
Es kaemt der Tambour Yockel
noch immer mit der Drumm;
Die Drummeknippel rausche,
er schlackt uff's Drummefell;
Uff eemol dann verschwunde,
noh lacht er laut un hell.

Un wann's mol recht gewittert
un bummert uff der Aerd,
Noh heesst's "Der Tambour Yockel!
Den hot mer widder g'heert!"
Die Wolke sich verziege
un widder scheint die Sunn;
Doch heert mer noch vun Weitem,
"Bumm-bumm! — Barumm-
bumm-bumm!"

EM SIMMY SEI WILLE

Well, der Simmy Centedricker iss fart. Wu hie, des weess mer uffkors net. Der Parre hot g'saat noch Nei Jerusalem, awwer die Schrift saagt, en Kameel kann hendicher darrich's Aag vun 're Nodel, as en reicher Mann in der Himmel. Wann sell so iss, dann bin ich bang der Simmy meecht aryets schdecke bleiwe eb er hiekummt.

Grabbschich un geitzich bei Nadur, iss der Simmy niemols viel g'eschtimiert warre in de Nochberschaft. So iss er gebliwwe zum End. Leit wu all die Umschdende bekannt sin, saage wie der Dokter en uffgewwe hot, iss die Bewwy—sell's em Simmy sei Wittfraa—ans Bett un hot g'frogt, was far'n Graabschtee er hawwe will. Un er hot yuscht der Kopp g'schiddelt, "Well, dann," saagt die Bewwy, "was far Blumme un wie viel?" Un er hot widder der Kopp g'schiddelt. "Die Laad," hot sie g'saat, "Wie soll die Laad sei, un was Sart Wegge witt hawwe?" Un 's hot en yuscht ungeduldich gemacht.

"Ich will ken Wegge," saagt er, "ich geh liewer zu Fuss." Un all die Weil iss er schwecher un armlicher warre. Naegscht am End hot er die Aage nochemol uffgemacht un 's Inschlichlicht sehne brenne. "Du liewer Grund, Bewwy," hot er aernschtlich aag'fange, "des iss net hausg'halte; blos sell Licht aus bledzlich. Du weesscht doch, as Inschlich schier so deier iss as Budder, un ich kann yuscht so gut sehne mei letschter Odem nemme im Dunkle."

Un so iss er niwwer. Der Parre hot wunnerbaar schee g'schwetzt an de Leicht, un yeder ebber hot g'saat uff em Heemweg, wann der Simmy sell heere hett kenne, waer er ready widder zurick kumme. Bischur der Parre hot's gut gemeent. Ennihau, mer hen all die Notion grickt, er mecht aa gut bezaahlt warre devor. Awwer wie em Simmy sei Wille gelese iss warre, hot's en aernschter G'sicht druff. Der Wille waar ebbes wie des:

"Ich, der Simmy Centedricker, im rechte Verschdand un g'sund as en Ochs, mach bei dem mei letschter Wille,—

Ich geb zum Parre far die Leicht Breddich duh, sechs Pund Schnitz un en halwi Gall Essich. Wann er's net all brauch, soll's Iwwerich verkaaft sei un's Geld uff Indresse geduh.

Ich geb zu meim Bu, der Bill, die gans Schdadt vun Phildelphi—far schaffe drin. Der yung Faulens waar immer zu schdols far Bauere, so maag er nau die gross Schdadt bauere un en Lewe raus scharre es Bescht er kann.

Die Bewwy, mei liewi Fraa, soll die alt Heemet hawwe so long as sie leddich bleibt. Wann sie widder heiert, net en lausicher Cent.

"Loss der Naegscht scharre wie ich hab. Alles sunscht soll verkaaft warre, un far alles muss en Nod gewwe sei, mit zwee Bail, an sechs per cent, un wann ich zurick kann, kolleckt ich die Indresse."

Un nau iss es waahrhaftich all de Leit bang far biede an de Vendu.

Yeders iss missdrauisch der Simmy meecht rum schbucke far die Indresse.

ERINN'RE VUM SIMMY

Zidder der Simmy Centedricker fart iss, heert mer viel g'schwetzt vum alde Kaerl. 'S iss uffkors oftmol so wann en karyoser Mann sei Letschtes g'schnauft hot. Die Nochbere duhne farkommen blaudere paar Daag dernooch, un so waar's mit em Simmy.

Die alt Rachel Babbelmaul hot der anner Owet verzaehlt, wie der Bill, em Simmy sei Yingschter, gedaaft iss waare. Der Parre hot der Bill g'schpritzt g'hatt un en benaamt, un waar am Daafschein ausschreiwe, "Loss emol sehne," saagt der Parre, "des iss der fimfunzwansichscht, net waar?"—"O, du Gott, nee!" hot der Simmy g'saat, "des iss vuscht der dreizeht, un die ann're sin all vun heem."

Die Kaerricheglieder sin in deel Hiesichte froh, as der alt Petzer nimmi do iss. Die Rachel saagt, die Leichtbreddich waar die erscht, as mer verschtennich zuheere hot kenne. Wie er bei Lewe waar, hot der Simmy immer so laut g'scharrickst darrich die Breddich, as niemand der Parre verschtanne hot. Des iss so iwwel warre, sie hen endlich eens vun de Eldeschter zum Simmy g'hockt far'n wacker halde, bis der Parre sei Text gelese hot. Un sell waar 's eensichscht Mol, as die Glieder der Text g'heert hen.

Un doch hot der Simmy edliche Woche zurick em Parre sei Luh nuff duh welle, vun drei zu vier hunnert Daaler. Awwer der Parre hot "Nee" g'saat, un der Simmy graad in die Aage gegruckt. "Es darf net sei," saagt der Parre. "Far's erscht," saagt er, "dihr kennt's net afforde, meh as drei hunnert Daaler bezaahle. Far's zwett, mei Gebreddich scheint net meh as drei hunnert Daaler waert sei. Un drittlich, ich muss mei Luh immer selwer kolleckte, un so weit waar sell die very hartscht Aerwet, as ich g'hatt hab. Un nau, wann ich alle Yaahr en hunnert Daaler mehner kolleckte sett, daet's ehrlich nunner mei G'sundheit gans zammebreche." Awwer der Simmy waar schur, er schwetzt wege de ann're Glieder, un hot sie verscholde, weil kens die extra hunnert Daaler em Parre in die Seck g'schdofft hot ennihau.

ADVERTEISE BEZAAHLT

Ich hab immer an grosser Glaawe g'hatt an Adverteise. Zu meinre Meind aded mer yuscht so gut off me Schtumpe hocke newe am Weg mit me Kiwwel g'schwische de Bee un waarde bis en Kuh uff-backed far gemolke sei, as exscchpeckte Bisniss duh unne Advertseis.

Es hot v iel Wege far ebbes bekannt mache, bischur, awwer 's iss nix besser as die Zeiting. Nemm die Case vum Simmy Fenseck, wu sei Fraa velore hot letsch Yaah. Paar Woche dernoch hot er en Schdickli in de Zeitung far en wiescht Weibsmensch far haushalde, koche, wesche, un so weider. Awwer es war scheine ebbes letz mit em Advertseisment. 'S iss gaar nix rumkumme, weischt odder schee.

Dann hot er yuscht paar Leine drucke losse far en schmart, schee Weibsmensch far die same Aaerwet du. Inside vun fimf Schtunn waare en hunnertunsechsunneinzich Weibs leit an seinre Dier un g'fochte far der Tschapp. Des iss Bruf as Advertseise bezaahlt. Un zum Beischpiel as unser Nochberschaft nix as sceene Weibsleit hot.

Yuscht do paar Yaahr zurick hot mei Nochber en Roll cun me hunnert Daahler velore. Er hot iwwerall rum g'sucht, vum Keller zum Dach, darrich die Scheier iwwer die Felder, un nix g'funne. Endlich hot er en Adverteisment in die Zeitung un ausgelegt wie viel fimf Daahler Node, wie viel zehe, wie viel eens un zwee as im Roll waare, un dass en wollicher Schtrumpbendel auserum waar. Well, der very naegscht Daag hot er sei Geld g'hat, alle Daahler devun.

Es waar in seim ann're Jacket Sack. Des weist widder as Adverteise bezaahlt. Un newe bei—as en Mann ken Bisness hot mit zwee Jackets.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK

(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

Deaths of a Day

JENNIE YEAGER

Miss Jennie Yeager of 246 N. 11th St., died at 4:55 a. m. Friday at her home, after an illness of three years.

Born in Easton, she was the daughter of the late William and Olivia (nee Sauerbeck) Yeager. Her father was associated with Judge Frank M. Trexler's father in a general store in Easton, known as Yeager and Trexler.

During her many years' residence in Allentown, she resided successively with Mrs. Edwin W. Trexler, E. G. Trexler and Judge Trexler. Judge Trexler, a cousin, is her only survivor. She was a member of the Lutheran church.

Rev. George A. Greiss will officiate at services from the Bachman funeral home, 1030 Walnut St., Monday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the Easton cemetery.

MRS. MARY COCHRAN

Mrs. Mary Cochran of 505 Hickory St., died at 5:05 a. m. Friday at her home. Aged 78 years, she had been ill since December.

Born in Carbon county, she was the daughter of the late Adam and Amanda (nee Kunkle) Foster. She was a member of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran church, Long Run, Carbon county, and of Poho Poco Council No. 32, Degree of Pocahontas, Weissport.

Surviving are her son, Elmer, at home; a sister, Mrs. George Hagenbuch, and one brother, David, both of Lehighton. Her first husband, William Whiteman, died more than 30 years ago.

MRS. ELLA MURPHY

Mrs. Ella Murphy, a resident of the St. Clara House, 429 Pine St., died early yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital after an illness of nine years.

Born in Ireland, she was about 80 years old. Her only survivors are several nieces and nephews. Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 8:30 a. m. from the St. Clara House, with requiem high mass in Sacred Heart church at 9 a. m. Interment will be in Holy Sepulchre cemetery, Newark, N. J. Friends may call at the House Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

JACOB STYERS

Jacob Styers of 625 Ontario St., Bethlehem, died at 7:30 a. m. Friday at his home. Northampton County Coroner David F. Bachman pronounced death due to a heart attack.

Born in Switzerland, he had resided in Bethlehem the past 51 years and was an employe of the Bethlehem Foundry and Machine Co. He was a member of the Holy Ghost church, the St. Joseph's society, St. Bernard society and Holy Name society.

Surviving are his wife Hedwig, nee Gitschier; three children, Helen and Anna, at home, and Mrs. Peter Lang, Allentown; three grandchildren; a brother, Robert, Wydnor, and one sister, Mrs. Thomas Conlin, Bethlehem.

MRS. SIGMUND ANKLIN

Ella, (nee Bickert), Anklin, wife of Sigmund Anklin, Bethlehem R. D. 1, died yesterday at her home after an illness of two years.

Born in Bethlehem township April 2, 1867, she was the daughter of the late Samuel and Emma, nee Kichline, Bickert. Her husband, a son, William, and one brother, Herbert, all of Bethlehem, survive.

Funeral services will be held from the H. Scott Ashton Funeral home, 112 E. Broad St., Bethlehem, Sunday at 2 p. m., with interment in Macada cemetery.

MRS. LILA E. LOBACH

Lila E. Lobach, widow of Edwin P. Lobach, died early yesterday in the Allentown hospital as the result of a fractured hip suffered in a fall in the kitchen of her home, 1914 Washington St., May 8. She was 91 years old.

Born in Seiberlingsville April 10, 1853, she was the daughter of the late Joshua and Catharine, nee Mosser Seiberling. She is the second last of a family of 13 children, prominent in that community. She was the oldest member of the Church of Incarnation in Philadelphia, where she lived until moving to Allentown at the death of her husband ten years ago.

Surviving are one daughter, Edna, wife of Reid Hartsig, Hartford, Conn.; two grandsons, both in the Air Forces; and one sister, Mrs. Ida M. Holben, with whom she resided.

Services will be held from the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., Tuesday at 10 a. m., with interment in Arlington cemetery, Drexel Hill, Philadelphia. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 8:30 p. m.

JOHN H. GEHMAN

John H. Gehman of 746 N. New St., Bethlehem, died early yesterday at his home. He was in his 64th year.

Born in Bingen Dec. 9, 1878, he had been a machinist and janitor for the Bethlehem Steel Co. 43 years, but was forced by ill health to retire in March. He was a member of Bethlehem Aerie, Order of Eagles.

Surviving beside his wife Minnie, nee Smith, are a daughter, Mrs. Calvin Ackerman, and a son, Edward Schick, both of Bethlehem. There are also five grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Eisenhart, Bingen, and Mrs. Frank Erdman, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. from the Daniel B. Snyder Funeral home, 701 N. New St., Bethlehem, with interment in Memorial Park cemetery, Bethlehem. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

JOSEPH DERVRICH

Joseph Dervrich, 56, Kintnersville R. 1, died Friday afternoon at his home. A native of Hungary, he had been a resident of America for 30 years and was a farmer.

Survivors are his wife, Sophie Kovach Dervrich; three sons, Joseph, U. S. Army; Stephen and William, and a daughter, Helen, at home; two stepsons, Louis and Frank Kovach and a stepdaughter, Mary Kovach, all of Bethlehem.

AMANDUS A. ZETTLEMOYER

Amandus A. Zettlemoyer, 72, died in the Palmerton hospital at 5 p. m. last evening. He suffered a heart attack three weeks ago and was hospitalized since. He resided in Ellis Valley, near Zions Stone Church for many years.

He was the son of the late David and Polly, nee Hoppes. Zettlemoyer and spent most of his life in farming in the Palmerton area.

Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

Words of Wisdom

I would be virtuous for my own sake, though nobody were to know it; as I would be clean for my own sake, though nobody were to see me. —Shaftesbury.

Hints on Etiquette

A display of affection usually is embarrassing if others are present. An engaged couple can show their affection without holding hands or embracing all the time.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Kayosie Erfohring

Der Bill Titlow, bartender on da Topton Fire kumpany shure hut die ledshd woch ae dawg 'n kayosie erfohring kotta wie er 'n dawg ob ganumma hut fer rei noch Allentown kumma uf bisnis un blessier. Sis net bol os der Bill sella waig fert gait un sich uf doll'd, hut so gore sei beshdie suit aw os er in fermaiga hut. Wie er ready wor fer fert hut er in die ruck seck galon'd, un ferhoftich sei won er net noch sei ohra lobba drin shtecka hut kot, wie ers ledshd mohl die suit aw kotta hut farna im Harning.

Der Bill hut die ohra lobba noh ous 'm sock, un sie uf 'n dish galaig'd woh er gadenk'd hut os sie ous 'm waig weara. So weit os die ohra lobba aw gonga sin, 's worra so tzu sawga gons nei, die ort gamocht fer iwwer die ohra shtrippa, un gucka wie so glaina shissla.

Die sawg is, der Bill het 'n aryie shainie trip kot rei noch da shtadt, un het fiel bisnis fersehna, un aw noch 'n gutie tzeit kot dabei. Owets wie er hame kumma is hut er ous gamocht fer air

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

NET CLOSING UPON TOKIO

Carrier-based airplanes late last week made attacks against Marcus and Wake islands and after losing only four planes and encountering little opposition of any kind brought home to Americans an impression that the Japs' air force is petering out rapidly. This in turn leads to the conclusion that direct attacks upon Tokio or other points in Japan are due in a very short time.

Everything seems to be shaping up nicely for a lot of annoyance and loss to Japan. Without a doubt a very great part of our huge American fleet is in the Southwest Pacific. The British have also sent large units into the Bay of Bengal.

Included in the American naval forces are more than 65 carriers, according to Artemus L. Gates, assistant Secretary of the Navy for aviation. Most of these are in the Pacific and enough of them work out of bases advanced so far westwardly that, in the attack upon Marcus island, they steamed in from the west instead of from the east and rather displeased the Japs by sneaking in upon them from an unexpected point on the horizon.

Secretary Gates has also given out the information that the Navy now has more than 37,000 planes. A very large number of these can be believed to be in the Southwest Pacific, moving around on two score or so carriers or flying out from land bases or from seaplane anchorages. Added to these planes are the bombers and fighters of the Army and Marine branches of the service.

All the indications are that whatever air strength remains to the Japs is being concentrated for the most part at home on the islands awaiting American air attack. If it were not for the great distances involved and the fact that everything depends upon ocean lines of supply, raids upon Japan could be expected this very day. Slowly but surely those lines of supply are being shortened as advanced bases are being established. All the indications are that Japan will be under fire very soon.

Japan seems to understand this. In recent days general air alerts have been reported from the islands. The Japs appear to be nervous and solitary reconnaissance or bomber planes throws them into fright sufficient to bring about the ringing of all the bells and the sounding of the sirens.

AN EDUCATION IN AVIATION

Taking of testimony in the injunction proceedings, whose sequel was cessation of air transportation out of Allentown, has ended and the aviation world now awaits the decision which is deemed to be so epochal for this type of business. What the verdict will be is anyone's guess altho any number of hints and clues were given thruout the testimony and hearing to be taken as straws in the wind. Whatever the verdict, the hearing afforded opportunity for this community to learn more than it possibly could have learned otherwise about the development of air transportation and the part of the Allentown-Bethlehem Airport in the national program.

The story of the local Airport's development was told quite fully and authoritatively. Those who followed that story have the best picture possible of what has been done at the Allentown-Bethlehem Airport and what the future of aviation in this country promises to be.

POPPY DAY PRACTICAL CHARITY

The annual observance of Poppy Day is at hand as just about everybody who moves around Allentown or gets into public places elsewhere must know because purchase of this little memorial is being widely pressed upon people.

It is a beautiful custom that has been carried on more than quarter of a century. But it is more than expression of a sentiment. It affords opportunity for thousands to be useful and to give glowing sentiment a highly practical and very personal turn. It is an opportunity for all to say to the disabled veterans of World War No. 1: "I am not only sorry for you. I wish also to help you."

RECORD QUOTA FOR 5TH WAR LOAN

Lehigh County in common with the rest of the country will have to roll up sleeves and go to work in most deadly earnest within a few weeks in order to attain the goal for the Fifth War Loan.

Local quotas have just been announced and these indicate that the people of Lehigh will be expected to buy war securities of all kinds in the amount of $11\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars.

That is an amount well in excess of the quotas in the four previous drives. It is going to take much work to get it together. It is going to require high resolution and sacrifices on the part of just about everybody but it undoubtedly can be done. To prove it let us look back to the Fourth War Loan when an amount almost as great as that which now is asked was raised altho the quota was smaller.

CHEWING GUM FOR THE SERVICE MEN

Only a small amount of the vast amount of chewing gum that is made in this country finds its way these days to hiding places under the counter in retail shops, to be drawn therefrom only if thru smiles and cajolery the clerk or cashier can be induced to part with a fraction of the small amount of stock.

Today the American soldier and sailor are getting the chewing gum. In fact they are getting two-thirds of all production. What they are chewing runs into astronomical figures.

Thus the quartermaster depot in Jersey City announced this week that it is ready to buy a billion and a half sticks of gum to be sent to post exchanges overseas where it is sold, not issued, to the soldiers. In addition a quarter billion sticks are going to be put into ration accessory packets and nearly a billion will be sent to post exchanges in this country. Another purchase item calls for nearly half a billion sticks that are going into regular C, K and 10-in-1 rations. All this is for soldiers only. The sailors can be expected to be getting their share.

It may be said that chewing gum is helping to win the war. Americans have become habituated to it and much work is done the better by a man when he is chewing gum. Likewise it is an excellent morale builder in relations with people in foreign countries. It is not too much to expect that much of the population of the world will be made a gum-chewing people as a result of the war and an important line of American business is likely to be developed thereby.

Constitutional Controversy

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 26.—An effort is to be made by legislation to bar news commentators from radio programs that are sponsored by advertisers.

The compromise bill to be offered in the Senate by Senator Wheeler, Democrat of Contana, chairman of the Senate committee on interstate commerce, contains such a taboo. If it is adopted, it is almost certain to run into constitutional difficulties. For if the Congress has the right to say that expressions of opinion on current subjects by commentators may not be transmitted in time paid for by advertisers, then the Congress has the same right to declare that advertising in the newspapers or periodicals shall not contain expressions of opinion on current subjects.

Senator Wheeler, who has devoted a good deal of time to the problem, has conscientiously come to the conclusion that the ban on radio commentators on commercial programs is necessary. He does not believe that there are any constitutional barriers because he feels that radio communication is based upon the system of licenses which in turn in a government privilege.

Justice Frankfurter, in a Supreme Court decision last year, declared that the power to issue licenses was the power to regulate the "composition of traffic" over the air. He insisted that no issue of freedom of speech was involved in his decision, but his opinion is being used nevertheless as a precedent—as a basis for the new legislation whereby news commentators are to be barred from the air if they happen to appear on programs sponsored by advertisers.

Few Abuses

It is not contended that the news broadcasts themselves contain any advertising for commercial sponsors, nor have there been any instances cited in which views of the advertiser have been fused into the news broadcasts. There may have been abuses of this kind, but, in the main, the broadcasting companies or booking agencies have furnished the commentators to the commercial sponsors on the basis of the popularity of the broadcasters. In some instances the advertisers have developed new commentators, believing that big audiences of listeners would be cultivated so that the advertising matter would be listened to by a larger and larger number of persons.

The proponents of the idea of banning news broadcasters from sponsored programs insist that very little care in many instances is exercised in selecting broadcasters, and that anybody can get on commercially sponsored programs these days whether or not he has news training. All this may be true, but the way to settle it is not by legislation. It may well be argued that the printed press, too, errs at times in its selection of writers or editors. The American people have learned that under a free press, however, it is better to leave such matters to the publications themselves rather than to any governmental agency.

The whole episode has an unfortunate background because some of the radio commentators have gotten into controversies with members of Congress. Still it will be a sorry day in American history if the powers of Congress can be used to retaliate against those who have criticized Congress or governmental policies.

Right Granted by Constitution

The Bill of Rights provides that Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech. To speak over the radio is, therefore, a right granted by the Constitution. It doesn't matter what method is used—whether an auditorium or a radio—the right to freedom of expression remains unchanged no matter what the medium.

The proponents of the ban hold that, because government issues the licenses, the government therefore, possesses the right to stipulate who shall or shall not use the wave lengths. Originally, when Congress legislated on the matter of radio it was thought that a Federal commission was established simply to regulate the traffic so that there would be no collisions as between wave lengths. Many people believed then that the whole idea was to regulate the traffic very much as the government regulates transportation of the mails, prescribing rates and packaging rules for the use of such instrumentalities.

At no time has it been seriously contended that, because the second-class postal privilege, for example, is granted by the government itself, Congress could write a law specifying who should or should not edit the periodicals that are the beneficiaries of second-class rights. But ever since the Frankfurter decision, there has been doubt as to what can or cannot be done now under the Constitution where a government grant or privilege is involved. It would seem certain that if the proposed amendment to the radio law is enacted, a constitutional controversy of major proportions will develop.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHAT WE FIGHT FOR

At the "churchman" dinner in honor of Barnard Baruch many speeches were delivered in praise of the first citizen of America, but none more eloquent or meaningful than that which he himself spoke. Taking Uncle Sam, rather than himself as hero, he proudly declared:

"America has never forgotten—and will never forget—the nobler things that brought her into being and that light her path—the path that was entered upon only 150 years ago—a little more than twice my own age. How young she is! It will be centuries before she will adopt that maturity of custom—the clothing of the grave—that some people believe she is already fitted for."

How young is Bernard Baruch who past 70 sees his country in the vision of his hopeful generation when men and women dreamed not of a mature economy and of completed stages of history! I suppose only the very young can be sure that old age is upon them, for if you talk to youth at 17 these days, you will discover that they have reached positive conclusions that are beyond doubt on questions concerning which everything is doubtful and no conclusions can be reached except by the route of faith and hope which these young people regard as unscientific. Baruch knows that each generation produces its own progress and that even after a quarter of a century of war, deflation, inflation, panic, depression and more war, we have and can continue to outproduce the world in all its needs. Of this he said:

* * * * *

"* * * Without us, could the Russians have held? Could the Japanese have been stopped? Could the valiant Chinese have done as well as they have? And what of the magnificent fight of the British? Were we not of help to them? Churchill has proclaimed his debt to us. Even Stalin has admitted the effect upon his battles of the warmaking power of America. Today the bloody Nazis and the Japs face a defeat that without us could not be."

But all of this somehow made less impress upon me than the final paragraph in this speech. He said:

"* * * Some ask why we fight. This is my answer: We fight for

"'Ancient right, unnoticed as the breath we draw,

"'Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the law.'"

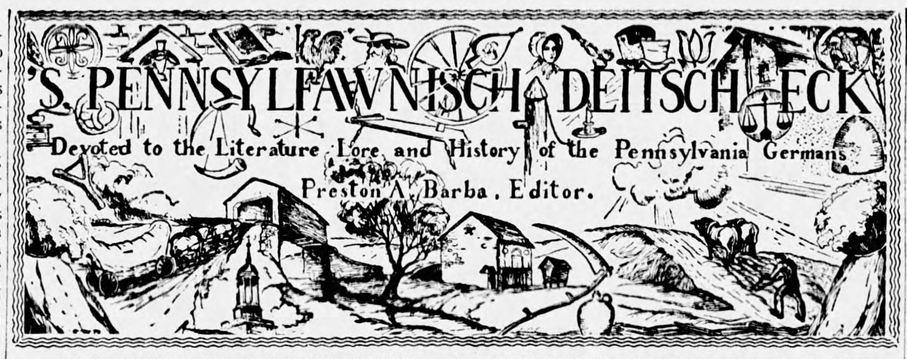
"'Leave to live by no man's law'"—in these few words are incorporated the whole of America's philosophy of life. We are dependent upon no man, beholden to no one man, ruled by no one man, controlled by no one man. We are ourselves the masters of our world, recognizing only the sovereignty of the law which we ourselves make and which must fit within the narrow margins of our Constitution. We brook no dictator, no leader, no fuehrer, no master, no boss. We recognize only constitutional authorities as set up by the law and whoever sets himself above the law takes measures for his own destruction.

* * * * *

It is that that Americans fight for—ancient rights—to live by no man's leave—and to live underneath the law and not by the whim of the masterful. It is the hope that this philosophy of life will continue to guide us and to inspire future generations, that this philosophy of life will help those in all countries who are heavy-laden and have lost hope—that is what Americans fight for. And we fight for that in peace as in war, everlastingly, as long as any man can say, "I Am an American."

This "churchman" dinner to Mr. Baruch was eloquently attended and as he spoke, I realized the secret of his magnificent success. Lacking the vice of envy, he never made comparisons with other men just as he now does not gaze upon other countries and imagine them superior to his own. Sure of facts and figures, unswervingly loyal and optimistic, he never sold his country short. Uninfluenced by slogans and hearsay and the idle gossip of the marketplace, insisting upon precise and accurate data, he knows that America is sound to its core and knowing that, he is confident of the present and assured of the future.

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THE LEGEND OF TAMBOUR YOKEL

By JOSEPH HENRY DUBBS

(Last week we presented to our readers John Birmelin's ballad DER TAMBOUR YOCKEL, based on an old ghost story attached to the ancient churchyard of Eastern Salisbury Church, Salisbury Township, Lehigh County. Mr. Birmelin was not the first to exploit this legend in verse. In a little book entitled HOME BALLADS and Metrical Versions (Philadelphia: Charles G. Fisher, 1888) by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Henry Dubbs, formerly Professor of History and Archeology in Franklin and Marshall College, are found the following verses. In his prefatory remarks about the poem, the author writes: "The story can be traced for more than a century. Whatever may have been its historic foundation, it is certain that, a few years ago, it was very generally credited. It was always told with due solemnity, as an example of the mysterious punishment of a dreadful crime." The story must be of interest to folklorists because it contains a faint echo of the old German Faust legend—ED.)

Tell the story with bated breath—
A story of horror, and gloom, and death.

A little church on a lonely hill;
A churchyard near it, calm and still;

Fair in the morning's early light,
Dark and gloomy it seems at night.

There it is said, in the olden time,
Happened a nameless deed of crime;

And stalwart men, with swiftest pace,
Haste when they pass that dreadful place.

Home, with the troop, from the war had come
Tambour Yokel, who beat the drum;

A worthless wretch, who on his way
Had learned but the arts of a bird of prey;

Who had sold, it was said, in the dreadful strife,
His soul to Satan to save his life.

"Now where," he cried, "is my ancient foe?
I have come from the battle to lay him low."

"Peace! Peace!" they answered. "Your boast is vain;
The man will never fight again;

The foe you hated, and sought to kill,
Now rests in the churchyard on the hill."

"Ho! What of that?" the drummer cried,
"Perhaps it was well the coward died;

But I know a way, as you'll see tonight,
To bring the man from his grave to fight."

Then a dreadful oath the ruffian swore,
He would call him forth to fight once more.

In their cups that night, at the tavern near,
His comrades met him with mock and jeer:

"Ho, wizard!" they cried. "Why don't you go
To the churchyard now to meet your foe?"

Then Tambour Yokel cursed and swore,
And sallied forth from the tavern door.

"Come forth!" he cried, through the startled night,
"Come forth, thou fiend, from the grave and fight!"

He reached the churchyard gate, and then
The fearful challenge was heard again.

But soon a cry that was wild and shrill
Was heard from the churchyard on the hill.

"Help! help!" he cried, but none drew near,
His comrades trembled, aghast with fear,

In silence waiting—that godless crew—
While the cries still fainter and fainter grew.

Next morning they came, with silent tread,
Seeking their comrade among the dead.

There, 'mid the graves, the man they found,
Naked and cold on the trodden ground;

Scattered his garments, far and wide,
Bloody the soil where the wretch had died.

And this was all; but who can tell
Who wounded the victim, and how he fell?

Did a panther, perchance, of the forest tear
The limbs of the wretched boaster there?

Or, was it the fiend, as the neighbors say,
That bore his godless soul away?

Ah! none could tell—nor cared to know—
But a mighty hand had laid him low.

Yet, with a shudder, men still relate
The tale of Tambour Yokel's fate;

And none forgets the legend grim—
How a fearful judgment was sent to him.

DANN UN WANN

Wer schafft un schpaart der Welt helft mit,
Wer Mitg'fiehl hot far annre Leit,
Hot ebbes as viel wert sei muss—
Geht weider naus, as graad yuscht heit.

In alter Zeit hen als die Leit
Graad so'n Geischt g'hatt un mitgedeelt;
Sie waare Freind zu yedermann,
An Lieb un Friede hot's net g'fehlt.

Des waar en Geischt der nimmi iss
Un nimmi kummt in unser Zeit;
Verschpott mol's Gut, loss geh dei Halt
An Grundeslehr, dann kummscht net weit.

Mit all ihrm G'scheft hen Leit Zeit g'hatt
Far gut zu duh, zur Gottes Ehr;
'S waar net yuscht Geld far sie domols—
'S heesst dann "Iss des die rechte Lehr?"

Heit macht's nichs aus—'s iss alles eens,
So lang en Mann sei Luschte hot,
Un nichs ihn schteert in Haerz un Sinn!
Er macht yo dann sei eegner Gott!

Wie er ihn macht, dut's Lewe schteh,
Un was er denkt, muss graad so sei!
Er guckt ins Glaas un sehnt en Schtaern,
Nau was denkscht vun so'n Schpasserei?

Mer baut ken Haus yuscht in die Luft,
Uff Sand findscht aa ken feschter Grund;
So wie der Fels so aa die Lehr,
So wie der Glaawe aa der Bund!

Die Bicherlehr waar dann net viel,
Die Biwel waar ihr Lehrer g'west;
Sie hen geglaabt es Wart waer waahr,
In Glaawe schtunde sie dart fescht.

Mit Zweiwel tret der Deiwel ei,
Un rot em Haerz vun Gott weckgeh;
Fangscht des mol aa, bischt ball verkaaft—
Iss des mol fart, dann schtehscht allee!

Guck um dich rum wie alles geht!
Ken Gott, ken Glick, iss immer so;
Verwerf die Lehr, die mol lieb waar,
Was bischte dann, was duscht dann do?

Mit yeder Zeit geht's weiter naus,
Doch yeder Schritt far's Gut sott sei;
Zu weit zu geh, des halt net aus,
En falsche Lehr verdaerbt em glei.

Wer kennt dann Gott, wer nichs vum weess?
Schteht noch so klaar es Himmelslicht,
Glaabscht du mol net, meent des all nichs—
'S iss alles dann en dumme G'schicht!

Iwwergscheid iss far niemand gut,
Wann d' des net weescht, dann findscht ball aus;
Viel Schule sin en Peschthaus gaar,
Die Gott ausschliesse vun seim Haus!

Fang aa deheem, mit Paep un Maem,
Sei yuscht net bang, du duscht ne weh;
So'n Sach schteckt dief un nemmt Geduld,
Bis Leit mol sehne wie zu geh!

Wann in der Heemet Gott net iss,
Wie kann sei G'setzt im Lewe sei?
Wann sei Lehr falsch mol g'lese waerd,
Dann iss die Musik ball verbei!

"Zerick zu Gott" en Schtimm ruft aus,
Uff feschtem Grund schteht's Glick allee;
En Schpinneweb far'n Schpinn iss Heem—
Die Seel far Heem muss weiter geh!

En mancher Lehrer schpinnt en Web,
Wu'n Schpinn druff naus so g'schwind geh kann;
Kummt meh mol druff, dann reisst's glei ab—
So geht's aa mit em g'scheidschte Mann.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

THE COLEBROOKDALE GUARDS

In his "Onkel Jeff's Poems," Vol. I, Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads records a humorous incident which took place during a Fourth of July celebration at Boyertown.

Shortly after the great Jackson victory at New Orleans in 1815 the residents of Colebrookdale township, Berks county, formed a military organization known as "The Colebrookdale Guards." The company was composed of 105 able-bodied men. The muster roll included the names of many present-day Boyertown families, viz: Rhoads, Boyer, Schaeffer, Guldin, Stauffer, etc., Pennsylvania German names predominating.

The following incident occured in 1818. A dual event was being celebrated. The arrival of muskets and equipment for the company was coupled with the regular observance of Independence Day. The general public was invited to help to celebrate.

"Thus they came from all directions,
Each one eager to behold
The volunteers with 'Flintlocks'
And accoutrements of old,
As they drilled and then paraded
Through the streets of Boyertown,
Or listened to orations
By some speakers of renown."

The speakers' stand was erected beneath a hickory tree, close to D. S. Erb's factory which stood three stories high. The platform was improvised. An empty molasses barrel was set upon its head and the orator of the day, mounted upon it, declaimed in stentorian tones:

"How we sprung into existence
And how we waxed and grew
Into a Nation sturdy, strong
And the British host o'erthrew;
How we gained our independence,
Through the prowess and the skill
Of our forces under Washington,
Who fought and shot to kill."

Intoxicated by his own eloquence the speaker emphasized his remarks by stamping his feet upon the boards of his rather insecure platform:

"Those men are gone; for yet awhile,
I with you may remain;
But soon the time for me will come,
Tho' we shall meet again."

Suddenly the boards beneath the speaker crashed and down he went, speech and all into the barrel. A few moments later his head emerged. Molasses matted his hair, his clothes adhered to the sides of the hogshead. Vainly the erstwhile Demosthenes tried to extricate himself from the sticky trap in which he was held.

At this juncture: "O! Donner!" Henry Boyer said,

Er kann sich yo net helfe,
Ich denk mir misse anne geh
Un misse dem Kerl raus helfe.

Suiting action to the word the Boyertown sturdies leaned the hogshead to one side and dragged the sticky victim to safety.

* * * * *

GENERAL GEORGE M. KEIM
1805-1861

High in the annals of Berks county and of the nation stands the name of George May Keim. He was descended from a distinguished Oley family whose founder in Pennsylvania, Johannes Keim, came to America late in the seventeenth century as a follower of the great Pastorius. The union of the Keim and the De Benneville (French Huguenot) families produced many civic and military leaders who served their county, state and nation well. General George Keim added lustre to a name which was honored before he bore it.

His national service included two full terms in the Congress of the United States and the completion of the unexpired term of H. A. Muhlenberg who had resigned in order to accept the post of Minister to Austria. While in Congress he attracted national attention because of his vigorous and effective opposition to the dissolution of the Union because of slavery, and his erudite discussion of the nation's banking problems during the hectic Van Buren years. His name was prominently mentioned as the party's choice for Speaker of the Thirty-sixth Congress.

In 1842 the English novelist Charles Dickens visited Washington. George Keim, Berks county Pennsylvanian, presided at the banquet given in honor of the famous author.

President Tyler appointed Keim as United States Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania and in 1844 President Polk renewed the commission. His service to the state included membership in the convention which framed the state constitution of 1837. He helped to frame the legislation which provided free schools and in 1860 he served as an elector-at-large on the Democratic ticket for the presidential elections of that eventful year.

But, if we read the life of this man correctly, we are led to conclude that he preferred to serve his native Berks. He declined several positions which would have taken him elsewhere. But in Reading he served as Mayor in 1852, and in 1853 as Major-General of the Sixth Division, Pennsylvania Militia. One of his last acts was an attempt to raise and drill a company of volunteers for home defense during the Civil War.

He was one of the organizers of the Berks County Agricultural Society. He made one of the earliest studies of the mineral deposits of the county. His extensive collection of Indian relics, principally from his home county, was deposited in the Smithsonian Institute and his collection of minerals was given to Lehigh University.

In Wollenweber's "Volksleben," written in the Pennsylvania German dialect in 1869, we find the following short reference to General Keim:

"Eb ich das Buch hab angefange zu schreibe, hot mich der General George M. Keim, der brave und gute Mann von Reading, nuf genomme an Conrad Weisers Grab. "Das war e braver Mann" sagt der George; Thraene habe ihm in die Auge gestanne, un er hot in dem Augenblick vielleicht a an sei Tod gedenkt, der in e paar Daag druff erfolgt ischt."

* * * * *

'S REFF

The cradle or grain scythe was in general use before mechanical devices such as the reaper, binder and combine displaced it. Many farmers still use it to clear a path in the field (dos-maehe), so that the horses or the tractor will not trample upon the stalks of grain.

The origin of the cradle was probably French but the type in general use in eastern Pennsylvania was invented, independently, a century ago by a Pennsylvania German, Joseph Shirk, of near Churchtown, Lancaster County.

While still a young boy he observed a man mowing with a sickle and using his index finger to guide the falling stalks into a neat symmetrical row. Young Shirk constructed a scythe with three teeth, or prongs, parallel to the blade.

The boy experimented with his device secretly by mowing timothy hay in neglected fence corners. When he appeared in the harvest field with this curious device his stern father upraided him for mutilating a good scythe and forbade its use in the grain field. The lad obeyed at the time but while the harvest hands were at the dinner table he sneaked into the wheat field, cut several swaths of grain and laid them neatly upon the ground ready for the binders.

The demonstration convinced the father of the value of the implement and for 70 years thereafter the Shirk family was engaged in manufacturing cradles for the farmers of eastern Pennsylvania.

The word "Reff" is probably derived from the resemblance of the prongs to a hay-rack which is known as a "Reff" among Pennsylvania Germans.

'S iss ebbes dief im Haerz, as bleibt,
Mer fiehlt 's iss dart, mer weess net wu;
'S kann net vergeh, doch sehnt mer's net,
Es Iwwerg'scheid deckt des net zu!

Weil des dart iss, iss ebbes dart,
As heecher schteht wie yuscht die Welt;
Des foddert meh as Brod allee,
Un saagt dir ball: "'S meent meh wie Geld!"

Du suchscht wu d' witt, gehscht hie un haer,
Verschwendscht die Zeit mit Schpass un Freed;
Wann d' faerdich bischt, kummscht dann zerick
Un findscht im Haerz, was net vergeht.

Gott hot's gemacht, un denk aa des,
Was bleiwe soll far alle Zeit;
Mit unser Hilf schafft Glaawe viel;
Er frogt net meh—helf ihm doch heit!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ.

Deaths of a Day

MRS MARTHA MILLER

Mrs. Martha Miller (nee Meredith), a former resident of Catasauqua, died on Friday afternoon at the residence of her stepson, LeRoy Miller, 5259 Pine St., Philadelphia. She had been in failing health for the past year. Mrs. Miller was the widow of Eugene U. Miller, who died in Catasauqua, July 30, 1937.

Mrs. Miller was born in England, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meredith. She lived in Catasauqua for a number of years and was a member of Grace Methodist church, that place. There survive one stepson, LeRoy Miller, three stepdaughters, Anne, wife of Carl Heimbach, Los Angeles, Calif.; Marie, wife of Charles Frey, Allentown, and Laura, wife of Private Lester Bender, Catasauqua, and a sister, Mrs. William Viner, Arden, N. Y. She was preceded in death by her husband, her parents and a son, Meredith.

Funeral services will be held at the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua, on Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.

REV. ARTHUR R. CUMMINGS

Funeral services for Rev. Arthur Roland Cummings, who died early Thursday morning at his home, Richmond Hill, Queens, N. Y., will be held this morning at 11 o'clock in the Church of the Resurrection of which parish he was rector.

Bishop James P. DeWolf of Long Island and Suffragan Bishop J. I. Blair Larned, a former rector of Pro-Cathedral Church of the Nativity and Lehigh university chaplain, will officiate. Burial will take place in Green Wood cemetery, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Cummings is the former Kathryn Rebstock of Bethlehem.

JOSEPH VARGA

Joseph Varga, proprietor of the Varga hotel, 1179 E. 3rd St., Bethlehem, died at 4:30 a. m. Friday, following an illness of some time.

Survivors are his wife, Lydia Yoo Varga; a son, William, U. S. Air Forces, and two daughters, Ethel and Yolan, at home. A sister in Europe also survives.

Born in Csikvand, Hungary, he had been a resident of Bethlehem for 34 years. He was a member of Zion Hungarian Lutheran church and was affiliated with the Hungarian Sick and Beneficial society.

The funeral will be held at 1:30 p. m. Monday, with services at the house and in Zion Hungarian Lutheran church. Interment will be made in Hellertown Union cemetery.

CLEON OTIS LONG

Cleon Otis Long, 64, of 108 W. Broad St., East Stroudsburg, died at 9 a. m. yesterday in Hamilton township. He had been in failing health for the past 17 years due to a spinal ailment as a result of an accident. He was a resident of Monroe county for 40 years and a member of the Odd Fellows lodge, East Stroudsburg.

Surviving are: Jessie R. Long, Kenmore, N. Y.; Private John S. Long, United States Guard; Douglas Long, Arizona; Paul F. Long, Easton; First Class Private Kenneth Long, overseas; Mrs. C. G. Gaylord, Canister, N. Y., and Mrs. John Fish, 108 West Broad St., East Stroudsburg.

Funeral services at 3 p. m. Tuesday at the late home, 108 W. Broad St., East Stroudsburg, with Rev. Harold Eaton officiating. Interment in the Prospect cemetery.

ALBERT H. RICE

Albert H. Rice, 87, a direct descendant of Moses Rice, one of the original settlers of Deerfield Valley, in Massachusetts, died of bronchial pneumonia yesterday at his home, 1817 Linden St. He had been living in Allentown for the last 12 years.

Born in Charlemont, Mass., a son of the latet Hart and Fannie (Vincent) Rice, he is survived by his widow, Mrs. Lizzie Jane (Brown) Rice, to whom he had been married for 62 years; a daughter, Mrs. Frank B. Standiford of New York City, three grandchildren, and three brothers, John D. of Dalton, William C. of Charlemont and Arthur of North Adams, all in Massachusetts.

Burial will be made at services at 10:30 a. m. Monday at Levitt cemetery in Charlemont.

BENJAMIN F. LIEBIG

Benjamin F. Liebig, 62, of Quakake, died yesterday morning in the Geisinger Memorial hospital, Danville, where he had been a patient since May 16.

Son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Liebig, he was a native and lifelong resident of Rush township and conducted a hotel at Quakake. He was a member of the Ascension Lutheran church there and the Patriotic Order of Americans.

A sister, Mrs. James Faust, Quakake, survives.

MRS. LEONARD D. C. SCHOCK

Mrs. Minnie M. Schock, wife of Leonard D. C. Schock, died last night at her home, 1234 3rd St., North Catasauqua, where she had been bedfast since last January. She was 78 years old.

Born in Hokendauqua, a daughter of the late John and Louise (Keener) Paul, she and her husband, who were married almost 58 years ago, lived in North Catasauqua for 48 years.

Her husband, a daughter Myrtle M., wife of Rudolph J. Frinkle, the Unionville church organist, and a brother, A. J. Paul of Akron, Ohio, survive. Two brothers, Theodore and Sylvester, preceded her in death.

Rev. Robert J. Urffer will officiate at services at 3:15 p. m. Wednesday at the Oliver Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua. Burial will be made in Arlington cemetery.

One-Minute Test

1. What type of person is a "peripatetic" one?
2. What is the meaning of "archaic?"
3. Who coined the word "blurb?"

Words of Wisdom

To do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in, and scramble through as well as we can.—Sydney Smith.

Hints on Etiquette

If you have lunch or dinner with a friend in a public place, and want to visit "for hours," choose a place where your visit won't interfere with busier people who have to find a place to eat and in a hurry—if you can find such a place.

One-Minute Test Answers

1. A person who preaches, teaches, or mends, etc., while walking or moving from place to place, a rover.
2. Antiquated.
3. Gelett Burgess.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Mice G'shpichta

Golly reich nocha mohl wos hut der Palmer Oswald un sei fraw die Linda un ihra hund der Patsy, fon da Highland shtross doh in da shtadt net long tzurick owets 'm mice chase kot. 'S wor der Palmer selwar woh die mouse erblick'd, hut imma glaina shonk in da kich, un moh hut die g'shpass g'shtart. Die Linda un der hund worra 's alrsht net dabei wie der Palmer die mouse ous 'm shonk gayawk'd hut, un sie hut sich fershlupt im refrigerator. Darta is der boo Freddie noh aw noch datzu kumma, un hut ihm g'sawt er sot g'shwind gae fers flash licht, so os er sehna kent woh die mouse wear.

Der Freddie hut noh 's flash licht gabrocht, un die mouse sheinds mus die helling net gaglicha howwa, aenicha waig er hut net recht unnich 'm refrigerator nei galeich'd kot bis die mouse rous g'shprunga is, un hut sich fershlupt in da peifa fon ihr'm haisa wosser radiator in da kich. Sis 'm Palmer noh ei kumma die ice pick wear bout so handich fer die mouse darta rous griega os aenich ebbes, un hut mohl shtarta die mouse gixa. Ow'r noh hut des glae gadierts awfonga greisha un yohla.

Un die mouse hut net may os wie shtarta kot greisha, bis die Linda un der Patsy datzu kumma sin fer sehna wos om aw gae wear. Der Palmer hut noh nocha mohl gagix'd noch da mouse, un sie hut ols noch aryer gayohl'd os wie dafor. Aenicha waig, sie hut so marderlich gagrisha os die Linda un der hund tzu gleich bong sin werra, un sin alla bait gonga fer die shpeicher shtake. Die barichda sin, 's wear ols noch net hous, un kumt aw ferleicht sei lava net rous, wel os es airsht drowwa uf 'm shpeicher wor, die Linda odder der hund. Aenicha waig, sie sin so iwwer nonner nei die shtake nuf os es shier galoud hut wie won aryads 'n frollick wear.

Ow'r m'r sin froh tzu sawga os der Palmer die mouse endlich raicha hut kenna mit da ice pick, un sie dote g'shtocha hut, un hut sie g'shwishich da pifa rous g'shoft. Wie allas feriwwer wor hut er da Linda garufa sie un der hund kenta now widder runner kumma, die mous wear dote, un der track glore. Ferol os m'r wissa wil der Palmer die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Kumt Net Kartz

So wie die Fegelcher uns yusht gapifa hen, is gore ken g'fohr os der Harold Stoffliet fon Shoenersville kartz kumt wons hais'd essa, ferol os er alsa mohl ous reiss'd iwwer 'm balla shpiela. Un war sellie socha net glawbt, het numma 'm 'm ledshda Sundawg dabei sei solla wie der Harold helfa hut solla balla shpiela, uns aw im grub kot hut fer noch Ormrod nochs Harvey Rotha noch ra party gae. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hut yusht helfa fier folla innings shpiela, un is da onnerra noh darrich gabrent, om balla game hut sei Melva uf galawda un sin pull foot nuf noch Ormrod gonga.

'S sheind shier wie won der Harold garocha het wos om aw gae wear dart drowwa, aenicha waig, sie sin yusht hee kumma wie 'm Harvey sei Gertie shtarta hut sandwiches un kucha rum gewwa, un der Harvey hut 'n frish foss aw gatzopt kot. 'S balla shpiela sheinds hut 'm Harold 'n wunnerborer obadit gamocht kot, aenicha waig mit ainra hond hut er sich k'holfa tzu sandwiches so fiel os er hava hut kenna, un mit da onnerra hut er sich fancy kucha ganumma, un noh is die g'shpass ob gonga. Die barichda sin, er het so arrick awfonga ei sheeva os sei Melva alla minute gaglawbt het er date ra ferwaria, un het nimmy gadrout fer welt fom weck gae bis er sei tzwae hand lare gessa hut kot.

Won er ow'r ols g'shpiert hut os die socha nimmy recht richta hen wolla, is fom Harvey seim guta galla shaum wosser arrick handich rei kumma fers nunner wesha. Fon da onnerra os dabei worra, hen sich ols erbarm'd un hen 'm 's glaws k'hova bis ers widder selwar handla hut kenna. Noch da airshda inning on da party, hut er yusht may gessa mit ainra hond, uns glaws k'hova mit da onnerra. Noh sin die barichda weara die socha 'n lot besser garutch'd un wear shure net kartz kumma.

GLAWWAS OSDER NET, OW'R

'M Dunnersh dawg nommy dawg drei minuta bis finfa, sin m'r 'm Joe Muir sei glae ketz'l lose werra, un woh der Joe uns so reichlich g'shank'd hut kot. M'r heps 'm "Pet" shtoremon Sam Heiney uf da Sivat shtross doh in da shtadt ferhond'ld fer drei goldna worta welicher, un ae silber nix'l, uns airsht os in der shtore kumt un frok'd dafor, kons ketz'l fernix howwa.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

A birthday today means you are a loyal and steadfast friend and hold your friendships. You are exacting, like your own way, and are very determined in your efforts to get it. Witty, sociable and an interesting conversationalist, you attract others to the home you love. Great good fortune comes your way this year. Those in authority will render valuable aid. Prefer requests, whether business or social. Push all your affairs to the utmost. Born today a child will gain in unique and often unexpected ways, success and outstanding happi

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

With what a genius for administration
We rearrange the rumbling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration
Over a pipe. —Henley.

AIR VISE TIGHTENS ON GERMANY

When American airplanes that had set out from fields in western Europe landed on airfields in Russia yesterday after performing their mission against German military installations a new phase in the attack upon Hitler's vast set-up had begun. It was regarded as so important that a very great celebration was made of the event.

Hitherto planes of the Allied Nations have set out from bases in Britain or Italy to attack targets in Germany or in German-controlled territory. After the unloading of bombs, they have turned back to their bases. Very often it has been impossible or at least very difficult to supply fleets of bombers with fighter plane protection for the entire trip, both to and from the targets, because of the well-known limitations of fighter craft. The Germans undoubtedly have known this fact and they have attacked our bomber squadrons when their air umbrella had turned for home.

Henceforth it appears likely that American bombers will leave their bases, loaded to the limit, and will reach their targets with complete fighter protection throughout their run. Then with lightened load they may either return to the base from which they set out or they may go on to a Russian base out of which fighter protection may have risen to meet them. Any number of combinations of movement can be developed thru the fact that airfields are now to be found in the East, in Italy and in Britain. There is going to be greater flexibility to the attack, just as it was an advantage for the United Nations' planes, after occupation of Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily and Southern Italy, to be able to fly from British bases and keep right on going over the Alps, after bomb loads had been dropped, and land on Italian airfields.

Very important too would appear to be the political effect. These new airfields in Russia have been built by Americans and Russians. American and Russian mechanics are operating the hangars and taking care of the service for planes. Americans and Russians are moving the supplies for the fields from Murmansk and from Persia. It is all an evidence of excellent teamwork such as is to be developed upon mammoth scale when the great invasion or invasions begin and when, it is expected, the entire Russian front will go into action against the German divisions, simultaneously with the attack by Americans, British, French, Yugoslavs and the vast European underground.

LOOKING OVER ROME'S SEVEN HILLS

American soldiers who have fought their way up thru the Italian peninsula today are looking out from rocky hillsides upon the glistening dome of St. Peter's cathedral in Rome.

There must be thrill for every such young American to be looking out upon "The Eternal City" because of the large place that Rome has occupied in world affairs for twenty-five centuries. There must be unusual emotion stirring in the hearts of those young soldiers of the Roman Catholic faith who see ahead of them the central city of all the institutions of their faith and realize the approach of an ambition of all Roman Catholics—the opportunity to see and to visit Rome, the Vatican, St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, the Catacombs and all the host of spots there to be seen.

Looking down upon the beautiful city with all its wealth of sacred tradition every young American soldier undoubtedly will wish that the Eternal City need not be on the path that they must take for victory over the foe that is before the Allied armies. The wish will be that the foe will find the city untenable and useless to them in a military way; that it will be evacuated without harm in retreat northward to which the Germans now seem committed because convinced that they cannot win in Italy.

It is to be hoped that Americans will be able incidentally to visit a Rome that is not in dust and ashes but that has retained everything of which young Americans and especially young Catholics have dreamed.

But there is no question that, as the Pope has said, Rome faces "one of the gravest moments in her history." No one can tell what turns the tide of war will take.

SUMMER STOCK FOR ALLENTOWN

There is no good reason why summer stock companies presenting comedy and drama of the legitimate stage must hunt out old barns and other rural quarters uncomfortable for spectators as the scenes of their repertoire. Of course such surroundings provide "atmosphere" and appeal by their novelty for a brief season.

There is good reason however why good stock companies ought to do satisfactory business right in the heart of large communities during the summer season. So it is going to be an interesting experiment along this line when on Monday a week a three-month program of stock is to be given in the Lyric theatre, right in the heart of the city.

Promise is that some of the most famous names of the stage are going to appear at the top of the billing for a dozen of the most enjoyable stage hits of recent years. The prospect is appealing.

Motoring to distant points again is going to be out of the question during the summer. The great majority of our people during this period will have to find their recreation close to home. Without a doubt the movies, because of wartime conditions, will not be in the doldrums during this season and by the same token it is entirely likely that legitimate productions will also fare well.

LIBERTY FOR ALL OUR DESIRE

Iceland has just voted to become a republic and one of the most eloquent stories of the war thus has been told.

The story of the election also comes at a very favorable time. At about the same time the people of Iceland were determining that they wish to have a republic Secretary Hull was very forcefully telling the world thru a press conference that Americans today are the same as their ancestors. They are a liberty-loving people who desire that other people likewise shall enjoy liberty.

Secretary Hull apparently was irritated by the constantly recurring demands of governments of small nations that their liberty and freedom of action after the war be assured at this time thru pledges. He almost lashed out at these in a reminder that the American record for more than a century and a half has been absolutely clean in this respect and then, in effect, he said that America is just as clean today as it ever has been.

Standing out more conspicuously than Mr. Hull's speech is Iceland's action. American military forces are in Iceland and in a military sense control that country. But all the while the Icelanders have complete freedom of action. As the Iceland's minister to the United States put it: "It could not have happened if the Germans had been in control."

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, June 2—The last ditch Nazi line before Rome has been advertised as the greatest thing yet in steel and concrete.

The truth is it was only at a couple of strong points, one at Valmontone astride the Casilina escape road to Rome, and the other at Villetri on the Appian Way. These two points the Germans fortified with hasty works and held obstinately as usual, but we went plunging straight through the Alban hills directly to Rome, swinging on the outer pickets of the gate hinged on Valmontone.

As a matter of fact, none of these vaunted Nazi lines in Italy were much more than good hill positions with a few unthoroughly prepared fortifications. The Germans relied far more on land mines and barbed wire than on steel and concrete.

* * * *

The best thing they had in the Gustav and Hitler lines were the fortifications in the Liri valley upon which they had spent two months of effort. When the French swung around in the mountains behind those fortifications and caused them to be abandoned without much fighting, German morale shrank.

The Nazi troops could see in the skies each day only 20 to 40 of their own planes and generally about 2,500 of ours. Half of ours were bent on bombing missions behind the line, but the others were aimed at those very Nazi heads.

As against this eye demonstration, more deadly than leaflets, the German troops had orders to hold each position "at any cost." But it was obvious from the Liri valley start, they had insufficient manpower to hold any place.

* * * *

Weak German manpower—the factor that finally brings the end to the defeated in all wars—likewise is the answer to what has been happening on the Russian front. There, they have also been putting up scattered strong-point rather than "line" defense with a deficiency of manpower, which would have caused a foe with more respect for life to collapse long ago.

They have saved themselves only by cooperation of the Hungarian and Romanian armies, and the use of Polish, Estonian, and Latvian divisions to plug the gaps (estimates of this help running as high as 14 divisions). With the exception of the latest Nazi counterattack, they have not had enough men really to fight the Russians openly on any front.

Their tactics have been restricted to offensive-defensive operations to cause Russian losses with the least sacrifice to themselves. To cover their lack of manpower, they also have used artillery and tanks (with which they seem to be more than fully supplied) to an unprecedented extent.

* * * *

The detailed accounts of these operations forecast the nearness of the end. Yet the Nazis contrive amazing, unheard of tactics to stave off the inevitable. There is, for instance, the untold story of General Hans Hube (from Sicily) who moved 15 motorized or armored divisions around in the center of overwhelming superior Russian forces from March 19 to April 8.

He fought numerous battles, but changed positions so fast, the Russians could never get heavier armor than his against him, and he escaped with 22 divisions, seven more than he had at the start, by picking up relief garrisons as he went along.

The average German division now has been cut to about 10,000 men (two-thirds normal fighting strength). Even this figure probably cannot apply to Hube's forces, which were maimed here and there. Russia claimed 28,000 killed, 12,000 prisoners, 10,000 escaped, thus accounting for only 50,000 of his possible force of 200,000.

* * * *

But slickness in last ditch fighting and orders to hold at any cost cannot long continue to cover the Nazi now critical loss in manpower, nor can it be met by the terrific Hitler commandeering of every available troop in Europe.

The return of Ambassador Winant with what is reported to be the armistice terms, therefore, may have had its significance, and at least does not seem premature.

Enemy's Strategy in China

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 2.—Japan's strategy, which for several months has been a matter of considerable puzzlement to the Allied nations, has now become rather clear.

The Japanese will fight a rear-guard action, but will lose the Netherlands East Indies within the next 10 months. But instead of using naval power in the Southwest Pacific, the Japanese have apparently decided to hug the coast of China and make it almost as difficult for American forces to invade China as the Germans have made it difficult for the Allied armies to invade western Europe.

The latest drive by the Japanese inside China has not been unexpected. For than a year military experts have wondered when the Japanese would start their drive on Kunming—American air base on the Burma Road. Likewise, it has been anticipated that the Japanese would try to block off southeast China so it could not be acquired by the Allies.

The meaning of all this to the American people is that the Japanese have gained considerable time for their new offensives, and that while much comfort has been derived in the United States from the splendid successes of our Navy in the Pacific, this has been only one side of the picture. The real story of the Japanese-American war will be told on the plains of China. It is from there that the first steps to victory are feasible because only when airplanes can be based in China in sufficient numbers and with sufficient fuel to bomb Japan can any real dent be made on the Japanese mainland.

Fumbled Burma Opportunity

The Chinese need supplies and equipment. The Allies have had more than two years in which to open up roads into China. One way to reach China was through Burma. The Allies have fumbled that opportunity.

Now the monsoon season is approaching and the Japanese know that Burma cannot be captured by the Allies. This means that time is particularly good for a new offensive by Japan in China because reinforcements can come in only by air from Burma, and this is a mere trickle.

The discouraging part of the situation is that the United States Navy has made such remarkable progress in approaching Japanese-held areas from the Pacific side, but has had no comparable support from the China or Burma side.

The excuse given, of course, is that there was not enough material to go around and that the European theatre had to be given first consideration. This theory has been widely accepted, but again time will tell whether the Allies were wise in neglecting the Pacific war as long as they have. Supplies and equipment in larger and larger quantities have been sent steadily to the Navy and to General MacArthur in the Southwest Pacific, but, while this theatre of operation has been progressing satisfactorily, much of what has been accomplished in the approach from the Pacific side has been nullified by the lack of corresponding progress from the China side.

Price of Invasion Has Now Risen

The small American and Allied forces in Burma and China have done their best with a shoestring. For some unexplained reason the Japanese have not organized their offensives until now, but their strategy has finally emerged. Tthey are going to try to hack up China, fortify the southeast China coast, and make it difficult for the United States to stage an invasion unless it is willing to bring millions of troops from America, involving, of course, many millions of tons of shipping.

The logical approach to China, and hence to the securing of air bases for bombing Japan, is from the Burma side. The Allies will have to pay dearly next year when the monsoon season is over for the valuable time they have forfeited in failing to recapture Burma this past winter and spring.

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DIE KALMUSTOWN GEMEE

Die Kalmustown Gemee iss alt,
Wie alt weess nimmand recht;
Sie geht zerick wie'n Haaseschpur,
Bis wu der Schnee em draecht.
Do iss gepreddigt warre schun,
'S hot Insche als noch g'hatt;
Sie hen die Flinte Sunndaags mit,
So hen die Alte g'saat.

So sechs, acht Woche waar die Rule
Far'n Preddich selli Zeit;
'S hot ewwe net viel Parre g'hatt,
Der Weg waar schlecht un weit.
Die Leit, die waare g'satisfied,
Wann's yuscht en Preddich waar;
Sie sin aa gange, plain eweck,
Der Hochmut der waar raar.

Sie hen die Aermel drowwe g'hatt,
Die Hosse nuff gerollt,
Halblein'ne Fracke, heemgemacht,
Noh sin sie hie gedrollt.
So sin sie gange, selli Zeit,
Schee Wetter odder wiescht;
'S waar Kaerrich! un's waar Glaawe do,
'S waar yeders noch en Krischt.

So dann un wann, so zwische nei,
Waar'n Schuttelmetsch am geh;
Sie hen meh Schnappps as Pulwer g'hatt,
Drumm oft en gnackrich Bee.
Beim Haus uffschlagge, odder Schtall,
Waar grossi G'schpass gewest;
Waar'n 'fall out', hen sie nanner yuscht
Gedichtich abgedresst.

Die alte Zeite sin verbei,
Die Mode, wie's als waar;
'S alt Kaerrichheefel iss noch dart,
Paar Schtee mit Darne draa.
'S iss alles fart un doch, wer weess,
Wann die Posaun mol schallt,
Eb's net im alte Waasem-eck
De Engel 's beschte g'fallt.

'S iss nimmi wie's als frieher waar,
'S iss ewwe naeryets so;
Die Welt iss meener g'civilized,
Sie waerd yo alt un groh.
Wer do net mit em Haufe geht
Un danst der Hornpipe mit,
Do hot die Welt ken use devor,
Wie alter Fenschter-kitt.

Die Kalnustowner hen sich aa
So bissel rausgemacht;
Viel hocke gut un wennich hot's,
Wu net der Mammon lacht.
Die Heiser sin uff modern style—
Mer saagt yuscht so devun;
Die Weibsleit—well, die hiete sich
Un bleiwe aus der Sunn.

Sie hen aa'n scheeni Kaerrich dart,
Deel Yohre schun gebaut;
Die Alte hen die Schuld bezaahlt,
Wie's noch der Yohrszaahl laut.
Far alters waar's als Deitsch gewest,
Deitsch Blut, Gemiet un Sinn;
Die menschte griege Genshaut now,
Waerd Deitsch gepreddigt drin.

Wie g'saat, sie hen die Kaerrich dart,
Paar Acker Grund debei;
Der Kaerrichhof iss newe draa,
Un alles schuldefrei.
'S iss, de-ich, die dritt, as darte schteht,
Sie sin aa Schtolz demit;
Doch mit der Frog: "Un's Krischtendum?"
Kannscht mache, was du witt.

Un doch, guck mol die Monuments
Dart uff em Kaerrichhof draus!
Weist sell net Hoffning—was? yuscht bang
Die Dote kaemte raus!
Wie'n grossi Laschter Geld schteckt drin,
Oft deckt's yuscht Hochmut zu;
Viel hen ihr Lebdaag net die Helft
Far's Krischtendum geduh.

Die Kalmustowner Gemee die sucht
Far'n Parre alleweil;
Sie sin schun siwwe Munet draa,
Un meene, 's waer ken Eil.
Sie waere yo die bescht Gemee
Dart rum uff weit un breet;
Sie wotte ebber, as sie suit,
En Mann as basse daet.

So'n alti Kaerrich un Gemee,
'S daet ebbes meene, sell;
Net alles was im Feld rumlaaft,
Daet basse far so'n Schtell.
"Mer wolle'n Parre, as aa 'ziegt',
Die Glieder zammehalt;
As ebbes vun appearance macht,
Die Geeschel net yuscht knallt."

"Der letschte, as mer do hen g'hatt,
Waar ken so'n schlechter Mann;
Mer findt sie ewwe net so leicht,
As alles suite kann.
Er hot die Sunndaagschul gedrillt,
Un's Choir in Ordning grickt;
Waer's net far ihn, sell muss mer g'schteh,
Waer's Kaerrichedach net g'flickt."

"Deel hen so hie un haer gemeent:
'Er preddicht bissel scharf,
Wann eens mol im me freie Land
Ken G'schpass meh hawwe darf!'
Sei Fraa waar aa net g'sund gewest,
Un hen fimf Kinner g'hatt;
Sie hot noh aa die Schul un Kaerrich
Net baddich viel gebatt!'"

Er hot sei drei, vier hunnert grickt,
So wie's als g'falle iss;
Uff Krischtdaag oft en Present noch
Vun Schnitz un Hickerniss.
Er hot am End doch abgedankt
Un aeryets owwe naus,
Dart hett er'n kleeni Landgemee
Un aa sei Parreshaus."

Sie hen schun iwwern dutzend Mann
Dart uff der Kanzel g'hatt,
Un doch hot alles Preddiche
Bis dohaer nix gebatt.
Sie gehn, of course, net hie far sell,
Sell hot nix mit zu duh;
Sie messe yo der Kandidaat
Vum Kopp bis uff die Schuh.

Wu's mol ans Kandidaate geht,
Kummt's net uff Preddich aa,
Ee Chance aus zehe, sell iss all,
Wie'n Aarmer bei der Law.
Ya! kaemt der Heiland selwer noch
So unverhofft dezu,
'S waer'n Frog ebs Lection gewwe daet,
Nix schwetze noch vun Luh.

Wu iss die Schtell, so guckt's ball aus,
As ehrlich saage kann:
"Mer suche'n Parre, helf uns Gott!
Ken 'Nickelodeon'?
En Mann, as uns die Wohret secht,
Eb's weh dutt odder net;
En Mann as uff em alte 'Klotz'
Mit Fiess un Absetz schteht."

Bis do haer hot noch kenner g'suit,
'S iss immer ebbes letz;
Sie kratze hie un kratze haer,
Wie eener mit em Gretz,
Der eent der waar zu alt gewest,
Er hot yo grohe Hoor;
Der anner hot zu'n leichti Schtimm,
Der naegscht waar daab im Ohr.

Ee yunger Kerl waar dart gewest,
Der hot zu'n langi Naas;
En ann'rer, ach! der dappt so hie,
Wie'n fetter Ochs im Graas.
Der eent, der hot zu'n wieschti Fraa,
Der letscht so'n g'schpassich Maul—
So warre sie bguckt, betracht,
Wie an 're Vendu 'n Gaul.

Der Barnum hot, wie's heesst, mol g'saat:
"Die Welt will g'humbugged sei";
Er hot sei Show noh uffgerickt,
Sie sin aa werklich nei.
Er hot sich noh deel Monkey grickt
In eis'ne Kewwich g'schpaerrt,
Noh hen sie noch die Peanuts kaaft,
Die Monkeys mit gezaerrt.

So hen die Kalmustowner aa
Schun siwwe Munet lang
Ihr G'schpass mit Kandidaate g'hatt—
'S muss ebbes sei wie Zwang!
Die Chance iss, wann's mol ausgedobt,
Hot's alles nix gebatt;
Sie griege graad, wie's happene sott,
Der schlechschte in der Lot.

Sept. 9, 1910 —ASTOR C. WUCHTER

(The above poem, by one of the best of our dialect poets, appeared in the Allentown Democrat for November, 1910. However, the editor obtained his copy directly from the Wuchter manuscripts in the Muhlenberg College Library.)

REVIEWS

THE SHOO-FLY PIE. By Mildred Jordan. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. 118 pp. Borzoi Books for Young People—Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1944.—$2.00.

One of the most pleasing evidences of the lively interest in all that pertains to the Pennsylvania Germans has been the publication and the popularity of an ever increasing list of gay and colorful books for the young of our nation. Juvenile readers will take delight in following the trials and adventures of Debby Weissfinger in THE SHOO-FLY PIE. In this book the author of ONE RED ROSE FOREVER and APPLE IN THE ATTIC, in both of which kindness, sympathy and understanding were sometimes sacrificed to literary effect and expediency, approaches her subject matter with more sincerity.

Debby is the eight year old daughter of a Pennsylvania German farmer in whose busy household she is always TOO YOUNG. "Too young" is a phrase that reverberates through the book. "Too young" is the source of little Debby's tribulations: too young to milk the cows; too young to whitewash the cellar; too young to bake shoo-fly pies. But finally the need and stress of the moment liberate her from the shackles of "too young."

In Marguerite de Angeli's two books HENNER'S LYDIA and SKIPPACK SCHOOL, in Katherine Milhous' LOVINA, as also in Ann Hark's THE STORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH, reading matter and a wealth of illustrations go hand in hand; indeed it would be difficult to say which illustrated the other. In Mildred Jordan's book the story is the thing, the illustrations subsidiary. Its thrilling situations and happy phrases bear testimony to the skill and artistry of the writer. Little Debby always has that "curly feeling" inside her when she is about to get into trouble. Her "Mom was like a pink plump cloud, with a chcked apron tied in the middle. Only Mom was much more solid. But she was always changing shape, thought Debby, like a cloud. Mom thinned out a little, or rather the soft curves shifted around, when Mom stood on a stool to reach for a jar of watermelon pickle down cellar. And the curves all ran together when she leaned over to look at the apple tart in the oven. But always she was very rosy, like a hot summer sunset." Little Debby steals away secretly to milk Star, the Guernsey cow. The ensuing conversation between Debby and Star is a precious bit of writing and will please the grown-ups as well as the juveniles.

The author endeavors to create locol color and atmosphere by the zealous use of dialect words and phrases and by English heavily laden with German idioms. She also adds the usual ingredients the general public has been taught to expect. It is to be feared that writers of fiction about the Pennsylvania Germans are coming to a definite formula. Let the story be one that can transpire anywhere in these United States. Transpose it to Pennsylvania German locale. One has read some Pennsylvania history; one has observed Pennsylvania German folkart as shown in household utensils and furnishings, especially such as are emphasized by collectors and antiquarians; one has made note of the quaint and outlandish English and dialect expressions, actual or imagined; nor does one overlook the Gargantuan gustatory inclinations and the unusual culinary accomplishments of the so-called Pennsylvania "Dutch; one is now fully prepared to besprinkle the pages generously with Taufscheine, Pannhaas, Haussegen, Schmierkaes, a sgraffito plate or two, Schnitz un Gnepp, tulips and barn signs, various forms of Hexerei and powpow, Schlof, Bobbeli, Schlof, a lively market scene in Lancaster or Reading, and g'schmeltze noodles; and for "outsiders" something about the peculiar speech of this unique people. In this instance Mildred Jordan, who was reared in the Middle West, but has now lived these many years in Reading, Pa., informs us that "Much of the time, the Weissinger family did not speak English, but a language all mixed up. It was called 'Pennsylvania Dutch'. Debby's teacher said that the Pennsylvania Dutch language reminded her of a lamb stew. There was the German, and that was the biggest part, like meat. Then there was the English, like big hunks of potato. The sprinkling of Welsh and Irish and French words was like the bits of vegetables in the stew—the beans, and carrots and onions."

No doubt it is worldly wisdom that prompts a writer of juvenile stories to have one eye upon the parents themselves. Mothers will find at the end of the book Debby's very own recipe for shoo-fly pie. No one seems to wish to know why this most unique of the many kinds of Pennsylvania German pies (or do you call them cakes?) has no name in the dialect and why it is called "shoo-fly". The only plausible explanation that has come to the notice of the reviewer is that the word "shoo-fly" is only an English corruption of the French **chou fleur** (cauliflower). The Palatinate bordered upon France. Other French words have become a part of our dialect. The next time you look upon some freshly baked shoo-fly pies you will be astonished to see how their top surfaces of creamy crumbs resemble cauliflower heads.

For those who may find difficulty in understanding the various dialect words and phrases the author has attached a two-page glossary, which unfortunately does not bear critical inspection. The indiscriminate use of both English and German sound values makes it impossible for an outsider to determine the pronunciation of the dialect. In such phrases as **danke schoen, wie schoen, es ist gans gut,** and **Wiener Schnitzel** the author has stepped over into the High German. A "Distelfink" is of course not "a mythical bird, symbol of self-sacrifice." She has confused the pelican, erroneously believed to feed its young with its own blood, and perhaps also the mythical phoenix, with our very real and beautiful "dischtelfink" or goldfinch. "Kriss Kringle" is not in use among Pennsylvania Germans, and does not mean Santa Claus, being only an English corruption of Christ Kindel, or Christ Child. To all of which Mildred Jordan may wish to exclain, with Jerry in her book, **HARREYUMMA!** provided she knows what **Haerryammer** means!—P.A.B.

* * * * *

HOME CRAFT COURSES. Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser.—Volume V. Home Craft Course in Pennsylvania German Painted Tin (Tole Ware). By Elizabeth S. Hoke. Schlechter's, Printers, Allentown, Pa.—$1.00.

The fifth of the Home Craft Courses booklets published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser of Plymouth Meeting, Pa. will be welcomed by all who have fallen under the spell of the painted tin ware of our forefathers. There is a veritable craze for collecting old tin trays, tea and coffee pots, canisters and spice boxes. The fine old designs may have faded or vanished and are to be restored or replaced. For those who take pleasure in such work this booklet will be of great value. It contains line drawings of choice designs which the author collected over a number of years while engaged in restoring old tole ware. Among them are the cut tomato design, the tulip and cut tomato, tomato and currants, gooseberry, currants and currant blossom design, the pine cone and sunburst. Each design is accompanied by specific instructions about the colors to be used for backgrounds and details of the design itself. These designs are suitable for use on tin coffee and tea pots, canisters, sconces, trays, candle boxes and sugar bowls.

Valuable for novices in the painting and decorating of tin ware are the instructions offered: the cleaning of the tin; the grounding; the study of space and suitable designs; and finally the technique of painting the designs upon the tin.

This booklet emphasizes the Pennsylvania German type of tin painting. To those who have mastered this phase of the art the author recommends Esther Stevens Frazer's "Early American Decoration," a very detailed treatise on the more intricate painting, gold-leafing and stencilling of furniture as well as of tin.—P.A.B.

Deaths of a Day

HARVEY J. KEISER

Harvey J. Keiser, 78, former member of the Coopersburg borough council died yesterday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Cressman of Locust St., Coopersburg.

A resident of the community in which he made his home for the last half century, Mr. Keiser retired some years ago after being employed as a farmer on the Cooper estate. He was born in Nockamixon township, Bucks county, a son of the late Elias and Sarah Melcher Keiser and was a member of the Lutheran wing of St. John's church and Coopersburg Council, No. 1020, Jr. O.U.A.M. of Coopersburg. His wife, the former Mary S. Barndt, died in 1928.

Surviving, in addition to Mrs. Cressman, are three daughters, Mrs. Milton Moose of New Jersey; Mrs. Byron Weidner of Quakertown and Mrs. Elmer Koch of Hellertown; one brother, Oliver, of Milford Square and a sister, Mrs. Robert Bader of Bethlehem; six grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Four sisters and a brother preceded him in death.

Rev. Daniel D. Kistler will officiate at services at the Cressman residence Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment will be in Woodland cemetery at Blue church.

MRS. MAGGIE J. REHRIG

Maggie J. (nee Bartholomew) Rehrig, 53, wife of Martin Rehrig, died at the Palmerton hospital Thursday evening. She was a daughter of the late John and Sallie nee Beidelman Bartholomew and is survived by her husband, three daughters and five sons.

James W., Mrs. Catherine Semmel, George W., Palmerton; Charles, Lehighton; Margaret L., Palmerton; Russel V., U. S. Navy; Ethel G. and Raymond H., Palmerton. 15 grandchildren, 6 sisters and 1 brother. Mrs. Harry George, Palmerton; Mrs. John Gordon, Plainfield, N. J.; Mrs. Emery Bartholomew, Stanhope, N. J.; Mrs. Lillian Rupple, Ashfield; Mrs. Clyde Fronheiser, Palmerton; Mrs. Catherine Bumgardner, Flemington, N. J.; Richard Bartholomew, West Bowmans. Funeral will be held on Sunday at 2 p.m. from the Ziegler funeral home, 177 Delaware Ave., Palmerton. Interment Towamensing cemetery. Rev. George McKinley will officiate.

MRS. MARTIN REHRIG

Maggie J., nee Bartholomew, Rehrig, wife of Martin Rehrig, Palmerton, died Thursday in the Palmerton hospital. She was 53 years old.

She was the daughter of the late John and Sally (nee Beidelman) Bartholomew. Surviving besides her husband are three daughters, Mrs. Catharine Semmel, Margaret and Ethel, all of Palmerton; four sons, James and George, Palmerton; Charles, Lehighton, and Raymond H., U. S. Navy, and 15 grandchildren.

There are also seven sisters, Mrs. Harry George, Palmerton; Mrs. Clyde Fronheiser, Palmerton; Mrs. John Gordon, Plainfield, N. J.; Mrs. Emory Bartholomew, Stanhope, N. J.; Mrs. Lillian Rupple, Ashfield, and Mrs. Catherine Bumgardner, Fleming, N. J., and one brother, Richard Bartholomew, West Bowmans.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at 2 p. m. from the Ziegler funeral home, 177 Delaware Ave., Palmerton, with interment in Towamensing cemetery. Friends may call Saturday from 7 to 9 p. m.

JOSEPH GEOSITS

Joseph Geosits, former resident of Northampton, who moved to New York five years ago, died Thursday in Seton hospital, New York, in his 55th year. He had been ill two months.

Born in Hungary, he migrated to America 40 years ago, settling in Northampton. He was employed all that time at the University Atlas Cement Co., there. His only survivors are his wife Julia, and a step-daughter, still residing in Europe.

Rev. Paul Kepchik will officiate at funeral services from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Henetz, 502 E. 11th St., Northampton, Monday at 9:30 a. m. Requiem high mass will follow in Our Lady of Hungary church. Burial will be in the German-Catholic cemetery. Friends may call from Sunday noon until time of funeral.

MRS. SARAH E. BENNICOFF

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Bennicoff of 831 N. 7th St., died yesterday, her 80th birthday, in the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient for 18 months after suffering a stroke.

Born in Lower Saucon township, a daughter of the late Henry William and Angelina (Giery) Unangst, she was a member of Zion Evangelical church. Her husband, B. Frank Bennicoff, died last August.

A son, Lewis, a brother Charles Unangst, both at the N. 7th St. address, and a sister, Mrs. Tillie Nolf, Sellersville, survive.

ALFRED G. DESCH

Alfred G. Desch of 831 Jackson St., died at his home at 7:30 a. m. Friday after an illness of five weeks. He was 74 years old.

The son of the late Rev. Henry and Myra, nee Gaumer, Desch, he was born Dec. 21, 1869 in Upper Milford township, Lehigh county. He resided in Allentown for about 50 years. At one time he and his late brother, Charles Desch, were in the bakery business. For the past four years he assisted his brother, Morris Desch, a locksmith, whose business is located in the rear of 831 Jackson St. He was a member of Zion Reformed church and Lehigh lodge No. 83, I.O.O.F.

Surviving are a brother, Morris E. Desch, at home; three sisters: Mary A. Desch, at home; Mrs. Sophie M. Weaver, Allentown, and Mrs. Annie E. Miller, Emmaus; two nephews: Henry C. Desch and Paul T. Desch of Allentown. Two brothers preceded him in death.

Rev. Simon Sipple will officiate at services at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment will be in the Baptist cemetery, Macungie.

JULIA SAGANOWICH

Julia Saganowich, daughter of Walek and Mary, nee Terifenko, Saganowich of Cementon, died Thursday in the Hamburg sanatorium after an illness of several years. She was 24 years old.

Born in Cementon, she was graduated from Whitehall High school in 1938. She was formerly employed by the Clyde Shirt Co. Northampton. She was a member of the Jednota society of Egypt.

Surviving besides her parents are the following brothers and sisters: Stephen, Hokendauqua; Joseph, Cementon; Mrs. Michael Molchany, Cementon; Mrs. Thomas Bammer, Stiles, and Helen, at home. Rev. Vladimir Ulanytzky will officiate at funeral services to be announced later.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Hut Sich Fersehna

Sis wunnerbore tzu denka wos 'n mensch alsa mohl dut unna denka. Un sel wase alla weil niemond besser os wie der Bill Bauer fon drowwa in Shlatedale, un woh doh da onner dawg sei ous gachawder duwock in die wosser tank fon ihr'm kicha offa g'shmissa hut. Oy duh welt wos hut sei fraw die Blanch gablouder'd, un arbadich noch so, weil sie yusht gons kartz dafor die tank gareinich'd hut kot.

'S wor uf kours ol 'n axident. Der Bill hut gatzailt kot fer der duwock om onnerra end fom offa nei shmeissa—in die fire box, so os er ferbrenna dade. Ow'r noh in blotz fon 'n feddierer deckle uf hava wohs fire wor, hut er 'n hinnerer uf gamocht on da wosser tank, un net mohl draw gadenk'd was er gaduh hut kot bis er der duwock sehna hut unner gae im wosser. Fer die socha ols noch shlimmer mocha, wor sei fraw die Blanch grawd dabei, uns aintsich'd tzu duh, wor, fer die armel nuf wickla, un die tank nocha mohl ol rum reinicha fer der duwock rous griega.

Is 'n Gruck Kartz

Der Sterling Uhler, der wert drous on Wennersville is alla weil aw imma arya aeland. Er hut awenich 'n kayoser mauga, 'n mauga os net alla orta wosser ferdrauga kon. Shun fer long nembt er immer 'n gruck fol wosser fon dahame mit won er sella waig fert gait, un allas wor ol recht bis der Clarence Miller 'n doh da onner owet nunner noch da Bloea Kerrich ganumma hut, un fon darta niver noch Gauffs Hill woh sie freind p'such'd hen.

Der Sterling wie immer sei gabrouch, hut widder sei gruck for wosser bei sich kotta, un aw noch paar shaina maid fer 'm kumpany halta. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hut tzwae fon da maid ol dawaig hava missa, un sin ol recht noch da Bloea Kerrich kumma, un noh aw shpaiter niver noch Gauffs Hill. Ow'r wie sie fom ledshda blotz fert sin, hut der Sterling uf kenna waig may on sei wosser gruck gadenk'd bis er shun weil dahame wor.

'Tzu onnerra tzeita het er ewwa yusht 'm Clarence garufa fer 'n nocha mohl unna nous nemma fer sei gruck hame hola. Ow'r net so in denna tzeita woh die tires uns gas so rohr is, doh fohrt m'r net mainer rum os notewennich, un der Sterling naiderlich mus worta fer sei gruck hame hola bis widder ebber bakontas bisnis hut drunna in Gauffs Hill. Now uf kours is es fershtonna os er shtrickta arders mit shick'd fer sei gruck mit tzurick bringa, un bis er 'n hut—wel all'm noh bis sellie tzeit kumt, wert der Sterling wol all'm noh dahame bleiva missa weil er ken gruck hut fer wosser mit nemma.

Hut 'n Gakick'd

Sawg, hen ihr der Elwood Schantz fon da 7d shtross doh in da shtadt kartzlich g'sehna? Golly reich nocha mohl er guck'd shier wie won 'n bree gluck hinnich 'm gawest wear un het 'm in der kovel picka wolla. Der Elwood wie m'r wissa, is 'n klerrick im Abe Knauss seinra reckorder of deeds offis doh in da shtadt, un gamohnt em libehoftich 'n aw tzu gucka, on die tzeit wie m'r selwar grutzich worra, un sin da Grossmutter hailinger on die bree glucka neshder g'shneek'd fer sehna e

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

You call for faith:
I show you doubt, to prove that faith exists.
The more of doubt, the stronger faith, I say,
If faith o'ercomes doubt. —Browning.

RUSSIANS BEGIN EASTERN SERENADE

For almost two months there has been comparative quiet on the Russian front where for many months the Germans had sustained many casualties and had lost much territory. The belief has been that the Russians had about reached the limit of safety as to communications and that they were pausing to reform their lines and to prepare for the next onslaught, presumably at the same time when the invasion by the Allies began in the West.

Invasion from the West now has been in progress for the past four days and it appears that the Russians are going to live up to the promises that were made to make it hot for the Germans on the Eastern front. Reports from the Germans indicate that the initial blow has been made near Iasi in Romania where the Russian offensive either halted or was halted two months ago. Moscow reports the initial results of that blow have been favorable thru the taking of some strategically important points. Whether there are to be blows at other points can be known only as they are made.

However, all the plans of the Allies seem to have been directed to giving battle to Adolf Hitler simultaneously at as many points as possible. It has been known from Hitler's own writings and oratorical ravings that what he has feared at all times is battle on more than one front. Very brazenly and boldly he announced a theory of making and then destroying one enemy at a time. Very confidently he told the German people that the errors of Germany in 1914-18 would not be repeated, namely the errors of being compelled to wage war on two fronts at the same time. All this has indicated his lack of confidence in the ability of Germany to fight upon more than one front at a time. The Allies want to know what he can do if he be attacked on half a dozen fronts or more at the same time.

In his attempts to prove his military genius Hitler has been a "flop", to use descriptive American slang. But on this one point and fear, he well may be correct. At any rate the hope of the Americans and British now will be that the Russians, who have fought so valiantly for almost four years, are ready to take part in putting the finishing touches upon Hitler and his Huns. We have heard of an ambition on the part of the soldiers of the East to get to Berlin first. Certainly the American soldiers also have set that as their goal. No matter who gets there first, the glory will be great enough for all.

FOOD PREFERRED TO GERMANS

In providing an excuse to the German people for the loss of Rome and all its accompanying prestige Adolf Hitler made an admission that should have but probably did not hurt his now thoroly calloused pride. This was to the effect that Rome was abandoned because thereby more than a million very hungry people were being thrown upon the Allies to become a millstone around their necks.

The inference that should have been drawn by everybody inside Germany and conquered Europe was that Germany has either been unable to feed her people or that she has deliberately starved them. In addition, the inference is that the United States and Great Britain can and will feed all people as the opportunity is afforded.

Looking at it either way reveals Germany and Adolf Hitler in a very bad light. It was a statement that could give not a shred of confidence to the people inside Europe. Instead it rather said to all the conquered peoples: "Get rid of the Germans and then you will be able to eat again." Inasmuch as hunger has been a prime motivating force in the lives of men in all ages, it can be believed that the prospect of food will do as much as talk about liberty to move the people of Europe to turn upon their conquerors the instant they feel it is comparatively safe to do so.

Of course Hitler may have thought he was doing a very shrewd thing, that he was building unusual hopes in the breasts of the Romans and that these would be dashed when the Allies got into the city and did not promptly bring in the many shiploads of food necessary to feed the starving people. But the almost absolute certainty is that Hitler will be confounded in this respect. The Allies will bring in food. They will relieve the difficult conditions. For one thing, they will be able to put much of the large food resources of North Africa at the disposal of the Italians. And after all, that is the point from which Southern Europe derived large supplies until the Axis lost control of the Mediterranean.

BETTER PAY FOR FIGHTING MEN

The Philadelphia Record some time ago made the commendable suggestion that Congress recognize the risks of combat and adopt a program of extra fighting pay for the men who go into action.

In World War No. 1 not one half of the men who donned uniforms ever got out of the United States and not one half of those who did ever heard even a single shot in battle. In this war it is entirely probable, unless the war goes on for many years, there will be millions of men who will not get out of the United States and other millions who will not see an enemy nor hear an enemy shot fired.

Now Secretary Stimson has recommended that infantrymen who wear the expert infantryman's badge be paid $5 per month more than the schedule and that $10 extra be paid per month to those with the combat infantryman's badge.

Mr. Stimson hastens to explain that "the proposed pay increases are not intended as compensation for the hazards and hardships involved—such things cannot be paid for in money." Therein he expresses American public opinion. But he is also right in bringing out the fact that medals are cheap and that the American people do not wish to demean themselves by merely giving out a little metal and nothing more substantial to the men who bear the heat and burden of the day.

Important Decision

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Within the last 24 hours the Republican party in the House of Representatives made an important decision. It was overshadowed by the war news and hence attracted very little attention. The results, however, may be far-reaching.

The Republicans had a chance to maintain a coalition with the southern Democrats and compel the House to vote on various amendments to the pending Wage and Price Control act—amendments that are designed to require court review for War Labor Board orders and also to prohibit maintenance-of-membership decrees.

Although the House Rules committee, by coalition of Democrats and Republicans, had recommended to the House that the Wage and Price Control act be opened to amendment from the floor under a special rule, the House Republicans joined with the Democrats to vote down such a rule. This remarkable performance, which was denounced by southern Democrats as hypocrisy, means that for all practical purposes the chance of legislation restrictive of the War Labor Board or banning maintenance-of-membership contracts is lost for this session of Congress.

The defense by Republican leaders was that the labor legislation should not be tacked on to the price control act because it was not "germane." This is the first time the Republicans have appeared solicitous about the use of the parliamentary method of attaching amendments to current bills on subjects that are not really related to the bill.

Practice Often Used

The practice however, has long been a powerful lever in the hands of the minority, especially since the majority party has the veto power through the Executive. It is surprising to find the Republicans arguing that the amendments relating to the War Labor Board's activities were not "germane" to legislation that relates to wage stabilization—a function exercised by the War Labor Board itself with respect to practically all employees earning less than $3,000 a year.

The excuse that the proposals were not "germane" is not taken seriously by the southern Democrats, who argue that the real truth is the Republicans became fearful of the C.I.O. Political Action committee and the labor union vote. Certainly there was much talk in the cloakrooms of Capitol Hill that the Republicans did not wish to get messed up in a controversy with labor unions on the eve of an election.

But the worst feature of the Republican behavior is that no record vote was taken on the proposed rule which a majority of the House rules committee had favored. Thus, it is impossible to know just which Republicans had recorded themselves along with New Deal Democrats in killing the rule proposed by the House Rules committee.

In defense of the action of the Republican leaders, it is argued that attaching the amendments on the War Labor Board would not have meant anything because the Senate would not have passed them, or that the President might have vetoed them. This is in contrast to the attitude in minority parties before, which have been content to make a record of their convictions and principles, leaving it to the country to decide at the polls whether a minority should be transformed into a majority.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The administration is having a difficult time putting down overly-enthusiastic interpretations of the grand assault on Europe, not only by the public but in its own ranks.

D-Day was hardly over before business firms started calling the men they had loaned to the government for war work saying the war was almost over, and they had better come back as soon as possible to their regular jobs.

The Treasury seemed skittish that the public also might jump to the same conclusion in connection with the $16,000,000,000 War Bond drive opening Monday.

Actually, however, it is unlikely matters will break in either of these directions. The dollar-a-year-or-more men will be held to their jobs, and auspices for the bond drive are bright.

While the amount is $16,000,000,000 (two billions above last time), the people have more cash than ever before piling up in banks, and their enthusiasm should be lifted by the invasion to the point where the amount again will be over subscribed.

Bonds are the same as cash these days, and there is no reason why $110,000,000,000 should have accumulated in bank deposits and $20,000,000,000 more in cash outside of banks (as carried in this column May 31) when these amounts can draw greater interest.

* * * *

But the administration itself inwardly is far from prepared to meet the end of the war, or even begin to meet it.

The popular Baruch scheme to transfer industry smoothly and efficiently back to peace-time operations was drawn up last December, made public Feb. 15, but not until May 23 were the beginnings of action on it even faintly visible. Then Charles E. Wilson, Executive Vice Chairman of the War Production Board was appointed by over-all Stabilizer Byrnes to start work.

The matter had reached such a pitiful state that Mr. Baruch, who would stand practically anything from the administration, was reported in the press to have presented his resignation, along with that of John M. Hancock, as the top two men at the head of what was supposed to be the post-war policy-making committee, but which apparently has not turned out to be as powerful as its paper authority.

The administration has sought to keep the resignation story from the press, possibly to get Messrs. Baruch and Hancock to change their minds.

* * * *

Clashing personalities seem solely responsible for the otherwise inexplainable delay. At the top of the clash was Mr. Wilson himself. He had the substantial backing among government officials from the beginning as the man to lead the job. His supporters included Secretary of the Navy Forrestal and War Under-Secretary Patterson.

But Mr. Wilson was only a WPB executive chairman to Donald Nelson, whose friends thought he should have the job. Several times Mr. Wilson threatened to resign like Messrs. Baruch and Hancock.

Apparently, the greatest power of the supposedly powerful authorities of the government is a resignation threat.

Messrs. Baruch, Hancock and Wilson might have done better if they had belonged to the CIO as it was not until the CIO unionists of the Brewster aeronautical plant rushed down here with irate complaints after their company's contract had been cancelled that any action was taken on the Baruch report.

Diet was linked to malaria by the discovery that chickens and ducks deficient in the vitamin biotin develop a more serious type of malaria than do fowl on a normal diet.



Uffmundering

'S iss kee Wunner iss mer griddlich,
Alles geht yuscht wie's net sett;
Was sin doch e Deel so glicklich,
Hen yuscht alles, was mer wett.

Saag mer net, es iss kee Ursaach
Far en aarmer Mensch zu sei;
Unglick kummt ebmol im Eefach,
Un ebmol kummt alles bei.

Es hot Leit, sie sehne weiter
As wie annere, sehne mehner.
Un mer meent e Deel sin g'scheiter,
Doch zu g'scheit iss selde eener.

Un ebmols der Dummscht iss dimmer,
As mer meent, as er sett sei;
Doch iss er der Dummscht net immer,
Hot sei G'scheitheit aa debei.

So iss 's bei uns uff der Welt do,
Eener hot wennich, annere viel,
Wann mer yuscht zufridde iss so,
Hot mer immer's greesschte Deel.

Seh nur alles was do schee iss,
Un sei blind zu alles sunscht;
Sei nur heiter, un sei freehlich—
Hoscht du alles, was du winscht.

(Adapted from an anonymous poem in The Pennsylvania German, Aug., 1911)

Der Huns-John

Doyetz hot der Pumpernickle in seim Brief em Huns John sei Naame genennt un dass viel Leit ihre Naame grickt hen vun ihrem Gescheft. Der Huns John hawwich gekennt, wie ich en younger Bu waar. Mer hot en heere kenne lang eb mer en g'sehne hot.

Wie ich in der Creamery in New Jerusalem waar, iss er als kumme fer abgeraahmte Millich far sei Hunde. So zwelf bis fufzeh Hunde hot er g'hatt un die hen als paar Eemer leer g'soffe. Er hot awwer yuscht eener odder zwee an die Schissel; die annere hen waarte misse, bis er ready waar far sie drenke. Er hot sie als gut unnich Command g'hatte.

Schpeeter hawwich Schtor g'halte naegscht an Boyertown. Der Huns John iss aa als dart hie kumme. Die Dieb waare mir dreimol in der Schtor gebroche. Ee Daag iss der Huns John kumme un hot en scheener grosser Saint Bernard bei sich g'hatt. Den hett ich gaern kaaft far nachts in der Schtor. Er hot awwer $25 hawwe wolle far der Hund un sell waar iwwer mei Preis. Er hot g'saat, es waer ken guter Hund far in der Schtor, er wott mer mol en ann'rer bringe. Er iss aa ball kumme mit eem an die hinner Achs gebunne far helfe der Wagge ziege. Er waar kolschwarz mit lange Hohr. Sei Buckel waar uffgeriwwe un am Kopp un an de Bee waar er all verbisse. Er hot hart ausgeguckt. Der John hot g'saat, er hett g'fochte mit me Bullhund. Er waar en Mixture vun me New Foundland un me Bluthund. Ich hab en kaaft far fimf Daahler, hab en an en Kett, gut g'fiedert un Freind mit em gemacht. Sei Wunde waare ball g'heelt. Er iss ball noch emol so gross warre wie er waar, un waar friendlich. Er waar en recht Pickter vun me Hund.

Mir hen en glee Maedel g'hatt, as noch net laafe hot kenne. Der Hund waar viel bei dem Kind. Im Summer hot die Fraa en Schofbelz in der Hof gelegt, wu es Kind druff g'schlofe hot. Der Hund waar aa debei gelegge. Es Kind hot als an seine lange Hohr haltgenumme un selleweg hot's laerne laafe.

Der Schtor waar about 400 Fuss vun Haus. Er hot 's Kind oft noch em Schtor gebrocht, eb's lee laafe hot kenne. Er iss recht langsam geloffe un wann's g'falle iss, iss er schteh bliwwe, bis es widder haltgenumme hot an ihm.

Nachts waar der Hund als los im Schtor. Mol ee Owet waar ich net deheem. 'S iss en Regge kumme un 's hot hart gedunnert. Der Hund iss niwwer zu de Fraa un em Kind, un der Glaerrick hot en net in der Schtor zerick duh kenne. En yunger Mann, as oft mit em g'schpielt hot, iss gange far ihn hole. Er hot en aa g'holt, awwer erscht mit ihm fechte misse. Der Hund hot em die Aerm verbisse. De naegschte Owet waar's widder gewitterich. Der Hund hot net in der Schtor gewollt un ich bin gange far ihn hole. Er waar widder en Schtarrkopp. Ich hab mer en nei-i Waggewipp g'holt. Noh iss er awwer niwwer. Es waar nimmi viel an sel're Wipp iwwrich, wie ich faerdich waar mit ihm. Nooch sellem waar ich Boss.

'S Warehouse waar graad newich der Schtorschtubb un der Hund hot iwwerall drin rum gekennt. Mol ee Owet hawwich die Dier net recht zu gemacht g'hatt un der Wind hot sie uffgeblose. Es sin e paar Menner farbei un hen g'sehne as die Dier uff iss. Sie sin zu mir kumme un hen gerufe es waere widder Dieb im Schtor awwer der Hund waer drin un daet sie net nellosse. Ich waar awwer schur so lang ass der Hund drin waer, waer aa ken Dieb drin. Ich bin awwer mit noch em Schtor un hab viel zum Hund schwetze misse eb er mich neigelosst hot.

Ee Friehyohr iss der Hund mol uff die Wanderluscht, die Train hot en gedroffe un sell waar's End vum Huns John seim Prinz.

Trexlertown, Pa.

J. Y. SCHULTZ.

DRAUS FISCHE

En Mann denkt net vun wieschte Sache
Wann er fischt;
Gedanke sin vun Freed un Lache
Wann er fischt;
Iss ihm nix falsch uff breed un weit
Iss an seim Beschte, sei guti Zeit—
Wann er fischt.

Er denkt net far en annere b'scheisse,
Wann er fischt;
Draamt vun yedem Gut zu weise,
Wann er fischt;
Un er iss so brau gebrennt,
Meent er daet es Bescht er kennt,
Er iss do en Mann genennt—
Wann er fischt!

—MABEL G. SAYER
(With apologies to Edgar A. Guest)

Worthy Sons of Noble Sires

Berks County takes just pride in the achievements of her famous son Lieutenant General Carl Spaatz, the highest ranking general ever to go forth from Berks County. It will be noted here that we have spelled the general's name with the double "a" in accordance with a request which he made, asking that it be spelled in that way in order that it might be sounded the way "the folks back home pronounce it."

* * *

Montgomery County lays claim to the glory reflected upon her by the achievements of General Henry Harley Arnold, chief of all our air forces. General Arnold was born in Norristown. His father was Dr. Herbert A. Arnold, one of the active founders of the Pennsylvania German Society. The general's mother was Louisa Harley, a descendant of a grand old Pennsylvania German pioneer of Worcester Township, Montgomery County.

* * *

Several generations ago a branch of the Stover family of Berks and Lancaster Counties moved to the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia in company with many Pennsylvania families that followed the foothills of the Alleghenies in search of new limestone lands. In 1883 Ida Elizabeth Stover joined the pioneer trek westward to Kansas. There she met and married David Eisenhower. David, son of Jacob and Rebecca Eisenhower, was born and reared on a farm on the edge of Elizabethville, Pa., a little 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. The Eisenhowers were Plain People and belonged to the little Dunkard Church known as the Free Grace Church near Elizabethville. Some of the members of the family are buried in Keefer's Cemetery, a Dunkard churchyard. In 1878 the family moved to Kansas.

Of the union of David Eisenhower and Ida Elizabeth Stover were born six sons, the third being General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Allied Supreme Commander, and the sixth, Milton S. Eisenhower, of the Office of War Information. It is said that the Eisenhower boys still relish the Pennsylvania Dutch cooking to which they were acustomed in their home in Abilene, Kansas.

* * *

For 20 years General Lewis B. Hershey, descended from Mennonite forebears of Lancaster County, studied the possibilities of selective service laws in case his country would be confronted by another war. When the war came a college president was appointed to superintend the job, but it was soon found that Hershey's services were needed and today he serves.

* * *

All of the above men, and hosts of others, too, are out to protect a heritage which their ancestors built for them. Their fathers fled from the intolerable conditions of the old world which now threaten to extend their ugly fangs to the shelter of the new world. Worthy sons of noble sires, carrying in their hearts the torches they inherited from courageous forebears are determined to preserve to their posterity the same blessings they have enjoyed.

ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Eisenhower—Man and Soldier

Governor Edward Martin, of Pennsylvania, has issued a special message paying tribute to General Dwight D. Eisenhower on the start of the Second Front in the liberation of Europe, written for historical record in the first standard biography of the General under title "Eisenhower—Man and Soldier" to be released for publication within the next few days. The biographer is Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller, the eminent historian of some fifty standard works, including the first biography of "General Douglas MacArthur—Fighter for Freedom."

Governor Martin's message as it appears in the biography, "Eisenhower—Man and Soldier" states:

"The first Eisenhowers to come to America made their home in this Commonwealth, where the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were later to be written.

"A generation before the Nation was established the ancestors of General Dwight D. Eisenhower came from the troubled Old World to settle in the Keystone Sttae. Here his father was born and, like many another Pennsylvanian, went forth to join in the settlement and development of the Great West. The Eisenhowers were Pennsylvanians from 1741, establishing their home near York and later at Elizabethville, where the birthplace of the General's father still stands.

"It seems to me significant that General Eisenhower, leading our Allied Forces to liberate Europe, is the descendant of men who found in Pennsylvania a refuge from religious and monarchical tyranny. The State where the Liberty Bell first, "proclaimed liberty throughout the land," looks with pride upon this son of Pennsylvanians.

"We have full faith that under his leadership the millions of Americans, both from Pennsylvania and other States, will press forward to victory against our foes.

"Here where the first flag of freedom was made—where our Nation was established—we bid God-speed to General Eisenhower and every man following this flag."

Dr. Miller, author of "Eisenhower—Man and Soldier" has acted as civilian historian for three wars and is now engaged on Histories of World War II. His ten-volume "Photographic History of the Civil War" preserving the famous Brady negatives for posterity, is the standard authority in public libraries throughout Pennsylvania. Among his many works are the "Portrait Life of Lincoln," "Life of Thomas A. Edison," "World's Great Adventure," "America—The Land We Love," "American Wonder Stories," "American Hero Tales," an dthe "World in the Air."

The first biography of General Eisenhower is fittingly a Pennsylvania product, as is his family before their migration to Kansas. It is published in Philadelphia by the John C. Winston Co.

En Simpler Mann

Ich ken en gewisser Mann
As dankbar iss un froh
Far der Himmel hoch un bloo;
Far sei Aage, dass er so
Sei Kinner sehne kann;
Weil sei Kinner schpringe un lache
Un ihre G'schpiele mache;
Iwwer die un dergleiche Sache
Frohsinnig lacht er dann.

Er lacht un iss voll Freed
Far der Regge un der Schnee;
Far's Graas un der lieblich Klee
Un die Blumme frisch un schee
Un em Wald sei schattiche Paed.
Er wunnert net warum
Dass annere sin so dumm
Un lewe so schlecht un krumm
Un die Welt sich der letz Weg dreht.

Er guckt net varne naus
Mit me sargfeltig G'sicht:
Bang wegge 'm grosse Gericht:
Er geht ins Bett unne Licht
Un die dunkel Nacht schloft aus.
En Philosoph odder 'n Schnepp?
Die Leit duhne 'n aagucke schepp
Un schmunzle un schittle die Kepp
Un meene er waer "aus em Haus."

—CHARLES C. ZIEGLER.

Glaas Kraut

(Jewel Weed or Touch-me-not)

Es iss leicht zu aerklaere, ferwas es Glaas Kraut so benannt iss. Es iss so zaart un schprock un iss schier darrichsichtich. Es iss leicht zu breche. In der englische Schproch hot es en viel schennerer Naame, Jewel Weed. Ferwas heesst die Blans so? Nemm mol en alt Photograph Album un bletter darrich. Dart finnscht du gleich die alt Auntie Betz un die Grossmammi Susannah un die Grossgrossmammi Maria. Dart drin hocke aa die Auntie Liz un der Onkel Josi. Dart kannscht du glei sehne ferwas die Blans Jewel Weed heesst. Guck noch emol ins Album un du sehnscht wie die Weibsleit dart drin grosse, lange Ohrering an de Ohre henke hen; unni Zweiwel hot der Goldschmitt sei Muschter vun de scheene Glaas Kraut Blumme abgepicktert.

Sechzich Yohr zerick waar des Familie Photograph Album wull es eensischscht Ding, as uff em Marble Top Disch im Parlor gelegge hot far der B'such mit zu entertain-e—es hot sellemols noch ken Funny Papers gewwe, ken Radio un Cigarets, awwer blendi Seider, Eppel Jack un gute Mince Boi. Die eensischschte Bicher waare die Biwel un Schtark's Gebetbuch.

Die Glaas Kraut Blumme sin nix waert far Schtreiss draus mache; sie verwelke so g'schwind, ass sie geroppt sin. Die Saame Schote sin arrick zaart un emfindlich. So g'schwind dass sie aageregt warre, schneppe sie uff un der Saame fliegt in die vier Ecke der Welt. Un sell iss die Ursach, dass sie der Naame Touch-me-not hen.

Var alters iss es Glaas Kraut als gebraucht warre far 's Wisse Gift, Baschdnaade Gift un Poison Ivy Gift zu kure. Awwer heitichdaags schpringe die Leit g'schwind zum Dokter wann sie bissli beissich fiehle. 'S Glaas Kraut iss als verdrickt warre un dennoh dichtich geriwwe, wu es gebisse hot.

Glaas Kraut Blumme! Wunnervolle Blumme!—Du, Leser, geht naus unnich der offe Himmel un harrich, was die Nadur dich lehrt. Bei der alte Mutter Nadur finnscht du Friede unni Koschte.

Mohnton, Pa.

—Aus'm Frank W. Matz seim Nadur Buch.

* * *

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

Gleene Droppe Wasser,
Gleene Kaerne Sand,
Mache der mechtich See
Un des haerrlich Land.

Minutte yuscht so glee,
Sie warre net bei Leit
Beacht, doch mache sie
Die lange Ewigkeit.

Unser gleene Mistritt,
Sie fiehre uns eweck
Vum graade,saefe Weg
Dief in den Sinden Dreck.

Unser milde Daate,
Die Lieb in unser Waerde,
Mache schun en Himmel do
Uff daere scheene Aerde.

The Pennsylvania German, Vol. XII, No. 3

OLD TIME EATING

I dreamed of foods of long ago,
And how Grandmom could cook;
The bread she baked was white as snow,
She never used a book.

Of vitamins she never knew,
To calories gave no heed,
But she could roast as well as stew;
Real food filled every need.

With meat she followed no set rule,
Nor any law of diet,
For when she had no time to fool,
She'd grab a pan and fry it.

She sliced the apples that fell down,
And spread them out to dry;
These were "Schnitz" when they turned brown
And made delicious pie.

Down in the cellar in a vat
The pork was in the brine;
The smoked meats and the hams so fat,
All hung there in a line.

There too was cider in a keg,
Also the sauer kraut;
Dried onions hanging from a peg,
Canned fruit was all about.

Turnips were buried in the ground,
For there they'd never freeze;
For pan cakes honey by the pound,
Each farmer kept some bees.

When warm milk in the arch was chilled,
Butter and cheese were made;
The chickens were all freshly killed,
The eggs so newly laid.

There was no thought of buying bread,
Nor any kind of cake,
For Grandmom didn't want it said,
She was too "dumb" to bake.

A meal was then a noble sight;
All kinds of food were there
To satisfy your appetite,
When you pulled up a chair.

Wyomissing, Pa. Louis J. Livingood, M.D.

Deaths of a Day

ARTHUR H. BARBER

Arthur H. Barber of 2019 Washington St. died at 5 a. m. Friday in the Sacred Heart hospital after a week's illness. He was 45 years old.

Born in Allentown, he was the son of the late Joseph Barber and Mrs. Ella, nee Kulp, Stephens. For the last 13 years he conducted a bakery route. He was a member of St. Catharine of Siena church, the Holy Name society of the church, the Keystone Fire Co. and the Owls.

Surviving are his wife, Marguerite, nee Byrne, Barber; his mother, Mrs. Ella Stephens, Allentown; two daughters: Marie and Veronica Barber, at home, and a step-brother, Paul Stephens, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held from his late home on Monday at 9:30 a. m. with high mass of requiem in St. Catharine of Siena church at 10. Burial will be in the Holy Savior cemetery, Bethlehem.

BLANCHE O. BROWN

Mrs. Blanche Olive Brown, of Berlinsville, Northampton county, died suddenly at about 1:45 a. m. yesterday while asleep in her home. Death was attributed to heart failure. She was 46 years old.

Born in Berlinsville, a daughter of the late James and Edna (Minnich) Flyte, she was the wife of Charles Brown. She was a member and active worker in the affairs of the Indianland Reformed church and its Sunday school.

Her husband, a daughter, Mrs. Ruth (Joseph) Zellner of Slatington, two grandchildren and sister, Mrs. Jennie German of R. 4, Allentown, survive.

Services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Buck funeral home, 661 Delaware Ave., Palmerton. Burial will be made in Indianland cemetery.

MARY HERRITY

Mary Herrity, a native of Coplay and practically a life-long resident of the borough, died at 6:30 o'clock last night at her home there, 253 S. Front St. She was in her 77th year.

She was a daughter of Edward and Margaret, nee Carrol, Herrity and her only survivors are cousins, Patrick, Dennis and Thomas Herrity, all of Allentown. Miss Herrity was a devout member of the St. Lawrence church in Catasauqua.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the Mary K. O'Donnell funeral home, 232 Ridge Ave. Solemn mass of requiem will be sung at 9:30 o'clock in St. Lawrence's Catholic church, Catasauqua. Interment will be in Calvary cemetery, Catasauqua.

Words of Wisdom

The best and noblest lives are those which are set toward high ideals. And the highest and noblest ideal that any man can have is Jesus of Nazareth.—Almeron.

Hints on Etiquette

It is important to teach a child good manners, for even the most worthy person is unappreciated if he or she be uncouth and bad mannered.

MRS. NICHOLAS SCHEIRER

Mrs. Sallie L. Scheirer, wife of Nicholas Scheirer, 132 E. Main St., Macungie, died suddenly at 6:15 a. m. Friday. She was in her 66th year.

Born in Upper Macungie township, she was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Klotz. She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Fogelsville, and of the home department of Grace Lutheran church Sunday school, Macungie.

Surviving besides her husband are one grandchild and the following brothers and sisters: Harry, Lesher and Martin, Allentown; William, Northampton; and Mrs. Agnes Gehringer and Katie Klotz, Allentown.

Rev. Robert Laubach will officiate at funeral services from 308 E. Main St., Macungie Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., with interment in Fogelsville Union cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

ERWIN WASSER

Erwin Waser, a retired farmer and husband of Martha, nee Kerchenthal, Waser of Georgetown, Nazareth R. 1, died at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning at his home, aged 77 years, 9 months and 18 days.

He was born in Bushkill township, Northampton county, a son of Martin and Fayetta, nee Fehnel, Wasser and is survived by his wife; a son, Walter, Georgetown; two daughters, Mrs. Paul Flick and Mrs. Herbert Brobst, both of Nazareth R. 1; a brother, Charles, Nazareth; nine grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at his late home, with continued services in the Moorestown Lutheran church, of which he was a member. Interment will be in the Moorestown cemetery. Rev. A. R. Appel will officiate.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

QUATRAINS

Feminine Tragedy

An hour to get her pimping done,
Then out she goes.
Into her stocking comes a run!
A white slip shows!

* * *

Riches

Riches are silver and gold,
Bonds, dividends;
Providing man can hold
One or two friends.

* * *

Statement

Accept this thought for what it's worth.
I merely point it out.
It is man's heart and not his girth
That should be stout.

* * *

Choice

Sometimes I think I'd rather be
The fool who lets his money fly,
Than one pretending not to see
A needy brother passing by.

(Copyright, 1944, Edgar A. Guest)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Kotza Shpree

Won aenich ebber gatzailt hut kot fer ketzlecher griega fom Bert Leh un seinra fraw da Gertie in Egypt don sin sie bedroga. 'S Berts' hen ken ketzelcher may, un ol darrich wenich ebbes fon ma axident die lut drous, in sel'm glaina hous mit ma halb mond uf da dier.

Die socha worra so denna waig! Die kotza familia hut sich unna badenk'd fermehr'd im kaller, un woh die Gertie net gamaint hut os es shicklich wear fer kotza howwa. Sie hut g'sawt sie het ol ihra gabocka socha drunna un denk sie hut uhrsoch kot fer sich uf shtruvla waeich da kotza. 'S wear net so aw ganame won die doh frish gabocka het fer nunner in der kaller kumma un die kotza hetta die kustard ol ous g'shleck'd.

Wel aenicha waig, der Bert hut die kotza uf gapock'd mit tzomta neshd, uns gons waisa die lut hinna nous ganumma un sie hinnich die halb mond dier g'shteid. Allas wor ol recht bis da nagshda morya, un woh naryads ken ketzel may tzu sehna wor. Glei hut der Bert sie ow'r hoera younsa, un 'n long shteelicher ebbel rubber is arrick handich rei kumma fer sie widder tzurick ruf noch da dawg helling fisha.

Der Bert hut noh howwa wolla die Gertie sot 'n wesherrei shtarta fer die ketzelcher reinicha, ow'r sie huts net gaduh. Iwwel odder wohl is er selwar uf der choh, un hut sie glei widder gareinichd'd kot. Ow'r won ebbes is os ungobaditlich guck'd, don is es 'n nossie glaenie kotz. Sie hen ken mushder un kenna sich ken g'shick gewwa fer lawfa. Aenicha waig, 's hut 'm Bert noh so halver gaaig'ld waeich da glaina ketzer, un hut die flint grick'd un shnell ruh gamocht mit 'm gonsa ketzel waisa.

Nix Wie Schrap

So weit os 'm Irvie Frantz sei fraw die Verna aw gait fon drowwa nagshd on Scheidys, is alla korta schore woh sie ferliert, nix may os wie louder laedich schrap bobier. Ow'r won sie ols gawin'd don uf kours is die Verna narlich un uf galaib'd, un hank'd yader schore uf on da wond im kaller woh alla mensch 'n sehna kon.

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzum schrap bobier, hut sie un 'm Harold Mantz sei fraw die Irene fon nagshd on Rockdale, da onner owet 'm schrap drive gute bei g'shtonna. Die Verna un die Irene hen gaeich der Irvie un der Harold g'shpielt, un ihr maiga 's glawwa odder net, ow'r ous da tzaea game os sie g'shpielt hen, hen die weibsleit blose ains gawunna, un di monsleit die onnerra nina.

Un won ebber hard dote gait iwwer 'm korta shpiela, don uf kours is es die Verna. Sie hut evens howwa wolla der Harold un die Irene sotta da nagshda morya der schore mit noch da kerrich nemma, uns 'm Billy Strauss shanka, un woh sie shure wor os es 'n lot tzaila dade im schrap drive woh der Billy immer so arrick om shoffa is dafor.

Doh shwetza fon da Verna, gamohnt uns aw on die arrick tzeit os sie doh net long tzurick kot hut wie der Alvin Hoffman un sei Alice Cora fon da bauerrei gatzoga sin nagshd on Laurys, in ihra hamet in Egypt. 'S Alvins wohna now nagshd om Egypt shule hous, un woh die kinner sella nommy dawg wenich tzeit kot hen fer larna wies Alvins' gatzoga sin. Die barichda sin, 's wear shier may darta om aw gae gawest bis der tzug feriwwer wor, os wie alsa mohl tzu sehna is omma Show. Un die Verna wor gawainlich aw bei allas os sella waig g'shaina is.

Mohl fers aller airsht is der kerl wos die tzug fuhr g'fohra hut in die welt nei tzu fiel im waig rum gadobt won die Verna eifer kot hut fer ous kaira mit 'm basem. Aenicha waig, sie hut 'm mohl 'n gahairiches ous galeicht mit 'm basem, ow'r der kerl hut allas gute aw ganumma,—yusht abissel k'hova woh sie 'n gadroffa hut, un is now widder ob fert nous seinra bisnis noh.

Onnerra os aw noch dabei worra, worra so os wie die Pete Mantz'n fon West Coplay, die Hattie Oswald fon Rising Sun, die Mary Gogle fom Longa Shule hous, un noch blenty onnerra. Ow'r 's hut ken hanker ous gamocht wie fiel onnerra os dabei worra, die Verna wor aw der ketzer woh 'n gonser aimer fol wosser uf der budda galairt hut. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, besser sawga m'r aw nix may weiter so os die socha yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Johnny Wetzel fon Locust Valley secht, er het shun long k'heiert ow'r sei Pap het so weit noch net ferwillich'd fer ob signa fer 'n fer 'n license griega.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

If your birthday is today, be more cautious and considerate or your venturesome disposition will bring disaster and unhappiness. Practice tact and diplomacy, rather than sheer force, and you will overcome your difficulties more easily and much sooner. You are led with better results than if you are driven. You are capable of a strong and lasting love. An exceptionally happy, eventful and propitious year lies ahead of you. Court, marry, make new friends, seek favors and push all business to the utmost. The child who is born on this date will exhibit

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thought of your failures,
And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.
—Backus.

WE'VE GOT TO BE "TOUGH" IN WAR

There has had to be a sad parting between old friends for the United States yesterday felt impelled to ask Finland's ambassador to leave the country and to take with him three of his top diplomats because of their activities "inimical to the interests of the United States." The four men, together with members of their families, have been placed under complete and constant surveillance and they will be expected to get out of the country as soon as possible.

While this does not mean that the United States is about to declare war upon Finland, it does mean that our government is getting very tired of the attitude of the Finnish government in general and that of the representatives to this country in particular. In recent weeks more than four score Finnish firms were put upon the American blacklist—a stigma which it is promised is going to stick long after the war. Repeatedly efforts have been made to have Finland get out of the war with Russia, our ally, but the Finns have chosen to stick to the Nazis not only in body but in spirit.

Very evidently the four Finnish diplomats evidenced this sympathy with and support for the Nazi position. As such therefore they have become unwelcome guests in a country that always has treated them decently and courteously.

The Finnish government may see in this the handwriting on the wall. American patience is becoming exhausted. America has tried to be indulgent. It is learning, as our fighting men have learned and are learning, that a fighting nation has to get "tough". Any other attitude appears to be taken as an evidence of weakness or fear. Now that America has been roused and prodded into action, she is giving all the evidence necessary that she is neither weak nor afraid.

HITLER REVEALS SECRET WEAPON

While today's morning papers are being read fantastic attack upon England is being waged for the second day by Germany's now revealed "secret weapon", concerning which so many boasts were heard in months past.

The secret weapon, which flew over and upon England yesterday, has turned out to be unmanned rocket planes that carry huge loads of high explosives. These robots, apparently dashing fantastically hither and thither thru the heavens, on the first day surprised the Britons and many Americans who are in England at this time. They fell upon all sorts of targets and are said in some cases to have caused many deaths and much damage.

At the risk of committing the German error of greatly understating damage sustained, it can be believed that while the British were surprised initially, the effect of the rocket planes upon the war will be very small. It is difficult to see how this type of weapon can be anything but freakish in the long run. It appears subject to little control and therefore only a small percentage of the rockets that are sent out can be expected to do the vast damage which is claimed for them when they hit something that is vital and valuable. As the early reports describe it, it is cigar-shaped, somewhat smaller than the ordinary fighter plane, spits flame from what may be a jet-propulsion engine and comes soaring in over England from German secret gun emplacements on the French coast at any and all altitudes, blowing up only on contact.

British authorities may be striving to calm their people but the statement of Home Secretary Morrison was credible when he said: "There is no reason to think that the raids by this weapon will be worse than, or indeed as heavy as the raids with which the people of this country are already familiar and have borne so bravely. The damage it has caused has been relatively small and the new weapon will not interfere with our war effort and our sure and steady march to victory."

Any one can reason that if our American bombers with their accurate bomb-sights and careful training hit their targets precisely with only a small percentage of their bombs, then the percentage of hits by vagrant, comet-like, straggling bombs is almost certain to be very, very small.

THOSE IRRESISTIBLE JAPS

Those comical Japanese, who feel so hurt when they are laughed at, again have given the world a huge smile by their explanation of the raid by American Superfortresses upon big Jap industrial centers on Thursday. In a plea to the populace not to become "spiritually depressed" by the attacks, it was added: "The Japanese people should not think that we have been passively attacked but that we have actively pulled the enemy toward us."

It is to be suspected that the Japanese people are not so happy about the strategy of a military command which "pulls" an enemy in their direction and invites fatal attack. Unless the entire populace is courting death and destruction then it must wish the Americans to stay away from the islands.

In a sense of course the Japanese explanation is correct. Like a magnet, the Japanese islands and their war industries and the seat of their government and hell-raising are attracting and "pulling" the American forces toward themselves. Every American soldier in the Pacific is eager to land on the islands and fight his way into Tokio. Every sailor in the American fleet is eager to meet the hiding Japanese fleet and sink it. Every American aviator is eager to fly over Tokio or any other city and blast it and everything Japanese off the map even before American sailors can train their big naval guns or American soldiers can storm Japanese beaches to complete the conquest of Japan.

BATHING BEACHES OPEN TODAY

Allentown's public bathing places open today and all the auguries are for favorable weather that will encourage wide use of the extensive facilities which our people can enjoy.

Newcomers in our midst are especially invited to make a survey of these facilities and then provide comparisons with other inland communities. Allentown can be sure that it will stand comparison with the most forward and favorably located communities in the country in this matter of outdoor recreation facilities, particularly public bathing pools and beaches.

Thruout the summer months there is no lack of opportunity for water sports within the limits of the bodies of water here to be found. Furthermore there is careful supervision of bathing and swimming thruout the season so that public safety is assured.

Deplorable Friction

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 16.—Friction between General De Gaulle and the Allied governments comes at a deplorable time—just when General Eisenhower is in the middle of the most critical phases of the invasion.

The problem has been drifting along without solution for some time. Instead of treating it openinly and laying all the cards on the table, diplomacy has seen fit to cloak the whole thing in mystery. The impression has been given that President Roosevelt personally dislikes General De Gaulle and that that's why the De Gaullists have not been recognized as provisional government of France. Such a reason sounds fantastic and incredible.

But for weeks and weeks left-wing sympathizers and supporters of the De Gaulle government, both in the United States and Britain, have constantly pointed the finger of suspicion at the White House. Intimations in the British press have been given to the effect that Prime Minister Churchill may be friendly to General De Gaulle but that he does not wish to go counter to the wishes of President Roosevelt. All this sounds like an excuse and not a reason.

Underneath the whole De Gaulle trouble unquestionably is a clash of personalities. This was first made evident at the Casablanca conference. Just a mere clash of personalities would not suffice, however, to prevent the American government from extending recognition to the De Gaullists.

Little Real Information Available

All the facts of the matter must some day be disclosed. For the present it is only possible to piece together the various intimations that have come from official sources here concerning the De Gaullist movement in the last several months. It is known that from the start General Eisenhower did not get along well with General De Gaulle. At the moment when General Eisenhower was critically engaged with the landings in North Africa and was trying to prevent the French fleet from being taken over by the Germans, the De Gaulle faction was making serious charges against General Eisenhower and otherwise harassing him at a time when he needed undivided help and support from all Frenchmen.

Later on, when General Giraud, a gallant soldier, stood at General Eisenhower's side and tried to put some semblance of order into the remnants of the French army in Africa, the De Gaullists again stepped in. The impression in many quarters here is that General De Gaulle is ambitious for political power.

But the United States is not making sacrifices on the soil of France to put any politician into office. If General De Gaulle has the interest of his country at heart, he will not interfere with the invasion problems of the Allied government at this time, but will step aside and let the Allied Military government take hold of the municipal problems there as it has done in Italy. Cooperation with the French nationalist committee has been promised and can be carried on but for the United States government to appear to select General De Gaulle to head the government of France is to nullify all the pledges that have heretofore been given that the matter of selecting a French president would be left to the French people.

De Gaulle Not De Facto Government

There has been some suggestion that the United States ought to recognize the De Gaullists as the provisional government of France and wait for an election later to set up the real rulers of France as the French people may choose them. But General De Gaulle is not in the same position as the de facto governments have been in the past. He has not cooperated with the American or British forces in landing on French territory, nor has he any sufficient military force of his own to warrant recognition as a de facto leader.

It will be argued that the exiled governments in London also do not exercise de facto authority in their respective countries, but the fact remains that they were the chosen leaders of the people at the time of the first German attacks.

As soon as French areas are liberated, General De Gaulle should have no obstacle placed in his path. He should be given an opportunity, along with other French political leaders, to participate in the temporary government that will undoubtedly be set up in liberated France.

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Interpreting War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON
Associated Press War Analyst

Initial British reaction to the Nazi cross-channel bombardment with robot flying bombs suggests that this particular German "secret weapon" is apt to have not much more effect on the course of the war in Europe than the super-gun firing on Paris in World War I had on that struggle, which was none at all.

That was a hit-or-miss attack. Projectiles hurtled some 75 miles through the stratosphere fell at points in Paris a score or more miles apart. The dispersion factor was too great to make it an effective bombardment of military objectives. The effectiveness of the Allied air battering over Germany in crippling essential war industries or communication centers in prolonged round-the-clock night mass attacks followed up by daylight precision mopping-up depended wholly on that concentration.

The robot bombs falling in Britain so far as yet disclosed seem even less controllable although it is too early yet to dismiss them as a Nazi war novelty or regard them as just another development of German war of nerves technique. It hardly seems probable that Berlin placed sufficient faith in their ability to crack British morale on the home front to have put into their manufacture what would have been necessary to turn them out in effective quantity. Presumably that would mean not scores or hundreds of flying bombs to be launched in a sustained bombardment, but thousands or tens of thousands of the missiles. Britain is a small place on the maps but a big target to shoot at.

In any event, there is warrant for concluding that the Allied selected invasion area in Normandy where American forces on the right flank were close to establishing a cut-off line across the Cherbourg peninsula to trap its enemy garrison, caught the Germans by surprise. The setup for the robot flying bombs was made elsewhere, presumably on the Pas de Calais natural bridgehead for a continental invasion. It could not be turned, or at least it was not turned against the embarkation beaches in England from which the descent on Normandy was launched, nor upon the huge convoys of naval craft, landing boats, transports and supply ships which made the channel crossing into the bay of the Seine little hindered by the foe.

Resort to the robot bombers confirms the Allied disclosure many weeks ago that the foe was setting up some sort of special anti-invasion equipment. For days on end Allied bombers varied their more remote operations to lash at close range at the enemy "invasion coast" installations.

Now that the robot surprise has been sprung it is apt to draw off some of the Allied air power massed in close support of invading armies to blast at its launching sources so far as they can now be more certainly located. To that extent the German move could have some diversion effect on the Normandy battle; but probably not a very considerable one.

That leaves it open to suspicion that the foe is shooting off his surprise weapon in much the same fashion that retreating German armies in Italy are reported to have disposed of their shell dumps as they fell back. They fired them off for whatever good they might do against advancing troops, then ran for it to the next ammunition supply center in the rear to repeat the process.

It could even indicate, although that finds no confirmation otherwise as yet, that failure to check the invasion on the beaches or behind them has set the Germans to preparing for a broad retreat in France to defense lines beyond reach of Allied naval guns and materially shortened to conserve manpower.



'N RAETSEL

vum GEORGE TAYLOR ETTINGER



Portrait by Eleanor Barba.

We consider it a privilege to present to our readers the following poem by Dr. George T. Ettinger, Dean Emeritus and Emeritus Professor of Latin of Muhlenberg College, and former President of the Pennsylvania German Society.—It is worthy of comment that the revered Professor, who through 56 years of his long and active life (he is now in his 84th year) interpreted the stately measures of Virgil and the genial philosophy of Horace to many generations of college students, has preferred, in the fulness and the wisdom of his years, to return to that humble language which he first knew at his mother's knees.—P.A.B.

'N Raetsel iss des Menschelewe—
Es macht nichs aus wie schtreng mer schtrewe.
Ken eener gans un gaar verschteht,
Wuhaer er kummt, wuhie er geht.
Der Mensch als Kind kummt in die Welt
So hilflos schwach—gewiss kee Held.
Doch laernt er schtufeweis zu schteige,
Wie ihm Talent un Wille neige.
Drum muss er in die Schul geh frieh,
Aa wann des Laerne macht ihm Mieh.
Dart laernt er viele Sittenpflichte
Un manches aus der Weltgeschichte.

Dann waerd der Knabe Yingling schnell—
'N netter Kaerl mit Schtimme hell.
Er macht sich Freinde iwwerall,
Verleicht net gut in yedem Fall.
Noh bringt sei Alter Friehlingszeit,
Wurin der Mensch sich f[illegible]elich freit;
Wann Lieb beherrscht das ganse Haerz,
Doch bringt sie oft aa bitterer Schmaerz.

'N altes Schprichwart lehrt die Welt:
"Der Meeschter iss 'n Beitel Geld."
So muss der Mensch sich frieh verschaffe
Far Lewenskampf die beschte Waffe;
Weil Ruhm un Reichdum sin die Sache,
As manche Mensche glicklich mache.

So fliesst des Lewens Schtrom verbei,
Derselbe alt doch immer nei.
Die Fehler alt, die Mensche yung—
'N dausend Yohr sin wie 'n Schprung.
Dann kummt des End! Ferwas die Mieh,
Wann alles scheint umschunscht un hie?
In achtzig Yohr kann man viel denke
Un des un sell zusamme lenke.
Mir scheint als waer die ganse Welt
'N Vorschul vun dem Meeschter g'schtellt.
Do laernt mer Gut un Schlecht zu kenne,
Un Recht un Unrecht scharf zu drenne.
Wie do mer lebt un liebt un lobt
Un alles far sich brieft un brobt,
Do baut mer sich Karakter heit,
Der dauert in die Ewigkeit.
So iss des Raetsel schee aerklaert
Un zu der ganse Welt beschert.

AN DER LESER

Die Breddich iss faerdich un alle Wart waahr;
Behandel sie net wie so viele devor;
Bedenke, begreife, behiete sie gaern;
Der Saame iss g'saet—mit Geduld kummt die Aern.

DIE ZWEE ENTE UN DER FROSCH

vum JOHN BIRMELIN

Zwee Ente gehne an der Deich
Un schwimme rum mit nasse Beich;

Sie dauche unner, alle zwee,
Un hen der Baerzel in der Heh;

Kummt eeni ruff un in de Gosch,
Do hot sie'n scheener griener Frosch.

Lewendich will sie ihn verschlinge,
Des soll re awwer net gelinge;

Raabgierich kummt der Enterich,
Er will der Frosch allee fer sich.

So grickt er halt am eende Bee,
Am annre losst die Ent net geh.

Sie ziege hie un ziege haer,
Des quaelt der Frosch doch gaar so sehr;

So hen sie an ihm rumgekaut,
Er wehrt sich uff die neinte Haut.

Der Enterich grickt halt am Kopp,
Do beisst die Ent ihm in der Gropp;

Sie raase dann im Gringel rum,
Der Frosch kummt los un schpringt devun.

So hupst er dann zum Schpringhaus nei,
Die Ente dabber hinnerdrei;

Dann schluppt er nei in's Wasserrohr
Un meent do waer er aus der G'faahr;

Am annre End do kummt er raus,
Do sin die Ente aa schun draus.

Do macht der Frosch en Bogeschprung,
Die Ente nooch, im volle Schwung;

Die Gaardefens iss gaar net weit,
Er weess er hot aa net viel Zeit,

Do fliegt er nei zum Gnarreloch,
Die Ente widder hinnenooch;

Sie zwenge Kopp un Hals dart nei,
En yedi will die Veddersch sei.

Sie waere schier im Loch verschtickt,
Do hen sie awwer Engschte grickt;

Die Baerzel schtehne hinnenaus,
Sie griege ihre Kepp net raus.

Der Bauer schnt die Huddlerei
Un bringt sei Butschermesser bei,

Noh grickt er halt an ihre Bee
Un schneidt die Kepp ab, alle zwee

Paar Ente fer'n Gebottsdaagsesse?
Des waar yo graad wie ausgemesse!

Drei Woche waar der Frosch recht grank.
Nau sehnt mer widder, Gott sei dank!

Wie er am Deich, am Ufer hockt,
Un luschdich seine Brieder lockt;

Er hot sich waerklich uffgeblaeht,
Verzaehlt vun seinre G'scheitichkeet.

Yuscht heer emol! "Baramm, baramm!"
Die annre saage: "Was en Mann!"

(Free rendition after the German of Wilhelm Busch)

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

by ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Six years before Conrad Weiser migrated from the Schoharie settlement in New York to make his home in Tulpehocken, Leonard Rieth led a band of 33 families into the broad valley that forms between the Blue and South Mountains. In paying our tribute to Conrad Weiser we sometimes forget that others shared the glory of those early years and Leonhard Rieth was one of them.

Three Rieth brothers, Adam, Michael and Leonhard, were members of the group of distressed Palatines who found their way to New York province in 1710 after suffering terrible hardships. For some time there was doubt about the name Rieth, because it did not appear on the printed lists of Palatines, but recent research along these lines reveal that scholars misread the Niederlandish script on the original records of the ship lists of Palatines being transported from Rotterdam to London in 1709. The Rieths were among them, but the first letter of the name was interpreted as a V instead of an R.

Leonhard Rieth was naturalized at Albany in 1715. His naturalization papers bore the signatures of two prominent names in New York, namely those of Peter Schuyler and Philip Livingstone. When the trek to Pennsylvania began in 1723 Leonhard Rieth was the acknowledged leader of the vanguard of Tulpehocken settlers. He took up 1,000 acres of land where the Millbach creek joins with the Tulpehocken, near present-day Stouchsburg. His house was built about a quarter of a mile below the junction of the two streams.

The name Rieth has been perpetuated in Berks history largely through the erection of the Rieth, or Reed, Church in 1727. The original church, the oldest Lutheran church outside Philadelphia, stood upon a rising slope of land north of Tulpehocken, on land donated by the Rieths. The churchyard is still there and the John Reed family of Stouchsburg, direct descendants of Leonhard Rieth are actively interested in maintaining the present Reed's Church in Stouchsburg.

The death of Leonhard Rieth was one of the most tragic events in the early history of the Tulpehocken colony. He had erected a grist mill on the north bank of the Tulpehocken, not far from the junction of the two creeks. One day in February, 1747, Leonhard Rieth was caught in the cog-wheels of his mill and his body was terribly mangled. The first duty of the new clergyman at Tulpehocken, the Rev. J. N. Kurtz, was to officiate at Rieth's funeral. At the time there was a great deal of dissension in the congregation at Rieth's Church and one of the factions tried to prevent the new pastor from performing his solemn duties.

* * * * *

NEW MOONERS

There were many queer religious sects among the early Pennsylvania German settlers. Their English contemporaries were prone to scoff because of the confusions growing out of such a plethora of cults. Unshepherded by ordained clergymen, these Germans, traditionally pious and naturally devout, set up many forms of worship, some based on exotic lore, some pietistic and still others communistic, in their attempts to live according to their lights.

One of these odd sects was known as the "New Mooners," so named because they conducted their services only during the period of the increase of the moon. This practice was based upon the Biblical injunction given to Moses: "And in the beginning of your months you shall offer a burnt offering unto Jehovah" (Numbers XXVIII: 11).

The sect was small, embracing only the family and neighbors of the leader, Hans Zimmerman, a German settler near Ephrata, Lancaster County. Services were held at his house on the first Sunday of each month. There was no connection between the New Mooners and the mystical Seventh Day Baptist Brethren of the Ephrata Cloisters. The New Mooners flourished during the middle of the eighteenth century and passed out of existence when their leader died.

The periods of the moon's increase and its diminishing were observed by some German groups as propitious signs for undertaking various types of ventures. Even today there are Pennsylvania German farmers who will consult their almanacs to determine whether the time is auspicious for planting crops. The symbols used in German almanacs indicating the moon periods are circles and crescents. During the period of growing the points are turned upward and reversed during the periods of diminishing. Potatoes should be planted in the downward sign (im Unnergehende) because they fruit underground, while beans and like crops which fruit above ground should be planted when the increase sign (im Owwegehende) appears opposite the date.

The New Mooners read mystical significance into these signs. Departed Souls were gathered somewhere in space. The good and bad spirits were separated, the good being placed on the sign of the growing moon and the evil ones on the convex sign. Their reasoning maintained that the souls resting in the concave sign were wafted heavenward by the increasing moon, as if in a basket, while those who were deposited on the rounded convex sign would slide off into space and fall into a bottomless pit. And likewise prayers, uttered during the new moon would be carried upward, while supplications made during the waning period would not find their way on high.

* * * * *

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME

Manderbach Springs, nestling against the foot of the South Mountain near Womelsdorf, was a favorite summer hotel during the days before the Civil War. In 1867 the buildings and grounds became the property of the Bethany Orphans' home. Since then this splendid institution has acted as foster parent to thousands of children. It has served the community well and deservedly enjoys the esteem and goodwill of all persons whose souls respond to noble impulses.

Why was the Orphanage located near Womelsdorf?—The original home of the institution was in Southwark, Philadelphia. In 1862 a southern clergyman, the Rev. Emmanuel Boehringer, slipped through the Confederate army lines and came to Philadelphia. There he edited a German Sunday School paper entitled Der Laemmer Hirt (Shepherd of the Lambs.) Through the columns of his paper he interested persons in providing some means to care for children who were orphaned by the ravages of the Civil War.

In March, 1863, Rev. Emmanuel Boehringer and an associate visited Rev. Helfrich at Fogelsville in western Lehigh County. These men each pledged a portion of their income to the support of war orphans. In this way the Southwark home was begun at 702 Morris Street, Philadelphia. The first orphan to enter the home was Caroline Engle, six years of age.

As the number of children in their charge increased it became necessary to establish a new home in the suburbs. Late in 1864 the children were moved to Bridesburg, near Philadelphia, and three years later the Manderbach Springs near Womelsdorf were purchased for the price of $34,000.

Several communities vied for the establishment of the institution. Among those considered were the farm of Judge Krauss near Norristown, a farm near Allentown, a farm near Lyons, and two farms near Sinking Spring. A tract of 70 acres of land near Moselem was offered by Nicholas Hunter, proprietor of the Moselem Furnace. The selection of the site near Womelsdorf was decided upon by the Board of Managers and for more than three-quarters of a century it has proved to be satisfactory.

At the time that the Bethany family moved to Womelsdorf there were 110 charges. Many of these were children who had lost their fathers in the war between the states. The whole number of soldiers' orphans cared for at various times was 127. Since preference was given to the families of the Reformed Church, a distinctly Pennsylvania German faith, it is not surprising that the dialect was spoken freely and that during its earlier years the institution taught the German language as well as the English to those for whom they provided shelter.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. MARY CESANEK

Mrs. Mary, nee Biss, wife of Andrew Cesanek, died late yesterday at her home along Northampton R. 2, after an illness of two years.

Mrs. Cesanek came to this country 45 years ago from Czecho-Slovakia to reside in Cementon and was a member of the Blessed Virgin Catholic church of Northampton, the Rosary Society of that congregation and the Ladies Penna. Slovak Union, Branch 62.

In addition to her husband she is survived by three children, Andrew, Michael and Mrs. Alvin Macsay, at home; a sister, Mrs. Stephen Reichenburg of Torrington, Conn.; a brother, Michael Biss of Cementon and eight grandchildren.

Rev. Michael P. Begany will be the celebrant of a solemn high requiem mass in the Blessed Virgin church Tuesday at 9 a. m., following brief services at 8:30 o'clock at the Cesanek residence. Interment will be in the family plot in the parish cemetery.

MRS. ELIZABETH B. OPLINGER

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Oplinger died at 5:45 p. m. yesterday at the home, in Bath, of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Oplinger. She was 74.

Mrs. Oplinger, among whose survivors is a brother, Rev. Robert Caskie, prominent Baltimore clergyman, and a sister, Mamie Caskie, superintendent of the Faith and Hope Mission in Baltimore, was born at Slatington, a daughter of the late Robert and Mary E. Watt Caskie.

She was a member of Ebenezer Evangelical church of Allentown and in addition to her husband, Thomas, is survived by two sons, Norman and Tilghman of Bath; three daughters, Mrs. Olive Welty of Nazareth; Mrs. Harvey Michael of Easton R. 3, and Mrs. Frank Gold of Nazareth R. 1; two brothers, John of Slatington and David Caskie of Walnutport; fourteen grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Rev. David Wert of Allentown will officiate at services Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Bartholomew funeral home, Bath. Interment will be in Hope cemetery at Hecktown.

MRS. RALPH COLLINS

Mrs. Gladys, nee Kosminski, Collins, wife of Ralph Collins of 925 Hamilton St., died at 10:20 p. m. Thursday in the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient since last August. She was in her 24th year.

Born in Staten Island, N. Y., she was the daughter of Joseph and Frances, nee Stonan, Kosminski. She was a member of the Immaculate Conception church.

Surviving are her husband; her parents and a brother, Raymond Kosminski, of Staten Island.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 8:30 a. m. at the Charles H. Becker funeral home, 315 N. 6th St. Solemn high mass of requiem will be sung in the Immaculate Conception church at 9 a. m. Interment will be in the Sacred Heart cemetery.

MRS. LAURA A. REPPERT

Mrs. Laura A. Reppert, whose husband, Edwin G. Reppert, died nine months ago, died yesterday at her home, 2435 Cherryville Rd., Northampton. She was 63 years old.

Born in Coplay, a daughter of the late Andrew and Catherine (Rabert) Kunkle, she had lived in Northampton the last six years. She was a member of Zion Stone Lutheran church, Kreidersville.

Surviving are three daughters: Mrs. Andrew Hamilton of Reading; Mrs. Edward Correll with whom she lived; Mrs. George Correll of R. 3, Lehighton; five sons: Stewart E. of Egypt, Henry K. of Allentown, Howard E., Ralph E., George A., of Northampton; 16 grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, and two brothers, William and Edwin Kunkle, both of Coplay.

Rev. Charles Ruloff will officiate at services at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Burial will be made in Coplay cemetery.

HARRY D. DIETER

In failing health for the past two years, Harry D. Dieter, a lifelong resident of the community, died on Friday evening at his home, 1124 4th St., Catasauqua, in his 76th year.

A son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dieter, he was born at Catasauqua Sept. 17, 1868. In his earlier years he worked at the plant of the Universal-Atlas Cement Co., Northampton, and later he entered the employ of the Phoenix Mfg. Co., Catasauqua, where he remained for 25 years, when he retired.

Mr. Dieter was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Catasauqua, Federal Lodge, 23,250, A.P.L., and Catasauqua lodge, I.O.O.M. On March 15, 1891, he was united in marriage with Carrie E. Druckenmiller, by the late Rev. C. J. Becker, and the couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary three years ago.

Besides his wife he leaves four sons, Frank H. and Walter T., Catasauqua; Russell W. and Harold A., North Catasauqua; seven daughters, Mabel, wife of Erwin Jacoby, Bethlehem R. 2; Bessie, wife of Elmer Heydt, Allentown; Bertha, wife of Thomas Casey, Bethlehem; Edith, wife of Robert Baker, Catasauqua; Ruth, wife of Edward A. Gilkey, Syracuse, N. Y.; Eleanor, wife of Clifford Steinmetz, acting postmaster of Catasauqua, and Evelyn Dieter, at home.

There are also 18 grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren, and two stepsisters, Mrs. Mary Bair, Allentown, and Eva Dieter, Coplay. He was preceded in death by his parents and one son, Fred Dieter, a veteran of World War I.

Funeral services will be held at the O. S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua, on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., Rev. J. F. Lambert, D.D., officiating. Interment will be made in Fairview cemetery, W. Catasauqua.

MARGARET PICHT

Margaret Picht, 87, 1047 Cherokee St., Fountain Hill, died early Friday morning. She had been a resident of the borough for more than 60 years.

Miss Picht was born in Easton, Feb. 8, 1857, a daughter of the late George C. and Eleanor Neumeyer Picht. The family located on the Hill before it was incorporated as a borough.

She was a member of the First Evangelical and Reformed church and took a prominent part in amateur theatricals in her younger days.

Survivors are two brothers, Michael, with whom she resided, and George C. Picht of Newark, N. J.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday in the Weierbach funeral home, 835 Broadway, Bethlehem. Interment will be made in Union cemetery, Bethlehem.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Griek In East Texas

Yar, 'm Dunnershdawg owet kartz fer dushber wor griek in East Texas. Der Sol Ruhe woh shoft fer die L. V. rigelwaigs kumpany doh in da shtadt, hut griek decklar'd uf 'n harnaisel neshd in seim mashina shub—un des wor gute. Die socha sin doh weil tzurick in der gong kumma wie 'm Sol sei fraw die Lillian uf rierish werra is fer 'm micka fenshter in da kich howwa, woh der Sol 'm ledshda shpote yohr uf der mashina shub shpeicher gapock'd hut kot.

'S wor bout 'n woch tzurick os der Sol gonga wor fers micka fenshter hola, un wor shun hoch drowwa uf da laider wie er ebbes hoera hut 'm um die ohra rum brumma wie grossa hummla. Er hut tzu all'm guta glick 'n lecktrick licht om brenna kot on da tzeit, un glei ebbes fon grossa iwwer gawoxna micka sehna drum rum shwarma. Noh wie er in die hae guck'd hut noch 'm doch, ferhoftich sei won er net 's olmechdich'd gross harnaisel neshd darta sehna hut unnich 'm doch hanka os er sei lebdawg g'sehna hut kot in East Texas.

Sis leicht tzu denka os der Sol sich ken tzwae mohl p'sunna hut fer owwa iwwer die laider runner kumma. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er is gajump'd eb er evena gadenk'd hut on jumpa, un won nochberra 'n sehna hetta nei ins hous shpringa, hetta sie denka maiga sei hemmer shwontz dade brenna. Aenicha waig, der Sol wor imma auga blick drin im hous, un huts hartz evens nimmy kot fer nous noch 'm mashina shub gae 's licht ous draya bis long noch dunkle.

Fer wissa os 'n harnaisel neshd im mashina shub wear, wor net tzu awganaime, un arbadich noch so die well os er so fiel socha im shub hut os er alla gabut brouch fer owets dahame im hofe rum putterra. Un noh hut die Lillian noch alla gabut gawunnert waeich ihra micka schreening fer die kich, uns sis endlich so weit kumma, os der Sol griek decklar'd hut uf die harnaisel.

Now harnaisel sin wieshda fechter, sel wase der Sol fon shun free'r har. Sie fliega so grawd os 'n shnure, un woh sie wedder fliega shtecha sie net yusht ae mohl wie hummla odder eema, ow'r lawfa grawd so fert un shtecha im sama gong wie won sie 'n nay mashine weara. Wel anyhow, sellie socha hen 'm Sol gore net aw g'shtonna, un is endlich tzu seim freind Leslie Peters fon Laurys woh alla hond eema socha ferkauft, un hut ihn g'frok'd fer rote. Der "Les" hut noh g'sawt 's beshd os er wist fer 'm ferrota wear, er wot 'm ains fon seina kupperna netting heet mit bringa, 'm longa ladderra handshing, un sot sich noh so dick aw duh mit glaider os er kent. Der Sol hut gamaint sel wear gutie rote, un is nor 'm Dunnershdawg owet uf der chob.

Die barichda sin, der Sol het so shracklich ous g'sehna bis er sich fartich aw gaduh het kot, os die Lillian gabit het, er sot net farna nous uf die shtross gae, odder die nochberra maichda ferleicht denka er wear narrish. Mohl fers aller airsht, hut er so fiel glaider aw os er miglich aw duh hut kenna,—glaider so wie hossa, hemmer, vommas, un telicha iwwer reck. Noh hut er sich noch die hossa bae un armel unna rum tzu gabunna so os die harnaisel ken rechts odder lixna flank moofments shtarta kenta on da arm odder bae. Tzum ledshda, hut er sei galain'd kupper "helmet" uf, un die longa ladderna handshing aw gatzoga, un wor noh ready fer action.

Der Sol hut so olmechdich sochda g'shoft os kens fon unserra East Texas fegelcher ous finna hen kenna wos om aw gae wor im mashina shub. Sis ow'r rous kumma glei danoh, os der Sol aw noch ebbes fon so ra gas wonsa mashine fon da shtadt mit nous ganumma hut fer die harnaisel gassa. Die barichda sin, 's het gore ken lang ganumma fers neshd owwa ous 'm doch runner reissa, un allas os der Sol noh tzu duh het kot, wear die gas mashine uf shtarta, un selwar putta fer gravel.

So wie m'r fershtain, hut der Sol sich gute ganunk ferwohr'd kot os er net ae saelicher shtick grick'd hut, un wie fiel harnaisel os es gakosh'd hut, kenna m'r aw net sawga. Ow'r 's neshd—un woh shun 'n shainer grosser gnuddle wor, hut er tzu pieces ferdraida mit da fees wies hunna uf 'm budda galaiga hut, un laibt now in hoffning os die gas mashine die iwwericha harnaisel g'shlocht hut, un woh noch druppa weiss in da garage rum g'floga sin wie er datzu nous is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Willie Rupp fon da hinna nagshd on Claussville hut uns 'm Somshdawg g'sawt, on da Oldta fendu in Seipstown, wons ken raya gaibt darrich die hoyet, breichda die bauer aw net fohraw gucka fer 'n howwer arn.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

If today is your natal day, you have a blithe, happy-go-lucky manner, are friendly and entertaining. You are artistic, idealistic, and sometimes impractical, but sympathetic, loving and devoted to your home life. You enjoy travel and its educational value and are eager to improve yourself. You will have a pleasant home life. In the next year overcome irritating delays with patience and good humor. Some good fortune will be realized. Avoid unnecessary changes. The child who is born today will be very obstinate and self-willed. He or she may be coaxed but never driven. Much musical ability is evidenced.

25 Years Ago Today

A Tuesday, June 17, 1919

Responding to the requests of a large number of his friends, Walter H. Biery, a former county commissioner, announced his candidacy for city councilman.

The final reply of the Allied and Associated powers to the conditions of peace handed to the Germans at Versailles on May 7, was delivered to the German delegation and made public shortly afterward.

The Ramsey bill, defining any beverage containing more than 2 and ¾ per cent alcohol an intoxicant, was placed in the State House, 107-90. The bill had previously been defeated and then reconsidered.

Orders making effective the proposed division of the United States Naval forces into two fleets of equal strength, one to be called the Atlantic and the other the Pacific fleet, were issued by the Navy department.

American troops that participated in the punitive expedition against the Villa rebels in and near Juarez, Mexico, were billeted in barracks and camps on the American side after 24 hours' campaigning.

A Remarkable New World Map

This is a global map presenting a revised conception of the world. It shows the shortest distance and direction between points in question. It is a New World Map, centered on the North Pole and radiating therefrom. Gives shortest air-line distances between forty-five world cities; population of principal foreign cities; population, capital and area of the countries of the world. Done in full color, it is a helpful guide in following the war news. Ten cents postpaid.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The mind, with its own eyes and ears,
May for these others have no care;
No matter where this body is,
The mind is free to go elsewhere.—Davies.

JAP NAVY DOES ESCAPE ACT AGAIN

The Japs may be said to have the Houdini of navies. Certainly the Jap fleet manages to do the "escape-act" with considerable consistency, albeit in the act it always gets away only after severe injury and desperate struggle.

Thus in the engagement over the recent weekend and the early part of this week in the vast open waters between the Mariana islands and the Philippines it appears to have expected to drive the Americans from attack upon the former island group, particularly Saipan. It may even have expected to catch a large American fleet unprepared to meet its terrific onslaught by upwards of 400 dive-bombers and other bombing and fighting planes. In the fleet, as reconnaissance revealed, were quite a few airplane carriers which very soon had no planes to carry because in one day alone 353 Jap pilots and their crews were sent to the bottom of the Pacific. There were not many to knock out of the skies on succeeding days for the Japs had spent their forces.

In this fleet, also, were quite a few battleships and many smaller warships and while fifteen Jap ships were sent to the bottom, including three aircraft carriers, the backbone of the fleet—the battleships—made good use of their high speed and the arrival of night in order to effect escape.

Thus the Jap fleet was severely scotched but its back was not broken. It was like the dog which ran away but lives to fight another day. Inasmuch as the Jap fleet after earlier defeats went into hiding for a long time to lick its wounds, so it can be expected that it will not again reappear anywhere in the Pacific as a raiding or attacking force but will have to be hunted down in its lair and destroyed piecemeal, in all probability.

Twice before it went into a long period of hibernation. The first time was after the Battle of Midway in which it lost four carriers and nearly a score of protective ships. It did not show its funnels again until November of that year when the Guadalcanal campaign forced it to do something. It escaped from that battle in the Solomons after losing more than thirty ships sunk and damaged. Not since that time has a big Jap fleet shown itself anywhere, taking chances with annihilation. After this latest defeat it can be expected again to become exceedingly wary.

BIG FELLOWS KID EACH OTHER

Adolf Hitler and Premier Tojo, being much the same type of overweeningly ambitious men, understand each other pretty well and know what it is that pleases one another. Particularly does it seem that each appreciates, courts and feeds upon flattery. Accordingly each one hands it out to the other in staggering doses upon every provocation.

Almost immediately after the Allied invasion of France, Tojo sent a highly congratulatory telegram to Hitler, complimenting him upon the Germans' successful resistance to the invasion force. He could not have known or did not wish to know that the Allies had landed more than a million men in France which was a figure that certainly did not indicate successful resistance nor impregnability of fortifications and the invincibility of armed defensive forces.

Hitler felt impelled to return the dubious compliment at the earliest possible moment and so during this week he radioed his congratulations to Tojo on the great success of the Japs in their air and naval battle off the Marianas. Inasmuch as our own reports indicate 15 Jap ships sunk and others damaged and only superficial damage to any of our own ships Tojo's sores can't be eased very much even by honeyed words. When he gets his own correct reports from his battle fleet commanders or receives that more serious jolt—absence of reports from the ship commanders whose craft are now in Davy Jones' locker,—he must be a very sick Tojo.

RUSSIANS OPEN GREAT OFFENSIVE

The Germans generally have known when the Russians were initiating a large-scale drive by the might of the falling blow and they have announced it promptly. The Russians, on the other hand, have kept silence until it has become evident to them that the offensive is achieving success for the obvious reason that, if thwarted, they could deny that any elaborate and serious effort had been made.

So in recent days, Germany announced that the Russians had begun advance in the vicinity of Vitebsk, where the campaign left off in the late spring after sensational Russian advances. Yesterday the Russians confirmed this story and announced initial victories with great satisfaction.

Thus the anticipated cooperative moves by the Allies on all possible German fronts are in progress. The Russians are at work on the Finns in the north and on the Germans in the central area of the Germans' eastern line. The Americans and British are driving the Germans up the Italian peninsula and are forcing the Germans to divert troops from defense areas along the North Sea. The Americans and British are fighting in Normandy in opening the western front and are prompting the Germans to move great masses of troops into that country to resist while in Yugoslavia Marshal Tito continues his harassing attacks.

In addition to this there is the threat by French and other Allies against Southern France and the activity of the underground movement in just about all the conquered countries, particularly France.

Germany knows that her hands are full. While Hitler never wished to fight on more than one front at a time and was much afraid of two, he now has three big fronts to defend and one small one, plus a universal front which is provided wherever there are downtrodden, persecuted, conquered peoples. If Hitler had thought that his cause would be doomed if he had to fight on two fronts, what must he now think (if he thinks at all) about fighting on many fronts!

ANOTHER SUMMER OF GOOD MUSIC

It is a matter of satisfaction to thousands of Allentonians and even many people living outside the city that the annual series of summer band concerts and other musical entertainment again is to be made available to them by Allentown's fine musical organizations, thru the sponsorship of prominent Allentonians and leading business concerns.

As in recent years, all the bands and the splendid organization of the Municipal Opera Company (a body unique in a city of Allentown's size) will be heard in the course of the series. As in other years, the very best that all these organizations have to offer musically will be afforded to our people in these concerts.

Thousands of people will be able to enjoy many pleasant evenings in the course of the summer in the cool air and the pleasant surroundings of West Park and know at the same time that they are living in a city that has the spirit of doing so many nice things for its people.

Quick Answer by Congress

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 23.—The House of Representatives by an overwhelming vote has just backed up the three members of the Supreme Court—Chief Justice Stone, Justice Frankfurter and Justice Jackson—who on June 5 said that the Sherman Anti-Trust law should not be applied to the insurance business.

This is one of the quickest answers ever made by Congress to a Supreme Court decision. The four Justices of the Court who held that Congress intended all along to cover the insurance business in the Sherman Anti-Trust law are now told that the present House of Representatives, at least, does not share that view of congressional intent.

For 75 years insurance men have relied on a decision of the Supreme Court that insurance was not technically to be defined as interstate commerce. Legislation providing for a Federal control of insurance has been suggested at various times only to be met with rejection in Congress on the ground that the Supreme Court had held insurance to be a matter for control by the states.

Many Democrats Voted for Bill

The vote in the House of 283 to 54 shows that a substantial number of Democrats as well as Republicans are opposed to Federal regulation of insurance or, rather, they prefer to let the situation remain as it is today, namely, under the effective supervision of the insurance departments of the different states. Majority leader McCormack and Representative Ramspeck, Democratic whip, both voted for the measure.

In the Senate a similar bill is pending in the Judiciary committee, but a report to the Senate is not expected until after the coming recess. The Senate will probably pass the bill.

There has been some discussion as to whether President Roosevelt would veto the measure. If the bill comes up to him for signature before election, it seems certain he will sign it, but if it is between November and next January, he will probably veto it. This is because the effort to control the insurance business is a pet New Deal measure, and, except in the middle of an election campaign when Mr. Roosevelt needs political support, he favors the enlargement of bureaucracy whenever he can.

The biggest argument that will be made against the passage of the bill exempting the insurance business from the application of the Sherman and Clayton Anti-Trust laws is that a "precedent" will be established and other exemptions will be sought by other groups. The fact of the matter is that marine insurance was exempted by Congress in 1920 and labor unions are at present exempt from the provisions of the Sherman law and the Clayton Anti-Trust law.

Will Prevent Chaos

The chief momentum behind the bill passed by the House is the fact that chaos in the insurance business is liable to result unless the recent decision of the Supreme Court is specifically clarified by Congress. This is because contracts made during the last 75 years with the approval of state insurance departments may now be called into question by the Department of Justice of the Federal government, and considerable confusion would result from the questioning of the validity of the millions of contracts involving insurance policies of all kinds.

If the Federal government some day wants to control the insurance business—which, of course, is not desired by the majority of members of Congress today—the logical way to proceed would be to exempt immediately insurance companies from the application of the anti-trust laws and then in an orderly manner take up comprehensive legislation as to the part the Federal government should play in supplementing the regulatory activities of the states.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE PARTY IN OPPOSITION

The task of the Republican party will at no time during this campaign be easy. Its work will be done against a constant staccato of war news and war activities and the war will remain the number one business of the American people.

I never sensed this as keenly as I did this evening in a little restaurant. A man, who conversed with his friends in two foreign languages, demanded boiled beef.

"We ain't got no more boiled beef," the waiter replied.

"I come here special for boiled beef," the European replied with some anger.

"Maybe you can get boiled beef some other place. We ain't got none left," the waiter insisted. The customer was annoyed and said so. Ordinarily, such a waiter in such a place would have taken the argument along with the tip. Instead he pulled a picture out of his pants pocket, a picture of an American soldier.

"Mister," he almost shouted. "This boy is in the invasion. He ain't got no boiled beef. Maybe he ain't alive. And you give me an argument about this and that. Eat what we got and don't complain. You're lucky if you got a piece of bread."

* * * *

It's an attitude. And it will be the attitude in this campaign. Every family has its picture of a boy in uniform and some have girls, too. They want their children to come home. They want them to come home whole. Every family worries about receiving that terrifying telegram. Every family will ask, who will bring the children home sooner and for good, because nobody wants another war.

The Republicans will be forced by the course of events to talk about the war and the peace. No candidate will be able to side-step those issues because the voters will only want to hear about that. The voters are bewildered by this war. They never expected it to last so long. On Dec. 8, 1944, this country will have been in the war three full years and will enter upon its fourth. On Sept. 1, 1944, this war will have infested Europe for five full years and will be entering its sixth. Our voters really know too little of what has been happening to them and the world during those years.

I am not suggesting that Americans are unpatriotic or lacking in heroism or that their morale is low. I am saying that this is what they will expect the candidates to talk about. There are Republicans as well as Democrats who believe that we are to have a large, permanent Army that will be engaged in policing the world after this war is over. The candidates on both sides will be expected to talk about that and to talk in plain language. Our mothers will not vote to police the world. But the politicians will try to be ambiguous and the one who is most ambiguous will be defeated, because American mothers did not raise their sons to be world policemen.

* * * *

The Republicans will need to note these sentiments of the American fathers and mothers in their platform, in the speeches at the convention and in the candidate they select for the presidency. Mr. Roosevelt can avoid a certain amount of forthrightness and he will be forgiven on the grounds that as a sitting President, he cannot speak too freely. But the candidate in opposition will have to be forthright and positive.

Mr. Roosevelt has the advantage that even his opponents have to admit that in the course of 11 years in the presidency he learned something about war and peace and the conduct of foreign affairs. The candidate in opposition will have to prove that he knows what is going on. He can only prove that by tearing Mr. Roosevelt's secret operations wide open and showing the public what they look like. A timid, reticent, agreeing, me-too Republican candidate would be wise to save himself and his party the effort of the campaign. Our bewildered people want a stalwart, courageous figure to lead them into the sunlight of knowledge about what is happening to their children. It is going to be tough doing that in war time. But nothing less will serve.

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SCHNARRVEGGLI

(The Humming-bird)

Oh Schnarrveggli, Schnarrveggli, wu kummscht du haer?
Du fliegscht graad do rum, as wann's gaar ken Kunscht waer.

Wie kannscht du dei Fliegel so schnell mache geh?
Im Fluck so wie aa far do in der Luft schteh.

Die Blumme do varne an meim Summerhaus,
Die hen dich far B'such an der ganse Roi naus.
Un an yeder Blumm do guckscht paarmol zu nei,
Far sehne eb Hunnich far dich kennt drin sei.

Du waarscht yo yuscht geschtrowet an sellre Blumm.
Hoscht du des vergesse? Ach, bischt du so dumm?
Un mache die Hunnich far dich alle Daag?
Dann bischt du gut ab un hoscht yo ken Glaag,

Wann die mol verwelke un sin all verdarrt,
Wu grickscht du noh Fresse, fliegscht du noh do fart?
Du bischt yo so zimberlich, doch bischt du so gschwind.
Oh, sei du yuscht achtsam wee'ch Woi un 're Flint!

July 17, 1939. —LLOYD A. MOLL.

(One of a group of songs, of which the music, composed also by Lloyd Moll, still remains in manuscript.)

EN RECHTSCHAFFNER PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCHER

(In memory of Lloyd Moll, Pennsylvania German writer.)

Im Millerschtedtel an der Krick,
Schier fimfunsechzig Yohr zerick,
Iss en kleener Bu gebore.
Der Herr Gott hot ihn dohaer geschickt
Far Freed zu mache un hawwe Glick
In seine scheene Yohre.

Sei Maem waar waahrlich reich beschenkt,
Sei Paep gaar viel vun ihm gedenkt,
Wie des Bobbeli waar gebore.
Er hot Musik im Kopp gehatt,
Geschriwwe hot er en gansi Lot—
Ken Zeit hot er verlore.

Er waar net unleidlich in seinem Glick.
Far Feind un Freind vun Yohre zerick
Bringt's Treene un Laerning un Lache.
Un Musik mache hot er gekennt,
Geschriwwe, geschpielt un verzaehlt unni End—
Es waare rechte, gute Sache.

"'S Gebabbel im Schtor"—waar des en Fuhr!
Vermahninge waare drin verschteckelt, schur,
Zwische Laerning, Aernscht un Lache.
"Die Sabina un der Assebe"—was waare des nau
En Pennsylvaanisch Deitscher Mann un sei Frau—
Es macht em denke un haerzhaftich lache.

Er waar en rechter Pennsylvaanischer Mann
Vum dem mer recht gut laerne kann,
Die Mutterschproch net vergesse.
Mer wolle recht dankbaar sei un froh,
As er g'schriwwe un g'schpielt un verzaehlt hot do.
Mer duhne ihn schur all vermisse.

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

DER BULLFRACK

En Bullfrack hocket uff me Wallebiaat—
Bulleramm! Bulleramm! Bulleramm!
En ganser Daag hot er yuscht g'saat:
Bulleramm! Bulleramm! Bulleramm!
Er dreht un blinkt sei grosse Aage,
Guckt far Schnoge far sei Maage;
Iss so leer, debei noch matt—
Schunn drei Daag hot er nimmi satt.

Graad unnich em Schuss dart hockt sei Bruder—
Iwwerem Damm! Iwwerem Damm! Iwwerem Damm!
Der het en laschter Schnoge Fuder
Iwwerem Damm! Iwwerem Damm! Iwwerem Damm!
Er ruft dem in de Wallebletter,
Eemol, zweemol, druff un dewedder:
Wann du Schnoge witt, dann kumm
Iwwer der Damm, iwwer der Damm! Sei net so dumm!

Der uff em Blaat hockt dart un brutzt—
Iwwer der Damm! Iwwer der Damm! Iwwer der Damm!
Er meent er wott, doch hot er g'schtutzt
Iwwer der Damm! Iwwer der Damm! Iwwer der Damm!
Un noh uff eemol schiesst's ihm ei—
Ferwas sett er so hung'rich sei?
Er macht en Schprung un blarrt: Bulleramm GICK!
Un iss versoffe in der Grick.

July 7, 1939. —LLOYD A. MOLL

Also one of a group of songs composed by Lloyd A. Moll. The words appear here for the first time in print.

SEI ALDI MAMMI

(Lines to Lloyd Moll's mother, now in her 94th year, in sympathy and understanding.)

Vierunneinzig Yohr, un alt un blind,
Do hockt die Mammi alleenig un sinnt.
Sie denkt iwwer des vergangene Yohr,
Wie alles go gans annerscht waar.

Sie waar mol yung un schtark un g'schwind,
Geduldig wie mer nimmi meh dorum findt.
Ihr Lewe waar lang—es waar aa schee,
Awwer nau iss sie ready far heem zu geh.

Sie denkt an ihre Bu, as als Schticker g'schriwwe—
Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch iss er immer gebliwwe.
Er waar en ehrlicher, rechtschaffner Mann,
Wie mer ken besserer finne kann.

Sei Schreiwes un Schpieles hot sie gemacht froh,
Sei gute Warte vermisst sie so.
Awwer des bringt yo noch Freede zu ihr,
Die Leit schwetze viel Gutes vun ihm hier.

Die Leit sin yo gut, duhn was sie kenne,
Awwer der Sorge Lascht kenne sie 're net nemme;
So denkt sie zerick—sie iss net bang.
Der Ewigkeit zu, des iss nimmi lang.

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

REVIEW

THE HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA. By Arthur D. Graeff, Head of the Department of Social Studies, Overbrook High School, Philadelphia. 320 pages. Illustrated. Published by The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia 7. List price, $1.00.

A recent act of the Pennsylvania General Assembly requires that the history of the State of Pennsylvania be taught throughout the secondary schools of our Commonwealth.

To many of us it must seem strange indeed that we were so late in recognizing that the first requisite for good national citizenship is good state citizenship and the requisite for good state citizenship is good citizenship in one's immediate community. Now at last our boys and girls are to be taught the history of the state in which they live. What textbook was to be placed into the hands of teachers and pupils? There was but little material available. The publishing of Graeff's History of Pennsylvania is a response to the requirements of such material.

Dr. Graeff is well known to our readers as a frequent contributor to the ECK throughout the years, and notably as the author of the Life of Conrad Weiser. His History of Pennsylvania has a number of features that make the book especially valuable as a textbook for our schools. We know of no history of Pennsylvania which has presented the Pennsylvania Germans and their place in the history of our state with so much understanding and love. This we had the right to expect from the author who is one of our best-informed scholars in this field. But Dr. Graeff does not allow himself to be a partisan and holds his own enthusiasm in restraint. Not only the Palatine and Swiss Germans and their Plain Sects, but also the Quakers, the Swedes, the Dutch, the Welsh, the French Huguenots and the Portuguese Jews receive the attention of the author.

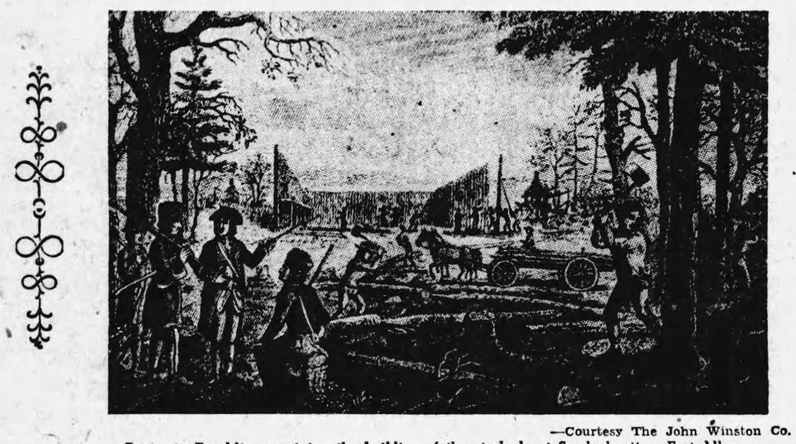
But the readers of the ECK will be particularly interested in the material that deals with the Pennsylvania Germans. It forms a colorful thread that is clearly traceable through the early chapters of this history. We follow it from its very beginnings: the visits of William Penn in the Rhineland among the followers of Menno Simons; the settlement of Germantown by Pastorius and his group in 1683; the protest of that group in 1688 against Negro slavery, the first to be made in the New World; the progress of that early group of Palatines in 1723 from their first settlements in the Schoharie Valley, down the Susquehanna, up the Swatara creek and across the Blue Mountains into the Valley of the Tulpehocken; the later mass emigrations from the Rhine Valley and Switzerland; their spreading fanwise and northward into the new counties of Northampton, Berks and Lancaster and further, into York and Northern Cumberland. Our boys and girls will now learn about the Schwenkfelders of the Perkiomen Valley; about the Moravians of Bethlehem, Nazareth and Lititz, and their courageous missions among the American Indians; about the Dunkards, Amish and Mennonites of Lancaster County.

But Graeff is more than historian. He spreads the evangel of democracy. "The next time you see a bearded Amish man wearing his broadbrimmed, black hat, or a woman dressed in somber gray, her head covered by a little white prayer cap, remember that their odd attire is a convincing symbol of the great boon their people found here—the priceless liberty to worship God as they chose. Their headpieces are the crowns that free men wear." He offers abundant proof that it is possible for people of different national origins to live with each other in peace and happiness under a democratic form of government.

As a textbook this history is constructed on the plan of units. These units in turn are designed to fit into the conventional units of United States History, so that teachers can readily use it either as a basic text in Pennsylvania History or as a supplement to the study of the History of the United States. Especially valuable for teachers are the suggestions for further reading, consisting of subject bibliographies. Here we find that the author has also given careful attention to the inclusion of books dealing with the history and culture of the Pennsylvania Germans as well as of fiction depicting them.

This History of Pennsylvania has already been widely adopted throughout the state and promises to become popular beyond the immediate domain for which it was planned. Parents will wonder why they could not have had such a fascinating schoolbook in their days. The material is not only presented in a very readable manner, but the author has understood how to vitalize historical facts by the skillful use of accessories: social manners and customs and the varied cultural expressions of European groups, their art, their architecture, their crafts, their modes of agriculture, et cetera. The many illustrations and maps are chosen with care and understanding. Among those illustrating our own Pennsylvania German life are the entrance hall and reception room of the Sisters' House of the Ephrata Cloisters, a Lehigh County barn with characteristic painting, a kitchen in a colonial farmhouse, a painted dower chest, a sgraffito plate, a Conestoga wagon arriving at the Eagle Tavern, Pennsylvania rifles commonly called "Kentucky rifles," and the York County Courthouse in which our Continental Congress met from Sept. 1777 to June, 1778.

—P.A.B.



—Courtesy The John Winston Co.

Benjamin Franklin examining the building of the stockade at Gnadenhuetten, Fort Allen

DER LETSCHT DAAG SCHUL

Nau kummt der Tschaeky vun de Schul as wie en Schdraale Blitz, mit Grind un Gravel uff de Naaas, un Blodere uff em Sitz. Der Grind uff sein're Naas hot er mit Schul Asledicks g'wunne, un Latin, Greek un Algebra, die hen sei Sitz verschunne.

Nau kumme widder en Lot yunge Buwe un Maed aus Schul un College mit re Roll Babier in der Hand so wichtich as en Tschotschment Note. Alle Yohr kummt en frischi Crop feine yunge Leit der same Weg, reddi far die Aerwet vun de Welt uffnemme. Awwer es scheint, es sin zu viel, as die same Aerwet duh welle.

Anschtatts vun so vil Kaerls Pillology un Lawology un Doxology laerne, waer's nix aus em Weg, wann mehner Hogology un Beefology un Bugology ihre Handwaerk mache daete. Was Nutze iss Ladeinisch zum yunge Maedel, as "Schlof, Bobbeli, Schlof" iwwer die Wieg dudelt! 'S iss zu viel Humbugology un net genunk Backology un Kochology. Mer hen Argelschpieler un Drumbel-box Inschinier blendi, awwer zu meinre Meind sin mer e wennich karz in Custard Mechanics.

Was mir Mannsleit breiche iss mehner "Rations" un wennicher Fashions, awwer mer gehne yuscht so im Dunkle fart. Wie ich yung waar, iss als en Phrenologist der Weg kumme alle Yohr. Der hot ausfiggere kenne, was in de Kinner ihre Knepp hinnich de Ohre schdeckt. Er hot unser Kepp g'flehlt un ausgemapped vannenaus, was drin iss. Wann mer der Kaerl widder zurick rufe kennde, mecht's sei, as er uns saage daet, well vun unser Buwe Bugology uffnemme sett anschtatts Doxology, un well vun de Maed en bessrer Kopp hot far Rations as Fashions.

Die Zeit iss schur am Kumme, wann unser Volk mehner Seideschpeck un Brotwarscht foddert un wennicher Fol-de-rology. Mer misse de yunge Leit ihre Phrenology Knepp besser verschteh un dernoh Gedanke vun Mush un Pannhaas bauere nei duh.

Glei nooch as ich g'heiert waar, hot en Phrenologist mei Knepp unnersucht. Er hot mer g'saat, ich daet en schwarzkeppichi Wittfraa mit zwansich dausend Daaler in de Bank heiere. "Ya," saag ich, "des daet ich gaern, awwer saag mer nau aa, wie in de Welt as ich en rotkeppichi John Sullivan Fraa iwwerbord duh kann, as ich accidently g'heiert hab, eb du rummkumme bischt."

—SOLLY HULSBUCK

Deaths of a Day

DANIEL F. O'DONNELL

Daniel F. O'Donnell died at 3:30 a. m. Friday, at his home, 28 Front St., Hokendauqua, after an illness of two weeks. Son of the late Anthony and Mary nee O'Donnell, he was born in Hokendauqua and lived there all his life.

He was foreman at the Lehigh Portland Cement Co., Ormrod, until four years ago when he retired. He was a member of St. Lawrence's church, Catasauqua, and the Holy Name society of that church.

Surviving are five children: Margaret, of New York City; Frank, Portland, Ore.; Mary, Charles and Mrs. Lawrence McNally, all at home; sisters: Mrs. Anne McIntyre, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Grace Sloane, Catasauqua; and Mrs. Mary Gillen, Brooklyn, N.Y.; and brothers, Anthony of Jersey City, and Dennis of Catasauqua.

The funeral will be held from the late home, 28 Front St., Hokendauqua, on Monday morning at 9 o'clock. High mass of Requiem will be sung in St. Lawrence's church, Catasauqua, at 9:30. Interment will be made in the Calvary cemetery.

MRS. ROBERT M. SNYDER

Mrs. Myrtle Snyder, wife of Robert M. Snyder, 1416 Wood St., Bethlehem, died at 12:30 p. m. Friday. Born in 1873 in Thompsontown, Pa., she was the daughter of the late John and Susan Rapp Underwood. She was a member of the Clearfield West Side Methodist church, Bethlehem.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by two sons, Robert N. of Allentown, and Graydon U. of Bethlehem; two grandchildren, and one sister, Mrs. Annie Crozier of Port Royal, Pa.

WILLIAM C. CARR

William C. Carr of 257 S. 5th St. died Friday after an illness of over a year. He was 67 years old.

Born in Allentown on Dec. 17, 1876, he was the son of the late William H. and Mary, nee Sweitzer, Carr. He resided in this city all his life. He was of the Lutheran faith.

Surviving are his wife, Gertrude, nee Roderick, Carr; a son, Howard W. Carr, and a sister, Mrs. Jess Lewis, of this city.

WILMER E. ZIMMERMAN

Wilmer E. Zimmerman, 69, of Leibyville, Schuylkill county, died yesterday at 1:30 p. m. at his home after a short illness.

Mr. Zimmerman, who engaged in his carpenter's trade until his recent illness, was born in West Penn township, Schuylkill county, a son of the late Allen and Elizabeth (nee Klingaman) Zimmerman, and resided in Tamaqua before moving to Leibyville 24 years ago.

He was a member of the Reformed wing of the Zion Stone church, Snyders, where he was formerly a trustee and elder.

He is survived by his wife, Neda (nee Gerber) Zimmerman; one son, Ira, U. S. Army, England; two daughters, Mrs. Ralph Yost of Allentown, Mrs. Alvin Jones of Quakake, Pa.; two grandchildren; five brothers, Cleveland, New Ringgold R. 1; Ira, Oliver, Robert and Thomas, all of Allentown, and one sister, Mrs. Ertie Zimmerman, New Ringgold R. D.

Rev. W. W. Moyer will officiate at services to be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the George E. Snyder Funeral home, Snyders, and at the Zion Stone church, Snyders. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

MARY A. BUCKLEY

Mrs. Mary A. Buckley of 245 N. Blank St., widow of Daniel Buckley, died at her home yesterday afternoon. She was 76 years old.

The daughter of the late William and Mary, nee Reinsmith, Wint, she was born in Allentown and had lived here all her life.

Her husband preceded her in death six years ago. A daughter and grandson died 13 years ago. She is survived by a niece, Mrs. John Long of Hellertown.

Funeral services will be held at the Luther D. Grim Funeral home, 136-138 N. 12th St., Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock with interment in the Allentown cemetery. Rev. Simon Sipple of the Zion Evangelical and Reformed church will officiate.

MRS. ROBERT M. SNYDER

Mrs. Myrtle Snyder, 71, wife of Robert M. Snyder, 1416 Wood St., Bethlehem, died Thursday at 12:30 p. m. in Allentown hospital. Born in 1873 in Thompson, Pa., she was the daughter of the late John and Susan Rapp Underwood. She was a member of the Clearfield West Side Methodist church, Bethlehem.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by two sons, Robert N. of Allentown, and Graydon U. of Bethlehem; two grandchildren, and one sister, Mrs. Annie Crozier of Port Royal, Pa.

Private funeral services on Monday at the convenience of the family from the Daniel B. Snyder funeral home, 701 N. New St., Bethlehem, where friends may call 7 to 8:30 p. m. Sunday. Interment in Memorial Park.

CHARLES G. FRIES

Charles G. Fries, 1013 S. 4th St., son of the late Jesse and Abelona Gery Fries, died Friday in the Allentown hospital. Born in East Greenville, he was 84 years old. He was a retired slate roofer.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Katie Wetzel, with whom he resided; and Mrs. William Gaugher of Pennsburg; two sons, William Fries of Parkland, Pennsylvania, and Jesse Fries of Allentown; and five grandchildren.

Mr. Fries was a member of the Lutheran wing of the Chestnut Hill church.

Funeral services will be held from the Derr Funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St., and interment will be made in Chestnut Hill cemetery.

DORCAS J. THOMAS

Dorcas June Thomas, 28, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Albert E. Thomas of 2221 Washington St., died yesterday afternoon at her home.

Miss Thomas, who was an active member of church, club and hospital circles in this city, was born in South Bend, Indiana, and after graduating from the Wilmington High school in 1935, studied dental hygiene at Temple university, Philadelphia, and Georgetown university, Washington. Following her graduation she did laboratory and dental work in New York City and St. Petersburg, Fla.

She was a member of the First Presbyterian church, secretary and treasurer of her Sunday school class at the church, Junior Woman's club, Cambrian club and the Junior auxiliary of the Allentown hospital.

Her parents are her only survivors. Dr. Walter H. Eastwood of Allen- and Dr. Howard M. Morgan of Philadelphia will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Wonderly Funeral home, 1119 Hamilton St. Interment in Grandview cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Altie, Altie G'shicht

M'r hen doh 'n altie, g'shicht,—fer die wohret tzu sawga m'r haisa sie 'n "Altie, Altie," g'shicht weil sie nine mohl ous da tzaea uf kumt won m'r freind froga eb sie uns net alta g'shichta fertzaila kenta. Nadierlich won m'r sawga alta g'shichta, maina m'r alta folks shtories, alta glawwa un aenicha onnerra alta socha un gabreicher, os unser fohr elterra ols nei gaglawbt hen.

Die alt, alt g'shicht os m'r heit fertzaila, is sellie woh m'r alla woch etlicha mohl hoera, yusht os sie ols wenich feranner'd wert in unnershittlicha gagenda—ungfare in darra g'shicht sin sie om wolnis daila, onnerra tzeita worra sie gonga fisha, un hen fish gadailt, un noh widder sins welshkern kolva, hossilniss, keshda, karrabsa, un noch dale onnerra socha os m'r uns now net grawd erinnerra kenna.

Aenicha waig, die g'shicht, un woh uns yusht widder iwwer hold is werra in Barricks kounty, hut tzu duh mit wolnis. Da shtory noh, worra tzwae yunga kel gonga wolnis shtaila, un hen ous gamocht fer sie daila uf 'm kerrich hova, nava on da shtross. 'S wor 'n grossie hochie shtae mauer um der kerrichhofe rum, un woh der os uns die g'shicht fertzailt hut gore net gamaint hut os es notewenich gawest wear fer 'n mauer drum rum howwa. Wie m'r gawunnert hen ferwos net, hut er g'sawt, "El die os drin sin kenna net rous, un die os drous sin wolla net nei."

Wie m'r gawunnert hen wies don gawest wear mit sella os nei weara fer ihra g'shtolna wolnis daila, hut er galocht un g'sawt, wel fom Deivel kon m'r sich ferwohra, ow'r net fon shlechta leit, sellie sin im shtond fer ol iwwer tzu sei. Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzu da wolnis g'shicht, hut der freind noh fertzailt wie 'n glae deich'l unna darich die shtae mauer gonga wear woh die dieb k'huck'd hetta ihra g'shtolna wolnis daila.

Wie sie die wolnis ous da seck galairt hetta weara tzwae dafon unna darich der deich'l nous in die shtross garoll'd. Noh hetta sie shtarta die wolnis daila, aenie noch da onnera. Sie hetta die wolnis ol aeletzich ganumma, un ol die weil tzu sich selwar gablauder'd uf die hee sich'd. "Die is my, un die is dei, die is dei, un die is my." Un so hetta sie fert gamocht bis sie die wolnis ol uf tzwae gleicha heifa hucka hetta kot.

Die weil os sie ow'r om daila gawest weara, wear 'n yunger kerl hame fon da maid, un woh sich so aw immer g'farich'd het fer nochts om kerrich hofe ferbei gae, un sella owet hetta die hoar 'm gons gaea barick g'shtonna. Er het na fer awenich tzu k'hoerich'd uf da onner side da mauer un noh ous gamocht fer gae fer hilf. Der Porra het im nagshda hous gawohn'd, un het ihn ous 'm bed gagrisha, un wear noh tzu tzwet tzurick noch 'm kerrich hofe fer sehna wos darta om aw gae wear.

Die dieb weara ols noch om tzaila gawest wie der Porra un de yung mon outside on die mauer kumma sin, un hen na tzu k'hoerich'd bis sie fartich worra. Gons eb sel, het der Porra 'm yunga gapishbert, "Des is wohrhoftich der Gutemon un der Divel, om leit daila uf 'm kerrich hofe.

Yusht bout on selra tzeit weara die uf da onnerra side da mauer fartich werra daila, un ainer het g'sawt "Wos wolla m'r duh mit sella tzwae uf da onner side da mauer, wolla m'r sie aw mit nemma odder wolla m'r sie leia lossa?"

"Och wos," het der aint tzum onnerra g'sawt, "ich denk m'r besser gain nous un hola sie aw rei, un mocha rue mit na."

Ow'r der Porra un der Yung, wie aw in ol da onnerra g'shichta wie sel, hen net gawort fer in der kerrich hofe ganumma werra, sie sin uf un ob fert, un hen da nagshda dawg shier net fartich werra kenna ihra freind fertzaila, wie sie der Guteman un der Divel nochts hoerra hetta die leit daila uf 'm kerrich hofe, un wie sie shpringa hetta missa os sie net aw ferdail'd weara werra, un weara you noch net dote.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die weil os der drucker geshter fergessa hut unser Glawwas Odder Net tzu drucka, guck'ds leibhoftich wie won mier sel gadicht g'schriva hetta, os im geshters brief shtaid.

M'r hen net, un wos m'r gawunnert hen im geshters Glawwas Odder Net wor, eb aenich ebber wear, os uns sawga kent wars gadicht g'schriva het —won er kent dada m'r gleicha tzu hoerra dafon.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

If you are celebrating a birthday today, cultivate cautiousness in your actions and speech. You are a determined and persevering person in your opinions, but are apt to put yourself to disadvantage in another's eyes. You make friends and hold them. The love you will compel will be strong and steadfast. Professional and domestic affairs are well signified in the next year, despite minor annoyances of a peculiar nature. Concentrate on business expansion. Born today a child will need to curb a desire for excessive display and over-generosity. He or she will be very high-spirited.

25 Years Ago Today

A Tuesday, June 24, 1919

One hundred and seventeen graduates were presented diplomas at the 51st annual commencement of Allentown High school held in the High school auditorium. Frederick Barber and Gerard West won first and second honors respectively.

The first annual commencement exercises of a commercial class of the Sacred Heart Parochial school was held in the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and in St. Francis hall. Clarence Deysher, Gwendoline Ettl, Mildred Schwartz, Anna Zartler and Helen Haber were prize winners.

The council of four in Paris signed a document giving formal approval to priority for Belgium in reparations to be paid by Germany to the amount of 2,500,000,000 francs.

Professor James F. Gallagher presented 90 attendants in naturalization schools with certificates st

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Hate is a fear, and fear is rot
That cankers root and fruit alike;
Fight cleanly then, hate not, fear not,
Strike with no madness when you strike.
—Graves.

FINLAND CHOOSES RUIN

For more than two years the Government of the United States has sought to achieve peace between Finland and Russia and thereby save the little country from the defeat which this country has firmly believed was inevitably awaiting it if it continued in alliance with Germany.

From time to time there were some rays of hope that the little country would choose to save itself and maintain its friendship with the United States which had become Russia's ally. There were many times when it appeared likely that the Finns would accept Russian armistice terms and call their war at an end. But always at their back was the sinister, Mephistophelian whisper of a Ribbentrop or other German diplomat and proposals, which apparently had appeared as favorable as could be expected, were rejected.

Now the straw that has broken the camel's back has been tossed upon a long-patient American Department of State. The Finns recently announced they would go on with the war and that they had received assurances of German economic and military support. Promptly upon that statement Germany is said to have sent three decrepit divisions into Finland, following previous infiltration of Germans into the councils of the Finnish government.

Accordingly the United States yesterday handed a passport to the last remaining Finnish representative in Washington (the others having received their walking papers some time ago.) At the same time Secretary Hull tore the last mask from the Finnish cause by denouncing the Finnish government as one which had been deprived of liberty of action and had become nothing more than a puppet of the Nazis.

No longer can there be any sadness that we have had to break with a country that we have hitherto respected. All possible opportunity was afforded Finland to change her course. Especially did it seem opportune and safe for Finland to take a realistic viewpoint and realize that she could not win with Germany, as had been her earlier hope. The Finns, thru their government, have chosen to be in the complete wreckage that will be Germany when this war is over.

HOPELESSLY OUTCLASSED LUFTWAFFE

Few things are more impressive in the conduct of the war over Europe than the continuing evidence of the supremacy of American and British air power over anything that the Nazis under fat and flabby Marshal Goering can put into the air.

In the first place the invasion, which was something that the Nazis had been determined to resist with all possible power, was accomplished in face of all the air power that Germany could hurl against something like a million men. These were crowding across 80 miles of water and making the most difficult kind of landing—upon shallow beaches, protected by gun emplacements, pill-boxes and every sort of military device to retard movement.

Then the campaign to expand the beachhead and later to achieve the port of Cherbourg was trammeled but little by Nazi air power for American and British bombers first of all had paralyzed many French airfields with their installations and then pressed on and on to advance the paralysis into more remote parts of the country. So whatever planes the Germans can send up to fight or to bomb must take off from more and more distant points, which means that their opportunity for successful missions is greatly reduced.

Very important too is the fact that with Russian bases now in American control there is shuttling of flyers on the legs of a triangle described by bases in England, bases in Russia and bases in Italy. Flyers now may leave England, bomb Germany, land in Russia; take off from Russia and after bombing Romania or other German occupied countries land in Italy. All other possible combinations also are being worked out to the more effective use of our big bombing planes, the swifter and greater destruction of Nazi power and the more complete discomfiture of any German fighters who may elect to rise from a narrowing circle of airfields to chase the invaders. In one day alone this week, more than 8000 Allied planes performed operations that belittled anything and everything that the Germans could show.

Once upon a time the Nazis were ready to stake almost everything on their submarines and other naval units. A German admiral only a few days ago said of this hope that it had failed because the German navy and its subs are at the bottom of the sea.

Once upon a time the Nazis believed their air force so powerful and so invincible that final results could not be in any doubt. Today that force, whatever its strength, either is held on the ground by lack of fuel or fewer bases from which to operate, or it has been destroyed to greater degree than can be guessed.

When before the invasion there was a disposition on the part of the Nazis to avoid air battles, the theory of some was that they were conserving their planes for the invasion test. When the invasion came thru without serious hindrance by the Nazi pilots the theory of some was that the air force was being conserved, awaiting more favorable opportunity to destroy the Allies in France.

The better theory would appear to be that the German air force is more mythical than real; that the once proud force has been beaten and destroyed and that it is not being conserved because there is so little to be conserved. Certainly if it was a powerful force on invasion day it still is almost as powerful. Certainly there have been many occasions since June 6 on which it was important, if not vital, to display its strength and to put everything into its punch.

BETTER THAN EATING RICE

A professional man, camera in hand, became casually engaged in conversation with a denim-trousered man, apparently on his way home from work in a war industry.

"A mighty nice camera, that," observed the man in denim. "Just buy it?" "Oh, no. It's pre-war," said the professional man, adding: "You can't get anything like this any more. Cheap construction, substitutes now."

"Everything today, cheap as it may be, is better than eating rice," commented the worker and with a gay "So long, buddy" was on his way.

"Better than eating rice!" the professional man repeated to himself over and over again. "That man in denim has something there."

Interpreting War News

By WILLIAM FRYE
Associated Press Staff Writer
(Substituting for Kirke L. Simpson)

The appeal by the Nation's three top military commanders for allout devotion on the home front to the job of winning the war is a ringing announcement to the enemy that the grapple has begun.

It is also a formal and solemn warning to the public that the final campaigns are the hardest, they demand of soldier and worker more sustained effort than all the preparations.

Despite its similarity in some respects to previous official blasts against "complacency" at home, the appeal contained in the report to President Roosevelt by General Marshall, Admiral King and General Arnold was not an accusation of complacency.

Nevertheless, these military leaders are seriously concerned about informal reports from all sections of the country in which they find a tendency to believe that the supply job is done, that all that remains to be accomplished is a quick cleanup by the armed forces in the field.

If that feeling exists as the military leaders believe it does, the reason is fairly obvious. Each day brings fresh reports of Allied success from every theatre but China. Germany is on a desperate defensive on three fronts. The Japanese are aggressive in Central China, but they have the American Navy at their throats in the Marianas and General MacArthur's forces on their backs in New Guinea.

The pattern of victory is becoming plain. The military commanders acknowledge that, and see in it a matter of gratification for the entire country. But they see beyond that—they see a German army of hundreds of divisions, with no shadow of a crack in its discipline, and they know that Germany is not defeated until that army is smashed. They see the Japanese being pushed, but a long way from broken.

The Allied command is committed to a war of terrific driving blows, and dreads above all else the possibility of a stalemate in the war of attrition. Their plan is a life-saving and time-saving plan—they propose to take losses in bold moves, and take them now, believing that the losses will be smaller than if the war is permitted to drag out.

Losses in men, that is. Losses in equipment and supplies will be staggering. Wastage, always terrible in war, is multiplied in a war that moves swiftly.

A war of swift movement means burned out engines, broken wheels, wrecked trucks, lost jeeps, smashed guns, burned food supplies, worn-out shoes, torn uniforms, misplaced blankets, lost tents, blowout tires. It means expenditure of fantastic amounts of ammunition and explosives. It means endless demands for millions of spare parts. It means broken radios and damaged telephone switchboards.

In war, such things are expendable. In the campaigns now beginning, they may be expended in fantastic amounts.

And until a victory is achieved the military commanders must know for the safety of their men and combat plans that the pipeline of supplies is full from the factory to the fighting front. That's what is back of the appeal which the President made public from his military chiefs.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WE QUEER AMERICANS

I am sure that no European could possibly understand an American political convention.

He would wonder why all the thousands of men and women were milling about in hotel lobbies, quite aimlessly, apparently with no particular business on their hands.

He would listen to their conversations and discover that they were discussing everything but the business in hand.

He would hear many rumors and wonder where they originate and even more, of what importance they are to anybody.

He would be a very surprised man to discover that great ballrooms bearing huge signs to the effect that this is the headquarters of a candidate, is not a headquarters at all; that somewhere altogether far away, many floors away, is the real headquarters where the master minds of politics hide even from their own delegates.

Nor could this European grasp the varieties of opinion and views in one party. After all the fire and flame of internationalism, our European friend would have observed that every expression of nationalism in this convention, every attack on current world-order schemes, such as, for instance, appeared in Hoover's message, received the most articulate commendation from the delegates.

Hoover's statement that the Republican party will not come into power for the liquidation of American independence—paraphrasing Churchill's remark—was received with the loudest applause of the convention.

And what would puzzle a European most would be the procedure for writing the platform which is not a declaration of burning principle, but a statement of the greatest common association of accepted ideas that the leaders of the party believe that they can at a given moment put together in one document without splitting the party.

He undoubtedly heard of 17 Republican Governors walking in on the resolutions committee to complain that they did not understand the foreign plank and he certainly noted that that visit made no difference.

He had been listening to Wendell Willkie and perhaps imagined that his influence might have some dimensions only to discover that no one could get a resolution through this convention that tied the United States into a World State and he undoubtedly wonders what pressures, what powers, what forces dominated this resolutions committee.

For instance, he had for years been told that there were wild, anti-Jewish forces in the Republican party. In fact, this European, sitting in New York, had heard it repeated time and again that if the Republicans came to power, the Jews of the United States would suffer.

Yet, when he read the platform of the Republican party, he discovered the fullest, the most complete endorsement of Jewish aspirations for a national commonwealth in Palestine that has ever been written into the resolutions of any political party of this country.

That will puzzle our visitor from abroad because he does not and cannot understand the generosity and bigness of the American people who function not on any preconceived notions of class consciousness or religious bigotry, but who believe in fundamental justice.

Certainly, this European must have been shocked to learn that such Republicans as Senator Robert Taft, Ruth Hanna Sims, who is related to what the radicals in New York call the McCormick-Patterson axis; John Foster Dulles, who may be the next secretary of state, and Herbert Brownell, Mr. Dewey's personal representative at Chicago, and Mary Donlan, put this Palestine resolution through.

That will puzzle him because he had preconceived notions about these people—notions that are, of course, false but none-the-less widely believed.

Most of all, he is puzzled by the undoubted popularity of John Bricker. He cannot understand why, if everybody likes Bricker, do they insist upon Dewey being the candidate for President.

I am sure that he would not appreciate how Americans react to a good sport, a man who fights clean and goes down fighting without cringing, without rancour, without personal antagonisms.

In a European political contest as profoundly antagonistic as the Dewey-Bricker struggle for the nomination, the men would hate each other; in some countries, the loser would organize his own party. Here, there are no losers; there is only a winner whom the defeated man supports whole-heartedly.

The European sure will be all mixed up by what happened here this week. But really, what difference does it make? He has no vote.

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Sona, Panama, is to have a model school with a combination gymnasium and theatre, a domestic-arts laboratory, a workshop, a library, a playground, and a plot of land for gardening students.



REVIEW

HOME CRAFT COURSES. Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser.—Volume VI. Home craft Course in Pennsylvania German Painted Furniture. By Roy Dundore. Illustrations by the author and Elizabeth S. Hoke. Schlechters, Printers, Allentown, Pa. —$1.00.

Are you among those who find renewed pleasure in the painted chairs, wood benches, settees and dower chests of your forefathers? Do their lively colors tell you of a time when those who created them naively responded to the simpler joys of life? Do their designs inspired by flowers from old-time gardens and by the fruits of fields and orchards bursting with earth's plenitude, speak a common language with the designs you have found on painted barns, worn old tombstones and on **fraktur** Taufscheine and Haussegen? If so, you shall want this book. If there are those among you who wish to take a hand in the restoration of such designs, or replacing them upon old furniture from which they have long ago faded or disappeared, this book will be a welcome guide. It will teach you how to prepare the piece of furniture before any paint is applied and how then to apply the opaque colors. There are suggestions for the beginners which are helpful in making authentic reproductions from Pennsylvania German designs, the kinds of brushes to be employed and the use and range of colors. You will even learn the processes of "antiquing" your newly painted designs.

Especially useful are the numerous illustrations, simple black and white drawings of leaves, flowers, small groupings for chair backs and chest panels, as well as various scrolls, borders and stripes. There are two beautiful color plates of panels for bed head-ends, as well as a half-tone showing a Pennsylvania German room in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Introduction to this practical little hand-book will inspire the reader with a deeper sense of the spiritual values of the furniture of our Pennsylvania German forefathers. We quote briefly:

"In removing old paint the painter who has a soul for beauty must be a detective, ever ready to discern some obscured motif, perhaps one that has been lost to art for more than a century. By recapturing these designs and recording them the whole field of knowledge will be increased and the world will contain just that much more of beauty . . . That dower chest which once was the treasury of hope for Anna Guth, two centuries ago, may still be used as a hope-chest for the teen-age girl today, or it may symbolize and retain the spirit of youth for the elderly matron . . . That settee with its reds, yellows, greens and blues, may still be a trysting place and grandmother may sway back and forth in that old rocking chair while she dreams of days when her grandmother was dreaming there . . . That painted cupboard in the kitchen, ornamented with arabesques, drooping tulips or distelfinks in chirping stance is proclaiming a promise for tomorrow—it will be there."—P.A.B.

PRESERVING OUR HERITAGE

About a year ago a committee consisting of two members of student council and two members of the faculty designed the first official seal for the Coopersburg High School. They lacked a motto for that seal and did not disdain to choose the old dialect Sprichward WER AAHALT, GEWINNT. They turned to the wisdom of our Pennsylvania German forefathers and in so doing showed a conscious respect for their ancestral heritage.

But the students of the Coopersburg High School did not stop with that. The Class of 1944, in their effort to further the respect of our people for their heritage, have taken as the general theme for The Cohiscan, the annual Yearbook of the Senior Class, "Preserving Our Heritage". The Foreword concludes: "We, the class of 1944, Coopersburg Junior-Senior High School, feel it especially fitting at this time to adhere to a reformation that is reviving the folklore of our forefathers, and we are pleased to do our little part in "Preserving Our Heritage". Chapter titles read: Here We Live; Living Together; Working Together; Playing Together; Our Countryside.

Chapter headings are accompanied by pencil drawings done in the spirit of an earlier generation of Pennsylvania German family and social life. These drawings appear against photographic reproductions of old Pennsylvania German quilts. The cover presents a beautiful color reproduction of a quilt of most interesting design owned by Mrs. John Frey, wife of the recently appointed Prison Warden.

We believe the students of the Coopersburg High School deserve to be congratulated upon this worthy and unique effort and we rejoice in the knowledge that the seeds sown in the last years are bearing fruits among our younger generation.—ED.

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

Editor, The Eck:
Dear Sir:

In the issue of the Eck for June 10 appeared another reference to a character known as "Huns John". The said person was only known to the writer by report, as he was unknown in our immediate vicinity.

Lest there be confusion at some later time, permit me to state here that there was another person commonly called "Huns John". The correct name of this second "Huns John" was John Kerchner, a German over six feet tall and of robust build. In his younger years he hired out to farmers of Lower Macungie township, being thus hired by my father for one season. He also worked in the then prevailing ore-beds of the vicinity. Later in life he took to meandering and traded dogs. From this he got the name by which he was commonly known as "Huns John". For a goodly number of years toward the end of his life he went about begging, living in a shanty at one of the ore-beds. During these latter years he hardly traded in dogs. Instead, he rendered the fat of dogs, skunks, rabbits, etc., which he then sold to parties in quest of the same. The last years of his life he spent in a shanty at the abandoned ore-bed on what was then the farm of Dr. Herbert Herbst between Spring Creek and Macungie. Here his mortal remains were found. As the records show, his body was brought to the County Home on October 22, 1894 and buried there.

Huns John was full-bearded and in the latter years of his life of slovenly appearance. Water seemed abhorrent to him. Apparntly he was no longr an adherent to the principle of cleanliness being next to godliness!

Very truly yours,
MELVILLE B. SCHMOYER.
Allentown, Pa. June 14, 1944.

HOIYET UN AERN

Der Summer iss do
Un der Bauer iss froh,
As er widder die Blumme
im Graasfeld seht.
Nau weess er as mer ball
in die Hoiyet geht.
Aafange dutt er gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Dart drauss uff der Fens
Hengt gwiss schon die Sens;
Alles was mer brauch
iss schee in der Roi,
Un marye wann's net reggert,
geht's ans Hoi.
Die Sunn seht mer gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Heerscht du net en Yacht,
Un weesscht was sell macht?
Sell iss der Dengelschtock
widder im Gang;
Er singt viel in der Hoiyet
Schtunde lang.
Sei Music heert mer gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Dengel, dengel, dengel!
Ruft seller Bengel.
Dicht an dem Appelbaam
schteckt er im Block;
Immer ready
iss seller Dengelschtock.
Brauche dutt mer 'n gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Was er schaerfe duht,
Sell schneid gewiss gut;
Un wann's net far
der Dengelschtock waer,
Kaemt der Maeher
net so luschdich dohaer;
Drum hot er ihn gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

In der alte Zeit
Hen die Bauersleit
All selli Aerwet
g'schafft mit der Hand;
Mit Sens un Reff
waar'n sie gut bekannt
Un brauche sie gaern
In Hoiyet un Aern.

Sie waare getrained
Un zeitlich draa g'wehnt
Mit Sichel un Sens
un Reff zu schaffe;
Hen g'sucht selli Aerwet
recht zu mache;
Gehne fleissich un gaern
In die Hoiyet un Aern.

Wann mer duht sehne
Wie sie dart gehne,
Wie unbekimmert
en yedes hackt nei,
Scheint des Maehe
so gaar nix zu sei.
Awwer's geht net so gaern
In die Hoiyet un Aern.

Musscht yo net dann denke,
As 'n yeder kann schwenke
Die Sens un des Reff
so easy un schlick,
As wie der wo gelaernt
hot seller Trick.
Mer laernt's awwer gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Mit dem Graas zu fechte,
Nemmt's zimmlich viel Krefte;
En schtarker Aarm
iss was am menschte zaehlt;
Wer sell net hot,
hot's gewiss verfehlt.
Wer schtark iss, schafft gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Ich weess wie sell schafft,
Hab's efters mit g'macht;
Mei Buckel duht erschtens
schrecklich weh;
Bis Owet kann ich nimmi
uffrecht schteh.
Doch vergesst mer's gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Wer ans Hoimache geht,
Seht as er frieh uffschteht;
So ball die Sunn uff iss,
geht's schon ins Feld,
Wo yeder ans Schaffe muss,
der sich meld.
Faule seht mer net gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Mit Hals un Aarm blos,
Gehne sie druff los;
Wie der Vedderscht hackt nei,
der anner nooch;
Un schnell leid sell Graas
in're G'maaht schepp un hoch.
Sie weise sich gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Die Sunn drickt sie hart.
Doch mache sie fart;
Die Sense sin scharf,
un's Graas, des is zaart,
Un alles geht fart
in der rechte Aart.
Der Maeher schafft gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

So schteddi wie'n Maschin,
Laafe die Kaerl dahin;
En yeder gebt acht,
dass yo nix bassiert
Mit der Sens, die schneid,
as wie gebalwiert.
Mer schneid sich net gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Am End vun dem Feld
Waerd immer uffg'schtellt
Zu ruhe un en wennich
zu wetze,
Un vun allerlei Dinge
zu schwetze.
Babble duht mer gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Hot mer g'rugt uff der Fens
Un in Ordning die Sens,
Dann geht's widder los
bis am nein-Uhr-Schdick,
Wu eens kummt mit frische Pie
gross un dick.
Sell seht mer doch gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

En Lunch iss bereit
Far all die Schaffleit.
Hunger hen sie
un weil die dart esse,
Duhn sie schier gaar
die Aerwet vergesse.
Der Appetit kummt gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Sell Friehschdick macht Mut
Bis des Harn blose duht,
Dann geht mer zum Dinner
mit me wassriche Mund,
Un rugt im Schatte
in der Middaagschtund.
En Napp nemmt mer gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Yuscht seh mol sell Hoi,
Wie's schepp in der Roi,
Un wie schnell die Holmacher
duhn's uffheifle.
Eb's Wetter schee bleibt,
sell duhn sie zweifle.
Mer dummelt sich gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Nau muss mer schwitze,
Sich gans iwwerhitze,
Sell Hoi zu sammle
recht drucke un schee;
Un hot gewiss ken Zeit
lang rumzuschteh.
Es reggert ewwe gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Wann en G'witter kummt,
Dann waerd's rumgetschumpt;
Noh duhne sie
ihre Beschtes browiere
Sell Hoi zu laade
un's Feld zu kliere;
Sell seht der Bauer gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Iss mer ferdich mit em Hoi,
Kummt die Aern in die Roi.
Der Weeze iss zeitich,
sei goldne Kepp
Sin schwer gelaade
un henke gans schepp;
Awwer sell seht mer gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Sehnscht wie seller Mann
Sei Reff hendle kann?
Der Aermel nuff g'wickelt
un der Hals blos,
Mit all seine Krefte
geht er druff los.
Er maeht leicht un gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Guck mol wie er schafft,
Wie schee er sell macht;
Er schmeisst seller Weeze
gleich in die Roi,
Net verhuddelt, wie
sie duhne des Hoi;
Sell duht der Bauer gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Wann seller wu maeht,
Dem Binner beischteht,
Dann kenne sie schee
minanner schaffe,
Un darricheweck
bessri Aerwet mache.
Sell hot en yeder gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Net alli schaffe gleich
Im Bauer sei Reich;
Deel duhne die Aerwet
in de helfte Zeit;
Sich zu dummle
sin sie alfert bereit.
Annre faulense gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Dart schtehne die Schack
So gleich un so schtrack,
As wie en Trupp
getrainde Soldaate,
Bis der Bauer kummt
un duht sie ufflaade;
Dann nemmt er sie faern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

In der ganse Nadur
Findscht nix schenner schur;
Geh, such wu du witt
in der ganse Welt,
As wie graad sell goldenes
Weezefeld.
Oh wie seht mer's so gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

Sehscht wie der Wind blost
Un der Halme schtosst;
Er geht uff un ab
so leicht un so schee;
Es guckt yuschtement,
wie die Welle am See.
Wer seht sell net gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern!

Sell macht uns denke
An die Geschenke
Vun dem, der sargt
far die Hungersnot,
Un losst immer wachse
des daeglich Brot;
Drumm lobt mer ihn gaern
In der Hoiyet un Aern.

—GEORGE MAYS.

Deaths of a Day

HENRY J. SNYDER SR.

Funeral services for Henry J. Snyder Sr., a former resident of this city who died Wednesday in Washington, N. J., will be held Monday at 10:30 a. m. at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment in Grandview cemetery.

URIAH H. PRICE

Uriah H. Price, 84, died at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Harrison Butz, Pocono township, near Scotrun, at 12:30 a. m. Thursday. He had been in ill health since February, and had been confined to his bed for four weeks.

A native of Paradise Valley, he had resided in this area all his life. He was a member of the Evangelical Union church at Melsertown.

Survivors are his wife, Mrs. Fannie Lee Price; a daughter, Mrs. Harrison Butz; at whose home he died, and eight grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. today from the Mrs. J. H. Lanterman and Sons funeral home, East Stroudsburg, with Rev. Allan Smith officiating. Interment will be in Analomink cemetery.

MRS. EMMA L. GRESSLEY

Mrs. Emma L. Gressley, 84, former resident of Longswamp township and widow of Jonathan Gressley, died yesterday at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Katie N. Guldin of 119 S. Home St., Topton.

She was a daughter of the late John and Catherine Romig Geist and was a member of the New Jerusalem church.

In addition to Mrs. Guldin she leaves two daughters, Mrs. Charles Bortz of Fleetwood and Mrs. Emmaline Angstadt of Mertztown R. 1; one sister, Mrs. Hettie Zwoyer of Mertztown R. 1; fourteen grandchildren and 29 great-grandchildren.

Rev. William H. Kline will officiate at services at her late residence Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., followed by further services in New Jerusalem church. Interment will be in the adjoining cemetery.

JOHN FRANKLIN FEHR

Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon in Barberton, Ohio, for John Franklin Fehr, 52, who died at his home, 571 W. Wooster Rd., Barberton, on Monday.

A resident of that city for 14 years, he had been a native of the Lehigh Valley and lived in Allentown for a number of years. He had been employed as a machinist for Babcock and Wilcox Co. and was a member of the Eagles.

He is survived by his wife, Jennie, a son, James in the U. S. Army, a daughter, Mrs. Gladys McCall of Barberton, a brother, Ralph of Allentown and a sister, Mrs. Gertrude Hahn of Morristown, N. J.

A Correction

In the review of Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's new book, "The History of Pennsylvania," which appeared in the 'S Pennsylfawnish Deitsch Eck last week, it was inadvertently stated that the price was $1.00. The correct price is $1.80 and readers ordering the book through the John C. Winston Company, 1006 Arch Street, Philadelphia, should make their remittances accordingly.

MRS. MARY E. ANGLEMIRE

Mrs. Mary E. Anglemire, widow of Charles N. Anglemire, a resident of 44 S. Main St., Nazareth, died yesterday at St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem. She had been admitted on June 17th.

Born 61 years ago in Thomasburg, Northampton county, she was the daughter of the late Henry and Mary (Seem) Fenner. Mrs. Anglemire was a member of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church, Nazareth.

Surviving are: One son, Carlisle, Nazareth; two brothers, George, Easton; and Martin, Toronto, Canada; one sister, Mrs. Hiriam E. Woodring, Allentown; and two grandchildren.

Rev. Robert Giering will officiate at services to be conducted on Monday at the convenience of the family at the Bartholomew funeral home, 211 E. Center St., Nazareth. Interment in the Greenwood cemetery, Nazareth.

Answers To Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Morning Call Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N. E., Washington 2, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage.

Q. When did the first Negroes come to America? W. L. P.

A. It is now generally believed that they came with the early explorers. In 1516 30 Negroes accompanied Balboa.

Q. Do the dogs that are used with Russian paratroops jump from planes voluntarily or do they have to be pushed? F. R.

A. They have to be pushed. Apparently the animals feel no fear once they are descending. They are equipped with parachutes that open automatically.

Q. What are the colors of the WAC? K. D.

A. The colors of the WAC are old gold and moss green.

Q. What are the age limits for enlistment in the Canadian Air Force? N. D.

A. The Canadian Embassy says that the present age limits are 17 years 6 months to 29. Only personnel for full flying duties are enlisted now.

Q. What is the amount of the national debt? J. F. N.

A. On Dec. 31, 1943, the interest bearing direct obligations of the Government amounted to 168 billion dollars. These securities were held by individuals to the amount of $36,800,000,000.

Q. Where is the Island of Fishing Cats? T. T.

A. It lies between Tahiti and the Society Islands, in the Pacific ocean. The cats were introduced about 1877 to rid the island of rats. Later the cats, learning to secure their own fish from the ocean, are reported to have driven out the inhabitants.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Altie G'shicht

M'r hen yusht 'n shtick g'funna os 'n Quakertown laiser uns doh weil tzurick rei g'shick'd hut fon ma eemamon seinra erfohring mit 'm shuckkerrich. So wies sheind, hut der eemamon ol sei shtore socha hame k'hol'd mit 'm shuckkerrich, un mohl ae dawg 'n hunnerd pund tzugar galawda kot. All'm noh wors fer da tzeit os tzugar garation'd wor, odder der mon het all'm noh g'sehna datzu os voh ken grim'l tzugar tzu grund gonga wear.

Aenicha waig, der tzugar sock hut 'n loch kot, un is ordlich tzugar rous garunna uf der shuckkerrich. In blotz fon bodderra fer der tzugar ob butza, hut er 'n druf leia lossa un der shuckkerrich 's nagshd gayus'd fer blons grumbierra hinna nous ins feld fohra. Owets wie er hame is, hut er fergessa der shuckkerrich mit hame tzu nemma, un nimmy draw gadenk'd bis etlicha dawg danoh. Un wie er gonga is fer der shuckkerrich hola, ferhoftich sei won er net fert wor, un hut net onnishder gadenk'd, os wie ebber het 'n g'shtola, un wies aw kot hut

Ow'r 's wor ken tzwae baenicher dieb os fert is mit 'm shuckkerrich, 's mus all'm noh 'n gonsie drup dieb gawest sei mit fliegel un bae. Aenicha waig, wie er uf 'm tzurick nei waig noch 'm hous on da eema keshda ferbei is, ferhoftich sei won der shuckkerrich net grawd farna omma eema koshda g'shtonna hut, uns wor alla bits'l tzugar hunna os druf wor. 'S aintsich'd os der kerl noh sehna hut kenna wor, os der eema koenich ous g'funna hut fom tzugar uf 'm shuckkerrich, un hut arders gewwa fer der tzugar nei in der koshda hola fer hunich rous mocha. Un die eema woh sel tzeit all'm noh awenich kartz worra in hilf, hen ous gamocht sie kenta tzeit uf mocha won sie der shuckkerrich grawd dahame hetta, un sin noh gonga un hen 'n tzurick hame noch 'm koshda gadrawga woh sie yusht druf tzu groddla hen kot fer der tzugar griega.

'N Aryer Davy

Der Davy Hieter fon drous in Topton shure is 'n fleisicher man. 'S mocht ihm gore nix ous wos tzu duh is, won ers duh kon don werts gaduh, un des aw grawd so g'shwind os miglich. Der Davy wie m'r wissa is 'n A nummer ains hoar schneider, un shairt weibsleit grawd so lieb os wie aw monsleit. 'S aintsich'd os 'n ols wenich boddert is, won fon da yunga os er tzu shaira hut so sonderbore greisha un brilla. Der aintsich'd waig os er so weit noch g'funna hut fer sie ruich mocha is, fer sich selwar uf der kup shtella, un is leicht tzu denka os es shaira noh net tzu gute gait.

Ow'r der Davy hut aw noch 'n lot onnerra g'shefta os er noh gait, ungfare so os wie 'n drucker, 'n barkipper, 'n dish obworter, 'n truck fuhrmon, 'n gardner, 'n firemon, 'n fire chief, un is noh aw noch so awenich in da hinkle un anda bisnis nava bei. Yar, der Davy brouch nee net wunnerra wos es nagshd tzu duh, un hut doh weil tzurick ous gamocht fer tzeita weiss, im fire hall shlofa, so os er immer grawd dabei is won fire ous brecht dart in town. 'S aintsich'd os 'n bodder'd, is, os er so garn sae gronk wert won er om brassna poshda nunner ins fire hous rutcha mus, fer g'shwind noch ma fire gae. Doh net long tzurick is 'm Davy sei wedder fohra, un kon alla weil noch net driwwer kumma wos fer 'n tzeit os er kotta hut uf 'm fire truck.

Tzu all'm guta glick wors ow'r 'n folsher alarm os der Davy k'hoert hut kot, un der truck hut net nous gae breicha. 'S mawg evens sei os der Davy die socha gadrahmt hut, ow'r so weit os sei gronkhate aw gonga is, se! wor allas numma tzu wohr. Yusht wie sie ols sawga, "Axidents can happen," wor des all'm noh aw 'n axident, un sawga der Davy het so halver im sin fer sei lebdawg nimmy on sel'm brassna poshda runner ritcha, un ol weils 'n immer so sonderbore gronk mocht.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis net dawert os may aenich ebber gait fer 'm Fred Peters on Kuhnsville sei kaller hols grumbierra sehna, uf da porch on seim wertshous.

Der Fred hut yusht sei wertshous bleshderra lossa, un die bleshderer hen 'm tzu fiel bleshdering uf die grumbierra shteck falla lossa, un hut die grumbierra noh awenich free ous gamocht.

Wie sie ous gewwa hen kenna m'r net sawga, der Fred hut sie grawd in der kaller rolla lossa, un won sie aw net gons ous gewwa wie er gamaint hut os sie ous gewwa sotta, hut er ken koshda kot fer sie shpritza odder kefler fonga.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Horoscope

July's birthstone is the ruby; the flower the larkspur; colors, green and russet. The personality is artistic and poetic. You are fond of music and like to travel. You are neat in your dress and your work, adapt yourself easily, and are friendly and popular in your own circle. You will be successful through your strong will and ambition for leadership. Your family is dear to you. In the next year be watchful against giving offense to your employer and officials generally. Curb extravagance and impetuosity and avoid the law. Some good fortune comes eventually. Born on this date a child will show much originality, courage, ambition, many talents, organizing ability and love of knowledge. Success and happiness are foreseen.

25 Years Ago Today

A TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1919

The citizens of the 12th ward gathered at Grace Reformed church to participate in a service held as a tribute to the boys of that ward who served their country in the World War I. The church was beautifully decorated with the national colors and the ward's large service flag emblazoned with 121 stars, four of which were gold, in memory of the boys who paid the supreme sacrifice.

The Navy Dirigible G-8, commanded by Lieutenant N. J. Learned, with a crew of six men and two passengers bound from Cape May, N. J., to Washington, exploded with terrific force after landing at Camp Holabird, near Baltimore, to adjust rudder trouble.

Resignation of Herbert Hoover as chairman of the board of the Food Administration Grain Corp. was announced at the annual meeting of the stockholders at New York.

The Russian government was warned by the United States in a message sent through the American legation at Stockholm that reprisals against American citizens in Russia would arouse intense sentiment in the United States against the Soviet heads.

How to Interpret Your Dreams

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of," says Shakespeare, but has anybody yet discovered what that stuff really is? Those strange medleys of sense and nonsense cannot always be attributed to the crab salad or cucumbers of the night before. Aunt Julia with complete frankness regales the family at breakfast with the story of her dream and will eagerly be told to expect a disappointment, a sudden journey or a letter from a tall, dark man. Write today for this 32-page booklet which explains dreams according to ancient practice. Ten cents postpaid.

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316 Eye St., N. E.,
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I enclose herewith TEN CENTS in coin (carefully wrapped in paper) for a copy of the booklet DREAMS.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Here (in America), more than anywhere else in the world, the daily panorama of human existence—the unending procession of governmental extortions and chicaneries, of commercial brigandages and throat-slitters, of theological buffooneries, of aesthetic ribaldries, of legal swindles and harlotries—is so inordinately extravagant, so perfectly brought up to the highest amperage, that only the man who was born with a petrified diaphragm can fail to go to bed every night grinning from ear to ear.

—Mencken.

LAW ENFORCEMENT MINUS 'PUNCH'

Allentown's most widely known secret for months—the plans of underworld characters to establish a horse-race booking office, together with the usual accessories of such places to take away what money may remain after the bang-tails finish—today is known by all who read for after only two or three days of operation by the office in the heart of the city, it was closed up yesterday.

Accordingly the paint that covered the office's windows can now be removed, the almost perpetually closed windows can be opened to admit fresh air where it had been excluded and all the paraphernalia of the establishment can be consigned to the ash-can. It is not going to be used for a long time, if ever, in this city.

Ever since the opening of the year rumors have been rife that the underworld was ready to establish itself boldly in the city with ramifications extending thruout the county. Specifically it was rumored that the slot machine racket was to be developed upon the grand and remunerative scale that prevails in so many counties of the State wherein an overlord of the underworld effects an alliance for protection with the law enforcement officers upon payment of large percentages of the exorbitant profits of these illegal machines. Then all other machines, not owned by the overlord or syndicate, becomes the prey of the hypocritically zealous law enforcement officers, thus driving clubs and individual operators into the arms of the overlord or syndicate simply in self-defense.

It also had been rumored specifically that a big gambling and horse-book establishment was to be set up. Rumors fixed its location at different places as the plans apparently were changed from time to time or were affected by inability to get the necessary wire service for such an establishment.

Then, in recent weeks, just about everybody in the business centre was talking about or noting the fact that all the windows on the second floor of 18 N. 6th St. had been painted a light yellow to disappoint prying eyes but admit light. When those windows were opened many were the curious eyes which did not fail to note the fixtures in the establishment and deduce the use to which they were to be put.

Early this week it became so strongly rumored as to suggest fact that the place had opened for business. Then yesterday an array of law enforcement officers—county and city—moved in upon the place to find a few men apparently engaged in the matter of betting on how horses will run on distant race tracks.

Now the people in Allentown, who have taken pride in the cleanliness of this city as to commercialized vice and racketeering, will be gratified by this action but they will have every right and reason to be curious about a number of very peculiar incidents in the entire affair. They may resolve their curiosity into a great deal of indignation plus scorn and contempt or even ridicule for some figures high in public life. In other words, the raid even if it closes this establishment and all that it represents for good is far from being completely satisfactory.

In the first place it will be noted by the public that not a single man connected with the ownership or the management of the place was captured by the police. While it had been indicated that the moneyed men behind the operation had set up a "front" in management and that in the event of trouble, the "front" or management would "take the rap" or arrest, when the raiders arrived even the managers had made their escape. In fact, it is said that at least one of the managers passed the raiders on the steps and was permitted to escape. The public must conclude that the management was apprised in advance of the raid and that the institution itself has friends somewhere very close to the head or heads of the law enforcement agencies.

So the law enforcement officers will be the victims of one or two conclusions, that they were insincere and unwilling tools in the operation or that they bungled an important job.

With an illustrious national example before them, they should have done a job that would have laid them open to neither conclusion. Today a man named Thomas E. Dewey is a candidate for the Presidency. Much of the fame of this man is built upon his fearless prosecution of many of the biggest and most vicious rackets in the country. The local enforcement authorities must know enough about his record to know that his success was built upon several principles. One was his determination always to get the men at the top, not the little fellows whom they employed often at miserable wages to endure arrests and imprisonment if law enforcement officers could not always be reached. Another was to observe absolute secrecy about the movements of his office and men until the blow against the rackets had been struck and all the big fellows who had not been able to flee from the United States simultaneously had been arrested. Not much apparently has been learned locally about Mr. Dewey's technique which well might be studied by every law enforcement officer in dealing with rackets and racketeers.

It is also to be noted that after the establishment had been raided it was not sealed to prevent the removal of what may be important evidence in any prosecutions which could be expected to follow but which probably will not. So it was that parties very much interested in this stuff may have had the opportunity last night to remove it.

So unfortunately for the law enforcement officers, if they thought they were making some grand show of their might and zeal in the performance of their duties, they will have to be disappointed by knowing that the public regards the entire business as exhibitionism and a transparent, flim-flamming travesty upon justice.

ROUND-THE-CLOCK BOMBING FOR JAPAN

On the seventh anniversary of Japan's declaring war upon China, the American air forces in China yesterday sent another force of Superfortresses over Japan to attack one of its biggest shipyards and shipping sections and to give its biggest iron-works another plastering as they did upon their first raid.

Twenty-six months elapsed between the first raid on Japan by Colonel James Doolittle and the first attack by the Superfortresses on June 15 last. But only three weeks separated the June 15th raid and yesterday's call upon Japan.

This in itself must be sufficient notice to the Japs that their last hour is coming. In very short time raids will undoubtedly be spaced by but a few days. Then they can expect them daily and nightly. Japan is going to get round-the-clock bombing just as Germany is getting it and has been getting it for months past.

Policy Toward France

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The courtesies and honors being bestowed on General De Gaulle by everyone in Washington, beginning with President Roosevelt, ought to be a convincing demonstration that the policy of the Government of the United States on the subject of provisional recognition of the French Committee of National Liberation is not a personal matter but a basic problem of principle.

Those who have hitherto suggested that personal antipathies entered into the settling of a problem of the magnitude involved in recognition of the provisional French Government have succeeded only in muddying the waters and making even more difficult the handling of a problem that requires the utmost care and delicacy.

It is not often that American blood is shed to liberate an oppressed people. But when that occurs, it is of the greatest importance that the sacrifices shall be made in line with American tradition. This tradition calls for the exercise of freedom by the peoples liberated. It does not call for the imposition of a puppet government or the installation of "favorites" by the United States.

President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull have been unfairly criticized by many observers in this country, some of whom have insisted that the United States Government extend provisional recognition to the French Committee of National Liberation. The impression has been created that personal friction has been basic in the affair. As a matter of fact, there has been all along no misunderstanding of the fundamental issues involved, and while dispatches from Algiers from time to time have given unfortunate impressions, the fact remains that there are only two underlying questions involved in the whole problem.

One is what do the French people want, and the other is how should the power of the United States be exercised after military occupation has succeeded?

The questions are really related to the future rather than the present. General De Gaulle may turn out to be the choice of the French people. He may be the man to whom ultimately recognition is extended, but the United States Government has always maintained in extending recognition that it would follow two principles, namely, that the Chief Executive shall not get his office by violence and that the wishes of the people shall be fully indicated.

Recognition de facto is extended when an executive rules only a part of a country but apparently has military domination of it. Recognition de jure is extended when the constitutional processes of a country have been operative and an executive has been elected.

Not in all cases has the rule of withholding recognition where violence has occurred been adhered to, but where it has been ignored the factual situation, after an executive assumes power, is taken into consideration. In other words, if the executive actually has possession of a country and the public appears to acquiesce in the result, recognition is usually extended.

In the present instance, it is the United States and the Allied countries which are accomplishing the military domination of France. The responsibility, therefore, rests upon the Allied governments to exercise every caution that the public will of France is respected. Do the people of France want General De Gaulle? A few newspaper dispatches say they do, but such a small part of French territory—about one per cent—has actually been liberated that no proper judgment can as yet be formed on this point.

Through all the controversy the President and Secretary of State have maintained a dignified and proper attitude. They have now shown by their invitation to General De Gaulle to come to Washington, and by the friendly reception given him, that the questions before the American Government are so fundamental that they cannot at this time be resolved.

The discussion with General De Gaulle here, it has been announced, is centering on problems connected with the military operations. Cooperative plans are being worked out. It is assumed that, as soon as each area is liberated, the French National Committee will send in its officials to help in the civil administration, but our military authority will remain until a substantial part of France has been liberated and until such time as a substantial number of French citizens can decide by ballot or convention or meeting of their parliament who they want to lead them.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

STYLES OF CAMPAIGN ORATORY

I sometimes wonder how Demosthenes and Cicero did their orating. Did they enjoy the luxury of ghost-writers or did they pen their own stuff? Were they impromptu speakers or did they memorize their lines and hurl them at an audience fresh, as it were, from the horse's mouth?

The human race requires oratory as it does music and the gamut runs from Sinatra to Toscanini, from Gerald Smith to Harry Emerson Fosdick. Men are not chosen for public office on their deeds as much as their words. It is significant that the most wonderful radio voice of all time is Franklin D. Roosevelt who, in spite of all, has been elected three times.

I have suffered through a week of oratory of all kinds and varieties and I could not help but contrast the arts and guiles of the orators. Joe Martin, for instance, eschews oratory, being a plain man. Senator Taft is the finest intellect in the Republican party but he speaks like a college professor. That is why Taft was not the candidate in 1940 and is not in 1944. The populace seeks neither learning nor intellect; it requires glamour. Dale Carnegie could probably make an orator of Taft but I am sure he would feel that he had had his face lifted.

Governor Warren of California, for instance, had a good speech but he shouted into the microphone with the result that he lost the advantages of nuance. To make a perfect speaker, he will require education by an engineer. Herbert Hoover, on the other hand, has microphone hard luck. At the Philadelphia Convention in 1940, he had a spiked microphone which gave him rotten service.

How come? Mr. Hoover, when he reads looking downward, talks to the floor. So he built himself a reading stand which is so high that he has to look upward toward the balconies. This contraption, however, has the effect of pushing him too far from the microphone. A great electronic engineer is Herbert Hoover Jr., the former president's son. As the microphone, rather than the thought of the speech, is so important, he ought to invent a contraption to make it possible for his father to do an Orson Welles at will.

Clare Luce spoke with brilliance of voice and gesture. But she had written an essay—a perfect essay. It made excellent reading; it was hard to follow as an oration. Oratory moves on words, not on patterns of ideas.

No one who heard it will ever forget John Bricker's speech. He had no manuscript, no notes. I know that had he wanted to prepare an address for that occasion, he could not have done it. There was no time. He came to second Dewey's nomination. He spoke from his soul and it was nip and tuck for a while—the convention might have reversed the program and nominated him. I never read Bricker's speech; I do not want to. It was something to be listened to and looked at as he spoke it—and it will ever be remembered not as words but as a witnessed emotion.

Tom Dewey differs from all these. Like Roosevelt, his speeches are perfected documents. Like Roosevelt, he is a master of radio technique. Tom is a baritone; Roosevelt is a tenor, and I think, all in all, the baritone comes over better. Dewey's speech represented thought, choice in the use of word, expression and gesture. In a contest between him and Roosevelt, the American audience is in for a treat.

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NIMMI WIE'S WAAR

Der Schimmelgaul schteht an de Fens
Un hot net viel zu saage;
Die Welt hot wennich meh fer ihn,
Er muss sei Elend draage.

Sie breichen ihn net fer faahre geh,
Sie gehne nau un kumme
Als wie en Schtraahle ohne Geil,
Es dutt yuscht wennich brumme.

Die Wegge fliege hie un haer,
Die Schtross so nuff un nunner;
Es puscht sie nichs, es ziegt sie nichs,
Un gehne wie der Dunner.

Die Hexewegge gucke dumm,
Der Schimmelgaul muss lache;
Doch wie sie faahre, weess er net,
Kann's kenne Weg ausmache.

Ihn hen sie als ins Weggli g'schpannt
Un sin noh fart schpaziere,
Odder faahre in de Landschaft rum
Un duhne sich blessiere.

Die Kutsch waerd aus'm Schopp gepuscht,
Wann sie noch de Kaerrich gehne;
Der Daadi graddelt iwwers Raad,
Die Maem sitzt bei de Gleene.

Un uff em Heemweg, mannich mol,
Mache sie der Schimmel dratte,
Un faahre Race der Turnpike haer—
Was hen sie G'schpass als g'hatte.

Nau schteht der Schimmel dart allee,
Sei Aage drieb mit Draene,
Fresst an de Fens, guckt uff un ab,
Ken Weggli kann er sehne.

Er laaft eweck, sei Haerz iss schwer,
Ken Blatz meh fer die Alte;
Iss alles nei, geht alles schwift,
Kann nimmi mit uffhalte.

Mer misse uns, so kummt's ihm ei,
In die neie Wege schicke;
Noh schwenselt er, tschumpt in die Heeh,
Un dutt e paarmol kicke.

—WILLIAM H. ERB (Der Gus)

MEI GEBURTSDAAG

Heit iss mei Geburtsdaag—
Weesscht wie alt ich bin?
Mei 'Burtsdaag kummt wannever
Die Kaersche zeitich sin.

Weesscht ich bin gebore
Uff de Bauerei;
Mei Bruder un mei Schweschter
Un ich, mer waare drei.

Mei Bruder un mei Schweschter,
Sie sin begraawe datt;
Noh sin mer haer gezogge
Riwwer in die Schtadt.

Ich kann mit niemand schpiele,
Ich bin gans allee;
Der Daadi un die Mammi,
Sie losse mich net geh.

Doch ich grick blendi Zucker
Un alles was ich gleich,
Dann die Nochbere saage
Mei Eltere waere reich.

Doch daet ich liewer schpiele
Drauss uff der Schtross;
Ich hass die scheene Gleeder,
Ich winsch, ich waer sie loss.

Heit iss mei Geburtsdaag,
Bin alt genunk, ich meen,
Zu schpiele mit de Buwe
Drauss in der Lane.

Die annere Buwe schwimme
Drunne in der Grick;
Mich duhn sie watche
Yeder Aageblick.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

DANNY HOCH AND THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A short time ago that popular member from Berks, the Hon. Daniel Hoch (better known as Danny) made a speech before the U. S. Congress in which he related a Pennsylvania German anecdote. It was not the first time that our dialect was heard before that august body. The incident is related under "Accent on Living" in The Atlantic Monthly for June. We quote:

"Sometimes poetry, in the hands of a man who knows how to handle it may affect the fate of the nation. Recently, Mr. Hoch of Pennsylvania, arguing in the House for a Federal soldiers' ballot, said: 'The situation reminds me of a farmer in my county . . . He had a field that failed to yield crops. One day the preacher called and the farmer asked his advice. The preacher said, 'I recommend that you pray more fervently.' Now a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer arrived on the scene in time to hear the pastoral advice. He said, 'Guder Rod un Bede dud's net. Do muss Mischt bei.' (Recommendation and prayer will not avail. What is needed is manure.) If this Congress is wise it will discard the 'great recommendations' and erect a law to provide the fighting man with ballots."

The impact of this stinging anecdote made the opposition groggy and then Mr. Hoch moved in for the kill by reciting with great passion an utterly devastating poem. Since he does not give the name of the writer of this little masterpiece of satirical verse, and diligent research does not reveal it, one may suppose that the modest legislator himself composed the poem which he gave to the nation and to the House on a memorable afternoon of high debate:—

"I wanted to vote," the soldier said,
As dejected and sad he sat.
"But Congress said, 'Oh, we recommend,
You'd not expect more than that!
I couldn't vote on that recommend,
'Twas a ballot I needed then.
The recommend I couldn't vote,
I wanted to vote for men.
And so election day passed by,
The ballot they failed to send,
But instead I heard the old refrain:
'Oh, soldier, we recommend.'"

(Danny Hoch's story is not new and is no doubt known to some of our readers under different forms, as for example: The Scotch Presbyterian farmer, pious beyond the practical, complains to his Pennsylvania German neighbor that despite ardent prayers his fields do not yield. The latter, after examining the soil, says: "Do batz ken Bedes—do muss Mischt nei!—ED.)

Echoes From the Past

by ARTHUR D. CRAEFF

PENNSYLVANIA GOVERNORS

Thus far Pennsylvania has elected 28 governors. Almost half of these were representatives of Pennsylvania German stock. An even dozen of the occupants of the governor's chair either were wholly or in part descended from the sturdy German element which contributed so much toward the building and development of this commonwealth.

The names and the term of service of these men follow here:

Simon Snyder, 1808-1817
Joseph Hiester, 1820-1823
John Shulze, 1823-1829
George Wolf, 1829-1835
Joseph Ritner, 1835-1839
Francis R. Shunk, 1845-1848
William Bigler, 1852-1856
John F. Hartranft, 1871-1879
James A. Beaver, 1887-1891
Samuel W. Pennypacker, 1903-1907
Martin G. Brumbaugh, 1915-1919
John A. Fischer, 1926-1930

All of these distinguished men were proud of their Pennsylvania German origins. The last four were officers of the Pennsylvania German Society which was organized in 1890. Governor Hartranft, a Schwenkfelder, took steps to preserve the ship lists of the Palatine immigrants so that they are available for scholars today.

Governor Snyder's enemies called him the "thick-headed Dutchman," but his friends elected him to office three times in succession. Governor Ritner, born in Berks, attracted nation-wide attention because of his early opposition to slavery, and the poet John Greenleaf Whittier, paid him a fine tribute in verse. Governor Wolf, born in Northampton, served during the important period when free public schools were instituted.

It is a noteworthy fact that for a period of 28 years, from 1807 until 1839 (omitting 1819-1823), Pennsylvania was governed by men who had received their education in the German schools of their day.

Once English education was established Pennsylvania Germans no longer were elected in succession, but their outstanding leaders have always been in the forefront of public life in this state.

It is not to be inferred that the success of Pennsylvania German candidates was due to any movement among the German element in Pennsylvania. Very frequently both major candidates for the office were of Pennsylvania German extraction and of course one had to be defeated. In recent years, the Hon. William A. Schnader, whose father was once president of the Pennsylvania German Society, failed to attract the votes of counties in which huge numbers of Pennsylvania Germans reside. These men have achieved distinction in the true American way, which is on their own merit.

* * *

JOSEPH RITNER

Governor of Pennsylvania

Joseph Ritner, the son of an Alsatian German, was born in Berks County in 1780. In 1835 he was elected to the high office of Governor of Pennsylvania. As a boy he received a very meagre education, but in his maturer years he educated himself. An uncle of Ritner's wife, David Alter, possessed an excellent library containing mostly German books. These volumes were carefully studied by the young farmer husband and through diligence and patience he acquired an education.

It was undoubtedly his own struggles to secure an education that influenced Governor Ritner to exert himself in behalf of a free public school system, which began to take form during his administration. He always regarded the establishment of public schools in Pennsylvania as the crowning glory of his administration. During his term in office the amount of money appropriated for schools by the state was increased five times and over, namely, from $75,000 to $400,000 a year, and the number of public schools increased from 732 to more than 5,000.

Authors of textbooks on education have at times charged that the Pennsylvania Germans as a group were opposed to public schools. They give Thaddeus Stevens, a Yankee, credit for forcing through school legislation in spite of resistance in the German communities.

In this connection it is interesting to observe that the bill to provide common schools was introduced in the legislature by a Pennsylvania German, Judge William Audenried of Schuylkill County, that the governor of the state at the time of the establishment of schools (1834) was George Wolf, a Norhampton County German and that the governor of the state during the critical early years was Joseph Ritner, a Pennsylvania German.

Secretary Burrows, ex-officio superintendent of common schools (1840) paid the following tribute to the two governors:

"George Wolf and Joseph Ritner will be classed by Pennsylvania among the noblest . . . the one for his early and manly advocacy, and the other for his well-timed and determined support of the free school."

Ritner's interest in public schools did not end with the conclusion of his term in office. He never missed attending teachers' institutes in his own county. In 1861, at the age of 83, he traveled 500 miles to be present at a function held at the Normal School at Edinboro, Erie County.

* * *

JOHN WANAMAKER

John Wanamaker, prince of merchants, was a Pennsylvania German and proud of his heritage. The name Wanamaker was originally Wannemacher, meaning a maker of tubs and coops. John Wanamaker's ancestors were among the earliest Palatine pioneers who came to Pennsylvania.

John Wanamaker served as president of the Pennsylvania German Society in 1908. Due to illness he was not able to attend the annual meeting of the Society which was held in Lancaster on Oct. 6, 1908. But the ever resourceful Wanamaker found a way to transmit his President's message to his fellow members. As early as 1908 he made a voice recording on phonograph records and sent the records to the Lancaster gathering. He said in part: "Regretting that I cannot be with you in person at this eighteenth annual convention of the Pennsylvania German Society, I rejoice that I can speak to you with my own voice through this wonderful invention of Mr. Edison. And I am sure that you will be glad to know that Mr. Edison had a Dutch father to guide and inspire him."

Among other things the phonograph record also recorded the story of how Count Tolstoi once stopped at the roadside and asked a farmer who was plowing, "Friend, what would you do today if you knew positively you would die tomorrow?" The farmer replied, "I would keep on plowing." Mr. Wanamaker went on to add: ". . . I can almost hear the same words falling from the lips of a Mennonite or Dunker living along the Conestoga or Cocalico, just as you hear these words from my lips a hundred and fifty miles away from where I actually am at this moment." (Mr. Wanamaker was in New York City at this time under the care of a physician.)

There is no need to catalog the achievement of this great man who found time to guide the activities of the Pennsylvania German Society during its early years. Certainly the whole world knows his record, but how many persons know that he was a Pennsylvania German?

* * *

BUILDERS OF SHIPS

The early Pennsylvania Germans were not seafaring men. Very few of them were engaged in trades connected with water transportation. The Palatines of Livingstone Manor were forced to work at producing naval stores but they longed for farms to cultivate and deserted the pine woods as soon as they could free themselves from their obligations.

But the building of boats was more in their line. It called for expert craftsmanship in all forms of woodwork. In this the Pennsylvania Germans surpassed their neighbors.

When canals were built through Pennsylvania Germaniand opportunity presented itself to our people to engage in building the boats and employ their skill.

At least three Berks County families became prominent as builders of boats. The Hiester family in Reading, the Noeckers of Leesport, and the Rickenbachs of Rickenbach Station became distinguished as boat builders.

James Rickenbach was the first of the family to engage in this enterprise. His shipyard was near a canal lock just below Leesport. During the prosperous years of the Schuylkill Canal he constructed many boats which plied up and down the river.

When the railroads invaded the field of transportation a permanent depression settled upon canals. Wilson Rickenbach, son of James, found that he must seek for deeper waters if he wished to carry on the boat business.

In 1897 Wilson Rickenbach dismantled his home near Leesport, tore away every stone of the foundation and loaded household furniture and foundation and family on a scow, floated down the Schuylkill and up the Delaware to rebuild his Berks County home in Camden, New Jersey.

Morris Noecker, too, left his Leesport home for Camden. Together these two Pennsylvania Germans founded the Noecker-Rickenback—Ake (N.R.A.) shipyards of Camden.

They built barges, lighters, scows and tugboats. They built the then only floating drydocks on the Delaware and repaired ferry boats and large craft of various kinds.

Wilson Rickenbach designed his own boats but never used a blue print. His last boat was built before the World War but several of his barges and tugs are still in coastwise service.

The firm continues today as the Noecker Shipyards of Camden.

DIE GUT ALT SUMMERZEIT

Wie siess iss doch die Summerzeit,
Es Paradise vum Yohr!
En Himmelsbild far alle Leit,
Wu Aage hen defor.

Was Pickters seht mer uff de Baem!
Mer kennt net, wann mer wott,
Seller Rambo farwe naegscht so schee;
Sell waar die Hand vun Gott.

Die Landschaft, ei, guck yuscht mol rum,
Dart wu der Weeze rollt;
Sell Schdick hot g'wiss die Summersunn
Gans reichlich all vergolt.

Was liewe, siesse Blumme do,
Wie schee, deel rod wie blud;
Wie freindlich guckt's, es macht em froh
Un gebt em frischer Mut.

Un heerscht die Musik in de Wiss,
Dart newe an de Grick!
Sell iss die Laerch, recht freehlich iss
Sei Hallelujah Schdick.

Un do am Haus im Appelbaam
Sin Singer vun de Bescht;
Oft wecke sie mich aus me Draam
Vun sellem Goldamschelnescht.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK.

A CORRECTION

In the review of Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's new book, "The History of Pennsylvania," which appeared in the 'S Pennsylfawnish Deitsch Eck for June 24th, it was inadvertently stated that the price was $1.00. The correct price is $1.80 and readers ordering the book through the John C. Winston Company, 1006 Arch Street, Philadelphia, should make their remittance accordingly.

NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Nau, was iss zu denke
Vum Solomon Reddich?
So long er net heiert
Do iss er noch leddich.

MADE IN LONDON, SOLD IN YORK

Gemacht in Phildelphi,
Verkaaft in Nei Yaerrik;
En Schtopper fer'n Boddel,
Des heesst mer en Gaerrik.

NOSE, NOSE, JOLLY RED NOSE

Naas, Naas, rodi Naas!
Was macht dir nau so'n rodi Naas?
Muschgordniss, Peffer, Cinnamon,
Gewaerz, so viel mer esse kann,
Sell mach en scheeni, rodi Naas.

BELL-HORSES, BELL-HORSES

Sattelgaul, Newegaul,
Saagt mer wie viel Uhr!
Halwer zwoe, halwer drei,
Fart geht die Fuhr.

A DILLER, A DOLLAR

En Daaler, en Dieler,
En zehe Uhr Schieler,
Du scheinscht yo frieh zu seil
Du waarscht als do am zehe Uhr,
Nau kummscht am Middaag bei!

THERE WAS AN OLD CROW

En aldi Grapp, die waar so mied,
Un hockt sich uff en Scholle;
So bin ich nau am End vum Lied—
Un do iss nichs zu wolle!

—Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

Deaths of a Day

JAMES A. HAUSMAN

James A. Hausman, who resided with his nephew, Elmer L. Hausman, at 109 E. Church St., Slatington, died at 5:15 a. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital, where he had been a patient since Wednesday. He was 77 years old.

Born in Heidelberg township, he was the son of the late Joseph and Polly, nee Levan, Hausman. An iron worker by trade, he was employed for 37 years by the Peters foundry. He was a member of the Lutheran wing of Heidelberg church.

His wife, the late Rose A., nee Sensinger, Hausman, died many years ago.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Mamie Kistler of Coplay R. 1; a brother, Irwin Hausman, Drums, 10 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Funeral services will be held on Sunday at 2 p. m. at his late home with continued services in Heidelberg church. Burial will be in the adjoining cemetery.

GEORGE HAMPSHIRE

George Hampshire, 86, died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cotton, 75 Dowell Sts., Slatington, Thursday after an illness of several weeks. He was born in Hazleton, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Hampshire, and is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Mary Burns of Harrisburg.

Funeral services will be held from the David Heintzelman Funeral home, 314 2nd St., Slatington, on Monday at 1 p. m. Interment will follow in Hazleton cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

MRS. WILLIAM MUSSELMAN

Mrs. Isabella May Schaffer Musselman, 56, wife of William Musselman, Quakertown, R. 2, died Thursday afternoon in Grand View Hospital, Sellersville.

She was born in Richland township, Aug. 22, 1888, a daughter of the late Cornelius and Amanda Fink Schaffer.

Besides her husband she is survived by two sons, Reynold, Coopersburg; Leonard E., U. S. Navy, Brooklyn; two brothers, Erwin, Center Valley, and George, Allentown, and five grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the late home and in Zion Hill church, Rev. Henry M. Kistler officiating. Burial in Zion Hill cemetery.

MRS. FLAUSA MANTZ

Mrs. Flausa Mantz, 421 E. Washington St., Slatington, died in the Allentown hospital Friday, after an illness of several weeks. She was 57 years old. Born in Schnecksville, Mrs. Mantz was the daughter of the late William Bachman and Mrs. Clara Bachman Bernd of Allentown.

Mrs. Mantz was a member of the Heidelberg church and was affiliated with the Shepards of Bethlehem, Order of Eastern Star No. 298, Allentown; Northampton Quota club, and St. John's Ladies Bible class of St. John's Reformed church, Slatington.

She is survived by nine children: Warren, of Hellertown; William, of Reading; Perry, of Allentown; Mrs. Gerald Koncle, of Broadheadsville; Mrs. Amos Kreiss, of Slatington; Leon, fireman first class USN, stationed at Newport, R. I.; Lieutenant James Mantz, located at Camp Pickett, Va.; Edith and Ray, at home; one brother, Rev. Thomas Bachman, of Slatington; her aged mother, and six grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the David Heintzelman Funeral home, 314 2nd St., Slatington. Interment will follow in the Heidelberg cemetery. Friends may call at the funeral home on Monday night from 7 to 9 o'clock.

MRS. ELIZA J. GOGEL

Mrs. Eliza J. Gogel, 77, widow of James H. F. Gogel, died at 12:45 p. m. Friday at the family residence along Nazareth R. 1, near Newburg.

She was born in Lower Saucon township, a daughter of Amandus and Sarah Schlegel Longenbach, and was a member of Dryland Reformed church, Hecktown.

Eight children survive: Charles and Harold Gogel, Nazareth; Mrs. Thomas Hahn, Moorestown; Mrs. Herbert Fenner, Bethlehem; Mrs. Sarah Schmickley, Allentown; Mrs. Howard Newman, Newburg; Mrs. Lee Fritz, Nazareth; Mrs. Harold Williams, Bethlehem.

A sister, Mrs. Amelia Hill, of Atlantic City; 44 grandchildren, 31 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild survive.

Private funeral services will be held on Wednesday at 2 p. m. at the late home and will be followed with regular services in Dryland church, Hecktown, at 2:30 p. m., Dr. C. A. Butz officiating. Burial in Hope cemetery, Hecktown. Friends may call on Tuesday evening.

FRED RICK

Fred Rick, 76, 1131 Sioux St., Fountain Hill, died Thursday in St. Luke's hospital, of a heart attack. He was stricken Sunday night at his home.

He was born in Europe of German descent, April 30, 1868, and came to America at an early age. His wife preceded him in death. For the past 10 years he was a janitor at the Lehigh Valley Silk Mills, Inc., Fountain Hill.

Surviving is a daughter, Anna, wife of Lieutenant (s.g.) Charles Vehafric, with whom he resided. Lieutenant Vehafric is serving in the U. S. Merchant Marine.

FRANCIS W. LENNER

Francis W. Lenner, 44, for thirty years an employe of the Ludlow Manufacturing Co. at the Allentown plant at Jordan and Gordon Sts., died of a heart attack before medical aid could reach him shortly after 6 p. m. yesterday at his home, 1032 2nd St., North Catasauqua.

Coming to this country 35 years ago from his native Czechoslovakia, he entered the employ of the Ludlow company five years later at the age of 14.

He was a son of Mrs. Philip Lukash and the late John Lenner and was a member of St. Andrew's Slovak Catholic church in North Catasauqua.

Surviving are his mother, his stepfather, Philip Lukash; two brothers, Lebor of Emmaus and Joseph of Allentown, and three sisters, Pauline of Philadelphia, Mrs. Charles Coll of Allentown and Mrs. Griffin Beltz of North Catasauqua.

Brief services will be held at his late home Monday at 9 a. m. followed by requiem mass, with Rev. E. A. Kucharic as the celebrant, in St. Andrew's church. Interment will be in the parish cemetery.

MRS. WILLIAM R. HUBBARD

Mrs. Alice Marie Hubbard, 30, wife of Fireman Second Class William R. Hubbard, stationed at Bulfport, Miss., died Wednesday at her home on Pennsburg, R. D.

She was born in Wilmington, Del., Nov. 4, 1913, a daughter of George and Nellie Sayres. Survivors are the husband and parents, New Castle, Del., and a son, William R. Hubbard Jr.

A sister, Mrs. Catherine Cook, Wilmington, and two brothers, George Sayres, Wilmington, and Corporal Earl Sayres, U. S. A., stationed in England, also survive.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday in the C. R. Strunk funeral home, W. Broad St., Quakertown, Rev. Robert F. Lang officiating. Interment will take place in Trumbauersville cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Ken Wunner Is Sie G'shprunga

Die onner woch hut die Florence "Maud" Shoenberger fon da Fireline, Parryville, ow'r shun 'n aryie erfohring darrich gamocht. Sie hut gadenk'd sie date sich die lut nous uf 'n glainie bonk hucka ruga. Sie hut sich noh aw 'n magazine mit ganumma fer laisa, un woh sie shae unnich der ohr'm gapetzt hut wie sie der bungert hinna nous is gaeich da bonk tzu, woh ihra Pap der Allen shun long tzurick darta uf g'shteld hut.

Die bonk woh die "Maud" sich druf k'huck'd hut, is vusht grawd bout braid ganunk for tzwae leit sich navich nonner hucka, un hut gore ken lang ganumma bis sie om shtyles badrochta wor im magazine os sie mit nous ganumma hut fer 'n tzeit ferdreib, die weil os sie dart drous hucka dade sich ob keela. Wie sie fartich wor shtyles badrochta, hut sie shtarta shtories laisa, un endlich so 'n wunnerborer shainer yunger kerl ins aug grick'd os ob gapickter'd wor in ihr'm magazine. Der fershtond hut da "Maud" shier shtil g'shtonna wie sie selar yung kerl g'sehna hut, un hut yusht net fartich werra kenna gucka.

Endlich die weil os sie ols darta k'huck'd hut der yung kerl badrochta hut sie gamaint 's wear ra ebbes wedder der ohr'm garent, ow'r hut net gabodder'd fer rum gucka, sie hut yusht fer wunner sel'm yunga kerl sei shae pickter badrochta missa. Noh is ra widder ebbes wedder der ohr'm garent, un sie hut mohl awenich g'shlanker'd, un ols der yung kerl fert badrocht. Glei hut sie widder ebbes g'shpiert, wedder ihr'm ohr'm,—hut gamaint 's het so kalt g'fiel'd, un mohl rum gaguck'd. Noh duh lievicher tzushtond aller welt nocha mohl hetta n'r ow'r mohl die "Maud" hoera solla yohla. Die barichda sin 's het 'n grossie shlong grawd navich ra uf da bonk galaiga un wear ra ols mit da shnute wedder der ohr'm kumma.

Die "Maud" hut gagrisha os sie sie drunna in Parryville hoerra hen yohla, un hut ihra magazine mit 'm shaina yunga mon seim bild, sarwer owwa wedder die ceiling g'shmissa, un is ob nunner noch 'm hous tzu, allas os sie gae hut kenna. Die barichda sin, die Maud wear in so ma olmechdicha shpeed gawest os sie drunna im hofe drei mohl ums hous rum g'shprunga wear eb sie mohl shtoppa het kenna, ow'r het ra gore net g'fail'd om greisha. Die "Maud" is g'shprunga wie won der lavendich Sawdern hinnich ra wear mit seinra misht govel, un wor so fershrucka os sie fer 'n weil ihra Mam der Mabel evens net sawga hut kenna wos leta wear. Endlich hut sie ra ow'r doch rous grick'd wos fer 'n erfohring os sie yusht kotta het der bungert drous. Die Mabel hut noh g'shwind helfa da "Maud" ihra glaider tzurick on der blotz tziega—'s het net fiel ganumma wear sie ferhoftich sei

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

After all, after all we endured, who has grown wise?
We take our mortal momentary hour
With too much gesture, the derisive skies
Twinkle against our wrongs, our rights, our power.
Look up the night, starlight's a steadying draught
For nerves at angry tension.

—Jeffers.

SWIMMING FOR ALL IN ALLENTOWN

It is satisfactory to note that the current "Learn to Swim" campaign at the watering places in and around the city is being so completely successful. Many hundreds of persons, both young and old, have registered for the instruction that capable teachers are providing and with the encouragement of weather that is perfect for swimming they are making rapid progress.

Something of an idea of the size of the campaign can be gained from the fact that the initial invitation offered to the public thru the Call-Chronicle newspapers brought more than five hundred responses. Naturally not everybody used this medium nor made up his or her mind right on the spot.

Both the campaign, as instituted by civic-minded persons, and the response to it by the public prove how the people of this community approve swimming as an art, as a mode of physical development, as a source of pleasure and as a skill important all too often in the saving of life.

This has been true for a number of years and it has had its expression and it has received much of its development thru establishment by the City of a number of well-distributed bathing places where supervision and instruction have been provided during the summer months. In addition three indoor pools have made swimming popular and possible all the year round.

Initially this movement received its stimulus from the opening of the beaches at River Front Park and Jordan Park. It was tremendous stimulus because both beaches immediately attracted vast crowds, in part by reason of their proximity to large centers of population. Construction of the pools at Fountain Park followed and gave another teeming area swimming at its very back door, while the purchase of Cedar Beach by the city provides an outlet for the desires of the people of the West End. Then during the administration of Councilman George M. Sacks as head of the park department the beautiful pools on the East Side were constructed to satisfy the yearnings of the people in that section of the city. All this has been in addition to the many opportunities which are afforded in a community that teems with pretty streams and have an abundance of swimming holes—source of fond memories for any older Alletnonians.

The result of all this has been that Allentonians for the most part are swimmers. Young and old, male and female, for years have frequented the streams and the public beaches and pools. Probably no inland city can boast a higher percentage of swimmers in its population and few have turned out so many very fine swimmers as has Allentown. The records of our Allentown High school teams show this.

But always the work and the program of instruction both in the fundamental art of swimming and the specialized work of life-saving technique must go on. Many persons of adult years come here to make their home. A new generation constantly is emerging from the cradle. Always there are many prospective students for those who teach swimming and life-saving.

Allentown as a city has furnished the opportunities for this work and this recreation. The spirit of Allentown's people has provided the educational personnel.

RECORD LOSES ON SAIPAN

The vast losses by the Japanese on the island of Saipan, now completely in American hands, indicate the great store which they put upon this point as a defense for the home islands while the large losses which our American forces sustained indicate the bitterness of the defense in attempting to keep our forces out of the Mariana islands.

American losses in this campaign were greater than in any island conquest made so far. In the first place our marines and soldiers fought the biggest force of Japs yet to be encountered except on New Guinea. They found them not upon low coral atolls, as in the Solomons, Gilberts and Marshalls but upon volcanic islands, mountainous in the extreme and difficult to attack.

Now the Japs have lost an important possession. The Americans are little more than a thousand miles away from the Jap coasts and nearer even to the Philippines. Air bases are already operating and it is expected that Saipan's principal port can be developed as a submarine base, enabling American vessels of this type (and others as well) to operate out of that point instead of going to the Australian ports or Pearl Harbor for supplies. By reducing the time now taken by our subs to reach their hunting grounds after leaving the supply bases, the efficiency of those ships ought to be increased, great tho that efficiency has already proved to be.

TIME NOW TO STOCK COAL

Proper warning has been issued by the coal dealers to householders pointing out that if coal is not put into cellars during the summer, there may be little to put into their bins when the cold weather comes on. In other words, householders are urged to get as much coal on hand now as their dealers can supply them and not wait until the pinch is felt.

Every car of coal that is delivered to a local dealer now is a car that need not be clamored for next winter. Every ton of coal that is put into a domestic cellar is a ton that will not have to be hauled by a truck next winter when the undermanned trucking system will be pushed to the limit to keep the people warm.

So a flood of orders now will help all around. It will keep the coal dealers and their men busy. It will keep the railroads busy. It will keep the mines busy. It will guard against creating a situation next winter when in spite of all the coal the miners can mine and all the coal the railroads can move and all the coal the trucks can deliver there will not be enough to go round.

ENOUGH TO RUIN THE CIRCUS

With damage suits totaling nearly a million dollars already filed, receivership has been forced upon the Ringling Bros. circus and the holocaust at Hartford, Conn., last week may prove a blow great enough to wreck this superb entertainment, almost certainly the best in the world in its class.

Heavy insurance of course was carried by the company both in this country and in England but whether it will suffice against the blow cannot be known.

Hope will be that the circus can rise again from its adversity. It had a place in the American way of life. It comported with the scale upon which things are done in this country. There was nothing that could be compared with it. It stood in a class by itself.

WMC Doing Good Job

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Some of the most undramatic and unspectacular activities of the government are often among the most effective and far-reaching.

An example of this is the remarkable work being done by the War Manpower commission and its several branches throughout the country in trying to cause workers to flow into essential industries.

The fact that war production has lagged and that manpower is needed in certain essential industries in order to supply the munitions required at the battlefronts is accepted here without debate. There is no over-all manpower shortage but, as can be understood in a far-flung territory like the United States, the workers may not be living in exactly the places where they are wanted. Rather than undertake enforced migration or any of the other courses or measures that are adopted by totalitarian states in time of war, America is trying a voluntary system, which went into effect July 1. All employment changes must clear through a governmental agency.

Amazing Accomplishments

It is too early to determine whether the system will achieve the required objective, but already some amazing accomplishments may be recorded. Preliminary reports show that the public has cooperated with the plan in a wholehearted way. What is needed, of course, is between 85,000 and 100,000 men to staff certain important projects and key activities, among them rubber and tire work, production of radio and radar, certain textile plants, particularly those making tire cord, and also coal mining and steel production.

The hope is that enough men and women can be furnished to the key activities to increase production. Every office of the United States Employment Service is equipped with a priority list of plants and tries its best to refer the applicant to the job opening on the highest priority list.

The plan has a tendency to reduce turnover among workers already employed in essential industries because the red tape involved in changing jobs is such as to discourage those who merely want to change for change's sake. Persons who want to switch jobs must explain their reasons for wanting to change and run the risk of being told to return to their former employers.

There are naturally many kinks in the plan and figures are not as yet available as to the amount of turnover from non-essential to essential industries. Officials here, however, are encouraged by the results thus far. Employers are beginning to find that the program benefits them greatly because there is a trend toward stability. Difficulties have arisen not only in jobs affecting the war effort, but also in jobs that are indirectly related to the war effort. Thus in the city of Washington, which has an abnormal number of inhabitants, and where the feeding of war workers has been attended with much difficulty, there is an easing of the situation and a 50 per cent increase in the applicants for restaurant jobs.

Much Criticism At First

When the first announcement was made of the plan it ran the gauntlet of much criticism, particularly that it might mean a regimentation of all manpower. But since all the voluntary features of the earlier scheme known as the "controlled referral program," which worked so successfully in tight labor areas, were retained, a better understanding of the whole plan is apparently being developed. Reports indicate that the offices of the United States Employment Service throughout the country are filling up with people who are anxious to go along with the program. Just to institute, however, a system that speeds up recruiting of workers will do no good unless at the same time total turnover is reduced.

Gains are being shown all along the line and it begins to look as if more than 85,000 people urgently needed now for the critical industries may be recruited on time. The all-out voluntary system of controls must be a success or else the alternative will be an official request for national service legislation, something which labor organizations as well as many employers hope to avoid.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE ETERNAL SUCKER

Lord Keynes said at Bretton Woods:

"It is in the nature of the case that the bulk of the lending can only come from a small group of the member countries, and mainly from the United States. How then can the other member countries play their proper part and make their appropriate contribution to the common purpose?" he asked.

"The proposal is that all the member countries should share the risk in proportions which correspond to their capacity. The guaranties will be joint and several, up to the limit of any member's subscription, so that failure of any member to implement his guaranty will not injuriously affect the tender, so long as the bank has other assets and subscriptions to draw upon."

U. S. Only Country to Put Up

But, so far as we know, the only country that can put up at all is the United States. Lord Keynes, himself, says that the money must come "mainly from the United States." "Mainly" is how much? Two items are involved, $10,000,000,000 for a world bank; $8,000,000,000 for a world currency stabilization fund. How much of this is the United States to put up and for how long?

The accounts of the conference are, of course, formal handouts and tell as much or as little as those who are managing it care to have us know, but what the American people need to ask is, exactly what this $18,000,000,000 means to them in terms of economic and political advantages and are we to have a voice in the management equivalent to our investment in the funds or are the world bank and the stabilization fund to be adjuncts of the Bank of England?

The matter is as simple as that. What is involved is the worth of the American dollar in international exchange, our capacity to compete with other countries in world markets, our own ability to maintain our standard of living and the danger that we may be forced to cut our labor costs—that is, lower our wage scale and increase the per day hours of work—to meet foreign competition. What happens up at Bretton Woods may affect our internal economy for a generation and what has puzzled me is that our manufacturers organizations and labor unions are asleep at the switch. It should be for them a paramount problem now.

Are they going to wake up when we have reached agreements which this country will have to undo by acts of Congress or are they going to demand now a full public debate on the issues involved?

FDR and London Conference

Bretton Woods is a continuation of the London Economic Conference of 1933 which President Roosevelt torpedoed and which, had he permitted it to complete its task, might have saved mankind from the consequence of this horrible war. In 1933 that conference was the hope of mankind. Eleven years later, when all the world is in flames and millions of lives have already been lost, the London conference is revived at Bretton Woods in New Hampshire with Germany and Japan out of the picture, although when peace comes they will have to be in it, if for no other reason than that they exist. The idea of currency stabilization is sound. The idea of a world bank is sound. The idea of a restoration of gold is sound.

But the United States must not be made both to put up and to shut up. If this country is to put up most of the $18,000,000,000 involved in a world bank and in currency stabilization, we must be certain that both agencies are not geared to endanger our economic future. It is not sound for the United States to restore the economy of every country on earth but to damage its own.

It is precisely this that needs to be watched, examined, scrutinized and understood. Were all these questions included in a peace treaty, it would come before the Senate for ratification. It would be debated in committee and on the floor of the Senate. The American people would know what it is all about. As it is, an agreement may be signed, the consequences of which will not appear for years—and then perhaps to our disadvantage.

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CONRAD BUCHER

Rev. John Conrad Bucher, a minister of the Reformed Church, was born in the canton of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, June 10th, 1730; died at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, August 15th, 1780. He studied for the ministry at St. Gall, Basel, Marburg and Goettingen; but about 1756, came to America and entered the British military service. His promotion was rapid, but in 1763 he resigned his commission and became a minister of the Gospel. In the following lines we have attempted to versify some of the events in the career of this excellent man.

We have read full oft of the heroes grand
Who live in the annals of Switzerland;
Of the courage high and the warlike deed
Of Tell, and Melchthal, and Winkelried;

But in rhyme the story has ne'er been told
Of the little band of Switzers bold,
Who across the sea, to its western shore,
The precious faith of their fathers bore.

Names uncouth in the English tongue—
Goetschius (1) Schlatter (2)—remain unsung;
But as brave were they as the men who fell
On the fields of Uri or Appenzell.

Have you read the story of one who came
Across the ocean in quest of fame,
From the place where over the rocky wall,
At grand Schaffhausen, the waters fall?

Have you heard how he wielded his valiant sword,
But laid it aside to serve the Lord?
It was Conrad Bucher. Let me tell
How he served the king and his Maker well.

In the quiet cloisters of old St. Gall,
He had heard in his youth the Master's call;
He had sat at the feet of godly men,
In the schools of Basel and Goettingen;

But, 'twas said, in the land of the setting sun
There were battles fought and honors won;
And there came a message across the main,
That Braddock was beaten at Fort Duquesne.

Could he hear the sound of the rolling drum,
That to distant battles bade him come?
Did he heed the music far away,
When he followed the fortunes of bold Bouquet? (3)

Have you read of the German regiment,
That was furthest into the forest sent?
How in summer's heat and winters snows
They freed the land from its dusky foes?

There, bright in the forest's darkest shade,
Was the flash of Bucher's battle-blade;
And the painted chiefs, the legends tell,
Knew the hand that smote them when they fell.

It was when they lingered, to rest awhile,
In the famous barracks of fair Carlisle,
That the soldiers prayed him to preach the Word,
So precious of old time, so long unheard;

For, there comes a time in the soldier's strife,
When he hungers anew for the Bread of Life;
And he longs, like the scion of Jesse's stem,
To drink of the waters of Bethlehem.

Once more the Master's call had come,
And louder it sounded than fife or drum:
"Renounce thy laurels and sheathe the sword!
Take up thy burden and serve the Lord!"

Ah! where was the soldier's dream of fame?
To his Saviour's altar he humbly came,
And the "Fathers" ordained the captain there,
With benediction and heartfelt prayer.

To his faithful soldiers, at fair Carlisle,
As a Royal Chaplain he preached awhile;
But then, until life's work was done,
He served his Master in Lebanon.

And wherever our ancient churches stand,
From bright Swatara to Maryland,
The hearts of the people were deeply stirred
When his voice like a trumpet-blast was heard.

All hail to Bucher! For him, we know,
No drums are beaten, no bugles blow.
But 'tis well—for he cast his laurels down,
And took up the cross to win the crown.

1.—John Henry Goetschius, of Zuerich, Switzerland, came to America before 1730. He was an eminent minister and the founder of many churches in eastern Pennsylvania.

2.—Michael Schlatter, a native of St. Gall, was a celebrated missionary, and the founder of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States.

3.—Henry Bouquet, a Swiss officer of merit, came to America in 1756. He entered the British service, and led a successful expedition against the Indians.

(The above poem with notes is reprinted from the rare little book HOME BALLADS and Metrical Versions by Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D., Philadelphia. Charles G. Fischer, 1888. This work deserves to be better known among students of Pennsylvania German lore and literature).

DER JOHN SCHWETZT IM SCHLOF

Dart geht's un schteht, ich weess net well,
Verleicht aa net, doch iss es dart!
Was soll ich duh? Ich bin verwaerrt,
Es iss mer bang—ich geh graad fart.

Ich heer's un sehn's, doch was kennt's sei?
Es guckt mich aa; was soll ich duh?
Es kummt so naegscht; es waerd mer bang;
Ich denk ich shpring! Ich hab ken Ruh!

Es rabbelt dart, wie'n Katz im Schtroh;
Es geht net weck—es baust als meh;
Es iss en Schpuck, des glaab ich nau!
'S kann schunscht nichs sei, doch hot's ken Bee!

Die ganse Nacht hot's mich verschteert;
So'n Deiwelssach schteht mir net aa;
Ich denk, ich bet un halt mich schtill,
Schunscht weck ich yo mei liewi Fraa!

Sie schloft yo net, sie macht yuscht so,
Sie sehnt aa nichs dart an der Wand!
"John, was iss letz mit dir die Nacht?
Du act-scht wie'n Narr, des iss en Schand!"

Ich saag es dann, so gut ich kann;
Sie lacht mich aus un saagt, "Halt's Maul,
Du bischt im Schlof un weesscht's yo net,
Du hechzscht do rum wie'n alter Gaul.

"Es iss nichs do, wie ich un du,
Es Schpuck bischt du, schunscht iss nichs do;
So geht's mit Leit, die "hui" sin,
Du bischt verrickt, un des iss so!"

Un du bischt recht far's aerschte Mol!
Du gricksCht der Preis, des iss gewiss;
So'n Fraa wie du, ihr Geld iss waert,
Du bischt alsnoch mei guti Liss!

O far des Licht so hell un klaar,
Un far Verschtand, das mit uns geht,
Un fiehrt uns recht im Leweslaaf
Un alle Zeit dann bei uns schteht!

—Charles Allabar Buts.

DIE INSCHE UN DREI BLANSE

Die Welt hot drei brauchbaare Blanse, as unbekannt waare vor der Auffindung vun Amerika. Sie sin Grumbiere, Welschkarn un Duwack.

Wie der weiss Mann es erscht Mol der Insch sehne hot schmoke, hot er ihn vun Wunner aageguckt. Wie er der Insch g'frogt hot, ferwas ass er sell daet, saagt der Insch, "Es schtoppt die Miedichkeit."

Die Leit, wu Duwack yuse, sin eenich mit em Insch. Der Mann, wu en Sigaer odder die Peif schmokt nooch em Esse, weess, was der Insch gemeent hot wie er g'saat hot, "Es schtoppt die Miedichkeit."

'S Schmoke gebt em Mann oftmols en Fiehling vun Zufriedenheit, eb er in geischtliche odder kerperliche Schmaerze iss. Viel vun unsere Soldaate, wu in Frankfreich verwund waare, hen meh zufriede g'fiehlt, wann sie g'schmokt hen.

* * * * *

En waertvoll Karn iss Welschkarn, en Blans, as mer aa vun de Insche grickt hen. Wer gleicht net Siess-Welschkarn? 'S iss am Bechte fer esse, wann mer sich eibild, mer waer en Schquaerl un hebt der Kolwe in de zwee hand ans Maul un beisst nei. Welschkarn iss arrick brauchbaar fer Mensche un fer Vieh.

* * * * *

Noch en brauchbaari Blans iss die Grumbier. Die Deitsche benenne sie Kartoffeln. Was daete mer unni Grumbiere. Mer kann sie so viel Wege zurischte, as mer en Iems mache kann uff Grumbiere un Brod allee. Manniche aarme Leit helft sie aus de Not.

* * * * *

Die drei Blanse, naahrhaft odder die em Mensch Troscht gewwe, waare fremm zu de Leit in de alde Lenner, eb Columbus un die Explorers die nei Welt g'funne hen.

Niemand weess wie lang ass Grumbiere, Welschkarn un Duwack ge-raised sin warre in Amerika, eb der weiss Mann do waar. Awwer der weiss Mann hot net selli Zeit g'sehne, un dutt aa net heit, ass eeniche vun denne Blanse wild wachse.

Eb es Duwack, Welschkarn odder Grumbiere sin, es muss verschtanne sei fer sie zu bauere. Der Grund muss luck g'halde sei, un sie daerfe net viel Schatte hawwe. Ungraut muss aus em Feld g'halde warre, wann sie wachse solle un Sume gewwe.

Der Luther Burbank saagt, dass all unser Gemies, wie Reddich, Riewe, Zwiwwele, un so fart, waere all mol wild gewachse in unnerschittliche Deel vun de Welt, awwer viel gleener un net so gut wie heit. Es hot dausende Yohre vun Bauere genumme fer sie so gross zu bringe. Wie viel dausende Yohre waare die Insche am bauere, bis die Grumbier un 's Welschkarn so gross waar! Der weiss Mann hot es vun ihne genumme un hot's verbessaert.

Wann mer denkt wie aarmselich, ass die Insche im Busch gebauert hen, dann iss es en Wunner, ass die Blanse net ausg'schtarwe sin. 'S iss en Wunner, ass sie genunk Welschkarn un Grumbiere g'hatt hen fer Sume. Do waare grosse Hecke, Bisch, un Warzle im Grund ;un sie hen nichs g'hatt als en Schtee odder en scharfer Schtecke fer bauere.

Die Insche hen nichs g'hatt als Zelter, doch hen sie die Grumbiere g'halde, ass sie net verfrore sin. Un es Welschkarn iss aa net verdarwe, un waar drucke bis es naegscht Yohr fer blanse. In de Schule hen mer als gelaernt, dass die Insche hette yuscht gelebt vun Yaage un Fische. Die Insche hen ken Vieh g'hatt zu fiedere un hen net so viel Welschkarn gebreicht. Sie hen aa net gebauert fer ihre Products zu verkaafe. Es Land waar net dick bewohnt bei ihne, awwer es scheint as wie yeder vun de Insche, wie die Weisse, genunk g'hatte hen zu esse vun Bauerelewesmittel.

Die Weisse hen als g'saat, "'S gebt yuscht ee guder Insch un sell iss en Doter." Es hot gude un schlechte unnich ihne g'hatt, wie es hot unnich alle Klass Leit. Loss uns net vergesse, dass sie die Welt net verlosse hen unne de Welt ebbes gebatt. Wann mir Siess-Welschkarn odder Grumbiere esse, odder Duwack yuse, loss uns net vergesse, dass mir die Ardickel net hette, wann's net gewest waer fer die Insche, wu do gelebt hen dausende vun Yohre eb mir kumme sin.

Awwer wu sin die Insche? Wu sin ihre Kinner? Sie hen ihre Land niwwer gewwe zu de Weisse. Awwer net freiwillich. Sie hen braaflich g'fochte fer ihre Land.

Die Welt hot net viel Speech-e vun de Insche un ich glaab es sin gaar kenni g'setzt in Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch. Dorum dutt der Schreiwer emme Insch, bei Naame Witherford, sei Speech in unser Schproch versetze. Wer waar der Witherford?

Im Yohr 1814 waare die Creek Insche am fechte mit unserm Land. Der Hauptmann vun de Insche waar en Mann bei Naame Witherford. History saagt net wer ihm en weisser Naame gewwe hot. Mer wisse yuscht ass er der Grieg verlore hot. Die Noochfolge waare alsfert gleich. Die Insche hen weiter ziege misse.

Unser Armee waar unnich em General Jackson, wu noochderhand President warre iss. Der Jackson hot em Witherford Wart g'schickt, er soll sich iwwergewwe.

Nau kummt em Witherford sei Speech, sei Antwart zum Jackson.

EM WITHERFORD SEI SPEECH

Ich bin in deinere Gewalt. Duh mit mir was du witt. Ich bin en Soldaat. Ich hab de weisse Leit all der Schaade geduh, ass ich gekennt hab.

Ich hab sie g'fochte un hab braaflich g'fochte. Wann ich en Armee hett, daet ich alsnoch fechte, un fechte bis zum Letschte. Awwer ich hab kenni; mei Leit sin all fart. Ich kann nau net meh duh, als heile iwwer die Unglicke vun meiner Nation.

Ich hab die Zeit g'sehne, wu ich als mei Soldaate bewegt hab zum Kampf, awwer ich kann die Dote net lewendich mache. Mei Soldaate kenne nau nimmi mei Schprooch heere. Ihre Knoche lei-e an Talladege, Tallushatches, Emukfau un Topeka.

Ich hab mich net unbedenkt g'fange gewwe. So lang als en Chance do waar fer gewinne, hawwich nie net mei Poschte verlosse odder gebitt fer Friede. Awwer mei Leit sin fart un nau frog ich fer Friede fer mei Nation un fer mich selwert. Uff der Elend un uff 's Unglick uff mei Land gebrocht guck ich zurick mit de schwerschte Traueerichkeit un winsch alsnoch greeser Unglick zu verhiete.

Wann sie mich mit de Georgian Armee schtreite hette losse, dann hett ich mei Welschkarn gebauert uff eem Ufer vum Rewwer un sie g'fochta uff em annere. Awwer dei Leit hen mei Nation vernicht.

Du bischt en braafer Mann. Ich verloss mich uff dei Freigebichkeit. Du duscht ken Terms foddere vun iwwerweldichte Leit, awwer yuscht soiche wu sie aanemme sotte. Awwer welli ass sei meege, die Narrheit un die Dummheit waerre sich degege schtelle. Un wann sie sich degegeschtelle, dann findscht du mich unnich de schtrengschte Zwinger vun Befolgung. Die wu alsnoch aushalde daete, kennte yuscht en Eifluss beim beese Geischt vun Revenge hawwe; un des daerfe sie net; sie solle net 's letscht Iwwerbleibsel vun ihrem Land sacrifice-e.

Du hoscht uns g'saat wu mir hiegeh kennte fer sicher sei. Sell iss en gut Geblauder un mei Nation sott harriche dezu. Sie misse harriche dezu.

* * * * *

Es waar en grosser Man wu die Speech gemacht hot. Die weisse Leit in dem Land vergesse net die grosse Speech-e vun ihre Menner, wie der Lincoln, der Webster, der Henry, der Clay un annere Schtaatsmenner, awwer wer kann der Naame saage vun grosse Leit unnich de Insche? Wie oft hot der Busch g'schallt wie sie gered hen fer Freiheit fer ihre Land. Niemand weess es un niemand gebt ebbes drum. Die Insche sin g'falle wie die Baem im Busch un sell waar 's End.

(Adapted from PROSE AND VERSE by Edwin C. Miller, Allentown, Pa. 1924).

Deaths of a Day

MRS. KATE K. NACE

Mrs. Kate K. Nace (nee Johnson) widow of Harvey Nace, of Almont, passed away Friday morning at the Grandview hospital, Sellersville, at the age of 80 years. She was born in Hilltown township, Bucks county, May 3, 1864, a daughter of the late Jacob and Susan Kindig Johnson.

She is survived by a daugter, Mrs. Anna Bauerle of Almont; a son, William Nace, Perkasie; two sisters, Sallie Johnson, Perkasie, and Mrs. Peter Frank of Telford; three brothers, Jacob, William and John, all of Perkasie, and by four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday in charge of C. R. Strunk, Quakertown, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Anna Bauerle in Almont. Rev. A. Ellsworth will officiate. Interment in the Almont cemetery.

MRS. KATHRYNE FISHER

Mrs. Kathryne Fisher, widow of Rev. John C. Fisher, former pastor of Nativity Lutheran church, Philadelphia, died Friday after a long illness at her home, 3507 N. 17th St., Philadelphia. Her husband died three months ago.

Born at Sand Springs, Pa., she attended Sand Springs schools and the Schwenksville Academy at Schwenksville.

She was superintendent of the Lutheran Sunday school for a number of years. Survivors are two sisters, Mrs. Ella Fenstermacher and Mrs. Carrie Snyder, of Allentown.

Funeral services will be held at 1 p. m. Tuesday in Nativity church, 17th and Tioga Sts., Philadelphia. Burial will be in Fairview cemetery, Allentown.

MRS. EMMA A. KLEINTOP

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. today from the late home for Mrs. Emma A. Kleintop, 84-year-old widow of Lewis Kleintop, Lower Nazareth township, who died Wednesday afternoon at her home after a prolonged illness. Interment will take place in Hope cemetery, Hecktown. Rev. Harvey C. Snyder, of St. John's Lutheran church, Nazareth, will officiate.

She is survived by four sons: Charles at home; James, Lower Nazareth township; Milton, Riegelsville; Raymond, of Moore township, and one daughter, Mrs. Elsie Kleintop, at home; six grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

FRANKLIN SAMUELS

Services for Franklin Samuels, 61, of R. 1, Breinigsville, who died at the Allentown hospital on Thursday will be conducted from his late residence on Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. Continued services in the Jordan Lutheran church. Interment in the Moorestown cemetery, Northampton county.

Rev. Wesley Wenner, pastor of the Jordan Lutheran church, will officiate.

MRS. RICHARD E. TOMLIN

Mrs. Alida, nee Moore, Tomlin, wife of Dr. Richard E. Tomlin of Ocean Grove, N. J., died at 8:30 a. m. Friday at the Gross Rest home, Gwynedd, in her 80th year. A native of Philadelphia, Mrs. Tomlin was in failing health for the past few years and seriously ill since last Sunday.

Besides her husband, four children, Mrs. Walter E. Cathers, Gwynedd Square; Mrs. Warren Heaton, Texas; Lybrant, Philadelphia, and Richard E. Jr., St. Petersburg, Fla., survive. John T. Cathers, Allentown; Rev. W. Edgar Cathers Jr., Pocono Lake, and Richard T. Cathers, Buffalo, N. Y., are grandsons.

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. Monday in Philadelphia.

ANTHONY W. HEPP

Anthony W. Hepp, 85, died suddenly on Friday morning at the home of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Victoria Hepp, 536 Montclair Ave., Bethlehem, with whom he resided.

Dr. David F. Bachman, Northampton county coroner, after an official investigation, said death was due to a heart condition. He had been ill for the past several weeks.

A resident of this vicinity for half a century and a native of New Washington, O., he was employed as a private watchman for a number of years. He retired 17 years ago. A brother and two sisters survive.

The funeral will be held at 8:45 a. m. Monday, with requiem mass in St. Joseph's church, Colesville, Lehigh county, and burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

CHARLES NAEGELE

Charles Naegele, 67, an assistant steward at the St. Aloysius Young Men's Hall until illness forced his retirement three years ago, died yesterday at the home of a son, John Naegle of 430 N. 4th St.

Born in Baden, Germany, he came to this country sixty years ago and throughout the greater part of his lifetime followed the shoe repairing trade.

He was a member of the Church of the Sacred Heart and was affiliated with the St. Aloysius Society, the St. Francis Society and the Knights of St. George. His wife preceded him in death eighteen years ago.

Surviving, in addition to his son, are the following children: Mrs. George Menne and Mrs. Pauline Ely of Allentown; George of New York City; Sister Mary Sassia of the Maryknoll convent at Maryknoll, N. Y.; Mrs. Paul Mooney of Flushing, L. I., and Carl of Plainfield, N. J.; a brother, Frank of this city and two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Heckenberger of Allentown and Mrs. Philip Trimble of Bethlehem.

The funeral will be held from the funeral home of Charles H. Becker, 315 N. 6th St., Tuesday at 9:45 a. m. Solemn requiem mass will be sung in Sacred Heart church at 10:15 o'clock and interment will be in the Sacred Heart cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Nei G'sheft

Sis doch now wunnerbore wos 'n mensch duh kon won er wil, un sel halt aw grawd ous mit 'm "Franc" Roth fon drowwa on Ledder Eck Poshda. Der "Franc" wie m'r wissa hut net yusht die gross gentlemons bauerrei midda im shteddle, ow'r is aw so gore der Mayor, Chief of Police, 's Town Kouncil, un allas shunshd os es nemdt fer so'n blotz om gae halta. Un now noch nava bei hut ers hoar schnidder g'sheft uf ganumma, un helft now 'm Tony DeLucia fon Siegersville rous won der Tony may kustomers hut os er wase tzu handla. Bei da tzeit maina sie, dade der "Franc" bei aigner hoar schnidder shop uf shtarta in Ledder Eck Poshda.

Now so weit os 'm Tony rous helfa aw gait, worra die socha so denna waig. Der "Franc" het garn 'n hair kut kot eb die Demagrawdish konvention in der gonz kumt in Chicago. Net os er tzailt fer gae, ow'r won sel om gae is, des da wenicher os er fershtaid wert fer 'm radio, des da liever is es 'm. Noh is er 'm Dunnershdawg owet runner noch Siegersville fer sich shaira lossa, ow'r wor noh net nagshd om shop bis onnerra 'm shun in gaea kumma sin, un hen g'sawt 's wear net dawert os er folshter nuf tzum Tony gang'd, der shop dade so shtinkich fol hucka os er anyhow net aw kaimt bis so on da elfa halver tzwelfa rum.

Der "Franc" is ow'r ken bonger mensch, un wos hut er gaduh, os wie is ains gongs owwa nous noch 'm Tony seim shop, un hut die socha mohl iwwer guck'd. Uns wor aw grawd wie ol die onnerra g'sawt hen os es wear, 's hut ol iwwer fol k'huck'd worta fer uf der shtuhl,—dale evens hen uf da fenshter sitza k'huck'd worta, un woh der Charlie Everett ainer dafon wor. Now der Tony hut tzwae hoar schnidder shteel in seim shop, ow'r yust'd yusht ainer dafon. Noh wos hut der "Franc" gaduh, os wie is ains gongs nuf noch 'm lara shtuhl galoffa, hut der shartz ganumma os druf k'honka hut, un gagrisha, "Next."

Niemond hut sich ow'r ferraig'd—'s hut niemond all'm noh gadenk'd os der "Franc" aenich ebbes fershtae dade fon hoar schneida. Iwwel odder wohl hut er niver noch 'm Charlie Everett gaguck'd un g'sawt, "Kum on Charlie duh bisht 's nagshd." Un der Charlie wohs ledshd in roy gawest wear hut sich net shtumpa lossa, is uf g'shtonna un hut sich niver uf der barber shtuhl k'huck'd wie won der "Franc" 'n recht shoffender barber wear. Der "Franc" hut noh der hoar shartz um 'n rum gawick'ld, un gawunnert wie os er g'shora sei wot. Der Charlie hut noh g'sawt, er wear weiters net particklar, sot 'n shaira so wie er wear, yusht os die hoar kartzer weara dada.

Un noh is die g'shpass ob gonga. Der "Franc" woh sei lava dafor ken glibber in da hond kot hut, hut der glibber ganumma, un hut mohl shtarta der Charlie unna rum nuf glibba. Wie er bout so fiel hunna kot hut os er gadenk'd hut os runner sotta fer 'n net tzu arrick fergrutza, hut er g'sawt sel wear so weit os er gang'd, der Tony maich'd 'n fartich mocha. Noh ow'r het n'r numma mohl 'm Charlie sei g'sicht sehna solla. 'S wor leicht tzu sehna os es 'm gross ewwa fiel wor fer hoar schnidder wexla midda imma haitkut, un hut 'm "Franc" g'sawt, er wear arrick gute tzu fritta so weit os er gonga wear, un sot der chob don now fartich mocha.

Noh is der "Franc" ferarnsht on die arwet mit shtrail un share, un hut 'm Charlie 'n nummer ains pineapple hairkut gewwa, shier so glot wie won der Tony 'n selwar g'shora het. Wie er fartich wor, hut der "Franc" in der sock galong'd un 'n Charlie tzaea cent hee k'hova fer so shae ruich halta, un hut g'sawt er sot nunner tzum Guy Schwartz noch 'm wertshous gae, ains drinka. Der Charlie hut ow'r net recht tziega wolla mit ous der "Franc" gang'd aw mit un darfts ihm uf setsa fer 'n shaira. Der "Franc" hut ow'r widder "Next" gagrisha, uns sis 'n ouslannerrishie fraw uf g'shtonna fer uf der shutuhl, ow'r ihra mon hut sie gagrabt om ohr'm un g'sawt, "No, No, Mary he no barber," un hut sie widder hee hucka mocha.

Der Charlie hut noh net uf gewwa der "Franc" sot mit nunner tzum Guy lawfa, ow'r der "Franc" huts net gaduh bis der Tony 'm die fersichering gewwa hut os er sei blotz in da roy net ferfaila dada, won noch onnerra noch ihm nei kaimta fer g'shora sei. Der Tony wor all'm noh froh fer der "Franc" lose werra, un hut ordlich weil gadauert bis er widder tzurick kumma is. Der Tony hut ols noch etlicha tzu shaira kot eb der "Franc" in roy kumma is. In selra weil is noh aw noch der Ralph Grammes nei kumma un hut sich aw gabutta fer der "Franc" shaira. So wie m'r fershtain, hut der "Franc" ow'r weiters nix haira wolla darta dafon, un ol weil er g'farrich'd hut der Ralph maich'd ferleicht im shtond sei un dade 'm midda darrich sei shtaidel tzurick fohra mit 'm glibber, un sei Gertie dade 'n net kenna won er hame kaimt. Anyhow der "Franc" hut sei tzeit erwort, un noh der Tony 'n shaira lossa om ragler price in blotz fon f

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Edward Fitzgerald said that he wished he had more lives of obscure persons; one wants to know what other people are thinking and feeling about it all. If the dullest person in the world would only put down sincerely what he or she thought about his or her life, about work and love, religion and emotion, it would be a fascinating document.

—Benson.

DEMOCRATS GIRDED FOR FRAY

With the renomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt for the presidency and the selection of Senator Harry Truman as his running mate and the adoption of the party's 1944 platform the delegates to the Democratic National Convention have completed their work and, weary but excited and elated, they can return to their homes to prepare for the coming political battle.

Of course at no time was there doubt as to the principal business of the convention—the nomination of a candidate for president. President Roosevelt had dissolved any slight doubts upon that score in advance of the convention. Even if he had declined to run, if he had said he did not choose to run, the convention almost without doubt would have renominated him for his grip upon the affections of the party as a whole—despite a sizable group of powerless enemies—is undoubted.

The choice of Senator Truman upon the second ballot confirms the earlier predictions that Mr. Wallace, in spite of any fight that he might make, would not be renominated. Until the inside story of the attitudes of the leaders, including the President, becomes known it will be believed that the President "threw Wallace to the dogs," as the current phrase puts it. Certainly he was not eager to have him, for if he had been the merest hint of such wish would have been gratified by the delegates who idolize the President. Given a freer hand and invited to exercise their will they made the vice presidential nomination an open field and many were the runners.

So the battle lines for the November election have been drawn. The two parties are ranged for action. They have adopted their main policies and selected their commanding officers.

In spite of a great global war and the wide interest therein, there will be enough time for the American people to devote some interest to the presidential election. We may not have the vivid, burning campaigns of other years but we can be sure that when the big day comes the American people will prove their interest thruout the campaign by participating almost unanimously in the election.

FIGHTING FOR JAPS' FIRST ISLAND PRIZE

As had been anticipated, attack upon the island of Guam has followed the 25-day campaign for the taking of Saipan. Thus the first American soil to be taken by the Japs in this war is now being retaken by Americans who stormed ashore upon Guam yesterday, following almost three weeks of constant bombardment from the air and from the sea.

Again, as upon Saipan, it is expected that the Americans will meet very large and strongly entrenched forces of Japanese. It is believed that there are fully as many troops on Guam as were found upon Saipan where there were more than 20,000, all but five per cent of whom had to be exterminated in order that the island could be taken. As at Saipan, these Jap troops are going to be found in caves and deep underground hideouts. These will have to be hunted down to the last man before the island will be completely possessed.

But when Guam is in American hands, which we confidently believe will happen, American forces will have strengthened their position very much. They will have relieved a threat to Saipan and other Mariana islands in American possession. They will be able to use Apra, one of the best ports in that part of the Pacific, and they will be able to use the airfields that the Japs had used as stepping stones from the main islands to the outer perimeter of their island holdings.

The Japanese radio, usually the first to announce American attacks upon any point, has been silent about Guam. On the eve of their many other troubles, the Japs as a whole may prefer not to swallow another bitter pill—the prospect of losing their first prize of war, a prize that in other hands can be used so effectively against themselves.

KNOW YOUR OWN COMMUNITY FIRST

We like the idea of the boys' division of the Y. M. C. A. which thruout the vacation season prompts the members under its tutelage to explore and come better to know their community, as was indicated by a hike taken during this week by a large group to the old Steckel Manor House at Egypt.

Now just about everybody in this community enjoys or would like to enjoy travel. The prospect of pleasure lies not in the fact of mere motion of getting one's self out of one's surroundings but in the likelihood of seeing interesting things and meeting interesting people.

Today thousands of us envy our American boys who are travelling to all parts of the earth in the prosecution of this war. We all are hoping that, in spite of the demands upon them for the prosecution of the war, they will be having enough time to see the interesting sights of foreign lands and will be appreciating the values of contacts with people who, perchance speak our own tongue and may in addition be devotees of other creeds and cultures and views upon life.

But only too few people realize that the best preparation for travel abroad is travel at home, in our own United States, in our own State, in our own county, in our own city.

So it is that the Y. M. C. A. by stimulating the interest of its boys in the things that are right at our front door is furnishing the best preparation for an appreciation of people and things if and when these boys, as youths and men, will extend the range of their travels.

Without a doubt every young man in the armed services who, thru a spirit of curiosity and adventure and a lively interest in people, came to know Allentown and Lehigh county thoroly when he was a boy, is better equipped to absorb the delights and knowledge that travel into foreign countries and across great oceans should bring. It is indeed to be regretted for many of them that they did not have this spirit of curiosity and adventure inculcated in them thru the "Y" when they were boys.

David Lawrence Says—

An Independent Political Party Has Been Formed As a Result of Blunder in the Formation of Democratic Party's Platform.

The Democrats have adopted a platform which has in it one of the most stupid blunders that a political party could make—a partisan claim that the greatness of our Army, Navy and Air Forces is the achievement of the Democratic party.

Back in 1918, the Democrats made a similar mistake and took unto themselves undue credit for the fighting of the war and the claim became a political boomerang. It was resented from coast to coast. Today the Democrats with similar shortsightedness have ignored the Republicans in Congress who voted almost unanimously for the Army and Navy appropriations, they have ignored the Republicans who as workers, or managers, have contributed to the war effort and ignored the fact that American citizens, irrespective of party, have contributed their dollars to the upbuilding of our Army, Navy and Air Forces. The platform plank which for sheer effrontery surpasses anything of a partisan nature that has arisen in the conduct of the war reads as follows:

"Before war came, the Democratic administration awakened the Nation, in time, to the dangers that threatened its very existence.

"It succeeded in building, in time, the best trained and equipped Army in the world, the most powerful Navy in the world, the greatest Air Force in the world, and the largest Merchant Marine in the world."

Are our Air Forces, our Navy, our Army, our Merchant Marine merely instruments of the Democratic party—achievements of a political administration? Or are these the joint product of all Americans, inside and outside the Government, who have sacrificed much to carry the American flag to the four corners of the earth?

The partisanship of the Republican convention was bad enough, but the partisanship of the Democratic convention beats all records. It would not be surprising if voters everywhere, both Democratic and Republican, resented the palpable attempt to drag the Army, Navy, and Air Forces into politics and to attribute their war record to the efforts of a partisan political administration. The building up of our military forces, especially after war broke out, is not the achievement of the Democratic administration but of all Americans who came to Washington not to serve the Democratic party, but the Government of the United States. It would be as illogical for war loan drives hereafter to be recorded as the achievement of the Democrats and to ignore the purchases of bonds by Republicans.

But a convention steeped in partisanship which is trying to put the constitutional office of commander-in-chief into politics for the first time in our history could not possibly have written carelessly the platform plank quoted above. The Democrats had weeks and weeks in which to write their platform. The attempt to claim credit for the Army and Navy and Air Force as Democratic party accomplishments must have been deliberate.

The party convention paid little attention to the platform when it was read. It was adopted by a voice vote and an attempt to get a roll call on its provisions was set aside. It paid little attention even to the disaffection in Texas. Incidentally, while the revolt in the Democratic ranks had no effect on the selection of President Roosevelt as standard bearer it carried its scars into other contests. The cleavages revealed will not soon vanish. The South has learned at last that it can expect no help from the Republicans and less from the Democrats in the North in the settlement of its own peculiar problems.

So it looks as if an independent political party was born in Chicago. It will take some time to emerge, but ultimately it will use its 100 or more electoral votes as a balance of power. It's the only way it can gain a respectful hearing for its viewpoint. The days of the old Democratic party in the South are numbered. A new independent Democratic party will come into being because the 1944 Democratic convention made that inevitable.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE FAMILY IN SOVIET RUSSIA

The best news out of Soviet Russia in a quarter of a century is the tightening of the divorce laws because it indicates a fundamental retreat from the communistic, anti-family, anti-religious concepts which motivated the Bolsheviks.

In the field of economics, Soviet Russia has long been moving away from the Egalitarian concepts with which the early Communists believed that they could establish a socialist state. The graduated wage scale and the speed-up called Stakhanovism were momentous admissions that equality of pay could not produce equality of production. It recognized that it is not important whether a man belongs to the Communist party or is an opponent of the Leninist-Stalinist line. Rather, it acknowledges that some men are worth more than others because their productivity is greater.

Now, Soviet Russia has retreated far from the early Bolshevik ideas on marriage and divorce. The family is restored to its proper role in society and the family is protected fully by the law. There can be no real family if divorce is so easy that the child is subjected to oft changes in parentage. If marriage is reduced to a convenience, to a mere registration to legitimatize the offspring, then it is reduced to a sex relationship. Easy divorce vulgarizes the institution of marriage and cheapens parenthood. The child becomes the principal sufferer of the selfishness of its parents.

The Russians face the practical condition that the loss of life in this war requires not only repopulation but surrounding children with the best environment possible, and no matter what ideas flow easily into the minds of those who would change the world, no plan has ever been offered which is an improvement on the family system. The Russians have at last discovered what the human race has always known, but let us rejoice that the prodigal is returning to the truth.

Maurice Hindus reports: "The financial and legal transactions involved make divorce almost prohibitive except to persons of highest earning power * * *," and that is about as it is with us. Only the very rich can enjoy the luxury of easy morals. There is class distinction in that—but there seem to be many class distinctions in Soviet Russia these days, what with the medals and decorations and brass that are so evident in the photographs coming from the land where equality used to be a fundamental tenet. Hindus further reports:

"Under the new law a so-called 'free love union' or 'living together'—common law marriage as it is known in Anglo-Saxon lands—isn't banned, but it is flagrantly discouraged. The mother of a child born of such a relationship has neither legal nor social nor any other claims on the father. No longer may she legally impose upon him fatherhood or the child. Nor may she sue him for its support."

The "free love union" was the mark of revolution. It used to be an assertion of independence from the old regime, from the laws and traditions and habits of life which represented Czarism and religion and bourgeois narrowness. The new law is a recognition that the laws of any state must be identical with the laws of God. The family is the only center of society that religion recognizes; it is the heart and soul of a virtuous order. If the family is destroyed, society degenerates, the individual loses his social sense and becomes a beast.

Many who have been opposed to Soviet Russia politically were moved by the false religious and moral concepts of Bolshevism. Once these are corrected, it is possible to accept the Russian among the family of civilized nations. Even her participation in the war on our side is not as important in this direction as the new law regarding the family, marriage and divorce. For, what will come of the politics of the war is for history; the acceptance of a common moral code is the acknowledgement of the eternal truth of the religions of God. Whoever is with us in God's grace is a brother. Soviet Russia's next step forward in peace with mankind is full acceptance of the churches of God that they may proclaim His word to all His children.

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Delhi patrons of an exhibition, held two years ago, of a model poorhouse to be erected in Delhi, India, claim the project has not materialized and have started a "Where is the poorhouse?" investigation.



AN OLD BALLAD

Students of German folk literature know that a wealth of songs and ballads has come down to us through the generations. The elaboration of human emotions and experiences in the form of lyrics and narratives in verse is a process that can be traced back to early pre-Christian times among Germanic peoples. Why then do relatively few such folksongs and ballads exist among the Pennsylvania Germans of today? An answer to this question must be sought in two factors: In the first place, mass migrations from Switzerland and the lands of the Upper Rhine began at an austere time in the political, religious and economic history of those lands. And when our forefathers came to Pennsylvania they were confronted with the stern necessities of clearing the forests for tilling the soil and of establishing for themselves new homes. There was little time and occasion for song and dance then. Also large groups of them adhered to religious tenets which demanded great sobriety and self-restaint and they looked askance upon the joys of life.

Secondly, the students of our folksongs and ballads must be mindful of the fact that our Pennsylvania German forefathers left their native lands a century and more before the great romantic revival of interest in the Germanic lore and literature of an earlier period. Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim only published their notable collection of songs and ballads, **Des Knaben Wunderhorn**, in the years 1806-8; and Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, famous philologists, antiquarians and collectors of folk tales and ballads, were active in the first half of the 19th century.

But the innate love of song and story did not perish in the hearts of our Pennsylvania Germans and when some current event deeply stirred them it sometimes found expression in verses which then journeyed over the countryside in the form of cheap broadsides. One of the most popular of such ballads, and the one that had perhaps the widest circulation, was that which related the sad experiences of the maiden Susanna Cox, guilty of murdering her infant child. She was executed in Reading on June 10th, 1809. Susanna Cox was one of the first women to be executed in the United States and the event caused deep reflection and mortification among the people.

The author of this German ballad is unknown to us. Written in High German it shows here and there the influence of the dialect. The author seems however to have been conscious of the traditional ballad stanza of alternating tetrameter and trimeter lines and alternating rimes.

The English translation, which appears to have been made soon after the original German, is reprinted from an old broadside. The translator is unknown to us.—ED.

A NEW MOURNFUL SONG
CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF
SUSANNA COX
Who Was Hanged in Reading for Infanticide, in the Year 1809. From the German.

Take notice now ye people all,
And hear what will be said
About a very gloomy case,
Of a deluded maid.

She served as maid, in Oley long,
With one named Jacob Gehr,
Her name was MISS SUSANNA COX,
I heard it mentioned there.

No education she received,
She knew but what she saw;
The will of God she did not know,
Nor aught about his law.

To most people it is known
How in the world it goes:—
They who the scriptures do not know
Will do just what they chose.

Her neighbor who is known to us,
Whose name was Mertz, withal,
Seduced her with his fleshly lust
And brought her to her fall.

'Twas similar in Adam's time
The Bible teaches us,
When the Old Serpent, loving crime,
Did Mother Eve seduce.

Through her seduction entered death
The world when it began;
So went it with Susanna Cox,
By this deceptive man.

The law he held in disrespect,
And scorned to keep his hand
From what the Scriptures do forbid
In that heptade command.

As married man he her seduced
And brought her in distress;
He may repent, if not refused,
At some time after death.

She had this matter not revealed,
So much ashamed was she:
She thought no person would take note
Of her delivery.

In eighteen hundred and ninth year,
In February, fourteenth day,
At early morn, at half past four,
Her child was born, they say.

As this poor sinner, viciously
Deceived had been, you see,
She did her newborn child remove
To long eternity.

As soon as the discoverers saw
The murder had been dealt,
She was arrested by the law,
And asked to own her guilt.

A jury soon was summoned, then,
Who did investigate
This helpless sinner's case, and name
Her sentence or her fate.

She plead before the jurors there,
For mercy she did pray,
But still they found her guilty sore
Of murder, first degree.

They led her in' the Courthouse then,
Before Judge SPAYD—quite near,
Where she her dreadful sentence—death
With weeping had to hear.

You may imagine for yourself,
How sorrowful she felt
To wait her execution—death—
Her blood was to be spilt.

The death-warrant was written soon
For this poor maid alone,
And taken to the governor
Out in Lancaster town.

A man who was compassionate
She hast'ly sent before,
Unto the governor of state,
Who plead and sued for her.

But he for her no pardon found:
Alas! She must be hung
Already on the tenth of June,
To show the world 'twas wrong.

The death-warrant was soon returned,
And then to her was read:—
To God she prayed most fervently
For grace till she was dead.

She was in her repentance by
The clergy taught redress,
For she repented candidly,
And did her sins confess.

From prison she was taken out,
About eleven o'clock,
Upon the execution-place—
It caused a moral shock.

She cautioned all mankind around,
The young especially,
And said, "Take an example now,
By my ill fate today.

She knelt upon the earth in prayer,
And asked the Lord alone,
That he would all her sins forgive,
Which ever she had done.

Her weeping was so sorrowful,
As on her knees she lay;
Her tear-drops fell upon the earth—
They wept for her that day.

She said, "I go t' eternity
Now instantly, O God,
Take me into thy kingdom, see,
Reject me sinner not!"

She's executed afterward:—
A lamentable deed!
And after seventeen minutes time,
Her parting soul had fled.

And after she was dead, in vain,
The doctors tried their skill
To bring her back to life again,
But all too late and ill.

And he who did this song compose
And earnestly did dictate,
Did all this misery behold,
Was near the judgment seat.

Ye people all on earth give ear,
Take this example here,
When people are so ignorant,
How they at last may fare.

She did not live in pleasure long
Ere she was in the snare,
She brought her whole life's journey on
To four and twenty years.

ES KAERRICHEGEH

Es waerd verkammen g'saat die Weibsleit hen die Mehrheit im Himmel, weil sie immer der Vorgang hen im Kaerrichegeh. Ich weess net wie sell iss, awwer 's iss mer glaablich, ass die Fashions ebbes mit zu duh hen. Ich hab schunn ge-noticed ihre Krischtendum dreibt sie net naegscht so hart, wann sie ken neie Frocke hen odder en uff-zu-date Bonnet.

Mir Menner misse uffeegne, uffkors, die Weibsleit gehne fleissicher in die Kaerrich, as die Mannsleit. Ich wett net saage, ass des so iss weil die Weibsleit es notwennicher brauche. Alsemol wedderfaahrt ebbes, ass der Mann net ready warre kann in Zeit.

Sunndaag Maryets dutt der Mann vum Haus emol sei miede Bee schdrecke un guckt an die Maryesunn. Saagt er: "Es iss awwer nau hoch Zeit rischde far noch de Kaerrich." Die Fraa greckst mit em Koppweh un saagt sie geht net. So legt er sich zurick uff der Bettriggel un schloft widder ei. Iwwerwennich nemmt sie halt an seinre Woll un saagt, sie gehne in die Kaerrich. "Grick dich gschwind ready," saagt sie, "Wann mer aa ken rechter Eifer hen defor, mer misse unsre Nochber weise mer sin ken Heide wie sie."

Paar Minutte dernooch geht's aa. "Adoline! Adoline!" Sie iss drunne in de Kich. "Ya, Ya, was witt?" Er danst uff em Schpeicher rum, wie der wild Mann vun Borneo. "Hawwich noch en Hemm im Haus, odder hoscht sie all em Lumbemann verkaaft?"

Die Adoline gebt emol some Zeit en Engel un andwart in ere siesse, liebliche Schdimm: "Dei Hemmer sin all in de zwette Schubblaad vum Bureau, wu sie noch immer waare," saagt sie. Dart hen sechse gelegge. Er hot die Schubblaad uff g'hatt unne sie g'sehne Wie er's zwettmol geguckt hot, waar er en Minutt odder zwee ruhich. Awwer glei kreischt er widder: "Adoline, wu bischt — lebscht noch — was duscht?"

"Ya, Ya," frogt die Adoline, "was iss nau letz?"

"Iss mei Sunndaags Suit draus uff em Butzemann? Ich hab in alle Ecke rumgeguckt, un hab ken Sign vun de Suit g'funne," saagt er. "Ach, yo," andwart die Adoline, "sie henkt drowwe in de vedderschte Schdubb." Er macht die Dier uff, un dart henke sei beschte Gleeder an de Wand. Er roppt sie runner, schmeisst sie uff en Haufe in en Eck, un kreischt widder die Schdeeg nunner: "Adoline, sei so gut un schpring naus an der Geilsschdall un bring mer en Kummet. Ich kann ken Collar finne uff weid un breed. Dart geht die Kaerrichebell un ich warr net ready bis naegschde Woch."

"Dei Collars sin in de erschde Schubblaad," saagt die Adoline. Un dart waare sie far zwansich Yohr un naryets schunscht. Wie sei Collar aa-waar, dann hot er gerufe far Schtrimp. "Schtrimp, Schtrimp, Adoline! Wu in de Welt sin mei Schtrimp? Ich hab schunn siwwe hunnert dutzend Paar Schtrimp kaaft, awwer es iss ken Schtrump im Haus. Die Adoline schpringt die Dreppe nuff un macht en Schubblaad uff. "Do, du blinder Esel," saagt sie, do sin zwansich Paar vun deine Schtrimp. Ferwas guckscht net?

Alles waar schdill paar Minutte. Er find sei Schuh unne en Detektiv dinge, awwer wie er sie aaziegt, kreischt er maerderlich: "Adoline, O, Adoline, was meent des?" Dann hebt er paar Windelschpelle, en Naggel, paar Schrauwe un edliche Kaerpet Tacks in de Hand. "Alle Schdubb im Haus iss voll Schpellekisse un mer hen drei Schreinerkischde im Waggeschopp. Ich hab Bletz gemacht far alles hendich un in Adder halde, un was finn ich in meine Schuh? En Pund Neggel, fimf Pack Kaerpet Tacks, drei dutzend Schrauwe, Schpelle, was net!"

Es nemmt die Adoline en halb Schtunn far auslege, ass die Kinner die Sache yuscht in die Schuh g'schteckt hen iwwerm schpiele. Bis sell ferbei iss, schafft sei Collar Knobb sich los un rollt unnich's Bett. In zwee Minutte hot er Rock, Jacket un Hosse aus un dutt sei Alledaagsgleeder aa. "Ich bin ken Hypocrite," saagt er, "Wann du in die Kaerrich witt, geh yuscht, awwer als far mich, ich kann net aalosse wie dief ich ge-indressiert bin im Krischtendum, wann ich am Collar Knepp suche bin," Fimf Minutte dernooch hot die Adoline en Parasol un en Hymbuch in de Hend un geht noch de Kaerrich.

Un ihre Mann geht uff die Gnie varne am Bett, deheem un—sucht Collar Knepp.

—DER SOLLY HULSBUCK

SUSANNA COX
(Original German Version)

Ach merket auf, ihr Menschen all,
Nun wird's euch vorgesagt,
Von einem sehr betruehten Fall,
Von einer armen Magd.

Sie hatte lang in Oley g'dient,
Wohl bei dem Jacob Gehr;
Ihr Name war Susanna Cox,
Wie ich ihn hab gehoert.

Sie hatte gar kein Unterricht
In welt und geistlich Recht,
Sie wusst' den Willen Gottes nicht,
Und auch nicht sein Gesetz.

Das ist uns Menschen wohl bekannt,
Und geht so in der Welt,
Wer von der Schrift hat kein Verstand,
Der thut was ihm gefaellt.

Ihr Nachber, der uns ist bewusst;
Sein Namen, der war Mertz,
Hat sie verfuehrt durch Fleisches Lust,
In Unfall sie gesturzt.

Durch die Verfuehrung kam der Tod,
Von Anfang in die Welt;
So ging es der Susanna Cox,
Durch diesen Mannesgesell.

Er achtet die Gesetze nicht,
Er hielte nur fuer Spott,
Was uns die heil'ge Schrift verbiet,
Im siebenten Gebot.

Als Ehemann er sie hat verfuehrt,
Und sie gebracht in Noth;
Wird es bereuen wohl zu spaet,
Einmal nach seinem Tod!

Sie hat es nicht geoffenbart,
Sie schaemt sich fuer die Leut,
Darum es niemand soll erfahr'n
Vor der Gebaehrungs Zeit.

Im achtzehn hundert neunten Jahr,
Den vierzehnten Februar,
Des Morgens frueh um halb fuenf Uhr,
Sie's Kind zur Welt gebar.

Da diese arme Suenderin
Verblendet war so fest,
Hat sie ihr neugebornes Kind
In die Ewigkeit versetzt.

So bald es aber war entdeckt,
Dass dieser Mord gescheh'n,
So wurd' sie in Arrest gesetzt,
Und sollte es gesteh'n.

Ein' Jury ward sogleich bestellt,
Sie sollte es nachsehen;
Was dieser armen Suenderin
Fuer Urtheil sollt geschehen.

Sie hielt wohl bei derselben an,
Und bittet um Gnad;
Doch klagten sie sie schuldig an,
Des Mords im ersten Grad.

Man fuehrte sie in's Courthaus 'nein
Vor den Richter, Herrn Spayd,
Wo sie ihr schrecklich Tod's Urtheil
Mit Weinen angehoert.

Ein jeder kann nun denken wohl
Wie es ihr war zu Muth,
Da sie auf Richtplatz sterben sollt,
Bedauernswerthes Blut.

Die Todtenwarrant man bald schrieb
Fuer diese arme Magd,
Und ward zum Gouvernoer gebracht,
Nach der Lancaster Stadt.

Ein Mann, der sehr mitleidig war,
Den hat sie selbst geschickt
Zum Gouvernoer in dieser Stadt,
Der hat fuer sie gebitt.

Allein fuer sie war kein Pardon,
Gehangen muss sie sein
Den zehnten Tag im Juni schon,
Der Welt ein Augenschein.

Die Todtenwarrant wurd' geschickt,
Ihr vorgelesen gleich.
Da hat sie bruenstig Gott gebitt
Um Gnad im Himmelreich.

Sie ward in ihrem Bussestand
Besucht von Geistlichkeit;
Und die hat ernstlich Buss gethan
Und ihre Suend' bereut.

Sie wurde aus der Gefangenschaft
Um elf Uhr ausgefuehrt,
Dann ging es nach dem Hinrichts-platz
Bedauernsvoller Schritt.

Sie warnte alle Menschen treu,
Besonders junge Leut—
Und sprach: Nehmet en Exempel Euch
An meim Endschicksal heut.

Sie kniete auf die Erde hin
Und ruft den Herrn an,
Er moecht vergeben alle Suend,
Die sie allhier gethan.

Ihr Weinen war Mitleidenswerth,
Wie sie lag auf die Knie,
Die Thraenen fielen auf die Erd,
Viel weinten ueber sie.

Sie sprach, Ich geh' zur Ewigkeit
In einem Augenblick;
Ach Gott! nimm mich in Dein Reich,
Verstoss mich Suenderin nicht.

Nach diesem ward sie hingericht,
Mitleidens werther Schritt;
Nach siebenzehn Minuten ist
Schon Leib und Seel getrennt.

Nach ihrem Tod ward mit Fleiss
Von Doktoren viel probirt
Zu bringen sie zum Leben gleich—
Jedoch es war zu spaet.

Wer dieses Liedchen hat gemacht,
Und erstlich neu gedicht,
Der hat den Jammer mit betracht,
War selbst bei dem Gericht.

Ihr Menschen all auf Erden hoert
Nur dieses Beispiel an:
Wenn Jemand ist so ungelernt,
Wie's ihm ergehen kann.

Sie lebte nicht gar lang in Freud,
Als sie im Unfall war!
Bracht ihre ganze Lebenszeit
Auf vier und zwanzig Jahr.

Deaths of a Day

Mrs. A. A. Glick Of Catasauqua

Vina H., nee Roberts, Glick, wife of the late Atty. Austin A. Glick, and a member of a prominent Catasauqua family, died Friday morning in the Allentown hospital, where she had been a patient since last May. She was admitted to the institution following a mishap in the yard in the rear of her home, 527 3rd St., Catasauqua, in which she suffered a fractured hip.



MRS. A. A. GLICK

Mrs. Glick was a daughter of the late Jacob and Catharine L. Rooerts and was born in New Paltz, Ulster county, N. Y., on Washington's birthday, 1867. At the age of three years her parents moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., where she was educated in the public schools and studied music. In 1885 the family moved to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where her father was employed as superintendent of the Phoenix Horse Shoe Co. The family lived in the old Livingston Manor, a beautiful Colonial residence, situate on a cove of the Hudson river.

In 1889 the family moved to Catasauqua and Mr. Roberts became identified with the Bryden Horse Shoe Co., now the Phoenix Mfg. Co., as superintendent and general manager.

On February 25, 1891, she was married to Austin A. Glick in Grace M. E. church, Catasauqua, it being the first wedding ceremony performed in the newly-dedicated edifice. Mrs. Glick joined the congregation June 7, 1891, and became actively engaged in church work, which she continued up to the time of her fatal illness.

She was pianist in the Sunday school for many years, playing for the orchestra, which was directed by Lehman Ruhe, besides teaching a class. Mrs. Glick was a gifted vocalist and was soprano soloist for a long time in the church choir. She also served as president and treasurer of the Ladies' Aid society for 20 years. Recently she was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Grace church. She was a liberal contributor to the church. Within recent years the edifice was redecorated and new electric fixtures introduced by Mr. and Mrs. Glick.

Mr. Glick, who preceded his wife in death several years ago, was one of the oldest members of the Lehigh County Bar, having been admitted by the late Judge Albright in 1889. Mrs. Glick's parents were descendants of French Huguenots. There survive a niece, Mrs. Frances Hayden, of South Norwalk, Conn., and a grand-nephew, Lieutenant Sterling Hayden, U. S. Marine Corps, stationed in Italy. He is the husband of Madeleine Carroll, who is associated with the Red Cross staff in Italy.

The funeral will take place on Sunday at 2 p. m., with services at the Glick home. Interment will follow in the family plot on Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.

MRS. GEORGE ADAMS

Mrs. Rose S. Adams of 112 S. Line St. Lansdale, died at 1 a. m. yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital. She was 63 years old.

Born in Bally, Berks county, July 2, 1881, she was the daughter of the late Gottfried and Mary (nee Berg) Stengel. She had resided in Lansdale 11 years and was a member of St. Stanislau's Catholic church there.

Surviving are her husband George and the following children: Mrs. Viola Ruth, Mrs. Margaret Kehler, Agnes, George, Gottfried, all of Allentown; Mrs. Marie Bonekenter, Hatfield, and Edmund, with the Army in Italy.

There are three sisters, Mrs. Sara Adams and Mrs. Agnes Clemmer, Reading, and Mrs. John Shrem, Temple, and a brother, Frank Stengel, Reading. Twelve grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held from her late home Monday at 9 a. m., followed at 9:30 by solemn requiem high mass in S.. Stanislau's church. Interment will be in the Sacred Heart cemetery, Allentown. Friends may call at her home all day Sunday.

RAY N. OSWALD

Ray N. Oswald of 1417 Liberty St., died at 6:15 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient since Thursday. He was 56 years old.

Born in Hazleton, he was the son of Thomas and Minnie, nee Lutz, Oswald. He was employed by the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co. for the past 24 years. For the last five years he was a sub-station operator in Bethlehem.

Surviving are his parents; his wife, Eva R., nee Diehl, Oswald, a daughter, Dorothea Oswald, at home, a teacher in the Harrison-Morton school; two sons: Herschel Oswald, Allentown, an employe of the Call-Chronicle publications, and Fereld Oswald, in the U.S. Army, stationed at Camp Stewart, Ga.; a sister, Mrs. Hattie Bretz of Allentown, and one grandchild.

Rev. J. Peter Bachman will officiate at services at the Stanley S. Stephens funeral home, 1335 Linden St., on Monday, at 2 p. m. Interment will be at the convenience of the family.

NICK STROMBOULIS

Nick Stromboulis, 63, of 721 Spring St., Bethlehem, who died at 12:45 a. m. Friday in Sacred Heart hospital, where he was admitted on Monday, was a native of Greece, and a resident of the United States for 47 years.

For the past seven years he had been a resident of Bethlehem and was a barber by occupation.

Survivors are four sons, George, New York City; James, Allentown; John, Philadelphia; Christ, U. S. Army, serving overseas and a daughter, Mrs. Nick Loutraris, Bethlehem. He was a member of St. Nicholas' Greek Orthodox church.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

'N Gutas

Fon ol da fiela socha os m'r shun gadriva hen, hen m'r sei lebdawg net gawist os m'r aw shun Docktor worra. Sellie socha sin da onner dawg ons dawgas licht kumma wie m'r drous beim shtoremon Benj. Bieber nei g'shtopt hen, on da Main un Franklin shtross, Topton. 'S wor 's airsht mohl os m'r sei lava im Benj. seim shtore worra, un aw 's airsht mohl os m'r nonner sei lava g'sehna hen kot. Der Benj. is so'n yunger shpringer fon 84 vohr, uns airsht os er tzu sawga hut kot wie er gawist hut war m'r worra, wor, "Well Pumpernickle ich bin shure froh doch bakont tzu werra, un arbadich so well duh mohl my Docktor worsh'd."

Tzu hoerra os m'r mohl 'n docktor gawest weara, wor neiichkata tzu uns, un des is wos der Benj. noh tzu sawga hut kot wie m'r g'frok'd hen wos er maina dade. Noh hut er shtarta fertzaila wie er ocht, tzaea, tzwelf odder noch may yohr tzurick so gronk gawest wear uf 'm mauga. Die gol secht er het 'm tzurick in der mauga g'shoft, un het so gor nix may fon ess socha reecha kenna, g'shweia aw net essa kennt. Sei Docktor het 'm ols medatzine gewwa, ow'r allas het nix gabot. Mohl ae dawg wie er fer bout 'n woch in seinra feddershda bed shtub k'huck'd het kot, het er darrich der Morning Call gaguck'd uns Pumpernickle shtick in die auga grick'd. Sella dawg hetta m'r g'schriva kot fon sourkrout, un g'sawt sourkrout wear so gute os 'n medatzine won ebber gronk wear.

Wos m'r g'sawt hen in sei'm shtick is may os m'r selwar may wissa, ow'r der Benj. secht, er het anyhow seinra fraw da Sarah Mantana garufa, sie sot mohl g'shwind gae un sourkrout iwwer duh, er wot sourkrout essa. Die Sarah Mantana hets airsht ow'r net fershtae kenna wos er maina dade, doch endlich ei gewwa, un 'm 's sourkrout gakoch'd, un wenich dafon nuf gabrocht in sei gronkas shtub. Sel het er noh gessa un die bree gadrunka, un wie er g'shpiert het os es 'n net shlechter fiela dade mocha wie er aw so g'field het, het er ra garufa sie sot 'm noch may sourkrout bringa. Sie het, un so het er fert gamocht bis ers sourkrout alla pieces gessa het kot os die fraw gakoch'd het kot.

Bis da nagshda morva secht der Benj. het er nimmy gawist os er gronk gawest wear. Sei familia Docktor het nei g'shtopt un g'sawt, "Golly Benj, duh gucksh'd ow'r shure gute."

"Yar," secht der Benj. het er noh g'sawt, "ow'r ich wil d'r so fiel sawga, "'S wor net dei medatzine os mich gute gamocht hut, 's wor 'm Pumpernickle sei rote fer sourkrout essa os mich gakur'd hut."

'S Hut Net G'shoft

Tzum ledshda is es hous ferwos der Paul Leibensperger drowwa beim butcher Schellhamer nagshd on New Tripoli, doh da onner dawg so'n aryie tzeit kotta hut fer wersht fila'l maula. 'S hut yusht nix ous gamocht wie shtarrick odder wie shlow os der Paul die meal g'feeder'd hut, sie hut yusht net gamaula. 'S wor net bis er die meal ousa nonner gamocht hut, un hut g'sehna os er fergessa hut kot 's messer nei tzu duh. os er gawisht hut ferwos die g'shicht net shoffa hut wolla. Aenicha waig, wie er 'n messer nei gamocht hut kot hut sie gamaula os wie dafor, un des da wenicher os der Paul hoert dafon, des da liever is es 'm.

Dreft Sie Alsa Mohl

Doh shwetza fon da Schellhamers shlochterrei, gamohnt uns on der Ray Schellhamer wo die rinds shticker gawainlich shees'd. Wos der Ray alsa mohl mocht wissa m'r net, ow'r mawg ferleicht sei os dale fon da kugla sheb galawda sin. Aenicha waig, so wie die Fegelcher uns gapifa hen,

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Tamper not with idle rumor, lest the truth appear to lie.
Carve thy life to hilted silence, wrong shall fall on it and die;
Tamper not with accusation, harvest not what thou has heard,
Christ stood in the court of Pilate, but He answered not a word.—Hageman.

A BRUISED AND BATTERED SNAKE

The Russians say that Thursday was the blackest day in the history of the Nazis inasmuch as during a 24-hour period they lost ten large cities on their eastern front, including some of the most important transportation and strategic points. Last to be reported were Brest Litovsk, an important point before Warsaw; Kaunas, second largest city in Lithuania, and Przemysl, that old Polish city that loomed so large in military affairs in World War I and gave the war news followers, then as now, so much trouble with pronunciation. Before that the big city, Lwow, also an important rail centre and a half a dozen other important points had been taken.

Last night Warsaw could hear the booming of Russian guns less than thirty miles away and all along the eastern front the Germans were retreating while swift-moving Russian horsemen and tanks were dashing their spear-heads against their flanks.

In Moscow the victory guns kept booming for in one brief period seven orders of the day were issued by Marshal Stalin and each was good for 20 salvos from the battery of 224 guns.

Still the wonder is where the Germans have planned to rally and make an attempt to hold their lines as the Russians approach a perimeter of about 300 miles to Berlin. Not yet are they on German soil but they are so near it at a number of points that their guns can be heard by ears in the Fatherland.

Meanwhile, further to blacken the day for the Germans, American troops made one of the greatest advances in the Norman campaign, put an entire army corps in peril while in the air, three thousand bombers plastered German cities and the Romanian oil fields and in Italy the British Eighth Army made important advances against the Gothic line and the fortified cities on that line.

In the field of rumor were indications that Bulgaria, which has maintained friendship with Russia, is endeavoring to get out of the war and make a separate peace. From Turkey came news which indicates that country may at long last be making moves to get into the war on the side of the Allies.

In Germany itself little Dr. Paul Goebbels was attempting to whip up the courage of the German people by promising them new superweapons like the robot bombs to crush the Allies and by assuring them that if they will give their all they can win. The entire picture was that of a bruised and battered poisonous snake, whipping about frantically and snapping at empty air.

ARMY'S LOSS IN DEATH OF McNAIR

The saying "Generals die in bed" is not being verified in this war in which so many high-ranking officers are losing their lives.

American losses in all grades have been very heavy inasmuch as so many men get right into the thick of the fighting with their men and thereby gain the complete respect and admiration of those who are under them.

The death of Lieutenant General L. J. McNair is an especially great loss for General Marshall long ago declared him "the brains of the Army." To him is attributed the genius for organization and training that in two years has built the great American fighting force out of an array of civilians from every walk of American life.

General McNair had been wounded in Africa while on inspection tour near the front. Again he was on an inspection tour in Normandy when his death came. It raises the question whether men so important in the biggest work behind the lines should be permitted to expose themselves to attack.

While it may be heartening to the men in the ranks to think that the top-flight men in their army are sharing their hazards without a qualm, it is just too bad when as a result of such sharing of risks we have to lose a lot of our most valuable men, men whose training and experience means so much to the soldiers in the planning of their battles, in the disposition of their forces, in the supply of their food and ammunition and in the preparation of the entire plan upon which victory depends.

JAPS PROTEST THEY'RE CIVILIZED

The Japanese radio yesterday went to pains to deny that the American airmen who were captured after the recent raids by Superfortresses had been executed or were to be executed. They denied an earlier story that had issued out of Singapore and it is to be hoped that it will be learned ultimately that this time they have spoken the truth.

But it will appear to be an odd thing that the Japanese appear suddenly to be committed to observance of the conventions of war to which they have subscribed with other nations. They have not appeared to be too scrupulous in this respect at other times.

Perhaps they are coming to think more soberly of what they must expect after the war when the war culprits are brought to justice, as it has been promised they will be and not in the farcical manner that characterized the trial of German war-guilty men back in 1919. And, too, they may be thinking of what the effects of war atrocities are going to be upon the Japanese people as a whole after the war. They must be looking for an easy peace since they cannot hope to win. They acknowledge frankly that they are in desperate plight. They cannot expect anything but a hard peace if they continue to wage a ruthless war, if in fact they then can expect such a type of peace.

BOYS' CLUB'S BIG FORWARD STEP

The board of the Boys' Club is to be praised for its purchase of the Kern's mill property of 26 acres and for its plan to create at this pretty place an outing place for the membership of the club.

Herein will be realization of the dreams of many persons to provide the delights and the advantages of camping life during the summer for that large group of boys which is not and cannot be reached effectively by the limited camping programs of the Boy Scouts and the Y.M.C.A. In some cities this gap is bridged by municipal camping sites, owned, conducted and supervised by City boards of recreation. Such has been an unattained ambition here.

Now the Boys' Club will go far to do just this. It expects to erect structures near this popular swimming place to provide 500 boys annually with camping experience. Inasmuch as the spot is so accessible, it is expected the spot will be used for weekend outings such as boys love and thrive upon.

Changing Pitchers

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 28.—When Quentin Reynolds, the war correspondent, made his speech at the Democratic National Convention and uttered a new slogan—namely, that the American people understood one of the fundamental rules of baseball, not to "take out the pitcher when he is pitching a winning game"—he stirred up quite an interest in slogans.

Apparently a good many people who read his slogan think that he has not delved sufficiently into the technique of modern baseball. For one voter writes to this correspondent and suggests that "when a man has pitched twelve innings he ought to be taken out fast because he is tired, and sure to crack soon, and probably will pay no attention to instructions from the manager (the American people) and will undoubtedly lose the ball game if permitted to pitch any longer."

The old slogan that "it is not wise to change horses in midstream" has been rebutted by the other side who insist that "it is wise to get a strong horse if you want to be sure to get to the other side."

There is no doubt that much emphasis will be placed on these slogans during the campaign, and the baseball vocabulary is likely to dominate, because people do not travel by horseback these days and are much more familiar with baseball.

There are many instances of pitchers who tried to pitch extra-inning games and failed. Some of them got a bit wild in the extra innings and lost their games. There are, of course, instances in which pitchers have gone through extra innings with undiminished strength.

Political stump speakers may, of course, point out that while the pitcher has not been changed in the last twelve years and wants to continue for another four years, it has been necessary to change the other end of the battery. Thus, Vice President Garner was taken out after eight years because he and the pitcher did not get along too well, and Vice President Wallace was eliminated at the end of the subsequent four years because some of the fans did not like the catcher. Apparently, Mr. Roosevelt would have been glad to go along with Mr. Wallace. But the managers—in this case the political bosses in the North and the strong, conservative factions in the South—vetoed the idea.

Undoubtedly the Democratic campaign strategy is going to emphasize more and more the part that the President is playing in winning the war. Governor Dewey's apparent desire to keep the war out of politics and to eliminate the commander-in-chief idea from the discussion has not met with an enthusiastic reception among the Democrats.

In fact, they are arguing that Mr. Dewey would not be operating as a good commander-in-chief if, when elected, he kept his hands off the war.

Everybody knows, of course, who is at all familiar with the operations of the Government, that the President of the United States, when acting as the commander-in-chief has in this war, arranged with the Prime Minister of Great Britain what is known as global strategy. Mr. Roosevelt has not participated in the details of military planning, but has been content to accept the recommendations of the joint chiefs of staff. In the larger field of strategy, however, he has played a part, and it is impossible to know at this time how successful Mr. Roosevelt has been in the over-all strategy.

Censorship for the present keeps the details from the public and not until the war is over will it be known whether an alternative strategy was suggested which Mr. Roosevelt was not able to persuade the British Government to adopt, or whether a compromise strategy was agreed to which did not represent the views of any of the participants at the outset.

So long as the discussion is kept in the slogan stage and the debate centers on whether the pitcher ought or ought not to be taken out when the game is going into extra innings, there may be no harm in it and there may even be some baseball experts who will suggest that, while it is important to win the game, it cannot be so important to use the same pitcher in the post-season series.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE JAPANESE CRISIS

In Japan, the people do not vote for the highest officers of State. Japan had to get rid of General Tojo and a mechanism had to be found for this purpose. The Emperor, of course, has dismissed him, but the Mikado is not supposed to know what is happening unless the matter is brought to his attention with due formality. That formality was established by bringing together all the living former Prime Ministers into a council.

When the grandfather of the present Emperor died, those most closely associated with him in making Japan a great power were organized into a council of elder statesmen called the Genro. As long as they lived, they really governed Japan. They were wise, experienced, competent. They held the political parties in check, maneuvered the Diet and advised the Emperor. But in time they all died and Japan went politically haywire. All the Genro were part of the Meiji Revolution which modernized Japan; they had played their parts in the Sino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese Wars; they adhered rigidly to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and to the friendship with the United States.

The last of them was Prince Saionji who possessed all the wisdom of the East. And Saionji would never have permitted his country to go to war with ours. Such a war had been discussed on and off in the Far East for many years but the best minds of Japan always dreaded it. The decay of civilian government in Japan, which set in shortly after the Tokyo earthquake in 1923, produced the kind of political vacuum into which military men rush. The result is Japan's present peril.

This new cabinet will not last long because it has no purpose. It cannot win the war nor end it. It cannot accomplish more than Tojo did either in Japan's relations with the United States or with China. Its object clearly is to end an Army-Navy conflict—a conflict of long duration. By elevating the Navy to political equality with the army, those who recognize their country's desperation may hope to heighten the morale of the Navy which has done badly indeed in this war.

But it is obvious now that the Japanese Navy cannot do better. Our superior industrial strength and competence has reduced the capacity of the Japanese Navy as a fighting force. This cabinet will fall as Tojo's fell because Japan needs a victory and cannot get it from us. It needs a brilliant, exciting victory. It needs something to hold the Japanese people in line.

The Japanese have never been defeated in a modern war and they have no standards for accepting defeat. It is not in their tradition. The Germans were defeated by Napoleon; they lost the last war. They understand the psychology of defeat and set themselves to trying again to achieve the overlordship of Europe which they regard as their destiny. Modern Japan has moved from one victory to another until it came up against the United States which has already established the fact that the distance of a supply line is to be measured not by geographic miles but by the capacity of industrial plants. Whereas Japan expected the United States to be impotent or inadequately potent until 1946, American industry produced potency in 1943. The successes of General Tojo cannot alter that fact.

Therefore the next half year in Japan will be crucial. The Japanese must find a way to peace and as quickly as possible. The fall of Mussolini, Russia's continuance in the war, difficulties inside Germany, the efficiency of American industry and the unexpected competence of the non-professional American Army and Navy have completely upset Japan's calculation. To these factors must be added the tenacity of Chiang Kai-shek who was not expected by the Japanese and by many Chinese to last as long as he has.

Japan's greatest fear now must be the prospect of being left holding the bag. No Japanese would have supported this war unless he believed that Germany would win some measure of victory. But what if Germany is defeated and Japan has to fight it out alone? When the new cabinet falls it will be over this issue.



DIE HAWWERAERN

Hitz un Schwitz un Hawwerleis!
Giftpocke, gratzich uff de Hend!
G'schwelle vun Muschgieterbeis—
Ich wott die Aern waer amme End!

Die Gleeder sin mer aagebappt,
Die Schweessmicke wiedich bees;
'S batt nix as mer Wasser schlappt—
Glaab mer, 's iss schtaevens heess!

O geb mer blendi Schnee un Eis!
'S iss viel besser zu verfriere,
As leide mit de Hawwerleis
Un verleicht der Verschtand verliere!

saagt der Knecht.

—DER DICHTER VUN DE DOLPEHOCK.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

I.DANIEL RUPP

ANYONE who begins to delve into the history of Pennsylvania is certain to meet the works of Prof. I. Daniel Rupp before he has progressed very far in his study. Rupp was the pioneer of local historical recording and his works span the whole field of historic interest. Although he did not confine himself to the study of the history of the Pennsylvania Germans, his own people, a very large percentage of his writings deals with the descendants of the Palatines. At the time of his death he was working on a "Fireside History of the Pennsylvania Germans." It was to have been his masterpiece, but he never lived to complete it.

Professor Rupp was reared near the old "Hill" Church, north of Cleona in Lebanon County, a grandson of Jonas Rupp who came to America in 1751. The author was born in 1803, spent his early years on a farm, and by dint of perseverance and application became a professional teacher.

Among his works the best known is his Thirty Thousand Names (1856), a collection of the names and ship lists of Palatine immigrants from 1727 to 1775. For two generations and more this book has been of great value to genealogists in tracing the lineage of interested persons back to the founders of families in America. Not until 1934 was his work superceded by Hinke and Strassburger's three-volume work "Pennsylvania German Pioneers."

Rupp's County Histories have become collectors' items today. He wrote the earliest histories of most of the following counties: Lancaster (1844); Berks and Lebanon (1844); York (1845); Northampton, Lehigh, Monroe, Carbon and Schuylkill (1845); Dauphin, Cumberland, Bedford, Adams and Perry (1846); Western Pennsylvania (1846); Northumberland, Huntingdon, Mifflin, Centre, Union, Columbia, Juniata and Clinton (1848).

Rupp's ability as a linguist is attested by the many translations which he made from the German, chief among which was his translation of "The Martyrs' Mirror" in 1830, when he was only 27 years old. Other translations into the English were the catechisms of the various sects such as the Schwenkfelders and Mennonites.

One of his most valuable works is his Original History of the Reformed Denominations in the United States (1844). This volume is a handbook of the early religious history of America and the distinctions between the various sects are made clear. Rupp did not write the entire volume, but he edited the contributions which outstanding leaders of the various denominations submitted.

In addition to the above works he wrote many articles for historical and religious journals.

Professor Rupp wrote before the days of scientific recording of data and modern students must naturally be somewhat critical about the material which he presents, but no person wishing to know Pennsylvania history can afford to ignore Rupp and his writings.

* * * *

HEIDELBERG TREATY 1742

ONE of the most significant treaties between white men and Indians was concluded at the home of Conrad Weiser in 1742. Several treaties were made there at various times, involving land purchases from the various Indian tribes who laid claim to the lands north and northwest of Berks. But the Treaty of 1742 has significance far beyond the confines of Pennsylvania, for it was there and then that the Moravian missionaries were given perpetual and exclusive rights to carry their divine message ot the heathen tribes throughout all of the area dominated by the powerful Six Nations Confederacy.

On August 2, 1742, Count Von Zinzendorf, the ardent leader of the Unitas Fratrum, known as Moravians or Herrnhuter, visited the home of Conrad Weiser in Heidelberg. He arrived just at the time when Conrad was returning from an Indian conference in Philadelphia where he had served as guide and interpreter for 200 chiefs of the Iroquois and the provincial authorities of Pennsylvania. All of the chiefs and sachems had returned to the Weiser home to linger awhile as guests of the great interpreter when unexpectedly Zinzendorf came to visit.

The next day Zinzendorf concluded a treaty with the chiefs, a covenant of friendship . . . granting Moravian missionaries the right to "pass to and from, and sojourn within the domains of the Confederation, not as strangers but as friends." The pledge was sealed in the accepted manner of exchanging belts of wampum.

The string of wampum consisted of 186 beads. It was carefully preserved as a token of the Red Man's friendship. When Zinzendorf returned to Europe he entrusted the belt to the Moravian Bishop Spangenberg who at that time was in London.

A few years later Spangenberg came to America and in company with Weiser made the long overland journey from Berks in Pennsylvania to Onondaga (Syracuse) in New York to confirm the provisions of the treaty.

The Moravians were the most successful Protestant missionaries in colonial America. Their success in proselyting was the only effective work of its kind, excepting of course the work of the Jesuits. The most successful missionary was Christian Frederick Post, who single-handedly prevailed upon the Indians to desert the French in 1758 and paved the way for the Forbes conquest of Fort Duquesne.

Not only was the Heidelberg Treaty ratified at Weiser's home, but most of the Moravian missionaries lived in the house at some time or other because they came to Weiser to be taught the Indian tongues. Post stopped with Weiser before setting out upon his perilous journey to Fort Duquesne in 1758.

* * * *

THE NUMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS 1680-1776

THERE is no way of determining the exact number of persons who may claim to be Pennsylvania Germans. From the earliest days of the province until the present the only means of measuring numbers was by intelligent guessing. The migration to and from other colonies into Pennsylvania, the frequency of inter-marriage with other racial stocks and the anglicizing influence of English schools have combined to defy statistics on the ethnic origins of Americans in general.

About the middle of the eighteenth century there were several population estimates made by observers. These estimates place the Germans as constituting more than one-third but less than one-half of the province. In 1748 Governor Thomas stated that he believed that the Germans constituted three-fifths of the total population of the province. Seven years later Governor Morris declared that "most of the electors" in Pennsylvania were German. In 1765 Benjamin Franklin stated before the British Parliament that the Germans constituted a third of the population, but the cautious Franklin was careful to qualify his statement by prefixing the word "perhaps."

Historians generally are inclined to accept the estimates of Prof. A. B. Faust and Prof. O. W. Kuhns, who place the number of Germans in colonial Pennsylvania at 110,000 at the time of the Revolutionary War. These same authors accept the figure 225,000 as the total population of the province in 1775. This would mean that the Germans made up nearly one-half of the population of Penn's domains.

The really significant point is not the percent of the total population which was made up of Germans. Others remarkable conclusions grow out of these figures.

In the first place it becomes evident that the Germans greatly outnumbered every other ethnic group in the province. The 115,000 non-Germans included Swedes, Dutch, Scotch, Irish and Welsh as well as English inhabitants. The Germans were the most numerous national group in Pennsylvania during the colonial period.

The figure of 110,000 becomes all the more astonishing when it is pointed out that the total colonial populations of Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Rhode Island and New Hampshire fel lshort of that number.

1776-1944

The Revolutionary War checked immigrations from Germany and the subsequent Napoleonic Wars in Europe put a stop to emigration from the Rhenish states. For these reasons the rate of increase of Germans in the New World was checked for forty years or more. Consequently the percentage of Germans in America decreased during those years and due to the thousands of Pennsylvania Germans who left their state to seek out new homes in the expanding West, a like decrease is noted in the relative figures for Pennsylvania.

The first official census of the United States was made in 1790. An attempt was made to classify inhabitants according to national origins. Out of a total population of 423,373 in Pennsylvania, 110,357 were classified as Germans. From these figures it would appear that all of the natural increase in the German portion of the State's population has been offset by migrations out of the state. The causes of the drop in percentage becomes clearer when it is borne in mind that only seventy percent of Germans in the United States lived in Pennsylvania in 1790, thirty percent being scattered throughout the other states. We have no figures showing the percentage of all Germans resident in Pennsylvania in 1775, but it is reasonable to assume that it was greater than seventy at that time.

The total population of Berks County in 1790 was 29,928, of whom 22,435 were listed as Germans, or well over seventy percent of the residents of Berks were of German extraction.

German immigrants who came to this country after the Napoleonic wars are not generally classified as Pennsylvania Germans. For this reason increases in the numbers of these people must be accounted for entirely on the basis of natural increase and a great allowance must be made for the loss of national identity because of inter-marriage and anglicizing influences.

To undertake to estimate the present numbers of Pennsylvania Germans is futile. Their blood is diffused throughout the entire nation and it is safe to say that most of the seventh-generation families in this and neighboring states could find some ancestral tie connecting them with the early Palatines. There are thousands of Americans today, Americans whose ancestors built this republic, who prefer to speak the adapted form of the dialect which their forebears brought with them from the Rhenish Palatinate more than two centuries ago. But the number who would be entitled to share in this cultural heritage of the Palatines would run into the millions.

A LEGEND OF EPHRATA

by JOSEPH HENRY DUBBS, D. D.

John Peter Miller was for many years Prior of the convent of the Seventh-Day Baptists at Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Though in some respects fanatical, his sincere piety has never been questioned. The following legend was actually related to the author on a visit to Ephrata, and has since appeared in print. It is stated in the Colonial Records that the property of Michael Widman was confiscated by the government and sold in March, 1780.

This is the story I heard one day
In the ancient cloister at Ephrata:

Miller was Prior here, you know,
More than a hundred years ago.
Here at his summons, at dawn's early light,
Gathered the Brethren in garments of white,
Singing their songs of devotion and praise,
Raising to heaven their rapturous lays,
Ere to their labor, through cold and heat,
Forth they wandered with naked feet.

Treasure of treasures, Peace of Mind!
Where can the weary spirit find,
After temptation, heavenly rest?
Where can the mourning soul be blest?
Even within the convent's walls,
Often a cloud of sorrow falls;
And the saint that is pure as the driven snow
Can never escape from his ruthless foe,
But must feel the blows of the monster grim
That is sent by Satan to buffet him.

Near the convent a tavern stood,
Kept by a Tory, a man of blood,
Michael Widman, whose dreaded name
Was known and hated for deeds of shame.
Often he stood at the convent gate,
Taunting the Brothers with words of hate.
Once he smote the Prior meek
Cruel blows on his aged cheek,
Adding the final deed of shame—
The cruel insult I need not name—
Which the soldiers wrought when they bent the knee
On the fearful journey to Calvary.

Washington was at Valley Forge,
Watching the army of old King George,
But he sent one day a soldier-band
To seize the Tory that cursed the land;
And Widman was borne away to die
The shameful death of a British spy.

Some of the Brothers were glad to know
The coming fate of their wicked foe;
But the Prior said: "I cannot stay!"
And over the hills he took his way.
His limbs were weary, his feet were sore,
When he stood at last at the chieftain's door,
And prayed aloud: "O, General, save
The man, who has sinned, from a traitor's grave!"

"Pray," said the chieftain, "Tell me why
You plead for the life of a British spy?
Does your love to your country's foes extend
And why have you chosen this wicked friend?"

"Friend?" cried the Prior, "It is not so;
The man, I believe, is my only foe;
But I seek to do what the Scriptures tell,
And those that hate me I love full well.
Save him! save him! I humbly pray,
As you hope to stand on the Judgment Day!"

The chieftain mused: "Such love is rare,
And I cannot deny your earnest prayer.
I will spare the life of the British spy;
He must leave the country, but shall not die.
You have taught a lesson that all should know,
That a Christian prays for his vilest foe."

Thus a way was found—and the way was best—
That led the Brothers to peace and rest;
For the cruel Tories were seen no more,
Gathered around the tavern door;
And their wicked leader away was sent
To the foe, in lifelong banishment.

But the Brothers sang with the rising sun,
And patiently toiled till the day was done,
Till the Lord at last gave their souls release,
And took them home to the realms of peace.

From HOME BALLADS and Metrical Versions by Joseph Henry Dubbs, D. D., Philadelphia. Charles G. Fischer, 1888.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELVIN A. NEEB

Mrs. Tirzah A. Neeb, 56, wife of Elvin A. Neeb, 1349 Lehigh St., Easton, died Friday morning in her home after an illness of nine weeks. A native of Washington, N. J., she was a daughter of the late Oscar E. and Rose Osmun and resided in Easton for the past 45 years.

She was an active member of Calvary Memorial Methodist church, Easton.

Besides her husband, she leaves a daughter, Mrs. Spencer B. Ames, Elizabeth, N. J.; a son, William, in the U. S. Army, stationed in New Guinea, and a son, Earl, Johnstown; four brothers, Fitts J. Osmun, New Haven, Conn.; Jesse and Earl Osmun, Philadelphia, and Raymond Osmun, Willow Grove, and a granddaughter.

MRS. EVA K. LAMPARTER

Mrs. Eva K. Lamparter, 54, wife of Eugene R. Lamparter, died yesterday at her home in Zionsville R. D.

A daughter of Elizabeth (nee Sowers) Kuhn, and the late Jacob Kuhn, she was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Sumneytown.

She is survived by her husband, her mother, who resides in Green Lane; two sisters, Mrs. Earl Muehlhauser of Miami, Florida, Elizabeth Kuhn, Philadelphia; two brothers, John of Green Lane, and Wilmer of Philadelphia.

Rev. E. L. Angstadt will officiate at services to be held at the Hoffman funeral home, 221 Main St., East Greenville, on Monday at 1:30 p. m. and at further services at St. John's Lutheran church, Sumneytown, at 2 p. m. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

MRS. REBECCA HAWK

Mrs. Rebecca F. Hawk, 90, died Friday morning at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey A. Koons, 311 S. 17th St., Harrisburg.

Survivors are two sons Floyd, of Harrisburg and Charles of Lykens, and the daughter, Mrs. Koons. Fifteen grandchildren including Mrs. Wilmer C. Smith, 916 Seneca St., Fountain Hill, and two great-grandchildren also survive.

SAMUEL KUCZYNISKI

Funeral services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Sunday in the John R. Shupp funeral home, 812 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, for Samuel Kuczyniski, of 1627½ Columbia St., Bethlehem, who died Thursday in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown. A native of Russia, he is survived by a brother, Stanley Kuczyniski, of Ringtown.

DANIEL ROSS

Funeral services for Daniel Ross, aged about 87, formerly of 320 Shawnee St., Bethlehem, will be held at 3:30 this afternoon in the Albert Robinson funeral home, 534 Broadway, Bethlehem. He will be buried in New Jerusalem cemetery, Leithsville.

The man died Thursday in St. Luke's hospital, where he was taken by policemen who found him Monday ill in bed in his room at 320 Shawnee St., and without care. No relatives have been located except Frank Ross, a nephew, of 1807 Cherry St., Camden, N. J.

Answers To Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Morning Call Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N. E., Washington 2, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage.

Q. What is the smallest mammal in America? M. W.

A. Winnemana pigmy shrew. A specimen from North Carolina weighed less than a ten cent piece, its total length only about 3 inches including the tail. Pigmy shrews are rare in collections and their habits are little known.

Q. What countries produce the most oranges? M. E. R.

A. The United States produces about one-fourth of the world's crop of 200 to 250 million boxes. Spain, Brazil, Japan, Italy and Palestine follow in order.

Q. What city in the United States is directly north of the westernmost point of South America? E.E.G.

A. Detroit, Mich.

Q. Who wrote The Story of a Country Town? D.D.

A. Ed Howe or the Sage of Potato Hill as the Kansas editor was known. Critics still regard this work as one of the classics of frontier literature.

Q. How much does a telephone operator's head set weigh? O.O.F.

A. The weight is approximately one pound.

Q. What two towns in Mississippi were married? P.A.D.

A. The adjacent towns of Pittsburg and Tullahoma. To settle a hot dispute over names a clergyman married the towns represented by a young man and women, at a barbecue on July 4, 1836. Thereafter they became the town of Grenada.

Q. How much salary did the dog Lassie receive while playing in the movie Lassie Come Home? L.R.D.

A. His salary was $250 a week. Lassie is a male dog who formerly was named Pal.

Q. What is the permanent rank of General Eisenhower? A.F.F.

A. His permanent rank is that of major general, but he has the temporary rank of general.

Q. Please explain how the President could veto a bill when he was outside the United States at the time. S.C.

A. During the President's trip to the Cairo-Teheran conferences, legislation requiring his signature or veto was carried to him by plane.

Q. How does the public debt compare with the amount of money collected in taxes? M.C.L.

A. On Dec. 15, 1943, the gross public debt of the United States amounted to $165,765,195,827.50. It is estimated that $32,182,000,000 was collected by Federal, State, county and municipal taxes during the fiscal year 1943.

Q. Are there any living descendants of the prophet Mohammed? S.S.

A. The Aga Khan of India is a direct descendant. One of the richest men of the world, he is presented on certain occasions with his actual weight in gold by loyal followers.

Q. What are the most popular children's books of all time? E.S.S.

A. Such a list would include Alice in Wonderland, an overwhelming favorite in many polls, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Swiss Family Robinson, Little Women, David Copperfield and Andersen's Fairy Tales.

Q. When was radio first used in war? I.B.D.

A. Crude systems of reception and transmission were used during the Russo-Japanese War in 1904.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Bohna Shmoke

M'r hen shun k'hoert fon alla orta shmoke os tzu denka is, ow'r wohrhoft won bohna shmoke net ebbes neias wor tzu uns. Un sel is grawd wos sie da onner dawg kotta hen drous in Topton wie 'm Lewis Reinert sei fraw die Arlene lima bohna mocha hut wolla fer supper. Ow'r now fershtain uns recht, die Arlene hut net gabroviert fer bohna shmoka in ra peif—die Arlene shmok'd net, un won sie dade don glawwa m'r net os lima bohna gute brenna dada in ra peif. Ow'r won die bohna mohl laenich dahame uf 'm offa imma kessel sin, noh bei golly boova brechts lose.

'S wor ow'r net da Arlene ihra maining fer die bohna shmoka, odder so gore aw 'n bohna shmoke in der gong griega. Wos sie duh hut wolla, wor, die bohna iwwer duh un sie sich selwar helfa lossa uf 'm offa die weil os sie ready mocha dade fer ihra dochter Carol fert nemma shwimma. Eb sie gang'd hut sie gamaint fer die hitz om offa ob draya, un die bohna noh sudderra lossa im haisa wosser bis sie gore weara. Der blawn wor gute, ow'r wohrhoft won sie un der Carol net fert sin shwimma, un hen gons un gore fergessa der offa ob tzu draya. 'S wor net bis sie fer 'n gutie lang drowwa om shwim blotz worra woh sie onna sin, os die Arlene on ihra lima bohna gnadenk'd hut.

Die barichda sin, sie wear noh so'n halver kantor tzurick hame g'sphrunga, un het shun fon weit'm garocha wos om aw gae wear. Der wind in da bohna sheinds hut fire g'fonga, uns hous wor so dick fol shmoke wie sie uf gamocht hut fer nei, os es bol note gaduh het sie het 'n shib fer baw shebb. Fiel fom shmoke hut sich uf kours shun nous g'shoft kot, ow'r wie sie die dierra un fenshterra uf gamocht hut fer frishie luft nei ins hous lossa, noh huts gons der hanker gabutta. Die nochberra woh shun weil gamaint hen 's wear aryads ebbes om aw brenna sin alla waiga bei g'shprunga kumma, un denk 's het net fiel ganumma hetta sie g'shick'd fer die East un West enner fire kumpanies.

Tzu all'm guta glick wor ow'r weiters ken shawda gaduh. Der aintsich'd shawda, worra die bohna woh ol tzu esh ferbrent worra, un der koch kessel woh 'n loch in budda kot hut gross ganunk fer nous mit da fousht. Un noh uf kours wor aw der uf ruhr os so'n shmoke immer rais'd in ra nochbershaft, un wie er aw widder hut dessa mohl. Doch hetta die socha noch 'n lot shlimmer sei kenna os wie sie worra, won sie nocha mohl so shlim gawest weara. Ebbes uf kours is shure, un sel is os die Arlene noch dem sehnt datzu os sie net widder lima bohna iwwer hut won sie die Carol fert nembt shwimma—un won sie hut, os sie 's fire ous dray'd eb sie fert gait.

Worra Feriora

Doh shwetza fon bohna shmoke in Topton gamohnt uns on die arrick tzeit os der Lloyd Bieber un der Will Rautzawn dart fom town da onner owet kotta hen fer sich hame shoffa fom Fire Hous. Ferol os m'r wissa wor aw bohna shmoke rum, un os sel feruhrsoch'd hut fer wos sie der waig nimmy finna hen kenna. Endlich hen sie ow'r gamaint sie weara dahame un hen mohl gaglobb'd on da dier, un ferhoftich sei won net ebber gonna fremmas der kup owwa tzu ma bed shtubba fenshter rous g'shtrack'd hut fer sehna war drous wear. Die boova hen grawd gamoodmos'd sie weara on ra letza dier, hen sich ruich k'halta bis die fraw fom hous widder tzurick im bed wor, un sin noh folshter ihra waigs hame. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wolla die boova die socha aw net hous howwa wos fer 'n tzeit os sie kotta hen fer owets hame kumma, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Abissel ehr, un abissel gelt, hut shunt 'n monicher guter mensch ferrummaniert.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Horoscope

If you have a birthday today you have a keen sense of humor, a quick wit, like excitement and galety, and are generally well liked. You are energetic, idealistic, imaginative, fond of art and music, altruistic and generous to a fault. You are affectionate and domestic. In the next year you will enjoy prosperity, conviviality and happiness, but should avoid improvidence when with friends. Gain will come in unexpected ways and business will progress. Born today a child will be clever and successful, provided the intense emotions and lure of the senses are controlled. Otherwise, troubles and loss will result.

25 Years Ago Today

A Tuesday, July 29, 1919

Plans for the formation of a consumer's league were outlined at a meeting called by the councilmanic committee and designed to probe the high cost of living.

Veterans of the World War who lived in or the vicinity of Emmaus made tentative plans for the organization of an American Legion post in that borough.

After bridging the World War without advancing the price of its product, the Allentown-Bethlehem Gas Co. announced its intentions of putting a service charge on all meters in lieu of increased costs of manufacturing the utility.

City, county and state officials united in their efforts to appease participants in Chicago race riots which were complicated by a complete street car strike. As reports continued to come into precinct stations, police placed the number of dead at 26, with more casualties being reported by the hour.

President Wilson transmitted to the Senate the special treaty with France by which the United States pledged itself to come immediately to the aid of that republic in the event of an unprovoked attack by Germany, and asked for its early ratification, together "with the treaty with Germany."

How Are Your Feet?

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
And to live out thy life as the light.

Swinburne.

ENJOY ALLENTOWN DURING YOUR VACATION

Mayor Diefenderfer on Thursday looked over the Allentown park and playground system, saw that it is good generally and especially good for this particular situation in our domestic life when, during this summer vacation season, the American people are being urged to stay at home and not put extra burden upon the already overcrowded transportation system.

Association with distant relatives and friends of course cannot be enjoyed by remaining at home during the summer. But most of the other gratifications that travel brings can be satisfied right here at home.

There is an abundance of attractions for the younger people on the playgrounds where they can spend all day in the water, if they choose, or intersperse their wading, swimming and bathing with games of the greatest variety. For the adults there are the playgrounds also for those who like the water and the games, and the parks and their many picnic places.

Many Allentonians have not yet explored their recreation assets. Many have not taken advantage of any of them. The current season provides opportunity for pleasant exploration and for the general enjoyment of life outdoors in the process.

As the mayor summed it up after his trip: "There is no better way to enjoy the vacation season right here at home than by using the many facilities offered by Allentown's park and playground system."

NEW ROAD OPENING INTO CHINA

There is a ray of light ahead upon the dark situation in China as it concerns the Allied cause in the Orient.

Yesterday Allied troops took the walled city of Myitkyina after its heavily armed garrison of several thousand Japs had been wiped out to the last man. That feat was accomplished by men with little more than pop-guns compared with the heavy artillery and other equipment of the Jap defenders, for the Allies had marched 750 miles through jungle trails over which artillery cannot be transported. Furthermore ammunition and supplies had to be brought many thousands of miles by air and that method of transportation did not permit the supply of the heaviest stuff.

By the taking of Myitkyina, the way is being opened for a new road out of India to China to take the place of the captured Burma road over which it had been possible to send shipments of heavy munitions of war and abundant supplies. Back of the conquering army headed by four-star General Stilwell, thousands of laborers have been working on many hundreds of miles of road in anticipation of the day when it can be used as the famous Burma road was used.

BETTER HEALTH DURING RATIONING

Americans, in spite of any grumbling about the scarcity of some foods and the rationing of many even though comparatively plentiful, must have known that they still were the best-fed people on earth and, probably due to food restrictions, among the healthiest people on earth.

Actuaries of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. have access to the health records of millions of people who are spread across this entire country and constitute a reliable cross-section of America's population. These actuaries, from a study of the records of their policyholders, are able to say that civilian health in this country is now better than at any time in our history except the record years of 1941 and 1942.

The current civilian death rate is 3½ per cent lower than the rate in 1943, a reduction due to a decline in deaths caused by heart, kidney and bronchial troubles and decreased mortality from the four major children's diseases, scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough and diphtheria.

This has come about in spite of a shortage of doctors and nurses and it may well indicate that restrictions as to food did not harm but probably helped the American people. Furthermore it is suggested that American health after the war is going to improve. Millions of our men are going to come home with better ideas about measures to maintain their health at higher level and a great many lessons will have been learned for application by the medical fraternity to attain higher and better national health standards.

A WAY 'TO GET THE PARENTS'

Just about all the conferences and discussions about juvenile delinquency revert at some time to the more difficult angle of the entire matter, the delinquency of the parents of delinquent children. Generally there is a throwing up of hands when that poser is reached. enerally there is agreement that there should be parental education both as preventive and cure but how to get hold of the parent who need it, always is the big, unanswered question.

San Francisco is making an approach to the solution in a fashion that will be interesting to those who are interested in this problem. In that city a program has been adopted by which parents who are found guilty of neglect of their children are sentenced to attend a series of eight lectures on how to rear their children. In the year and a half during which the school has been operating, more than 250 parents have been "graduated."

Parents referred to the school are enrolled from three groups: 1—those appearing in juvenile court because of their children's delinquency and those appearing to answer chargen of neglect or other illegal acts detrimental to child welfare; 2—those appearing in the lower courts for misdemeanors and whose children might be influenced by their parents' behavior, such as drunkenness and family fights; 3—parents whose attendance is "suggested" by truancy officers or social welfare agencies.

Legal authorities developed enforcement mechanism for school attendance in this experiment to curb juvenile delinquency by utilizing a section in the state institution and welfare code. Parents are told to attend a full course of lectures or face the alternative of a heavier penalty.

Parents must appear in court after completing the course for final disposition of their case. Two unexcused or unexplained absences on the attendance record means a black mark for the parent. One or two of these citations make a judge unwilling to suspend sentence—the reward for "graduates" with a good attendance record.

Lectures, given by panels of experts, cover responsibility of parents from the legal, health and recreational standpoints. The part the church and the school play in lives of children is discussed, a special point is made of the child's emotional problems and the ideals a child should have, and finally the possibilities of employment for children when they are ready to work are discussed.

School procedure gives the speaker 40 minutes. After the lecture questions are invited from the floor, and many parents remain afterwards to seek advice.

The parental school costs the city nothing. Hhe auditorium in the health center where classes meet is donated as is the time of various speakers and the director.

Study of War Mishaps

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—When the war is over and a calm and dispassionate study of mistakes can be made, it is probable that the circumstances surrounding the death of Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair in Normandy will be fully investigated.

The famous leader of our ground forces was a victim of an American bomb dropped from an American heavy bomber. Many other Americans of far less importance in rank but not less important to their relatives and friends have been killed in this war by our own gunfire.

Usually the explanation is that a mistake was made. Also, it is customarily added that accidents and mistakes will happen in the midst of battle. The public has no means of knowing whether the accidents or mistakes are few in number and could really have been avoided or whether they were merely an unfortunate factor in necessary operation.

Errors have been admitted by all the armed services. The Navy has revealed that it has fired on its own ships in the dark or in the obscurity of bad weather. The field artillery in the last war and in this war has laid down its barrages and has caught some of our own men. Some of the air transports which flew from North Africa to Sicily a year ago were fired on by Allied naval vessels.

All these incidents are naturally regretted by every officer who has had any part in them. Customarily, too, boards of inquiry are set up to determine the responsibility. The use of heavy airplane bombers, however, in the form of air artillery to clear narrow areas of ground for infantry, as was the case when General McNair was killed, introduces into the discussion something that has long plagued the critics of military operations.

Thus many air forces enthusiasts declare that heavy bombers should never be used along with ground troops and only as a separate striking force in a strategic air plan. They would confine bombers to what is known as a strategic air force as distinquished from tactical air forces which operate with ground troops.

The Germans, on the other hand, at the outbreak of the war defeated the French Army and terrorized the Polish infantry by the use of low-level dive-bombers. The Allied forces now have dive-bombers, too, and in the Pacific, for instance, the Army Air Forces have been notable for the work they have done in what is called low-level bombing.

The use of the heavy bombers as a part of the tactical arm is, on the other hand, a dangerous affair if the bombers attempt to drop their loads from great heights. It is the difficulty of applying precision bombing under adverse weather conditions particularly that makes it hazardous to let the heavy bombers support ground troops.

But the particular operation in which not only General McNair was killed but many other Americans lost their lives was an emergency. The American commanders were using everything they had to break through a hard series of positions and the end result was that the infantry did get through and the gains made these past few days in France are the fruits of that smashing drive.

It has been feared that lack of experience in the matter of tactical air force operations might produce just the accidents which have been recorded. Clearly the American Army Air Forces have never had such a big area in which to operate with large ground forces and it was inevitable that the result would be a critical one.

The strategic air forces have done a great job in bombing factories and military installations. The last two years have furnished many thousands of opportunities to strike at inanimate targets. The problem of hitting moving armies while not injuring one's own advancing forces is something that requires a great deal more experience than either the British or American air units have ever had. It is a costly way to learn, and there is a tendency to say the accidents are unavoidable. Time alone will tell whether different training methods might have been instituted and whether the emphasis on a separate air arm, with the zeal for separateness, has not to some extent retarded what might have been a longer period of training in tactical air force operations synchronized with ground movements of troops.

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News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—Treasury Secretary Morgenthau has sent flocks of revenue agents into the farm regions to check taxes, without making any public mention of the fact—an unseemly thing around election time.

I have never been able to understand Mr. Morgenthau's philosophy on tax collections or the timing of the calls of his agents.

Several excellent objective political reporters, off duty, made a farm-to-farm tour of several farming sections lately for personal reasons, and came back with the report that it is more Republican today than four years ago.

Even the dropping of Vice President Wallace is supposed to have cut two ways out there. While Wallace had identified himself almost entirely during his vice presidential term with coddling the Left-Wing element and running international errands for Mr. Roosevelt and his old AAA policies were distinctly unpopular, he had many friends remaining apparently out through that region, personal friends presumably of his Farm Journaling days.

The rest of the farmers' objection to the Administration is red tape. They also think their prices have been held down while labor was permitted to gain.

As an example, the glut of hogs became such that the stockyards made the farmers get permits before sales. But the day the permit restriction was lifted, prices went up 35 cents a hundred.

Some weights of hogs have been sold at sacrifice prices, and, in many cases, farmers today are cutting down on their hog production, solely because of their experiences with the government management. If meat demand keeps up, the supply may be scarce next spring.

And another thing: The farmer sees the New Deal still maintaining its AAA personnel throughout the country. In many county seats, these government employes, who formerly wrote checks for the farmer, have little or nothing to do. However, the man on the tractor has not noticed that anything has been done about transferring these government employes to places where they might be useful.

One wise old farm senator has looked back into the records and says no President has ever been elected in this country without the farm vote.

Yet here is Mr. Morgenthau chasing the farmers on their income taxes. The taxpayer in the city finds his simple salaried return so involved as to be practically beyond average comprehension. The farmer's returns are more complex to prepare without complete bookkeeping and considerable estimating.

But what I cannot undrstand is why Mr. Morgenthau chose this time to stir up more hornets in a political area where he well knows they are buzzing around just waiting for some place to alight.

Watch for the Administration to lift from deep within a pigeon-hole in the file room the old guaranteed annual wage theory as a new boon to labor. It probably will be sprung in a speech by New York Senator Wagner or someone of his left labor views. Unless it contains some fresh trimmings to make it more desirable and practical to all labor, it is not apt to be of much value.



SO'N SAUFEREI

Do schwankelt der Siffer mol widder dohaer,
Die Schtross iss zu eng un zu grumm ;
Er hebt sich am Poschde, der Kopp iss ihm schwer,
Er fischbelt e Weil um sich rum.

Noh schnappt er fer Ochdem, der Kopp in die Heeh,
Die Luft iss so kiehl un so glaar;
Do faahrt ihm aa waerklich der Mut in die Bee,
Iss nimmi so viel in der G'faahr.

Noh schlenkert er weiter, er folgt seinre Naas,
Un geht emol heem zu die Alde;
Die guckt verleicht selwer schunn widder ins Glaas,
Do kann sie ken Wedderbart halde.

Er grummelt so sachde un schtolpert ins Haus,
"Ya, Aldi! Ich hab mich verschlodelt!"
Die Ald iss genewwelt un's macht re nichs aus,
Do hot er mol luschdich geyodelt:

"O bring mer die Boddel, die Boddel mol bei!
Was bin ich schunn widder so drucke!
En dichticher Brandewei schenk ich mir ei;
Den duhn ich lewendich verschlucke!

"Ya, wu iss die Boddel? Nau guck emol, Fraa!
Ich muss mer der Rache mol schwenke.
Du waarscht verleicht selwer aa schunn widder draa,
Mer brauch aa net immer draa henke!

"Geh, guck mol im Schank un dart unnich em Bett,
Im Keller vun vanne bis hinne,
Im ewwerschte Schpeicher, un dart uff der Pett!
Mei Hals iss voll Keffer un Schpinne.

"O, hoschte sie g'funne? Was bin ich so froh!
Was sehn ich? Do sin yuscht paar Droppe!
'S iss besser wie gaar nichs, mei Gargel iss roh;
Ya, Aldi, nau misse mer schtoppe.

"Doch halt emol, Fraa!—Des daerf yo net sei!
Mer hen noch net alles vergleppert;
Nau holschte mer widder so'n Boddelche bei!
Noh waerd emol widder geleppert.—

"Blitz-Bumbe-Granaate! Bischt schunn widder do?
Nau saufe mer net aus de Glesser!
Di-yodel-di-hie! Di-yodel-di-ho!
Ich wott yuscht mer hette paar Fesser!

"Nau guck mol die Boddel, des langt fer uns beed,
Loss laafe, mer brauche ken Drechter!
Gluck-gluck! Un des gwallert fer Luschde un Freed;
Un macht uns gewiss aa net schlechter.

"Die Bettschubb iss dunkel, doch scheint uns der Mond,
Er dutt uns zum Fenschter rei lache;
Was iss er so freindlich! Er weess wer do wohnt,
Er weess aa gewiss was mer mache.

"Nau guck mol, der Mond mit em doppelte G'sicht!
Er dreht sich am Fenschter wie Zwilling;
Es dreht sich die Schtubb, was en luschtiche G'schicht!
Die Boddel un mir sin die Drilling!

"Krambimbel-Krambambel! Di-yodel-di-hie!
Nau hen mer ken Druwwel, ken Saerrye;
Un hen mer ken Brocke, so hen mer die Brieh,
Un maerrye do duhne mer baerrye!"

* * * * *

Der Maerrye iss kumme, die Leit gehne schaffe
Un luschdich die Veggelcher singe;
Die Siffer hen Kepp, schier so dick wie en Haffe,
Sin net aus der Kammer zu bringe.

Sie saufe im Elend so wohl wie im Glick,
Sie losse ken Droppe verdaerwe;
Un losst ihne ebber mol ebbes zerick,
Dann saufe sie aa wann sie aerwe.

Die Nochbere sin schunn des Elend gewehnt,
Sie misse sich ewwe begniege;
So, daalerweis, hen sie de Siffer gelehnt,
Un waerre's aa wull nimme griege.

Am Fenschter do gucke die Veggelcher rei
Un hewe die Kepp uff die Seit;
Noh heert mer Gezwitscher—en Schpottmelodei—
"Zwiet-zwiet! Ei, was sin des fer Leit?"

Maerz, 1944 —JOHN BIRMELIN

EN BAUERSBU

ICH HAB der anner Daag en Schtick gelese vun me Mann, as gewinscht hot, er waer widder en Bu un waer deheem uff der Bauerei. Nau ich doubt's, eb seller Mann uff der Bauerei ge-raised iss warre. Wann er waar, dann hot er grosse Advantages g'hatt iwwer die Buwe, was uff der Bauerei uffgebrocht sin warre in meinere Zeit. Ich winsch mich ken Bu meh uff der Bauerei, un eenich ebber as dutt, der muss in verdolte schlechte Circumstances sei nau.

En Bauersbu! Was waar er? Gebore in ere Heemet, wu blendi Aerwet waar—wann er sich net dot gebrillt hot, bis die Mammi ihre nein Kieh alle Marye un Owet gemolke hot g'hatt, dann hot er endlich e Paar Hosse un e Paar Schtiwwel mit rot Ledder owwedraa geaerbt un iss in die Schul g'schickt warre. Er iss gange mit seim Kaerwli voll kalde Lewwerwarscht, hart-gekochte Oier un Latwargbrot far sei A-B-C's laerne. Sei Bee waare zu karz far uff der Boddem lange, un dart hot er g'hockt der lieb, lang Daag, un sei Wammisaermel geglessurt mit seinre Naas. So g'schwind as er gross genunk waar far schaffe, dann sin sei Schuldaage als karzer warre. Es erscht waar's Summerhols hacke, un generally about Friehlingsanfang hot sell neig'schtart. Dernoh waar's Schteelese, Fensemache, Welschkarnland in Adder griege, un yuscht about die Zeit iss als eens vun de grosse Daag uff der Bauerei aakumme. Es war der Schofscherdaag. Der G'schpass yum Daag hot ge-consist vun helfe die Schof fange, un dernoh uff re Howwelbank hocke un die Schof die Kepp drunne hewe, weil die Schofleis eem in der Halsangel rumgegraddelt sin.

Es naegscht waar Welschkarn blanse. Vier Karne zum Schtock, "eeni far der Voggel, eeni far der Warrem, un zwee far wachse." Der Daadi iss hinnenooch kumme mit der Hack, un wann mer's net recht gemacht hot, dann iss er vorkumme mit em Schtiel. Hoscht du in deim Lewe en Gaul geridde far Welschkarn bluge? Weesscht noch wie schleefrich as mer als warre iss un wie wacker as mer warre iss wann en Grundscholle eem ins Halsgnick gedroffe hot?

Glei waar die Hoiyet do. Fimf, sechs Mann sin darrich der dick Glee un hen Gemaade uffgerollt as wie Wollseck, un der Bauersbu iss en halb Feld Breeding hinnenooch kumme far's Graas verschprae-e. Was mer als g'harricht hot far heere vun was, as die Maeher schwetze, wann sie ihre Sense gewetzt hen. Es waar generally wege de Maed.

Die Aern iss do. En dutzend Reffer un Binner im Feld. Der Bu iss widder ausgebisse vum G'schpass. Er iss en halb Feld Breeding hinne draa mit seim Zammedraage. Es zehe-Uhr-Schtick iss do. Der Bu grickt es glenscht Schtick Kaerscheboi un ken Draam. Middaags leie die Mann uff em Graas im Hof far en Rugschtunn un der Bu muss die Geil drenke, der Warref hewe far die deitsche Sense dengle, odder der Schleifschtee drehe far die englische Sense schleife, bis es widder Zeit iss far ins Feld.

Glei kummt die Hawweraern, un en zwee-Acker-Feld iss yuscht schee geraetzt Samschdaag nammidaags, wann die Sunndaagschul Celebration iss. Mer geht ins Hawwerfeld bees genunk far fechte—**awwer mer geht!** Es iss aa sellemols net viel zurickgemault warre, wann ich mich recht erinnere kann.

Endlich iss es Schpotyohr do. Es Welschkarn muss gebascht sei, un der Bu waerd aus seim waarm Nescht geyaagt am vier Uhr, schtriggelt nein Geil un hockt en Schtunn hinnich em Offe un waart far die Daagshelling. Wann sie do waar, dann iss mer ins Feld. Ich hett als yuscht so lieb mit em Deiwel geraesselt, as so en reificher Welschkarnschock aapacke. Wann die Drescherzeit do waar, dann hot mer daags gedrosche un nachts uffgebutzt. Hoscht du in deim Lewe in me Weezehaufe g'hockt hinne annere alte rote Windmiehl zehe Uhr in der Nacht un der kalt Weeze in dei Hosselatz gekitscht? Ich denk so.

So naegscht an de Feierdaag iss mer als widder in die Schul kumme. Es erscht uff em Programm waar en Fecht. Wann mer net gegaerbt iss warre, dann hot der Teacher eem gegaerbt, un dernoh iss mer nochemol deheem gegaerbt warre, weil mer in der Schul gegaerbt iss warre.

Un so iss es Yohr rumgange uff der Bauerei. Ich bin schtarrick driwwer gange. Es waar gewiss net viel Blessier drin, un ich winsch mich nimmi zurick, awwer doch bin ich froh, as ich emol en Bauersbu waar, far ich hab dart gelaernt was Schaffe iss, un aa niemand zu verachte, as schaffe dutt.

—Transcribed from BOONASTIEL—New Edition, The Aurand Press, Harrisburg, 1942.

A COLONIAL WHEAT MARKET

Modern progress is so rapidly wiping out historic landmarks, or changing them beyond recognition, that it was with pleasure we agreed to resurrect the history of one of these "centers of commerce," which had its beginnings in Colonial days.

Facing the historic Skippack Road, at Center Square, Whitpain Township, Montgomery County, Pa., stands an old mansion, now the private residence of Mr. John Morris (1911). The ground on which it is built is part of a tract of 4,500 acres, which in 1682 William Penn "released" to Samuel Fox, Charles Marshall and James Claypool. These men were not able to meet their financial obligations, and subsequently the whole tract "became seized in fee," and passed into the hands of Richard Whitpain, "a citizen and butcher of London." Whitpain, after whom the tract was named, died in 1689, and five of his creditors became the owners. In 1731 William Aubrey, "of the town of London," sold it to Anthony Morris, " a malster, of Philadelphia," and Thomas Reed of Merion. These men, disposed of it to John Johnson, a money lender, who in 1759 transferred 110 acres to Abraham Wentz. The descendants of the latter held it more than a hundred years, and made it a point of historic interest and the pioneer of a great industry.

Abraham Wentz died the same year in which he purchased it, and his grandson, Colonel John Wentz, inherited the property. In 1762 he built a large mansion and had it licensed as "A Public House." It had for its sign a "Rising Sun," and was known far and near as "The Wheat Market." . . . The men who kept public houses were mostly men of note and prominence. The first landlord of "The Wheat Market" was no exception to this rule. The Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania honored him by appointing him Cornet of the Troop of Light Horse in the Militia. For twenty years he was Justice of the Peace. In 1804 he was elected County Treasurer. At the close of the War of 1812 the Government constituted him Collector of Internal Revenue Tax, and later he became the Principal Assessor of the 4th District of Pennsylvania. Added to this he made his house a famous "Commercial center."

In those days the farmer was still a pioneer, with much to learn regarding soil and climatic conditions. A "winter wheat" which could be scientifically nurtured and successfully grown was unknown to him. Indeed wheat did not even ripen well, and much of the bread was made of "rye-an-injun," half rye, half corn meal.

Most of the wheat came from the then upper counties. Among these the Conestoga Valley district, near Lancaster—called "The Garden of Pennsylvania"—seemed especially favored. It was of course necessary to get the crops to market. There were no railroad nor shipping facilities. The pack horse and bridle path period was just passing, but a bright inspiration had evolved, the Conestoga wagon, and this became the vehicle of transportation. In it the careless observer saw only a large canvas-covered wagon, but the man of enterprise, "the promoter" of that day, saw its vast possibilities. Gen. Braddock made it famous in history by cutting the first trail across the Alleghenies. Hovenden immortalized it in Art by his "Westward Ho!" And indeed for ingenuity of construction the Conestoga has known no rival. These wagons had large boat-shaped bodies, with curved canoe bottoms, which made it possible for them to carry freight safely at whatever angle the body might be. The rear ends could be lifted from sockets, and on these were placed feed troughs for the horses. On one side of the wagon was a tool chest, and under the rear axle-tree hung tar buckets and water pails made of tree trunks hollowed out. The wheel tires were nearly a foot wide, and sometimes a "lazy seat" was atached to the side of the wagon for the driver who grew tired of walking. The covers of these wagons were of pure white woven hemp, tightly corded down to arched bows. Each wagon had a carrying capacity of from four to six tons, or a ton to each horse. Of course these horses were large and of the Conestoga breed.

In describing market days to the writer of this article, the late Abraham Wentz, grandson of Col. John Wentz, said: "When farmers came from the upper counties to market their wheat, it was a sight worth seeing. As a boy I was impressed by the long procession of heavily laden Conestogas, each drawn by a team of horses, wearing fine harness, gaily decorated with housings of scarlet fringe, worsted rosettes and bells. The farmers traveled together, because the roads were bad, and they could be mutually helpful. The procession grew, as farmer after farmer along the route joined it, and by the time they reached the "Wheat Market," there were a hundred in line. We had stabling for sixty horses, and as each man had from four to six or seven, many had to be turned out. Every farmer was his own hostler and carried feed for his horses. As he also carried his own "grub," coffee, "flip" and drinks generally were the only things bought from the landlord. At night the teamsters brought blankets and narrow mattresses from their wagons and, spreading them out on the floor, slept there.

Next morning early the millers from Philadelphia and the surrounding country came to the "Wheat Market." Then there was a lively time bargaining, disputing and settling prices. As much of the flour in those days was shipped to England, of course these transactions were carefully managed. After a day spent in this way the buyers returned home, and the farmers spent a second night at the "Wheat Market," leaving early the next morning to deliver the wheat to the millers. This trip and the trip back to Center Square was made in one day. After a third night spent at the "Market," the farmers rolled up their blankets, ate breakfast, took a last drink together, and with their wagons packed with necessary produce bought in Philadelphia returned home. This is how wheat was marketed for many years at Wentz's tavern."

DIE MIMI MIAU

Em J. Stuart Wetselle sei dreifarwichi Katz

Es iss en Elend, awwer's iss net annerscht,
Der Johnny hot en Katzeyammer.
Die Mimi Miau iss fart zitter geschter frieh ;
Saagen yuscht, wu iss sei Ketzel hie?

Des iss en wunnerbaari, dreifarwichi Katz—
Ken wieschterguckich Dier uffem ganse Platz;
Awwer gscheit iss sie, des saag ich dir—
Sie verschteht so viel wie die Mensche schier.

Samschdaags zum Johnny saagt sie "Miau, miau,
Krieg du mer Ochse-Beef vum Butcher nau."
Un wann der Johnny Millich hole geht,
Ich glaab gewiss des Dier verschteht.

Sie weess ass der Kiess frieh maryets kummt,
Dann schnuffelt sie in der Kich schunn rum;
Un wann der Johnny der Fisch neibringt,
Die Katz schier aus der Haut raus schpringt.

In der Porch dutt sie um der Disch rumgeh,
Sie schtellt sich un bettelt uff de hinnere Bee;
"Miau, miau, ich will hawwe!" awwer der Johnny saagt nee.
"Mer hen's fer Supper, kannscht du mich verschteh?"

Die Katz hockt sich hie, guckt traurich zum John,
"Muss ich waarte fer fresse der gans Daag dann?"
"Nee, ich geb der Millich, kumm Mimi, kumm—
Laaf yuscht nimmi um der Disch drum rum.

Un watscht sie die Feggel, dann saagt der Johnny "Nee,
Duh's Feggelche net fange, du duscht ihm yo weh."
Un sie schtreckt sich, schpaerrt's Maul uff, un legt sich hie,
Dem Johnny sei Katz iss en verschtennich klee Vieh.

Denoh watscht sie die Hinkelcher, des dutt em Johnny weh;
Dann dutt er sie detschle, "Loss die Hinkelins geh.
En Hinkel iss ken Meisel, geh du noch der Scheier,
Un fang der en Ratt odder Meisel, die sin net so deier."

Un maryets, der Johnny iss noch net aus em Bett raus,
Dann losst der Milt schunn des Ketzel ins Haus.
Sie guckt uff de Schtiehl, noh in allem Eck,
Un sucht fer der Johnny, denoh legt sie sich weck.

Un kummt noh die Ida, dann geht sie geschwind,
Un legt sich uff der Fenschtersitz in die Sunn un schpinnt;
Dann schtreckt sie sich un schpinnt noch en bissele meh,
As wott sie ihne saage, "Do bin ich deheem."

Un kummt denoh der Johnny, O, ye! was en Freed.
Mit so me Freind iss es ihm net verleed.
Sie reibt an seine Bee rum un saagt, "Miau, miau,
Nau bischt du do, bleibscht du bei mer nau?"

Er dutt sie detschele, denoh bind er sei Schuh,
Die Bussi will helfe, odder guckt sie yuscht zu?
Nau macht sie en Klooe, sie hot noch nie net gekratzt;
Sei beschter Freind iss sei dreifarwichi Katz.

Des Schtick iss fer der Johnny weil er die Mimi Miau so wunnerbaar gut versargt un gelehrt hot. Was in dem Schtick schteht iss alles waahr. Die Mimi Miau iss en wunnerbaares Dier. Des kann eenich ebber sehne.

Locust Valley, Pa. ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

Deaths of a Day

HARRISON N. KNAPPENBERGER

Harrison N. Knappenberger, who resided with Mr. and Mrs. Sol Griesemer, 1107 Liberty St., died Thursday night at 9:30 in the Sacred Heart hospital. Son of the late Benjamin and Maria Nuss Knappenberger, he was born in Upper Milford county, July 12, 1861.

He was a member of Christ Lutheran church, the Franklin Chamber, No. 9, Order Knights of Friendship; the Emmaus Patriotic Relief Assn. and the Festival Male chorus. He had been a member for many years of the Arion society.

Surviving are one daughter, Mrs. Robert Hontz, Slatington; two sisters, Mrs. Isaac Feather, Emmaus; Mrs. Anna Wetzel, Macungie; one brother, Jacob, Emmaus, and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be held at Christ Lutheran church on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with interment in Cedar Union cemetery, Cetronia.

JOHN F. KLOTZ

John F. Klotz, 54, Hellertown R. 1, died Thursday in Quakertown hospital.

He is survived by his widow, Anna Weaver Klotz, and the following children: Katie, wife of Paul Daniel of Springtown; Ada Klotz, at home, and Maynard of the U. S. Army, in New Guinea. One sister, Mrs. Katie Neast of Hellertown, also survives.

Funeral services on Sunday at 2 p.m. at the Benner funeral home at Pleasant Valley, in charge of Rev. John M. Kistler.

ROBERT J. SIEGFRIED

Robert J. Siegfried, 62, Seidersville, Bethlehem R. 4, died at 9 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital, following an illness of four days.

Born in Seidersville, Oct. 31, 1881, a son of the late Peter J. and Sarah A. Reichard Siegfried, and a member of Friedensville Lutheran church, he had been employed by Dr. W. L. Estes Jr., as caretaker.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Ella S., nee Lerch, Siegfried, and the following children: Mrs. Austin Glose, Bethlehem; Winsor Siegfried, Bethlehem; Private First Class Earl E. Siegfried of New Mexico, and Edith, at home. The following brothers and sisters also survive, two sisters having preceded him in death; Edward and Albert Siegfried of Hellertown; Thomas Siegfried of Seidersville; Mrs. Sarah Engelman of Coopersburg; Mrs. Katie Schmoyer of Zionsville; Mrs. Cecilia Weitknecht of Seidersville, and Anna Siegfried of Mountainville.

Funeral arrangements are awaiting the arrival of the son, Private First Class Earl E. Siegfried. Services will be in charge of Rev. Nevin Gearhart.

MRS. JOHN V. HOFFERT

Mrs. Sally M. Hoffert, wife of John V. Hoffert, 1225 Turner St., died at 10:35 a. m. Friday. She was in her 70th year.

Born in Friedensville, she was the daughter of the late John and Catherine Mohr. She had been a resident of Allentown 60 years. She was a member of Zion's Reformed church.

Surviving besides her husband are a brother Robert, this city, and one sister, Mrs. Jacob Reichard, Lansdale.

MRS. AMANDA ECKHART

Mrs. Amanda (Morrey) Eckhart, 14 Main St., Walnutport, died at the Allentown hospital yesterday. Admitted to the hospital Thursday, she had been in ill health for several weeks. She was in her 83rd year.

Mrs. Eckhart is survived by four sons, Robert, Easton; Frank, Phifer Corners; John, Walnutport, and George, Bethlehem; one brother, Charles Morrey, Weissport; 19 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

Services will be held from the Ziegler funeral home, 177 Delaware Ave., Palmerton, on Monday at 2 p. m. Interment will follow in Trachsville cemetery. Friends may call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

MRS. LYNN KOCH

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Koch, wife of Lynn Koch of 302 N. 9th St., died at the Allentown hospital Friday morning at 11 o'clock at the age of 73. She had been a patient at the hospital since July 3.

The daughter of John and Elizabeth Fenstermacher, she was born in Kutztown. She was a member of the Trinity Lutheran church, Kutztown.

Besides her husband, she is survived by three sisters: Mrs. Louise F. Lawyer, Long Branch, N. J.; Mrs. Margaret Franhauser, Roselle, N. J., and Mrs. Mabel Trauger, New York, two brothers, Edwin of Long Island, and Jay of Philadelphia. A daughter, Mrs. Ella Yenser of Kutztown, preceded her in death six years ago.

MRS. ANNA L. HORNING

Mrs. Anna L. Horning, 81, who died Thursday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Wright, 913 Cedar St., and whose funeral will be held Monday at 2 p. m. from the Wonderly Funeral home, 1119 Hamilton St., is survived, in addition to her three children, by a sister, Mrs. Lizzie Eckroth of Allentown, and two brothers, Elsworth Yenser, near Allentown, and Charles Yenser, Allentown.

MRS. MAZIE A. BOWMAN

Mrs. Mazie Amanda (Kistler) Bowman, wife of Harry P. Bowman, died at her late home in West Bowmans, Carbon county, yesterday afternoon. She was in her 60th year.

She was a member of the Reformed wing of the Dinkey Memorial church, Ashfield.

Surviving are her husband, three daughters, Lucretia, wife of Clifford Freeby; Velma, wife of Walter Steigerwalt, both daughters of West Bowmans; and Lorena, wife of Francis Meckes, Walnutport R. F. D.; ten grandchildren; one great-grandchild; and five sisters and one brother: Mrs. Emma Kershner, West Bowmans; Mrs. Milton Hauser, Lewistown; Mrs. Mabel Miller, Tamaqua R. 1; Mrs. Jonas Ebert, Andreas R. 1; Mrs. Charles Frey, Lehighton R. 1; and Frank, Hazleton.

Words of Wisdom

Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable than fidelity. Faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellencies and endowments of the human mind.—Cicero.

Hints on Etiquette

At a tea, the hostess provides butter knives if she means her guests to put jam on toast or muffins.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WM. S. TROXELL

Gase G'shpichta

Wel, so wies sheind gebts iwwer dem 'n grossie annering im Clarence Ritter fon Emaus scinra gase bauerrei os er om gae hut. Der Clarence wie m'r wissa is ae dale fon wos gakent is ols die Ritter un Busby lawda mocher dart fom shteddle, un aw der kerl os doh weil tzurick 'n maining grick'd hut 's wear gelt in da gase bisnis. Die weil os der Clarence sich ow'r net selwar die tzeit nemma hut wolla fer die gase fersarya, hut er der Clarence Schwartz gading'd ols gase maishder. Der "Schwartzie" is shun fer 'n gutie lang 's Ritter un Busbys' knecht, un hut sich hoch gaehrt g'fiel'd fer aw noch maishder sei fon da gase ben.

'S hut der "Schwartzie" ow'r gore ken lang ganumma fer ous finna os 'n lot may tzum gase raisa is os leit gawainlich wissa. Fiel hen 'n maining, klaimt er, allas tzu duh wear die milich tzoppa drei mohls dadawg, un woh ol humbug wear. Gase secht er, mista gute fersarrick'd sei immer die recht ort fuder howwa, so wohl wie aw blenty wosser, un blotz fer exatzierra. Noh dades alsa mohl aw shier note 'n mon os 'n chob wie sel het wear 'n hoarschnidder fer dale fon da gase ihra bocka board in arder halta. Aenicha waig, des da langer os der "Schwartzie" um die gase rum wor, des da aryer hen sie 'n aw gapock'd, un des da graiserrie mee hut er sich aw gaduh fer sie gute fersarya.

'M "Schwartzie" sei fraw die Bertha hut noh shun fer 'n weil gamaint ihra Clarence dade sich tzeita weiss so kayose awshicka. Ow'r 's wor net bis sie da onner owet supper garish'd hut kot, un er is net kumma fer essa, os sie mohl nous uf die yocht is fer sehna woh er so long bleiva dada. 'S

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Speak, History! Who are life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals and say:
Are they those whom the world calls
the victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who
fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? Pilate, or Christ?
—Story.

PARIS JUST AHEAD FOR AMERICANS

All the reports from the battle-front in France yesterday were cloaked with mystery as to the whereabouts and general movements of the American forces. It was evident that General Eisenhower with his aides, Generals Montgomery and Bradley, are making an important strategical maneuver.

Such maneuver, to judge from what the Germans have been reporting, would appear to be an effort to surround the large army of General von Kluge. This army has been withstanding General Montgomery in the vicinity of Caen in desperate attempt to save the French coast-line, east of the Bay of the Seine, a coast-line on which it is believed the robot bomb installations are located.

Reports last night were that American advance forces already were on the outskirts of Paris and there was no secret that the very mobile Americans were ranging far and wide since the taking of Le Mans a few days back. A guarded statement by General Montgomery suggested the hope that the maneuvers now in progress might trap large German forces, an achievement that almost certainly would compel the Germans to abandon Paris without a fight.

So we can look for very important and cheering news over the weekend. One of the ambitions of the American doughboy is to see Paris. This opportunity may come sooner than any one expected, now that the Americans are out in the open country and on the loose. But when they get there, they are going to find few if any Germans. Already these have packed up and scooted, including the Gestapo with all its records. These last are the ones who least wish to be caught.

READY FOR NEXT BLOWS AT JAPAN

President Roosevelt chose to visit Hawaii at a very opportune moment. There he met General MacArthur who was making his first trip to Pearl Harbor since the war and who has just completed the conquest of New Guinea and is beginning his campaign against the Philippines. There too he met Admiral Nimitz who has just completed his conquest of the Mariana Islands with the destruction of the last Japs on Guam.

Thus the trio were able to talk about both finished and unfinished business. They could talk with much satisfaction about the first and look forward with much confidence to the future.

MacArthur almost certainly is going to strike at the Philippines, against which he now can operate effectively. Nimitz, with naval and military establishments being set up on Saipan and Guam, now can operate against the Bonins more steadily and effectively and even against the Jap mainland.

Already Japan is being given a taste of what the war is going to bring them in very short time. On Wednesday, Superfortresses for the third time attacked the island kingdom, centering upon Nagasaki and its ship-building enterprises. However, a new element entered into the attack on Wednesday. This time the Fortresses dropped fire bombs to set much of highly inflammable Nagasaki afire. It was a mere sample of the punishment that is going to be visited upon the Japanese cities and their people. Since fire is the element that the Japs most fear because of the flimsy construction of their dwellings and many other buildings, the war is going to be terrific for the Japs when once it has been brought right home to them day after day.

Unless the Japs call quits, Japan will become one massive funeral pyre.

A BIG JOB SUPERBLY PERFORMED

Lehigh Countians can feel proud that the Fifth War Loan went over the top by more than a million and a half dollars, according to the final report from State War Fund headquarters which have been reported by Warren W. Rhoda, vigorous and enthusiastic leader of the last two drives.

Now we can look back and recall how that campaign lagged for such a long time and how much fear there was that the goal would not be achieved. But now, too, we can be happy that Lehigh accepted the challenge of patriotism in good time.

High honors must be accorded to Mr. Rhoda and to the captains and workers in all the groups among whom the prodigious task of selling $13,144,000 worth of bonds was given. They toiled and perspired in the most difficult season of the year, but they triumphed and all must be happy, very happy.

SOCIAL SECURITY TOUCHES MILLION MARK

The Federal Social Security Agency Tuesday in Cleveland opened its millionth account by issuing a check to a young widow of a war worker and her two little children under the operations of the Federal old age and survivors' insurance system, otherwise referred to as Social Security.

This millionth account and payment comes after a little more than four years of the operation of the system which was inaugurated early in 1940. With attainment of this figure some appraisement of the work that is being done can be made.

The millionth check indicates that this young widow is the millionth person or family group in the United States to be receiving a monthly benefit in the shape of a payment from the biggest insurance system in the world.

Of this million, 418,500 are retired workers of 65 years and over. They constitute the largest group of beneficiaries and receive the largest share of the total payments—$18,300,000 monthly. Children of deceased or retired workers constitute the next largest group, numbering 288,000 and receiving $3,550,000 per month. Wives of retired workers who are 65 years of age and over constitute 12 per cent of the entire group of beneficiaries and number 122,000 persons. The remaining beneficiaries are widows with young children such as the Cleveland woman, aged widows of deceased workers and aged dependent parents of deceased workers who left no widow nor youthful offspring.

So it can be seen that the program of Federal family insurance, even in its infancy, is beginning to serve its real purpose: To prevent destitution and to provide a basic minimum subsistence for American families whose bread winner has died or has stopped work because of old age. In this it supplements other resources, such as life insurance and savings.

In addition to this monthly payment of a total of $18,300,000 to a million beneficiaries—an amount that is constantly growing—the Federal Security Agency has paid out to date a total of $65,350,000 in lump sums to about 450,000 persons who left no survivor immediately entitled to monthly benefits.

While the program is growing steadily, very great increase is anticipated the moment the war is over. Then it is expected that many of the more than 600,000 persons over 65 years of age who are now employed will claim benefits after having stopped work or having been laid off.

The President's Trip

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11—President Roosevelt's trip to the Pacific would appear to have been a gross impropriety as well as an instance of bad sportsmanship in a campaign.

For however much the trip may be camouflaged to appear as an inspection trip by the "Commander-in-Chief" it has all the earmarks of a political journey designed to influence votes both overseas and in the United States.

The opposing nominee, Governor Dewey, has no such facilities for addressing the troops and it would have been in much better taste if, after the recent discussion of how the "Commander-in-Chief" title is being intermingled with that of Presidential nominee, Mr. Roosevelt had decided to forego his trip to Hawaii.

There was nothing urgent about the trip. It could just as well have been made after the political campaign was over. If there had been any real military purpose in the trip, that is, if it had been carried on as a proper function of the Commander-in-Chief, then both General Marshall and Admiral King should have been at the conferences and certain individuals in Mr. Roosevelt's entourage should have been excluded from any place on the cruiser which carried the party to Hawaii.

The impression sought to be given was that the President is carrying on the military strategy of the war. To bring General MacArthur to Hawaii is, of course, spectacular, but it may be seriously questioned what right the President had to discuss any matters of strategy with General MacArthur. Mr. Roosevelt is not the operating commander of our armed services. This duty is delegated to the joint chiefs of staff. It is just as improper for the President to be holding military conferences with General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz as it would be for General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz to come to Washington and hold conferences with the subordinates of General Marshall and Admiral King.

Why Judge Rosenman

It may well be asked why Judge Rosenman, the President's own political and personal counsellor, accompanied him on the trip. Judge Rosenman is a very able and likeable personality, but he is in no way connected with military operations in this war. It may be suspected that he went along to help the President prepare some of his political campaign statements for future use, which would not be improper if the President had stayed in continental United States.

In wartime when the President uses the United States Navy to transport him to an important military base such as Hawaii is today, it should be taken for granted that only military reasons would carry him to such a destination. The presence of other than military men on board will give rise to the impression that the President was not making just a military journey.

There will be some who will also question whether Mr. Roosevelt, as a presidential nominee, should be addressing troops or sailors during this campaign. He made seven extemporaneous speeches.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CHOICE OF RISKS

One of the numerous editors who publish this column writes me:

"On the subject of internationalism my feelings are quite strong. My opinion is not based on any delusion as to the goodness of human nature, rather the contrary. As I see it, we are confronted with a choice of risks. You nationalistic fellows are afraid of consequences of an experiment involving some restriction on our sovereignty and obliging us to make a commitment for the use of force in advance. I think I am well aware of those risks, but I think they are very small risks in comparison with those we run if we continue to take our stand on power politics. I believe if we do that we shall have a third great war—and it will be a dandy."

World in a Trap

I am sure that this is a correct statement of the situation. The world is in a trap of its own devising. The United States is in this trap.

Let us consider what is happening without prejudice or sentiment. The principal nations of Europe are flat on their backs. England, France, Germany, the Low Countries, the Scandinavian countries, Italy—they have all been economically laid low by this war. Whether it is true or false that conversations are now taking place to continue lend-lease to England after the war, the fact is that Great Britain is broke as anyone who bothers to read the figures can see. The victors will be as broke as the vanquished.

Only the United States and Soviet Russia will be in a position to retrieve themselves and to help other countries because their manpower and natural resources, particularly farming and metallurgy, provide a base for recovery. No country in Asia has any prospect of a speedy recovery unassisted. Again, only two nations can assist the Asiatic countries, the United States and Soviet Russia. Great Britain, which once dominated Asia, is dependent there upon the consent of the United States and Soviet Russia.

War Suicidal for Europe

For Europe this war has been suicidal. The question then is: How is a revival to be effected and to what extent can and will the United States and Soviet Russia cooperate in the revival. I am convinced that whether Roosevelt or Dewey is elected, whether the Republicans or Democrats control Congress, whether this country goes nationalist or internationalist, America will aid Great Britain first of all, and afterwards France and even Germany. Apart from any sentimentality, there are sufficient economic reasons to make that certain. But to what extent and by what procedures?

Here the nationalists and internationalists part company. The internationalists view the problem as global. They want to ascertain what the world requires and they would hand it out no matter what happens to the United States. Henry Wallace represented that point of view. In economics it might involve a levelling of standards of living to the lowest common denominator which could be worse, in its economic effects, than another war.

The nationalist wants to look at a balance sheet. He wants to see some figures. He wants to calculate what this generous, even profligate giving, not only of sovereignty but also of national wealth, will do to this country. He even argues that had the United States failed to supply Britain after Dunkerque, Germany would have conquered Europe and Soviet Russia could not have stood alone. He says that even from an internationalist point of view, it is essential to keep America the strongest nation upon this earth, particularly on the economic side. He rejects the possibility of keeping America so strong, if all the weak and backward, despairing and hungry countries of the earth can vote that strength out of existence.

At this moment, this is the essence of the conflict between those who call themselves nationalists and those who call themselves internationalists. No one in his senses wants to see Europe reduced to an Asiatic level. The nationalists, in addition, want to make dead certain that the United States is not reduced to an Asiatic level. By an Asiatic level, I mean an enormous population reduced by wars, famines, taxation and bad government to a standard of living approximating the equivalent of about 20 cents an hour.

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An Example of Christian Charity

THERE ARE few finer stories to be found among our Pennsylvania German lore than that which Joseph Henry Dubbs has treated metrically in "A Legend of Ephrata" in the issue of the ECK for July 29. The story associated with Peter Miller, who succeeded Conrad Beissel at the Ephrata Cloisters, is variously told and not authenticated by historians. Phoebe Gibbons in her "Pennsylvania Dutch and Other Essays," Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1872, included the following account in her essay on Ephrata:

Miller was sixty-five years old when our Revolutionary war broke out, and had been the leader at Ephrata seven years.

A story has appeared in print, and not always in the same manner, about Miller's going to General Washington and receiving from him a pardon for his old enemy Widman, who was condemned to die. . . . .

Widman was at first bold and active in the cause of independence, but he became discouraged, and resolved to go to Philadelphia and conciliate General Howe, the British commander, who then held that city. Howe, however, declined his services, but gave orders to see him safely beyond the British outposts.

His treasonable intentions having become known to the Americans, he was arrested and taken to the nearest block-house, at the Turk's Head, now West Chester; he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hung.

Peter Miller, hearing of his arrest, went to General Washington and pleaded for mercy towards him. The general answered that the state of public affairs was such as to make it necessary that renegades should suffer, "otherwise I should most cheerfully release your friend."

"Friend!" exclaimed Miller: "he is my worst enemy—my incessant reviler."

Said the general, "My dear friend, I thank you for this example of Christian charity!" and he granted Miller's petition.

It is not necessary for me to go further, and describe the scene of Miller's arriving upon the ground with the pardon just as Widman was to be hung, nor the subsequent proceedings there, for I am quite sure that they did not take place.

The evidence to this effect is found in the Pennsylvania Archives, vol. IX, where Peter Miller writes to Secretary Matlack, interceding (apparently) for a man named Rein.

Miller says, "I have thought his case was similar to Michael Wittman's, who received pardon without a previous trial."

The secretary replies (1781), "Witman did not receive a pardon previous to a surrender."

Thus it seems that the story of Widman's trial by court-martial is also wrong. That his property was confiscated, as I was lately told at Ephrata, I have no reason to doubt, as the Colonial Records, vol. XII, show that in council, in 1779, it was resolved that the agents for forfeited estates should sell that of Michael Wittman, subject to a certain claim. (Note:—The different modes of spelling what appears to be the same name will not surprise those who are familiar with our Pennsylvania German names.)

* * * * *

The best account of Peter Miller and how he returned good for evil we believe is that which Julius Friedrich Sachse includes in **The German Sectarians of Pennsylvania 1742-1800**, Philadelphia, 1900 (Vol. II, p. 426 f.). According to Dr. Sachse this account was written by some one early in the 19th century and later elaborated by Dr. W. M. Fahnestock. It reads as follows:

Next to Benedict Arnold, we may, perhaps, rank Michael Widman, not for any corresponding traits of talent or character, but for his perfidy and pusillanimity.

Soon as the news was spread abroad of the colonies having thrown off their allegiance to their Sovereign, the King of Great Britain—the people of almost every county or district organized themselves into committees of safety, who undertook to succor the cause of freedom, and aid in supplying the means to carry on the conflict for independence. Distinguished among these organizations was the Committee of Safety of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania; at whose head was Michael Widman, a prominent enterprising citizen, who had been exceedingly zealous in the cause of his country.

Widman kept a public-house at the crossings of the Lancaster and Reading road with the Brandywine and Paxton road, a short distance from Ephrata, the German Seventh-Day Baptist settlement. There was no man more active, nor of bolder pretensions, than the same Michael Widman, while the star of freedom was in the ascendant; but he proved to be only a fair-weather man—a time-serving, truckling dastard—one moved by the lowest impulses of the human heart, the basest cowardice and the basest treachery.

One evening soon after General Howe had taken possession of the city of Philadelphia, two men, who had come incognito to reconnoiter the Ephrata establishment, to which place the wounded soldiers were sent by General Washington after the battle of Brandywine, rode up to Widman's tavern, and asked for lodgings. While they were seated at their supper, soon provided, they addressed Widman pleasantly, who was standing with his back to an open window; and after some commonplace remarks, Widman blusteringly inquired, "Whether they knew how that insidious scoundrel General Howe was getting along in Philadelphia."

Flushed instantly by the invidious remark, one of the men asked with some warmth, "What, sir, would you think if you were to see General Howe before you?"

"Think?" he replied, as hastily, "I think I should see as d---d a scoundrel as ever walked."

In an instant the stranger sprang to his feet, and presenting a pistol to Widman's breast, exclaimed, "You d---d rebel, you are a dead man."

With as great agility, Widman threw himself out of the window, backwards, and thus saved himself. As the night was dark, he eluded pursuit: and the strangers, fearing a disturbance in the neighborhood from the occurrence, left immediately, and were never seen again in those parts.

Although a tavernkeeper, Widman was the most prominent man in that part of the country at the time, and always exercised an influence, for weal or for woe, as he bent his inclinations. He lived about midway between Ephrata and the old German Reformed Church of that vicinity, to which Peter Miller ministered before he embraced the principles of the Seventh-Day Baptists, and became a brother in the monastic establishment over which he was soon to preside as Prior. Widman was one of the "Vorstehers" in the German Reformed Church at the time Miller changed his views of divine truth and attached himself to the Baptists, and persecuted him unrelentingly and to the most shameful extent; even made it his habit to spit in the venerable old man's face every time and everywhere he met him, and otherwise abused and maltreated him scandalously.

After Widman's escape through the window, he first directed his course to the cornfield, then to the rocky margin of the Kochhalekung (now Cocalico), but not feeling safe or secure anywhere, and regarding his days numbered if detected, he, in his extremity, sought a place where no one would ever suspect him of being concealed, and hid himself in the Brothers' House in Ephrata, of whom he had been such a reviler and persecutor—not only of the Prior but of many other brethren. Entering its long narrow passages, which were never barred at night, he made his way quietly to the attic, or rather the upper unoccupied loft, in the peak of its high roof, and there lay behind a stack of chimneys, three days and three nights without food or drink. Ruminating on his position, his sad predicament, and fearing the worst, he resolved to go to Philadelphia and endeavor to conciliate General Howe, and finding his way out again, about midnight on the fourth night he communicated his purpose to his wife, supplied himself with money and such clothing as he deemed needful and set out at once for the city.

On his arrival in Philadelphia he hastened to General Howe's quarters, and asked admission on the plea of having important matters to communicate to the commanding officer.

When Widman was ushered into the presence of General Howe he became very much embarrassed, and could not give utterance to a single word. To break that unmeaning pause, the General inquired, "With whom am I in communication?" Widman hesitated, and then said, that "When assured that forgiveness would be granted to one who had embraced the American cause from the onset, and had, in his zeal, been discourteous to the royal cause and its adherents, he would add important information of stores and ammunition concealed for the rebels."

While making this declaration, two officers were thumbing a book of entry on record before them, and before General Howe opened his lips in reply, the officers directed his attention to the page before them. After reading a short paragraph, during which he glanced his eye several times at Widman, he suddenly exclaimed, "Ah, sir, you are Michael Widman."

It was like a thunderbolt to him. He fell on his knees, and besought his mercy, and not only begged like a poor culprit, but proffered his services to perform any duty against the Americans.

General Howe's only reply was, "that it was the policy of the British officers to encourage disaffection in the rebel ranks; yet, one who had occupied such a position in the confidence of his countrymen as he, Widman had, and could prove treacherous to them on so slight a pretext—such a cowardly, contemptible pretext—could never be trusted in the Royal cause;" and gave him permission to depart, with orders that he be seen safely beyond the English outposts. Widman had not left his home two days before his wife proclaimed his purpose of dark treachery. Despatches were sent to all the American stations connected with the immediate detachments, apprising the officers in command and Committee of Safety of the lower counties of Widman's design, and all were on the alert to secure him.

On approaching the first outposts of the American lines, he was discovered and arrested. He was carried to the nearest Block House, at the Turk's Head, now West Chester, where he was carefully kept in durance until a court-martial was summoned on his case.

The action of the Court was prompt and summary, and he was adjudged to be hung—the penalty for traitors in that day.

Among all who expressed an opinion on his base treachery, among his neighbors, who denounced him without stint, there was but one person who withheld condemnation and denunciation—but one soul that cherished a kindly thought for him, and that was Peter Miller, the much-abused Peter Miller.

Peter Miller, on hearing of his arrest, set out immediately to the Camp at Valley Forge; at which place he arrived just as General Washington had approved and despatched by a courier, the finding of the court-martial. Miller, being intimately acquainted with General Lee, who had visited him frequently at Ephrata, as a scholar, was presented to the Commander-in-chief immediately. Washington received him graciously, for he had heard much of him favorably, as connected with the Ephrata monastic establishment during the war of 1756—the French war, as it was denominated—and had the highest testimonials of him in advance of his interview, from all the officers and surgeons in attendance on the wounded at the Cloister.

Washington requested him to be seated, but Miller replied that his business with him would not admit of a moment's delay—that it required immediate despatch, and instantly proceeded to plead for mercy towards Widman most forcibly, most eloquently.

It was a majestic tableau to look upon the American Commander-in-chief, General Lee, and several other staff officers, and Peter Miller, in his monastic wardrobe, standing in front, forming a most imposing group. Peter Miller was a tall man, of much grace, clad in a long gray tunic or toga, secured by a single belt around his waist, while the cowl thrown back exposed his exuberant snowy hair and strong white beard, flowing in graceful waves over his shoulders and covering his whole chest in front, while his expressive face, strongly marked with intelligence and benignity, was animated by the warmest benevolence, as he sued for the life of a fellow-being. All were absorbed in listening to the burning words falling from the Prior's lips, which subdued the military idea of retaliation almost entirely in every breast. All began to regard the Commander-in-chief as disposed to exercise his prerogative of mercy; but rallying himself to the responsibilities of his station, he replied: "Friend Miller, there is scarcely anything in this world that I would deny to you, but such is the state of public affairs that it would be fatal to our cause not to be stringent, inexorable in such matters, and make examples of renegades to the cause of Liberty; otherwise I should most cheerfully release your friend." "Friend!" exclaimed Miller, interrupting General Washington, and at the same time throwing up both hands, as if in attestation to the Searcher of Hearts, "He is my worst enemy—my incessant reviler. For a friend I might not importune you; but Widman being, and having been for years, my worst foe, my malignant, persecuting enemy, my religion teaches me 'To pray for those who despitefully use me.'"

The tears coursed down the brave old Commander's cheek, and, taking Miller by the hand, he replied: "My dear friend, I thank you for this lesson of Christian charity. I cannot resist such a manifestation of our divine religion; the pardon shall be granted on one condition, and that is, that you be the bearer of it yourself, and hand it to the commanding officer at Turk's Head in Widman's presence."

Miller assented to the condition: the pardon was prepared with least possible delay and handed to the Prior, who set out immediately, and reached the Turk's Head on foot late that night, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles.

Rising early next morning, after a sleepless night, he found the front of the Block House surrounded by a few soldiers drawn up in a hollow square, having a gibbet in the center, and Widman standing on the step, with a rope adjusted around his neck, addressing those present. He acknowledged his treachery, and acquiesced in the award; warned them to faithfuiness and steadfastness to the cause of Liberty; and just as he was beseeching mercy from above, Miller stepped forward and handed to the commanding officer a package, stating in an undertone that it was from the Commander-in-chief in reference to the matter before them. While the commander of the post was perusing the document Widman espied Peter Miller. He flushed and became greatly agitated, not knowing anything of the design of the Prior's visit, and could only assign his presence to the gratification it would afford him to see so vile and abusive a persecutor receive his just deserts.

Widman, summoning up courage, addressed Miller from where he stood: "Peter Miller, whatever has prompted your presence at this place at this time, I avail myself of the occasion to acknowledge my great and multiplied abuse and persecution with which I have followed you for years past, and esteem it the kindest providence that I have the opportunity to retract my numerous vilifications nad outrages upon you and crave your forgiveness. My unmitigated persecution of you was beyond measure; and although I have no right to look for forgiveness for such wanton maltreatment, yet I trust that I may find pardon above ——." The commanding officer interrupted Widman at this point, by announcing to him that the Commander-in-chief had granted a pardon for his crime, and, presenting Peter Miller, added, "Here is your deliverer."

HYMN OF THE DUNKERS

Kloster Kedar, Ephrata, Pennsylvania (1738).
Sister Maria Christina Sings.

WAKE, sisters, wake! the day-star shines;
Above Ephrata's eastern pines
The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.
Wake, sisters, wake to prayer and psalm!

Praised be the Lord for shade and light,
For toil by day, for rest by night!
Praised be His name Who designs to bless
Our Kedar of the wilderness!

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand
Was heavy on our native land;
And freedom, to her children due,
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised Him when to prison led,
We owned Him when the stake blazed red;
We knew, whatever might befall,
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers; with outstretched arm
He led us forth from cruel harm;
Still, wheresoe'er our steps were bent,
His cloud and fire before us went!

The watch of faith and prayer He set,
We kept it then, we keep it yet.
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,
He cometh sure. He cometh soon.

He comes to chasten, not destroy,
To purge the earth from sin's alloy.
At last, at last shall all confess
His mercy as His righteousness.

The dead shall live, the sick be whole,
The scarlet sin be white as wool;
No discord mar below, above,
The music of eternal love!

Sound, welcome trump, the last alarm!
Lord God of hosts, make bare Thine arm,
Fulfill this day our long desire,
Make sweet and clean the world with fire!

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from sight
The lies of time; be swift to smite,
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,
Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake, earth, through all thy zones, till all
The fanes of pride and priesthood fall;
And lift Thou up in place of them
Thy gates of pearl, Jerusalem!

Lo! rising from baptismal flame,
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,
Within the heavenly city's bound
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon! at dawn or noon
Or set of sun, He someth soon.
Our prayers shall meet Him on His way;
Wake, sisters, wake! arise and pray!

1877. —JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. MICHAEL HECSKO

Mrs. Theresa Hecsko, widow of Michael Hecsko, Easton, R. 3, died at 2:25 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem, where she was a patient for medical treatment.

She was born in Europe and had been a resident of this vicinity for 35 years. She was a member of Zion Lutheran church, Bethlehem.

Survivors are a son, Stephen, Easton, R. 3; two daughters, Ethel, at home; Mrs. Frank Sebok, Akron, O.; six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday with brief services in the Francis J. Connell, funeral home, 427 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, and in Zion Lutheran church, Rev. John Ormay officiating. Interment, Hellertown Union cemetery.

GEORGE L. HADER

George L. Hader, 74, 614 Lehigh St., Bethlehem, died at 9:40 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital where he was a medical patient. He was born Dec. 2, 1869, in Austria and was a retired employe of the Bethlehem Steel Co.

Survivors are his wife, Katherine Moritz Hader and seven children: George, Mrs. Katherine Weaver, Joseph, Mrs. Samuel Shive, Albert, Michael and John. Twenty-four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday in the Harry L. Dillinger funeral home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Interment, Memorial Park.

MRS. MARY KOTZMAN

Mary, nee Wind, Kotzman, widow of Julius Kotzman, died at the Lehigh County home at 6:55 on Friday morning, followed an illness of three years. Mrs. Kotzman came to this country from Austria-Hungary 39 years ago.

The 63-year-old woman was the daughter of the late Joseph and Julianna nee Mallitsch Wind. Her husband preceeded her in death by a number of years.

Surviving are children: John, New York City; Julius, Allentown; Mrs. Stephen Muzsik, New York City; one sister, Amelia Deutsch and one brother, Alexander Wind, both of Allentown, and six grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m., from the William J. Weber Funeral home, 502 Ridge Ave. Interment will be made in Fairview cemetery.

LOUIS KEMP

Louis Kemp of Richmond, Va., who maintained a general contracting business in Allentown for 30 years, was buried in Richmond Friday. He died suddenly on Wednesday from a heart attack.

Mr. Kemp, a native of Catasauqua, moved to Virginia one year ago. He was 66 years old.

He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Ruth Bendheim and Flora Kemp, both of Richmond. Two cousins reside in Allentown. They are: Mrs. George Gordin, 128 S. Madison St., and Dr. Maurice Kemp, 3013 Greenleaf St.

SAMUEL HALDEMAN

Samuel Haldeman, 78, died yesterday at his late home, Danielsville R. 1, after an illness of two years. He had been residing with his sister, Mrs. Mary Oplinger.

He was born in Moore township, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Haldeman. He had been a farmer and a lumberman, and was of the Reformed faith. His wife, the former Nora Arndt, preceded him in death three years ago.

Surviving are a sister, Mrs. Mary Oplinger, and one brother, James Haldeman, Northampton R. 2.

Funeral services will be held at the Harvey R. Saylor funeral home, Danielsville, Tuesday at 2 p. m. with Rev. H. D. Clauss, pastor of the Reformed wing of Christ church, officiating. Interment will be made in the cemetery adjoining Christ church, Moore township.

MRS. HATTIE B. WILLAUER

Mrs. Hattie B. Willauer Breisch, 77, wife of Jonas M. Breisch, 215 N. Ambler St., Quakertown, died Friday in Quakertown Community hospital.

She was born in Schwenksville, Nov. 1, 1866, a daughter of the late Edward and Mary Bertolet Willauer. Survivors are the husband, two stepdaughters, Mrs. Harvey Bilger, at home, and Mrs. Marie Dirocco, Philadelphia, and a stepson, Harvey K. Breisch, Philadelphia.

Rev. H. J. Fitting will officiate at funeral services at 2:30 p. m. Tuesday in St. John's Lutheran church, Quakertown. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

Answers To Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Morning Call Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N. E., Washington 2, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage.

Q. How did the herds of wild horses roaming the plains of the Americas originate? P. R. E.

A. These bands of horses descended from horses of Spanish conquerors captured by the Indians or strayed away into the wilderness.

Q. Please give the name of the selection whistled by Cary Grant during a scene with Nigel Bruce in the motion picture "Suspicion." B. H.

A. The tune whistled by Cary Grant in the motion picture "Suspicion" was "Wiener Blut," by Johann Strauss.

Q. How many of Queen Victoria's grandchildren are still living? E.H.B.

A. According to Dod's Peerage 1943 twelve of Queen Victoria's grandchildren are still living.

Q. What is meant by a pivotal state? R.O.N.

A. It is a state in which the two major political parties are nearly evenly balanced, and which are sufficiently populous to have a large number of votes in the Electoral College. The outcome of the election may turn upon a very small popular plurality in one or two such states.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Hen Sich Blotz Gamocht

Soicha os shun grabs fisha worra drunna om sae, wissa wie fol grabs fisher os es gawainlich is won die grabs beissa. Fer grabs fisha mus m'r nous uf piers un shticker fish odder flaish ins wosser lossa mit longa band'l. 'S beshd bait os m'r griega kon, sin wos sie "Moss Bunkers" haisa, 'n fish os winders g'frohra wert, un weiters net unleidlich is won m'r 'n g'frohra grick'd. Ow'r won sie tzeita weiss uf g'shleff'ld worra, un leia weil rum, noh uf kours shwetza sie fer sich selwar, un wie aw der tzae rubber Fred Lichtenwalner un der Carlton Reinsmith fon Emmaus die ledshd woch ous g'funna hen wie sie drunna on Bavshore in Jersey worra.

Sie worra imma bungalow dart drunna, un hais'd der tzae rubber Fred un der Carlton hetta mohl ae owet ferlonga grick'd fer da nagshda morya nous gae grabsa. Uf die fohrsarrick hee fer ganunk bait uf hondt howwa, sin sie noh niver noch Seaside noch 'm icehous, un hen sich fish kaufe. Die fish nadierlich hen g'frohra sei solla, un sie noh uf da mashine leia lossa iwwer nocht fer dar nagshda morya free nous gae fer grabs. Un sie sin aw gonga, ow'r duh liever tzushtond reich nocha mohl wos huts net ganev'id wie der Freddie sei mashine uf g'shlossa hut. Tzu all'm glick hen sie ihra weibsleit, un Freddie sei Mae un 'm Carlton sei Margaret ow'r net haisa kot mit gae, un wor aw gute. Wie der Freddie sei mashine dier uf gamocht hut is so'n olmechdicher fish dunshd rous kumma, os es 'n bol fon da fees ganumma hut, un hut shtarta hooshda un warixa os gross ordich wor.

Der Carlton hut gore net denka kenna wos om aw gae wear wie er der Freddie hoera hut shnipsa, ow'r 's hut 'n aw ken lang ganumma fer ous finna os ihra bait fish weit iwwer tzeitich worra. Ow'r sie hen gae wolla fer grabs fonga, un sin aw gonga. Wos noch mainer is, des da louder os es bait reech'd, des da besser beissa die grabs.

Die boova sin noh ob nunner noch 'm pier, ow'r duh lievichie welt, ferol os sie gamaint hen sie weara in tzeit, wor der pier shun g'shtopta fol onnerra grabs fisher,—'s grabshd dale weibsleit. Der Freddie un der Carlton worra mohl fer awenich iwwel ob, un hen net recht gawist eb sie fon da mashine wotta odder net. Iwwel odder wohl hen sie ow'r ous gamocht fer runner gae, un sin iwwer der pier nous galoffa mit ihr'm bind'l shtink fish. So wie sie galoffa sin hen die weibsleit awfonga die nase tzu hava, un hut gore ken lang ganumma bis dale shtarta hen ins wosser shpoutsa. Der Freddie un der Carlton hen ow'r gamocht wie won nix letz wear, hen ihra lina rous grick'd un shtarta die fish ferschneida, un tzu gleich sin fon da onnerra grabs fisher shtarta ous tziega. 'S airsht sin mohl paar der pier nous galoffa un hen die nase tzu k'hova, noh sin paar onnerra sella noh un hen ols ous gadray'd so weit os miglich won sie on da boova ferbei sin woh yusht om ready mocha worra fer shtarta grabsa.

Bis sie ihra lina ol ready kot hen fer nous shmeissa, wor der pier so tzu sawga lare, un der Freddie un der Carlton hen ol der blotz kot fer grabs fisha os sie howwa hen wolla. Wos noch mainer is, sie hen aw gore ken glawk kot os die grabs net gabissa hen. Die barichda sin, sie hetta alsa mohl shier net rote duh kenna fer die grabs shtarrick ganunk rei tziega, un het gore ken tzeit ganumma hetta sie ol ihra karrab g'shtopta fol kot un weara niver noch Bayshore, so harlich un froh wie paar glaina boova won sie ihra airshda chubs g'fonga hen.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Soicha os maina der Homer "Flash" Stahl fon Red Hill, un woh doh om Call shoft wear geshter yusht so harlich un uf galaibt gawest weil er un sei Kitty ihra hochtsich fesht g'fired hen sin ol letz.

Nadierlich wor sel fesht aw 'n grossie harlichkate un blessier, ow'r fohraw gucka tzu ra wochs vakation on Ocean City in Jersev wie sie duhn, un woh er wase wons wedder eisht is, os er tzurick kumt so rote ferbrent fon da sun wie 'n welshhawna,—wel won sel net ganunk is fer der Homer locha mocha, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear.

Ferol os m'r wissa wil er un die Kitty aw net hous howwa woh sie onna gain uf vakation, un sawga don besser nix may weiter, so os die socha yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

With more than ordinary ability, you have self-confidence and ambition, and work and plan in a methodical manner. You sometimes speak quickly, but you do not intentionally hurt others. You love travel and good times and want your family and loved ones to share all your pleasures. You are affectionate and loving. In the next year you should guard against misrepresentation, double-dealing, theft and misplacement of important documents; also accidents and nervous overstrain. Employers will be helpful; travel will not. Born today a child will evince luxurious tastes, spending money quickly and often foolishly. Much artistic and musical talent will be forthcoming.

25 Years Ago Today!

A Tuesday, August 12, 1919

Robert M. Summers, agent of the State Food Bureau, charged that officials were allowing food to rot rather than c

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Be not afraid to pray; to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope, but ever pray,
Tho hope be weak, or sick with long delay.
Pray in the darkness if there be no light.
—Coleridge.

A BAD WEEK FOR AILING ADOLF

Russians have reached the Szeszuppe river and may indeed have crossed it by this time to be the first of the Allies to get upon "holy German soil," as Hitler has been wont to term a land that has bred war-makers consistently for a hundred years. In fact the area that thus appears to have been violated first, namely East Prussia, is part of the very heart and core of the German military system and the people who have lived and thrived upon it.

Not for sympathetic but for military reasons this is the first German soil to be invaded. It is the section the Russians have been able to reach first. Furthermore there is very great desire on the Russians' part to get into such strong position that they will have cut off all the large German armies that have garrisoned and defended the Baltic republics to the north and northeast and to make them useless to any coordinated German effort. Much of those forces have been cut off by penetration to the coast-line near Riga but the menace must be made even greater for them by throwing more troops into any effort they might make to get out of the Baltic countries and compel them to leave by sea if they do not wish to fight.

As the Russians approached East Prussia and could look over the imaginary line that is its border, it became evident that the Germans do not think their soil is so holy as to protect every inch of it with their blood or to do it no harm. Instead they appear to be adopting the Russians' policy of the "scorched earth." Villages and towns are going up in flames and everything that the Russians might use is said to have been put to the torch in advance of their arrival.

So Adolf Hitler is seeing August ending very badly for him. On the east that unthinkable fact, invasion of the Fatherland, has taken place and no matter how minor may be the significance thereof in a military way, in a sentimental way it must be tremendously important as to German morale, once it becomes known widely. From all other fronts, German news no matter how highly colored and played down by the propagandists must be able to give the Germans no comfort but provide an entirely different emotion.

From both invasion fronts in France the news cannot be good for if the Germans are told that their troops are fighting on the outskirts of Paris and along the Seine they must know that their armies have taken a beating in the campaigns in Normandy and Brittany. When they are told about the fighting at Toulon they can and must know the Allies are well ashore in southern France. When they learn about fighting around Florence they must know that their armies have lost two-thirds of Italy. They'll probably learn too about an invasion of Albania, directed to the liberation of Yugoslavia and Greece and they will not be able to smile about the evident decision of Bulgaria to get out of the war while there is some opportunity of deserting a sinking ship.

They have seen the Italians go down completely. They have seen the liberation of much of France. They face the loss of Bulgaria as an ally. They stand almost alone and what still stands with them is wobbly and weak and eager to get out. Even inside Germany there must be evidence of the weakness of the German structure which has in its industrial and social system such a vast number of slave laborers from conquered an allied countries—most of them straining at the reins and evidencing their feelings by sabotage and work-stoppages if not by more violent means.

As August nears its end, so Hitler's end becomes more plain to be seen. He and his fanatical fellows can keep up a long, delaying action here and there, but the tightening of the noose around the German neck is in rapid progress. It is merely a matter of time when the strangulation will have been completed. Every temporary ray of hope has been blotted out as it has gleamed for the German people—the promises of U-boat supremacy, the African campaign, the building of Fortress Europe, the robot bombs to mention a few in chronological order. All have achieved their harm but they have been surmounted by the tough Allies who face them.

Now the Germans must know that they either overrated their strength or that their strength has been spent. The throwing out of peace feelers is an indication that they know this. But again they have been told by President Roosevelt that there is one way, and one way only, for them to have an end to a war that they no longer like as they did in '39, '40 and '41. They can secure it by unconditional surrender. This time they will however not escape occupation thru an armistice. Germany will be taken over. It will be occupied and the next generation cannot be told that Germany won the war because she was never occupied.

FOR A SANE COMMUNITY OBSERVANCE

Harking back 26 years, the older heads of the community recall the nightmare that was the spontaneous observance of the Armistice in World War I. Realizing that a similar situation is likely to develop if and when Germany again collapses, there is keen desire in the older hearts to make observance of an ending of the war in Europe a saner, sounder and more reasonable event than was that of November 11, 1918, and days thereafter.

Plans are now being shaped. A capable committee is at work on them. The details thereof will be announced in due time. Meanwhile it will be befitting that each and every person give thought to the matter as to his own behavior and reactions and develop a self-discipline that shall direct persoanl observance of a happy, a gloriously happy day in a discreet and proper manner. Much of all this has to be personal and individual. Self-discipline will guard against being swept along by any mass hysteria that is likely to develop—hysteria that can lead into the most unusual if not in fact serious directions.

Dewey and the Peace

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—Governor Dewey's statement on foreign policy has occasioned a good deal of discussion in official Washington and it is natural for the Democrats to try to read into it some political or partisan purpose.

Secretary Hull, on the other hand, was quick to say that he would welcome conferences with Governor Dewey as he has with other prominent Republicans.

The Republican nominee, to be sure, has as much right as President Roosevelt or any other citizen to discuss publicly our responsibilities in world affairs, and it is a mistake for Democrats here in Washington to criticize Mr. Dewey for having spoken at this time. The truth of the matter is that only a portion of what the United States government has agreed upon secretly with other governments concerning the proposed general international organization has ever been made public. And yet a conference is being held, beginning Monday, to discuss an American memorandum which has been seen by a small number of persons in official life, including Republican Senators and members of the House. It would be far better if this document could be given to the American people in advance of next Monday's meeting, because it is eminently desirable that American public opinion exercise its maximum influence before the forthcoming meeting makes binding agreements.

Dewey and Hull

There is no reason to suppose that Governor Dewey will be found at variance with Secretary Hull, and it may well be that the Republican nominee is utilizing this opportunity to remove doubts from the minds of those independent voters who have thought him likely to take the isolationist position in respect to foreign policy. By associating himself publicly with a discussion of the most pressing subject of the moment—namely, the formation of a general international organization to preserve peace—Governor Dewey steps out from his role of New York governor and takes his position as the Republican nominee for the presidency—the leader of a major party.

If, as seems likely, Mr. Dewey will agree with the views of Mr. Hull, then it will be difficult for the Democrats to persuade independent Republicans that Mr. Roosevelt's continuance in office is absolutely essential in order to "make the peace."

The "Transition Period"

There is very little difference thus far between what is believed to be the Roosevelt-Hull view and the Dewey view as to the general international organization. Whatever difference there is concerns the "transition" period after the war. Neither the Republican nominee nor the Democratic nominee has indicated just how long this "transition" period must be, but it is plain that both sides are doing a bit of jockeying on this point. Unfortunately, the American people have been misled during the last several months by a continuous flow of argument from high places to the effect that a "transition" period is absolutely essential and that, during the "transition" period, Great Britain, Russia, China and the United States must maintain the peace.

This is an unrealistic statement, because everybody knows that immediately after the armistice, a military agreement can be made for occupation of enemy countries and that this military occupation in no way requires a political alliance or a postponement of the operations of the general international organization. After the last war, the peace treaty provided for occupation of all German territory and the League of Nations covenant went into effect promptly just the same. That wasn't the reason for the rise of Hitler, which came in 1933—fifteen years after the armistice.

The theory that Germany and Japan will have to be watched carefully in the first three to five years after the war to prevent their return to aggression is based upon an erroneous conception of what is going to happen at the end of the present war. If both Germany and Japan are rendered powerless to renew the attack, it will be fifteen years or more before they will be capable of aggression again. After the last war, the German army was demobilized and her navy was scuttled, and for fifteen years she was no military threat to anybody. America's failure to participate in the League of Nations caused a return to power politics in Europe. Both England and France, moreover, were so burdened financially by the war that their peoples failed to tax themselves for new armament and their statesmen neglected to exhibit the alertness necessary to observe what was happening in Germany beginning in 1933.

Mr. Dewey may be proved right if the scheme that comes out of next week's conference provides for a military domination in the so-called "transition" period which could easily become the basis of power politics. It is, therefore, necessary for the Department of State to make clear the American position on this point, and it is hoped that the administration will confine the "transition" period to a military agreement that in no way interferes with the immediate operation of the general international organization.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE RATE OF SPEED

Words have a way of coming back to smite their speaker, as you and I know from our vast personal experience. Thus Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his 1935 address to Congress on the state of the nation, said:

"Throughout the world, change is the order of the day. In every Nation economic problems, long in the making, have brought crises of many kinds for which the masters of old practice and theory were unprepared. In most Nations social justice, no longer a distant ideal, has become a definite goal, and ancient Governments are beginning to heed the call."

He had no idea that the changes, to which he referred then, would by now bring millions of the best men of every nation to an untimely death, that cities would be devastated and nations destroyed. In the sentence before, Mr. Roosevelt had said:

"Let him, who, for speculative profit or partisan purpose, without just warrant, would seek to disturb or dispel this assurance, take heed before he assumes responsibility for any act which slows our onward steps."

"Stop, Look and Listen"

If only the world had then listened to the few prophetic voices that were crying in the wilderness "Stop, Look and Listen!" Everybody seemed so sure that the old order was dead and that change for the sake of change, swift action for the sake of swift action, a new order for the sake of a new order—was progress. Hitler spoke of a new order. Roosevelt said: "We have undertaken a new order of things." The Japanese were preparing a new order. Roosevelt also said: ". . . the American people do not stand alone in the world in their desire for change." And he was so right. Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Leon Blum, Metaxas, Franco—everybody, everywhere, insisted upon change—change swiftly, sharply, and in any direction. The people were clamoring for change. It was a world epidemic.

And within five years of that speech, that goal of social justice is appallingly distant—far more distant than it was on January 4, 1935 when Franklin D. Roosevelt spoke so blithely. In fact, many of the nations which existed then, exist no more except in the hearts and minds and memories of their sons and daughters. France is struggling to revive the merest evidence of national existence; Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian countries are prisoners of war; Poland has become an historic tragedy; Italy an ugly pawn of politics; Czecho-Slovakia a betrayal; Germany a charnel house and England a dependent upon the United States—and the United States and Soviet Russia, jealous masters of mankind. Five years of speed, of rushed changes, of men in a hurry, of continuous monorail "liberalism" of destroyed standards and breached traditions, of confusing the liberty of the individual with the "rights" of the state—and look at the result!

In that same speech, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"We find our population suffering from old inequalities, little changed by past sporadic remedies. In spite of our efforts and in spite of our talk, we have not weeded out the overprivileged and we have not effectively lifted up the underprivileged. Both of these manifestations of injustice have retarded happiness . . ."

History Will Render Verdict

Of course, it is so easy for the politician to say that Hitler made this war single-handed. To question that today endangers the questioner. Yet, never in all history has any one man made war single-handed. The circumstances of the moment make the war as well as the leader possible. Hitler and Roosevelt and even Stalin are the end results of historical forces over which they had no control and of which they were originally no part. Historians of the future will trace out those circumstances and will differ over them, but in time there will be a verdict of history, as there always is.

And that verdict may be that all our current troubles are the product of impatience, of rush and hurry and speed, of the break with the traditions of the race in religion, in philosophy, in education. The verdict of history may even be that the voice of the people everywhere was not the voice of God, but the raucous, noisome, shrieking, distressing promptings of political devils.

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The Tory Preacher

The Reverend John Ludwig Voigt was from 1765 to 1776 pastor of several churches in Montgomery and Chester counties, Pennsylvania. At the time when the following verses were written, the author was not aware that, after the occurrence which is here related, he removed no further than from Montgomery to Chester county, where he continued to minister to a part of his former charge. Even in his new residence he was made to suffer greatly for his political opinions, and in 1778 his two churches and the parsonage were occupied as military hospitals, on the grounds that "the pastor was a Tory, and did not pray publicly for Congress. (See "Hallesche Nachrichten," p. 1411.) His people, however, remained personally attached to him, and he continued to serve them faithfully for many years. He married late in life and left no descendants. The author's maternal grandmother was his niece.

"Grandpa! tell your boy a story—
You remember one, I know—
Of the times of war and glory,
And the battles long ago;
When by fiercest foes surrounded,
Loud the bells of freedom rung;
When the trumpet's blast resounded,
In the days when you were young!"

"Ah! my boy!" the sire responded
To the urchin on his knee,
"Oft the bravest hearts desponded
When we struggled to be free.
Then the days were sad and dreary,
And the nights were full of woe,
When they tracked our footsteps weary
By the blood upon the snow.

"Home and freedom — rich possessions—
How we prized them, none can tell;
British red-coats—hireling Hessians—
Yes, methinks, we fought them well!
And 'tis writ in ancient stories,
That we kept the soldier's vow;
But the Tories—ah! the Tories—
I could smite them even now.

"Well! 'tis wrong to hate forever,
And the Scripture says, you know,
We should use our best endeavor
To forgive the vilest foe.
No! I do not wish to wrong them,
And, perchance, there were a few
Poor, misguided men among them,
Who withal were good and true.

"There was one—a poor, old creature
Who had come from lands afar;
He had béen a German preacher
In the days before the war.
Always, till his head was hoary,
Faithful to his Lord's command—
How he could become a Tory,
I could never understand.

"Congress sent a Proclamation,
Bidding ministers to pray
For the army and the nation,
Fervently each Sabbath Day;
But, unmindful of the warning,
Then he did a foolish thing,
And in church next Sunday morning
Prayed as usual for the king.

"How the people then abused him!
Called him traitor to his face!
Ne'er before had men accused him
Of a deed of foul disgrace.
But he said: 'My brethren, hear me!
Soon, I know, my race is run;
Death is surely drawing near me,
And the crown is almost won.

"When in youth I crossed the ocean,
And had reached the western shore,
Filled with rapture and devotion,
Once a solemn oath I swore.
Will ye ask me now to break it?
Can I do this wicked thing?
Here's my life—'tis worthless—take it!
For I can't give up my king!"

"Then they closed his church—'twas madness
Thus to rouse the people's rage;
But he still, in grief and sadness,
Lingered in the parsonage;
And one night a band of 'Skinners'—
Hardly caring who were winners—
Swore they'd make the parson pray.

"It was late—with door unfastened,
He was resting in his bed;
Thither then the villains hastened,
Held their pistols to his head,
And their chief, a stalwart ranger,
Cried, with murder in his eye,
'Parson, wake! your life's in danger!
Pray for Congress now, or die!

"'Do not falter! Now or never!
Swear upon your bended knee,
To be firm and true forever
In the cause of Liberty!'
'Nay!' he said. They shouted wildly,
'Let the cursed Tory swing!'
But the parson whispered mildly,
'Nay! I can't give up my king!"

"'Brand the traitor on his forehead!
Brand him with the letter T!'
So they cried, with gestures horrid,
Dancing in Satanic glee.
Ah! to wear the traitor's token,
That would be a fearful thing!
But he still, in accents broken,
Said, 'I can't give up my king!'

"Then they beat him, unrelenting,
Till they thought him almost dead;
And, when they had ceased tormenting,
Left him bleeding on his bed.
And, although they could not read them,
All his books they burned or tore;
Well-worn clothes—they did not need them—
As their booty thence they bore.

"At the early dawn's appearing,
Neighbors came with silent tread,
Through the narrow window peering,
Saw him seated on his bed.
Then they entered without knocking,
And they found him seated there;
In his hand a single stocking,
All that he had left to wear.

"Tears from many eyelids started
Forth, like fountains in the spring,
While they dressed the wounds that smarted;
Garments too they ran to bring;
In strange vesture they arrayed him,
Which forsooth became him ill,
Cursed the robber horde, and prayed him
To remain their pastor still.

"But he said: 'My staff is yonder—
Let me take it in my hand!
Trusting in the Lord, I'll wander;
Somewhere find a peaceful land.
Here I cannot be a teacher—
Ne'er the songs of Zion sing—
I am but a helpless creature,
But I can't give up my king!'

"Then he gave them all his blessing—
There was none could bid him stay—
And, with grief beyond expressing,
Thence he took his weary way.
Where he went—that aged Tory—
Where he sleeps, I wish I knew.
This is all—a dreary story—
But, indeed, the story's true.

Well! I cannot help regretting
Evil deeds, though done of yore;
And I pray that' ne'er forgetting
Him Who reigns for evermore.
When at last, life's sorrows leaving,
I my final tribute bring,
I may, faithful and believing,
Say, 'I can't give up my King!'"

From HOME BALLADS and Metrical Versions by Joseph Henry Dubbs, D. D. Philadelphia. Charles G. Fischer, 1888.

'N WESCHPENESCHT

Es henkt en grooes Weschpenescht
Do unnich 'm Giwwel vum Haus;
Des iss 'n Gewimmel, so'n Summerfescht,
Doch Aerwet richte sie aus.

Sie fliege flink un fleissich rum,
Un kumme glei aa heem;
Sie baue weiter mit Gebrumm,
Doch graddle sie bequem.

En yeder muss sei Aerwet duh,
En yeder draagt sei Leid;
Schunscht hot die Welt ken friedlichi Ruh,
Der Mensch ken Ewichkeit.

—RUSSELL W. GILBERT

Susquehanna University

DUTCHISMS IN ENGLISH

The absorption of English words by the Pennsylvania Dutch has resulted in many strange combinations and only too often the final words bear little or no relation to the original. The lack of knowledge of English on the part of those who thought and ordinarily spoke the dialect, brought about many funny results.

The following is a copy of the action adopted at a temperance meting held in Lancaster county, December, 1851, and on file in the Quarter Sessions office at Lancaster, Pa. (see The Pennsylvania German, January, 1911.)

"Consiteration of the Neberhood of —— township, Lancaster County, December 26th, 1851, about morality temberense & Religions,

"1. Resol'n that —— made an application for a publig Hous in our neberhood for instans we have five publig housses on our small township an one in the neberhood, three on the Swamp and travelers is very few of Strengers.

"2. Resol'n that the aplicand is near the church and meting hous and it was alrety drunken feller on meetings and made Disturbens and the taverns is about one meil of.

"3. Resol'n that about eighteen years back we hat a publick Hous very near by the Ablicand and it was a great trubel for the neberhood about trunkers and Disturbens.

"4. Resol'n that we understand that the Aplicand has a back patition we know there is many single men and with families in the patition, Some will suner go to the tavern as to mill, wife and chilter has no bred."

• • •

Just as English words have made their way into our dialect, so have many of the dialect words become common in the conversational English in this section. For example "toot" or "paper toot" and "stenner" (from dialect dutt, paper bag and schtenner, a wooden vat). Even English-speaking people, not knowing the dialect, may be heard to say, for example, "Three stenners of ice cream were consumed at the picnic." On the other hand the proud Anglo-Saxon laughing at the Dutchman who asks to have his purchase put into a "toot," will ask to have his put into a "poke."

The following anecdote is an illustration of another way in which Dutchisms can be employed in English. A pupil in a rural school who had the habit of always being tardy finally changed his ways. The teacher was pleased and tried to compliment the lad by saying, "Johnny, why you come so soon of late? You used to be behind before, but now you are first at last!"

• • •

The Pennsylvania Dutch probably referred to Stephen Girard more frequently than to any other city person. His outstanding characteristics—honesty, thrift, charity, liberality—these were virtues that appealed to them and dominated their own lives. The great wealth that Stephen Girard had acquired made him admired and respected, for centuries of poverty had made the Dutch regard wealth, or rather the possession of the necessary prequisites of life as one of the highest of ambitions.

The story of his rise to success was told and retold around the kitchens and among the groups that gathered in the local stores of Pennsylvania Dutchdom. In times of financial crisis the person involved would consider what Girard did under similar circumstances. Parents would admonish their sons that if they wanted to become rich they would have to emulate Stephen Girard. The quotation "Stephen Girard got rich by minding his own business," was frequently heard and was used in several ways, sometimes as advice to young people and sometimes also to stop interference on the part of some overly zealous outsider who had thrust himself into an argument.

However, as time passed the name of Stephen Girard underwent a great change and in its final stage the name was hardly any longer to be recognized. The name Stephen was dropped entirely and Girard became two names—Jo Rad—or, as it actually was pronounced "Tscho Rat." Many of those who used the name in the latter form, no longer knew to whom it referred. "Der Tscho Rat waar en reicher Mann un waar so, weil er sei eegni Bissniss gemeind hot," was a saying frequently heard all over this area.

Even though the identity of "Tscho Rat" with Girard had in time become obliterated, the principles which Stephen Girard advocated grew in favor among the Pennsylvania Dutch, and the college which he established has always been held in high regard by the people of southeastern Pennsylvania, and those boys who were able to become students at the school were considered fortunate in spite of the fact that they were orphans.

Wyomissing, Pa.

—LOUIS J. LIVINGOOD, M. D.

REVIEW

LIBERTY FOR JOHANNY. By **Adelaide H.** and **John C. Wonsetler.** Illustrated by John C. Wonsetler. Longmans, Green and Co. New York and Toronto. 1943. $2.50.

Since Elsie Singmaster's "A High Wind Rising" no novel exploiting Pennsylvania German material has appeared so vast in scope and implication. Here is a piece of fiction to please the most sophisticated reader. One is swept breathlessly along on the high tide of action; one hopes in vain to follow the intricate maze of the plot only to obtain clarity in the last pages of the authors' L'Envoi. In fact action and plot are so intriguing that the reader may find himself slighting the wealth of Pennsylvania German matter which the authors have woven into the fabric of this historical novel.

The adventures of Johanny Detsicker, son of a Mennonite bishop, after meeting that unique creation, Professor Opticon, with the French accent and the peepshow box (the "movie" of colonial days) and the long chain of events in which this alert and courageous Pennsylvania German boy unwittingly takes an important part in the play against an elaborate background: the beginnings of the struggles of the colonies for liberation from English tyranny, the dark winter at Valley Forge and its starving, tattered colonial soldiers, and the kind and generous support of the nearby Pennsylvania German farmers, who as plain people barred from actual participation in the struggle by their religious scruples, nevertheless as loyal Whigs bring food to Washington's suffering men. Everywhere we encounter familiar Pennsylvania scenes and well known characters of that day. The story rushes onward with the intricate undoing of General Howe's spy ring and the rejection of Lord North's untimely peace proposals.

One is impressed on every hand with the wealth of historical detail, testimony that the authors have not spared themselves in the acquisition of pertinent minutiae. Especially delightful is their treatment of the early colonial theatre in Philadelphia. Here too, it is evident that painstaking studies were made. Indeed if we were to allow ourselves a general criticism, it would be with reference to this very wealth of detail, not always essential to the onward movement of the plot and at times only forming delightful arabesques, superficially adorning the scene. But for this weakness, if it may be called such, the authors have themselves furnished an antidote: so thrilling and intriguing is the plot itself that the many details are only too easily overlooked. This is especially regrettable in relation to the Pennsylvania German material which the authors have so zealously gathered. It would seem that nothing has been excluded. We find portrayals of family life, descriptions of interior furnishings, the dress and uniforms of the Mennonites and of Pennsylvania German colonial soldiers; hex doctors and their hocus pocus; dower chests decorated with distelfinks, tulips and pomegranates; Mama Detsicker's table laden with the usual Pennsylvania German dishes, not omitting the inevitable seven sweets and seven sours. Mama Detsicker was renowned for her table from Goshen to Allen's Town and from Philadelphia to Reading.

There are references to the early migrations from the Palatinate to the New World under the leadership of Pastorius; to later arrivals, penetrating westward, daring the wilderness and making friends with the Indians; to the first petition in 1688 against slavery by the Mennonites in Germantown; to Peter Muhlenberg (a Lutheran bishop!) There is a barn raising The barn has an overshoot, but one wonders whether they would have painted those "tulip and star designs" on it in 1776. And of course there is cobking of apple-butter, and one knows what to do to prevent it from sticking to the kettle. "A copper bens in the pot ve throw, vill keep the apples from shticking so."

The dialect itself is used sparingly and with the usual errors. One wonders again why reputable publishers do not submit manuscripts containing the Pennsylvania German dialect to someone who is acquainted with the field. The following potpourri of dialect phrases and hog English will indicate to our readers how the authors have gone about creating atmosphere. Little Johanny says, "I can speak **zie pfalisch** (an attempt to render **pfaelzisch**). Jake exclaims, **"Oy du yammer!** (rather mild for a masculine exclamation!)—Ve von't have any **gauls.—Bettzeit,** says mama, **die fogels** are already in bed.—Jake exclaims, **"Hexerei! Geist from die kerchoff** (ghosts from the churchyard).—**Die Brod** is ready.—Can't you see the fire makes out?—Besser ve vait for clouds.

In their Foreward the authors ask, "Who amo: us does not like to read a true story?" They would hardly have use believe this to be a true story, for the active characters are created and no doubt the plot as well, but of course the great events of the Revolution and the spirit of liberty which pervades the book are necessarily true. True also are the tales and incidents which had been handed down from generation to generation in the Wonsetler family, as for example the Battle of the Buns, based on a tale about a greatgrandmother who ably defended her Oven against foraging English soldiers.

An added joy in the reading of this book are the black and white illustrations by the artist John C. Wonsetler. They are more than slavish imitations of our folkart motifs as found on illuminated manuscripts. They are original creations. The illustration introducing each chapter strikes the keynote of that chapter embellished by tulips, pomegranates, etc., in stylized forms characteristic of Pennsylvania German **fraktur.** They are beautifully executed and exhibit native creative fantasy.

From the book jacket we learn the following about the authors: Adelaide Hill Wonsetler and John Charles Wonsetler are husband and wife who collaborate in the writing of books, and Mrs. Wonsetler also acts as researcher for her husband in connection with his art work. In preparation for this book they authenticated the most minute details. They traveled over the roads that Johnny traversed by wagon or horseback. They sketched careful plans of the Detsicker farm and of the Old South Theatre in Philadelphia. They searched through diaries, journals and family records.

Mrs. Wonsetler, a native of Louisville, Kentucky, was for a number of years employed in the Chamber of Commerce in Camden, N. J. Since her marriage to John C. Wonsetler she has devoted herself to writing and re-Camden and graduated from the Philadelphia Museum's School of Art with first prize in illustration. He has executed many murals throughout the east, among them the murals in the Fackenthal Library of Franklin and Marshall College.—ED.

Deaths of a Day

GEORGE H. KOCHER

George H. Kocher died at his home, 717 Cedar St., at 7 o'clock Friday morning. Born in Siegersville, March 26, 1866, he was a son of the late Peter and Rebecca nee Knappenberger Kocher. He was a member of Trinity Lutheran church and had served as superintendent of the Industrial Insurance Co. He had lived in this community 57 years.

Surviving are his wife, Lizzie nee Brensinger Kocher; children, Morris of Northampton; Fred, Harold and Elwood all of Allentown; Mamie, wife of Chester Conrad; Betty, wife of Harry Eisenhard and Mrs. Blanche Yocum, all of Allentown. Four children preceded him in death. There also survive 16 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Services will be held from the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, with interment in Greenwood cemetery.

MRS. JOSEPH FEIERTAG

Mrs Cecelia (Hacker) Feiertag, wife of Joseph Feiertag, 322 N. Jordan St., died yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital where she had been a patient for the past two days. She was 57 years old.

The daughter of the late John and Theresa (Jaindl) Feiertag, she came to this country from Austria-Hungary 43 years ago. She was a member of the Ladies auxiliary of the Austria-Hungarian Veterans society and of the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Surviving are her husband and the following children: Raymond and Christine, wife of Joseph Medl, Allentown; Joseph, in the Army, stationed in Syracuse, N. Y.; Hilda, wife of Frank Vitalos, Allentown; Johanna, Helen, Lillian, Edward, Robert and Francis, at home. Eleven grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held at the William J. Weber funeral home, 502 Ridge Ave., Tuesday at 8:30 a. m., followed by high requiem mass in the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at 9 o'clock. Interment will be made in the cemetery adjoining the church.

ALVIN E. HILL

Alvin E. Hill, retired farmer and store proprietor, died Thursday at his late home in New Ringgold, R. 2, following the effects of a stroke. He was 78 years old, and had been in failing health for the past several years.

He was born in West Penn township, the son of the late Gideon and Elizabeth (Turner) Hill. He was a member of the Reformed wing of Zion's Stone church, Snyders. Formerly a farmer, he had retired from the store business about 10 years ago.

Surviving are the following children: Mrs. William Shirley, Tamaqua; Mrs. Emery Geiger, Leibyville; George LeRoy Hill, Leibyville; Harry Hill, Snyders; Mrs. Doris Bechtel, Kent, Ohio; Clair Hill, seaman first class in the Navy, stationed at Kingsville, Texas; Marion Hill, Fort George G. Meade, Md., and Mrs. Madeline Borash, at home. His wife, the late Maude L. (Burkey) Hill, preceded him in death 19 years ago.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at the convenience of the family at the George E. Snyder funeral home, Snyders, with Rev. W. W. Moyer, pastor of Zion's Stone church, officiating. Interment will be made in the cemetery adjoining the church.

MRS. KATE GREENE

Mrs. Kate Greene, widow of Daniel W. Greene, died in this city Friday, after a lengthy illness. She was 84 years old.

Born in Kunkletown, daughter of the late David and Sally Frantz, she came to Allentown when she was 19 years old. She was a membed of Zion's Reformed church and the Home department of the Sunday school. She also was a charter member of the Daughters of America, chapter No. 7.

Mrs. Greene is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Byron Eckert, 333 N. 10th St., and Mrs. Florence Wagner, 719½ Greenleaf St.; one brother, James M., of Kunkletown, and 11 grandchildren.

Dr. Simon Sipple will officiate at services from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment will be in Fairview cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 8:30 p. m.

MRS. WILLIAM WOISIN

Mrs. Evodie, nee Dillard, Woisin, aged 54 years, wife of William C. Woisin, 283 Patterson Ave., East Rutherford, N. J., died August 14 in St. Mary's hospital, Passaic, N. J.

She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Theophile Dillard of Bethlehem.

Surviving in addition to her husband are three sons, William Jr., serving with the Army; Louis V., serving with the Navy, and Richard S., at home. A son-in-law, John J. Mulligan is also serving with the Navy. One daughter, Christine, preceded her in death three years ago. Also surviving are two brothers, Louis Dillard of Bethlehem and Samuel Dillard of Allentown.

Funeral services were held, Thursday, August 17 in Hawthorne, N. J., with interment in Laurel Grove Memorial park, Patterson, N. J.

NICHOLAS BORUCH

Nicholas Boruch, 42, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Boruch, 206 Fisher Ave., Coaldale, died Tuesday at his home in Los Angeles, Calif., his family said yesterday.

A native of Austria, Mr. Boruch came to Coaldale with his parents in 1919 and has lived in Los Angeles for the past 15 years. Surviving are his wife and a daughter, Olga, New York city; a sister, Mary, Coaldale; two brothers, Walter, Toledo, O., and Andrey, of Indianapolis, Ind.

PAUL H. OPP

Paul H. Opp, 61, resident at the American hotel, Bethlehem and head clerk for L. Semmel & Sons store, 2nd Ave., Bethlehem, who died Thursday in St. Luke's hospital, was a lifelong resident of Bethlehem.

A son of the late Aaron and Alice Smith Opp, he is survived by a sister, Mrs. Joseph Woodley, of Bethlehem and a number of nephews and nieces.

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. Monday in the Harry L. Dillinger home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, with burial in Union cemetery.

ANTON KOREL

Anton Korel, 75, of 707 E. 7th St., Bethlehem, died Thursday in Nazareth. There are no survivors. He had been employed for the past several years by the Bethlehem Foundry & Machine Co.

Funeral services will be held at 11 a. m. today in the Madden home, 748 E. 4th St., Bethlehem. Interment in Union cemetery, Hellertown.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Aryer Bob

So wie die Fegelcher uns yusht gapifa hen, mus der Bob Hottle fon da Wyoming shtross doh in da shtadt shun arya erfohringa kot howwa in da ledshda paar wocha. Mohl fers aller airsht hut er fer 'n well der druvel g'shport kot fer alla fingers long yohla won 'm ebber die mashine awlonga hut wolla. Die alley wor fer wocha long uf garissa, un hut sei mashine net ous 'm shub nemma kenna. Der Bob is arrick sarrickfeldich mit seinra mashine, bardich won aryads 'n shtawb fusser druf hank'd, un woh er glei yohl'd won ebber die mashine awlonga wil-sotta die doba hunna lossa, er wot die mashine net ol fer finger'd howwa.

Net long tzurick hen yunga ow'r mohl 'n aryer trick uf der Bob g'shpielt Etlicha so glaina shliver hickory wie er sie k'haisa hut, sin gonga un hen 'm sei aint hinner rawd uf gajack'd, un der Bob hut gore net sehna kenna wohs falla dade wie er fert fohra hut wolla, un die mashine is net gonga. Wie er ow'r g'sehna hut wos g'shaina wor huts g'shtawbt, die barichda sin, er het da yunga so gore der jack noh g'shmissa, ow'r hen sich weit ganunk farna draw k'halta so os er sie net dreffa hut kenna.

Doh net long tzurick hut der Bob aw 'n gabutzdawg kot, un 'n lot shaina socha grick'd. Ebbes os 'm ow'r 's beshd fon ol aw g'shtonna hut, wor 'n buss os er grick'd hut fon ma maid'l ons Macka woh er shoft. Onnerra maid worra tzomma gonga un hen 'm drei grossa pock chawd duwock kauft woh er aw tzimlich gute gaglicha hut. Ow'r selar buss, selar shure wor gute, un arbadich noch so wie er noch 'm hoarschnidder shop is nagshd woh er wohn'd, un hut die socha fertzailt. Sei fraw die Mary hut gamaint won er don aw ebbes sawga het wolla fom duwoch os er grick'd het, sel wear ol recht gawest, ow'r fer doh brolla wie aenie 'n gabuss'd het sel wear ihra tzu dum.

Is Na Fohr Kumma

So wie m'r da onner owet k'hoert hen drous on da Kutztown Fair, worra die Barricks Kounty grumbierra bauer des yohr weiters net gabodder'd mit da grumbierra keffer. Der gross milich un grumbierra bauer George Kutz dart fom Insha Dahl sin die barichda, dade evens nimmy wissa wie 'n grumbierra keffer gucka dade. Der George hut uf kours nix tzu duh kot mit da grumbierra keffer ous driva,—'s wor der shquire Benj. Herman fon Kutztown os die arwet g'shoft hut. Free im free yohr hut er shun grumbierra keffer sehna in seim gorda rum groddla. Noh wie 'n guter shquire sot, hut er na grawd 'n ous beats tzettle

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even tho checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.—Theo. Roosevelt.

ROBOT HARM INFURIATES BRITONS

American sympathy went out to the English people during the German Blitz when London was being bombed by day and night and was losing thousands of lives and thousands of dwellings, apartment buildings and business places. That sympathy took practical form in the passage and operations of the Lend-Lease Act, in the encouragement that America gave to Britain to resist the Germans even tho she was almost beaten to her knees, in the "Bundles for Britain" campaign and in the adoption by people in this country of thousands of children who could be sent out of the country to escape the slaughter.

Again London in particular and southern England in general are undergoing attack more serious in some ways than the Blitz and certainly more aggravating. Reports given out by the British, who naturally were not eager to have the Germans know how successful their new terror weapon was proving to be, indicate that daily England is losing 17,000 dwellings due to the explosions of robot bombs. Thus every day population equal to about that of the city of Bethlehem is made homeless by bombings that have little or no military objective and were designed and are being carried on not to cripple and defeat armies but to terrorize and impoverish the people behind those armies. It is an illustration of the desperation of the Germans in this stage of the war and a determination on Hitler's part to carry out his threats to ruin Europe if he cannot succeed.

If Hitler and his advisers thought that the damage done by the robots could and would bring the British to ask for peace, again they have been disappointed. A writer in the current issue of Newsweek who now is in England says that the reactions of the British to the robot bombings are very positive and bode no good for the Germans.

Even after the Blitz, there were many Britons who took that attack as a part of war and something to be expected and endured patiently. Many Britons continued to incline to the idea that after the war, Germany would have to be given opportunity to develop and make her contributions to the life of Europe. In other words there was a lot of sentiment that the Germans as a people had been misled sadly by a lot of maniacs and would after defeat see the error of their ways, and decide to be good.

All that feeling and opinion have been destroyed by the robot bombs. Today the British people are really angered. As a people committed to the rules of sports, which above all things demand fair play, they look upon the robots as a lot of very dirty business. It is not "cricket," according to their way of thinking.

Accordingly if and when the Germans are vanquished, there is going to be no sympathy in the British Isles for "poor, misled Germans," "the nice German people" of carefully nourished tradition and propaganda. At the peace table will be strong voices and powerful wills which will have nothing to do with such ideas. Any idea on the part of the Germans that they can phenagle an easy peace has been dissipated by their own performances and particularly at this time by their use of the robot bombs.

SWEDEN SHUTS OFF IRON EXPORTS

Less spectacular than the bombing of oil wells and destruction of war factories and transportation facilities that are being used by the Germans but in its way just as effective in curbing German production was the recent action by the Swedish War Insurance Board in refusing to issue any more policies to shipping in the Baltic. Accordingly ship owners in Sweden will be prompted to keep their ships in port because they cannot and do not wish to assume the loss incurred when one of their ships has been sunk, nor imperil the lives of their sailors.

The action of the insurance company grew out of the fact that British planes have been planting and continue to plant mines all thru the Baltic. So many ships have been sunk that the marine insurance company has called quits, for there is a limit, too, to its resources and it does not want to have just about all the odds against it all the time.

The result should be as great as a major victory inasmuch as Sweden was using about 400,000 tons of shipping to carry Swedish iron ore to Germany, together with wood pulp and other raw materials which are exchanged for German coal, machinery and other products. During the remainder of 1944, Sweden was under contract to deliver upwards of three million tons of iron ore alone.

The Germans may be able to get some of this ore by sending their own ships to Sweden but those ships and crews will run the same perils of the sea as the Swedes would have to do.

So Germany, pressed for production of tanks, trucks, guns and other heavy steel equipment should find itself short of the most important raw material. But on the other hand, the poor Swedes, dependent on Germany for coal, will have a difficult winter if the war cannot be ended in a few months and normal trade can be resumed.

GRADUAL RETURN OF ARMED FORCES

General Lewis B. Hershey's recent prediction that between a million and two million men will be released from the armed services after Germany has fallen will be very good news for American homes where the return of loved ones is the theme of daily prayers.

While the end of the war in Germany will not mean the return home immediately of all armed men, it can be believed that an army of occupation for policing and aid to civil government need not be nearly so large as a combat army. Furthermore, it is not believed that the very vigorous war which will be waged against the Japs in the Pacific will require so great land forces as have had to be employed in the various European theatres of war.

In the interest of the reconversion of the American economic system for peace times gradual return of the men of the armed forces will make the problem easier. A million or two men probably could be absorbed at once with little or no diffculty even if there were large reduction in production for military purposes.

In fact General Hershey contemplates a gradual demobilization because the Army realizes not much good is gained by putting men out of the armed forces when they cannot be reabsorbed. The Army can keep men in its ranks almost about as cheaply as the cost of an agency for them when they get out.

Upheaval in the WPB

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—Intrigue—that festering sore which has eaten like a cancer into the Roosevelt Administration for several years—has finally upset the top men in the War Production Board at a critical moment in the Nation's history.

President Roosevelt floundering in a sea of rumors and political pressures, unable to make up his mind to clean house in the top floor of the War Production Board and put it on an efficient basis accepted the resignation of Charles E. Wilson after the latter had pointedly referred to the dissension inside the board.

Whether Mr. Roosevelt intends to do anything now about the intrigue is not known but certainly he appears to have sided with the intriguers. What it all boils down to is the fact that certain New Dealers who have socialistic ideas about using the surplus property on a "production for use" basis in competition with industry are finally in control of policy in the War Production Board. They have schemed for months to weaken Donald Nelson and to get rid of Charles E. Wilson. They have the ear of the White House or somebody in the President's entourage who has in turn the ear of the President.

Members of Congress are frankly amazed at the developments and, in talking among themselves, say that for some time they have been trying to get at the bottom of the situation but have not been able, even in executive sessions to get at the facts.

It turns out now that the plot to get Donald Nelson out of town was hatched by some of the ardent New Dealers themselves and that their hope was to get rid of Charles E. Wilson by aggravating him into a resignation while Donald Nelson was away in China. This would mean the elevation of some New Dealer whom the cabal wanted to put in power in the War Production Board.

The foregoing version of what has just happened is one that is current among well-informed Senators on Capitol Hill, where there is a certain sympathy with both Donald Nelson and Charles E. Wilson, though there is an inclination to criticize Mr. Nelson for not getting rid of the intriguers long ago.

This correspondent called attention to the same kind of intrigue when Ferdinand Eberstadt was summarily removed last year as vice chairman by Donald Nelson. The Government lost the services then of one of the ablest young men in the country. It was made to appear that the friction was between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Eberstadt when, as a matter of fact, the effort was to get rid of one executive from the business world and then concentrate on the other.

Just what purpose is behind all the intrigue is not clear except that various New Dealers have not been content to stand idly by while such huge properties as have been established in the various war plants are available. A controversy has been manufactured, for instance, on the subject of reconversion and many members of Congress have been enlisted in a sort of drive against Mr. Wilson on the theory that he would favor a slow process of reconversion in which small businesses would be denied an opportunity to get some of the plants in the surplus property pool.

It is understood that a considerable amount of pressure on the White House was exerted by stimulating telegrams and letters from small businessmen throughout the country, who were told that Mr. Wilson was inimical to their interests. As a matter of fact, the latter was endeavoring to carry out what he thought was the desire of the Army and Navy to prevent a disintegration of the war effort through too sudden a conversion.

The success of the little group whom Mr. Wilson charges with provoking dissension and which group Mr. Nelson refused to dislodge—possibly because he was afraid of them himself—seems to be assured. They have already picked out as Mr. Wilson's successor a staunch New Dealer, namely, Julius A. Krug, who was the chief power engineer for the Tennessee Valley Authority and has been director general of priorities and vice chairman in charge of WPB's program division for the last two years. Mr. Krug is one of the Wisconsin group who believed strongly in the TVA idea. Private utility executives, however, speak highly of his integrity. They think that he is the type of man who, while possessed of a certain radical philosophy, does not endeavor to achieve its execution by unfair means.

The Army and Navy had complete confidence in Mr. Eberstadt and later felt the same way about Charles E. Wilson. They are represented as feeling now that Mr. Krug can be depended upon to take care of the Army and Navy viewpoint in the War Production Board.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE PARTITION OF GERMANY

Any defeated country can be partitioned. Many have been partitioned. Poland has been partitioned four times and will probably be a fifth. Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein are names associated with this process. The Austro-Hungarian Empire was cut up after the last war.

Partitioning is the simplest and most direct process at the end of any war. It reduces an enemy country by dividing it into so many parts that it ceases to be capable of economic independence within its own boundaries; soon, it loses political integrity as well. It becomes a satellite of some greater power, as Austria became a satellite first of Italy and then of Germany.

But this simple process solves nothing. Peoples coalesce not only for economic and political reasons, but for cultural, linguisitic and religious reasons, and these are often the more real, the more fervent. It is true that if the Ruhr were internationalized and taken from Germany, the core of German economic life would be removed. It would do even more to Germany's economy than the destruction of the Ohio Valley would to the United States. From what was known of Germany before this war, it would leave that country without the means for the re-establishment of a military machine capable of conducting swiftly and immediately another modern war. From that standpoint, the partitioning of Germany will attract support among many Americans who resent bitterly American participation in the recurrent wars of Europe.

And it would be possible to partition Germany even further. Her provinces bordering on Poland might be given to Poland. Her Catholic areas might be united with Austria into a new state. Surely Alsace and Lorraine could be made part of France. Germany might be reduced to little more than Prussia or wiped out altogether.

But the question must arise in everyone's mind: Is this the solution to Europe's vexed problems? Is this the way to prevent the recurrence of war and revolution and civil war? Is this the road to prevent Irredentist movements from keeping Europe in turmoil for a century? Is this the process by which American troops, having won a victory in Europe, are to be brought home and kept home?

It is easy for statesmen to draw lines on a map, giving this country a chunk here and the other a chunk there. But lines on the European map have been drawn since Charlmagne's day and yet the continent has been in constant turmoil of war. The way to a lasting peace is not in singling out Germany for revenge but in treating the whole continent of Europe as one problem—as a cultural as well as an economic problem; as a study in racial, religious and linguistic conflicts; as a mass of confused human being who need to be saved from their own confusion.

Russians Are Wiser

The Russians are wiser than we are, perhaps because they do need to deal with this question from the standpoint of domestic partisan politics. They have taken on the role of the patient, friendly, conservative Big Brother of the masses of all countries. Every competent observer calls attention to Soviet Russia's popularity with the simple people of every country from which any authentic reports come. The Russians are not today engaged in drawing lines on maps except on their own borders. Everywhere, except Poland and Finland, the Russians offer friendship and Stalin has not spoken a single word of revenge against Germany. He has time for that when the fighting is over.

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DIE LIEB GEBT NIEMOLS UFF

vum JACOB HERBERT YODER

KINNER un yunge Leit sin oft gedruwwelt mit alle Sarte Grankheete. Unnich so Zeite sehnt mer die Mitleidichkeit vun denne, wu uns neegscht un lieb sin. Die alte Leit berischde sich mit alle Sarte Graut, Warzle, Tee un annere heemgemachte 'remedies.' Viel kenne brauche un hen en 'cure' far alle Grankheete, as de Yingere zufalle. Ich hab aa mei 'share' vun denne Grankheete g'hatt. Die Reedle hen mich zweemol nunnerg'schlagge. 's erscht Mol waar ich net iwwer vier Yaahr alt. Awwer vun dem weess ich nichs, unne was mei Mudder un Schweschdre mir verzaehlt hen. 's zwett Mol as ich die Grankheet hab—well, sell iss 'n Hund mit re gans annere Farreb un kann verzaehlt warre in der noochkummende Schtori.

Ee scheener lieblicher Freidaag-Marye im Tchun, wie ich vaerzeh Yaahr alt waar, gloppt der Daadi, in aller Frieh uff der Dachkandel am Hauseck far mich zu wecke. Nooch 'm Marye-Esse saagt der Daadi: 'Oliver, du schaufelscht Grumbiere, der Will un ich Welschkarn. Tscheck (er heesst mich mit me Mannsnaame un net 'Tscheckie,' (en Kindsnaame nemm die Grubbhack un die Schipp, geh ins Feld iwwerm Damm un mach 'n 'ditch' far's Wasser vun der gleene Schpring in der Mitt dem Feld abfiehre. Des Feld misse mer zu Buchweeze sae-e'. Mit 'm Schaffg'scharr uff der Achsel, die Fiess mit Gammschtiwwel b'schlagge, laaf ich hardich die 'lane' naus gege Marye. Ich hab luschdich gepiffe un waar froh un harrlich. Scheene Gedanke vun Brotwarscht un Buchweezekuche in 'gravy' gedunkt, im Schpotyaahr, sin mir im Kopp rumgedanst.

Der gedrei Hund, der Schepp, geht 's liebscht mit mir. Er yaagt die 'lane' naus an die 'main' Schtross — er guckt zerick, as wann er froge wott: 'Links odder rechts?' Er waardt awwer net uff 'n Andwart un geht links. Wie ich an die Schtross kumm, gehn ich rechts, den Hiwwel nunner. Ball kummt er awwer g'schprunge un an mir verbei wie 'n Kugel aus re Bichs g'schosse un imme Aageblick waar er drunne am Damm. Endlich kumm ich ins Feld un fang des hesslich G'schaff aa. Der gut Hund Schepp sucht alle Ecke aus far heese 'wilde Gediere', un 's ledscht legt er sich ins Graas un guckt mich aa, as wann er saage daet: 'Schaff in Friede, Tscheck. Ich bin 'n wackerer 'watchman'—ich hied dich var aller G'faahr.'

Der Lehme waar zaeh un mit Graas iwwerwachse. Die erscht Schtunn sehnt 'n Graawe baut zwansich Fuss lang, awwer so 'n G'schaff macht eem mied. Ich muss ruge. Die Schipp zu Seit g'schmisse weckt der Hund. Er schpringt g'schwind imme Zarrikel um mich rum un gauzt freindlich un meent, ich sett ihm noochschpringe. Es scheint mir, er glaabt ich waer 'n Meilefresser wie er. Des waar awwer net meeglich. Mei lehmegelaadne Schtiwwel waare viel zu schwaer un ich waar aa zu mied. Do finnt der Hund 'n glee Briggeli, legt's neegscht zu mir, un guckt mich schmunslich aa un, 's scheint mir, er saagt: 'Ich fodder dich raus. Nemm sell Briggeli wann d' kannscht!' Ich waard awwer mei Zeit—'n Fleh peinicht ihn un wie er des bees Ding vergratze muss, nemm ich des Briggeli un schmeiss es so weit as ich kann. G'schwind wie 'n G'widerschtreech geht er uff des G'schmiss zu, un imme Aageblick legt er's mir widder an die Fiess un meent ich misst es widder wegschmeisse. Awwer so 'n Verdraage macht ken Ruh, un miede Bee un Aerm scheppe ken Ledde. Ich hock mich ins Graas un sehn wie die Scheeheit mich uff alle Seite umringt. Die Veggel singe luschdich im Busch, 'n Nusspicker mit schnelle Schtreech mit seim Schnawwel meesselt Warrem aus de Baem. Die fleissiche Ieme fliege vun Blumm zu Blumm, siesser Hunnich sammle. Fleddermeis mit zackliche Fliggel un alle Farrewe vum Reggeboge fliege hie un haer, as wann sie gaar nichs zu duh hette. Hoch drowwe neegscht de Wolke schwebt 'n Habbich schtunnelang—doch uff eemol schtarzt er Kopp iwwer Hals graad runner uffs Wasser im Damm un yuscht so g'schwind fliggelt er sich widder in die Heeh. 'N aarmer helfloser weisser Fisch in seine Glooe glitzert in der Sunn un schiddelt der Schwans — sei ledscht Leweszeeche. 'S iss Freidaag — die Habbiche hen Fisch far Middaag.

Awwer des Summersg'fiehl iss iwwerallich. Mer hot ball Gedanke wie der Dichter Lowell—

Un was iss so lieblich wie 'n Daag im Tschun,
Dann wann's ewwe mol scheene Zeite gebt,
Dann browiert Himmel die Aerd eb sie noch iss in 'tune'
Un iwwer sie lieblich ihr waarm Ohr legt.
Es macht nichs aus eb mer guckt odder harricht,
Mer heert 's Lewe schmunsle odder sehnt's glitzere.

Awwer so 'n Gebabbel macht ken Graawe. Mit Ruh verschtarrikt, nemm ich die Schipp un schmeiss der Ledde linke un rechts. 'S kummt mer vor, awwer, der Lehme waerd als schwaerer un der Graawe, as noch net gegraawe iss, waerd als lenger inschtatt vun karzer. Ich waar widder mied. Ich muss widder ruge. Die lieb Sunn scheint waarm, doch dass ich in der Sunn hock, laaft's mir kalt der Buckel nuff. Gensefleesch weist sich uff meinre Haut. Ich zwang mich widder in der Graawe, des Friere weckdreiwe mit Schaffe. 'S gebt awwer ken Schtick. Lenger kann ich nimmi schaffe. Imme versunkne Mut dreh ich mich rum un schleef mei miede schwaere Fiess gege der Schtross.

Wie ich in der Weg schritt neegscht bei der Schweinhart Hitt, do dreffe mich wunnerbaare Sache aa. Die alt gro-brau Gnallhitt, wu sei Lewe net aag'schtriche waar, g'heert 'm alte Moses Schweinhart. Der alt Mos waar 'n rechtschaffner Mann, as yeder ebber in Friede losst. Er schafft fleissich alle Daag uff der Riggelweg 'repair gang'. Er heesst's selwert 'uff der Repier'. In seinre Daagsaerwet laaft er mannichmols vun fimf bis zehe Meil. Er iss bekannt mit allem Riggelweg 'tie' vun Tremont zu Brookside. An daere Aerwet schafft er naegscht sechzich Yaahr, un wann sei Gelaaf' wu er alle Daag macht, all zamme in eem graade 'course' gewest waer, waer er ball viermol rings um die Welt rumgeloffe. 'M Mos sei Fraa, die alt Briss, wann mer sie deheem heere hen singe, do heesst's, es gebt Regge. Der Mos un die Briss hen zwee Buwe. Der eldscht wuhnt im gleene Schteddel Renntaun. Vun dem brauch mer nichs saage — er hot niemand nichs in der Weg gelegt. Der anner waar en miener, dreckicher, heemdickischer, greizdunnerwedder vumme Schleimschisser gewest! In seine yunge Daage hen sei 'buddies' ihn 'der rot Hannes' gedaaft. Als en Mann grickt er der Naame 'Daagdieb', un wann in dem Mann seine Odere net Rattegift geloffe iss, weess ich waahrhafdich net was es schunscht sei hett kenne. Wann ich ihn sehn, weess ich uff eemol haarscharf un gans 'exactly' wie 'm Deifel sei Grossmudder guckt wann sie uff die Aerd kummt, ihre gleene Sarye auszurichde. Der Mann hot en gansi Drupp Buwe, as vun eens bis zwelf Yaahr alt sin. Er hot aa immer en paar Hund, un die sin mit de Kinner im Haus zamme rumgemixt wie 's Graut un die Riewe. Die Kinner sowohl wie die Hund waare net 'hausgebroche'. Heit hocke sie awwer unnich 'm Schaddebaam. Der eldsch., wu schpaeder en alter Faulenser gewwe hot, will 'Devil's Dream' uff re dreisaedriche Geig schpiele. Der neegscht will 'Marching Through Georgia' mit re Kornet blose. Der dritt schpielt, ich weess net was, mit re Maulaarrigel. En yingerer verschteert die Harmonie mit re alte 'phonograph'. Noch en annerer verdreibt die Zeit mit re alte rappliche Dreharrigel. Der neegscht zum gleenschte hemmert eifrich uff der Boddem vumme alte blechne Weschzuwwer. Es glennscht brillt, as wann es schunn vier Daag nichs zu esse g'hatt hett, un wann 's fimfunzwansich Fischangle g'schluckt hett. Die Hund hen aa 'n Gegauz dezu, so dass die 'Goddess" vun Musik ihre Kopp iwwerm Kandel, so henkt er dart draus.

Vun daere Hundszucht reiss ich mich weck, geh iwwer die Brick un schleef mich langsam darrich die 'lane' an der Saegmiehl verbei. Die alt 'Heit nuff un marye nunner' Miehl, gebaut beim Michel Wolfgang, hot's Schtoft far 'n Gabiddel imme gans annere Buch.

Endlich, 'n Vaerdel iwwer elf Uhr, schleef ich mei schwaere Fiess in der Hof deheem am Haus. Wie die Mammi mich g'sehne hot, saagt sie hardich: 'Emma, ruf die Schaffleit far Middaag. Der Tscheck iss ball verhungert'. Ich hock mich in die Sunn neegscht am Brunne. Wie der Daadi kummt sich wesche, guckt er niwwer ins Feld iwwerm Damm, awwer er kann schier nichs vum 'ditch' sehne. Er guckt mich aa un saagt schnarrich: 'Farwas hot's ken Schtick gewwe?' Ich saag ihm: 'Der Ledde iss so zaeh—er will net vun der Schipp rutsche. Wann ich en Schippvoll zu Seit schmeisse will, do hebt's mich schier gaar aus de Schtiwwel, un reisst mich mit der Schipp un Ledde uff der Grundhaufe'. Er saagt zu sich selwert: 'En ganser halwer Daag im Busch rumgeloffe'. Er dreht sich rum (ich sehn er iss wennich ungeduldich) un wie er sei Schtachelbaart mit de Hend wescht, do verliert sich sei G'schwetz imme Gegrummel un ich weess net eb's en Gebot, 'n G'schelt, odder 'n Fluch sei soll.

Im Schadde vumme 'hydrangea' Busch leit der schlaeferich Hund, wu wull sei Middaagsruh nemmt. Wie awwer en Mick ihm zu neegscht ans G'sicht kummt, macht der Gepeinicht en hefdicher Schnaepp nooch der gleene Schtreitmacher un im neegschte Aageblick schliesst er widder sei miede Aagedeckel un draamt vumme Hundehimmel, wu's ken Micke un Fleh gebt.

'S waerd Middaag gerufe un mer hocke uns an der Disch. Die Mudder un die Schweschder Emma hen der Disch gelaade mit Esssache, ass mer sich wunnere muss, dass Hols so en 'load' draage kann. Heemg'schmokt, keschtebrau gebrode Schunkefleesch, mit goldaagiche Oyer zugedeckt, grosse Schissle voll vun gebrodne Grumbiere, Roseine Pei unne Deckel awwer mit Grimmle owwe druff—die beschte as die Emma mache kann — un viel annere gute Sache! Es waar gewiss en Schmaus, as 'fit' gewest waer far 'n Keenich. Ich hock mich an mei Blatz am Disch wie gewehnlich. Ich will 'n Beiss Brot kaue, awwer des gut heemgebacke Brot schmackt wie Kitt — ich kann net esse. Der Daadi guckt mich ugeduldich aa. Er saagt: 'Farwas esscht net?' Er saagt oftmols: 'En Schaffmann, wu net esst, iss sei Daagluh net waert.' Doch im seeme Aageblick sehnt er rote Blatsche in meim G'sicht un saagt ass er lacht: 'Der Tscheckie hot die Reedle, der Tscheckie hot die Reedle!' Die 'cousin' Annie un die Schweschder Luella mache viele G'schpuchte un wetze die Finger gege mich. Awwer zwee in daere Familye lache net. Die Grossmudder (die Brigitta) guckt mich zaertlich un mitleidich aa, un wie ich mich rumdreh un vum Disch geh, do losst sie en schwaerer Seifzer aus. Die Mudder, unne dass kens vun de annere 's achdt, nemmt 'n Brotpann, riehrt ebbes drin un schtellt's hinne uff der Offe.

Ich geh ins Haus un schleef mich die Schteg nuff in mei Bettschtubb un schlupp unnich die Deck ins Bett. Wie die Schaffleit widder an die Aerwet gange waare, heer ich Schritte die Schteg ruffkumme meinre Bettschtubb gege. Die lieb Mammi bringt mir 'n Schissli voll Brei. Der himmlisch Brei iss gut far granke sowohl wie g'sunde Kinner. Sie hot des 'Engelesse' versarrigt unne dass die annere 's ausg'funne hen, so dass sie viel G'schpeddel verhiedt hot. So 'n Bedraage gemaahnt mich am Dichder Goethe sei Warte, wu er saagt:

Thu was yeder loben misste,
Wann die ganze Welt es wisste;
Thu es dass es niemand weiss,
Dann ist doppelt gross dein Preis.

Der Brei hot mich g'schtarrikt un ich schlof bis halb Nammidaag. Wie ich in meinre Eisamkeet im Bett lei, heer ich leichte Schritte im Gang in der Gegend vun meinre Schtubb. Die Grossmudder Brigitta schteht in der Dier, mit ihrem runsliche G'sicht un eig'sunkne Maul as lang ken Zaeh g'hatt hot — doch 's Licht vum Fenschder leichdt sie uff wie en Engel vum Himmel. Sie schtellt sich schtill newich mei Bett un verzaehlt vum Aafang bis zum End 'Yockli will net Biere schiddle'. Mit de ledschte Warte, 'Un wischt dem Yockli 'n hessliches aus', greift sie mei Kopp zwische ihre gnochiche Hend un gebt mer 'n hefdicher Boss. En heessi Draen aus ihrem Aag fallt uff mei Backe un brennt mir die G'schicht u-auslesch-lich in mei Sinn. Mit me schwaere Seifzer dreht sie sich rum un geht in ihre Bettschtubb. Ich weess ass sie var ihre Bett in ihre Schtubb gniet un bedt zu Gott, ass Er mir widder mei G'sundheet gebt. Die lieb Grossmudder waar immer mitleidich un die gleene Grankheete, wu annere zu'falle sin, verbreche ihre schier gaar 's Harz. Ya, 'Die Lieb gebt niemols uff.' Awwer die lieb Grossmudder, gekunfermiert vum Parre Hemping, iss schunn lang in ihrem Graab. 'Gott sei ihrer Seel gnaedich un schenke ihre 'n freehlichi Auferschtehung!'

HOLLER UN BOLLER

(Holter und Polter)

Mit Holler un Boller,
was rappelt dart draus?
Was will er, was soll er,
er kann net in's Haus?

Waar widder im Waertshaus,
dart hen sie'n veryaagt;
Yuscht weil er sich ewwe
so naerrisch bedraagt.

Verhuddelt, versuddelt,
so schwankelt er bei;
Die Fraa uff em Schpeicher,
sie losst ihn net nei.

Er graddelt am Poschde
zum Bortschedach nuff
Un drowwe am Kandel,
dart henkt er im Suff.

Er reecht emol driwwer
un schlenkert die Bee;
Doch bringt er mol gaar net
die Fiess in die Heh.

Die Fraa iss am Fenschter
un guckt emol naus;
Der Kopp iwwerm Kandel,
so henkt er dart draus.

Er sehnt wie sie hinner
de Blumme dart schteht,
Noh fangt er aa yohle,
er bitt un er bet.

Noh schmeisst sie der Haffe;
dem drauriche Dropp
Verfliege die Schaerwe
am daermliche Kopp.

Mit Holler un Boller
mit Gnick un mit Gnack,
Do fallt er noch runner
wie'n Grumbieresack.

Die Nochbere mache
die Fenschtere zu;
Mit Holler un Boller,
nau hen sie doch Ruh.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

August 1, 1944

NIX RECHT

Die Mensche grummele immer
Un schimfe yung un alt;
Im Summer iss es gans zu heess,
Im Winter gans zu kalt.

Un Schnee am vierte July
Waer widder gaar net recht;
Un grossi Summer Hitz
Grischtdaags daet suite schlecht.

Do waer es so viel besser,
Wann yed's zufridde waer;
Dann grummele un schimfe,
Des helft uns nimmermehr.

—Louise A. Weitzel.

'S Gricksel Im Keller

"Du Ungeziffer, schwarzes Ding,
Was bildscht du dir doch ei?
Du glaabscht, du waerscht en gross Gedier,
Mer meent, es kennt net sei.

Du singscht, du greischt, du rufscht uns all,
Mer weess net, was zu duh;
So gehn mer in der Keller mol,
Schunscht hoscht du gaar ken Ruh."

Do hockt des Gricksel imme Eck
Un halt's Maul schee bei sich;
Wie'n schtumme Ent sagt's gaar nichs meh.
"Bischt bang? Des wunnert mich."

Ken Andwart gebt des Gricksel mir,
'S schluppt neecher an die Wand;
Verleicht iss des so'n Steckelg'schpiel,
So such ich mit de Hand.

G'schwind unne Warning iss es weck—
Ich lang' zwee—, dreimol hie;
Es blanst sich uff der Boddem dart,
Ich dred druff—awwer wie?

's Gricksel iss im Keller noch
Un ich im Sessel schlof,
's iss mir gemietlich wie'me Aff,
Un friedlich wie 'me Schof.

Es zwettmol brecht des Greische los,
Mei Ruh waar rasch verbei;
Es zwettmol rutsch ich nunner bloss
Far sehne, was kennt sei.

"Du Gricksel," so frog ich,
was gehscht du so aa?
Ich winsch dir gut Glick
uns selwer de Fraa."—

"Mei Fraa iss dorum,
ich weess net recht wu,
So hawwich gepiffe
un g'sunge dazu.

"Dei Licht hot mir g'holfe,
sie finne dohin;
Licht aus—so waar's finschder,
wie'n dunkli schwarz Schpinn.

Es zwettmol hawwich
gerufe zu dir;
Vum Schlof uffgeweckt,
bischt du kumme zu mir.

Du weescht wie es iss,
wann Weiwer net bleiwe;
Do mach was du witt,
du kannscht sie net dreiwe.

Ich mach so viel Wese,
doch sei mir net beese;
Mei Druwwel ich draag,
wie du alle Daag."

—RUSSELL W. GILBERT

Susquehanna University

In meinre Grankheet hawwich gewiss gut Versarye, un in paar Daag hot des verdriesslich Wese sich ausgebt, un ich waar widder g'sund. Doch hawwich net schaffe kenne bis der Oliver, der William un der Daadi seller hesslich Wassergraawe fardich gemacht hen.

Mer kennt noch viel meh devun verzaehlie, awwer des iss genunk — Die Lieb gebt niemols uff'.

Deaths of a Day

OSCAR BAER

Oscar Baer of 520 N. 8th St., who for 50 years conducted a retail bakery route in Allentown, died at 2:35 a. m. yesterday at his home. He was 81 years old.

He was born on Nov. 29, 1862, in Vera Cruz, the son of the late John A. and Anna Maria, nee Kaufman, Baer. He resided in Allentown most of his life. Until he retired 10 years ago he conducted his baked goods route in the city for half a century. He was one of the 12 charter members of the Bethel Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, organized 55 years ago.

On Dec. 3 of this year he and his widow, Amelia, nee Buckley, Baer, would have celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary.

Surviving are his wife, a daughter, Mrs. Paul R. Wieand, Allentown; three sons, John Baer, Allentown; Rev. Paul E. Baer, Shamokin, and Kenneth Baer, Allentown; 12 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Four children predeceased him.

LEWIS SMITH

Lewis Smith, 77, for the past 54 years a resident of Bangor, died Thursday evening in the Easton hospital where he was admitted earlier in the day.

He was a son of the late Abraham and Hannah Jennings Smith of Smithfield, Monroe county, a charter member of Salem Evangelical church of Bangor for over 50 years and until his retirement three years ago was employed as a machinist by the Julius Kayser Co. in Bangor.

Survivors are two daughters, Mrs. Carrie Gibbs, Stewartsville, N. J., and Mrs. Esther McElroy, Easton; a son, A. A. Smith, Bangor; five grandchildren; two brothers, George Smith of Easton and Harry Smith, Reading; two sisters, Emma Smith and Mrs. Cora Cruver, of Easton.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday in the Hough funeral home, 50 Broadway, Bangor. Rev. F. H. Fletcher, pastor of Salem Evangelical church, Bangor, will officiate. Interment in St. John's cemetery, Bangor.

HENRY M. SOMERS

Henry M. Somers, 80, formerly of Quakertown, died late Wednesday night at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ernest Foltz, Milton, where he had resided since retiring from active farming 18 months ago.

A son of Simon and Margaret Blystone Somers he moved to Quakertown in 1909 and lived there until he retired and went to Milton. He was a member of the Lutheran church at Richlandtown.

Survivors are his wife, Hannah Belle Huffman Somers; one son, Harry M. Somers, Coopersburg auctioneer; four daughters, Mrs. James Clark, Richlandtown; Mrs. J. Franklin Althouse, Quakertown; Mrs. Jacob E. Hendricks, Allentown; Mrs. Ernest Foltz, Milton.

A brother, Simon B., Greensburg R. D., and two sisters, Mrs. Charlotte Stetter and Mrs. O. E. Huffman, both of Latrobe, Pa.; 16 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held at 3 p. m. Sunday in the A. W. Treffinger funeral home, Quakertown. Rev. Charles C. Schlitzer will officiate. Interment in Quakertown Union cemetery.

WILLIAM P. HANDELONG

William Philip Handelong, 18, Bangor R. 3, died Thursday afternoon in Easton hospital, following an illness of two weeks. Until his illness he had been employed at the Imperial Shirt Co., West Bangor.

He was born in Pen Argyl a son of Harry and Lillian Parsons Handelong. Survivors are the parents and the following brothers and sisters: Leona, Vera, Harry Jr., Harold, Junetta, Alberta, Samuel and Jimmy, at home; the maternal grandfather, Samuel K. Parsons and the paternal grandmother, Mrs. Lillie Handelong, Pen Argyl.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Sunday in the Schmidt funeral home, Wind Gap. Interment in Fairview cemetery.

ALBERT W. LANG

Albert W. Lang of 1328 W. Union Boulevard, Bethlehem, died at 4:30 a. m. yesterday at his home. He had suffered a heart attack on Tuesday. He was 60 years old.

Born in Ebensburg he was the son of the late William and Mary, nee Schwab, Lang. He had resided in Bethlehem since 1918 and since 1923 was superintendent of the Charles Pettinos Graphite Co. in Bethlehem. He was a member of SS. Simon and Jude church in Bethlehem and the Holy Name society of the church.

Sutviving are his wife, Elizabeth, nee Riley, Lang; three sons, Lieutenant (j.g.) William S. A. Lang, Sampson, N. Y.; Lieutenant Albert W. Lang Jr., with the Army Air Force in Florida, and Jerome Lang, a member of the Navy V-12 program at Williams college, Williamstown, Mass.; a sister, Mrs. Peter A. Yost, Pittsburgh, and two grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 9:30 a. m. from his late home with solemn high mass of requiem at 10 in SS. Simon and Jude church. Interment will be in the family plot in the Holy Saviour cemetery.

MRS. RAYMOND R. MICHEL

Mrs. Bertha M., nee Anthony, Michel, wife of Raymond R. Michel of 120 N. Penn St., died at 7:50 a.m. yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital after an illness of eight weeks. She was 49 years old.

Born in Allentown, she was the daughter of Harvey and Flora E., nee Roth, Anthony. She resided in this city most of her life, except for the period from 1914 to 1932 when she made her home in Mauch Chunk. She was of the Reformed faith.

Surviving are her husband; a daughter, Mrs. Marguerite Reis, at home, and six grandchildren.

Rev. M. F. Klingaman will officiate at services at her late home on Monday at 1:30 p.m. Interment will be in

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Look at a branch, a bird, a child, a rose,
Or anything God ever made that grows,—
Nor let the smallest vision of it slip,
Till you may read, as on Belshazzar's wall,
The glory of eternal partnership.

—Robinson.

ONE BATTLE OVER, WAR NOW A CHASE

The Battle of France is over. In fact, it has been over for more than a week and the present actions by which virtually all of France has been cleared of Germans is a chase by a well-organized army, that must maintain its communications and lines of supply, of a disorganized army that is fleeing pell-mell in all directions toward home.

Thus in the past few days we have read the stories of the taking of towns without a single American casualty against just a few hold-out stragglers and snipers. In World War I these same towns were bathed with the blood of American troops as they battled the strongly entrenched, well-equipped and well-organized German armies.

Today some of those American forces which are pursuing the disordered enemy may be on German soil. Already they are on former French soil which the Germans have claimed as their own by virtue of capture in the war of 1870-71 and the campaign of 1940—their third invasion of France in 70 years. Already there may be Britons and Canadians inside Belgium as they pursue the Germans along the highway of conquest that on three occasions has been taken by the armies of Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm and Adolf Hitler.

The Germans themselves have acknowledged their defeat in France and their retreat to new lines of defense. The question will be whether they can reform at those new lines before the fast sweep of the Allies prevents. The question will be whether they have the equipment and supplies, even if they have the men, to make successful stand.

Today, by contrast with 1918, German armies have been defeated decisively and it is the home front that is being kept organized by the threat and force of the Gestapo. In 1918, it was the home front that had collapsed and demanded peace. Today the home front is hoping for a miracle on the battle front altho it has already been told that new, secret weapons are not yet ready and that they cannot immediately be counted upon.

So the Germans at whatever point they may elect defense will have to become organized hurriedly. They will have to be reequipped because they left just about everything they had back in France. General Eisenhower reports the capture or destruction in France of 1300 tanks, over 20,000 motor transports, more than two thousand pieces of artillery and very great amounts of coast artillery equipment. The tattered remains of 43 divisions which were selected to prevent the invasion now have no equipment. Furthermore, when they get to a new line of defense, they will be minus the services of 3545 German planes which were destroyed during the Battle of France. They will be minus the supply of fuel oil and gasoline that had flowed from the Ploesti oil-fields.

All these are needed in modern war and not all the courage and determination and patriotism in the world can stand up with mere muskets and machine guns against strafing and bombing planes by the thousands, heavy artillery set wheel to wheel and fast-moving tanks and armored and heavily-gunned cars.

RUSSIANS WIN ROMANIAN FAVOR

With the occupation of Bucharest by Russian troops, one of the neatest and most effective acts to win over an enemy completely was carried out by the smart Russians when they sent back from their prison camps some 50,000 Romanian soldiers who had been taken prisoner during the Russian campaign, many of them participants in the debacle and surrender in Stalingrad.

There was no dickering and delay about exchange of prisoners. They were sent home without any conditions and marched happily thru the streets of their capital city as people cheered and wept over their gladsome return.

There must be hundreds of thousands of homes in Germany which mourn a son, a brother, a father who is in a Russian prison camp. They must wihs the return of their kin. If the story can be gotten thru to their ears, the story of the Romanian prisoners may be as effective for peace sentiment on the German home front as the defeat of armies on the fighting front.

Incidentally, as an evidence of the Romanians' joy to get out of the war is the report that almost 1200 Allied airmen, principally American, who were taken prisoners after their planes fell in raids upon Ploesti airfields and other targets, were released within a few hours of Romania's official action in cutting loose from Germany. While they could not get out of the country at once, they were wined and dined by the Romanians, given the freedom of the city and accorded all courtesies possible. Furthermore, it can now be reported, that their stay thruout was comfortable inasmuch as the Jewish underground in Bucharest provided them with British money to buy just about everything they wished to make them happy in prison.

RUNNING WAR ON TIMETABLE SCHEDULES

General MacArthur is so certain that the Philippines will be retaken within a certain time that he has arranged with Eugene Ormandy to conduct a great orchestral program in Manila immediately after and in fitting recognition of his coming back home. While the date has been set, neither the general nor the conductor will tell.

We have learned from General Eisenhower that the campaign in France has been going well, that it is in fact five days ahead of the schedule which had been planned. It is to he hoped that MacArthur's plans are just as far-sighted and complete and that they can be worked out as successfully as were Eisenhower's. Certainly up to this time, things have been going well and there is every indication that some of the hardest rungs on the ladder have been climbed and that the rest are going to be taken with greater speed and even comparative ease.

Force & World Security

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—An undue emphasis is being placed on the steps which the proposed International Security league is to take to preserve world peace. All the discussion thus far outside the conference here seems to imply that physical force will prove absolutely necessary whereas among the representatives of the United States, Great Britain and Russia, the chief consideration is how to conduct the new international organization so that the use of military force will be unnecessary.

Any organization which starts with the premise that coercion by armed forces is the only way to bring about peace is doomed to failure. For this would mean merely the establishment of armed balances of power.

World peace is feasible only when there is a prevention of the sundry causes that lead up to disturbances in an area and keeps them from becoming intensified over a wider area. Any international organization which depends by analogy on the fire apparatus alone to do all the work and neglects fire prevention is not likely to succeed. While fires do occur, modern science and organization keeps them from devastating property and causing the extensive loss of life that occurred many decades ago.

The Causes of War

So it is with war. The causes of war can be divided into those which are susceptible of handling by a court and those that arise for instance, out of nationalism or materialism or national prides. The latter have been termed "non-justifiable" because they are not legal but national questions and can be settled only by disinterested tribunals in the field of diplomacy, if settled at all.

The world has not had any machinery to deal with the nationalistic questions that come out of the rights of sovereign nations to do as they please. The proposed world organization will place a restraint on the right of nation to disturb the peace. There was in the Kellogg-Briand treaties a universal declaration against aggression but there was no provision to aid the victims of aggression or to defeat the aggressor.

The devastating nature of World War II has brought sharply into focus the need for international machinery to make all soverign nations behave so that a threat against world peace by any one of them becomes a threat against all the rest of them.

But it is vital that a dispute not be allowed to reach the point of national anger which leads to an outbreak of hostilities or starts the people of a given nation to thinking in terms of more armament so as to secure subsequently by force that which is being denied them by the processes of reason or persuasion.

So the new world organization will provide many devices to get at the roots of war. One, of course, is to be an international court of justice to deal with legal questions and re-establish codes of international law. Another is to develop machinery of investigation so that full publicity can be given to disputes in their incipient stages and ultimately a decision or report made by the International Security league.

No Coercion at Outset

Nations will not be coerced from the outset. They will be given every opportunity for amicable adjustment of disputes and for full debate. It is only when warnings from the executive council or the assembly, or both, are disregarded that the mechanism for forcing disputants to accept arbitration or for the decision of impartial tribunals will be invoked. Indeed, it is expected that the mere knowledge that at the end of all the debating processes lies the club of force will bring about the adjustment of most disputes before they can flare into serious friction.

Member nations and non-members would stand to lose so many advantages by failing to cooperate that it doesn't seem likely that the peace of the world will be disturbed again unless it is disturbed by Russia or the United States or Britain—the three most powerful nations in the world. The international organization would, of course, exclude from the council any nation which has a dispute so it could not vote on its own controversy. The public opinion of the world can alone restrain Britain, Russia and the United States no matter how strongly worded is the charter of the proposed organization, and it is because these nations are trustees of the peace of mankind that emphasis must inevitably turn development of their responsibilities toward one another rather than on the measures they are going to take to enforce peace among other nations.

The hope of the world still lies in the voice of reason and in the removal of those economic conditions which bring anarchy inside a nation and lead people in desperation to follow any leader even to war as a means of survival.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO WINSTON CHURCHILL

A rumor is snowballing that Winston Churchill is about to visit this continent. Whether he is to visit Quebec or Washington is not clear but the rumor has both, with emphasis on Quebec. Many dates are mentioned as to the time of the visit but they are all in the month of September and they all coincide with Mr. Dewey's first trip across the country in this campaign. Mr. Dewey's tour begins in Philadelphia on September 7 and ends on September 27. Mr. Churchill is reputed to have agreed to come to this country for the duration of Mr. Dewey's tour.

This rumor snowballs a little more every day. When first it appeared, it was a mere extension of Dumbarton Oaks. Then it developed that Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek were coming, too. Now, it is reported that only Molotov will come, Stalin showing a predilection to stay closer to home. It is not important at the moment whether Chiang will come or not, as his brother-in-law, H. H. Kung, is here for whatever business is necessary. But this morning I was informed, "on good authority," which I pray is very bad authority, that the King and Queen will also come.

I sincerely hope this report is untrue and that even before this column appears in print, it will be officially denied. There is no military business that cannot be done by the Chiefs of Staff; there is no diplomatic business that had not better be postponed until after Election Day when our Allies will know whether they are to deal with the same or a new administration.

Churchill Campaign Stooge

For England's sake it will be most unfortunate if the American people or a large segment of it believes that Churchill is playing a role in our domestic affairs, is serving as a stooge in a presidential election, is lending himself in any way to blanket the election debates. Lots of Americans do not like the British. In fact, it is astonishing that as sentiment grows more favorable to the Russians, it grows more unfavorable toward the British. Many Americans like to pick on the British; they enjoy discovering flaws in British policy and action. Churchill, more than any man in history, undermined and anti-British feeling in the United States. He has been so liked here that he has reduced the antagonism for his country.

But Americans are swift to respond to unfair and unsportsmanlike conduct. A set-up of conferences running right through the campaign looks too much like a design for political participation. Even if Mr. Roosevelt should be re-elected, the British will need friendly public opinion in the United States. I have before me figures which show that in the annual average for 1936-1938, British receipts from imports amounted to 950,000,000 pounds sterling, while receipts from exports, investments, shipping and banking commissions for that period produced 906,000,000 pounds—leaving a deficit of 44,000,000 pounds. These figures indicate that in any immediate post-war period, that deficit will approximate 200,000,000 pounds. Meanwhile, Great Britain has altogether lost her position as a creditor nation and has become a debtor.

England Needs Friends

A country with that kind of a balance sheet needs friends everywhere. The British will need our help to restore her shipping; they will need our good-will to find competitive markets for foreign trade. The British will need our money for rehabilitation. I, for one, am all for helping Great Britain and even the Empire generously, and therefore I am sure it would be most unfortunate if anything happened in the next 60 days to form a vast anti-British sentiment in this country, the sort of thing that followed in the path of the last war and the last peace. It would be tragic, if, even before the war is ended, Great Britain became an issue in American domestic politics.

No matter how one regards the forthcoming election, it looks very close. If Mr. Dewey keeps the currently Republican states, he may succeed in winning. Mr. Roosevelt may produce another victory. Few wise men are gambling on the results at this stage: Mr. Churchill ought not, in the interests of his country, blunder in where angels fear to tread.

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THE GABLE SISTERS

Three middle-aged maiden ladies, Charlotte, Mollie and Emma, the Gable sisters, operate Waldeck Farms on the road which leads from Schaefferstown in Lebanon County to Brickerville in Lancaster County. Their home lie in Heidelberg Township, Lebanon County. Two centuries ago their ancestors came to America from Heidelberg in Waldeck, one of the many German states of the old Holy Roman Empire. They explain that they have named their farm for the old world area from which their forebears came.

We stated that the three Gable sisters are spinsters. In the words of Emma, the youngest, they are "God's unfound blessings." So much on the side of levity.

The world has found the Gable sisters in their delightful retreat in Waldeck. Many a weary traveler wending his way along the Horseshoe Trail which winds through southeastern Pennsylvania has found this hostel where welcome rings forth to greet him. The great and the near-great have tarried there. At the time of this writing a young lady but recently from Belgium is spending a portion of the summer enjoying the Gable hospitality and incidentally learning to speak the Pennsylvania German dialect. Recently we had a request from a Swiss traveller asking directions to the hospice of the Gable sisters.

Thames Williamson, Canadian novelist, spent the winter of 1934-35 in the Gable home while he wrote his disparaging sketch of our people entitled "D is for Dutch." Williamson dedicated his work to the Gable sisters. This questionable distinction came as a surprise to the sisters, because the author had told them that he was dedicating the book to the famous Pennsylvania German writer, Elsie Singmaster. "Anyway," says Emma, "it is good that he did not dedicate it to her because the things he says in it do not fit such a noble lady. He just wrote it to make money."

"Please don't caricature us in your write-up," pleaded Miss Charlotte as we were about to depart. "Last week there was an artist here who drew a pencil sketch of our maid and it made her look awful!"

No, Miss Charlotte, we shall not repay kindness with insult, nor shall we attempt to gild the lily. In the following brief sketches we shall try to acquaint your neighbors with your treasures, both spiritual and material.

* * *

Miss Charlotte Gable, familiarly known as Lottie, is the eldest of the three Gable sisters of Waldeck Farms. Tall and stately in her bearing she might create the impression of being a very austere person if it were not for the kindly twinkle in her eyes and the happy smile which helps to frame the features of her face. When she speaks her tone is compelling, a characteristic which she doubtlessly acquired during the many years she spent in school rooms instructing the very young in the fundamentals of Knowledge. She has been a teacher in the schools of Heidelberg Township, Lebanon County, for many years —how many we did not presume to inquire.

Teaching is Miss Lottie's profession during the winter months, but when summer comes she devotes her talents to entertaining the many guests and wayfarers who stop at the Gable hostelry along the Horseshoe Trail. Of course she speaks perfect English as all good teachers should, and yet Miss Lottie prefers to entertain in the Pennsylvania dialect whenever there are guests for whom the dialect constitutes one of the sources of the good things of life. European guests at the Waldeck Farms are usually delighted to hear the quaint tongue which was brought to these shores more than two centuries ago.

Miss Lottie is fond of singing the old folk tunes. Among her favorites are "Schlof, Bobeli, schlof" and "Johnny Schmoker." Wherever dialect folk tunes are mentioned there is a request for that classic of them all "Es Bucklich Mennli." There are many variations of both words and music of this ancient ditty addressed to an imp. We thought we had heard them all until Miss Lottie regaled us with a new tune set to the familiar words —new to us, although it may have been a very ancient one.

To Miss Lottie's eardrums most things that come over the radio are an abomination, but she does listen to three programs religiously. One is the dialect program of Die Wunnernaas of Berks County, emanating from station WEEU in Reading. About a year ago it seemed likely for a time that this feature would be discontinued. Then Miss Lottie swung into action. She led a movement to petition the broadcasting people to retain the program of the Wunnernaas. Throughout large parts of Lebanon and Lancaster Counties she campaigned among her friends, her former pupils, her guests and all who would listen, requesting them to bombard the radio station with letters begging that the dialect program be retained. Her efforts, combined with those of thousands of others, were successful and today the ether wave still brings her the message in the dialect which has been the mother tongue for centuries.

"Yes, we're Pennsylvania German," Miss Lottie remarked proudly, "but we come from stock which would never stand for the tyranny and intolerance of the old world. We came over here and left the cowards and persecutors behind."

* * *

"Mollie is the cook." Emma Gable told us as she introduced her sister, and the words were said in a tone and manner that denoted high esteem. If it had not sounded so sincere, it might have been taken as flattery. For to be the chief cook in a trencherman's paradise is glory of a high order and to be the chief cook in a Pennsylvania German eating establishment is the zenith of achievement. If outlanders only knew what praise there is in the title "cook" among the Pennsylvania Germans they would covet the distinction.

Roast chicken, browned and tender with juicy volcanoes of gravy lava oozing from all sides! Mashed potatoes piled like snowdrifts but pliable to the spoon as deep wells are molded to hold a lake of gravy. Lima beans! Or are they chestnuts? No, you were right the first time, but who would want chestnuts now? Those shreds of cabbage immersed in some mysterious (neither Russian nor French) dressing? Oh yes, cole slaw. And then, O ye immortal Gods, as Cicero was wont to say, those apple fritters! Succulent and crisp with honey and nectar! Chow-chow, pungent and tantalizing, forcing tonsils to float on a salivary sea! And finally "shoo-fly cake" (yes, you may dunk), its white crumbs resembling the cauliflower, whose French name "chou fleur" gave the name to that royal pastry! But — enough, we cry.

Perhaps it is only natural that good cooks are also lovers of good music, for the good things of life, like the evil ones, are frequently found together. Miss Mollie Gable loves good music. She has sung dialect folk songs to make recordings for state and national folk festivals. She tells of one recording which she made while holding her favorite Persian cat in her lap. Intent upon her art she paid no attention to the pet while the spinning disc before her recorded her voice. "Imagine my amazement and chagrin when the record was played back to me and I heard a purring accompaniment with an occasional meow." And Miss Mollie chuckled as she told this.

The father of the Gible sisters was also a musician. He loved to play the bass violin, and in the manner of the yesteryears, to tap his right foot in cadence with the music.—And Clark Gable, the actor? "Yes, we knew that he says he is 'Pennsylvania Dutch,' but we don't know him in our Freindschaft." Too bad for Clark!

* * *

"Button! Button! Who has the button?" so rings the old rhyme. Well, now we know Emma Gable of Waldeck Farms has that button and 34,999 more of them. Miss Emma Gable, the youngest of the three Gable sisters, is the genial hostess of the Gable Hostel on the Schaefferstown-Brickerville Road. Slow of speech she weighs every word and tone on the twin balances of kindness and truth. As if conscious of her manner of speaking she explains, "You see I'm tongue-tied," which she is not. But words are weapons, whether of love or hate. Bismarck once declared that words were invented to conceal thoughts. Miss Emma Gable uses words to make people happy.

For Miss Emma is happy — happy in the possession of her many friends and 35,000 unique, ornate and bizarre buttons. This huge collection was begun six years ago while Miss Emma was a patient in a hospital. The multicolored discs and spheres which once adorned some sleeve or blouse helped to ease Miss Emma's pain and suffering. Friends brought her buttons when they came to the hospital to visit. Then letters went forth to other collectors. In trade and exchange, through purchase and browsing around in antique shops, Miss Emma has accumulated this remarkable collection.

The world of art and literature is being brought into the Gable home through the designs found on these buttons. One shows Lohengrin in his swan boat; another, Wilhelm Tell near a Swiss chalet; a third, Brunhilde challenging the lightning; and there goes Rip van Winkle, stumbling along the rocky Catskills. History is made to live again on the forms of the many military buttons in this collection. There is one which was worn by a Confederate officer as he stood at the side of General Lee during the ceremony of surrender at Appomattox; others were found imbedded in the soil where battles once raged — silent witnesses of man's age-old strife. There are glass buttons of many variegated hues, of ebony, ivory, bone and tin—old tole painted buttons, an art known to our early Pennsylvania German settlers and which is now again being revived.

If good fortune should lead you to Waldeck Farms and your eyes are permitted to feast upon Emma Gable's button collection, you do well not to talk about the monetary value of buttons as collectors' items. These buttons are Miss Emma's friends and one does not sell friends nor think of them in term of the dollar sign. They are the friends who helped her to regain her health. They make her happy now as she learns to know them better. They have lead her to Wagner's operas to learn about Brunhilde and Lohengrin; to the tale of Hawthorne's Great Stone Face and to Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow. She knows the stories the buttons tell and she tells the stories to her friends and guests. Waldeck Farms is but a tiny spot in the valley of the Lebanon mountains but art and history have found their way thither in the form of old discarded buttons.

* * *

The Gable sisters, Miss Charlotte, Miss Mollie and Miss Emma, bring joy to the world, for they share their joy with others. You will find a bit of Shangri La at Waldeck Farms in Heidelberg Township, Lebanon County, on the boad between Schaefferstown and Brickerville.

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

VAERZICH YAAHR ZURICK

Wann ich als die Welt aaguck
Un sehn wie alles geht,
Un wann ich als dariwwer denk,
—Es duht mer als schier leed.
Die Schule sin wohl besser nau,
Die Leit sin aa viel g'scheiter;
Far allerlee vun Sache mache,
Do sin sie aa viel weiter.
Mer hen meh Kerche in dem Land
Un aa meh gute Parre;
In alle Sache sotte nau
Die Leit viel besser warre.
Mer meent es kennt gewiss net sel,
Un doch iss es zu waahr,
In manche sin sie schlechter warre
Die letschte vaerzich Yaahr.

Un wann mer nau die Leit aaguckt
Un sehnt sie draus rum laafe,
Dann guckt schier yeder reich genunk
En Bauerei zu kaafe.
En deel Leit duhne alsfart schaffe
Un gaar net weiter denke,
Un duhne alles was sie griege
Uff ihre Bickel henke.
Noh annere wu die Aerwet hasse,
Un wolle stolz rumlaafe,
Die lehne Geld vun ihre Freind
Un duhn uff Barriks kaafe.
Die Leit hen als net so viel g'schpend
Far allerhand Geschmick.
Sie hen dem Geldsack nooch gelebt
Yuscht vaerzich Yaahr zurick.

Die Buwe wolle nimmi schaffe
Un doch ken Hunger leide;
Die Eltere solle sie schee halte
In Esse, Geld un Seide.
Die menschte wolle 'n Lewe mache,
Un wolle 'n hoher Luh,
Un hette gern en guter Platz
Wu unnich iss zu duh.
Sie wolle net im Daagluh schaffe,
Un wolle aa net bauere.
'S gebt ball kee Leit meh Schtee zu breche
Un Heiser uff zu mauere.
Die Buwe hen als hart geschafft
Mit Geil un Eeg un Blick,
Un waare net so absenaat
Yuscht vaerzich Yaahr zurick.

De Maed geht's alleweil net besser,
Es duht mer leed zu saage,
Dass wann sie wennich wesche solle,
Dann duhn sie aa graad klaage.
Sie hocke liewer in de Parlors
Un schtricke scheene Sache,
Un losse als die Mammi geh
Un ihne 's Esse mache.
Sie meene als sie waere scheener
Un daete besser gucke,
Wann sie yuscht recht uffgedresst sin
Un waere bleech wie Schpucke.
Die Maed—sie hen als fleissich g'schafft
Un warre fett un dick,
Un hen aa rote Backe g'hatt
Yuscht vaerzich Yaahr zurick.

Wann nau en Mann in Bissniss geht,
Dann will er graad reich warre,
Un's macht nichs aus in was far'n G'schefft,
Far's geht so mit deel Parre.
Un wann's de Leit net glicke duht
Un ihre Plaene fehle,
Dann betriege sie un faelsche Note
Un liege, raawe un schtehle.
Es iss nau ehrlich Geld zu lehne
Un sich recht gross zu weise;
Un wann eens viel hot, dann uffbreche
Un annere drumm zu b'scheisse,
Mer kann de Leit gaar nimmi traue,
Es iss en gross Unglick;
Es waar als viel meh Ehrlichkeit,
Yuscht vaerzich Yaahr zurick.

Die Taxe duhne als meh warre,
Un warre yaehrlich schwerer;
Un viel vum Tax geht alleweil
Faullenzer zu ernaehre.
Far County, Schtaet un Weg un Schul,
Des geht erbaermlich scharf;
Un wu sie uns net taxe kenne,
Dart duhn sie druff en Tariff.
Mer sin getaerrift un getaxt—
Ich kann net alles nenne—
Far alles was mer esse, trinke,
Un was mer sehne kenne,
Except verleicht die freie Luft
Un 's Wasser in der Krick.
So Raawerei hot's kenni g'hatt
Yuscht vaerzich Yaahr zurick.

Die Kandidaate wolle Aemter
Un schaffe iwweraus;
En Deel vun denne wu nei kumme,
Die wolle nimmi raus.
Nau hot's en Deel, die wolle sich
Ihr Lewe lang nei blanse,
Un wolle alsfart Geige schpiele,
Un annere solle danse.
Un des sin als die Politischens,
Wu waerklich niemols satt hen,
Bis dass sie darrich alles sin
Un all die Aemter g'hatt hen.
Die Politischens alleweil—
Die waschse schtark un dick
Un duhne viel meh schlechte Sache
Als vaerzich Yaahr zurick.

Die grosse Dieb sin nie in G'faahr,
Sie duhne als frei warre,
Un fange all die kleene Dieb
Un duhne sie eischperre.
Un wann en Reicher 'n ann'rer dot macht,
Dann waerd ihm's Lewe g'schenkt;
Wann awwer 'n Aarmer 's seem Ding duht,
Der waerd als glei uffg'henkt.
Des Land iss voll so schlechte Leit,
Un 's kumme alsnoch raus;
Mer iss gewiss yo nimmi sicher
In seinem eegne Haus.
Die Dieb hen sie als all eig'schperrt,
Die Maerder an den Schtrick;
Noh hen die Leit als Friede g'hatt
Yuscht vaerzich Yaahr zurick.

—Anonymous

POLITICS IN THE LONG AGO (?)

A Letter from Boonastiel

In eens vun meine Brief hawwich ewennich geblaudert wege Geld in Politicks un ich bin net gans halwer faerdich warre. Der anner Daag waar ich in Schweinford Schtedtel uff Bissniss un bin' im Recorder sei Office gedappt, wu ich en Schtick weiss Babier g'funne hab. Ich hab's in der Sack g'schteckt un heem genumme, far der Polly ihre Budder als druff ausrechle. Uff der annere Seid waar Druckes un des hawwich ausg'funne waar en blank Eed far die County Officers eizuschwaere. Es hot mir mei Odem schier weckgenumme, wie ich die paar Warte gelese hab:

"I do solemnly swear . . . that I have not paid or contributed, or promised to pay or contribute, either directly or indirectly, any money or other valuable thing to procure my election, etc."

Nau wievielmol in denne ledschte fimf odder zehe Yaahr denkscht du, as selli Warte g'schtocke hen, as wie en Rieb in ere Kuh ihrm Hals? Wieviel Officers hen sell Eed genumme mit me freie Gewisse? Un, saag, sin sie zu blaeme? Ich glaab net viel. Wann en Mann rauskumme daet far en Office, as ebbes waert waer, un daet ken Geld schpende, het er haerli so viel Chance far elect zu warre, as en Schpeckmaus hett far iwwer der See fliege. Was macht mich so saage? Why, guck emol! Wann en Kaerl mit me grosse Geldsack genominate waerd, dann sin die Sucker um ihm rum wie Micke uff me dode Esel—un die Drucker sin net weid hinne draa! Do kummt Der Hans-mike, der hot's gans Ladwaerrick township im Jacket Sack un verkaaft's an so viel der Kopp; der Shovel Jakie saagt, die Buwe misse ebbes zu drinke hawwe un ewennich Geld nau far ihre Peife nass zu mache daet viel gut; der Billy Bloshard will en Arrigel griege far die Greizweg Sundaagschul, der anner will en V far Faahne kaafe far die Band, un all die annere hen Subscription Bicher far Kaerriche baue. Nau, kens vun denne Kaerls frogt graad raus far Geld, weil er en Kandidaat iss, awwer sie gewwe ihm zu verschteh, dass wann er nix gebt un der anner dutt, dann daete sie ihm es waarm mache uff der Daag vun der 'lection. Wie will en Mann do raus kumme? Die 'lection koscht ihn oftsmols meh, dass der Luh vun der Office, wu er hebt. Do iss es net viel Wunner, wann sie alsemols schtehle daete. Nau, es iss net viel G'schpass in dem Brief. Es iss ken G'schpass in dem Geblauder. Es iss zu viel Waahrheet drin, as weh dutt, awwer ich will hoffe es dutt ebbes gut. Politcks iss corrupt un es iss weil Leit es so mache.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. SABINA LAUDENSLAGER

Mrs. Sabina C. Laudenslager, a lifelong resident of Lehigh county and a resident of Allentown for 50 years, died at 1:10 a. m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient since Aug. 14. She was 87 years old.

Born in Egypt, she was the daughter of the late John and Sarah, nee Biege, Hinkle. She was the last surviving member of the old Hinkle family. She was a life-long member of the Lutheran wing of the Western Salisbury church, and was active in the Ladies Aid society and Home Department of the Sunday school of the church.

Her husband, the late Allen P. J. Laudenslager, died 19 years ago. Mrs. Laudenslager had resided for the past few years at 531 Cleveland St., the home of a son, Milton H. Laudenslager.

Surviving are seven sons: Victor A. A. Laudenslager, Morris C. H. Laudenslager, Curtis O. J. Laudenslager, Frederick C. Laudenslager, Allen M. Laudenslager, Milton H. Laudenslager and Claude M. T. Laudenslager, all of Allentown; two daughters: Ida S. C., wife of Nester Roth, and Pearl, wife of Nevin Werley, both of Allentown; 31 grandchildren; 33 great-grandchildren and one great-great grandchild.

Eleven grandsons and one great-grandson are serving in the armed forces of the United States.

Three children, Robert W. Laudenslager, Mrs. Sadie Sittler and Mrs. Katie S. Knecht preceded her in death.

Brief services will be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., to be followed at 2:30 by further services in the Western Salisbury church. Interment will be in the Western Salisbury cemetery.

NOAH R. RAMER

Noah R. Ramer, 60, a Reading investment banker who was well known in Allentown where he transacted business on numerous occasions, died Thursday night at his home, 320 Wyomissing Blvd., Reading. He was associated with the Harriman and Riply Co.

Mr. Ramer was the son of the late Henry George and Mary Miller Ramer and belonged to the Trinity Lutheran church of Reading, and the F. and A. M., Lodge 62.

He is survived by his widow, Helen E. Funk Ramer, two brothers, Harvey and Herbert, and a sister, Mary Ann, widow of James Frey, all of Reading.

Services will be conducted at 11 a. m. Tuesday from the T. C. Auman Funeral home, Reading. Rev. Gunner K. Knudsen will officiate. Burial will be in the Charles Evans cemetery, Reading.

MRS. ELLA KULP

Mrs. Ella Kulp, 82, 17 S. Howard St., Allentown, wife of the late Winfield Kulp, died at 7:10 p. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital. Her husband died in 1938

A native of Allentown, Mrs. Kulp was born Sept. 12, 1862. Survivors are a son, Samuel R. Kulp, Bethlehem; two grandsons, Samuel, Bethlehem, and Richard, of Knoxville, Tenn., and a great-granddaughter, Nancy, of Bethlehem.

The Wonderly funeral home is in charge of the arrangements, which will be completed today.

MRS. IDA SCHEETZ

Mrs. Ida Scheetz, 74, widow of George H. Scheetz, and until five years ago a resident of Quakertown, died yesterday at a nursing home in Willow Grove.

Born in Rockhill township, Bucks county, daughter of the late John and Anna (nee Appel) Hillegas, she was a member of First Reformed church, Quakertown.

She is survived by two children, Estella, wife of Dorey T. Kline of Philadelphia, Private Leo W., U. S. Army, Camp Blanding, Florida; three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. A brother, Preston Hillegas of Quakertown, also survives.

Rev. Paul T. Stoudt will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Treffinger funeral home, North Ambler St., Quakertown. Interment in Quakertown Union cemetery.

ROBERT ROWLETT

Robert Rowlett, 30 E. 3rd St., Bethlehem, long active in politics and for more than 30 years a resident of the city, died at 11:30 p. m. Thursday in St. Luke's Hospital.

Survivors are a son, Chester Rowlett, with the U. S. Army in Italy, and a niece, Mrs. Rose Brown, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Burial will take place at 2:30 p. m. Monday in New Jerusalem cemetery, Rev. E. D. Johnson, pastor of the Second Baptist church, will officiate.

LLOYD S. MINNINGER

Lloyd S. Minninger, Limeport, died at the Sacred Heart hospital at 7:45 Friday. He was a son of the late Sylvania and Agnes, nee Scheffey, Minninger and was born Aug. 4, 1886 in Allentown. He was aged 58 years and 27 days.

He is survived by his wife Elizabeth nee Fichter, Minninger, one daughter, Mrs. Guy Everett, Orefield, and two sons, William D., U. S. Air Forces, Scott Field, Ill., and Stephen E. Another son, Lloyd S. in the Merchant Marine was reported missing in action in January and reported dead in February of this year.

Mr. Minninger was employed at the Bethlehem Steel Co. until his last sickness.

One-Minute Test

1. What purchase nearly doubled the size of the United States?
2. How many points did Wilson present as a basis for world peace?
3. What was the purpose of the Lewis and Clark expedition?

Words of Wisdom

The world looks at ministers out of the pulpit to know what they mean when in it.—Cecil.

Hints on Etiquette

Don't allow your small child to interrupt conversation when he comes into a room where adults are congregated. If he starts to take the center of the stage, tell him "Mrs. So-and-So is talking; wait until she has finished." Children who are untrained in this respect are a nuisance and later suffer for it.

One-Minute Test Answers

1. The Louisiana Purchase.
2. Fourteen.
3. To explore the northern section of the newly purchased Louisiana territory.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Tzwae Grossa Dawga

Yar, morya un iwwer morya sin die tzwae grossa dawga on Dorney Park, fohr falla in unser'm Pennsylfawnish Deitscha dawga woh m'r yader yohr brovierra fon da alta socha tzu erhola, un neia socha bringa so wie sie ewwa fohr falla in unser 'm Pennsylfawnish Deitscha folks laiva. Morya hen m'r die ebbel schnitzer party fer nommy dawgs un owets die ebbel schnitza fer da Mondawg lodwarick kocha. Un dabei gebts fon da gawainlicha g'shpichta un socha wie sie ewwa aw ols fohr g'falla sin wie alla londs gagend alla shpote yohr etlicha so schnitzer un lodwarick parties kotta hut.

Soicha os helfa die parties des yohr darrich fohra, sin die Fink Familia un der Allen Snyder mit seina donser, un woh shun dabei sin tzitter os die airsht lodwarick party k'halta wor on Dorneys. Noh hen m'r des yohr aw 'n gonsie neiie gang fer helfa, un fohr gain fer der lodwarick kocha dawaig os wie sie ols lodwarick gakoch'd hen, in Northampton kounty. Die gang is niemond shunshd os wie 'n gonser hangel Harmony grange leit fon Pennsville, un woh net yusht rei kumma fer 'n gutie tzeit tzu howwa, ow'r aw ous un ous fershtain wie lodwarick tzu kocha.

So weit os die programs aw gain woh widder gewwa werra in da Mutter shproch, sin m'r shure os es widder blenty g'shpass gebt. Da Sundawg nommy dawg un owet shwetzt die Barricks Kounty Wunnernaus, un woh aw helfa mus ebbel shaila eb sie wil odder net. Noh is aw der Irvie Frantz un sei fraw die Verna dabei, so wohl wie die Jim Danner 'n fon Cementon, un aw noch onnerra mit unnershittlicha g'shpichta.

Mondawgs wert free moryets g'shtart lodwarick kocha so os er gore wert bis halb nommy dawg, fer widder frei weck gewwa mit kasa brode wie immer unser gabrouch. Un oh yar bei jupperty, der shwetzer Mondawg nommy dawgs un owets is niemond shunshd os wie der Porra Clarence Rahn un woh 'm ledshd yohr aw dabei wor, un so shae g'shwetzt hut fon "Riehra." So weit os die musick aw gait fer de Mondawg, hen m'r die Fink Familia dabei, so wohl os wie aw der Phäon Gehringer fon Kutztown mit seina alta hoe down musigander.

'S Robb'ld Ols

Yar bei golly wons net paar mohls da dawg robb'ld driwwa in Emmaus wons ols tzeit is fer 'm doda ouslaiger Clarence Ritter fon Ritter un Busby sei gase melka. Der Cl

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

—Miller.

44 PLEASANT YEARS OF PASTORSHIP

When associations are pleasant, time flies rapidly in the company of others. That is why the people of Allentown in general and the members of St. Paul's Lutheran church in particular will be pleasingly surprised to learn that 44 years ago today Rev. Dr. George A. Greiss preached his first sermon to the congregation that he has led so faithfully in spiritual walks ever since.

Only the size of the work performed by Dr. Greiss during his pastorate suggests that so long a time has been spent here upon this one task. In all other respects—the virility and youthful vigor of his congregation, the freshness of the physical property of the church and the constantly progressive character of congregation and pastor—there is evidence of youthfulness.

Few groups anywhere, whether in the church or any other social institution, find all their elements so entirely compatible as to maintain union with entire confidence and deep mutual regard over such a long period of years. The long term of service by Rev. Dr. Greiss therefore speaks volumes as to his splendid character and personality. But it also speaks volumes as to the character of the congregation, a character marked undoubtedly by the finest principles of the religion to which this congregation is dedicated, a character that has been sustained during successive geneartions of church members.

COUNTY MEETING MAKES LEHIGH UNIQUE

Lehigh county long has been unique for the fact that its major political parties annually conduct the so-called County Meeting at which, well in advance of the annual elections, candidates present themselves and political issues are shaped or those already shaped are discussed.

Because of this unique institution, hoary with age but still quite fresh and youthful in its spirit, the political parties of Pennsylvania have frequently employed this occasion in Lehigh to sound not only State but national keynotes well in advance of important elections. Because this institution is unique, the history of both the Republican and Democratic County Meetings is a history famous for the names of many of the greatest men in the history of our government. It has been realized in Washington and Harrisburg that what is said at a county meeting in Lehigh is likely to be heard nation and statewide.

With knowledge of this background of history and tradition, the conduct of the Democratic County Meeting at the Fair Grounds today takes on additional interest. Today the event may be merely local in its flavor with a bit of a fillip supplied by candidates for State offices. But there never is any telling what can or will happen to make such a meeting one of national importance. It has happened before at most unexpected times and from unexpected sources. It can happen again today or it may happen when the Republicans hold their big annual pow-wow.

WATCH FOR GO-AHEAD SIGNAL

When one stops to think that the floss of milkweed pods is as light as the proverbial thistledown then one comes to realize what a big job has been given to children of this county. These, in the course of the next few weeks, are expected to gather fully a thousand bushels of floss to be used by the Navy in making life-belts and other devices by which men can keep afloat if thrown into the sea whether from ships or airplanes.

Again however it is being emphasized that the time for collection has not yet arrived and that premature picking of the pods is just so much time and material wasted inasmuch as the floss is absolutely worthless unless picked at exactly the right time.

So the word to all the enthusiasts everywhere is: "Hold your horses. Do not go into action, first, until you receive the special sacks in which we ask you to gather the floss, and second, not until you get the word to pick."

BEWARE GERMAN PEACE PROPAGANDA

Because the people of this country got excited early in the week over a quickly refuted story of German plea for peace, many agencies are making every effort to keep American feet on the ground by issuing warnings that we can expect many such rumors before the end really comes.

The big news-gathering agencies are concerned about this. They do not like to be party to the dissemination of anything but news. They do not like to put out stories that may have to be retracted. Nobody likes to be put in the position of an apologist and look foolish in the eyes of the world.

So we can be certain that the big news-gathering agencies are going to be very careful. It will be remembered that when the story came out of Brussels early in the week, it was hedged about with all kinds of reservations. It was given no credence. It was reported simply as it was heard but with added caution as to the likelihood of its unreliability.

What the newspapermen expect is that Germany will employ prapaganda in the future as she has done in the past, namely to promote her own ends. If it appears likely to favor her and demoarlize us, she'll send out any kind of a rumor likely to accomplish such end. If Germany could induce the factory workers in Amerloa to quit their jobs en masse and go out and celebrate victory for days, she'd announce surrender even tho General Eisenhower knew nothing at all about such surrender, and the Germans know that he is the one and only person with whom they now can do business.

Enemy-inspired propaganda may take other forms than those premature reports of peace. But whatever form it may take, the thing will be to keep calm heads upon our shoulders, to go ahead with our business and take peace or the continuance of the war in the same swift stride of production which is doing so much to aid the winning of the war.

Mr. Dewey's Campaign Strategy

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—Governor Dewey's campaign strategy has been revealed. He intends to make his fundamental appeal on the basis of what is to be done in a four-year term that is to run from 1945 to 1949—years of peace rather than of war.

The Republican nominee, therefore, makes the New Deal the issue. He goes to the heart of the economic controvrsies that have rocked this country from 1933 on and he plainly intends in future speeches to show that the war is being won not because of but in spite of the New Deal's bickerings and quarrels with industry and management. He cites the recent Nelson-Wilson friction as one of a series of episodes illustrative of bad management by the Chief Executive.

The New York governor thus seeks to bring into prominence the New Deal's mistakes rather than the achievements of the war machine. In due time the Republican nominee will probably attack the Democratic party's pamphlets and speeches which boast that the planes and ships, the munitions and the supplies used in waging war against Japan and Germany are the product of the Democratic administration. Mr. Dewey will endeavor to remind the country that Republicans helped to make that war equipment both in the ranks of management and labor, in farm and factory.

The emphasis placed by Mr. Dewey on the unemployment problem, which he says was not solved from 1933 to 1940 and was overcome only by an armament economy coincident with the outbreak of total war in the summer of 1940, indicates that jobs rather than peace problems of an international character are believed to be uppermost in the voters' minds today.

Jobs Chief Concern

There can be little doubt that the polls and surveys of public opinion show that "jobs" are at the top of the list of items of concern to the voters both here and overseas. But Mr. Dewey add another twist to it. He says that the New Deal has devised a slow demobilization plan for the Army so as to keep the ranks of the unemployed at home from growing too large. He says this is a confession that the Roosevelt regime does not believe it can solve the unemployment problem except by some form of continued military service and the dole.

Mr. Dewey's speech is militant and not unlike the terse and epigrammatic style of Mr. Roosevelt's successful campaign speeches on the radio.

Maybe there's something about the radio that requires campaigning to be done in generalities which will be understood by millions at a time but it would be refreshing if campaign speeches were not geared to the least common denominator but were tried on a higher plane. The thoughtfully prepared, well documented and logically developed address on a current issue, persuasive in tone and informative in substance, the kind that gives a glimpse into the quality of a man's mind and his philosophy of service is a rare thing nowadays among the spokesmen of either party.

It may be that Governor Dewey plans some addresses of that kind later in the campaign but, because of the unfamiliarity with the Dewey mind and personality which the intelligent people of the country happen to have at the moment, it would be better if he could write some speeches that would not necessarily be delivered over the radio but would be read by the thoughtful citizens whose opinions percolate through their friends and neighbors to many millions more.

A Significant Hint

On the basis of the first Dewey speech, one can say that he has covered in a sketchy and preliminary way his range of attack. He has gone to the offense but he has not yet given—as doubtless he will later—a clue to the kind of administration he would furnish in substitution for the New Deal. There is, however, a significant hint in this Dewey declaration:

"We must also have a government which believes in enterprise and government policies which encourage enterprise. We must see to it that a man who wants to start a business is encouraged to start it, that the man who wants to expand a going business is encouraged to expand it. We must see to it that the job producing enterprises of America are stimulated to produce more jobs. We must see to it that the man who wants to produce more jobs is not throttled by the government—but knows that he has a government as eager for him to succeed as he is himself.

"We cannot have jobs and opportunity if we surrender our freedom to government control. We do not need to surrender our freedom to government control in order to have the economic security to which we are entitled as free men. We can have both opportunity and security within the framework of a free society."

Meanwhile, the London dispatches say President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill are to meet soon somewhere in Canada. It remains to be seen how far the mood of the voter is at yet concentrated on domestic issues.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

GENERAL MARSHALL'S WISDOM

It is fortunate for the United States that its professional soldiers are less militaristic than its politicians in wartime. While some of the politicos are busying themselves trying to beat the gun on post-war military training, displaying a curious anxiety lest Americans, after this war, hate all wars, General Marshall who has already put the American army inside Germany, counsels that a large standing army has "no place among the institutions of a modern democratic State." He is not afraid of the pacifism of his people because he has witnessed what a nation that truly hates war can do if and when it must go to war. General Marshall is not swept off his feet by political exigencies, for he realizes that no one can today approximate the size of America's post-war army as no one today knows America's post-war commitments. And no one can safely commit the United States to anything.

A citizen's army may be recruited at the moment of a declaration of war as was the American army in this war or it may consist of reserves trained for a short period in peacetime. The ROTC was an attempt between the last war and this to establish a large officers' reserve by preparing college men in time of peace to be ready to take over in time of war. But both the numbers and the diversities of training required in the present war made of the ROTC a very small contribution—altogether inadequate for the national necessities. This does not however reflect unfavorably on the ROTC idea.

It may be possible after this war to use some such method as the ROTC in the high schools and colleges to combine school study with military training. The last year in high school would be particularly suitable for such training as so many more boys go to high school than to college. This would come close to universal training without yanking boys out of college.

The real danger of any large military reserve, particularly on the officer level, is that it tends to set up a militaristic caste. The military reservist has been the curse of Japan, for instance, because he came to believe himself to be permanently a part of the army and he concentrated his loyalties in support of military chieftains. General Marshall said of the reservists:

" . . . Under this system, leadership in war and the control of military preparations and policy in peacetime are concentrated largely and necessarily in a special class or caste of professional soldiers.

"This is the system of Germany and Japan. It produces highly efficient armies. But it is open to serious political objections. In a nation maintaining such a system, intelligent opinion as to military policy and the international political policy associated therewith is concentrated in a special class."

The Citizen's Army need not be dependent upon compulsory military training. There must be the opportunity for voluntary military training. The distinction is inherent in our concept of government. In such a republic as ours, the obligations of the state to the individual are defined in our Constitution but the obligations of the citizen to the state are not clearly defined. In fact, the citizen is hardly obligated to the state at all as long as he pays his taxes, avoids committing a crime and does not commit treason in time of war. The result is that citizens often neglect their duties and responsibilities and even pride themselves upon their ability to bootleg when the occasion offers.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that this country has been able in the shortest possible time to establish a competent Citizen's Army capable of meeting such effective military forces as those of Germany and Japan and defeating them in battle. Before we discard our voluntary system we ought to be certain that it is not the best way for us. Certainly nothing in this war would indicate that a change is necessary. At most, it might be advantageous to develop the ROTC idea so that it could be applied to boys of high school years and to privates as well as officers.

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ECHOES FROM THE PAST

by ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

VATERLAND AND MUTTERSCHPROCH

In 1872 Professor S. S. Haldeman published the pioneer essay about our dialect: PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH—A Dialect of South German with an Infusion of English. It was published in London after having been read before the Philological Society of London on June 3, 1870. On the second page of this scholarly treatise the learned scientist declares that the term "Vaterland" no longer has a place among the old stock of Pennsylvania Germans, "the natives caring no more for Germany than for other parts of Europe, for they are completely naturalized, notwithstanding their language."

If this was true seventy-four years ago it is true even to a greater degree today. In my extensive acquaintance among Pennsylvania Germans who have shown an interest in their cultural heritage I do not know one person who thinks in terms of any **Vaterland** other than the America where his ancestors sought refuge from the intolerable conditions of the old world, that America which he and his forebears have helped to make great and glorious.

But "die Mutterschproch," or his mother tongue, that is a different matter. We still use the term affectionately, not in the sense that is related to a mother country, but rather in the sense that it is the language which many of us have learned upon our mother's knee — the earliest vehicle for our thinking, the medium by which our deepest emotions are touched and the language in which nature speaks to us. Our adopted English comes out of books. English is, so to speak, the Sunday-go-to-meeting clothing for our tongues.

A complex modern civilization has made necessary the introduction of many new words into our dialect. Do we consult a German dictionary to find modern German words for our needs? No, we have recourse to a typically American way. We coin our own terms, drawing liberally upon the English. Thus a railway becomes a "Riggelweg," a microphone becomes a "Schwetz Box." As early as the middle of the eighteenth century Conrad Weiser recorded that he and Count von Zinzendorf had talked "Pennsylvanish." Our dialect is not Dutch, it is not German, it is "Pennsylvanish!"

FARM MACHINERY

During a visit to the Palatinate, the Pfalz of so many of our forefathers, a few years ago, the writer observed many farmers at work in their small fields. They were harvesting their crops, employing the same primitive tools and implements that have found their way into museums in this country. Two centuries of progress, it would seem, have not changed the folkways of the old world to a great extent. Grain is still harvested with sickles and threshed with flails and grass is mown with scythes which are sharpened on **dengelstocks** and the **wetzkumb** still dangles from the waist of the mower. Cows are used to do the plowing and whole families, men, women and children, perform their tasks in the fields, much in the same way that peasants formerly labored on the feudal estates of their lords.

Eighty years ago most of the farm labor in our rural communities was still performed by hand. But free men in a free country were not bound by feudal fetters.

Jonathan Good, near Bowmansville, was the first farmer to use a mowing machine in eastern Lancaster county. This was in 1860. Neighbors came to see the new device and their comments were derogatory for the most part. Some laborers even refused to work for farmers who bought these new-fangled machines. Rural economic life was built upon a system of group labor in the fields, with its attendant social pleasures. Eventually the machine destroyed the system of group labor and diverted many farm hands to the city where the increasing number of factories called for recruits from the soil.

Today farming is mechanized. Capital has replaced labor on our fields. Many of these new machines are known by their English names, viz. separator, tractor, binder, silo, and in other case by translation into the dialect, as Hoiwenner (tedder), Drescherei (threshing machine), Hoilaader (hay loader). Other new implements for which terms had to be coined show the Dutchman's skill in adapting English words to his tongue, thus engine becomes **Inschein, electric** becomes a noun designating electricity and a washing machine becomes a **Weschmaschin.**

The old implements known before the modern era retain their German names, but those which are American in origin did not adopt their modern German equivalents.

The modern Pennsylvania German farmer has advanced centuries beyond the farmers of the old Pfalz. He has done this by becoming completely American in his outlook upon life and his refusal to depend upon the old world for guidance. He was the pioneer farmer of the new world, where every man is a duke in his own manor and an American in his own right.

THE OLEY SURVEYOR

Some time ago an interesting little book came into the possession of the writer. It is a Reading imprint, Johann Ritter, 1824, and its title is "Der Bauer als Landmesser," or the "Farmer as Surveyor." Its author was H. W. Villee, of Spang's Iron Works in Oley Township, Berks county. The Foreword declares that the book was completed "am Tage der Unabhaengigkeit, 1823," or on Independence Day.

This book is a handbook for all persons who work at trades wherein correct measurement is essential. Masons, carpenters, smiths, cabinet-makers are assured by the author that they will find in its pages all that need be known in their several trades.

In the conclusion of the Vorrede the author states that this is the first textbook in the German language dealing with the art of surveying "the ever blessed, only free state in the world". The patriotic fervor of the writer and his completion of the book upon Independence Day inspired his closing sentence "and I wish fortune to all good Americans."

The book is of special value to historians and genealogists because it contains a list of names and addresses of subscribers which serves to place individuals in their respective communities as of more than a century ago. Naturally, because the language was German most of the subscribers were Pennsylvania Germans although here and there an Irish name will appear.

The text of the handbook may be of interest to students of mathematics, but we shall pass over it lightly here, without checking up on the calculations of the author.

The last pages of this book of 155 pages deal with a subject which has little or no bearing on arithmetic or surveying. They contain formulae for testing wine and brandywine. The author commends these pages to the interest of storekeepers, saloon keepers and "Branntweinbrenner". Finally he gives the reader a formula by which a frozen grape vine may be restored to life.

On the last page of the handbook appear the titles of five other books which Villee hoped to write if he could secure enough subscribers: 1. On Leather Tanning; 2. Dyeing linen, wool, cotton and silk; 3. Curing tobacco for snuff; 4. Wine and Liquors; 5. Grape-growing. We do not know whether these books ever appeared. Have any of our readers knowledge of such?

BROTHER SQUARE TOES

In his delightful short story entitled "Brother Square Toes," the British novelist and poet, Rudyard Kipling, has introduced sketches of the countryside of eastern Pennsylvania. The story is introduced by the poem "Philadelphia" in which the author laments the absence of charm in that great city and then concludes with rapturous lines about "the pleasant land behind."

In Kipling's story Red Jacket, the Indian friend of Toby Hirte, the apothecary of Moravian Alley in Philadelphia, finds a stowaway lad recently arrived in America. The boy is hungry and friendless and Red Jacket takes him to Hirte's establishment out of pity. The fiddle-playing apothecary takes a liking to the lad, names him Gert Schwenkfelder and hires him as his apprentice. Toby buys the boy's redemption time from the ship captain with twelve bottles of Seneca Oil, a drug which is the special potion sold at the Hirte apothecary.

Toby has a country place near Lebanon in the upstate and each year he makes a springtime journey to Lebanon: "Gert," says he, "get the horses. Liberty and Independence forever! The flowers appear upon the earth and the time of the singing of the birds is come. We are going to my country seat in Lebanon."

In describing the ten-day horse-back journey through the Dutch country of 1793 Kipling declares: "It is a kindly, softly country there back of Philadelphia among the German towns Lancaster way. Little houses and bursting barns, fat cattle, fat women and all as peaceful as Heaven might be if they farmed there."

Every one along the route knew Toby Hirte, the medicine man who carried the long "umbrell," as Kipling describes it. Into the mouth of Gert he puts the following rhapsody:

"I'd no fault to find with those days. In the cool o' the morning the catbird sings. He's something to listen to. And there's a smell of wild grape vines growing in damp hollows, which you drop into, after long rides in the heat, which is beyond compare for sweetness. So the puffs of the pine woods of afternoons.

"Come sundown the frogs strike up and later the fireflies dance in the corn! Oh me, the fireflies in the corn!

"We were a week or ten days on the road, tacking from one place to another, such as Lancaster, Bethlehem, Ephrata, 'Thou Bethlehem—Ephrata!'—no odds—I loved the going about; and so we jogged into dozy little Lebanon by the Blue Mountains where Toby had a cottage and a garden of all fruits.

Still the pine woods scent the noon,
Still the catbird sings his tune,
Still autumn sets the maple forest blazing;
Still the grape vine fills the dusk
With its soul-compelling musk
And fireflies in the corn make night amazing."

ES SCHOPTYOHR KUMMT BEI

Der Wind weht iwwer die Hawwerschtopple,
Die Grumbiere waerre ausgemacht;
Bolleryockel blieht in de Fruchtfelder
Un 's Schpotyohr gross wachst iwwernacht.
Ich saag 's eich heit—es Schpotyohr kummt bei.

Die Bauere machen ready fer die Felder bluge,
Ohmet missen sie mache, es gebt ken Ruge;
Es Welschkarn wachst, Kaerbse sin gross un schee;
Im Busch riecht's noch alle Orte Tee.
Ich saag 's eich heit—es Schpotyohr kummt bei.

Die Leit duhn Welschkarn un Bohne daerre,
Eppel-un Biereschnitz sin uff de Harde;
Die Paersching sin zeitich, Eppel faerwe sich schee;
Was iss des en Haerrlichkeet uff all de Baem!
Ich saag 's eich heit—es Schpotyohr kummt bei.

Es Schnarrveggelche schwebt noch um die Blumme,
Die Amschle hen noch kleene Yunge;
Ich wor draus beim alte Beindbaam heit,
Der Schpotyohrsvogel hot g'sunge: Tuwit Tuwe!
Ich saag 's eich heit—es Schpotyohr kummt bei.

Er ruft mit Note so hell un klor,
Scheint's iss yuscht eener yedere Ort.
Hoch in der Luft, noh widder nunner,
So ruft er sei Brieder am End vum Summer—
Ich saag 's eich heit—es Schpotyohr kummt bei.

Veggelcher versammele sich in Truppe,
Browiere die Fliggel iwwerm Fresse suche;
Sie machen sich faerdich fer fart zu geh
Noch em worme Land odder iwwer der See—
Ich saag 's eich heit—es Schpotyohr kummt bei.

So sotte die Mensche sich aa eirichte,
Sache sammele un duh ihre Flichte,
So dass wann der Ruf kummt: "Kumm nau heem!"
Sie faerdich sin un bereit zu geh.
Ich saag eich Leit—es Schpotyohr kummt bei.

Locust Valley, August, 1944. ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

'N RECOMMENDATION

Pennsylvaani hot Baerricke glee un gross—
Bekannt darrichs Land sin die Poconos.
Der Delaware Rewwer schprengt sie in zwee;
Iwwerall rumg'schtraet sin viel gleene See.
Die Luft dart iss haerrlich, frisch, kiehl un glaar;
Die Scenery aa iss gans wunnerbaar.
Du kannscht schwimme, fische un boote geh,
Odder Golf schpiele, Tennis un Croquet.
Die Boarding Heiser un grosse Hotels
Waerren oftmols b'sucht vun Nei Yarrick Swells;
Dart kannscht du griege die alierbescht Koscht,
Wann 'd Cash genunk im Geldbeitel hoscht—
Hinkel un Waffele—alle Sart Pie—
Kuche genunk un abaddich "Shoo Fly."

Ee Daag uff re Train hen so Tschentelleit,
Uff ihrem Weg heem vun re gute Zeit,
Gebraeggt wie Gutes sie hen genosse,
Wie blessierlich die Zeit iss verflosse;
'S waar alles vum Beschte—yuscht ee Ding letz—
Die Pennsylvaani Deitsche un ihr G'schwetz!

'N Mann der hinnich ihne g'sotze hot,
Heert ihr Gelechter un arrick Geschpott;
Un weil's ihn so maechtich hot verdrosse,
Saagt er, eb er die Train duht verlosse:

"When next you desire a new location,
In which to spend a summer vacation,
I recommend one—it may suit you well—
No Pennsylvania Dutch there! You can go to ——!"

—A. N. ONYMOUS.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

Blost der Wind, dann geht die Miehl;
Blost er net, dann schteht sie schtill.

THE MILLER GRINDS HIS CORN

Der Miller maahlt sei Karn, sei Karn,
Der Miller maahlt sei Karn;
Un's Buweli Blo, des blost ins Harn,
Imme Schwung un e Schritt un e Schprung.

Der Fuhrmann fiehrt der Gaul am Zaam,
Er fiehrt der Gaul am Zaam;
Die Maad kummt rei mit Millich un Raahm,
Imme Schwung un e Schritt un e Schprung.

Die Nachtigall singt noch's aller bescht;
Sie singt noch's aller bescht;
Der Voggel sucht im Baam sei Nescht,
Imme Schwung un e Schritt un e Schprung.

Die Maed, die hen der Butter gedreht,
Sie hen der Butter gedreht;
Die Buwe, die hen's Hoi gemaeht,
Imme Schwung un e Schritt un e Schprung.

WASN'T IT FUNNY, HEAR IT ALL PEOPLE

Waar des net g'schpassich? 'S hot alles geguckt!
Do hot der glee Tommy der Kaerchetarn g'schluckt.
Des hot er geduh, un er hot noch gelacht;
Der Kaerchetarn waar yuscht vun Zucker gemacht.

SPEAK KINDLY

O schwetz doch gut zum Hund, mei Bu!
Er freet sich graad so gaern wie du.
Er hot des Schelte uff em Schtrich,
Un wann er 's heert, dann schemmt er sich;
Er denkt gewiss, im Schtille dart,
O loss mich geh, noh gehn ich fart!

SING, SING, WHAT SHALL I SING?

Sing, sing! was soll ich dann singe?
Die Bussi, die soll mer die Schtrumpbendel bringe.
Duh, duh! was soll ich dann duh?
Sie bringt mer aa besser die Schtrimp un die Schuh.

SNAIL, SNAIL, COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE

Schneck, Schneck, kumm aus em Loch,
Schunscht gaerwich dich fer'n gansi Woch!
Schneck, Schneck, die Haerner schtreck,
Do kummt en Dieb un holt dich weck!

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

Dreissich Daage hot September,
Abrill un Juni, aa November;
All die annre, eener meh,
Yuscht der Harning, gans allee,
Muss mit achtunzwansich duh,
Im Schalkyaahr noch en Daag dezu.

—Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. EMMA C. WAGNER

Mrs. Emma C. Wagner, 74, of East Texas, wife of David Wagner, died yesterday afternoon at her home following a stroke suffered Saturday. She had been in ill health for the past few years.

Born in Allentown, the daughter of the late John and Caroline (nee Heintz) Wuensch, she was a member of the Lutheran wing of the Trexlertown church, the Ladies Aid society of the church, the Home department of the East Texas Union Sunday school, and the Ladies Aid society of the Wescosville Fire Co.

Besides her husband she is survived by five sons, Winfield of East Texas, Ellis of Cetronia, John of Allentown, Warren of Wescosville, Kermit of Fogelsville; four daughters, Mrs. Estella Meitzler of Allentown, Mrs. Myron Diehl of Cetronia, Mrs. George Miller of Hecktown, Mrs. Paul Ritter of this city; 20 grandchildren; one great-granddaughter; five sisters, Mrs. Minnie Baatz of Allentown, Mary, Sarah, Lillie and Florence Wuensch, all of Allentown. Three of her grandsons are serving in the armed forces.

Rev. D. C. Kauffman and Rev. Ralph Althouse will officiate at services to be held Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. at the late home and at the Trexlertown church. Interment in cemetery adjoining the church. The Schmoyer Funeral home has charge of arrangements.

MRS. SARAH R. SMITH

Mrs. Sarah R. Smith, widow of Victor Smith, died Friday at 8:15 a. m. at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Rudolph Kresh, 131. E. Ettwein St., Bethlehem. Born in East Texas, Pa., she was the daughter of Frank and Leanda Stevens Bastian. She was a member of St. Paul's Reformed church.

Mrs. Smith is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Francis Lear and Eva M. Smith; one brother, William Bastian; one sister, Mrs. Truman Frey; two grandchildren and two great grandchildren, all of Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. The Rev. Chester Brachman will officiate. Burial will be in Memorial Park cemetery.

MRS. MARY ELLEN BAUDER

Mrs. Mary Ellen Bauder, widow of Thomas Bauder, 1125 Wiley Ave., Fountain Hill, died at 3:15 p. m Friday in St. Luke's hospital. Born in North Wales, Pa., she was the daughter of Jesse and Emma Trangler Longenauer and was a member of St. Luke's Evangelical church.

Survivors are three sons, Floyd, Steel City; Asher and Calvin, Bethlehem; two daughters, Mrs. Fred Herbold and Mrs. Raymond Houser, Bethlehem and a brother, Harvey Longenauer.

Fourteen grandchildren, two of whom, John Bauder, and James Herbold, are in the Marines and Navy, and 16 great-grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services at 3 p. m. Monday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. Interment, Ironville cemetery

MRS. BERTINA R. CHRIST

Mrs. Bertina R. Christ, 64, of 232 E. Susquehanna St., widow of Frank W. Christ, died yesterday afternoon at her home after a week's illness.

Born in this city she was the daughter of the late Peter and Sarah (nee Herring) Sterner.

She is survived by one daughter, Myrtle, wife of Herman A. Linde Jr., at home; a son, Thurston L. of Allentown, two grandchildren, one brother, Tilden Sterner, and a sister, Drieze, wife of George Zerbe, both of Allentown.

Rev. C. D. Kressley will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Derr Funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment in Eastern Salisbury cemetery.

JOHN MINGORA

John Mingora, resident of Bethlehem for the past 55 years, and a native of Czechoslovakia, died at 4 p. m. Friday at the residence of his son, Joseph Mingora, 233 9th Ave.

Six children survive: Mrs. Veronica Kuretz, Mrs. Matthew Kuharik, Mrs. George Peters, John and Joseph, Bethlehem; Stephen, Buffalo. Twenty grandchildren and one great-grandchild also survive.

The funeral will be held at 8:15 a. m. Monday from the residence 233 9th Ave., solemn requiem mass will be celebrated in SS. Cyril and Methodius church and burial will be made in the parish cemetery.

MRS. ELLA S. ACHE

Mrs. Ella S. Ache, 79, wife of the late George Ache, died at 2 p. m. Friday at the residence of her daughter Mrs. Walter Wickert, 322 E. Union Blvd., Bethlehem.

She was born in Allentown, April 4, 1865. A sister, Mrs. Annie Nadler of Tacoma, Wash., survives. Also five grandchildren, two in the armed forces and five great-grandchildren

Funeral services at 3:30 p. m. Tuesday in the Steyers Funeral home, 500 Linden St., Rev. A. Augustus Welsh officiating. Interment Nisky Hill.

OneMinute Test

1. How many is a "baker's dozen?"
2. What is the fourth dimension?
3. What is the 19th amendment to the U. S. Constitution.

Words of Wisdom

The best teacher is the one who suggests rather than dogmatizes, and inspires his listeners with the wish to teach himself.—Bulwer.

Hints on Etiquette

If you do not know the bride and do not have and cannot obtain her address, but are invited to the wedding, as a friend of the groom, send the wedding present to the groom, but addressed to the bride in care of him.

One-Minute Test Answers

1. Thirteen.
2. Time, according to Einstein.
3. The Woman's Suffrage amendment.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Widder In Dumhata

Die Annie Christman fon Aquashicola kumt oft in dumhata, ow'r manag'd gamainer hond fer die socha ruich halta. Doh da onner dawg sin ow'r grawd fon unserra Fegelcher tzu rechdie tzeit dawaig g'floga wie sie boomerawlisha socha aw garich'd hut kot. Es sheind, ihra mon der John is 'n aryer fishermon. Doh net long tzurick hut er fisha gae wolla un sei gumshtivel ol ready navich der dish g'shteld kot fer handich, so as er yusht nei tzu shluppa het won er fert wot.

Die Annie hut noh ow'r gamaint, "Och John, duh grickshd anyhow ken fish, ich moch 'n kon soukrout uf so os m'r ebbes hen fer supper." Der John hut sei net gaglicha tzu hoerra, ow'r hut nix g'sawt, un die Annie is nunner in der kaller un glei danoh tzurick ruf kumma mit ra kon sourkrout. Howwa in da kich uf 'm dish hut sie der deckle fom sourkraut ganumma, un die duh yommer yaea nocha mohl, wos hut des sourkrout awfonga kocha un shauma.

Die bree uns soukrout is alla waiga owwa iwwer der dish nous galoffa iwwer der dish nunner uf der budda, un so gore aw tzum John seina shtivel nei os es bol owwa driwwer rous galoffa is. 'S sourkrout is libehoftich aw gonga wie won die Annie 'n gonser pock box soda bei gariehrt het kot. Ols is es fert galoffa un hut fert g'shaum'd wie won gore ken end datzu wear. Un so arrick os es galoffa is wor die kon ol die weil ava fol, un is grawd so fert iwwer galoffa.

Die Annie hut noh g'shtonna ihra weissa hoar gakrotzt, noh hut sie 'n lumba grick'd fer ihra selerrei uf butza, ow'r hut waricklich shler net gawist woh awfonga, odder halt aw sholga. 'S airsht hut sie mohl der dish ob gareinich'd, noh 's sourkrout un die bree ous 'm John seina shtivel inna aimer galairt, un yusht shtarta kot der budda uf butza, wie der John kumma is fer fisha gae.

Die tzeit wor noh tzu kartz fer may denka fer die shtivel wesha un drickla, un der John is datzu nei g'shlupt da beshda waig os er gakent hut, un hut sei warum un fish gart ganumma un is ob fert fisha. Die barichda sin, 's het recht gagwotch'd wie der John galoffa is, un die bree wear 'm ols g'shwishich da tzaea ruf, alla shrit os er gamocht het. Aenicha waig, er is endlich noch da grick kumma un hut 'n warum on die ongle gamocht, nous g'shmissa un sich uf der ufer k'huck'd der garrick watcha. Die fees hut er ol die weil drunna nagshd om wosser shtae kot, un shtarta wunnerra wie g'shwind os er 'n biss het.

Der garrick owwa uf 'm wosser hut sich ow'r net ferraig'd, un der John hut ols k'huck'd un gaguck'd, un gawunnert wie g'shwind os er mohl 'n biss graich'd. Eb er sich noh um sehna hut kot, hut er 'n ooving im wosser g'sehna grawd fer sich, un wohrhoft won net 'n alter wopper fon ma sucker der kup tzum wosser rous g'shtrack'd hut fer sehna woh der lieblich sourkrout garuch bei kaimt. Der John hut noh 'n shtae gagrab'd un g'shmissa, un der fish gadroffa grawd g'shwishich da auga, un 'n mous rocka dote g'shmissa.

Eb der John selar fish recht im karrab kotta hut, is ferhoftich sei widder 'n onnerer bei kumma, un so hen sie fert gamocht bis er shticker ocht fon da shanshd un graishda fish kot hut fer hame nemma, os er shun fer 'n longie tzeit g'sehna hut kot. Die fadem fom grout hen 'n wol awenich gablok'd g'shwishich da tzaea, ow'r der John hut gamaint 's wear 's wert fer sei howwa, tzu wissa wos fer shmarta suckers os er g'fonga het dadarrich.

Owets hut der John un sei Annie noh fish kot in blotz fon sourkrout fer supper, un hais'd die Annie het gamaint sie het sei lebdawg ken so guta fish gessa wie sei gawest weara. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, die Annie hut so shweara gadonka kot wacich da fish, os sie gons un gore fergessa hut tzu denka on ihra "Nylon" shtrimp druvel os sie doh gons kartzlich aw mohl kotta hut. Wie sei ob galoffa is will niemond wissa, ow'r hais'd, sie het so shtoltz g'fiel'd mit 'm paar shtrimp os sie kotta hut,—shtoltz g'fiel'd bis sie ous g'funna hut os ae shtrump langer wor wie der onner in da lang, un ae shtrump hel wor, un der onner dunkle.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Noch ae woch may, noh is die gross Allentown Fair widder om gae, un woh des yohr graiser un besser werra sol os sie sei lava dafor noch wor.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

CALL —Horoscope— SAT SEPT 9.

You are magnetic, intuitive and with some latent psychic powers. You have many different interests and take a leading part whenever possible. You are apt to rush into things without determining the outcome, and should try to be more discriminating in your judgment. You are loving, kind and considerate. In the next 12 months elders will help and hinder your progress. Business ups-and-downs, domestic and social pleasures and disappointments are portended. Watch against deception and sensationalism. Born today a child will need to guard against mental overstrain, nerve and lung troubles. Worry through money, documents and law is also threatened.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1919

Robert Clewell, 17, captain of the Bethlehem High school football team, was instantly killed when crushed under the rear wheel of a large truck when he lost control of the bicycle which he was riding and fell

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To endure is greater than to dare; to tire out hostile fortune; to be daunted by no difficulty; to keep heart when all have lost it; to go thru intrigue spotless; to forego even ambition when the end is gained—who can say this is not greatness!—Thackeray.

WATER THE BIG PROBLEM

Never has there been so much thought and activity in our nearby rural areas concerning fire protection as is being evidenced by the men, and even women, in a large number of communities. Fire companies are being formed or, having been formed, are being advanced. Plans for securing and housing apparatus and the training of fire-fighters are being made or have been well advanced.

However it always is realized when rural folks get together to talk about protection against fire that the entire problem is like a three-legged stool, one leg being an organization of volunteers who will train themselves for fire-fighting, the second being possession of suitable fire-fighting apparatus and the third being water supply. Like a stool, rural fire-fighting systems cannot stand upon either one or two legs. They must have the perfect balance that is assured by these three factors.

Our rural fire-fighters and their vigorous young organizations are awake to this fact. They know that no matter how many men they band together and train and no matter how many pieces of fast and powerful apparatus they are able to purchase, very ineffective fire-fighting will be done unless easily accessible water in abundance exists in the area which will be served by the fire companies. Unless there be abundance of water, fire apparatus and firemen will be little more than so much moral support at a great many fires.

So our rural firemen properly are making every effort to develop an elaborate and adequate system of dams to impound water. They are seeking such governmental advice, information and help as may be available. Their efforts deserve reward for there is no more disturbing problem for rural residents than this matter of fire protection and the entire problem hinges upon water supply.

A BIG CHRISTMAS FOR THE BOYS

Yesterday was the first day upon which special Christmas packages for service men overseas were accepted by the postal authorities and all indications are that the millions of men who will observe the great holiday in foreign countries are going to be remembered abundantly by their grateful and affectionate kinsfolk and friends.

In the preparations which the American armed forces are making for Christmas there are further evidences of the fact that no army in history has received so much thoughtful consideration by the folks back home and by their government agencies. Every effort is being made to get every gift for every soldier and sailor to every camp and ship, no matter in what part of the world it may be located, well in advance of Christmas Day. And the almost absolute certainty is that the gifts are going to get there because plans have been laid so well.

So if the kith and kin of service men observe the regulations concerning the mailing of gifts the boys will get their gifts on or before Christmas Day. Those gifts will go out in great ships which will be well protected en route and they will be distributed by the United States postal system, always a great American institution but now developed into a world-wide system that functions like a fine watch.

ROMANIANS SWALLOW THEIR MEDICINE

The war is virtually over for the Romanians who now know what it is going to cost them for having dallied and consorted with Adolf Hitler when they might have discouraged a dangerous upstart.

Now that Romania has complied with Russian demands that she fight the Germans and help to oust them from her country and from Transylvania, an armistice has been granted by Russia and terms have been announced. Under these terms reparations in the amount of $300,000,000 are to be paid to Russia over a period of six years, either in cash or in goods and services and property of the nationals of Allied nations is to be restored to the original owners.

The Romanians have accepted the terms which one of their statesmen has admitted are "fair." A lot of the sting of the defeat which they have had to acknowledge is removed by the fact that the Russians are now helping the Romanians in their campaign to chase the Hungarians out of Transylvania which is to be restored to Romania.

It appears that the Romanians are accepting their defeat in a sporting spirit, realizing that it is costly to bet on the wrong horse and more costly to tie up with a loser in a great war. They gambled for big stakes and lost and they are not crying about it.

The world can bet dollars to doughnuts that their example will not be imitated by the Germans. When they are defeated one can anticipate the deepest wailing and gnashing of teeth. Again we can expect to hear the old story that Germany was helplessly surrounded, that she was double-crossed by this and that country, that she never was given a chance by the council of nations, that she was plotted and conspired against and all that sort of drivel that we heard twenty-five years ago.

RUHR NEXT IN PATH OF RUIN

Warning has been issued by General Eisenhower to the people in the Ruhr to quit that industrial section before the Allied attack from the air is unleashed in the fury of which it is capable. As in earlier stages of the war against Germany, Eisenhower can be expected to concentrate thousands of planes upon any path that he expects to use to get into Germany. Thousands of tons of explosives will be dropped in advance of the motorized forces and the infantry and what has not been destroyed from the air will be finished by artillery and the tanks.

Inasmuch as one of the roads into Germany leads thru the Ruhr and inasmuch as destruction of everything of war value in that district is desirable in the effort to defeat Germany, it can be expected that the Ruhr will be completely flattened. In World War No. 1 complaint was made that the big war industries in that area were protected because foreign investments in them were very heavy. In this war there has been no evidence that Essen, Duesseldorf and other industrial cities have been spared in any respect. The final test appears to be near at hand and the workers in that entire area are being urged to get out and save their lives.

Eisenhower does not want to kill anybody, least of all the myriads of slave labor which has been put to work by the Germans, much of it in the Ruhr. He has given them ample opportunity and warning to escape and they can be expected to do so unless German intimidation proves stronger than Allied threat.

Dewey and the MacArthur Fuss

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—Governor Dewey made an unfortunate mistake—perhaps the first in his campaign-speaking tour—when he attacked President Roosevelt for allegedly denying aid to General MacArthur in the southwest Pacific. The New York Governor says that since General MacArthur is "no longer a political threat," supplies can be speeded to the southwest Pacific.

This is not in accord with the facts. If Governor Dewey had had better sources of information in Washington, he would have learned that whatever decisions of strategy have been made or whatever allocations of supplies have been determined upon were the non-political, impersonal decisions of the joint U. S. chiefs of staff so far as areas were concerned, and not the decisions of Mr. Roosevelt. He would also have learned that the so-called MacArthur plan for operating the war in the Pacific has been opposed by the United States Navy high command for months. This opposition has had nothing to do with politics or General MacArthur's position.

Almost everybody who has studied the warfare in the Pacific knows that from the beginning there have been differing lines of strategy proposed and that it was very difficult, for example, to get the Army Air Forces to believe that much of their planes and supplies should be diverted from Europe. This was due to a deep-seated conviction that Germany should be beaten first, possibly from the air, and then attention should be given to the Pacific.

If General MacArthur and his staff officers were disappointed some months ago in the amount of supplies then being given them—it is not the case now—they had only the decisions of the U. S. joint chiefs of staff to blame. There never was any politics in it so far as the high command of the Army or Navy was concerned.

Churchill a Factor

Governor Dewey might better have made his point in connection with the decisions reached as between the Prime Minister of Great Britain and President Roosevelt. It has long been believed in Washington, for instance, that Mr. Roosevelt on more than one occasion has conceded a point of global strategy to the British Prime Minister over the protest of his own chiefs of staff.

Governor Dewey, of course, suffers under the disadvantage of not knowing what goes on or has gone on as between the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the President of the United States. The work of these conferences is not only conducted secretly, but, so far as is known, there are no records made of what is said between these two heads of states. The military men, to be sure, know when decisions have been reached and when, of course, they have been reversed. There have been some important reversals of the point of view of the U. S. chiefs of staff, but these have been solely because of the pressure of the British Prime Minister to get the war in Europe over with first.

No one can justly say, however, that the British government has not wanted the Japanese beaten as quickly as possible, though there has been some pointed criticism here that the British government failed to mount the proper expedition from India to Burma and thus has delayed operations against the Japanese because of the meager aid given to China. In time more of the story will come out, but again it is not a matter that has anything to do with domestic politics in the United States. It had more to do with the persuasive powers of the British Prime Minister and the anxiety of Mr. Roosevelt to preserve Allied solidarity all along the line by acquiescing. History may prove that Mr. Roosevelt was mistaken in some of these judgments, but nobody will be able to prove that they had anything to do with domestic political consideration or any other kind of partisanship.

FDR's Actions Bad Enough

It's bad enough to have Mr. Roosevelt going around the country giving the impression that he is the great master of military strategy which, of course, he isn't. Military men resent the artificial impression being built up in this campaign that Mr. Roosevelt is running the war. But it would be an even worse mistake if Governor Dewey fell into the trap of trying to discuss in public the personnel of military command.

Undoubtedly the public deserves to be told more about the Pacific war. There is no question, for instance, more important to the American people than the length of the war against Japan. There are more than 3,700,000 American boys involved in the Pacific war. Mothers and fathers of these boys are entitled to know why the war against Japan is going to take at least two years longer and who is responsible for the delays and the tactics that have now deprived us of the help of China and have practically handed us a situation in which the United States Navy is going to have to hold the bag. That's more to the point than the alleged influence of a one-time political rivalry between MacArthur and Roosevelt.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

POLICING THE POLICEMEN

In all the current discussion of policing the world, little is being said about who is going to watch the cops. As the picture scantily exposes itself at Dumbarton Oaks, and as it undoubtedly is being discussed by Roosevelt and Churchill at Quebec, the scheme seems to be for the United States, Great Britain and Soviet Russia to combine for or against the rest of mankind with the object of maintaining whatever status quo they manage to establish at the end of this war. The object is to prevent World War III from following upon the heels of World War II and the present objective enemies are Germany and Japan, which makes the scheme, at this moment, plausible and popular. It fits the time.

Enemies Keep Changing

Objective enemies, however, keep changing, as anyone who has read history knows. For many centuries the objective enemy of Great Britain was France and then Russia. Prior to that it was Spain; now it is Germany. Who knows what it will be a quarter of a century hence? Yet, serious-minded men sit about a council table and plan to jell international relationship which are even more fickle than human relationships.

Furthermore, we do not know what these planners of eternal peace propose to do with peoples who intend to regain their liberties after the Triumvirate has deprived them not only of their traditional lands but of their traditional hopes and aspirations. If anyone believes, for instance, that the Poles will eternally accept enslavement to Russia any more than to Germany, he has misread a thousand years of history. Or if he imagines that China will settle down to a constructive national existence without further revolution and civil war, he does not grasp the irreconcilable differences between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists and he does not understand why Sun Fo, the eternal opportunist, has suddenly become the arch-advocate of Chinese democracy. Or if he believes that Germany can remain long partitioned, he fails to understand the national impulse that drives Germans to war. Or, to cite one further example, if he assumes that Finland will eternally be a Grand Duchy of Soviet Russia, he misreads the frightful sacrifices the Finss have made for their national life.

People Want to Know

If this country is to be a world policeman, our people ought to know something about what they are undertaking. For instance, suppose the people of India, Burma, and the Malay States want to run their own countries, badly as they may do it, is the United States to participate in forcing them to remain British colonies? Or, if the Javanese and Balinese want to be free from Holland, are we to say them nay? Or if the people of the Congo believe in national liberty, are we to tell them to be Belgians? Or if the Arabs of North Africa go nationalistic, are we to tell them that they must be French, British or perhaps even Spanish and Italian? Or if the Jews desire to set up a national commonwealth in Palestine in conformity with the Republican and Democratic platforms, are we to order them to give up a two thousand year hope and to do as the Arabs desire?

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BIG THURSDAY

Der Os un die Lou waare g'setzt zu geh
An die Allentown Fair far 's Big Thursday;
Drum laafe sie naus ans Garage—die zwee,
Far frieh ab mit em Chevrolet Coupe.

Kummt der Os dezu, do hot er en Flat
Uffem recht Vedder-wheel—des hot ihn verschtart.
Secht die Lou zu ihm: "Nau, Os, halt dich kiehl,
Doch in Hitz un Zarn schafft er am Spare Wheel."

Des druff, sucht er rum far en Repair-patch,
Finne kann er kens—er guckt an sei Watch.
'S naegscht faahre sie naus an der Greizweg Schtor,
Dart geht der Os nei un kaaft sich paar.

Er fixt es Spare-wheel, legt es hinne nuff,
Schmeist sei Tool-kit nei, un er graddelt druff;
Flink wie en Fersant schiesst der Chevy ab
Darrich en Sign, das gelese hot — STOP!

Denkt sie, wammer's yuscht nimmi ausschteh breicht—
Wem der Fuss schwer iss, dem iss der Kopp leicht.
"Geb acht," secht die Lou, "im Highway leit Glass."
Secht er, "Ich hab's Wheel, drum bin ich der Boss."

Glub, glub! geht der Shoe uff em recht Veddel-wheel,
Der Chevy ziegt aus un darrigelt viel;
Noh iss der Car dart rum geblotze
Bis iwwerm Culvert—dart hen sie noh g'sotze.

Secht die Lou: "Was naegscht? Schaff dich emol naus,
Denoh sei du Boss un loss mich gans haus."
Die Lou waar O. K.—sie weist blendi pep,
Doch wennich verzoppt—ihre Hat waar schepp.

Draus fangt der Os aa mit seinem Gegweel,
'S waar alles mit Gas, Anti-freeze un Eel.
Secht sie: "Blessier dich mit deinem Verzehr,
Dart draus kummt en Truck—ich verfehl ken Fair."

Secht er: "Geh wann'd witt!" Noh geht die Lou fart,
Denewe im Schwamm hen die Schof geblarrt;
Wie en Hound 'rickschluppt uff seinre Ausschpur,
So schleeft der Os heem mit der Eselfuhr.

Deheem hot der Os sei Chevy bedracht,
Er hot net gebrillt un aa net gelacht;
Kopps nei un Fiess raus, eegent er, iss schtreet—
Was faahrt mer so gaern, wann es nimmi geht.

Am Body rings rum waar alles so schee,
Er hot's Haerz net g'hatt far recht draa zu geh;
Endlich raise-d er der Hood un guckt dezu nei
Un gweelt, "Ei, ei, ei! mer meent's kennt net sei!"

Es Crank-case waar futsch un ee Cylinder
Un der Manifold un Distributor;
Im Drip-pan dart waar der Carburator,
Un es Shaft waar ab am Speedometer.

Am Radiator waar aa alles futsch,
Un so hot's aa g'scheint mit de Gears un Clutch,
Es Drive-shaft hot gans out-of-line extend,
Un 's Differential waar ewichs verrennt.

Die Rods waare ab far es Parking-brake,
So waar aa die Peif far es Gas-intake;
Die Ignition-wires waare rings rum los,
Un im Fuel-tank waar ken Droppe Tschus.

Die veddere Disc-wheels waare nei gedischt,
Un die Running-boards, die hen's aa verwischt;
Wie en Dachshund waar's vun Headlights zu Tail,
'S waar nichs zu bralle mit em unnere Deel.

Noh kummt's em Os ei—es koscht deiwels viel
Far Zarn abrenne am Automobile,
Noch eens kummt ihm ei—nau saage die Leit,
Dass ich waer g'faahre wie net recht g'scheit.

Wann Ungeduld faahrt, geht Verschtand net mit—
Beim Os hot's die gans Haerrlichkeit verschitt.
Secht die Lou, schpot heem: "Was duhn mei Fiess weh,
Mei Bett iss es End vun em Big Thursday."

By Lingual, odder ewwe der RAY S. BROWN

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

Editor of the ECK,
Dear Sir:

I was much interested in the poem, "Hymn of the Dunkers", (Sister Maria Christina Sings) by John Greenleaf Whittier, which appeared in the ECK, August 12, 1944.

Commenting further, I might add that the Seventh Day Baptist Brethren had some genuinely poetical cloister names for the Sisters, such as Sisters Genoveva, Eusebia, Petronella, Blandina, Euphrosina, Zenobia, Anastasia and Marcella. Sister Marcella was the cloister name for Maria Christina Saur, wife of Christopher Saur (Sower), Sr., during her stay at the Ephrata Cloisters.

Whittier, the poet, who alone of American poets has felt the poetry of Pennsylvania German life, has also devoted a few lines to the arrival of the band of German pilgrims. In Whittier's "Pennsylvania Hall," the following lines are found:

Meek-hearted Woolman and that brother-band,
The sorrowing exiles from their "Fatherland";
Leaving their home in Kriesheim's bowers of vine,
And their blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,
To seek amidst our solemn depths of wood
Freedom from man and holy peace with God;
Who first of all their testimonial gave
Against the oppressor, for the outcast slave.
Is it a dream that such as these look down
And with their blessings our rejoicings crown?

The reference in the seventh and eighth lines above is to the protest (the first in the new world) against slavery made to the monthly meeting of the Quakers, April 18, 1688, by Pastorius, Gerhard and the two Op Den Graeff brothers.

Whittier in his "Pennsylvania Pilgrim", also speaks about Kelpius, the superintendent of the forty mystics who in 1694 settled along the banks of the Wissahickon:

Painful Kelpius from his hermit den
By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,
Dreamed o'er the chiliast dreams of Petersen.

The above Kelpius (Johann Kelpius) was a man of great learning, though full of vagaries. The object of these mystics in coming to the new world was to await there the coming of the Lord, which they firmly believed would occur at the turn of the century. This community lasted only a few years and its logical successor was the Ephrata community, as it was Conrad Matthai, one of the last survivors of the above community hermitage, who advised Conrad Beissel to go to the Conestoga, there to live a life of contemplation and solitude. These mystics were for the most party university trained.

Then too Governor Joseph Ritner's manly protest against slavery called forth from Whittier a tribute to the sturdiness of Pennsylvania German character:

Thank God for the token: one lip is still free,
One spirit untrammelled, unbending one knee, etc.

Whittier wrote what he considered his best poem, "The Pennssylvania Pilgrim," on Pastorius:

Simply, as fits my theme, in homely rhyme
I sing the blue-eyed German Spener taught,
Through whose veiled, mystic faith the Inward Light,
Steady and still, an easy brightness, shone,
Transfiguring all things in its radiance white.

Pastorius, as our readers will remember, was the advance courier of the prospective settlers of Germantown. The settlement at Germantown was the pioneer settlement of the Germans in America. They reached Philadelphia on Ooctober 6, 1683, some two months after Pastorius himself. A short time thereafter all hands were busy getting settled for the new winter in the colony. Germantown at that time was separated from Philadelphia by a stretch of primeval forest broken only by a narrow bridal path. Philadelphia itself at that time consisted of a "straggling village of about eighty houses" wrote William Penn in that same year.

Towanda, Pa., September 4, 1944 —NELSON H. BERGEY

The Passing of the Penna. German

(The following anonymous essay, written by one who was more the poet than the prophet, appeared in the SCHWENKSVILLE ITEM for Aug. 15, 1912. The years that have gone since its appearance have witnessed a stimulating growth of interest in the Pennsylvania German, his history, his lore, his art and his dialect. If the Pennsylvania German is "passing," he is doing so in full panoply, with fanfare, lustiness and vigor.—ED.)

The years have flown swiftly since the days when the village schoolmaster instructed his pupils in the language of his fathers, Pennsylvania German; and on the site of the little red schoolhouse there towers a college. One by one the old-timers are passing away, giving place to studied accomplishments and the art of linguistic skill. Perhaps, if one were to seek, he might still find a survivor of the old order, a quaint and picturesque remnant of an age gone by. But they are very few, and ere long they will all have answered the call of their fathers.

Within the borders of Pennsylvania German districts have lived more "characters" than in any State, and some day the true artist will sketch them as they were, not as the cheap "humorist" assailed them. It is true that in all ages men have turned to the past romance, poetry and character. Here romance and character were contemporaneous—the meadows covered with buttercups and daisies, the weeping willow, sentinel over the waters of many a crystal stream; the song of maidens, away off somewhere, chimes from the belfry of happy souls, the humorous old farmer, sitting on his veranda, calling out to passerby, "What's your hurry out there? Come in and pay your respects to the ladies while I tell you the best story you've heard in a long while."

In this manner there was no pretense, and every word and movement proclaimed him an individual. Where stood his house now stands a factory, outrageous intruder of an invading capitalism. Not far away, over the hill where the relics of orchard may be seen, there, underneath the decaying boughs sleeps the old man.

His son is working in the factory, and the grandson just returned from college, where he acquired the niceties of academic poise. He knows Ovid and can splutter Pindar, but he has no imagination. Sometimes he repeats the stories the old man told so well, only to see the listener turn away with regret. The old man was the troubadour; the young chap is only an elocutionist. Literary expression and criticism are the outgrowths of study, of training, but the imagination is inborn. Imagination is the literary constitution, the blood of poetry, the mother of genius.

The old order must pass away, and with it the language, as the age of chivalry had to pass, as every condition must change. Some societies sink beneath natural decay, as Rome sank; others arise into a higher civilization, as England arose out of medieval darkness.

In America "progress" is the watchword. It is the one word that never fails to inspire a city council or rural audience. We applaud the new steel girder hauled upward into the clouds. In this "American push" the present generations of Pennsylvania Germans are not lagging behind. They have been fired with the spirit and energy of the cities and are forging to the front of the industrial army. But for us who knew and loved the old order, who are contemplative and unprogressive, we would rather lie down beneath the apple tree in bloom, watching the clouds sail across the sky and listen to the songs of the birds, than to be jerked skyward in an elevator and commanded to look out from a tower upon the trade marvel that unpoetic progress has wrought.

Here, as everywhere, the captains of industry are remarkable men, treading down the flowers in waste places and erecting smokestacks. With their appearance comes the desire for wealth, and the loss of something infinitely greater. So the change is wrought, gently at first, but growing faster and faster, until we, who love the old-timer, unconscious poet, lover of nature, the friend of all men, have nothing to turn back to but a kindly memory.

DER COUSIN JIM

Der Cousin Jim iss vun der Schtadt zu uns uff B'such kumme. Er hot nix vum Bauere gewisst, awwer er hot gemeent er wisst alles. Denoh hen mer unser G'schpass mit ihm g'hatt. Un des waar eens vun seine Daate.

Der Jim iss vun der Schtadt kumme
Zu uns draus uffem Land;
Noch net drei Daage waar er do,
Denoh waar er schunn bekannt.

Der Unnerschied hot er net gewisst
Gschwischich me Bull un me Schtier;
Bei de Kieh un Rinner waar's es same,
Es lache halte macht uns Mieh.

Mol ee Daag saagt die Mammi dann,
"Jim, hol mer wennich Millich."
Ab schpringt er so schtarrick er kann—
Zu allem waar er willich.

Ins Schwammhaus hot er solle geh,
Dart hen mer unser Millich schteh;
Awwer er hot net do draa gedenkt,
Un mir hen net es Maul verbrennt.

Der Melkschemel hot er grickt,
En Melkeemer henkt iwwer seim Aarm;
Noh geht er niwwer zum braune Rind,
Des guckt ihn so schei aa.

Nau gewwen acht—was will er duh?
Er setzt der Schemel hie,
Awwer 's Rind schpringt newe rum—
Was fehlt dem dumme Vieh?

Nau Buwe, halte meiselschtill,
Des gebt glei grosser G'schpass.
Mer schtelle uns dart ans Fenschter,
Uff's alt, leer Cider Fass.

Er nemmt der Eemer un der Schemel,
Un geht nei zum geele Bull;
Der dreht der Kopp, guckt ihn bees aa,
Denoh macht er en kleener Schprung.

Des waar dem Jimmie doch zu viel,
Er geht dart widder naus,
Un geht nei zu der scheckich Kuh,
Die schteht so schtill wie'n Haus.

Un nau fangt er zu melke draa,
Er drickt un drickt un ziegt;
Er bringt ken Droppe Millich raus—
Des iss ihm gaar net lieb.

Er guckt mol in der Schtall rum,
O ye! was soll ich duh!
Sehn yuscht emol mei weisse Hosse
Un was hawwich dreckiche Schuh!"

Uff eemol kracht des Cider Fass,
Du ye! es fallt yo zamme;
Der Jimmie iss noh dapper weck,
Mer duhn an enanner klamme.

Noh iss er zu der Mammi nei,
Mer sin ihm nohgeschliche;
Er hot der Mammi glei verzaehlt,
Mer hetten zu laut gekrische.

Die Kuh hetten mer schei gemacht,
Der Eemer hett er falle losse;
Un er waer in der Dreck getrete,
Un het verdreckt sei weisse Hosse.

Die Mammi hot ihn abg'harricht,
"Was machscht dann du fer Sache?
Unser scheckichi Kuh dutt drucke schteh."
Noh hot sie aafange zu lache.

Die Millich iss im Schwammhaus drin,
Vun dart hoscht sie solle hole;
Nau dapper geh du nei ins Haus
Un duh dei dreckiche Hosse aus."

So geht es wann die Schtadtleit
Wissen zu viel vun der Bauerei;
'S geht iwwerg'scheite Bauere graad so,
Wann sie in die Schtadt gehn nei.

—ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

Deaths of a Day

CHARLES R. BASSETT

Charles R. Bassett died at his home, 920 S. 8th St., Friday night after a year's illness.

Born in Easton he was a son of the late Henry and Emma Bassett.

Mr. Bassett served as postmaster at Bloomsbury, N. J., for a period of 12 years and for a while was a cigar manufacturer in Easton. He came to Allentown eight years ago and opened a grocery store at his home.

Survivors are his wife, Estella, nee Reigle and a son, Edwin B. Bassett of Miami, Fla. Two daughters, Sadie, wife of Thomas Summit of Phillipsburg, N. J.; Edith, wife of John F. Rice, at home, and a brother, Roy Bassett, a veteran of 40 years service with the U. S. Navy who is serving in the South Pacific area, and another brother, Clark Bassett, of Easton, also survive.

MELVIN C. REHRIG

Melvin C., son of Edwin G. and Carrie A., nee Hagenbach, Rehrig, died at the Palmerton hospital early Friday morning, aged 13 years and 5 days. He was a member of the Dinkey Memorial Sunday school and Troup No. 86, Boy Scouts. He is survived by his parents, one sister and one brother, Nancy and Thomas, at home; his maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hagenbach, Bowmanstown. Funeral at 2 p. m. Monday from the home of the parents at Ashfield with regular services in Dinkey Memorial church. Interment Ashfield cemetery. Rev. Richard Beck will officiate.

LIZZIE K. ZUCK

After an illness of more than a year, Lizzie K. Zuck of Rosedale died Wednesday at the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Mease, also of Rosedale, Quakertown R. 2. She was aged 44 years, 7 months, 18 days. She was the daughter of Rebecca (nee Ruch) Zuck and the late James Zuck and is survived by the mother and sister, Mrs. Mease. Funeral services will be held at the late home on Sunday at 1:30 p. m., with further services in Zion Hill Lutheran church at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery. Viewing at the late home from 7 to 9 tonight.

FRANK JUDT

Frank Judt of 207 N. 2nd St. was found dead by relatives early Friday morning at his summer cottage in Coopersburg. The 72-year-old man had been in ill health and under a doctor's care for the past two months.

He was a resident of Allentown for the major part of his life, having come here when quite young from St. Louis, Mo. Formerly he was the proprietor of the Ivy Leaf hotel at Gordon St. and Ridge Ave. For the past ten years he was in the wholesale bottling business as an employe of the Allen Bottling Works. He was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church and several fraternal organizations.

Surviving are two daughter: Ella E. Judt and Alma A. Judt of Allentown; a son, Lieutenant Edward F. Judt, Army Dental corps, Fort Lewis, Washington; a sister, Mrs. Cecelia Mirth, and a brother, John Judt, both of Allentown.

His wife, the late Anna, nee Sherman, Judt, preceded him in death 15 years ago.

TORELLO RAYNI

Torello Rayni, veteran of World War I, and employe of the Philadelphia, Bethlehem and New England railroad, died at 6:15 p.m. Friday at the residence, 828 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, after an illness of some time.

He was a native of Italy and was a member of Holy Rosary church and Sacred Heart and St. Peter's societies.

Survivors are the wife, Veronica Szapp Rayni, two daughters, Helen and Rose, at home, and a brother and three sisters in Europe.

Undertaker John R. Shupp removed the body to his home, 812 E. 4th St. Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

Answers To Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Morning Call Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N. E., Washington 2, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage.

Q. Why are airplane hangars marked with black and yellow squares? C.D.

A. This combination has been found to be the most clearly visible in fog and bad weather.

Q. Why is Houston, Texas, pronounced hews-ton? T.T.

A. The town is named after Sam Houston, the soldier and statesman, who pronounced his name in this manner.

Q. What is the altitude of the highest inhabited place in Switzerland? R.R.

A. Juf, the highest inhabited village, lies at an altitude of 6,900 feet.

Q. Have any American painters been requested to paint self-portraits for the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, Italy? A. L. S.

A. This honor came to such distinguished painters as John Singer Sargent, William Merritt Chase and Cecilia Beaux.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Wor Ferlora

Do die onner nocht huts shier arya socha gewwa dahinna in da Kempton gagend wie der Milt Lehnert sich ferlora hut kot mit seim grossa huls truck. Woh er wor sel kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r Fegelcher hen uns gapifa er wear abissel letz ob gadray'd drowwa fom pike, un mawg ferleicht gawest sei uf 'm tzurick waig fon Mahanoy City. Aenicha waig er is 'n grund waig runner kumma, un woh er fiela shannerer waig kotta het fer bei kumma uf 'm shwartza pike. Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Milt aw net howwa os sei Ida hoert dafon.

Grawd So Galoud

Un grawd so ferlora os der Milt wor, so fernart wor der beermon Eddie Hartman doh weil tzurick Midwochs, wie 'm Clair Price om Long Swamp wertshous sei Katie der electrick kleaner uf g'shtart hut drowwa in ra bed shtub, grawd owwich 'm bar. Fon wos sie om blauderra worra wissa m'r aw net, ow'r wie der kleaner awfonga hut brumma, hut der Eddie 's gnick ei gatzoga un sich gabick'd un g'sawt tzum Clair, "golly reich nocha mohl, die windshiffer gain ow'r nidder iwwer die wertshous."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der eisa shtoremon Ed Schultz fon Macungie secht, 's wear so drucka gawest fer 'm raya driwwa in ihra gagend, os sie eemansa rechta pade gadribb'ld hetta kot woh der Baryer shtrawm now widder lawfa dade wie 'n rechdie grick.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

Your tastes are simple but excellent. You are domestic and require only pleasant and harmonius surroundings and one to love and be loved. You are demonstrative, impulsive and somewhat jealous. You are, however, easy to please and should take care in choosing a mate. Your fortunes will be evenly balanced. Make the fullest use of opportunities which present themselves and curb irritability, especially in domestic matters. Born today a child will evince literary ability far above the average, success therein being strongly evidenced, though unexpected financial reverses are also portended.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Not long ago H. G. Wells estimated $16,000 a year as the necessary basic income in order to live life as it should be lived.

Whereupon George Bernard Shaw, who, as you know, knows everything (although Orson Welles won't admit it) announced that anywhere from $3,200 to $4,800 a year is all that is necessary "to keep civilization safe and steady."

I don't know whether these two esteemed gentlemen had life in England or America in mind.

As far as Shaw is concerned, it must have been England because, in his opinion, nothing that happens in America could ever, in any way, help civilization, although by far the largest portion of his income comes from this country.

Both of these fellows are talking through their hats.

There is no such thing as an arbitrary income standard.

Neither $16,000 nor $3,200 contribute one penny's worth to happiness or the advance of civilization unless many other factors are taken into consideration.

I know a minister in a little western town who never in his life made more than $1,000 a year.

Yet hundreds of people love and respect him. They go to him with their troubles, they find counsel and solace in the reflection of his obvious happiness and have abiding faith in his honesty and wisdom.

I know a man with an income of twice Mr. Wells' $16,000.

He owes everybody he knows and nobody can collect anything from him. He was recently divorced for the third time and just married for the fourth time.

So he bought a beautiful home for his new bride, with a small cash payment (which he borrowed) and a very large mortgage. A sumptuous speedboat went with the deal. He's drunk half the time, and dissolute both halves of the time.

I do believe that it is difficult to "keep civilization safe and steady," if you haven't enough money to keep body and soul together.

But there is no such thing as setting a standard of what is "enough."

A pig keeps on eating no matter how high or how often its trough is filled.

A sensible human being stops when his animal needs are satisfied.

The measure of "enough," then, is how much of you is animal, how much spiritual.

There is more to life than swill.

25 Years Ago Today

A Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1919

The board of directors of the Y. M. C. A. announced plans to inaugurate a campaign for $180,000 in February. The money was to be used to liquidate indebtedness of $157,000 and to cover current expenses for a three-year budget. This would do away with the annual collection of funds.

After a meeting of the board of directors of the officer's club of the Boston fire department, it was announced that the fire department of that city would not join the police department in a sympathy strike.

Le Journal, famous Paris newspaper, reported that Premier Lloyd George of England, was determined to have the peace conference demand that Holland surrender Kaiser Wilhelm, who was in exile in that country, so that the former German dictator could be made to stand trial. The British premier asserted he would not leave France until such action was taken.

Despite increased vigilance by the city's police force, a wave of crime which took place in New York City for several weeks continued.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

FAMILY TRAIT

I know that I was taught to read,
To add, subtract, divide;
A certain form of prayer and creed,
Before the mother died;
But who, in ages long gone by,
Endowed the heart of me
With love of bloom and butterfly
And sky and rolling sea?

I know the father tried to teach
The ways of worthy men,
And oft I heard our pastors preach
How life is won again;
But who, I wonder, fixed my mind
A thousand years away
That round about me I should find
Enchantments, night and day?

I know the mother often stood
Enraptured by a song;
With pleasure looked upon the good
And shuddered at a wrong;
But of this tendency to dream
Till useful hours have fled,
This love of hill and field and stream,
No word to me was said.

My brothers better stand to care
And waste less time in play.
While I go wandering here and there,
At duty's post they stay.
And this is what I'll never know
Until my life be done,
Who stamped me in the long ago
To be so fond of fun?

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

BOMBER PRODUCTION HERE FOR A LONG TIME

Ever since Consolidated Vultee Corporation established a plant here for the manufacture of a brand-new type of dive-bomber for the United States Navy the understanding and the promise had been that the plane had been designed for use in the Pacific Ocean in the war against the Japanese and represented such changes as had been found desirable for the conduct of war only in that area and against this particular enemy. At no time has it been suggested that the plane might also be used by the U. S. Navy in its operations against Germany.

In spite of this cardinal fact, there has been an undercurrent of local opinion (without any basis in fact, of course) that the end of the war in Europe would bring curtailment or suspension of local manufacture of dive-bombers of the type which is known as TBY-2. It was that kind of opinion that leads to quite widely spread rumor or generally accepted belief. Furthermore it was quite naturally promoted by our characteristic American optimism which continues to engage in wishful thinking and to prompt so many brash statements by the uninformed to the effect that the war is all over but the shouting.

Now the community has received very positive and very reassuring information from the U. S. Navy to the effect that no reduction in output of the TBY-2 planes is contemplated by the Navy even with the end of the war in Europe.

Instead, output in excess of what originally had been planned is going to be sought. To that end Consolidated Vultee is expected to add 2,000 production workers to its pay-rolls within the next four months.

This is very, very good news not only for the thousands of present employes of Vultee, but it is very good news for the community which can expect 2,000 additional hands to be employed very shortly by this concern. It means that even if the European war ends this fall, the effect of cutbacks in military production will be cushioned very much in this community at least by this increased emphasis upon production for the war in the Pacific.

In fact the company is seeking at this very moment hosts of unskilled persons whom it will train at once and pay while they are in training. These workers are going to be needed on the assembly lines whose machinery now has been almost completely provided with the elaborate tools necessary for line production. The preparatory phases for the production of staunch, dependable fast planes of the torpedo bomber type have been completed. Quantity production is soon to follow and that quantity production will continue as long as the Japs have a battleship, cruiser, destroyer, tanker, transport or even sampan afloat. Inasmuch as the Japs have evidenced a national determination to accept suicide in defeat, the end of the war in the Pacific is a long way off.

ITALIANS DEFY GERMAN THREAT

Despite the threats of the Germans in North Italy to execute something like 80 Italian hostages if the former Roman chief of police, Pietro Caruso, were executed upon charges brought by the new Italian government in Rome, a court found the man guilty and yesterday a firing squad executed the criminal in precisely the same way that so many of his victims had been executed.

While Caruso undoubtedly was guilty of more crimes against his fellow-countrymen during the Fascist and later during the Nazi regime, the specific charge was that upon German orders he had rounded up 50 prominent Italians and turned them over to the Germans for execution in the Ardeatin cave near Rome. He had also been accused of pursuing Italians who sought sanctuary in St. Paul's church, thus violating not only the extraterritorial rights of the Vatican but also one of man's most sacred traditions—the inviolable asylum of the church.

When the Germans learned that their tool had been put under arrest, they sought to come to his aid by issuing a threat to take the lives of scores of Italians held as hostages in North Italy. It remains to be seen whether they will fulfill that threat now that the police chief has been executed after fair trial. It would appear that the Germans have been bluffing. This business of killing sixty to eighty persons every time the other side takes the life of one person just must peter out some time.

BACK TO THE PHILIPPINES

For the first time in almost 2½ years, the Americans returned to Manila on Thursday and Friday in force and while they did not remain there, they gave every evidence that they expect to return at no very late date and stay for an indefinite period.

Challenging the Japanese fleet to come out of hiding wherever it might be the Americans with a great fleet of carriers swept close to the Philippine islands, released hundreds of bomber planes with fighter escorts. While the bombers were sinking and damaging scores of ships in Manila bay, the fighters were knocking out more than two hundred Japanese planes during the greatest show of Jap air strength anywhere in the Pacific in many months.

As a result, the Philippines appear to be the seat of a veritable panic. The Japs have declared martial law and they have acknowledged the seriousness of the attack and the ominous threats for them which the raids portend.

So General MacArthur, with his splendid partner, Admiral Nimitz, appears well on his way back to the Philippines. That has been the general's keenest ambition. It has been about all for which he has planned and lived. He has promised the Filipinos that he will return and it is entirely probable that this loyal people already is in wide uprising against the hated conqueror.

HITLER GREAT - GREAT - GRANDSON OF NAPOLEON?

Hitler is really the great-great-grandson of Napoleon, claims journalist Edward Bodin in the October issue of True Magazine. Before his story was accepted, the editors of True carefully examined Bodin's diary of 1919 which contained data substantiating his statement.

According to Bodin's story, directly after the World War I Armistice, he chanced to visit the tomb of Napoleon. The guard told of his grandfather who, while himself a guard there in 1880, had seen a young Austrian woman visit the tomb daily for months.

He became friendly with her and she told him her name. It was Klara and her last name sounded as if it had been torn from Napoleon, something like Poleon.

Later, the daily visitor confessed she revered the tomb because her great-grandmother had met Napoleon at Austerlitz and had fallen in love with him. In secrecy the young Austrian woman admitted her grandmother was a daughter of Napoleon. When she returned to Austria she wrote her friend at the tomb that she had married a widower named Herr Hitler.

True, Adolf's father's real name was Schicklgruber. But twelve years before Adolf was born his father changed his name to Hitler. Klara Poelzl—quite similar to the name of Klara Poleon which Bodin jotted down in 1919—was Adolf's mother and Alois Hitler was a widower when she married him.

After the Nazi capture of Paris, Hitler immediately visited Napoleon's tomb.

And the strictest orders have been given by Hitler that his body be placed in the tomb beside Napoleon—though that will never happen.

The FDR Friendships

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—When Prime Minister Churchill made the comment at Quebec that he hoped "next year" to continue the conference with President Roosevelt and emphasized at the same time the present concord of such meetings, many Americans thought the British Prime Minister was putting in a boost for President Roosevelt's reelection. Some Englishmen hereabouts, however, take quite the contrary view. They suggst that maybe Mr. Churchill was beginning to build his own fences because it seems quite probable that as soon as the war is over in Europe there will be a demand in Britain for another prime minister. It may be that Mr. Churchill is tying to persuade the British people that he is indispensable in protecting British interests in the subsequent talks with the American President.

Certainly the Churchill-Roosevelt friendship has been viewed in Great Britain as of major value to that country, and the continuance of the entente would naturally become important as an election argument for the continuance of Mr. Churchill in power.

Eden May Succeed Churchill

There are many suggestions hereabouts from well-informed Britishers that Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden will be the next prime minister of Great Britain and that he will come into power shortly after the stage is set for peace negotiations. Mr. Eden is more of the 'Tom Dewey type—young and vigorous. The British Foreign Secretary is well thought of in the United States and is expected to be the chief figure around which the peace negotiations will center.

The general concept which the supporters of Mr. Roosevelt—including Vice President Wallace—have been developing for campaign purposes is that someone should represent the United States in the next four years who is on intimate terms of friendship with Prime Minister Churchill, Marshal Stalin and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. But it seems probable now that the Generalissimo will occupy a less and less important place in future councils, particularly since China has been virtually knocked out of the war. If, therefore, Mr. Churchill steps out of the picture, it will leave only Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Stalin, who have seen each other only once and then only in the presence of many officials. That could hardly be characterized as a personal friendship of long standing.

Secretary Hull got along pretty well with Marshal Stalin, too, and it may be that, if Governor Dewey is elected president, he would retain Mr. Hull at the head of the Department of State or in some important capacity in negotiating the peace—probably as a permanent member of the American peace mission.

Altogether too much emphasis has been placed on personal friendship as a factor in future peace negotiations. There is always danger in too much intimacy between heads of states. Because, no matter which way the benefits go, there are always suspicions that one or the other of the two personalities involved was unduly generous with his people's money or oblivious to his people's needs. While personal contact is important in diplomacy, it should never be stretched to the point where affairs of state are handled on a personal basis without full knowledge of details by more people than the heads of states themselves.

No Certainty on Policies

There is no certainty what the British or Russian policies will be in the post-war years. Unquestionably there will be pressure of an economic nature which will affect national policies. Indeed, it has recently been reported here that the Russian policy is by no means firmly set and that there are fluctuations as between a quasi-isolationist and an internationalist position. Much will depend upon the policy of the United States, and in this regard the Democrats have a far more important point than in stressing the value of the Roosevelt personality in conferences with the other heads of state. It is especially important, for instance, to know whether Russia and Britain will go their separate ways on the theory that the influence of the United States will be intermittent and not continuous in the settlement of European questions or the maintenance of world peace.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

Francis Biddle, Attorney General of the United States, is charged with the task of prosecuting those who break the laws of the United States. He apparently makes a distinction between those who are pro-New Deal and those who are anti-New Deal, in the instance of Sidney Hillman and the P.A.C.

The Hatch Act declared, as Senator Moore of Oklahoma points out, "...it to be unlawful for any person, including an association, corporation, or other organization, to make a contribution in excess of $5,000 during any calendar year to any committee or other organization engaged in furthering, advancing, or advocating the nomination or election of any candidate for an elective Federal office, including the office of the President of the United States."

Yet, Sidney Hillman admitted before a Congressional Committee that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America contributed $100,000 to the C.I.O.-P.A.C. this year. Mr. Biddle's obligation is to bring those apparently guilty of violations of the Hatch Act into court and to let the courts decide whether the language of the Act gives them the loopholes which they read into it. The evasion of the Act by splitting P.A.C. into two parts, designed to meet the requirements of the Hatch Act and other Corrupt Practices Acts, as amended by the Smith-Connally Act, is to obvious to fool even Mr. Biddle.

Getting Away With It

It is true that Sidney Hillman is raising this money to elect Mr. Biddle's boss to a Fourth-Term and that Mr. Biddle has reason to hope that the defeat of Dewey will insure his retention of the Attorney Generalship. It is asking a lot to demand that Biddle prosecute his own benefactors; yet, his job is to see that the law is enforced, good law and bad law, even law that may put him out of office. Al Capone's defense used to be that he could get away with it, and apparently as long as Mr. Biddle is Attorney General, Sidney Hillman will be able to get away with it.

The basic wrong in the New Deal is that it produces anarchy in administration. Instead of abiding by the law, ways are sought and found to by-pass the law. The New Dealers function like the old-time wicked corporation, the head of which would hire a lawyer not to tell him what was lawful or unlawful, but how to get around the law so that he could do whatever he wanted to do. Mr. Roosevelt started the procession in that direction by demanding and receiving blank checks of power, particularly for the expenditures of vast sums without Congressional control. He is now seeking at Dumbarton Oaks such a blank check to send this country to war without Congressional debate and resolution. Mr. Biddle functions as Attorney General in accordance with his personal judgment and in this instance of Sidney Hillman's P.A.C. in pursuit of his private interest without regard to the law. When the law is thus abandoned by the officials who are engaged to protect it, the course of government becomes anarchic.



TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF WORSHIP

1744—1944

Tomorrow members and friends will gather at the old Union Church of North Heidelberg, six miles north of Robesonia, Berks county, to celebrate its Bicentenary. Born out of early religious controversies North Heidelberg was a Moravian church for the first 85 years of its existence. Indicative of the more liberal age in which we live is tomorrow's occasion, celebrated by both Lutheran and Reformed congregations, assisted by the Rev. Byron K. Horne of the Central Moravian Church in Bethlehem, Dr. Kenneth G. Hamilton of the Moravian Theological Seminary and the Moravian Trombone Choir of Lititz.—ED.

IN 1742 the settled portions of the province of Pennsylvania did not extend far beyond the valley of the Tulpehocken Creek. Seven miles to the west of the present North Heidelberg Church Lutheran and Reformed congregations worshipped in the Reed's Church which stood on a rising slope of land northeast of present-day Stouchsburg. It was to this church that the early settlers of Heidelberg looked for guidance and spiritual fellowship. But dissensions and quarrels disturbed the peace at Reed's. From 1735 until the arrival of the Reverend Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, 1743, Reed's Church was the center of a religious controversy known in history as "The Tulpehocken Confusion."

The recurring quarrels at Reed's caused Conrad Weiser and others to withdraw from the Reed congregation and associate themselves with the Brothers in the Ephrata Cloisters. However, Weiser could not ignore the situation at Reed's because, in his position as a magistrate, it became necessary for him to settle controversies growing out of the "Confusion," particularly the claims of rival groups for possession of the keys to the church. Furthermore, Weiser was, at heart, a Lutheran. He tried in various ways to bring order to the church in which he had been an active member before joining the Ephrata Brotherhood.

Late in 1741 a titled nobleman, Count Nikolaus von Zinzendorf, came to Pennsylvania to preach the gospel to the German-speaking settlers of the province. Zinzendorf called a series of religious meetings to which all Germans in Pennsylvania were invited. At one of the meetings Conrad Weiser met the Count and told him about the deplorable conditions among the Lutheran and Reformed people of the Tulpehocken region. Zinzendorf gladly accepted the invitation to come to Tulpehocken to preach and restore order if possible.

It is not difficult to realize how influential a titled nobleman would be in preaching to the early German settlers who had always stood in awe of nobility in their old world homes. Zinzendorf "awakened" many souls and gathered a large number of followers in Tulpehocken and Heidelberg. Some writers aver that the count posed as a Lutheran while engaging in proselyting for the Unitas Fratrum, or Moravians. It is more charitable, however, to say that he was sincerely interested in the advancement of Christian worship.

Count Zinzendorf returned to Europe late in 1742, just at the time when the young Reverend Henry Melchior Muhlenberg arrived in Pennsylvania. Muhlenberg's attention was soon drawn to the confused state of affairs in Tulpehocken. As a true Lutheran he succeeded in restoring orthodox Lutheranism at Reed's and in building the new Lutheran church west of Stouchsburg now known as Long's Church.

There were, however, some earnest souls in Heidelberg who wished to receive their spiritual guidance from the Moravian Brothers at Bethlehem. Among these were Tobias Bickel, his brother Frederick, and their wives; John Fischer and his wife Anna Sibilla; Frederick Gerhard and his wife Barbara; Stephen Brecht and others. In 1743 groups worshipped in the homes of these people, usually in the home of Tobias Bickel which was less than one mile east of the church, the farm now owned and operated by George Ruth.

These families were served by a Reverend Jacob Lischy, a native of Switzerland and educated in the teachings of the Reformed Church. Lischy was sent to Heidelberg by the Moravian Brothers at Bethlehem where he had been ordained as a Moravian preacher. It appears that the early founders of the church were unwilling, at first, to be known as Moravians, for they became dissatisfied with Lischy's services even before the church was built, claiming that he was teaching Moravian doctrines and not those of the Reformed faith. A conference of church leaders from twelve communities was held in the Tobias Bickel home on August 29, 1743, to determine whether Lischy was preaching Reformed or Moravian doctrine. Before fifty elders and deacons Reverend Lischy defended himself against these charges, maintaining that he was Reformed and not Moravian. The elders and deacons decided to set up a system of checking upon Lischy's statements and "reporters" were designated for each congregation served by him. The "reporter" for the Heidelberg families was Frederick Bickel. It is interesting to note here that this same Frederick Bickel later moved to Bethlehem where he and the members of his family became loyal Moravians.

Lischy's services lasted only a short time. The Moravians at Bethlehem urged him to decide whether he was truly Moravian or Reformed. In 1748 the clergyman became a Reformed minister.

Early in 1744 the Reverend Antony Wagner, also a Moravian, was sent to minister to the families of Heidelberg. It was during his pastorate that the first church was built. His wife, Elizabeth, lies buried in the God's Acre in the rear of this church.

The records of Christian Lower, storekeeper, near Womelsdorf, show that in the spring of 1744 Tobias Bickel purchased nails to "build a church in Heidelberg". Tobias Bickel had donated a tract of nearly three acres at the western end of his farm for the purpose of erecting a church. There is a tradition that Bickel wished to have the honor of digging the first spadeful of earth when the excavation was begun, but his plans were disrupted when some one else rushed in ahead of him and plunged a shovel into the ground.

The first church stood where the sexton's house now stands. It was a wooden, two-story structure. Some of its logs and foundation stones were used in building the present frame dwelling which serves as the sexton's house.

The first floor of the original church served as the teacher's home while the second floor was used during weekdays as a schoolroom and as a place of worship on Sunday. Here we may note that the people of Heidelberg had organized a school as early as 1744, fully ten years before the first system of education (The Charity School) was organized in the province of Pennsylvania. Even though seventy-two years have passed since the first church was demolished (1862) local residents still refer to the sexton's house which occupies the same spot, as the "Schulhaus".

On November 4, 1744, the new church was dedicated. A meeting of the Pennsylvania Synod was held at the time, presided over by Henry Antes. The Moravians used the word Synod long before the Reformed Church employed it. The governing body of the early Reformed Church was known as the Coetus, with its headquarters in Holland. The first Synod of the Reformed Church was organized in Lancaster in 1793.

On April 9, 1745, Bishop Augustus Spangenberg, one of the greatest missionaries of the Moravian Church, organized the congregation definitely along Moravian lines and administered communion to eight persons. For several decades thereafter the congregation appears to have been thoroughly Moravian. There is no definite date on which it can be stated that the congregation ceased to adhere to that communion. The burial records now deposited in the Moravian Archives in Bethlehem include burials as late as 1822. Reformed and Lutheran services were held as early as 17[illegible]. In the Transactions of the Historical Society of Berks County, Volume II, page 309, Daniel Miller states that the Lutherans and Reformed took possession of the church in 1831.

The present church building was erected in 1846 and dedicated on the 15th of May, 1847. Since then the building has been remodeled several times. In 1914 the plates above the doors were changed, and the present English inscriptions substituted for the original German ones. The German inscription above the east door read:

Die Neue Nord Heidelberg Kirche,
erbaut im Jahr 1846.
John Lamm und Jakob Lengel, Baumeister,
John Conrad, Schatzmeister.

'S YAAHRESFESCHT AM WAISEHAUS

'S Yaahresfescht am Waisehaus
An Womelsdorf, dart owwe draus,
Was iss es doch en scheeni Zeit
Far yunge un far alte Leit.

Mer rischt sich schunn der Daag devor,
Mer duht sei Aerwet, sorgt sich vor,
Dass mer der gans Daag schpende kann
Un sehne was also dart geht an.

In aller Frieh, do schteht mer uff
Un faahrt schnell noch der Station nuff.
Mer nemmt die erscht Train, die geht
Noch Womelsdorf, wu's Fescht aageht.

Was iss die Train doch so voll Leit,
Sie kumme bei vun weit un breit;
En Yeder liebt ans Fescht zu geh,
Wer eemol geht, der geht noch meh.

Ee Train folgt aa der annere nooch,
Vun maryets frieh bis mittags hoch;
Mit G'schpaenn un Caers faahre sie naus
Un sammle sich ums Waisehaus.

Vun Allentown, vum Lechadaal,
Vun Bethlehem en grossi Zaahl;
Vun Bucks, Montgomery, kumme sie haer,
Mit Railroad Train un Trolley Caer.

Northampton, dart am Delaware Fluss,
Schickt so viel, dass mer wunn're muss.
Aus Berks un Lebanon kumme viel,
Die hen es Waisehaus zum Ziel.

Iss mer am Station aagelangt,
So schteigt mer aus, es Haerz voll Dank.
Mer guckt mal an der Baerrick niwwer,
Was Mensche seht mer doch alliwwer.

Die Heiser dart sin prechdich g'schmickt,
Mer fiehlt sich recht vun Haerz entzickt;
Die Baem sin grie, der Busch voll Leit,
Was iss es doch en Feschtlichkeit.

Mer geht der Weg mol nuff ans Home,
Umringt vun Leit en langer Schtrom.
Die Orphans schtehne newe am Weg,
Sie waarte far ihre Freind mit Freed.

Soball mer hiekummt, geht mer naus
An die gross Schpring, scheppt Wasser raus.
Die Hitz, die macht es, dass mer fiehlt
Far Wasser, das em laabt un kiehlt.

Was iss es doch en scheeni Quell,
Es Wasser iss gans klaar un hell;
Es laaft dart aus dem Baerrick raus,
En Sege gross fars Waisehaus.

En Yedes drinkt aus seller Schpring,
Sell Wasser iss en keschtlich Ding;
En Schpring wie selli findt mer net
An gaar kem Blatz, uff weit un breet.

Sie schtellt uns vor en Lebensbild,
Aus dem lewendich Wasser quillt;
Des Bild weist hie uff Jesus Christ,
Der unser Aller Heiland ist.

Darch die Gebeie geht mer nau,
En Yedes iss en scheener Bau;
Do sin die Kinner gut versarkt,
Ihr Leib un Seel waerd do recht g'schtaerkt.

Es fehlt ne Eltre, lieb un trei,
Doch 's Waisehaus gebt's ihne nei;
Erziehung un en gute Lehr
Erhalte sie zu Gottes Ehr.

Dann geht mer noch der Allentown Baend,
Sie iss dart uff em Musikschtaend;
Sie blose in ihre Haerner nei
Un mache Musik mit viel Trei.

Die Baend kummt alle Yaahr dohie,
Sie schaffe hart un gewwe sich Mieh;
En besseri Baend, die findt mer net
Un wann mer iwwerall suche daet.

Soball des Middaag gesse iss,
Geht alles in der Busch gewiss,
Dass G'sang, Gebet un Exercise
Beitraegt zu Gottes Lob un' Preis.

In all de Sache, die voraa geh'
Denkt mer im Gemiet an die,
Wu far die Aaschtalt viel hen g'schafft,
Im Sege un mit grosser Kraft.

Der Bausman, Albrecht un der Yundt,
Ihr Naame sin der Kaerrich bekannt;
Ins ewich Lewe sin sie hie,
Dart lohnt sie Gott far ihre Mieh.

Noch ann're hen aa viel geduh,
Hen Mieh un Mittel gewwe dazu;
Mer denkt an sie zu daere Zeit—
Gott lohn sie in der Ewichkeit!

En Lied waerd g'sunge, dann gebet,
Die Kinner kumme far selli Freed.
Ihr Exercises gewwe sie dann,
Deel sin ernscht, deel voll Fun.

En Red waerd g'halte, en Opfer gewwe,
Dass sie es noetich hen zu lewe;
Mer bleibt en Weil un schwetzt mit Leit,
Uff so en Weg geht schnell die Zeit.

Dann geht mer noch der Station zu
Un nemmt sei Train, die nau iss due;
Dann iss mer ball daheem im Haus,
Froh dass mer noch em Fescht waar naus.

Was waar des doch en scheener Daag,
Ken Druwwel hot er g'hatt, ken Klaag;
Mer freed sich iwwer die Waisesach—
Wer mithelft, der folgt Jesu nach!

—ISAAC SUMMERS STAHR.

Bewahre Deinen Fuss, wann du zum Hause Gottes gehest, und komme das du hoerest, das ist besser denn der Narren Opfer.

Einweihung den 15 and 16 Mai 1847.

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

NOTE—The Bicentennial Folder issued by North Heidelberg contains valuable records of God's Acre, as preserved in the Moravian Archives of Bethlehem, up to 1822. It also contains Lutheran and Reformed records of burials there since 1822 down to the present day. These latter are unfortunately less complete than the Moravian records. Perhaps no church in America has from its beginnings been so record-minded as the Moravian. When will the Lutheran and Reformed churches realize the necessity of preserving early church records in a central fire-proof repository? It is incredible and yet true that even today, as in the case of North Heidelberg, many valuable old church records are in private hands. Others have been irretrievably lost.—ED.

Deaths of a Day

JOSEPH E. SZILEZY

Joseph E. Szilezy, a retired iron worker, died Friday morning in his home, 1125 Lehigh St., Fullerton, in his 65th year. He had been bedfast for the past six weeks.

He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Emerick Szilezy and was born in Slovakia, coming to America at an early age. He was employed at the Thomas furnaces at Hokendauqua for a number of years and later at the plant of the Fuller-Lehigh Co., Fullerton. Mr. Szilezy was a member of St. Andrew's Slovak Catholic church, Catasauqua, and the Woodmen of the World and St. Joseph camp, J.D.S., of Northampton.

There survive his wife, Mary, nee Pokorny; five sons, Michael of South America, Frank and Joseph of Fullerton, John of Bethlehem, and Louis, United States Marines, stationed in California; six daughters, Mrs. Joseph Kuroc, Slovakia; Mrs. Ralph Trentalange, Allentown; Mrs. Arlo Hess, West Catasauqua; Otilia, Helen and Theresa, at home, and nine grandchildren.

MRS. CHARLES E. ROMIG

Mrs. Edna, nee Smith, Romig, wife of Charles E. Romig of 431 N. Fulton St., died at 5:55 a.m. yesterday in the Allentown hospital, where she had been a patient since Aug. 30. She was 49 years old.

She was born in Allentown and resided here all her life. Her parents were the late Howard T. Smith and Mrs. Catherine Smith.

Surviving are her husband; her mother, Mrs. Catherine Smith of Allentown; two sons: LeRoy C. Romig and Donald H. Romig, both serving in the U. S. Navy; three daughters: Dorothy, wife of Charles Boyer, Allentown; Kathleen Romig and Jeanette Romig, at home; a brother, Arthur Smith, Allentown, and two grandchildren.

JOHN MAZEPA

John Mazepa, 572 Hazard Rd., Palmerton, died at noon Friday in the Palmerton hospital. He was in his 56th year.

He is survived by his wife Nester and one daughter and three sons, Steve, Walnutport; Charles, Frank and Anna, Palmerton; two grandchildren, a brother Frank, in Canada, and a sister, Mrs. Christiana Eskow, Great Meadows, N. J., also survive. He was a member of St. Vladimyr's Ukrainian Catholic church.

Funeral services will be held at 10 a. m. Monday at the Ziegler funeral home, 177 Delaware Ave., Palmerton, followed by mass in St. Vladimyr's church. Interment will be made in Ukrainian cemetery.

MRS. JENNIE M. TITLOW

Mrs. Jennie M. Titlow, widow of Charles D. Titlow of 1415 Union St., died Friday morning in Danbury, Conn., where she was visiting a brother, Henry Wildman. She had been in Danbury for the past two weeks.

Born in New Fairfield, Conn., she was the daughter of the late Wesley B. and Mary, nee Burrhous, Wildman. She was a member of St. James Reformed church and the Home Department of Dubbs Memorial Reformed church. Her husband died several years ago.

Surviving are four sons: Theodore Titlow, assistant superintendent of the Lehigh County Home; Arden Titlow, Fort Washington; Joseph Titlow, Coatesville, and Carl Titlow, Allentown; two daughters: Mrs. Ruth Beers, Norristown, and Efnel, wife of Alfred Redfield of Allentown, with whom she resided; a brother, Henry Wildman, Danbury, Conn.; a sister, Mrs. Nellie Groman, Allentown.

Rev. Francis Renoll will officiate at services at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Monday at 11 a.m. Interment will be in Greenwood cemetery.

MRS. ROBERT H. TRANSUE

Mrs. Florence E., nee Schmidt, Transue, wife of Robert H. Transue of 634 Gordon St., died at 3:30 a. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital five hours after she was admitted as a patient. She was 51 years old.

Born in Nazareth, she was the daughter of the late Edward L. and Amanda, nee Messinger, Schmidt. For the past 20 years she and her husband have been in the floral business. At the time of her death they were conducting the Trail of the Lonesome Pine Flower Shop at 403 N. 6th St.

Surviving are her husband; three sons: Robert Transue, Northampton; Larue Transue, Allentown, and Gerard Transue, serving in the U. S. Navy; two daughters: Elthea, wife of Earl Hoffman, at home, and Florence, wife of Richard Jacobs, Allentown; a sister, Mrs. Harold Bossoms, Allentown, and a brother, Earl Schmidt, Philadelphia, and eight grandchildren.

ALFRED DE BERARDINIS

Alfred, infant son of Alfred and Helen Vicovich De Berardinis, formerly of 1146 Mechanic St., Bethlehem, died Thursday at Wilmington, Del., of pneumonia. The parents and a brother, Robert, survive. The funeral will be held on Monday morning from the Connell home, 427 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, with interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

On Da Allentown Fair
Fridawg, da 22d Sept.
1944

Lieva Maid un Boova Fert Fon Hame:

Die Allentown Fair is so tzu sawga widder feriwwer un hen ous gamocht fer eich woh die Fair des yohr net ei nemma hen kenna schreiva, 's same wie aw farm yohr. Bis es nagshd yohr wolla m'r hoffa breicha m'r den brief nimmy schreiva, un os ol woh now fert sin widder tzurick dahame sei maiga.

Die woch wor arrick rayerich bis heit. Doch ferol os es die airshda drei dawg yader dawg abissel garayer'd hut, worra dawg fer dawg grossa krowds hous. Woh die leit ol bei kumma sin wissa m'r net, ow'r sie worra doh, un ol huts g'sheind hetta 'n gutie tzeit kot. Doch wors net die gute tzeit os al kotta hetta, won ihr woh fert sin aw dabei sei hetta kenna. Etlicha hen die woch darrich gamaint die Fair het ken recht lava, 's wear ken tzucht un yocht, un dade net gagrisha werra wies ols wear etlicha yohr tzurick. Die uhrsoch fersel is leicht tzu sehna, m'r brouch yusht draw denka wie fiel fon eich boova os fert fon hame sin, un wie ihr eich blessiert hetta won n'r doh gawest weara. Sis ihr shtim, un ihr lava os fail'd, un die Fair grick'd aw ken recht lava bis n'r widder tzurick sin fer die rides ei nemma, un druppa weiss tzu da shows ous un ei gae sehna wos tzu sehna is woh sie donsa os es shmok'd.

'S fee wor widder wunnerbore shae, die kee hen recht gaglitzer'd so glot worra sie g'shtrick'ld, un die geil hut m'r gamaint weara iwwer tzoga mit seida. 'S fedder fee, die si, uxa, shofe un ols onner fee wor aw iwwer rous shae. Die maid un boova os tzu da 4-H klubs kairt, so wohl wie aw die F.F.A maid un boova hen widder iwwer rous gute gaduh mit da socha os na fohr gamessa worra so wie fee judga, si, hinkle, un eema raisa, un gawora bauerra g'shar uf fixa. Fiel fon eich os fert sin hen aw sellie sama g'shefta gaduh wie n'r noch dahame worra, un eb die gons ard bol iwwer tzoga wor mit griek.

Worta mohl bis n'r tzurick kumma fers nei Obsht gabei sehna, un woh der Edgar Fink der Superintendent dafon is. Die wend un die ceilinga sin ol iwwer tzoga mit nei wall board, un hen fon denna neia hella flourescent lichter fers gabei uf leichta wie won die sun immer om sheina wear. Noh hen sie aw sellie alta shtander rous garissa mit da shebba glaws dierra fers gabocka socha nei duh, un hen recht shoffenda, show kases fers gabocka socha. Die kases shtain um die railing rum mit blenty blotz hinna draw fer die Judges shoffa. 'S ewwershd dale fom gabei os niver gaeich da Chew shtross gait, un woh ols die parshing un drauwa worra, is now der blotz woh tzwae may granges ihra exhibits hen. Die Harmony Grange fon Pennsville is im eck nous gaeich da shtross, un die Seipstown grange is grawd nava draw bis nuf ons eck woh die Trexlertown grange awfong'd. Die Central grange fon Germansville is drous im hinnershda eck woh ols die Seipstown grange wor. Farna im eck woh die eema ols worra is 'n shtand os hunds fressa adfertis'd, un die Lecha Dahl eema boova hen blotz woh ols die safe un grumbierra worra.

Ebbes is ow'r badirelich tzu sehna, un sel is, os die Fair des yohr ken shtickers on die socha gaduh hut fer weissa wos fer prizes os gawunna sin werra. Ihr wissa ols sellie glaina bloe, rote un gaila shtickers as n'r aw ols gaglicha hen tzu gucka dafor, fer sehna eb da Mam ihra kucha, odder k'haig'ld socha, odder 'm Pap sei waitsa, grumbierra, ebbel odder wos net, 'n prize gawunna het. 'S wor shporesome ganunk fer yusht glaina bobierna shtickers yusa woh onnerra Faira ols bond shlip gewwa hen dafor, 's same wie sie aw heit noch bond shlip ous gewwa fer der lavendich shtock. Ow'r tzu sehna os sie evens sellie shtickers nimmy hen. "Wow," sel dut net yusht da leit laid os alla weil noch wunnerra wos sie gawunna hen, ow'r faila aw won die leit woh batzawla fer nei on da Fair, rum kumma fer sehna wos fer socha os die priza gawunna het. 'S wor ols g'shpass rum gae die socha badrochta, die shtickers bagucka, in kartza werta sel wor 'n gross dale fon da Fair os des yohr net is.

Ess shtander huts net nagshd so fiel wie shunshd yohrs, un gammel shtander un wohret saiger so tzu sawga gore kennie. Soicha os alsa mohl die kep abissel in die hae shtracka sin yusht soicha os abissel iwwer die shtrang shloga. M'r sin shure os sare wenich fershunna werra darrich gammelerrei. Die Shows sin so tzu sawga wie sie shun worra fer etlicha yohr, blenty maid, ow'r wenich boova. Unnich 'm Grandstand is 'n grossie ferannering gaeich was m'r ols gawain'd wor tzu sehna in mashnia. Ihr wissa noch wie n'r eich aw ferleicht in neia mashina k'huck'd hen fer sehna wie m'r drin hucka dade, un alsa mohl hut der Pap aw 'n mashine kauft on da Fair. Now is selar same blotz fol luft shiffer fon alla orta,—noch so gore 'n Deitsch plane os ferol os m'r wase, fon eich os des laisa, helfa hen runner sheesa. Doch so grossa indressa os sellie planes sin doh on da Fair, so tzawm un kommon wears all'm noh tzu fiel fon eich, woh dawg fer dawg um die grossa luft shiffer rum sin un helfa sie fliega.

Bauerra g'shar is awenich may doh wie 'm ledshd yohr, doch so tzu sawga gor nix gaeich 'm fiela socha os m'r ols gawain'd wor tzu sehna im hinnerra end fom bush. Der Raymond Hoot, der gorda tracktor mon fon unna drous is der aintsich'd uf da ewwerra side fom waig hinnich da geils shtel drous. Ol die onnerra bauerra g'shar leit sin uf da unnerra side 'm waig, bis wedder der long geils shtol.

Der bush drunna wear aw lare wons net wear fer die fiela trailers os drin shtain, un woh die shtand un show leit os da Faira ragler noh gain, yusa fer drin wohna. Der Benny Weiss der Bingo mon is om sama alta blotz woh er shun is fer in da dreisich yohr, un der beer shtand is aw wie immer dafor, dawgs ruich un fershlofa, un nochts fol lava. Die policeleit hen weiters nix tzu duh, yusht alsa mohl soicha nei hola os abissel may lawda hen os sie fohra kenna. Sie hen da onner owet 'n show maid'l ei g'faid'l, un sie iwwer nocht im kooler kalta fer uf soberra. Da nag

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

When I hear people say they have not found the world and life so agreeable or interesting as to be in love with it, or that they look with equanimity to its end, I am apt to think they have never been properly alive nor seen with clear vision the world they think so meanly of, or anything in it—not a blade of grass.—Hudson.

NEWSPAPER PRICE INCREASED

It will surprise few if any readers of The Morning Call, the Sunday Call-Chronicle and Evening Chronicle to be informed today that subscription rates will be slightly increased on Oct. 1. Most readers probably will say: "I thought that was going to happen long ago." In fact many readers of the Call-Chronicle papers have said to employes of the papers during months past: "Just about everything else is rising in price and just about all other newspapers have increased their rates. How is it you are not raising your price?"

The answer now as then is that the tradition of a standard and virtually nominal price for the Call-Chronicle papers has been fondly cherished. The publishers have sought to put their papers into the hands of the greatest possible number of people at the lowest possible cost. Even the example of many hundreds of newspapers—practically all the newspapers of the country—during the past few years was not followed, altho the same economic factors that prompted publishers from New York to San Francisco to raise the price of their papers by one or more cents per copy have borne heavily upon Allentown's papers. Every element of cost that enters into the production of a newspaper has increased for the Call-Chronicle newspapers just as it has increased for other American newspapers. But Allentown's papers have continued to maintain the same price that has prevailed for more than 25 years.

Increases in cost of production have been particularly burdensome since the war broke out and have forced American newspapers to boost the price of their publications. Allentown's papers resisted a price rise as long as was humanly possible in the hope that conditions might change or return to their original status. Now, however, the step has been taken and we believe the reading public not only understands the situation but has long anticipated such increase.

So when your carrier boy asks you for 18c per week and a nickel for a copy of the Sunday newspaper you need not be surprised. The long-expected and long-deferred has happened, but even with increase your daily paper will continue to be one of the cheapest things that is procured by the family budget.

However, there is an exception, and it is an important one: No increase will be made with respect to the papers that are being mailed to the men and women in the armed services.

The Call-Chronicle papers are particularly proud of the large circulation which is carrying Allentown's name and fame into the far corners of the earth. Upwards of five thousand men and women in the service are reading an Allentown paper every day in just about every part of the world where American troops are to be found and they are passing on the papers to dozens and scores of pals. Not a cent is to be added to the cost of the papers which are being mailed daily to all our brave and loyal lads.

NATIONAL ANTHEM GOOD CHURCH MUSIC

American newspapermen on the first Sunday after the occupation of Paris were impressed with services conducted by an American archbishop in the Cathedral of Notre Dame with thousands of American service men and women in attendance. What impressed many soldiers was that "The Star Spangled Banner" was played by the great organ and that the American national anthem rang thru the vaulted aisles of the historic structure.

Some of the soldiers seemed to be surprised to hear the anthem in church as tho it were purely secular music and perhaps should not be played in a sacred place.

Some churches do make a practice of playing it at every service not alone in war but in peace times. It is part of the regular service in such. It well can be introduced in any and all churches where the practice is not yet known.

INDIAN LEADERS CAN'T AGREE

Reports out of India are that Gandhi and Jinnah, representatives respectively of the Hindus and Moslems of that country, have failed to come to any agreements in their conferences and that their efforts to develop a plan for Indian independence have failed utterly.

A great many people in America, and other parts of the world, speak very freely about the matter of giving independence to India. Many seem to think they know more about this problem than do the British who have been there for nearly two centuries.

It would seem a matter of primary importance that the Indians themselves know and understand what they desire. This most recent conference of their leaders — a conference achieved only with the greatest difficulty—indicates that in spite of everything that has developed in recent years and in spite of the current war, the Indians are not ready to make compromises and settlements and reach understandings even with each other and in their mutual interest. When they have been able to agree, they will doubtlessly find the British government ready to listen to them.

PASSENGER AUTOS BIGGEST CARRIERS

Despite war-time restrictions upon motor cars and despite the millions of old cars that have been junked and the others that have been put into storage for the duration of the war, the motor car continues to handle the biggest part of America's transportation of passengers.

During 1943 Americans traveled 280 billion passenger-miles in private automobiles. Passenger miles traveled on steam railroads last year totaled 87,980,000,000; on buses, 54,864,000,000; on electric railways, 35,400,000,000, and on domestic airlines, 1,606,000,000 passenger miles.

This compares with an all-time high of 501,000,000,000 passenger miles traveled in private automobiles in 1941. In that year, steam railroads handled 29,435,000,000 passenger miles of travel; buses, 25,651,000,000; electric railways, 27,600,000,000, and domestic airlines, 1,370,000,000 passenger miles. In both years, passenger miles traveled on Pullman cars are included in the figures for steam railroads.

In 1943, steam railroads handled 730,500,000,000 ton-miles of revenue freight; trucks transported 46,100,000,000 (preliminary figure); Great Lakes transportation, 111,604,000,000; inland waterways, 27,620,000,000 and domestic airlines, ton-miles of freight.

This compares with 1941 ton-miles of freight by steam railroads totaling 477,500,000,000; by truck, 44,227,000,000, and by pipe-lines, 62,702,000,000. Great Lakes and inland waterway figures are not available for that year.

The Length of the Wars

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—It may be purely a coincidence, but within the same 24 hours that the OWI announced that the war against Japan would not be won any sooner than one and a half to two years after the defeat of Germany, Prime Minister Churchill was also announcing to the House of Commons that the war in Europe might go into the winter or even into 1945.

These predictions a few weeks ago would have been classed as exceedingly pessimistic and irrelevant. The White House has consistently avoided predictions as to the time of the war's end. The significance is rather in the issuance of these two predictions at this time. It raises a number of questions. The British Prime Minister, for example, told the House of Commons in the same address that there was an election going on in the United States and not to be disturbed by stories of one kind or another that might emanate from America at this time. What Mr. Churchill said by way of warning to his colleagues was not so important as the fact that he seems to have the American election on his mind.

Nobody in the political arena has said anything here in America about Great Britain that could be by any stretch of the imagination distorted into a campaign issue. So it is puzzling to know what Mr. Churchill is thinking about, unless, of course, he is apprehensive that the whole subject of global strategy and lend-lease for which he and President Roosevelt are responsible may come under review. This is hardly likely, as it appears that Governor Dewey is not going to try to make an issue out of the conduct of the war.

But the net effect of the two pronouncements—namely, by the OWI and Prime Minister Churchill—is to persuade the public that the war is likely to occupy a considerable part of the next administration.

Governor Dewey has been emphasizing that the next president will be inaugurated on January 20, 1945, and that the coming four years will be mostly peace years. But the OWI and Prime Minister Churchill now appear to upset that observation and emphasize that we have a good deal of war ahead of us. This kind of comment is exactly what the Democrats would like to have the people of America told at this time because they look upon it as another argument for the retention of Mr. Roosevelt in office.

One wonders why it was necessary to make predictions for the British Prime Minister has always refrained from using dates as to the time of victory and the OWI has never made a specific forecast giving the exact length of time the European war would last, as it has just done with respect to the Pacific war.

Unquestionably the OWI's statement is good ammunition for the Democratic campaign, especially as it fits in with President Roosevelt's recent trip to the Pacific and the evident effort of the administration to emphasize that President Roosevelt, as commander in chief, is indispensable to the winning of victory in the Pacific.

The OWI is supposed to report what has happened and to use its best efforts to procure the publication of the facts concerning the war effort. It never was conceived of as an agency that would engage in star-gazing or speculation concerning future events. The OWI itself has in it many non-political persons, but only a few days ago the man who had occupied an important position in charge of the foreign propaganda of OWI resigned in order to assist the President in the 1944 political campaign as he did in 1940.

When the personnel of an agency presumably devoted factual data on the war and supposedly disinterested is composed of persons with political backgrounds and political interests, it is not unnatural for the public to suspect that the OWI is not just an Office of War Information altogether but perhaps has its eye also on political trends and ways and means of assisting the present administration to remain in power.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

DANGER

Mr. Dewey's promise is full employment at high wages. Mr. Roosevelt meets that challenge by a reconsideration of the Little Steel Formula. Mr. Roosevelt is in a position immediately to raise wages, his Office of Economic Stabilizaton having such power to do so at once and without restraint. The Little Steel Formula lends itself to political manipulation because the formally issued government cost of living figures need only be rectified to C.I.O. levels to justify an enormous increase in wage scales.

Mr. Dewey can meet this direct action with little more than criticism of dangerous steps taken for political purposes and the promise of what he would do should he be elected. He has not the advantage of being in office.

Three Kinds of Wages

The fact is each worker receives three kinds of wages in a single pay envelope:

1. Payroll Wages;
2. Take-Home Wages;
3. Real Wages.

The money totals to the same amount, but there is a vast difference among these three items. And the worker ought to know that there is a huge element of fraud in all of them. Let me explain the terms:

1. **Payroll Wages:** This is the total amount that is actually on the face of the check and on the books of the employer. No worker in the United States today under any circumstances receives this amount in money. First is deducted his Social Security tax; then his Withholding tax; then his contracted Bond purchases; then, if the shop has a union check-off agreement, the union dues, assessments and penalties. The worker receives what is left after these deductions. That is his actual money wage and is generally referred to as

2. **Take-Home Wages:** That is the amount of money that the worker is permitted to use for his own purposes, to give to his wife, to spend, to save. In 1938 that averaged $1,176 for employed workers. In 1944, it should be very much higher but workers complain that the deductions from Payroll Wages leaves the average insufficiently higher to meet the increased cost of living. The Little Steel Formula is a device by which the government relates wages to increases in the cost of living, but a controversy has developed between government and labor union statisticians over the rate of increase in the cost of living.

3. **Real Wages:** That is money wages actually translated into purchasing power. Money can be a tragic fraud. Suppose it is possible to buy five pounds of meat for $1.00 on a certain day but a year later five pounds of meat cost $10—what is the difference between $1.00 and $10. In terms of meat, there is no difference; the money has lost its value; those who thought they had $10 really only have $1.00.

The Impression of Prosperity

Politicians in control of the wage structure of a country can create the impression of prosperity. It is possible to pay an average wage of $100 or even $1000 an hour. But what is it worth in real money? What is its purchasing power? What will it bring in terms of meat and butter and bread and eggs, in terms of clothing and rent? And what happens to the White Collar element who cannot receive increases of pay as rapidly as those who are in a position to strike?

The American worker is getting on to the simple economic fact that if wages are to be high, it must not be Payroll Wages, nor even Take-Home Wages; it must be Real Wages. It must be in purchasing power. The question to ask is: How much will one hour of work produce in food purchased in the market? Anybody can translate that question into a fact.

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ECHOES FROM THE PAST

by ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DUDELSACK UN ZITTER

The favorite musical instruments which our early Pennsylvania ancestors brought with them from the old world were the zither, the dulcimer and the Dudelsack. Of these only the zither, or Zitter, as some prefer to call it, survives in eastern Pennsylvania. The Dudelsack is gone and the dulcimer can be heard only in the mountain regions of Tennessee and Kentucky. The dialect name for the zither was "Schlagzitter" when plucked and "Schtreichzitter" when it was used with a bow. One variety was known as "Flaschenform" because its shape resembled a bottle.

In his book "The Dutch Country," Dr. Cornelius Weygandt distinguished between a zither and a "Zitter." He describes the latter as a hollow box across which strings of wire or gut were stretched. There were five strings and they were spanned over a bridge like that of a violin. Th tapering end of the instrument was fretted and it could be played either by plucking the strings or by stroking it with a bow, hence the names "Schlagzitter" and "Schtreichzitter."

The Zitter may still be heard occasionally where the Plain Folks dwell. It is used by them as an accompaniment to their hymns. This is the reason for its survival to the present day.

The Dudelsack was brought to Pennsylvania by the Huguenots who settled in the Oley Valley of Berks County and in the Pequea Valley of Lancaster County. Henry Shoemaker points out that bagpipes were brought to Europe from the eastern countries by returning crusaders. Somehow the public mind has associated the bagpipe with Scotland, but the Pennsylvania Germans also had such an instrument and they had a name for it—der Dudelsack.

The dulcimer has gone from the scene altogether. It is now a museum item. Early residents of Oley brought with them the story of the giant dulcimer which was brought to Paris in 1705 to delight Le Grand Monarch, Louis XIV. The pompous king was carried away into ecstasy and named the huge instrument the "Panteleon."

YAEGER SCHNARRE
(Hunter's Whistle)

A century ago the Blue Mountains were a hunter's paradise. Many forms of wild game abounded there and the residents of the adjacent counties found much sport in tracking down wild animals during the winter hunting season. The racoon hunt was one of the favorite sports. It called for patience, skill and woodsmanship.

The racoon lives in the hollow stumps of old trees and remains hidden throughout the daylight hours. At midnight he ventures forth to find his food. 'Coon hunting, therefore, must be carried on at night time. Trained dogs must find the scent while patient nimrods wait in silence, their ears alert to hear the yelping of the hounds.

Sometimes hours pass before the dogs pick up a scent, or perhaps they roam too far to be heard even if their barking signals try to announce that they have treed a 'coon. On such occasions the hunters must have a prearranged signal which will summon dogs and deployed members of the party. A favorite signal in use along the Blue Mountains was the Schnarre (Schnurre). In his "Lebensbild" (1906) the Reverend W. A. Hellfrich describes the method of manufacturing this peculiar type of whistle. He remembers how his father made such an instrument more than a hundred years ago.

A stick of wood, one and a half inches thick and seven inches long was planed with a knife into a half-round and one end was then rounded off. Next the entire length was hollowed out and a strip of thin metal blade was tied to the thin end with wire. By blowing into the thin end of the whistle a "greislicher Laerm" could be made. This was known as a Schnarr. The Schnarr was used to play pranks on the neighborhood. Skilled whistlers could imitate the sounds of wild animals and mischievous hunters, returning from the racoon hunt during the small hours of the morning, would emit eerie sounds from the instruments, thus disturbing the slumbers of the countryside.

The Rev. W. A. Hellfrich related that on one occasion, while hunters were passing through Levin's Valley at 2 A. M. they played this trick. The next day word reached Hellfrich's father, a noted hunter, that catamounts and wild cats were infesting the neighborhood of Siegfried's Mill. The whole valley was in an uproar. Catamounts and even tigers were reported from many quarters. "Natuerlich aber wurden keine gefunden!"

SCHTUBB BALLE

One of the most popular rural sports of a generation or more ago was known as Schtubb Balle. It was usually played by the young bloods at a public sale or vendu. The sport arena was the barnyard and the only equipment needed was a leather-covered ball and a floor covering of barnyard manure matted with a liberal covering of clean fresh straw.

There were no uniforms to distinguish teams but custom decreed that the contenders should be attired in clean blue denim overalls and habit usually added the impedimenta of a bag of chewing tobacco protruding from the hip pockets of the contestants.

The skill of the game depended upon two things. First, upon the accuracy of aim in the throwing of the ball and secondly, upon the agility of the athletes in dodging the leathery spheres hurled at them. Feigning throws added finesse to the game and the amphidexterous hurler who could toss from either port-side or lee-side had a great advantage in his efforts to confuse the defensive players who watched every gesture in order to dodge the missile.

Sides were chosen, usually four players to each team. Four bases were formed in a square and the offensive players took their positions on the "Eck" (or corners). Members of the team on defense took their position in the squared ring. The ball was tossed from corner to corner in a few preliminary tosses before the players "uff de Ecke" were permitted to "sock" the defenders in the ring.

If a player was "socked" by the ball he was forced to retire from the contest, or if a "schmeiser" (hurler) missed his aim he departed from the sidelines. This process of elimination was continued until but one survivor of either team was in the game. If those in the ring survived, then the defending team took the offense and their former tormentors were forced "sich zu wehre" (to dodge the speeding balls).

Meanwhile onlookers leaned against the barnyard fence, cheering the heroes into the fray and laughing at the antics of the defenders. Sometimes the tormented ones leaped into the air and at other times prostrated themselves upon the bed of straw. Especially amusing were the taunting remarks which passed back and forth between the embattled sportsmen. Sometimes tempers were frayed when painful bruises were inflicted by the impact of hurtling and human flesh, but all in all a good time "was had by all." The sport was played for the love of it and, whatever else may be said, it remained a truly amateur's game with no professionalism attached.

ODD'S AND ENDS

Dr. Frederick Starr was an eminent anthropologist at the University of Chicago. About 1900 he was laboring upon the thesis that we Americans are gradually assuming the physical characteristics of the Indians who first roamed this continent. In order to establish his point he measured the cheekbones of 5,000 Pennsylvania German children. He selected the Pennsylvania German children because they then represented the oldest white American stock unaffected by intermarriage with new arrivals from Europe. He found lengthening faces, heightening cheek-bones and "a general tendency towards the reproduction of aboriginal features." It is too bad that he was not a folklorist. Perhaps he would have deduced other evidences of our taking on the characteristics of the redman from the practice of powwow and perhaps he would even have recognized the Indian exclamation "Ugh! Ugh!" in the familiar Pennsylvania German dialect rendition of "Excuse me!"

* * * * *

When Thomas Mifflin was governor of Pennsylvania, away back in the early days of the commonwealth, John Weidman of Womelsdorf was elected to the state Legislature. Weidman tried to combine the virtues of economy with sartorial splendor. Before leaving his Berks home he purchased a new pair of boots in order that he might stride the legislative halls as became a worthy dignitary.

A sense of economy impelled the newly elected solon to walk from his home to Harrisburg barefooted. The new boots were not to be marred enroute, therefore he carried them on his arm while he trudged along the highway. But alas, when John Weidman reached his destination and tried to get into his new boots, he discovered that his feet were swollen so badly that he could not wear them. (Weidmaniana by Clarence Bartlett).

* * * * *

When the British army invaded Philadelphia, during the Revolutionary war, the soldiery were attracted to the home of Mrs. Woermer on West Coulter Street in Germantown. They had sensed the smell of something being fried in deep fat. When they entered the Woermer kitchen they found that the good Hausfrau was baking Fettkuche (doughnuts). The British soldiers helped themselves to the Fettkuche by fishing them out of the fat with their bayonets.

HOFFNING

Heit waar en scheener Schpotyaahrsdaag,
un ich bin rumhaer g'faahre;
Es hot mich so geluschtert,
ich hett mich schier verlore;
Un wie ich an en Schtross naus bin,
dann hawwich aagedroffe
En Bauer uff me weisse Gaul,
un en Brauner mitgeloffe.

Sie waare mied, die aarme Geil,
die Gschaerre hen sie g'schleeft.
Ich denk sie hen im Feld hart g'schafft,
un sich recht gut beheeft.
Dann guck ich an der Bauer,
wu der weiss Gaul hot geritte;
Er will gaern heem, er lockt sie aa
far wennich schtaerger schritte.

Awwer wie ich in sei Gsicht nei blick,
dart hawwich ebbes g'sehne;
O! wann ich dir's yuscht saage kennt,
in Warte gross or gleene;
Zu deel Leit waar er dreckich gewest,
en verrissner, mieder Bauer,
Doch hawwich ebbes g'sehne dart,
so gut, so rein, so sauwer.

Er waar gans brau vum Sunneschein,
sei Aage wie der Himmel blo;
Es hot mir g'scheint, as wann die Welt
graad recht iss wie des do;
Sei Daag waar drin, sei Aerwet g'schafft,
verdient hot er sei Ruh;
Un wie er an die Schtross naus reit,
kummt er immer naeher dazu.

Ich hab gepickert zu mer selwer,
wie Weib un Kinner ihn griesse
Mit haerrliche Warte, Nei-ichkeete,
un blendi Bosse, siesse.
Ich hab gedenkt, dass Gold un Geld
kennt net so Freede kaafe;
En hunnert Yaahre kennt mer suche,
en Million Meile laafe.

Nau wann mei Aerwet g'schafft iss,
un mei langer Weg geloffe,
Un ich bin mied un ausg'schpielt,
dann duh ich immer hoffe,
Zu finne Freind un Friede
in sellem gute Land,
Wu die Bauer, ya, aa ich un du,
sin enanner gut bekannt.

Reading, Pa. —MABEL G. SAYER.

ATTENTION

We have been requested to submit the following question: Have any of the readers of the ECK known Pennsylvania Germans to apply moldy cheese to boils and carbuncles? Please address replies to Editor of the ECK, Morning Call.

DIE LANDSLEIT

Mei Heemet waar net uff em Land,
'S waar in der Schtadt wu ich gebore,
Awwer Landsleit bin ich gut bekannt.
Mei Maem, mei Paep un Graemmaem waare
So genennt, un 's waar ken Schand.

Mer hott sei Leid ge-eschdemiert,
Un ihre Regel schee ausg'fiehrt;
Net viel Warte, awwer 's waar
In Aernscht gemeent,
Ya, gans un gaar.

Am Disch hot yeders aerscht gebet,
Die Eldre, Buwe, noh die Maed;
Hen Gott bedankt far all die Sache,
Un hen ihn g'frogt uns gut zu mache.

Yeders grickt sei Drodde1dicher
Um der Hals g'schpellt, schee un sicher;
Deel waar'n g'hegelt un deel geneht,
Noh darf mer esse—sell waar en Freed.

Owets hemmer Lieder g'sunge,
Noh sin mer g'schwind die Schteg nuff g'schprunge;
En hocher Tschump, mer hen's gemacht—
Der Schtrick im Bett hot fair gegracht.

Die Fedderdeck waar weech un waarm;
So hemmer g'schlofe, Aarm im Aarm,
Bis unser Naes hen uns verrode,
Dass uff em Offe Schunke brode.

Sei Gleeder findt mer in der Kich,
Mer wescht sich drunne an der Schpring;
Sell weckt em uff—ya, waerricklich
Do heert mer friehe Feggel G'sing.

Ken Wunner gebt's viel gute Leit,
Gewichst, so greftich, g'sund un g'scheit:
Parre, Lawyer un Bresident—
Ich hab sie noch net all genennt;

Aa Lehrer un Dokter un Bankers,
Un deel, die dreiwe nau Tankers.
Die Landsleit schaffe frieh un schpot,
'S iss heitzudaag nau all der Mod.

Mer muss viel Lewesmiddel raise-e:
Grumbeere, Obscht, Welschkarn un Weeze;
Hinkel, Oier, Millich un Budder,
Kaffe, Bohne, Aebrse, Zucker.

Der Grieg macht so viel aarme Leit,
Mer iss gewiss net recht bereit.
Verlosst eich druff, mer sin gedrei,
Mer hofft der Grieg iss ball verbei.

Es nemmt gut Schtoft so Leit zu mache—
Geduld, Graft, Glaawe un so Sache.
Maag Gottes Sege allezeit
Sie halde in der Gnaadenheit,
Bis Gott sie in der Himmel nemmt,
Un ihne ihre Krone schenkt.

Gettysburg, Pa. —MRS. BERTHA KNERR-REX.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

THE COCK'S ON THE HOUSE TOP

Der Haahne uff em Hausdach blost emol ins Harn,
Der Bull iss in de Scheier, dresche dutt er's Karn;
Die Maed sin im Schwamm drin, schaffe dart am Hoi,
Die Ente sin im Wasser, schwimme in de Roi.

SIX LITTLE MICE SAT DOWN TO SPIN

Sechs Meiselcher hocke un schpinne so fei,
Do kummt aa die Bussi un guckt emol nei;
"Was seid ihr am schaffe, mei gleene Leit?"—
"Mir mache die Gleeder fer Gentle-Leit."—
"Well, daerf ich eich helfe, yuscht bisselche weise?"—
"Nee, nee! du daetscht uns die Kepp noch abbeisse!"—
"Des daet ich gewiss net! Ich helf eich yuscht schpinne."—
"Maag sei! Doch woll'n mer uns erscht emol b'sinne."

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN, AS I'VE HEARD TELL

En aldi Fraa—ya, des waar arrick!
Die draagt mol Oiyer uff der Marrick;
Doch scheint sie bissel mied zu sei,
Un an der Schtross, do schloft sie ei.

En Kraemer kummt mit Pack un Schtock,
Der schneid re ab am Unnerrock;
Er schneid re ab bis an die Gnie,
Es friert sie un es schittelt sie.

Ken Wunner ass sie wacker waerd,
Die Helft vum Unnerrock iss faert;
Sie guckt sich aa, verwunnert sich
Un saagt, "Des iss gewiss net mich!"

"Doch waer des mich? Ich hoff aa's iss!
Mei Hundli kennt mich doch gewiss;
Der schwenzelt wann des mich sett sei,
Wann's mich net iss, dann blafft er glei."

Do hot die Alt sich heem gemacht,
Des Hundli hot recht wiescht geblafft;
Un weil er blafft, do heilt sie glei,
"Du Ye! Des kann mich doch net sei!"

Deaths of a Day

Wife of Hereford Hotelman

Mrs. Susan Spaar, 66, wife of Augustus D. Spaar, proprietor of the Hereford hotel, Hereford, Berks county, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at the hotel, where she resided.

Born at Bally, she was the daughter of the late Elias and Amelia (nee Kuhns) Schwoyer. She was a member of St. Philip Meri Catholic church, East Greenville, the Altar and Rosary society of the church, Daughters of Naomi, No. 9, Vera Cruz, and the ladies auxiliary of the Pennsburg Fire Co.

Besides her husband she is survived by three sons, Paul, automobile dealer at Chapel; Roland, florist at East Greenville; Kurney of Palm; four daughters, Mrs. Raymond Wenner of Emmaus, Mrs. Cyril Stoudt of Palm, Mrs. Margaret Gery and Mrs. Harold Albitz, both at home; 11 grandchildren, two brothers, Nicholas Schwoyer of Allentown, Elias Schwoyer of Canadensis, and a sister, Mrs. Margaret Quigley of Bally.

Two of her grandsons are serving overseas in the Army. Two sons preceded her in death.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 9:30 a. m. from the late home, Hereford hotel, followed by solemn requiem mass at 10 o'clock in St. Philip Meri Catholic church, East Greenville. Interment in Most Blessed Sacrament Catholic cemetery, Bally.

MRS. JOHN LAWRENCE

Mrs. Minnie Lindner Lawrence, 55, wife of John Lawrence, 508 Carlton Ave., Bethlehem, died at 5 p. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital, where she submitted to a surgical operation Thursday.

She was born in Philadelphia, June 18, 1889, a daughter of Robert and Matilda Shiffert Lindner, and was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church.

The husband and six children survive: Donald, Bethlehem; Corporal John Lawrence Jr., U.S.A., stationed in Corsica; Thomas A., at home; Mrs. Richard Scott, at home; Corporal Grace H. Lawrence, of the WACS, Vint Hill Farms, Va.; and Helen L., at home.

A brother William J. Lindner, of Bethlehem, and a sister, Mrs. Charles Hein, of Fountain Hill, also survive.

Dr. Corson C. Snyder, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran church, will officiate at funeral services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday in the Miller home, 529 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem. Interment in Fountain Hill cemetery.

MRS. EVA H. SLICKER

Mrs. Eva H. Slicker, wife of Charles Slicker, died yesterday at the residence of her father, Frank G. Eschbach, Chestnut St., Bechtelsville, aged 43 years.

She was a daughter of Frank and the late Mary, nee Heydt, Eschbach. Surviving are her husband and her father, a daughter, Ruth E., all at home; a sister, Eva, wife of Fred Kemp, Bechtelsville, and a brother, Howard Eschbach, Schwenksville.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Wednesday at the Moyer funeral home, Chestnut St., Bechtelsville, with interment in the Bechtelsville cemetery. Rev. George W. Fritsch will officiate.

MRS. GRACE SLOAN

Mrs. Grace Sloan, 1203 3rd St., North Catasauqua, died at her home early yesterday morning, after a lingering illness.

Born in Hokendauqua, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Anthony O'Donnell, she lived the greater part of her life in Catasauqua and was a lifelong member of St. Lawrence Roman Catholic church. Her husband, Patrick, died 18 years ago.

Mrs. Sloan is survived by the following children: Patrick J., Washington, D. C.; Sister Evangelista, O.S.F., St. Thomas convent, Wilmington, Del.; Mary, at home; two sisters: Mrs. Patrick McIntyre, Pittsburgh, and Mrs. Peter J. Gillen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; two brothers, Anthony, Jersey City, N. J., and Dennis, Catasauqua.

Funeral services will be held from her late home Monday at 9 a. m. Requiem high mass will be celebrated in St. Lawrence church at 9:30 a. m., with interment to follow in Calvary cemetery, Catasauqua. Friends may call from Sunday afternoon until time of the funeral.

BENJAMIN D. SAUERWINE

A heart attack suffered shortly after eating a dinner at the home of his nephew Thursday caused the death of Benjamin D., husband of Clara, nee Handwerk, Sauerwine. He was in his 73rd year.

A farmer, Mr. Sauerwine was helping in the harvest at his nephew's farm when he was stricken. He was born in Washington township, Lehigh county, a son of the late Daniel and Laura, nee Hoffman Sauerwine.

Of Lutheran faith he was a member of Allentown Herd No. 6 L.O.O.B.; Minsi Tribe 357 I.O.R.M., and Washington Camp 168 P. O. S. of A.

Survivors are his wife, two sons, Warren in Army service overseas, and Clarence, Allentown; three sisters, Mrs. Alice Snyder, Schnecksville, Mrs. Katie Miller and Mrs. Maggie Laub, both of Allentown. Eleven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren also survive.

Private funeral services will be held at his late home at Newhards with continued services for the family and friends in Friedens church with the Rev. E. S. Kidd officiating. Interment in Union cemetery, Slatington.

MRS. ANNIE A. FREDERICK

Mrs. Annie E., nee Reiman, widow of Henry B. Frederick of 847 W. Third St., Fullerton, died Thursday at the Allentown hospital in her 76th year.

Born in Upper Salford township, Montgomery county, she was a daughter of the late Herman and Louisa, nee Daub, Reiman. She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Sumneytown.

Survivors are a daughter Sarah, wife of William Afflerbach of Allentown; two sons, Forrest M. Frederick, Lansdale, Francis Frederick, Baltimore; one brother, William Reiman, Green Lane R. D. Two grandchildren and two great-grandchildren also survive.

Short services will be held from the Hoffman funeral home, 221 Main St., East Greenville, on Monday at 1:30 p. m. Further services in St. John's Lutheran church, Sumneytown, at 2 p. m. with Rev. E. L. Angstadt officiating. Interment in the adjoining cemetery.

FRANK M. W. ACKER

Funeral services for Frank M. W. Acker, 73, formerly of Catasauqua, who died suddenly Thursday near Wescosville, will be held on Monday at 3 p. m. at the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, Catasauqua. Interment in Arlington cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Gatrav'ld Im Shtorm

'S nembt alsa mohl awenich tzeit bis unser Fegelcher peifa, ow'r won sie peifa, wos sie net socha tzu fertzaila hen. Ungfare doh hut ae fogel yusht gapifa fon da Orpha Dieter fon da Dieters foundry in Cheryville ihra trip nunner noch Norfolk, Virginia, wie selar shtorm om gae wor. Die Orpha wor dart nunner mit da bus fer 'n grieks shiff sehna ins wosser gae, odder ebbes uf sellie hee sich'd.

Allas wor ols recht uf 'm nunner waig bis sie in selar shracklich hurrikane kumma sin, un der bus fubrmon hut mohl unna badenk'd shtoppa missa. Die Orpha on da tzeit, hut gons hinna drous uf da aller hinnershda sitz k'huck'd, so tzimlich midda drin. Wie die bus g'shtopt hut, hut die Orpha ols noch weiter gae woila, un die weil os naryads nix fer ra wor fer sie shtoppa, is sie 60 mile die shtun der gong nous g'shwishich da sitza, un wear ferleicht farna tzum windshield nous, won net 'n kerl die fees hous im gong shtae het kot. Sel uf kours hut sie g'shtopt, un hut sich noh flotch nunner uf der budda fon da bus k'huck'd, un is folshter farna nous g'fohra, shlitta shtyle.

Ow'r da Orpha ihra druvel wor ols noch weit fon iwwer. Wie sie endlich nunner noch Norfolk kumma sin, huts so arrick garayer'd un gablosa os der fuhrmon die bus net farblae shtoppa hut kenna, un sie hut runner gamaist die weil os die bus om gae wor. In ra gons kartza tzeit wor sie net yusht wesh puddle nos fon kup tzu foos, ow'r 's wosser wor ra aw darrich ihra suit kase nei kumma, un hut may wenich druckna socha in fermaiga kot.

Die Orpha wor awenich iwwel ob eb sie dahame fert is, un ol weil sie net recht gawist hut eb sie sich 'n funkle nelie shpote yohrs suit kaufa wot fer die trip mocha odder net. Now ow'r os sie wase os es wor wies wor, is sie sare donkbore os sie ken neia glaider aw kot hut, odder won sie het, weara sie all'm noh alla pieces futch, 's same wie aw die glaider worra os sie gawora hut.

Mohl fers aller airsht, hut ihra koat der raya net ferdrawga kenna, un is ei gonga os gross ordich wor. Wie sie dahame fert is hut er sie shae gabos'd ols 'n grase 52 koat, un bis sie 'n fartich gadrick'ld hut kot, wor er may kalm 'n shwocher 30. Ebber os im marrick is fer 'n shmarter koat fon selra ledshda grase, kon all'm noh 'n guter wolfel kaufa in da Dieters Foundry offis, woh die Orpha shoft. Ow'r 's wor noh aw net yusht der fol os der koat ei gonga is, mit da shoe hut sie net fiela besser glick kot. Sellie sin ra aw ei gonga os gross ordich wor, un noh liever os wie borefeesich dart drunna rum lawfa, is sie noch ma shoe shtore un hut sich 'n paar neia shoe grick'd.

Doch ferol os die Orpha 'n lot druvel kotta hut bis sie mohl dart drunna wor, hut sie 'n aryie gutie tzeit kot noch 'm shtorm. Wos noch mainer is, der Kaptain fom boat wor sare akommodadish, un denk 's hut ra ferleicht laid gaduh wies tzeit wor fer hame gae. Aenicha waig, die socha sin ol g'shaina Midwochs da 13d September, un denk so arrick os es gablosa hut, wor sie numma froh wie allas feriwwer wor os es sie net aw noch mit fert ganumma hut. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Orpha die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OWR

Won aenich ebbes is os tzwae iwwricha Pennsylvania German magazines hut, "Vol. 2 No. 4, un Vol 4 No. 3." dada m'r arrick gleicha tzu hoerra dafon.

Die magazines sin fer fartzae yohr gadruck'd werra, un hen 'n follie file in unserra kollection Pennsylfawnish Deitscha socha, os wie sellie tzwae net.

M'r dada gleicha sellie magazines uf binna lossa in bicher, ow'r kenna 's net duh bis m'r sellie tzwae nummerra hen os m'r kartz sin.

M'r hen 'n lot onnerra Pennsylvania German magazines uf hond un shw

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER."

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Tho a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worse.
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.
—Browning.

NEW TRIPOLI SETS NEW PACE

Report by the New Tripoli Fire Co. that it has received some fire-fighting machinery from the Office of Civilian Defense and that it will be serviceable as soon as it can be mounted upon an automobile chassis is just the best kind of news for all volunteer fire companies in our rural districts.

These rural fire companies for the most part have banded themselves together in an association. New Tripoli, however, was not a part of the organization. Acting independently the upper end company has been able to achieve upon small scale what the organization hopes to achieve upon large scale. Success by the one is encouraging to the other.

As was the case in Allentown, where such a large and impressive auxiliary fire-fighting system has been built up, so it should be possible with the aid of the O. C. D. to build up a splendid system in the rural areas. These communities will be able to provide excellent chassis for fire-fighting equipment. Their expert mechanics will put them in apple-pie order as did Allentown's firemen-mechanics. Painters will make old but very serviceable trucks look like new and somehow and somewhere the boys will be sure to dig up tires that will be passing fair until the rubber situation eases.

New Tripoli already has been setting the pace in the rural areas for the construction of dams where supplies of water for fire-fighting will be stored. Now that community is going to set the pace in the location of fire-fighting equipment in the village for use thruout that area. What has been learned and demonstrated in that section will be of benefit to the big volunteer fire company movement that is receiving so much immediate impetus for the benefit of so many rural communities.

INTELLIGENT PLANNING OF MEMORIALS

Assemblage in this city on Wednesday night of representatives of a dozen communities of the Lehigh Valley where War Memorials are being planned was an evidence of the sincerity of the splendid people who are back of these movements. All these wish to learn and by so doing avoid errors which are so easy when undertaking brand new enterprises.

Probably the most important lesson that was impressed upon the assemblage by Dr. John W. Faust, national authority, was that the construction of community centers as war memorials should not be attempted anywhere unless there be assurance that these centers will be maintained adequately. It was pointed out that raising money to buy bricks, stone and mortar to construct buildings is comparatively easy. To get money month after month and year after year to light and heat and care for such buildings and to conduct useful and satisfactory progras therein is the real porblem for most communities and should receive fully as much attention as the basic project.

Communities which can think in terms of years rather than in matters merely of the moment will solve this problem for they will establish community centers which they can operate within their means. To their operation they will be committed just as there does not have to be any argument every summer as to whether the schools are to be opened in September with teachers at their desks and books in readiness for pupils.

It is a splendid thing that the people of this entire valley are thinking in terms of useful War Memorials. None wish to erect dead memorials such as dot our country and have come down to us from the past, particularly the Civil War period when very few communities in the country failed to build an angular monument of granite, surmounted by the metal effigy of a soldier. Many parks and public places have been and continue to be disfigured by grotesque equestrian statues and the entire useless idea cost many millions of dollars.

The people of the Lehigh Valley are determined to do something far different during and after this war. But they also wish to do an intelligent and far-sighted job for their communities in honor of our illustrious heroes of the present war.

DUNKIRK IN REVERSE ENGLISH

More than four years ago a third of a million or more British and French soldiers were on the beaches around Dunkirk while on all sides of them except the seat at their back German armies were hammering at them with tanks, artillery, planes and small arms.

During days and nights of agony and peril ore than three hundred thousand men were moved across the English channel in the most brilliant retreat of its kind in all military history. While only one in some 60 men got back to England with so much as a rifle and while Britain had lost all her tanks, trucks and other heavy military equipment, a third of a million human lives had been saved, moral victory was sensed in physical defeat and an empire had been really saved in spite of all the wreckage that littered the French beaches.

Today the tables have turned and while numbers involved are much smaller there are a lot of interesting contrasts. Today Canadian troops hem in Germans who have been holding Dunkirk on orders from Hitler to stand fast to the death. The Germans have been in Dunkirk for almost four and a half years but they are not going to get out as the British did because they have hardly so much as a rowboat whereas the British had thousands of craft to help their beleaguered forces.

Yesterday a truce was declared in order to permit nearly twenty thousand civilians to leave the city. Now the days of 1940 are being repeated except that the Germans are under the fire of shot and shell from artillery, tanks and planes. About 17,000 of them have a choice of dying for the Fuehrer or surrendering to the Canadians. There is no alternative for them altho the fanatical Nazi officers who negotiated the truce told the Canadian officers that they were going to hold fast, that Hitler was sending a new secret weapon to aid them and that by their courage and determination they were going to turn the tide against the Allies. Of such trash is Nazi propaganda and the poor boobs will die within a few days fully believing it.

That Hotel Lobby Brawl

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6—It certainly is a sad commentary on the Congressional tendency to waste time and money on trivialities when the chairman of the Senate committee investigating campaign expenditures announces an investigation of a brawl in a hotel lobby that might better be forgotten than emphasized.

The facts already published are adequate. The teamsters union had a banquet a few weeks ago and listened to a rousing speech by President Roosevelt. Afterwards some of the exuberant banqueteers got into an argument with a couple of Naval officers in the lobby and foolishly became involved in a discussion of politics. Blows were struck. Nobody was injured seriously and the whole affair could be crossed off as just another regrettable episode in modern politics.

But immediately the politically minded, seeing a chance to reflect upon trade unions, began to read into the incident some enormous political significance and doubtless Senator Green, chairman of the Senate committee, did receive a lot of demands for a full inquiry which he might just as well have tossed in the waste basket.

If the teamsters who accosted the Naval officers and asked how they were going to vote had had a sense of discretion, they would have refrained from pressing the point when the Naval officers refused to answer. And if, as was later reported, the teamsters who gathered did push the Naval officers around, it would have been much better if some official of the teamsters union had inquired into the affair and promptly issued an apology the next day for the misbehavior of some of its members.

The fact that a handful of persons in the teamsters union strut through a hotel corridor and become involved in a brawl does not make the teamsters union or Dan Tobin, its venerable chieftain, any less worthy of respect. The report which involved Mr. Tobin in the affair has been vigorously denied and the incident really has no more significance nationally than any brawl which might have taken place on a Saturday night in the vicinity of a hotel oasis.

That there is bad feeling between labor and the members of the armed services is well known because of the strikes and interruptions of work in strategic plants. The news reports have frequently told of these strikes but bad feeling arises because the administration has consistently attempted to minimize or condone these strikes. It has acted in a manner that stimulates bitterness because everybody knows the administration is trying to get labor union votes.

Even the labor union voter, however, would have more respect for the administration if it confessed that, while the statistics about strikes may show a small number of man-hours lost, the actual damage to the war effort has been considerable. Thus, interruptions in the Detroit area in the last few days are typical of the discouragements which the armed forces have met in trying to get the weapons they need while a highly paid labor force back home, led by misguided politicians, has apparently in many instances cared more about dollars than the sacrifices being made for them abroad.

A careful examination of the entire labor record in this war warrants the conclusion that it is not the labor unions or the employers who have contributed to these work stoppages. It is the clumsiness of the administration and its lack of a constructive labor policy.

No more thoughtful or experienced student of labor affairs than William M. Leiserson can be found. He served for years as chairman of the National Railway Mediation board. Then he served by appointment of President Roosevelt as a member of the National Labor Relations board. His decisions were frequently in favor of labor and he is known as a consistent friend of the worker. Yet he has published in a recent address a comprehensive indictment of the Roosevelt administration's blunders in handling the labor question. Governor Dewey in his Seattle speech made some of the same points.

It would be a tragic thing if more bitterness were stirred up between the returning service men and the labor unions. The fault lies predominantly with the government's policies and particularly the blame rests on the President who, though constantly advised to clean house and get some able and impartial men into government to handle labor and to keep his own hands out of the agencies he creates, has refused to heed that advice.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

HIS NAME WAS AL

If religion in action means humility, faith, charity, neighborliness, Al Smith was a deeply religious man. If patriotism means a life devoted unsparingly to one's country and its people, Al Smith was a rare patriot. If a father really presides over a family, is devoted to his wife—one wife—to the death, if a father is forgiving, protective, everlastingly the enduring friend—Al Smith was the best of fathers.

Al and I grew upon the same sidewalks of the very same streets of New York. He loved people. He loved his own people most of all. Any of us from his East Side—Christian or Jew, Irish or German or Russian or Italian—such distinctions meant nothing to Al—we were all his people. None of his people could be in any trouble without moving Al to friendship in action and he never waited to be asked—he moved in to help with gentleness, kindliness, fatherliness.

Al was a Roman Catholic and it cost him the Presidency of the United States. But that episode never embittered him. I spoke to him often of his experience with bigotry. He said that people were like that—what could you do about it? He knew no bigotry himself; yet he was staunch in his love of his Church. He never questioned another's religion, but he loved his own. And I suppose the happiest moments in his later life was participation in a Pontifical Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral as a Papal Chamberlain. Only one who knows God as Al Smith did can appreciate the closeness, the happiness of that closeness that comes in a moment of deep prayer.

Al's religion was unostentatious. It was part of him like his brown hat or his loudly striped clothes or the cigar that seemed never to leave his lips. He came up from old-fashioned, honest poverty, from Oliver Street and the Fulton Fish Market; he came up from driving a truck. And even when he was Governor of New York State, even when he ran for President, when he sat in his office in the Empire State building, he remained Al—just Al, the good neighbor from the East Side. He never found it necessary to be anything different or anything else. Nor did his wife.

I lunched with Al shortly after Mrs. Smith died. He was not the same. We said nothing of her, but we knew. Al was lonely. He had spent almost half a century with this wife. He had always been such a public figure, always at meetings and conferences and great dinners, I wondered how he ever had time to know his wife and children. Yet, there was a companionship, an understanding and compatibility between those two that required no constant attention, no explanations—a surely permanent cooperation that nothing but death could end. And when death came to one, it just had to come to the other. It seemed to be a part of their loyalty that they should meet their Maker hand in hand together.

Al never believed that it was sound to make healthy, strong-limbed men walk on crutches. He pulled himself up by his own work and thought and honesty with little help. He knew that it is possible to do that in America, not only because he did it but because thousands of other boys from the slums, from Cherry Hill, from the Five Points, from the East Side ghetto, from Little Italy and Hell's Kitchen had reached the very top of decent, useful and successful living through their own efforts. He did not believe in government guarantees from the cradle to the grave. He feared that as a curse upon mankind.

Al is gone and today we shall bury him. But he will be remembered lovingly. No one ever hated Al. No one who knew him ever distrusted him. He never lied. He never hedged. He never betrayed a friend or a cause. He lived clean according to the ethics and morals of his faith—and he never compromised with his ideals. It was hard to live that way in the environment of his boyhood; it was harder still to live that way in Tammany politics. And yet, with what pride did these rough men and women of Al's early life look upon him! He had made the grade unsullied and clean, like the son of a shanty Irish family that rises to be a Bishop or like the son of a Rivington Street Jewish butcher who becomes a judge of a high court.

Good-bye, neighbor! You have written your record, Al, and we shall remember that record with pride. Farewell!

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REVIEWS

THE HEINLY FAMILY IN AMERICA. A History by HARVEY F. HEINLY. Published by the Heinly Family Association, Reading, Pa., 1944.

EMIGRE SAGA—A Tale of Early America. By Theodore K. Long, Carson Long Institute. New Bloomfield, Pa., 1943.

Surely it is indicative of the deepening of the perspectives of life, when, in the midst of the turmoils of our day, two prominent professional men can pause to pay tribute to the ancestors to whom they owe their being.

Two genealogical studies have recently come into the hands of the editor, both of which are worthy of comment in this column.

In the first of these, "The Heinly Family in America," the well-known attorney of Readilng and president of the Heinly Family Association has traced with zeal and exactness the origins of his paternal ancestry.

The first American ancestor of this widely distributed Pennsylvania German family was Matthes Heinlin, who thus wrote his name on the original Immigrant List when he and his wife Barbara and five children landed at Philadelphia on September 19, 1749, from the ship "Patience," Hugh Steel, Captain. In May, 1749, the Duchy of Wuerttemberg issued an official letter recommending the well-known citizen and baker Matthes Hainlin (thus) as an honest man and him and his family as obedient, dutiful and friendly. Since the Duchy of Wuerttemberg placed no further restrictions upon its many emigrants but that they leave no debts behind, the family must in that poverty-stricken land have been in a more favored class. The family left their home in Necklinsberg, presumably in the same month the letter of recommendation was issued and no doubt, like so many others of their countrymen, journeyed by barge down the Rhine to Rotterdam where they embarked. There is no record of the long voyage, but the writer has furnished his readers with a general description of the dangers and tribulations of voyagers on immigrant ships of that day. He has also set forth in brief the reasons for the mass migrations from the Rhine Valley to Pennsylvania in the eighteenth century.

Of interest to members of the Heinly family must be the various spellings of the family name. The immigrant ancestor Matthes wrote his name Heinlin on the immigrant list (now preserved in Harrisburg), while his son David wrote it Heinlen on the same list. Matthes in his youth wrote it Heinle. In America the name is found spelled variously. Records of the Lehigh Church have it Heinli, Hainle and Heinle. The name of his son Johannes is spelled both Hainli and Heinli. In the Macungie Township tax list the ancestors name is spelled Matthias Haylin. In the assessment lists for property tax in the same township the names of his sons David and John are spelled Heinley, but in the assessment list of Upper Macungie Township for 1781 the names of John and John Jr., are spelled Heinly; in the lists for 1785 they are spelled Heinley; for 1788 they are again spelled Heinly, the form which finally came to be generall accepted. These many forms are no doubt to be attributed in part to the fact that the records were written by others who spelled according to the sound (rightly or wrongly heard) and sometimes by officials who spoke only English.

Matthes (Matthaeus) Heinlin, his wife Barbara and their five children, soon after their arrival settled in Macungie Township, then Northampton County, and with some 50 other immigrants from Wuerttemberg, became members of Lehigh Church. The adjoining churchyard became the family burial ground.

In his chapter "Our Ancestry in Germany" the historian traces the remoter ancestry of the immigrant ancestor Matthes Heinlin, giving the results of his own visit to the ancestral scene in Germany in 1936. Subsequent chapters, "The Berks County Branch" and "The Lehigh County Branch" present valuable data to the members of the Heinly family.

In tracing his family origins Mr. Heinly has performed a labor of love. The numerous descendants of the immigrant Matthes Heinlin became a part of that larger body of Germans in southeastern Pennsylvania, speaking the dialect, not "Plattdeutsch" or Low German, as Mr. Heinly erroneously states, but a dialect which developed from out of the High German dialects of the upper Rhine and Switzerland. They and their descendants felled the forests, tilled the soil and built their fair houses and substantial barns throughout eastern Pennsylvania. Later generations scattered far and wide. Today the Heinly family is represented in fifteen states.

Mr. Heinly has dedicated his history: TO OUR FOREBEARS—with the deepest gratitude for the virtues of honesty, industry, and love of home and of country, which is our heritage; TO OUR FAMILY—pledged to honor our ancestors, and to preserve this heritage for ourselves and our descendants: TO THE MEMBERS OF OUR FAMILY IN THE SERVICE OF OUR COUNTRY—who, in this global war, are giving themselves and their lives, if need be, to protect and defend this heritage in a land of liberty and freedom.

Very original in its approach is the second of the above genealogical studies, EMIGRE SAGA—A Tale of Early America, in which the author, Theodore K. Long, Commandant of the Carson Long Institute, has been especially interested in recreating the atmosphere of the age of his pioneer ancestor. This book, published only for private distribution, is divided into two parts.

The first part consists of an introductory chapter in which the author has purposed to portray "the making of American citizens out of the average emigrant stock from across the sea," a process which has been going on for more than three centuries, until the American citizen no longer regards himself as English, French, Russian, Irish or German, but solely American. The story of this process is, the author points out, also the story of the growth and the development of our great Republic. It is a story that implies the study of social conditions both in Europe and Pennsylvania in the latter part of the 17th and the first half of the 18th century. The first part consists further of a chapter in which the author gives a most excellent exposition in brief of Penn's Holy Experiment. William Penn alone among his contemporaries foresaw the part the German farmer should play in the growth and development of those sylvan domains granted him by King Charles II in North America. William Penn recognized that the possession of these vast lands did not constitute wealth in itself. These lands only offered an opportunity. They required the hand of man, the tilling of the soil. Penn needed farmers. His propagandizing and pamphleteering the Palatinate and the Valley of the Rhine set in motion a stream of farmers which was to flood the forests from the Delaware to the Ohio. Here was actual wealth—the emigrant himself and his family, who would in God's time become the body of a great Commonwealth.

Against such backgrounds Long now traces the history of one average emigrant from the Rhineland who settled in America in the early part of the 18th century. It is the saga of his own ancestor, John Nicholas Long, that forms Part Two of this interesting little volume.

Chapter I is the immigrant John Nicholas Long's own narrative, which was found among his papers in his own handwriting and signed by him. It is an engaging narrative in which we learn about the ancestral family near Mannheim in the Palatinate, with roots reaching back into Roman times. There was a tradition that an ancestor in that dim past had performed an heroic deed in a conflict with the Romans, for which his Commander offered him the choice between a civil position or a tract of land. He chose the land and now for more than a thousand years the family has tilled the soil. They belonged to the land and the land belonged to them. Here is a theme which our author now traces down through the generations in the New World. John Nicholas Long's grandfather remembered that William Penn had preached to the Palatines of his day. His agents had urged them to go to Pennsylvania. He had read one of Penn's pamphlets and decided that migration to Pennsylvania offered the solution to their many troubles. But neither he nor his crippled son could undertake the long journey. He hoped his grandson, his namesake John Nicholas, could some day go. He gives the lad his savings and his blessing and exacts from him a promise to go to America, there to get plenty of good land and to stick to it. "Stay by it and it will stay by you." We follow that grandson to America, where he landed at Philadelphia in 1737. Twenty years later we see him well established and the father of six sons and four daughters. In 1755 England had sent an army under General Braddock to quell the Indian troubles. Benjamin Franklin found difficulties in getting horses and wagons to further supplies. He came to Lancaster from where he called for aid from the farmers. John Nicholas Long answered the call and rendered aid by sending his son Isaac as driver of his own team. Isaac returned with his wagon and four horses but the expedition had ended in defeat. Now measures were taken to build forts against the Indians and during these preparations John Nicholas met Conrad Weiser, who told him of a little valley of fine land which he had explored between the Susquehanna and the Juniata. It was sparsely settled. He knew only one settler there, a German by the name of Pfoutz for whom the valley was named. His description of the valley impressed John Nicholas and he spoke about it to his yougest son Abraham. The expanding Long family might wish to seek new areas. Neither John Nicholas nor his son Abraham ever saw Pfoutz Valley. John Nicholas died in his Lancaster County home in 1767, leaving to each of his sons a good farm and substantial marriage portions to his four daughters. In Chapter Two we see the Long family caught in the wave of religious enthusiasm which swept over the German settlements in eastern Pennsylvania. Abraham, the youngest son, serves under Washington at Valley Forge and was said also to have been with Washington's Army when it crossed the Delaware on Christmas Eve, 1776. He returned to his farm, and before his death in 1794 he told his son David of a fine little valley in Cumberland County between the Susquehanna and the Juniata, about which Conrad Weiser had told his grandfather John Nicholas. Its name was Pfoutz Valley, it had many walnut trees and was watered by springs and small creeks and was but sparsely settled. That conversation with Conrad Weiser was at last to bear fruits in the third generation. David Long went to explore the valley in 1813, purchased land there and in the early spring of 1814 removed his family and household things in two large Conestoga wagons together with horses and cattle from Lancaster County to the Pfoutz Valley in Cumberland County. David Long prospered there and so did his seven children. At the time of his death in 1859 his own descendants numbered upwards of 200. He came to be looked upon as the head of that branch of the Long family. In the course of time the little valley could no longer contain all the Longs. They, like their earlier cousins in Lancaster County, now spread into other counties and other states. We follow them through the period of the Civil War, and the post-war period which wrought so many changes in farmlife, down to our own day.

As the state and the nation expanded in form and solidity, so too the descendants of that one single emigre John Nicholas Long in 1737 expanded to tens of thousands of prosperous and happy American citizens. In the main the Long "Freindschaft" has stuck to the precept of that early ancestor who sent his grandson John Nicholas to America to seek his happiness there: to stick to the land. To be sure the Long family includes among its numbers governors, U. S. senators, judges, lawyers, editors, publishers, bankers, brokers, doctors and educators, but the majority of the descendants of John Nicholas Long have stuck to the land. They have prospered and have been enthusiastic supporters of the American way of life.

And thus Theodore K. Long, grandson of Abraham, who was the son of David, who was the grandson of the emigre John Nicholas, brings his saga to an end, a work which is more than a genealogical study of dates and names. It is a skillful integration of the history of one emigrant from Germany and his descendants with the history of a new nation in the New World, "a nation founded on principles different from the principles underlying any nation previously founded—the immutable principles of justice and fair dealing, the equality of all men before the law and liberty and freedom under the law without license to wrong another, but a liberty which recognizes the obligation of every one to live honestly, to injure no one and to render to everyone his just due."—ED.

ICH BIN EN AMERIKAANER

Heit bin ich en Amerikaaner, was gute Warte die!
En Land das um die Welt rum reecht—nau sehn emol dohie:
Mit me Flag vun rot un weisse Schtreefe, un schtaernich himmelblo,
Des Rot saagt dass mir schtarrick sin un alsnoch immer froh,

Dass mir gedreie Voreldre g'hatt hen, uns g'fiehrtin yeder Not,
Dass Gerechtichkeit ihr Schprichwart waar, im Lewe bis in der Dot.
Un Rot schteht aa far Soldaateblut en yeder Daag gegosse
Far unser Freiheit, meins un deins, en Manniches sei Lewe verlosse.

Des Weiss schteht far des Daageslicht, das mir mol widder sehne,
Wann Sunneschein darch die Wolke kummt, die Helling hinnich de Draene
Un Blo, sell schteht far dreie Leit, immer un ewich vereinicht;
Schtandhaft un braaf in aller Zeit, awwer yuscht zu Gott erniedricht.

Un yeder hot in dem Land doch aa, was sie heesse es Bill von Recht;
Des g'heert zu Yederm—Mann un Fraa—vum Bresident bis zum Knecht.
Mer drucke in de Zeitinge, was die Nei-ichkeete sin,
Wann's gut iss odder net so gut, sell kann mer lese dart drin.

Un wann mer schweetze zu enanner, dann saage mer was mer meene;
Un's macht nix aus viel was es iss, wann mer net Aag zu Aag gans sehne.
Un iss mer Kadolisch, or Reformiert, or Luderisch noch debei,
Mer wolle all in der same gross Himmel, un mer schaffe hart far nei.

Un mer breiche aa ken Hunger leide, hen Biendi vun alles—'s iss wohr;
Ufkors, es kummt net aus de Luft, mer misse schaffe defor.
Un die Leit was unser Land regiere, selli schtimme mir all nei,
Un wann's net geht wie mer meene 's sott, dann misse annere bei.

Well, sell iss nau Amerikaa—un iss des net en Luscht?
Kopp in die Heeh, un Schuldere graad, un nau—schieb naus die Bruscht!
Halt eire Gedanke so wie des—en yeder Mann un Fraa!
Amerikaa iss in meim Haerz—un mei Haerz in Amerikaa!

—MABEL G. SAYER

'S ISS ALLES AM GEH

Die Sallie die singt,
Der Johnny der schpringt,
Die Mutter macht Butter,
Der Daadi ruft "Maudy,
Geh nei in die Kammer
Un bring mir der Hammer."
Der Knecht iss am Schtriggle,
Die Graemmaem am Biggle;
Der Haahne der graeht,
Der Graempaep uffschteht;
Die Hinkel die kratze,
Gans naegscht hupse Schpatze;
'S iss alles am Schaffe,
Die Hund sin am Blaffe;
Die Katz wescht ihr G'sicht
Un all duhn ihr Pflicht—
Un so endt die G'schicht.

—H. HORACE ROMIG.

DIE PARTY AS GEWINNT

Ball kummt die Zeit ass die Politicianers rumkumme un saage dir, ass des Government gingt zum Deihenker, wann du net far so un so en Mann schtimme duscht far die hoche Offise. Nau, ich hab en schlechti Opinion vun Politicks, un wenn als so Kaerls kumme un welle mir so Sache in die Ohre peife, dann bin ich graad bees. Wann en Mann emol aafangt Patriotism blose, dernoh guck aus, er will Cente in sei eegner Sack blose. Wieviel vun unsere grosse Kaerls, denkscht du, ass ihre eegni Indresse faahre losse duhne far der Sake vun ihrem Land? Sie sin so raar as Schpeck in me Hungschtall. Ee Pardy heesst die anner Dieb, yuscht well sie net ihre eegne Hend im Uncle Sam sei Hossesack griege kenne. Ich will dir saage, wie du en guter Pardymann macke kannscht. Nemm en Mann, as so faul iss, ass er en Hund dinge muss far sei Esse kaue, eener, as sei eegner Tax net bezaahlt un hot vardem die helft Zeit net g'schtimmt. Geb ihm en glee Appointment vum Government als en Bait, un dernoh mach ihn glaawe, ass allemol, ass sei Pardy gewinnt, dann daed er widder so ebbes unnich die Ribbe g'schowe griege. Sell macht die Dode lewendich, un ich wett, ass er am Waertshaus hockt un schwetzt Patriotism un Politicks alle Schtund, bis sei Geld widder fart iss un dernoh schpannt er far eenich ebbes vun Government Seidreiwer zu Bresident, wann die Lektion verbei iss. Es iss heitzudaage entirely zu viel vun sellere Sart Politicks — Loafer Politicks — geronnt bei Kaerls, as nix schaffe, as ihre Geld ziege un anner Leit ihre Bisniss meinde. Of course yeder Pardy muss Fuder hawwe far die Kaerls au ernaehre. Sie misse lots vun gleene Offise hawwe far die Blutsuckler zu fiedere—Offise as far ken bissel Use sin—un g'howe bei Kaerls, as ken halwer Daagluh verdiene daede, wann sie sich nausdinge wette.

Ich hab in meim Aag en nei-i Sart Government—eens as net meh Mann dingt, ass es yuse kann un duht ihre Luh runner zu was er waert iss. Die Tariff-un Revenue-Bissniss iss all recht, awwer die viele unneediche Officers far der Tariff un Revenue handle, iss all letz. Es iss net was der Bauer macht, awwer was er schpaart, as ihn reich macht, un ich kumm ball zu der Conclusion, ass verdeihenkert wennich Geld rauskummt far's Government, noochdem ass die Blutsuckler bezaahlt sin.

Of Course, viel vun de Officers sin notwennich, awwer viel sin net, un die Pardy as selle Kaerl der Bass abschneid, iss die Pardy far die Leit un duht emol ee Daag en verdelhenkerti. Huttlerei mache in unsere Owwerichkeit. Ich weess net wie selli Pardy heesst—eb's die Farmers' Alliance iss odder eens vun de alde Pardies iwwerg'schmolse, awwer es gebt bei Tschudes ball ebbes odder Boonastiel iss ken Brofet.

Aus'm BOONASTIEL (The Aurand Press, Harrisburg, Pa., 1942.)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. JOHN ULEY

Mrs. Mary Wargo Uley, 574 Hillside Ave., Bethlehem, widow of John Uley, died Friday morning in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown.

A native of Czechoslovakia, she was a member of SS. Cyril and Methodius church, Branch No. 89, B. V. M. society, and the Holy Rosary society.

She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. John Dennis, Bethlehem, and a brother, Joseph Wargo of Frackville. Three grandchildren and one great-grandchild also survive.

Funeral at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday. Solemn requiem mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock in SS. Cyril and Methodius church, followed by burial in SS. Cyril and Methodius cemetery.

MRS. JULIA NEMETH

Mrs. Julia (nee Kish) Nemeth, 63, wife of Frank Nemeth, 41 Somerset St., Freemansburg, died at her home at 8:30 a. m. Friday. Born March 28, 1881, in Europe, she had lived in Freemansburg for the past 22 years. She was a member of the First Hungarian Reformed church, Bethlehem, and the Old Age Assn.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Anna Antol, Connecticut; Mrs. Irene Kohler, Allentown; Mrs. Julia Nichols and Mrs. Rose Lubitz, Detroit, Mich.; one son, Alex Nemeth, U. S. Army, Kentucky.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday at the John T. Kulik funeral home, 1311 Broadway, Fountain Hill.

ELIAS B. REINHART

Elias B. Reinhart died at 2 p. m. yesterday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Yosheimer, New Ringgold R. 2, near Kepners, after having been bedfast for six months. He was 86 years of age.

Born in West Penn township, Mr. Reinhart was the son of the late John and Rebecca Hoffman Reinhart. He was married to the former Ida R. Osenbach, West Penn township, and was a member of the Church of God, New Ringgold R. 2.

He is survived by two sons and two daughters: Mrs. Yosheimer, Mrs. Charles Malone and Victor, of New Ringgold R. 2; Joel, of Coatesville; a brother, Isaac, of Drehersville; 16 grandchildren and 40 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 1 p. m. Tuesday from the Yosheimer home with further services in the Church of God with Rev. W. M. Ruch of Hellertown officiating. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

MRS. JOHN FENSTEMACHER

Mrs. Clara E. Roberts Fenstemacher, 68, wife of John A. Fenstemacher, 406 1st Ave., Bethlehem, died at 2:15 p. m. Friday at the residence. She was born in Slatedale, Pa., Feb. 7, 1876, a daughter of the late Robert W. and Mary Hoch Roberts and was a member of the Pentecostal church, Allentown.

Survivors are her husband, two daughters, Mrs. Lillian Rose and Mrs. Willard Fooks, Bethlehem; a son, Ralph, Danielsville; two sisters, Mrs. Mary Searfoss, Fullerton, and Mrs. Margaret Borger, Kunkletown; a brother, Robert Roberts, Slatedale; six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the Dillinger home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Interment in Slatedale cemetery.

CARRIE V. WOLFE

A guest at the Mennonite Brethren in Christ home in Center Valley for the past eight years, Carrie V. Wolfe, aged 70, died there yesterday at 4:30 a.m.

Born at Marshalls Creek, Monroe county, she was a daughter of the late William T., and Sarah E., nee Seiple, Wolfe. Before taking up residence in Center Valley she resided at Stroudsburg.

She was a charter member of the Mennonite Brethren in Christ church Stroudsburg, and at one time served as superintendent of its Sunday school.

Only survivors are distant cousins.

Funeral services will be held in the Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, East Stroudsburg, on Monday at 2:30 p.m. with the Rev. E. E. Kublic, officiating. Interment in Prospect cemetery.

FRANK H. KRAMER

Frank H. Kramer, 84, 702 Prospect Ave., Bethlehem, died Friday morning in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown, of apoplexy. Last Saturday he suffered a stroke and was removed to the hospital.

Mr. Kramer, who had been in good health until this past summer, resided with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Gangewer, at the Prospect Ave. address.

MRS. WILLIAM J. FINK

Mrs. Minnie Berlin Fink, wife of William J. Fink, 744 Center St., Bethlehem, died at noon Friday in St. Luke's hospital. She was born in Reading and was a daughter of the late Alfred F. and Ellen J. Reed Berlin.

Survivors are her husband, a daughter, Marjorie Fink Fleming; a son, Richard W. Fink, and two grandchildren.

Private funeral services Tuesday morning in the Lena E. Grim home, 817 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial in Memorial Park.

HARVEY C. KURTZ

Harvey C. Kurtz, 74, of 345 Race St., Catasauqua, husband of Ellen J. (Bartholomew) Kurtz, died at his late home at 7:40 p. m. yesterday after a two weeks illness.

Mr. Kurtz, who had resided at his late address for the last 54 years, was a moulder by trade, and until 18 months ago was employed in that capacity for 20 years at the Dent Hardware Co., Fullerton. He was last employed at the Lenox Manufacturing Co., Catasauqua.

Born in Rittersville, he was the son of the late Edward and Carolina (Bartholomew) Kurtz. He was a member of Holy Trinity Memorial Lutheran church, I.O.O.F., Woodmen of the World, Moose, and the East End Fire Co., all of Catasauqua. He was a charter member of the last two organizations.

Besides his wife he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Laura Marney, a son, Willoughby, both of Washington; a grandson, Corporal Kenneth Kurtz, Camp Stewart, Ga., and a sister, Mrs. Elmira Hauser of Allentown.

Words of Wisdom

General, abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it man is blind, it is the eye of reason. —Rousseau.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Gebt Ken Anda Middawg

Wel, ebbes is shure. So wie die socha alla weil shtain gebts morya ken and middawg ons Eddie Millers, 1352 Main shtross, Hellertown. Eb 'm Eddie sei fraw die Margaret ow'r shun wase os die and os sie kauft hut kot on fendu 'm Eddie fert g'floga is kenna m'r net sawga. Won sies now noch net wase, nembts nimmy long bis sie die socha ous fin'd, un noh wella m'r wetta os der shtawbt flieg'd.

Der Eddie wie m'r wissa, is hostler drunna on da Bedlahame Shtawl kumpany fer insheina rum har nemma woh sie 's notewenich'd gabreich'd sin. So weit os essa aw gait is nix os 'm besser aw shtaid os wie frish g'shlochta, hame garaisda anda-keshda brau garoash'r, un fet ganunk os sie shwimma in ihr'm aigna fet. Die Margaret wase os der Eddie sellie socha so arrick gleich'd, un hut noh da onner dawg wunners gamaint wos sie dade wie sie on ra fendu wor un hut 'n schovy and kauft fer shlochta fer ihra middawg morya middawg.

Die and uf kours wor net so gross os sie sei het kenna, un is da Margaret noh ei kumma fer aw noch wenich onnerra socha datzu kaufa fer morya rishda, un hut noch 'n glainer krutzicher hawna kauft, so wohl wie aw 'n halb bushel reeva. Eb sie die reeva ol tzu rish'd kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r won sie dut wolla m'r wetta os der Eddie morya middawg reeva ess'd bis sie 'm tzu da ohra rouse lawfa, yusht fer free da halta waeich da and os 'm fert g'floga is.

Wie die Margaret hame kumma is mit ihra reeva, hawna, un and, hut sie 'm Eddie g'sawt er sot der hawna un die and nunner in die hinkle ben nemma fer sie heit ae tzeit shlochta. Fermuthlich wert sie wol gadenk'd howwa won er hostler wear on da shtawl kumpany fer die grossa insheina rum har nemma, kent er gawiss aw ocht gewwa uf 'n hawna unna and.

Der hawna hut 'm ken druvel gamocht, ow'r eb die and recht mit da fees uf 'm budda wor, hut sie shun die fliegel ousa nonner g'shprodd'ld kot un wor om in die hae fliega. Die hinkle ben hut yusht netting nava rum, owwa is

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still.
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I do not dare to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not. Miller.

NIMITZ SURPRISES JAPS ON FORMOSA

The fighter who in ring battles "telegraphs his punches," as the vernacular puts it, is likely to have a difficult time in defeating his rival because, if other things are equal, adequate defense can be set up before the blow that was signalled has been landed.

Fighters on the field of military battles or out upon the high seas seek if at all possible to keep their opponents in the dark or to deceive them as to the real point of determined attack. Thus in the present campaign in the Western Pacific Admiral Nimitz apparently is completely deceiving the Japs as to the real direction and purpose of American forces. While the Japs must know that the blow ultimately will be struck against their islands, they do not know at this time where the intermediate blows are to be delivered. Admiral Nimitz tries to give them no clues.

It had been expected that MacArthur, with Nimitz' support, shortly would move in upon the Philippines. That may be an early move but in the meantime Admiral Nimitz has been making some bold strokes against Formosa, very much closer to Japan and far more vital to Japan than are the Philippines. Formosa has been attacked vigorously far ahead of the schedules which the guessers had prepared. This leads to question whether the Philippines may not be by-passed for a time and whether it may not be deemed more important to reach the China coast than to chase the Japs out of the Philippines.

In this surprise attack upon Formosa the Japs almost certainly were caught napping for in two days almost 400 planes were destroyed and 27 ships were sunk while 73 other crafts either were sunk or damaged. Surprise for the Americans derived from the fact that not a single surface warship was encountered altho the most careful search was made for the much-touted Japanese grand fleet and its large complement of modern battleships, some of them never seen by their enemies because they were built in such complete secrecy.

MacArthur for a long time has been talking about going back to the Philippines. Nimitz repeatedly in interviews has talked about his drive toward the coast of China. Perhaps both leaders are trying to deceive the Japs and have no immediate intentions as to either objective. It may be the part of their strategy to attack Formosa, cut off the Japs entirely from all communication with their possessions south of that island and get upon Formosa in order to attack the principal Jap islands from bases only a few hundred miles away. It will be grand strategy if it be achieved for such a move ought to save many lives that would be lost in land operations in the Philippines and save a lot of time in the over-all campaign to defeat the Japs.

AACHEN THE ACID TEST FOR BOTH SIDES

Germany has already retreated so far and has given up so much territory and so many great cities that loss of a few more cities and a little more land would be of little moment for the home folks except as those cities and that land was highly important for the German people.

This accounts for the determined resistance of the Germans in and around Aachen or Aix-la-Chapelle. It is the first German city which has been threatened by foes in all the history of Germany for the past century. Other cities like Tilsit in East Prussia may now be under Russian gun-sights but they have not been invested as is Aachen. The Germans do not want to see Aachen fall because its name is so famous and its loss would have to be taken as a symbol of ultimate loss of every German city that comes under attack by the Allies. They would like to administer a beating to their enemies and discourage them while giving new courage and spirit to the people back home. So it is that vast numbers of fresh troops together with panzer divisions are being thrown into battle in the Aachen area.

Aachen has thus become the acidtest of the war at this point. If the Germans can hold vast ruins with a small number of determined men, they can discourage their enemies elsewhere. If they be driven out in far less time than it took to reduce Cassino then they can take no comfort and it will be a matter of encouragement for the Allies on all fronts.

A REAL ALMA MATER

Very few if any colleges of the country are maintaining such intimate and friendly contact during the entire war with former students as Muhlenberg college is doing with her alumni and undergraduates in the services.

A story today tells of the preparation of 463 gift packages for as many soldiers overseas. These were prepared in recent days thru donations by alumni and the hard work of many loyal college employes. They were shipped out yesterday to join those avalanches of gifts for the service men which are accumulating in the principal post-offices serving the men overseas.

But Christmas gifts are not the only way in which the college is keeping in touch with its many hundreds of alumni on all fronts. Many hundreds of personal letters are written every month. Every letter from an alumnus (and there are many of them) receives a personal answer and there are thousands of form letters that approach the personal in approach to as high a degree as is possible under the circumstances.

Muhlenberg is tremendously proud of the contribution of its men who are following in the footsteps of the famous patriarch and American military hero after whom the college is named. The men of Muhlenberg are proud of their institution. They are maintaining mutual contacts thruout one of the greatest eras in the lives of each and every one and in the life of the college itself.

Sen. Ball's Questions

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Senator Ball of Minnesota has posed three questions to both presidential candidates on the subject of a world security organization. Fortunately the three questions are so worded that they can all be answered in the affirmative by both Governor Dewey and President Roosevelt. They do not by any means afford a clear-cut issue among those who favor international cooperation versus those who favor isolationism.

The First Question

The first question, which asks whether the candidates will support "the earliest possible formation of the United Nations security organization and United States entry therein before any final peace settlements are made either in Europe or Asia," is an easy one. The mere fact that Governor Dewey and President Roosevelt endorse the processes already in operation to get the world security league going is an indication that neither nominee will have any difficulty saying "yes."

The Second Question

As for the second question—whether the candidate, if elected, would oppose any reservations "which would weaken the power of the organization to act to maintain the peace"—here, too, both nominees can say "yes," because reservations of that nature are not being offered now by anybody of power or influence in either party and usually when a reservation is offered its sponsor insists it will not weaken but will strengthen the instrument. So an affirmative answer is easy here, too.

The Third Question

Now as to the third, the matter is not so simple but again both nominees can answer in the affirmative. The question is whether "the vote of the United States representative on the United Nations security council should commit an agreed upon quota of our military forces to action ordered by the council to maintain peace without requiring further Congressional approval."

Certainly the vote of the American representative will never be cast except in pursuance to an instruction by the President and the Congress. Once the American representative is ordered to vote, there will be no need for further Congressional approval. A better way to phrase that question would have been to ask whether the vote of the American representative should be cast without further approval by Congress once both houses have agreed on the machinery and process whereby the American representative shall act. For plainly no one man sitting in any world organization can have power to commit us to the use of force. That is a power which Congress alone can delegate to the executive and the executive can in turn delegate to the American ambassador or representative who carries out those instructions.

What the public has not known officially until the last 24 hours, though it has been outlined in these dispatches before, is that a joint resolution is to be sought which would require approval by both houses of Congress. In this resolution, which is planned to be adopted either concurrently with the ratification of the treaty relating to American entry into the new League or immediately thereafter, a program for the handling of the vote of the American representative in the new League is to be stipulated as the law of the land.

Senator Austin of Vermont, of the Republican party, and Senator Connally of Texas, Democrat, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations committee, have just made it known that such a resolution is expected to be passed. It will require much care in the wording of that resolution so as to make it conform to the constitutional requirement that Congress alone may authorize the use of our armed forces in any conflict equivalent to a war between nations.

But it is to be assumed that Governor Dewey, through John Foster Dulles, is thoroughly familiar with that plan for a joint resolution, and all he needs to do now is to say that he favors such Congressional action. Obviously nobody can commit any future Congress which may want to amend or repeal that resolution but Governor Dewey favors the enabling resolution or else there would have been some dissent expressed by Mr. Dulles long before this, and all the word that has come is one of agreement with Republican leaders like Senator Austin and Senator Vandenberg.

Mr. Dewey can answer all three questions in the affirmative and yet Congress can undo all three. The questions which Senator Ball propounds ought better be addressed to members of the House and Senate who are running for office. The future president can do much to influence them but the primary responsibility for anything requiring Congressional action rests with Congress.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

A MOMENT FOR PAUSE

Al Smith died at a ripe age but Wendell Willkie was much too young by any standards. Al Smith died after a prolonged illness from which recovery was hardly expected save as a miracle; Wendell Willkie was not a very sick man until two or three days before his sudden and wholly unexpected death.

Who can anticipate, even in these days of science, of sulfa drugs and penicillin, what the Great Reaper might do? Yet, there are people in this country who believe that its future and the prospects of the entire human race are dependent upon three indispensable men, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin. Roosevelt is 62 years old; Churchill, 70, and Stalin, 65. In the United States, Roosevelt's successor, if anything happened to him before January 20 would be Henry Wallace; should Roosevelt be re-elected, it would be Harry Truman. In England, the successor would probably be Anthony Eden; in Russia—nobody knows.

The writers of our Constitution wisely recognized that death may come to the best and most useful of men. They provided for a successor. Subsequently, a succession was arranged if the Vice-President died. In a word, the unnatural assumption that because a man is President, he might not die was never held by the American people. We like to face the facts.

FDR's Photos Not Reassuring

The recent photographs of President Roosevelt are not reassuring that he is a well man. Those who listen to his speeches on the radio cannot help but note that the sparkle has gone out of his voice. He is obviously tired and irked. He may have years ahead of him but something is obviously wrong and the American people ought to be told about it, completely and truthfully. We might innocently be voting for Harry Truman for President.

This is a miserable and unseemly subject to discuss. Yet, so much is involved of national and personal importance that not to discuss in the open what so many are saying in private is foolhardy. We are to make a decision that must hold for four years. Certainly the thousands who passed the biers of Al Smith and Wendell Willkie must have wondered at indispensability.

Wendell Willkie was vigorous, active, full of purposes and plans. In his own mind and in the minds of his followers, he represented an outstanding leadership in the Nation. His role could not have been obscured by the election of Dewey or Roosevelt, for his articles in magazines indicated that he had charted the course of the independent critic who, maintaining a following, would throw his strength where it suited his purpose. Both Roosevelt and Dewey were forced to consider Willkie in all their plans.

No Man Master of His Fate

Yet, today Willkie is no more. He died almost as a warning to the American people that no man is master of his fate. We come into the world without any decision on our part; we leave it without the exercise of our will. Our plans shrivel into dust and our importance becomes only the phrases of history. Our going is mourned and we are soon enough forgotten and new names make the headlines where once ours were emblazoned. For some, death is untimely, when there is still work to be done and the strength and capacity to do it; for others it is a merciful respite. Whichever it may be, the wise and honest man anticipates its prospect and lives accordingly. And new generations are born and fill the places left vacant and life goes on even for those in whose hearts death has left a fearful void. There can be no happiness in the death of an enemy and surely not of a friend—but when it comes we can only recall the wisdom of Koheleth (Ecclesiastes):

"One generation goeth, and another generation cometh; and the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he ariseth. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it turneth about continually in its course, and the wind returneth again to its circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place whither the rivers go, thither they go again."

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Eire banks now are paying $2,000,000 a year more in salaries, bonus and increments than in 1939, according to testimony at a hearing in Dublin of an application for a salary increase and bonus for Dublin bank officials.

Textile workers in Orizaba, Mexico, have protested to the Mexican Ministry of Education that they have been trying to get a school built for 26 years, and despite repeated collections and promises the zone is still schoolless.



Lehigh County and Its First War Period

It is a sad truism that time obliterates all things. We shall never forget the heroism and the sacrifices of our men in the service today. But who remembers our valiant men who went forth from Lehigh County and gathered under the new banner of Freedom in 1776? But few records remain and these are not accessible to the general public. The best accounts are still to be found in earlier narratives prepared by those who were nearer to sources and living testimony. Each succeeding generation needs to be told anew of the valor and heroism of those who have gone before. For the following the editor is indebted to the History of the Counties of Lehigh and Carbon, by Alfred Mathews and Austin N. Hungerford (1884), and Ben Trexler's invaluable "Skizzen aus dem Lechathal" (1880-86).—ED.

WHEN the Revolutionary War opened the people of Lehigh, then an integral portion of old Northampton, with which its history of that period is inseparably merged, had enjoyed more than a decade of peaceful and prosperous years, which afforded a happy contrast with those intervening between 1755 and 1764. The farmers, who had so long lived in a state of fear and disquietude, had, on the establishment of peace after the atrocities of 1763, bent all of their energies to the improvement of their land and their homes, giving only that modicum of attention to public affairs which the interests of the State demand from good citizens. But when the inexorable flow of events operating on public opinion showed that the crisis of the war with the mother-country was inevitable, the martial and the patriotic spirit of these quiet and usually undemonstrative people was awakened, and their thoughts were given to the one absorbing topic of the times.

The feeling that existed in the province is shown by the expressions of the convention which was held in Philadelphia, Jan. 23-28, 1775. Following is an extract from the resolutions adopted: "But if the humble and loyal petition of said Congress to his most gracious Majesty should be disregarded, and the British administration, instead of redressing our grievances, should determine by force to effect a submission to the late arbitrary acts of the British Parliament, in such a situation we hold it our indispensable duty to resist such force, and at every hazard to defend the rights and liberties of America."

Northampton County was represented in the convention which thus enunciated the independent principles of the people by George Taylor, John Oakley, Peter Kichline and Jacob Arndt.

The war that was to last seven years opened with the battle of Lexington upon the 19th of April, 1775, and the battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the 17th of the following June. Washington was placed at the head of the army. Pennsylvania took prompt action toward raising the 4,300 men apportioned to the province, and made appropriations for their support. Northampton County was as fully aroused as any portion of the province, and quickly organized a company of soldiers, each man enlisting receiving a bounty of three pounds ($8.00). This company, of which Thomas Craig was captain, was composed almost entirely of Northampton County men, and there were many from that portion which is now Lehigh.

After the evacuation of Boston by the British under Howe, in March, 1776, Washington, apprehending that New York was the objective-point of the enemy, moved there with the whole of his army except a small force sufficient to garrison Boston. But his entire army was lamentably insufficient, and Congress resolved to reinforce the commander-in-chief with 13,800 militia-men, 10,000 of whom were to form the "Flying Camp." Of this militia the quota of Pennsylvania was 6,000. The matter of the quotas of Pennsylvania and of the different counties was also considered at the conference of the committees of the province, held at Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, June 18-25, 1776, to which the delegates from Northampton County were Robert Levers, Col. Neigel Gray, John Weitzel, David Deshler, Nicholas Depue, and Benjamin Depue.

The quota of Northampton County towards the formation of the abovementioned "Flying Camp" was 346, of which number, it is said, 200 came from the territory now comprised in Lehigh (though that estimate is probably too high). We learn from the BETHLEHEM DIARY that on the 30th of July, 1776, "one hundred and twenty recruits from Allentown and vicinity" passed through that place on their way to the "Flying Camp in the Jerseys." Some of these men joined the company of Capt. John Arndt, of Baxter's battalion, which early in August joined Washington's army on Long Island, and participated in the battle which ensued there on the 27th of that month, and which resulted so disastrously to the colonial troops. The company suffered severely in this engagement, and also in that at Fort Washington, Nov. 16, 1776. Following is the roll of the company as taken at Elizabethtown the day after the battle: Capt. John Arndt; 2nd Lieut. Peter Kichline; Sergeants, Robert Scott, Philip Arndt; Corporals, Elijah Crawford, Peter Richter, Jacob Kichline; Privates, Daniel Lewis, John Middagh, John McFerren, Robert Lyle, Jacob Wagner, Samuel McCracken, Henry Fatzinger, Michael Kehler, Henry Wolf Jr., Isaac Shoemaker, Daniel Sehler, Christian Stout, Benjamin Depui, Alexander Sylleman, Henry Anangst, Adam Yohe, James Ferrill, Conrad Smith, George Essig, John Kestler, Valentine Yent, Michael Diel, John Yent, James Symonton, Jacob Miller, Michael Kress.

Names and rank of those killed or taken prisoners on Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776: Sergeants, Andrew Heister, Andrew Keifer; Privates, Thomas Sybert, Jacob Dufford, Richard Overfield, Joseph Stout, Jacob Weidknecht, Martin Derr, George Fry, Matthias Steittinger, Henry Bush, Sr., Peter Bever, Peter Kern, Anthony Frutchy, Peter Lehr, Philip Bosh, Peter Fress, Barnet Miller, Abraham Peter, John Harpel, Lawrence Erb.

Names and rank of those killed or taken prisoners at Fort Washington, Nov. 16, 1776: 1st Lieut. Joseph Martin; 3rd Lieut. Isaac Shimer; Drummer, John Arndt; Pifer, Henry Allshouse; Privates, John Wolf, Christian Rodt, James Hyndshaw, John Ross, Jacob Andrews, John Bush, Conrad Bittenbender, Paul Reiser, John Shuck, Isaac Berlin, Frederic Rieger, Jacob Engler, Lewis Collins, Joseph Keller, William Warrand, Fred. Wilhelm, Henry Wolf Sr., Frederick Wagner, Samuel Correy, Henry Frez, Henry Bush, Jr., Henry Straup, Isaac Koon, Christian Harpel, Joseph Minim, Henry Weidknecht, Jacob Traunfeter, Adam Weidknecht, Adam Bortz, George Edinger, Christian Harpel, Jacob Kreider, Joseph Chass.

Washington, after the disastrous battle of Harlem Heights, retreated across the North River, and the army marched rapidly through the State of New Jersey by way of Newark, Princeton and Trenton, making only brief and necessary halts until Pennsylvania soil was reached. The Delaware was then relied upon to check the progress of Cornwallis' pursuing forces. The General Hospital had been located at Morristown, N. J., but this retreat made it necessary to remove it within the contracted lines of the army. The town of Bethlehem, in the estimation of the commander-in-chief was the most advantageous location, being well situation and healthful, and far enough removed from the front to be practically secure from the enemy. In pursuance of Washington's wish, John Warren, general surgeon to the Continental Hospital, sent to Bishop Ettwein, spiritual and temporal head of the Moravians, the following communication:

"According to his Excellency General Washington's order, the General Hospital of the army is removed to Bethlehem; and you will do the greatest act of humanity by immediately providing proper buildings for its reception."

The express bearing this notification arrived in Bethlehem Dec. 3, 1776, and one of the principal buildings was immediately vacated and put in readiness for the sick and wounded who were expected. When the first 250 human wrecks of war arrived, they were made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. They were entirely destitute of provisions, and it was three days before any arrived. During that time the benevolent Moravians supplied them with food gratuitously.

The Moravians at Bethlehem and elsewhere never turned a deaf ear to the cries of distressed humanity. Their position, as regarded the belligerents in the war of the Revolution, was one of strict neutrality, in full accordance with their long-established principles, but they were suspected in some quarters to be in sympathy with the British. One of the men high in their councils said, "It is our desire to live at peace with all men. We wish well to the country in which we dwell. Our declining to exercise in the use of arms is no new thing, nor does it proceed from certain considerations, being a fundamental principle of the Brethren's Church—a point of conscience which our first settlers brought with them into this province. We never have, nor will ever, act inimically to this country; we will do nothing against its peace and interest, nor oppose any civil rule or regulation in the province or country wherein we dwell. On the other hand, we will submit ourselves in all things in which we can keep a good conscience, and not withdraw our shoulders from the common burden."

While the chief centers of operations and of interest in Northampton County were Bethlehem and Easton, Allentown (then called Northampton), although a comparatively insignificant hamlet of about 350 population, was a place of some importance historically, as we shall show, and was frequently mentioned in the official correspondence of the times. A considerable number of Hessians taken prisoners by Washington at Trenton on Christmas, 1776, were brought here and kept for a time in tents. According to the testimony of an old citizen, the camp was in the northern part of the town, probably where Gordon Street now is. Some of these mercenaries settled down here and became free citizens, being very willing to give up soldier-life when they had an opportunity. At a later period of the war other prisoners were brought to Allentown, and also some of the American soldiers who were sick or wounded, to be nursed. In this contingency the only church in town was temporarily converted into a hospital (Zion's Reformed Church).

In the summer of 1777 it appears that Allentown was the center of operations for the formation of a wagon-brigade. John Arndt, Esq., of Easton, writing under date of July 9th, to Thomas Wharton, president of the Supreme Council, says, "On June 26th as many of us as could assembled in Allentown, and elected Conrad Kreider of Allen township, wagonmaster." On July 5th Kreider reported that there were in the county 550 wagons. In this same year the bells of Christ Church, Philadelphia, were brought here for concealment, when the British took possession of the city, and the BETHLEHEM DIARY says that the wagon conveying them broke down in the street at that place.

The BETHLEHEM DIARY of Feb. 10, 1777, says, "We have been informed last week that certain militia in the neighborhood of Allentown have expressed threats towards Bethlehem and its inhabitants." This threat was doubtless made because of the reputed Tory, or at least non-resistant, spirit of its people. It was by reason of the same feeling on the part of the Americans that they refused to have the laboratory for the manufacture of cartridges remain in Bethlehem, and removed it to Allentown, Sept. 23, 1777. After this removal works were also established here for repairing arms, making saddles and other articles needed by the military. These works, as we shall duly make it appear, were quite extensive. One Capt. Stiles was in charge of the stores, tools and arms, and orders upon him for various quantities of the different articles in his possession were frequently given to officers needing them.

The quantity of arms and stores repaired and in readiness at Allentown was reported by Sub-Lieut. Fred Hagener to Thomas Wharton, May 7, 1778, as follows:

"800 muskets and bayonets with scabbards
550 bayonet belts
750 haversacks
45 shot pouches
18 powder flasks
400 knapsacks
75 blankets
25 tents
140 camp kettles
31 rifles (in John Tyler's possession)
150 muskets (could be ready May 20)

These guns and arms are in good condition, and we will do our best to make others ready and serve our country".

To be concluded

WIE ICH EN BU WAAR IN DE SCHUL

Al Bu waar ich in unsre Public Schule vun 1870 bis 1881. Es iss schunn schier 75 Yohr zerick, dass ich aafange hab in die Schul geh—even nau sin mei Schuldaage noch net gans verbei un ich laern als noch dezu: Es alt Schulhaus, schier an Dillinger Station, Perkiomen Riggelweg, schteht als noch. Der Perkiomen Riggelweg waar selli Zeit noch net gebaut. Die Schul waar sellemols bekannt als Ortt's Schul.

Der Moses Weaver waar mei aerschter Teacher. Er hot lang gelebt. Er iss aerscht about sechs Yohr zerick g'schtarwe un iss begraawe an der Keschtebaerryer Kaerrich.

Der Unnerschied zwische de Schule in sellre Zeit un wie sie nau sin waar about so gross wie der Unnerschied zwische me Dreschfleggel un re Drehorgel. Selli Zeit hen die Teachers die Schieler viel meh gedrosche wie nau—heitzedaag iss en gans anneri Musick.

Selli Zeit hot mer 's gans ABC laerne misse eb mer Warte g'schpellt hen. Deel sin monatelang nuff zum Teacher seim Desk zwee—odder dreimol imme Daag un sin iwwer ihre ABC gange. Der Teacher hot sei Pencil uff der A geduh un hot A g'saat; noh hot 's Kind uff der A geguckt un hot aa A g'saat; noh hot der Teacher sei Pencil uff der B un hot B g'saat un noh hot's Kind B g'saat—un so darch 's gans ABC. So iss es monatelang gange mit deel hartlaerniche Kinner bis sie des ABC gelaernt hen g'hatt. Des waar en daegliches Wese, es same alt Ding iwwer un iwwer, dass die Kinner es ledich sin warre un ken Interesse meh drin g'hatt hen. Awwer sellemols hen sie geglaabt sell waer der recht Weg.

Awwer about 1882 hen sie 'n viel besserer Weg aag'fange. Sie hen die Kinner Warte schpelle mache un laerne lese vun Aafang, eb sie all die Naame vun de Buchschtaawe gewisst hen. Mit dem neie Weg hen die Beginners meh gelaernt in eem Monat as wie in drei mit em alte Weg.

In meiner aerschte Schul hen mir lange Desks g'hatt un harte Benk far druff size. De Kleene ihre Bee hen net uff der Boddem gereecht, un hen sie hie un haer g'schwunge far die Unruh verdreiwe. Grosse un Kleene, Maed un Buwe, waare all in eenre Schul. Der Offe in der Mitt in der Schtubb. Wann's kalt waar, sin die naegscht am Offe schier verschmolze un die annre schier verfrore.

Sellemols waar yuscht fimf Monat Schul imme Yohr un noh sin viel net gange bis der zwett Monat—un deel yuscht about die nelft Zeit in der Schul.

Es waar ken compulsory law, un yedes hot noch der Schul geh kenne odder deheem bleiwe. Wann Aerwet waar deheem dann hen viel Kinner deheem bleiwe misse un schaffe. Laerning waar net geacht als so needich wie 's Schaffe. Un deel Eltere waare sehr wennich bekimmert wege Laerning far ihre Kinner.

Reading, "riting un rithmetic" hen die Kinner gelaernt; mit Grammar un Geography hen sie duh kenne wie sie gewollt hen. Physiology—es hot niemand gewisst dass so en Ding iss. Viel Schieler hen net die neediche Bicher g'hatt. Ihre Eltere waare zu aarm odder zu geizich far sie zu kaafe. Zu sellrer Zeit hot der Schtaat ken Geld hergewwe far Bicher. Die Eltere hen sie kaafe misse odder die Kinner hen ken Bicher g'hatt. Viel hen aus annere ihre Bicher gelaernt.

Ee Term hawwich ken Schpeller g'hatt un hab mit me annere Bu mei Schpelling gelaernt (un ich waar eens vun de beschte Schpeller).

Alsemol wann eens vun de Kinner in re Familie faerdich waar mit em Reader, dann hot cens vun de Yingere sei Buch grickt. Un alsemol hot en Teacher, das sehr geinteressiert waar in seine Schieler mit em Paep g'schwetzt bis er seim Bu odder Maedel en Buch g'kaaft hot.

Wie ich zwelf Yohr waar, bin ich in die Dillingersville Summerschul gange. (Es Schulhaus schteht nimmi). Mol ee Daag iss ebbes g'happened das mich mechtich upset hot un doch en guti Lesson waar. Ich hab mei Middaag (selli Zeit hen mer's net Lunch g'heese) mitgebrocht wie gewehnlich, un die Maem hot en gekocht Oi in mei Karb maryets. Ich hab die gekochte Oier sehr gegliche un hab meh an mei Oi gedenkt as wie an mei Les sons selle Vormiddaag. Un hab zum Mahlon, der newich mir g'sotze hot, gebrallt ich hett en Oi far Middaag. Well, wie die Schul aus waar far Middaag, hawwich schnell mei Karb grickt far mei Oi esse. Awwer kotz grampet nochemol! Es waar ken Oi im Karb. Der Mahlon hot's g'schtohle g'hatt un gesse. Er hot's wull gelegelt, awwer ich waar schur, dass er der Dieb waar. Well, hett ich net em Mahlon verzaehlt, dass ich en Oi im Karb hett, dann hett er nichs gewisst devun, un ich hett mei Oi selwer g'hatt. Des hot mich gelaernt, dass es oft besser iss wann mer net alles verzaehlt. Un des kann aa en guti Lesson sei far annre Leit, dass sie ihr Maul halte un sin ruhich.

In der seeme Schul hot en Bu ee Daag schlimm performed. Der Schulmeeschter hett en dichtich gewippt, awwer er hot ken Wipp g'hatt. Noh hot er en annerer Bu nausg'schickt far en Wipp hole. Der iss glei zerickkumme mit me Hollerbeere Schtengel about fimf Fuss lang un schier en Zoll dick. Was hen mir gelacht! Des waar ken Wipp, es waar en Briggel, dick genunk far en Esel briggele. Well, der Teacher hot schur net so'n dicki Schtang geyused far en Bu zu schlagge.

An eenre Schul hen mer alsemol owets Schpelling Schul g'hatt, un uff "sides" g'schpellt. Was hen mer als unser Beschdes gebrowiert far enanner biete! Un wann mer als Recess g'hatt hen owets an der Schpelling Schul noh hen mer als Ringtag g'schpielt un enanner gebosst.

Selli Zeit hen die Teachers net so viel Laerning hawwe misse as wie nau. Deel hen so viel gelaernt in der Public Schul, dass der Schul Superintendent ihne en Teacher's Certificate gewwe hot, un noh hen sie schunn Schul g'halte, un sin net aerscht noch der Normal Schul gange.

Der Schreiwer vun daere History hot die Public Schul an Zionsville Station verlosse im Yenner, 1881; iss noh graad noch der Kutztown Normal Schul gange; waar dart sell Yohr bis im Schpotyohr; un denoh hot er die Siesholtzville Schul g'halte un waar yuscht 17 Yohr alt. Sei Loh waar $28 der Monat, $140 far fimf Monat. Yohre schpaeter hot er meh Loh grickt far ee Monat.

19. September, 1944.

—H. HORACE ROMIG

Deaths of a Day

PIUS FROELICH

Pius Froelich, 85, of 503 4th Ave., Bethlehem, resident of Bethlehem for 64 years, 42 of which he had been employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co., died at 5:45 a. m. Friday at the late home.

He was born in Germany, Sept. 14, 1859, and was a member of Ontario Tribe, 280, I.O.R.M. and the Foresters of America.

Survivors are his wife, Anna Schilling Froelich and a son, Russell, Bethlehem. Three grandchildren, among them Lieutenant Russell Becker, United States Air Corps, is a prisoner of Germany.

Funeral at 2 p. m. Monday from the Dillinger home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, with burial in Union cemetery.

MRS. MARY J. CHAMBERLAIN

Mrs. Mary J. Winters Chamberlain, 62, wife of Frank Chamberlain, 925 Seneca St., Bethlehem, died Friday morning. She was born in Portland, July 28, 1882.

Survivors are the husband, a son, Forrest Betron and three stepsons, Charles and Chester Chamberlain, of Bethlehem, and Frank Chamberlain, of Jersey City; a step-daughter, Mrs. Truman Fries, of Bethlehem; a brother, Edward Winters, of Nazareth, and a sister, Mrs. Frank Frank, of Baltimore, Md.

Funeral services at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Dr. H. J. Ehret officiating. Interment in Macada cemetery.

MRS. AGNES E. WOODLING

Mrs. Agnes E. Woodling, wife of the late Steward Woodling, died Friday morning at the residence of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Merit R. Henry, 1204 W. Union Blvd., Bethlehem.

She was born in Newburg, a daughter of the late Jacob and Catherine Kreidler Michel, and is survived by the daughter, a son, Roy E. Woodling, both of Bethlehem; three grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Funeral services will be held at the convenience of the family on Monday in the Lena E. Grim home, 817 W. Broad St. Interment in Fairview cemetery.

VIRGINIA BUTTILLO

Virginia Buttillo, one-week-old daughter of Anthony and Virginia Stephone Buttillo, was found dead at the home of the parents, 318 Mechanic St., Bethlehem, at 3:15 a. m. Friday, by her grandmother, Mrs. Louise Buttillo.

Dr. D. F. Bachman, Northampton county coroner, after an official inquiry issued a certificate of death due to intestinal toxicosis, exogenic type.

Survivors are the parents, a sister, Dorothy, and three brothers, Anthony Jr., Vincent and Joseph, and the maternal and paternal grandparents.

The mother of the child on Tuesday was admitted to St. Luke's hospital suffering from cerebro spinal meningitis.

The funeral will be held this afternoon with burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

JOSEPH EVERT

Joseph Evert, 66, husband of Mary (nee Ortwein) Evert, died early Friday morning at his home, 610 Ontario St., Bethlehem.

Born Sept. 20, 1878 in Austria, he was the son of the late Benedict and Cathrine Ungerman Evert. He was a laborer at the Bethlehem Steel Co.

For many years he was a member of the Holy Ghost church and also belonged to the Knights of St. George, Lincoln Singing society and the Bethlehem Steel Relief society.

He is survived by his wife, Mary, one brother, Frank of Bethlehem, and two sisters, both in Europe.

Funeral services will be held from the late home, Tuesday at 8:30 a. m., followed by solemn requiem mass in the Holy Ghost church at 9 o'clock. Interment in the family plot, Holy Ghost cemetery.

MRS. ANNA M. DIERUFF

Mrs. Anna M. Dieruff, Allentown resident for 29 years, died at 1:30 p. m. yesterday at her home, 866 N. Sherman St. She had been invalided for the past year.

Born in Mauch Chunk, she was a daughter of the late John and Frieda (Ricka) Schatzlein. She was the widow of Lewis D. Dieruff. She was a member of St. Luke's Evangelical Lutheran church.

Surviving are a daughter, Frieda at home, a son, Luther S. of Easton, six grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, two brothers: Edward of Kutztown and Harry of Mahanoy City, and a sister, Mrs. Tillie Cadmus of West Orange, N. J.

Services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at her home, 866 N. Sherman St. Burial will be in Arlington Memorial Park.

MRS. ANNA MAIKOSKI

Mrs. Anna, nee Pushkar, Maikoski, wife of Henry Maikoski, died at 3 a. m. yesterday at her home, 721 N. 2nd St., after an illness of three months. She was aged 56 years and 1 month.

She came to this country from Austria 39 years ago. Surviving are her husband, a daughter, Helen, wife of Raymond Crowe, Scranton; two sons, Henry and Joseph, Allentown; a brother, John Pushkar, Allentown, and a sister, Mrs. John Kustik, Republic, Pa.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from her late home, with a high mass of requiem to follow at 9:30 a. m. in SS. Peter and Paul R. C. church. Interment in the Sacred Heart cemetery.

Words of Wisdom

His words are bonds; his oaths are oracles; his heart is as far from fraud as heaven from earth.—Shakespeare.

Hints on Etiquette

Shopkeepers and clerks who treat their customers with rudeness and lack of consideration now, may suffer loss of business or positions when normal times come again.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Ol Darrich Shlonga Wartzel

Golly reich nocha mohl wos wor doh da onner dawg 'n uf ruhr dahinna im Barra Dahl wie die barichda rous kumma sin, der Charlie Betz un der glae Eddie Werley weara ferlora uf 'm Shochary, iwwer 'm shlonga wartzel sucha. Die boova worra ow'r net laenich gonga fer shlonga wartzel, 'm Eddie sei Pap der Weldon wor aw dabei, so wohl wie aw der Urban Bear. Fer die wohret tzu sawga 's wor der Weldon un der Urban os die onnerra ferlora hen, un hen yusht nimmy gawist woh tzu sucha fer sie widder finna.

'S wor uf kours net 's airsht mohl os der Charlie ferlora wor drous im bush. Net long dafor worra sie aw mohl mit nonner fert fer huckelbierra, un is 'm Charlie net fiela besser gonga os wie doh wie sie drous worra fer die shlonga wartzel sucha. Sella mohl wor er ow'r laenich ferlora, woh er in dem fol der glae Eddie kotta hut fer kumpany.

Aenicha waig, wie der Weldon un der Urban sie naryads may finna hen kenna, hen sie ous gamocht der Charlie het der Eddie ferleicht mit tzurick noch seinra hamet ganumma, un sin darta hee sucha fer sie. Ow'r sie worra naryads tzu finna, noh hen sie ous gamocht der Urban sot mohl so longsome die shtross nunner fohra mit da mashine, die weil os der Weldon darrich der bush lawfa dade peifa so arrick os er peifa kent. Un der Weldon hut aw gapifa,—shier loud ganunk fer die doda wecka, uns hut aw gore ken lang ganumma bis der Charlie un Eddie hoerre hen lossa fon sich.

Der Charlie hut shun long ganunk galaibt fer wissa won m'r ferlora is im bush, os m'r besser net tzu long fert lawft, ow'r huck'd sich onna worta, bis aintwedders ebber kumt un fin'd em, odder m'r hut

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

It is not wise to be a poet now,
For, oh, the world it has so modest grown
It will not praise a poet to his face,
But waits till he is dead some hundred years.
Then uprears marbles cold and stupid as itself.

Miller.

MacARTHUR RETURNS TO SHAME JAPS

General Douglas MacArthur is back upon the soil of the Philippines and a sincere promise, dramatically made more than two years ago by the dynamic leader, has been fulfilled while back of MacArthur stand 250,000 men and the mightiest armada in world history who are committed to sustain that promise and all its implications for the world and for the Filipinos in particular.

When MacArthur was ordered to leave the Philippines two and a half year ago it was with reluctance that he left a people whom he had come to admire and love. Then, in announcing his arrival in Australia to the Filipinos, he added: "I shall return."

Yesterday American forces opened "full-scale onslaught" upon the island of Leyte, almost midway in the big archipelago. Right in the van of the invasion forces was MacArthur whose impatience to put his foot once more upon the soil of the Philippines well can be imagined.

According to early reports thirteen miles of beach constitute the width of the invasion and there are rumors that quarter of a million men are moving into the islands for the liberation of their people.

General MacArthur himself has defined the strategy in the attack, pointing out that the blow has served to cut the Jap forces in the Philippines in half and that the southern half, which is on the island of Mindanao, has been isolated from the north and from communication with the home islands. It is thereby indicated that MacArthur intends to beat the quarter million Japs in the archipelago just as he eliminated the Jap army in New Guinea—by cutting them into a number of pieces and then disposing of the pieces one by one, or letting them "die on the vine."

Very important in the entire picture will be the reaction of the Filipinos who have been under the Jap heel for almost three years. MacArthur, whose reputation among them was high, has notified them that the Americans have returned. He has appealed to them to revolt with a violence that shall be as severe a blow to the Japs from within as the attack of the Americans will be from without.

Almost side by side with MacArthur on his arrival was Sergio Osmena, president of the Filipino republic, together with the members of his cabinet. These at once set up a native government upon Filipino soil, and made their appeal to the people for support, simultaneously with pleas from the Jap radio to help drive out the American invaders.

The invasion serves to bring shame of the highest order to the Japanese government. Inasmuch as the Americans are not going to do a thing to help them "save face," the entire gang might just as well jump over a cliff or commit hari-kiri now instead of delaying the agony. The government's shame arises from the fact that, only a few days ago, the Jap navy was reported to have virtually wiped out the American navy in the vicinity of Formosa. With those reports went the statement that any invasion of the Philippines, if contemplated, thus had been thrown off schedule by two months or more. It must be impossible for anybody, even the most clever and consummate liars, to explain away the acknowledged fact that MacArthur has returned to the Philippines and that he has given every evidence of a determination to drive out or kill every Jap on the islands.

AACHEN A WARNING FOR ALL GERMANY

If the Germans persist in their announced intention to follow a program and fight in every city and town until the last man has fallen and the last house has been blown down, then they have an excellent object lesson today as to how hopeless and futile that program is going to be.

Just about a month ago, American forces approached Aachen. On Oct. 10, the battle in that vicinity had reached a point where siege of Aachen and removal of it as a threat and obstruction on the road to Berlin became desirable. Inasmuch as the Americans did not wish to destroy life unnecessarily ultimatum was sent to the city and civilians were permitted to evacuate. Out of an estimated civilian population of 160,000 it was supposed that all but about 15,000 left and that when the city was virtually surrounded about four or five thousand troops were isolated. Then for seven days rigorous but cautious siege was laid against the city. Aachen was reduced to dust and ashes by explosives and fire. Yesterday the last weary, fanatic troops emerged from cellars and piles of rubble to surrender when the limits of human endurance had been reached.

Correspondents who entered the city with the victors report that civilians upbraided the Americans for having been so long in coming to liberate them from the madmen, namely the fanatic German troops and their Nazi civilian followers.

Obviously the fanatics are strong enough and sufficiently cruel and determined to prevent civilian uprisings. The mad-men of Germany are keeping the sane, the frightened and the war-weary in line. But at best they have made a sorry showing in Aachen. American casualties there are said to have been small while German casualties are total, that is to say, everything in Aachen has been lost.

If it were possible to distribute the civilian population of Aachen throughout Germany, dropping them here and there by parachute, they would tell a story that could end the war almost over night. It is a story Hitler and the Nazis will not tell, but it is a story every German ought to hear and with it ought to go pictures of the modern Carthage which has been leveled to the dust.

CLOTHING FOR THE INNOCENTS OF EUROPE

Millions of European children are among the keenest sufferers from the war and millions of insufficiently fed and illy-clothed little ones already are or shortly will be in charge of the American people to whom their trustful eyes are turned.

Already France and Belgium have been liberated. Much of Holland and Italy has been cleared of Germans and probably all are out of Greece by this time. The children in all these countries must be shivering in the uncomfortable European autumn and face the bitter cold of a winter that always is rigorous. Almost the worst conditions that we know in America during the winter season are the general rule for people in countries where fuel always is scarce and costly and is even scarcer and costlier during a time of war.

So the program for the collection of clothing for children during next week in this city is timely and highly important. It is a program designed to help innocent, helpless little ones whose cause always is so close to men's and women's hearts.

Today is a good time to prepare for the campaign next week. Today is the time to get out any and all garments that are dispensable and prepare them for collection by the children of the public schools next week.

All will be efficiently distributed. There will be clothing for the under-privileged and poor of our own country. In fact they will come first in the distribution, according to the plans. And after that the collection will be shipped with all speed to Europe where frail little bodies can be protected against the bitter elements of the coming winter.

Dewey's Foreign Policy

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—Governor Dewey has taken a position on foreign policy which not only approximates the Wendell Willkie viewpoint but specifically answers the three questions propounded by Senator Ball of Minnesota. The governor's speech goes a long way toward winning over the independent vote that has been waiting for a clarification of his foreign policy views.

Senator Ball wanted to know if the candidates for the presidency would favor setting up the international organization now and not wait for the peace settlement with Germany and Japan. He wanted to know if either candidate would oppose "reservations" that would weaken the organization and he asked whether either nominee would favor prompt action by the security council when aggression or a threat of aggression occurred.

Dewey Answers Ball

Mr. Dewey responded in the affirmative on all three points and thus must have satisfied the Minnesota Senator. But Mr. Dewey did more than this. He revealed a readiness to use the power and influence of the United States in an active diplomacy so that relations with our Allies would be clarified and so that secret diplomacy would come to an end.

The Russian newspaper "Pravda" recently made an attack on Governor Dewey and surprisingly enough indicated a preference in an American presidential contest, but this impropriety did not dissuade the Republican nominee from discussing frankly the rather secretive position which Moscow has taken toward the Polish problem.

One may differ with Mr. Dewey's criticism of the hesitancy of this government to recognize DeGaulle but this was also one of Willkie's chief points of reproach against the present administration. The interjection by Mr. Dewey of references to Poland, France and Italy and especially the failure of the Allies to rehabilitate the stricken Italian people—a fact which the Vatican recently lamented in public—is all fair criticism in a democracy. The Dewey declaration that territorial terms were arranged in the Russian-Romanian armistice and that America's signature was attached by a Russian military officer has been explained by the State Department as having had a precedent in General Eisenhower's signature of Italian armistice terms in behalf of Russia. But the American people will look askance at any acceptance by America of territorial arrangements even tentatively in advance of a final peace settlement.

The Russian point of view and that of Britain and America on some of these territorial questions are not the same, but the situation is not helped by secrecy. Full and frank discussion is essential in order to exert a friendly influence upon Moscow.

The Dewey speech shows he has taken the viewpoint of those liberals in America who have been at odds with the State Department on a number of issues. However one may differ with these aspects of the Dewey policy, it cannot be contended that he has taken either a reactionary or an isolationist position. He has reached for the liberal side of the debate which means that he can be counted upon to speak his mind frankly and forthrightly as Willkie would have done had he lived.

Speeches on High Level

Dewey's address and two other speeches at the Herald Tribune Forum on Wednesday were of a higher level than any that had been heard before in this campaign. Perhaps the best speech from the standpoint of the Democrats in this contest thus far was delivered by Helen Gahagan, candidate for Congress from California. Her delivery was excellent and her appeal was well phrased and dignified.

The best speech of the evening from a non-partisan standpoint, however, was that of Representative Clare Luce, Republican, who abandoned quips and satire and gave a splendid historical summary of the efforts made through the last several centuries to create international organizations to preserve peace. Her emphasis was on the fact that excellent machinery had existed before but that the will to peace and the courage and character of statesmen in governments was more important than the words of treaties or agreements. This thoughtful address represents a high water mark of quality in campaign speaking.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHERE ARE THE AMERICANS?

It is quite a puzzle. Talk to politicians and they tell about how the Poles, the Jews, the Catholics, the miners, labor, Negroes are going to vote. And they calculate how the soldiers are going to vote. But all the time I keep on asking how Americans are going to vote. For after all, the only way a man or woman votes is as an American. Nobody has a right to vote except as an American.

Who Cares?

We seem to be all mixed up about what the voting is about. The other day a fellow said to me, "What will the British people think about our holding elections in time of crisis and war?" I couldn't help answering, "Who cares?" After all, we are voting for a President in the year 1944, not to please the Bulgarians or the Burmese, but because our Constitution provides for an election. It was planned for us that way. It was planned by those who wrote the Constitution so that nobody would stay in the presidency so long that he would come to regard it as his personal property. It is too bad that it must be that way—but it is and that's all there is about it.

Maybe, Dewey will be elected; maybe, Roosevelt. But we shall have voted and even more, we shall have aired our views, quarrelled over issues, got rid of our gripes, brought out into the open all the things we say in private. When Tom Dewey went academic for a couple of speeches and Roosevelt tried to play big and say nothing, when Harry Truman was as silent as Harry Hopkins and John Bricker twiddled his thumbs in Columbus, it looked like a deadly dull, un-American campaign. But now we have the real stuff. Dewey and Bricker are slugging at Roosevelt and the President is off his Commander-in-Chief high horse and is taking to the husting, as somebody said, meaning the tail-end of a train. We are back on the home grounds doing the campaign American style.

The Word "Lie" Has Been Used

And the word, lie, has been used. I suspect the lovely Clare Luce introduced it—but it does not matter who started it—everybody will be doing it soon. And then there's old Harold Ickes, the village grouch, calling everybody names. The ancient Ick loves name-calling so much that he'll finally end up by calling himself a few. He now cries on the bier of Wendell Willkie but do you remember the Ick in 1940? That's campaigning.

And there's another thing: How does anybody know how anybody else is going to vote? We're supposed to have a secret ballot, all hidden away from the prying eyes of the politicians. Suppose a Republican votes for Roosevelt—who can know about it? Or conversely, suppose a fellow pays a dollar for a P.A.C. button so he can stay in good standing with his CIO bosses, suppose he wears that button on his lapel out loud on the job, and then on Election Day he votes for Dewey—who can know about it? Suppose a fellow even tells the Gallup poll one thing and votes another—who can know about it?

That's what is so beautiful about an American election. You say what you like, you think what you like, you vote as you like. It is nobody's business and nobody can ever know how an American voted. Nobody has a right to question that vote.

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Lehigh County and Its First War Period

Conclusion

The extreme rigors of the Revolution were felt among the workmen at Allentown as they were by the American soldiers and artisans employed in that war almost everywhere. Under date of Feb. 17, 1778, John Wetzell, lieutenant at Allentown, wrote to the president of the Executive Council at Lancaster, "My duty demands that I should give news to you of a new order received yesterday, viz., in relation to shortness of rations issued to military workers and saddlers, the same having created such great unrest among the workmen that they concluded to give up work (labor trouble!). A conversation with David Deshler and Fred Hagener made them more content. The sub-lieutenants have received many arms to be repaired, and received yesterday 400 muskets, and more are expected daily. The quartermaster writes that he wants a large quantity of repaired guns, because he is expecting new militia every day, as well as militia of this county, which is to be fully equipped. We have decided to allow former rations until we receive further instructions. Our department is now in good order, and is increased every day, so that I entertain the hope to obtain the necessary workmen to finish out labor."—"P.S. — The rations which at present are issued are 1½ pounds of beef, 1½ pounds of bread, also flour and vegetables, ½ pint of rum or whiskey, wood, soap and candles."

Lieut.-Com. Cornelius Sweers, of Lebanon, writing to Wharton, May 4, 1778, says, "On investigation of the stores in Allentown, I found certain barrels and chests containing sailcloth. Since we are in immediate need of this article, I asked Capt. Stiles for the same, which he said could only be surrendered on an order of the Council. I flatter myself that you will give this order, as Gen. Washington needs the same for ordnance wagons, etc."

On July 20, 1778, Richard Peters, in the name of the War Office, informed the Vice-President of Pennsylvania that "the condition of affairs on the borders was of the most alarming nature, but that the War Office had done everything in its power to serve out military stores." At that time the State had at least 12,000 stands of arms at Allentown awaiting orders to be issued to the militia. Its people, and those of the surrounding country, were almost without exception intensely patriotic.

Among the most actively patriotic citizens of the county of Northampton were David Deshler (son of Adam Deshler of Whitehall, who had acted as commissary for the provincial troops in the Indian war beginning in 1755) of Allentown, and Capt. John Arndt, (who having passed through the disastrous campaign of 1776, returned to Easton, crippled and broken in health, but declined to ask for the pension which the law would have given him) of Easton, both of whom advanced money to the provincial government when the public treasury was empty, and that too at a time when the prospect of its being returned was not very bright. They both labored with unflagging zeal to promote the welfare of the public cause and to fill the quota of the county, as required by the acts of Congress and the Provincial Assembly. We have already exhibited proof of Deshler's great influence in quelling the mutinous feeling which broke out among the artisans engaged in the Allentown shops for the manufacture of cartridges and the repair of arms. Deshler and Arndt were appointed commissaries and in that capacity performed most valuable services, which they were enabled to do fully as much through their wide acquaintance and popularity with the farmers as by their business ability. Such instances were not by any means rare. In fact the majority of people, sustained by a pure patriotism, did all in their power to advance the cause of the colonies. Most of the farmers voluntarily came forward and sold to the commissaries and their purchasing agents their cattle and produce, receiving only the depreciated Continental currency, when they might have transferred them to the British agents for gold.

But while the majority were loyal, there were of course some exceptions to the rule, men in whom the mercenary was stronger than the patriotic feeling, and who for gain surreptitiously sold their grain and corn and livestock to merchants in Philadelphia (black market!) and elsewhere engaged in supplying the enemy with provisions. To prevent the British from purchasing cattle or breadstuffs in the province of Pennsylvania the Assembly passed an act, Jan. 2, 1778, "to prevent forestalling and regrating, and to encourage fair dealing," the principal object of which was to deter all persons from making purchases (especially of cattle) from the farmers except those to whom permits were granted. One John Peter Miller of Macungie township could not resist the temptation of securing British gold by evading this law, and was prosecuted under it in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Northampton County. The entry of the case on the docket was as follows: "The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs. John Peter Miller, of Macungie, For purchasing a number of cattle without a permit to do so, contrary to an act of the General Assembly to prevent forestalling and regrating, and a complaint lodged by Michael Shaefer, committee man of Macungy township." Miller was brought before Justice Robert Levers, Sept. 3, 1779, and was bound over to the next term of the General Quarter Sessions, being admitted to bail in the sum of 1,000 pounds, one-half secured by John Peter Miller, farmer of Upper Milford, and 250 pounds each by Peter Miller, farmer of Macungie, and Peter Fox, tailor of the same township.

The necessities of the American army were often very great and urgent, and cattle became so scarce through the frequent levies made on the whole country that most families had to do without meat. Tallow was a matter of course equally scarce, and the people in many instances had recourse to a bush called the candleberry-bush to obtain the material for candles. The stems and twigs of this bush, cut in small fragments, were boiled in a kettle, when a peculiar wax or grease arose to the surface, which was carefully skimmed off, and when a sufficient amount was procured, formed into candles by dipping or moulding. The candles were of a delicate green color, and gave a pale but clear light. This serves as a fair illustration of the expedients to which the people were driven to provide the commonest necessities. An extreme scarcity of salt was a more serious deprivation during Revolutionary times than at first would be imagined. It brought from eight to twenty dollars a bushel, and ofttimes was not to be had for any price. A plant of the fern species was used by many families as a substitute, but poorly answered the purpose, though it made meat and vegetables more savory and palatable than they would be without its application.

The asperity of life during the Revolution in what is now Lehigh County, and throughout the whole of the great territory of old Northampton, as well as in other portions of the province, was very great, and the imagination with all of the aids of fact fails to draw an adequate picture of it. Added to privation the most severe, there was in the latter years of the war period the haunting fear that the war-whoop of the red allies of the British would be heard in the settlements, and scenes of savage butchery follow, which would be illumined by the lurid glare of burning cabins.

Nor was this fear a groundless one. The confederated Six Nations, which had been induced by the English to take the war-path against the Americans during the year 1777, committed great ravages in the State of New York, and in 1778 they determined to make a murderous foray into Pennsylvania, with the especial object of striking the settlements on the two branches of the Susquehanna, which were left in an almost defenseless condition through the departure of their patriotic men for the army. The Wyoming settlement was very naturally the object of the Englishmen's especial hatred, because of the devotion its people had shown to the cause of liberty; and it was easily accessible by the North Branch of the Susquehanna. Late in June there descended that stream, under command of Col. John Butler, a force of 1,100 men, 400 of whom were Tory rangers and regular soldiers of Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, with 700 Indians, chiefly Senecas. At Wyoming were several so-called forts, mere stockades, in no one of which was there a cannon or an adequate garrison, the arms-bearing men nearly all being absent. Col. Zebulon Butler, who happened to be at Wyoming, took command by invitation of the people, and the little band, consisting chiefly of old men and boys, with a handful of undisciplined militia, against whom 1,100 warriors had marched, made as heroic a stand as the world ever saw. On the 3rd of July they marched out to meet and fight the enemy, for a safe retreat with their families was impossible, and surrender seems never to have been thought of. Of 400 men who went to battle, but 60 escaped the fury of the Indians. That bloody day made 150 widows and 600 orphans in the valley.

The massacre of Wyoming thrilled the world with horror. What then must have been the feeling of those people who had reason to think they might at any hour meet with the same fate which had extinguished the lives of four hundred settlers in the beautiful valley? The whole border was filled with the wildest alarm, and a fever of fear took possession of the people even as far down the country as Bethlehem and Easton. Fortunately no great raid southward was undertaken by the Indians, and their subsequent atrocities, committed by small bands, were confined to the region of the Blue Ridge. Gen. Sullivan's expedition in 1779 quieted the Indians by creating in them a wholesome fear of the military, and the effective blows which he struck forever destroyed the Iroquois confederacy. The danger however was not entirely passed, and two companies of rangers were maintained in Northampton County for the protection of her people during 1781 and the following year. One of these was Capt. Philip Shrawder's Pennsylvania Rangers, and the other Capt. Johannes Van Etten's Volunteers, a body of veterans who had been in the field in 1777, and had fought at the Brandywine.

After 1778 the battle-line was broken and swept away from the Delaware to the north and the south, to the highlands around New York and the Carolina swamps. The lull of quiet had fallen upon busy Bethlehem, which DeKalb had once thought of fortifying. Washington and Lafayette, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Sullivan, and many other heroes of the war, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Richard Henry Lee, Henry Laurens, John Adams, and a host of other civil leaders, who had sojourned at the Moravian town, were engaged in their labors as soldiers and statesmen in other localities; the drum's wild roll and the tramp of armies no more resounded by the Lehigh, and only the news of distant battle came occasionally to arouse the dwellers in the region which had been for two years a center of war planning and war activity.

The present generation knows but little about the personalities and individual experiences of the boys who went forth from Lehigh to fight under the banner of Freedom in the War for Independence from England. Ben Trexler in his "Skizzen aus dem Lechathal" preserved for us some scant data which he found among the pension claims made many years later and filed in the Northampton County Court House. We have translated the following for the benefit of our readers.

In 1832 one Frederick Nagel of Allen Township, Northampton County, now 78 years old made claim for pension and made the following statements in support of the same. In June of 1776 he had joined the "Flying Camp" under Yost Dreisbach of Lehigh Township. At that time he lived in Moore Township and was therefore first placed in Nicholas Kern's company which marched to Easton and there with other companies came under the command of Col. Peter Kichlein. Two days later they marched to New Brunswick and thence to Amboy where they remained until August 26th. On the afternoon of that day they were taken by boat to Long Island. On the following morning, at daybreak, the drums called them to arms, and the battle of Long Island began. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Col. Kichlein found himself with about 200 of his regiment in a narrow defile whose heights were in possession of the British and the Hessians. Kichlein and his men wanted to break through the ranks of the latter and make their escape to New York. But halfway up the incline the British released such a vehement fire upon them that they were obliged to retreat. Some had hid in the tall grass but were later also taken prisoners. That night Nagel with 760 other prisoners was locked up in a church on Long Island. For ten days they remained there without anything else to eat and drink but apples and water out of kegs. The church building was dark. From time to time apples were brought there in carts and dumped upon the church floor. Later they were also given some bread. About October 1 they were placed upon a British ship, the "Johanna," which was very filthy. Here they lived on spoiled biscuits until the end of October. Those who were then willing to swear not again to take up arms against the British were discharged. Many took advantage of this opportunity. But Nagel and others refused to take this oath, hoping, when they got on land, to take flight. But they were taken to Halifax and closely watched. Two of the prisoners, Berger and Cornelius Daniel sought to escape, but were caught and received 200 lashes as their punishment. The prisoners were now taken to St. John's. Here six, namely Berger, Daniel, Henry Goodyear, Jacob Schwab, Christian Heninger and Nagel himself, tried to make their escape. However, an Irishman by the name of John Dunn learned about their plans and betrayed them. Berger and Daniel received 800 lashes. The others were put under lock and key for six weeks at half rations. They were later removed to Windsor and there discharged.

One George P. Kessler of Plainfield Township, also in his later years claiming pension, declared that he had entered the service as a substitute for his father John P. Kessler and had marched to Easton where he had been stationed as one of the sentry guarding military supplies at the confluence of the Lehigh and the Delaware. He served for two months. One year later he again substituted for his father and guarded war supplies for two months under Capt. Stecker, and was stationed in the Minnesink along the upper Delaware. In the fall of 1781 he did military duty as substitute for John Showalter. Under Capt. Rhoads he marched from Craig's settlement up the Lehigh about seven miles beyond the Lehigh Gap where they joined with Col. Christopher Balliet and for a period of three months protected the inhabitants against the Indians. The following spring Kessler served as substitute for one Henry Boyce and under Capt. Paul Knauss marched to Fort Allen, operating against the Indians for a period of two months. After serving as substitute for these various men Kessler was himself drafted and for a time discharged duties ten miles beyond Fort Allen, where the inhabitants needed protection against the Indians.

Brief and sketchy as the above data may seem, it furnishes the reader with some material for comparison between the methods and dimensions of warfare then and now.

OKTOWER

Wann die Schack schtoha in de Felder,
Schtracks wie die Inscha Zelter,
Un am Weg un im Busch die Baem
Kleeder hen, rot, brau un geel,
Dann iss der Oktower do,
Noh sin die Kinner froh.

Dench gebt es siesse Keschte,
Es waar'n als vun de beschte,
Hickernuss un Walniss schee,
Reifdrauwe un Schofkneddle klee;
Dann iss Oktower do,
Noh sin die Kinner froh.

Ball gebt es siesser Seider,
Dann kummt die Schnitzeschpric,
Noh gebt es frischer Ladwaerck
Mit Schmierkees frisch un schee;
Dann iss Oktower do,
Noh sin die Mannsleit froh.

Mer kann gut Welschkaorn baschte,
Wann's Wetter net kaelter waerd;
Es Haushutze iss ball feriwwer,
Die Krumbiere sin in de Hard;
Dann iss Oktower do,
Noh sin die Weibsleit froh.

Die Picknicks sin iwwerschtanne,
Die Fairs sin schier all verbei;
Nau kummt aa noch die Leckschee
Gebt des en Schweitzerei!
Es schwaermt mit Kandidaate,
Ins Amt will yeder nei;
Dann iss Oktower do,
Noh sin mer alle froh.

—ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER
Locust Valley, Pa.

REGGEWETTER

Die Leit die grummele rechts un links
Un gucke schief denei;
Sie saage's reggert alle Daag,
Un sell sett gaar net sei.

Nau was ich denk, des saag ich frei,
Un meen aa ich bin gecht;
Des was der liewe Gott uns schickt,
Iss gans gewiss net schlecht.

Es basst verleicht net in mei Graam
Un aa in deiner net;
Doch basst es far die annere Leit,
Er dutt yuscht was Er sett.

Die Eisleit welle drucke kalt,
Die Duwack Schtripper feicht;
Die zwee zu suite uff eemol,
Meen ich waer gaar net leicht.

So geht's es ganse liewe Yohr erum
Uff Land un Berg un See;
Es Wetter iss net yuscht gemacht
Far ee Sart Leit allee.

Mir Mensche waere gans zu dumm,
So ebbes nemmt Verschtand;
Drum sett mer's nemme, wie es kummt
Gemacht aus Gottes Hand.

Well ich kee Graashaim mache kann,
Basst's Grummele net far mich;
Wer grummelt, macht sei eegne Welt
Unleidlich yuscht far sich.

Un noch eens—'s waehrt yo doch net lang,
Mag's gut sei odder schlecht;
Was iss dewaert, dass unser eem
Der Kopp sich dann verbrecht.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Hen Sich Sot G'suck'ld

Die onner woch wie der Sam Weil fon Locust Valley cider gamocht hut kot is es 'm ei kumma wie er tzurick hame kumma is, er wot der cider liever imma onnerra foss howwa os wie woh er wor. Noh hut er 'n onner foss grick'd unna loch ins cider foss gaboard mit ra maining fer der cider ous aim foss ins onner lawfa lossa. Un er hut aw 'n loch ins fol cider foss gaboard, ow'r yusht wies loch darrich wor, ferhoftich sei won net der borer ous 'm brace g'falla is nunner ins cider foss, un hut net gawist wie aw tzu gae fer der borer rous griega.

Der Sam hut g'farrich'd der eisa borer maich'd der cider fergifta, un doch aw net gawist wie 'n rous tzu griega. Iwwel odder wohl is er un sei tzwae boova der Ramie un der Erwin in da gonsa nochbershoft rum g'shprunga sucha fer shtroe holma, un hens cider foss sella waig lare g'suck'ld fer der borer widder rous griega. Arya socha os sella waig g'shraina, net wohr?

Hinkle un Hawsa Tzug

So wie die Fegelcher uns yusht gapifa hen hut der Clancey Rader un sei Bertha fon Emaus da onner owet mohl hinkle shtol tzug kotta. 'S airsht hen sie tzug kot mit da hinkle, un da nagshd morya mit da hawsa. Niemond hut ow'r moodmosing os es tzug gaibt bis mohl ae morya der hinkle shtol fert wor, uns hut niemond wissa wolla woh er onna kumma wear. Der Clancey is 'n ruicher kerl sella waig un hut nix g'sawt, un da Bertha is es net fiela besser gonga.

'S wor noh net bis sie Sundawg moryets shtarta hen der hawsa shtol tziega mit tzomta hawsa, os die nochtain Hill, and Mrs. Dmitri Lackovitch, at home.

Three brothers, Edwin, Albert and Robert Cressman, Bethlehem; three sisters, Mrs. Ella Israel, Beaver Meadows; Mrs. Jennie Burk and Mrs. Charles Felker, Bethlehem, and five grandchildren also survive.

Rev. T. C. Brown will officiate at funeral services at 1:30 p. m. Monday in the Miller home, 529 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem. Interment in Rittersville cemetery.

MRS. ROSA A. PERSON

Mrs. Rosa A., nee Moyer, Person, widow of Wilson H. Person, of 713 Washington St., died at 1 p. m. Friday at the Sacred Heart hospital. She was 83 years old.

Born in Catasauqua on July 13, 1861, she was the daughter of the late Joseph and Lydia Moyer. She resided in Allentown for the past 30 years and was a member of St. Luke's Lutheran church. Her husband preceded her in death 40 years ago.

Surviving are two sons: Claude A. Person, Easton, and Joseph D. Person, Rahway, N. J.; a daughter, Mabel S. Person, of this city, with whom she lived; a brother, Joseph Moyer, Allentown; five grandchildren, one great-grandchild and three nephews.

Deaths of a Day

Mrs. C. T. O'Neill Dies in City

The widow of General Christopher T. O'Neill, who was a distinguished soldier and leading Allentown citizen,



MRS. MARGARET O'NEILL

Mrs. Margaret O'Neill, died yesterday afternoon at her home 37 S. West St.

Mrs. O'Neill was born in Saegersville, the daughter of the late John and Nan, nee Loughran, Gorman. For the major part of her life she resided in Allentown. She was married to General O'Neill during the 1880's. She was an active member of St. Catharine of Siena church and belonged to the sodality of the congregation.

Her only survivors are nieces and nephews. Her brother, Joseph F. Gorman, died a few months ago.

The late General O'Neill probably was Lehigh county's outstanding soldier at the time of his death. For nearly 40 years he was active in the Pennsylvania National Guard, serving with distinction in the Spanish-American War. He attained the rank of major general before his retirement. He was in command of a brigade during the Mexican border campaign in 1916. Following his retirement as a soldier in 1918 he served as secretary of the Allentown Chamber of Commerce and became active in many civic and fraternal affairs.

Funeral services for Mrs. O'Neill will be held on Monday at 9.30 a. m. at her late home, followed by solemn mass of requiem in St. Catharine of Siena church at 10. Interment will be made in Holy Saviour cemetery, Bethlehem.

JOHN H. CRESSMAN

John H. Cressman, 66, of 757 Cherokee St., Bethlehem, died at 9 p. m. Thursday. He was born in Freemansburg Nov. 5, 1878, a son of the late Milton and Mary Schweitzer Cressman and had been employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. for approximately 40 years. He was a member of Grace Evangelical and Reformed church and the Bethlehem Steel Co. Relief Assn.

Survivors are his wife, Mary Ruth Cressman, whom he married 41 years ago at Elkton, Md.; a son, John H. Cressman Jr., Northampton; three daughters, Mrs. George Smith, Allentown; Mrs. Kenneth Benner, Foun-

25 Years Ago Today

A Tuesday, Oct. 21, 1919

Mayor A. L. Reichenbach issued an order to the police department to require motorists to drive more slowly on Hamilton St., from 10th to 17th Sts. Officers were told to first warn the speedsters, and then if the warnings were not heeded, to make arrests.

With only the immediate families and a few close friends in attendance, Bishop W. F. Heil, of the United Evangelical church, 1107½ Turner St., and Emma Kreidler of Bath, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's father by the Rev. H. D. Kreidler of Reading, a brother of the bride.

Robert W. Keck and George Psotta, trading as R. W. Keck and Co., electrical contractors at 1008 Hamilton St., purchased the property at 1019 Hamilton St. from Hiram Sterner for $25,000.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

THE SEASONS

Four seasons fill the passing year
And never one the other sees.
Winter has never known the cheer
Of leaf and blossom on the trees.

Drab are the woods and fields and hills
Till winter blankets them with snow,
For triliums and daffodils
Are charms that winter cannot know

The springtime never sees the rose,
Nor the rich gold of ripened grain.
Always into the past it goes,
To wait the time to plant again.

Then softly summer slips away
Out of the year beyond recall,
Denied the privilege to stay
And see the glory of the fall.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Little Billy came to my house yesterday to see me. But I was in New York, so he had quite a talk with my wife.

She told me all about his visit and how she had learned a whole lot about juvenile delinquency from Billy.

And after she got through telling me about his conversation with her (Billy had apparently done most of the talking), I had learned quite a bit about juvenile delinquency, too.

But first let me tell you how I met Billy.

I was on my way to the village a couple of Sundays ago to get my New York papers. A straw-blond fellow, about fourteen, was limping down the road.

As I passed he gave me the hitch-hiker's thumb and I picked him up.

"Where are you going?" I asked him.

"Oh, just down to the railroad station, about a mile from here."

He told me that his father was a fireman on the train that passed through at 9:30 in the morning on the way to New York, and he always went to the station (if he could get a hitch) and waved to his dad as the train passed by.

Billy had had infantile paralysis and couldn't walk very well yet, but he was getting better all the time.

Could he come down to my place and work around, he asked. He was good at mowing lawns and pulling weeds and he could do a lot of handy work, he said.

"Sure, come on, I'll find you something to do" I said and let him off at the station.

So yesterday, he came and my wife gave him some work to do and while he worked he talked.

He had never been in New York, he said, although he lives only sixty-five miles from there.

But some day, when he got a little older and his legs were all right again, he'd go and he'd go for good.

He didn't like the country. Nothing to do for kids.

Too many old fogies of thirty or over that always told kids what to do.

Grown-ups don't understand kids.

So they did break a window in the volunteer fireman's house with a football. They didn't do it intentionally, did they? Was that any reason not to let them use the firehouse any more?

And did the boy scout master always have to tell them not to do this and not to do that? Kids don't want to be preached to all the time.

And why don't they put on a movie in the town hall every now and then? The nearest town is eight miles away and the boys aren't allowed to drive (too young, although they know how), and the "old folks" never have time to take them.

So there just isn't anything to do but work and read. And who wants to work and read all the time?

So when the boys and girls get together they all talk about leaving home and going somewhere where there is excitement and something for young people to do.

There must be—don't the books and the magazines and the movies and the comics all tell you about it?

Since my wife told me all about Billy's visit I've talked to some of the bigwigs around here. But they don't seem to think that kids know much.

Oh, don't they?

Horoscope

You are a natural leader and have decided executive ability. You are also a leader in your social life, and are responsible for many of the pleasant affairs your circle enjoys. You are charming, gracious and always appear to the best advantage, have many real friends and are loyal to them. Determination and initiative augur much success, promotion being probable in your next year. You may safely seek favors, advertise, travel and forge ahead generally. Your health improves during ths time, and if you are not already married, it is safe to court and marry. Born today a child will be liable to sudden financial reversals and trouble through lawyers and church matters. The health may suffer through liver disorders and excesses.

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If there were no religion, if that vast sphere, out of which glow all the supereminent truths of the Bible, was a mere emptiness and void, yet, methinks, the very idea of Fatherland, the exceeding preciousness of the laws and liberties of a great people, would enkindle such a high and noble enthusiasm that all baser feelings would be consumed. Beecher.

A NOBLE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Quite unwillingly the Japs furnished most timely reasons for very joyous celebration yesterday of an important anniversary—the 169th for the United States Navy. By sending out so many units of her battle-fleet to engage the Americans early in the week, opportunity was afforded our eager blue-jackets and their officers to show their mettle and the capacity of the splendid ships which have been built to rid the seas of the Japs and their like.

The story of that event is now almost fully known throughout the world and was celebrated yesterday wherever the United States has fighting men and ships and wherever the veterans of Navy service gathered together, as they did in this city, to keep alive and bright the memories of comradeship in a great service and to pledge allegiance to the nation whose front line of defense the Navy always has been.

Today that front line of defense has become in the Pacific a front line of offense. Today that offensive force is the largest and the strongest navy that ever has moved upon the seas under one flag. Today that offensive force is giving assurance of victory in the Pacific. For the morrow it promises, as a police force, to maintain the peace worldwide for as many years and as long a time as the people of the world desire that blessing.

CHILDREN'S SUPERB PATRIOTIC WORK

The people of Allentown and Lehigh county well may be proud of the successful conclusion to the campaign to gather milkweed pods for the benefit of the armed services, a campaign to which thousands of children in the schools committed themselves and in which they exceeded all possible expectations.

Some of the individual figures are almost unbelievable. Thus one boy in the Raub Junior High school, this city, turned in 54,000 pods which, as any one can realize, represents a tremendous job.

After all, milkweed does not grow nor is it grown like wheat in a field. Its plants are scattered. It takes considerable travel to find the weed. There are many interruptions to the picking. Accordingly it must have taken the equivalent of many days for that one boy to gather so many pods unless he has been a reader of "Tom Sawyer" and from it applied the lesson of getting many others to help with a big job.

But it is the overall story rather than the single example that is impressive. The goal which had been set for Superintendent Farber to attain was repeatedly advanced in the course of the campaign because of the crying need for the floss. But every time the goal was advanced the children of Allentown and Lehigh county far exceeded it to give one of the finest demonstrations of patriotism that has been shown by our local civilian population during the war.

THE IDEAL CLUB FOR MEN

The Allentown Y. M. C. A. is in the course of its annual membership campaign and again a more than usually good opportunity is afforded by members to speak to others about the values of this institution and urge them to take advantage of the same.

True it is that thousands of the young men of the age to whom an institution like the Y makes especial appeal now are away on the fighting fronts. But it also is true that this situation prevailed last year and that as far as figures were concerned it made no difference in the 1943 campaign. So it can be expected that the current campaign is going to be another outstanding success and that many men not hitherto aligned with the organization will become members thereof.

There is little doubt that the Y has immediately ahead of it some of the greatest years of its work. When the thousands of service men return home they will possess a new sense of the value of this institution. They will have learned a great deal during their absence and will wish to be affiliated with the Y or with organizations that offer similar opportunities. Well may there be far-sighted preparation to welcome this eager home-coming group.

LOWLY RABBITS' LARGE CONTRIBUTION

In the course of the past few years and the restrictions upon the eating of meat thousands of people have continued the luxury of abundant meat for the table by turning to the lowly rabbit.

Allentonians through a large exhibition are being reminded this weekend of the successive practical and impractical developments in this matter of breeding of rabbits for fur and for food that have been part of the history of the community. It is recalled that outlandish claims and unsuccessful enterprises that rivaled the Mississippi Bubble for play upon gullible folks put the rabbit breeding business into some disrepute for a time. But it is also recalled that the exigencies of a war have brought the rabbit back to its proper place in wide appreciation and favor.

The breeders who have stuck to this business have seen their work justified for it is demonstrable that no meat animal will produce so much weight with a given amount of feed in such brief period of time as this little animal.

Nor should one think of the animal as small. Through the work of the breeders the size of this animal has been marvelously increased. And by the same token economy has been wonderfully served. It all has been a wonderful contribution to the war effort. Breeders like those of this vicinity who have stuck to their beliefs and faith through the years have done a war job that has been very useful and important.

Results of Naval Victory

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—Results of the great naval victory we have won in the Pacific may be summarized as follows:

First, the way has been opened to land American forces on the east coast of China whenever it is decided to set up bases for army planes there.

Second, the entire Netherlands East Indies area has been cut off from naval protection by Japan which means the ultimate loss to Japan of rubber, oil, and other natural resources essential to her war production.

Third, the entire Pacific ocean except the Sea of Japan is now in control of our fleet and the economic blockade of Japan can be intensively begun.

Fourth, American submarines will have bases nearer than ever before to the Sea of Japan and will prey on Japanese shipping and create new supply problems for the Japanese armies in China and Burma.

Fifth, the way is opened for a direct attack by sea on the main islands of Japan and her principal munitions centers which are close to the seaboard.

This does not mean that all this will be accomplished in a few weeks or months but it does mean that the war against Japan has been shortened considerably.

It means, too, that as soon as army airfields can be set up in the Philippines, our bombers will begin to ravage shipping in the China Sea and harass Japanese communications with China and Burma.

Occupation of the Philippines will take a long time. The mopping-up process will absorb men and materials and will not be easy. Heavy Japanese garrisons are located in many parts of the Philippine area.

The Japanese took a desperate gamble and lost. They thought to wipe out our naval forces which were protecting the landings in Leyte. They figured on moving through the narrow passages into the waters east of the Philippines and attacking Admiral Halsey's third fleet from the south while other big Japanese naval units came down from Formosa and the north.

But the American Navy was equal to the task. Not only did Admiral Halsey's fleet defeat the units from the north but also those in the south, which had emerged from the San Bernardino strait, while Admiral Kinkaid's ships actually annihilated a third segment of the Japanese Fleet in the waters west of the island of Leyte.

It was a striking example of coordination of air, sea and under-water weapons. Our submarines spotted the Jap Fleet in the China Sea and also laid in wait for the crippled Japanese units as they tried to escape back in the direction from which they came. Our airplanes fought all over the place and some of them never did get back to their carriers.

But our losses were comparatively light all around considering the size of the forces involved. It is believed that some of the crews from our planes came down in areas where friendly natives will help them.

As for surface ships, while we suffered some damage, it is reported that our casualties were surprisingly small. Most of the injury came from Japanese land-based craft, and it would have been much worse for us had not Admiral Halsey's aircraft carriers conducted a pretty thorough job of bombardment of Japanese airfields in Luzon in the several days before the MacArthur landings took place, and had not the Army Air Forces helped to cripple Jap airfields in Formosa.

The principal engagement, of course, was in the area where the big Halsey task force was operating east of the Philippines, though the smaller force under Admiral Kinkaid which had covered the landings of MacArthur's men in and around Leyte did a superb job in a night action of surface ships, the full details of which have not yet been disclosed, if indeed they have been received.

The work of our naval airplanes was spectacular but it must not be forgotten that in this battle we used submarines in larger numbers than ever before as a part of the combat operations and the submarines gave a magnificent account of themselves.

Every arm of the United States Navy had a part in the glorious battle which preserved for MacArthur's men the ground they gained by their brilliant work at Leyte. And when the whole story is told, the American people and especially the workers who made the ships, guns and planes can feel proud of the use that has just been made of the tools and weapons the Navy had at its disposal.

The battle of the Philippines will probably go down in history as the greatest naval engagement in modern history. The Japanese Navy was decisively beaten and the United States Navy controls every vital area in the biggest ocean in the world with the single exception of the Sea of Japan close by enemy shores.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE DISTORTION OF DISARMAMENT

The more I check on Mr. Roosevelt's Foreign Policy Assn. speech, the more ashamed I am that a President of the United States could so betray the facts of history. This speech was delivered to a non-partisan, educational association; not to the teamsters or tailors—unless they crowded the gallery and provided a claque. Yet, Mr. Roosevelt assumed that no one would check his statements.

The Foreign Policy Assn. owes it to its members to justify its use as a platform for such a distorted and historically inaccurate statement of the foreign relations of this country. General Frank McCoy, who presided, has had a notable career in the Philippines under General Leonard Wood and I know that General McCoy knows that Mr. Roosevelt's references to the Philippines and to Sino-Japanese relations and to American policy concerning them was not the whole truth. Those members of the Foreign Policy Assn. who are jealous of its reputation should institute an inquiry into the abuse of its reputation by its transformation into a political trickery.

Now for disarmament: This idea became fashionable after the last war. I was opposed to it then; I am opposed to it now. But it was fashionable and those who opposed it were called "Merchants of Death." Franklin D. Roosevelt, on the record, favored disarmament. The Foreign Policy Assn. favored disarmament. I debated the subject at meetings under the auspices of the Foreign Policy Assn. and always found the audience antagonistic to my point of view.

Mr. Roosevelt, in his Saturday night speech, blamed the reduction of our fleet upon the Republicans, ignoring the fact that that reduction was the result of the Washington and London Conferences whose decisions were incorporated in treaties, ratified by the Senate and supported throughout his career by Mr. Roosevelt as I can show by voluminous quotations from his State Papers.

Platform Comparison

The Democratic Platform of 1924: "We demand a strict and sweeping reduction of armaments by land and sea, so that there shall be no competitive military program or naval building. Until international agreements to this end have been made, we advocate an Army and Navy adequate for our national safety. Our Government should secure a joint agreement with all nations for world disarmament and also for a referendum of war, except in case of actual or threatened attack. Those who must furnish the blood and bear the burdens imposed by war should, whenever possible, be consulted before this supreme sacrifice is required of them."

This has been the guiding principle of the Democratic party since then. The Republican party, in the same year, stated as follows in its platform:

"The first conference of great powers in Washington, called by President Harding, accomplished the limitation of armament and the readjustment of the relations of the powers interested in the Far East. The conference resulted in an agreement to reduce armaments, relieve the nations involved from the great burdens of taxation arising from the competitive construction and manufacture of capital battleships . . ."

The American delegation to the Washington Conference contained Democratic representation, the delegates being, Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes, Elihu Root, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and Senator Oscar W. Underwood, the Democratic leader.

Mr. Roosevelt adhered rigidly to the doctrine of disarmament—so rigidly that in his 1941 report, General Marshall said:

"As an army we were ineffective. Our equipment, modern at the conclusion of the world war, was now in a large measure obsolescent."

The Secretary of War said in his 1941 report:

"In almost all other respects than plans, the situation in 1940 was immeasurably worse than in 1917. Under the best of circumstances it takes substantially two years for a peaceful democracy to transform its peacetime industrial organization to a war basis and to begin the full volume of its production of heavy weapons necessary for its defense."

But—Mr. Roosevelt had been President since 1933. He had spent billions—he and Harry Hopkins—on boondoggling. Why did he not spend those billions on the national defense? He needs to answer that truthfully.

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South Africa has branded as the world's meanest wartime thief the person who stole 250 checks from the Governor General's National War Fund office in Johannesburg.

Boys of 18 are being trained in Northern England to be firemen of pilot railway engines, and many of them shovel 1½ tons of coal a day.



REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY. Proceedings and Addresses at at **Its Fiftieth Anniversary, Lancaster, Pa., October 17, 1941.** VOL. L. Published by the Society, 1944.

This most recent publication of the Pennsylvania German Society will be welcomed by its many members and friends. It is no mean achievement for any organization to have maintained itself through half a century and to have published 50 volumes of Proceedings, among which are many works that will remain of great value for future historians and genealogists.

This fiftieth volume is introduced by a frontispiece cut of the 1779 Almanac compiled by David Rittenhouse and printed in German by Francis Bailey of Lancaster, upon which the winged figure of Fame trumpets forth to the world that George Washington (thus) is **Des Landes Vater,** believed to be the first expression of the now nationally beloved phrase "The Father of his Country". This volume also contains the address of Henry S. Borneman, president of the Pennsylvania German Society, made upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Society, at Lancaster on October 17, 1941.

However, the major portion of this volume is given over to: PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FOLK TALES, LEGENDS, ONCE-UPON-A-TIME STORIES, MAXIMS, AND SAYINGS, SPOKEN IN THE DIALECT POPULARLY KNOWN AS PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH. Collected, Translated, and Edited by Rev. Thomas R. Brendle and William S. Troxell. — It would be difficult to find two men in a better or more advantageous position to make such a collection. These tales, taking up 238 pages, offer a veritable mine of quaint lore and interesting information. This material, so zealously gathered, is offered under the following rubrics: Long Ago, Plant Legends, The Hidden Treasure, Persons Who Sold Themselves to the Devil, Stories of Special Days, Proverbs, Place Names, Making a Choice Things That Couldn't Move, The Stupid Swabians, Spirits of the Countryside, Brauche and Hexe, Eileschpijjel, Olla-Podrida, and "Parre" Stories.

Students of literature and folklore, as well as of psychology, would have been grateful to the well-equipped editors for a consideration of the origins of this vast material, which they have so carefully collected and catalogued. Various problems present themselves. Which of these tales are part and parcel of that general stock of **Volksmaerchen** which the world knows through the Grimm Brothers and other collectors? And which ones sprang from the soil of the New World? If our ancestors have brought them with them from the homeland, what changes have they undergone here? Have they diminished in content and quality, or have they received new local color and added phantasy?

Mr. Borneman in his Introduction points out that this volume is in a sense dedicated to Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. They also collected tales. In fact some of our P.G. tales are the same ones that the Grimm Brothers found and included in their famous **Kinder- und Hausmaerchen** in 1812 and 1814, long after the German migrations to eastern Pennsylvania had ceased. Were such tales a part of the oral stock brought from the homeland, or were they brought by later 19th century immigrants?

In this connection it is interesting to observe that there is only one story identified with Baron von Muenchhausen (1720-1797). Why? The Pennsylvania Germans certainly like their tall stories. The Hanoverian Baron's stories were collected and published in England by the German schoolmaster R. E. Raspe in 1785 and translated and enlarged by the German poet Gottfried Buerger in 1786, hence also at a time when German emigrations to Pennsylvania had wellnigh ceased.

Some, it would seem, have been far removed from their origins among which we might cite The White Horse. Those of us who remember the Rhenish city of Colog e of former days may recall seeing the heads of two white horses so placed that they appear to be looking out from the upper story of a house on the Neumarkt. They had been placed there to commemorate the miraculous awakening from a trance of Richmodis, wife of the Knight Mengis von Aducht. Her husband believed her dead and lost to him forever, and had her laid into the tomb. In his despair he declared he would sooner believe that his horses could ascend to the attic of his house than that his wife would ever again return from the tomb. But scarcely had he spoken these words when the heads of his horses were seen looking from the upper window. Here is a charming medieval story bearing witness to the mystic value of faith, or the effects of the lack of it, associated with the city of Cologne, which our editors found retold in the 20th century in Lehighton, Pa. It is refreshing to hear one of our raconteurs in the dialect give a story a local habitation and the vividness of yesterday which is hoary with age and which continues to be told in the Palatinate today.

The origins of such themes as those of The Eternal Hunter, The Galloping Horses and The Spirit Horseman would perhaps have to be sought in pre-Christian times, when the Germanic gods Woden and Donar rode the storms and hurled the thunderbolts.

Of the interesting plant legends our editors inform us that most of them are of European origin. In this connection the writer was impressed with the charming dialect name for Speedwell, namely "Ehr un preis", a plant that one should honor and praise, a name which was apparently a corruption of the German botanical name **Ehrenpreis,** with a somewhat different connotation.

Why is there such a large number of stories attached to the name of Eileschpiggel? Like so many stories attributed to Lincoln, some are no doubt apocryphal. Why are our dialect ones so much shorter, sometimes reduced to mere sayings and proverbs, while the German ones are much longer? Do they only illustrate the sly humor, but overlook the crude but deepseeing satire which gave Till Eulenspiegel (Till Owlglass) his name in the first place: he who holds up the mirror to man's follies and foibles with wisdom, the wisdom of the owl?

It is only when we come to the group "How Places Received Their Names", Indian stories, tales which have to do with peculiar traits of the Pennsylvania Germans, or "Parre" stories, that we feel more certain of dealing with stories which had their genesis here in Pennsylvania.

Those who read and speak our dialect will regret that this notable collection was presented in English. It would have been of inestimably greater value if it had been published in the dialect, or perhaps with a parallel English translation, although this might have made the publication at this time prohibitive. The editors have in footnotes given unusual words and phrases in the dialect and state that they have followed Lambert's Dictionary in the spelling, a good intention not consistently executed. In their rendition of these tales into the English the editors have endeavored to preserve the spirit and form of the originals, and yet those who know and love the dialect will sense that a glory has departed from them. In this instance Tom Moore's verses would hardly apply:

Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—ED.

MUGTOWN RIESCHTER

vum

ASTOR C. WUCHTER

Ich waar doyetz beim Yohli drin,
Wie ich in Mugtown waar;
Er iss der same alt Yohli noch—
Sei Gleiches, des iss raar.
Er hot mer hie un haer verzaehlt,
Wie's dart in Mugtown geht;
Ich hab mer dael noh hiegemerkt,
So wie's do unne schteht.

"In Mugtown guckt's dann huddlich aus,
So wie mer sicht un heert;
'S iss alles aus de Fuge do,
Die Welt iss gans verkehrt.
Of course, die Sunn geht maryets uf
As wie in Adams Zeit,
Un's Wasser laaft de Kricke noh,
Wu's Land am nidd'rischt leit.

"Der Himmel guckt so schee un blo,
Die Schterne sin so hell,
Mer meent es kennt net weit meh sei
Bis an die Himmelsschwell.
'S iss alles recht un schee am Platz,
So wie's am Aafang waar,
Except der Mensch, der will net recht
Ins G'schaerr—'s iss wunnerbaar.

"Schun dreissich Yohr iss Kaerrich do,
Mit Kunscht un grosser Mieh;
Die Lut'risch Seit, die Refermiert,
Un newebel M. E.
Do meent mer sott am Krischtendum
Gewiss ken Mangel sei;
'S hett yeders lengscht sei Pletzel dart
Bei eens vun denne drei.

"Un doch hot's deel, die wolle net,
Wie'm Kaschper-Kling sei Gens,
Sie gucke 's so vun weitem aa,
Wie Krappe uf der Fens.
'Des Kaerrichegeh' hot eener g'saat,
Des hawwich uf em Schtrich;
Schier liewer unne Duwack, ya,
'S iss nichs dart drin far mich'.

"Un dann iss noch die Sunndaagsschul,
Die geht so schtetich fart,
Wu Yung un Alt noch lerne kann
Am scheene Gotteswart;
'S hot deel die schticke gut dezu,
Deel meene: 'Was macht's aus';
Deel tschumpe mit de Absetz druf
Un mache driwwer naus.

"Der wiedich 'Jim' waar geschter do—
Du weesscht yo wie er iss—
Noh happent's as der Parre schtoppt
Far zu der granke Liz.
Noh holt er eens vum Owwerdenn:
'Dart geht so'n Hippocrit,
Zum Deiwel mit so Paffeschtofft,
Wann ich 's zu duh hett, Git!'

"'S iss graad wie's heesst, 'Viel Kepp, Viel Sinn',
Un, yeders nooch seim Leischt;
Sie glaawe an ken Herrgott meh,
Un wann'd's beweise daetscht.
Dart sin sie lengscht schun driwwer draus,
Sell dutt ne nimmi weh;
Es nemmt en scharfi Ax, bei Henk!
En Gumme, weescht, iss zaeh.

"So 'Gumme', ya, Silfanus, ya,
Ken zaeher Hols do rum,
Abaddich wann't mol ausgedarrt—
Es biegt en Ax yo um!
Wer dart sei Kunscht browiere will,
Grickt Blodere in die Hend;
Un 's gebt doch nichs verschtennich draus—
'S bleibt Gumme bis ans End.

"'S nemmt allerhand so Menschescht offt',
Saagt als der Aliram Lies,
'Far'n Welt zu mache, ya, bei Dasht!
Schunscht waer's yo'n Paradies'.
Drum hen so viel am Krischtendum
Ken Luschte un ken Freed,
Except far schee begrawwe sei,
Wann's mol ans Schtarwe geht.

"Bei George! sie hocke net deheem
Un gucke noch der Uhr,
Sie hen so ihre Zammelauf—
Es treibt sie wie die Ruhr.
So gleich un gleich iss gaern debei,
Wu's luschtich haregeht,
Wann eischt 'n Schlip iss, sin sie dart,
Eb's reggert odder schneet.

"'S hot immer deel so doppel dart,
Wu schunscht net willkomm sin,
As wie am 'Schteebock', iss aa nichs
Vun Glory weiters drin.
'S gebt Dummheit un so Deiwelschtreech,
Noh lacht mer sich schier krumm—
Ken Wunner iss des Kaerrichegeh
So Haschpel viel zu dumm.

"Wie's heesst, waerd aa in Schtocks ge-dealed
Uf Monte Carlo Schtyle,
Mit rot un schwarz—bei Gosh! es ziegt
Wie zwee un fufzich Geil.
Ich kann des Ding net recht verschteh
Was all der Diff'rence macht—
Ee Preddich macht 'ne 's loch weh,
Dart g'fallt's ne'n gansi Nacht.

"Die Fun gebt's, wann die Brieder als
So'n Pow-wow Meeting hen;
'S brecht ewwe los so dann un wann—
Die Sau will aus der Ben.
Noh waerd getrunke, hands all round,
Die Schtellboard druf far Glick;
'S laaft in der Kessel, gliedich heess,
'S nemmt yuscht so'n Aageblick.

"Wann noh die Saft am schteige iss,
Wie Friehyohrs in de Baem,
Noh fiehle sie wie'n Millionaire,
Guckt's aa verlumpt deheem.
Noh waerd gedolmetscht, rechts un links,
Iss Kopp un Schwanz verdreht;
Sie schlecke nanner's Maul noch ab,
As nichs verlore geht.

"'S iss philosophisch dief, so'n G'schpraech,
Was hot's en Fundament!
Es schwebt wie Newwel in der Luft,
Vun Gott un Welt getrennt.
Schier liewer'n Woch im Lock-up, gosh!
Gans mutterseelich'lee,
Wie'n Daag in so 're Kumpanie—
O yammerlot! O ye!

"Die Mugtown Herrschaft, so wie's scheint,
Waerd selwer krank devun;
'S macht Kopp un Ohre doll un daab,
'S geht ewwe Schtun far Schtun
Drum hen sie ebbes Neies uf—
So'n Coney Island Fad,
'S iss ebbes Neies, awwer's kummt
Vum seeme alte 'Dad.'

"'S hot ebber sich am Kopp gegratzt,
Noh schiesst's uf emol ei:
'Bei Henk! en Clam-bake waer net schlecht,
'S iss immer G'schpass debei;
Der Deiwel hol die Sunndaags Law,
'S geht all wie an 're Leicht;
'S letscht muss noch Crepe ums ganse Haus
Un Signs uf: 'Buwe, schleicht'.

"En Clam-bake! ya, uf Sunndaags noch!
Gans Mugtown schwetzt devun;
'S iss advertised 'Im Gillerie Busch,
Dart iwwer's Kiddels Run'.
'S iss eigericht mit Sitz un Benk,
'S iss alles unner Dach;
Un's hot aa plenty Hecke dart
Far Owets—Hans am Bach!

"Die 'Bill of fare'? Zwee Fesser Clams,
Un Chicken a-la-mode;
So Beef in Cans, un ditto, Fish,
Un Peffer, Salz un Brod;
Gans frischer Mustard, Schweizer Kaes,
Un anner Kondiment;
So Schnickelfritz un wie mer's all
Mit deitsche Naame nennt.

"Noh kummt noch des 'et cetera',
Wu's drucke Feier lescht;
'S hett Wasser dart ins Kiddels Run
Un waer gewiss aa 's bescht;
Der Druwwel iss, mit sellem waer
Der Maage gans verschwaecht;
So schtarki Koscht macht ewwe Hitz,
'S nemmt ebbes, as sie brecht.

"Sell 'cetera', bei Cracky! weesscht,
Ziegt's Premium doch am End;
Die Sunndaags Law un 's Gottesrecht
Grickt dart eens neigebrennt.
'S iss immer 'n Weg, wu 'n Wille iss,
Far um der Schtumpe rum;
Wann's glickt—ums iwwrich gebt der Nick
Ken Continental drum.

"Bei Gosh! net alle Rotznaas laaft
So schtolprich darte nei;
Ee Daaler fufzich, vanne naus,
Well! noh iss alles frei.
Sell geht en Schtaffel besser noch,
As wie im Paradies;
'S waar deel verbotte, awwer do
Heesst's: 'Go it as you please'.

"Wie's guckt, waerd's voll im Gillerie Busch,
Un's gebt en grossi Zeit;
Deel kumme scheint's vun weitem bei,
So ebbes riecht mer weit.
'S geht schier as wann en Gaul druf-schnappt
Un schleift en naus ufs Feld;
Was fliegt's mit Buzzards in der Luft—
Do kummt's net aa ufs Geld.

"Wie's auslaaft, sehnt mer iwwerdem,
'S kummt viel uf Mugtown aa;
Wann des die 'second fiddle' schpielt,
Geht's Hoor un Baschte draa.
Ich wunner was es gewwe daet,
Waer gaar ken Schparr am Raad;
'S gingt alles in der Abgrund nei—
'S waer 'n rechti Deiwelsgnaad.

"Nee! Nee! der will ken Molkesupp,
Er gleicht der Raahm un Schpeck;
Iss eischt en Chance, saag, schreib sell hie!
Dann nemmt er 's vanne weg.
Bei deel iss noch's Gewisse gut,
Bei deel guckt's loddrich aus;
Wer sei Karakter hewe will,
Geht's bescht ins Gotteshaus."—

Do hot der Yohli endlich g'schtoppt,
Un hot sich's Ohr gekratzt,
Un schpaut dart uf die Ledderschpee
Im Eck dart, as es blatzt.
Ich hab noh widder fattgemisst,
Un geb em dann good-bye:
"Uf naechscht mol, Yoli, mach's recht gut,
Ich kumm ball widder rei."—

"Good-bye, Silfanus, mach's net lang,
Du haltscht mich gar net uf—
Saag! wann der Joe sehnscht, saag em, witt,
Die Rieschter waere druf!"—
"Die Mugtown Rieschter?"—"Nee, bei Dash!
Dart bin ich net debei;
Deel duhne yo die Schlippers aa
Un gehn zum 'Schteebock' nei."

Deaths of a Day

HARRY E. SMITH

Harry E. Smith, 78, who has been residing recently at the home of a daughter, 845 5th St., Fullerton, died of a stroke yesterday morning in Sacred Heart hospital here.

Mr. Smith, who had been ill only a week, was a cement finisher at Fullerton and a member of St. John's Lutheran church there. He had lived in Fullerton for 25 years.

He was the husband of the late Mattie E., nee Kresge, and survived by the following relatives: Lewis A. Smith of Allentown R. 3, a son; Mrs. Alice Snyder and Mrs. George Pell of Fullerton, and Mrs. Clinton Haas of Allentown, all daughters; ten grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

ANTHONY J. ZURICK

Anthony J. Zurick, 59, 511 Second Ave., Bethlehem, died at 10:30 p. m. Thursday in the St. Luke's Medical Center, Philadelphia, where he was a patient.

Born in Budapest, Hungary, Oct. 21, 1885, he was a son of the late Frank and Sophia Covalcik Zurick, and had been a resident of Bethlehem the past 46 years.

Survivors are the wife, Susan Schilling Zurick; a daughter, Mrs. Paul Huska, Bethlehem; three brothers, Joseph Zurick, Trenton, N. J.; John, and Charles Zurick, Bethlehem; a sister, Mrs. Joseph Beltch, Hellertown; a grandson, Paul Anthony Huska.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, Dr. Corson C. Snyder officiating. Interment in Memorial Park.

WILLIAM F. STROHM

William F. Strohm, 68, of 563 Broad St., Emmaus, died Thursday night at the Allentown hospital. Two years ago yesterday his only child, Mrs. Verna Stephen, died. He had been in ill health for a number of months and had been a patient at the hospital for the last 30 days.

Born in Richland township, Bucks county, he was the son of the late William R. and Sarah (nee Hockman) Strohm.

A carpenter by trade, he was a member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Emmaus Patriotic Relief Assn., Emmaus Fire Co. No. 1 and the Unami Fish and Game Assn.

His wife, Louisa R., nee Schaffer, Strohm, is his only survivor.

Rev. D. D. Kistler of Coopersburg will officiate at services to be held from the late home on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment in Northwood cemetery.

WILLIAM STROHL

William Strohl of 1112 E. 3rd St., Bethlehem, died suddenly yesterday morning at his home. Dr. David F. Bachman, Northampton county coroner, attributed his death to a coronary heart attack. He was 82 years old.

Strohl had conducted a grocery on E. 3rd St. for many years. Two sons survive.

JOHN HOLETZ

John Holetz, 66, of 17 S. 2nd St., Coplay, died at 11:30 p. m. Thursday night at the Sacred Heart hospital.

He came to this country from Europe fifty years ago and for 33 years was a packer for the Universal Atlas Cement plant, retiring eighteen months ago.

The only survivor is a son, Charles Holetz, in the U. S. Navy.

Mr. Holetz was a member of St. Peter's Catholic church, Coplay, and of the Holy Name Society of the parish.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington St., Northampton. Requiem mass will be offered at 9 a. m. in St. Peter's church, Coplay, by Rev. J. J. Ostheimer. Interment will be in the parish cemetery.

MRS. IDA RITTER

An attack of illness with which she was stricken several months ago caused the death at 10:10 a. m. yesterday of Mrs. Ida Ritter at her home at 826 Walnut St.

Mrs. Ritter, a member of Christ Lutheran church, was the wife of Nathan J. Ritter and a daughter of the late George W. and Senia Newhard Kleckner. Born in Egypt, she resided in Allentown the greater part of her life.

She leaves her husband, a daughter, Esther, the wife of Martin L. Semmel of Brooklyn, and a brother, Percy Kleckner of Allentown.

Services will be held Monday at 10:30 a. m. at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., followed by interment in Greenwood cemetery.

MRS. MARY G. HENRY

Mrs. Mary G., nee Henry, Zeigler, widow of James H. Ziegler of Pennsburg R. D., died Friday at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Zeigler of Conshohocken in her 79th year.

Born in Philadelphia, she was a daughter of the late Charles and Sarah, nee Gerhart, Henry. She was a member of the Mennonite church of Finland.

Survivors are seven sons, Russell and George of Conshohocken; Maurice and Clarence, Lansdale; Lloyd, Ambler; Joseph, Colmar; Theodore, East Greenville, and 11 grandchildren.

All services will be held in the Mennonite church, Finland, on Monday at 2 p. m. with Pastor Claude Shisler officiating. Interment in St. Paul's Lutheran cemetery, Red Hill.

OSCAR RAMER

Oscar Ramer, 4th St., Hokendauqua, died shortly before noon yesterday in Allentown where he had been hospitalized for two weeks following illness for some time. He was in his 76th year.

Son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Eli Ramer, Mr. Ramer was a cement worker. His wife, Louisa, nee Millheim, preceded him in death, as did a son, in infancy. He was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Mickleys.

Surviving him are two sons, David Ramer of Allentown in the Seabees and Oscar of Hokendauqua, and two daughters, Mamie, wife of Russell Newhard of Bethlehem and Eva Starr of Norristown. There survive also a brother, William of Parryville, and six grandchildren.

MRS. QUEENA E. TRAPP

Mrs. Queena E. Trapp of 230 E. Walnut St., widow of Albert G. Trapp, died at 6:45 a. m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital. She was 69 years old.

Born in Upper Milford township, she was the daughter of the late Alfred and Susanna M., nee Ohl, Schantzenbach. She had celebrated her 69th birthday Sept. 28.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Paul L. Schaeffer, Allentown; one son, Samuel, Bethlehem; two grandchildren; six brothers, Herbert, Charles, Raymond and Harry, Emmaus, and Oliver and Blair, Limeport; and two sisters, Mrs. Maude Kline and Mrs. William Kreiss, both of this city.

One-Minute Test

1. What is General Eisenhower's first name?
2. What is Lieutenant General Bradley's given name,
3. What is Lieutenant General Spaatz's first name?

Hints on Etiquette

Family problems should not be discussed with friends, as a general thing.

One-Minute Test Answers

1. Dwight David.
2. Omar Nelson.
3. Carl.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Nei Yarrick G'shpichta

Die ledshd woch wor 'm Macungie poshtmaishder Frank Neumeyer sei fraw de Helen, 'm Clyde Huber sei fraw die Naomi, un die Irene Bachman, ol fon Macungie niver noch Nei Yarrick fer 'n gutie tzeit. 'S wor gatzaitt die Marie Beidler Kratz, anie fon ihra korta shpieler freind sot aw mit gae, ow'r but noh gadroffa os der gross Beidlers Department shtore woh die Marie helft runna, sei gawainlichie shpote yohrs klearance sale kotta hut fon mushkeeter netting, tanglefoot, un micka britcha, un die Marie hut dahame bleiva missa ihrm Pop John helfa ob worta hinnich 'm kounter.

Eb sie dahame fert sin by train hen die drei weibsleit, die Helen, die Naomi, un die Irene ous gamocht fer yoh nix duh won sie niver noch Nei Yarrick kaimta os sie weck gaibt os sie fom lond weara. Fer 'n weil is allas gute gonga wie sie niver kumma sin, bis es ainra ei kumma is, sie dade wunnerra woh ol die leit os in sella hocha gabeier wohna dada, ihra wesh drickla dada, glei hen sie tzu drit uf 'm payment g'shtonna un on da hocha gabeier nuf gaguck'd, gucka fer washlina. Dadarrich hen ol um sie rum grawd gawist fon woh sie bei kumma sin.

'S nagshd os wor sin sie noh noch Radio City kumma un hen ous gamocht fer nei gae sehna wies har gang'

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

This is my sure, my very firm belief:
That life, to one born whole, is worth the living,
Well worth the taking, having, and the giving.
Hall.

ANTWERP TO AID WAR'S TEMPO

Slowing up, as far as movement has been concerned, of the war in western Europe has been attributed not only to the strength of the Siegfried Line and the desire of the American commanders to achieve advance with the lowest possible losses but also to the lengthening lines of supply upon which the Allied forces in Europe must depend.

Whereas the Nazis' lines of supplies and communications have been shortened with every mile of retreat and Hitler now can use his excellent military highways to the best advantage, our Allied leaders increase the length and difficulties of their lines of supplies with every mile that is advanced. Accordingly the imminent fall of all the forces which have been blocking the approaches to the city of Antwerp is one of the best bits of news and one of the most important too for the Allied war strategy.

The Allies have desired Antwerp because it is one of the great harbors of the world and because, when it can be gained without delays of any sort it will reduce the lines of supply to the Allied troops facing the Siegfried Line by hundreds of miles. In fact, Antwerp is right at the back door of Germany. Once it has been cleared completely and prepared for the reception of shipping, all our demands upon a port can be satisfied no matter how great the war. Antwerp is big enough to handle anything that can be sent to it. Antwerp will be more important for our cause than Cherbourg not only because it is so much larger but also because it is so much closer to the battle fronts.

With the clearing of Antwerp greater speed in the progress of the war in Europe can be expected. This it can be expected even though the winter is near at hand.

GERMANY'S DWINDLING OIL SOURCES

For a number of weeks German resistance in the air to the movement of American and British air forces has been practically nil. Fleets of bombers and fighters numbering several thousand have gone over Europe daily and while they have encountered plenty of flak they have reported a scarcity of German planes and pilots.

As if they had been conserving their strength for a huge defense, the Germans on Thursday rose in clouds when the Americans arrived over Merseburg to lay bombs upon the big synthetic oil industry that has been operating in that city—one of the last sources of German oil supply.

It is not recorded how many German planes rose to meet the Americans but our flyers' reports indicate the number was about 500 and that of these 208 never will rise again.

The Germans made a stand to defend a plant that has been producing 50,000 tons of petroleum products a month or more than half a million tons per year. Illy can they afford to lose this source of oil, especially since they have been cut off completely from the Romanian fields and systematic pounding has been administered to just about all her synthetic plants. Just how seriously the Allies are pinching the Germans as to oil is indicated by the fact that whereas they did not throw their precious air reserves into battle to save Aachen and are leaving Cologne to its fate, the attack upon the oil plant at Merseburg had to be prevented, if possible, at any and all costs.

BETTER ROAD MARKING FOR FOGS

Three successive nights and forenoons of just about as dense fogs as this community ever has experienced direct attention again to the general absence of white stripes upon the principal highways as guides for traffic.

For many hours during each of the past three days traffic has been slowed almost to a standstill and while there have been no accidents to speak of, the marvel is that nothing serious has occurred.

Nothing of course can be done about the fog. It comes and it goes. It may be dense at some places and be absent entirely just a few yards away. Driving through it is hazardous and motorists do so with the greatest care. But driving can be made easier and less nerve-wracking for motorists if traffic lanes be marked. This is especially true as to the highway between Allentown and Emmaus—a course that has been probably the most fog-ridden road in this entire section in all the years that there has been traffic between the two communities.

Motorists will bless the State Highway Department when that road is made a model one against the hazards and inconveniences of fog.

NOTHING FAILS LIKE FAILURE

American newspapermen rode into the little German town of Roetgen, fifteen miles south of Aachen, and apparently having not much else to do decided to interview the people of the town and learn what German civilians are thinking about the war now that the shoe of suffering is on the German foot.

The newspapermen found that to the town's normal population of about 2400 souls had been added many citizens of Aachen who had fled from their homes. They found that the population consisted almost entirely of old folks and children and that practically every youth had gone into the army or some other organization.

Interviewing the adults of middle and advanced age, the newspapermen learned rather to their surprise that the German civilians now are very bitter against Hitler—because he is losing the war. They were not angry with him because he started the war. Nor did it appear that they were angry about his anti-Semitism. They merely were angry because it had overreached itself and had apparently contributed to their losing the war.

There is a key here to the door into the German heart. Through years of education and militarism the Germans have come to believe in conquest and to believe in the master race. They were committed to a program of conquest and welcomed the man who would lead them into it. As long as things went well, they approved him highly. When things went bad and they had to flee their homes and see their walls tumble into ruins, then Mr. Hitler was like the home-run champion who, with three men on base and two down, strikes out and gets nothing but boos from the baseball fans who previously raved about him.

FOOT-SOLDIERS MUST FINISH THE WAR

One no longer hears the preposterous claims that the war is going to be won by air power. Time was when we were wont to believe that if and when we could put thousands of planes over Germany every day and night that her people must perforce collapse under the rubble of her toppling cities and tottering industries.

The situation toward which Allied strategists have worked since the beginning of the war has virtually been attained. On Sunday more than 2500 Allied bombers flew over the most vital German areas from the standpoint of industrial production and rained destruction upon key German industries and transportation points. It can be assumed that the Germans have surrounded these with all the protection that can be accorded. But in spite of all the anti-aircraft fire and all the planes that could be mustered every one of the 2500 planes returned home in safety.

Repeatedly vast Allied air forces return home after minor loss or no loss at all. More and more our aviators are having their way over Europe. But the Germans are not folding up.

There is growing realization that this war, like other wars, will have to be ended by the foot-soldier. The aviator will have to prepare the way far ahead and the artillery will have to blast the path near at hand, but the slogging foot-soldier has got to be the mop-up man, the military force that clinches the nail after it has been driven.

National Trends

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—In order to understand the various polls now being made to determine in advance the outcome of the Presidential election, it is important to explain just what is meant by the oft-repeated reference to the "trend."

Those who have studied and analyzed election returns through many decades have observed that, while sectionalism occasionally plays a part in determining the outcome of an election, there is a definite trend nationally for or against the political party in power, and this trend starts usually from two to four years after one party's success and sometimes reaches its climax quickly, and on other occasions takes a good many years before it reaches its peak.

The usual tip-off to a possible change in the Presidency has been the appearance of a definite trend against the party in power as reflected in Congressional elections. The trend, for instance, against Wilson set in before World War I ended, as he lost both houses of Congress to the Republicans in 1918.

There was a definite trend toward the Republican party in the 20's which reached its peak with the election of Herbert Hoover in 1928, and then the curve went downward with the heavy loss of Republican seats in the Congressional elections in 1930 and finally with the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932. Thus, the Republican trend was reversed within a period of four years.

But in 1936 the trend toward the Democratic party had not stopped growing, and Mr. Roosevelt was able in his first re-election campaign to win even greater majorities than in his 1932 election. The first sign of a trend away from the Democratic administration came in 1938, when the Republicans made substantial increases in their membership in Congress. While 1940 was regarded, after the electoral votes were tabulated, as a landslide for Mr. Roosevelt, it actually was a close election in many pivotal states and showed a downward trend away from the Democratic party.

That same trend was manifested in the 1942 Congressional elections when the Republicans again increased their strength, and there are evidences that the trend continued in 1943 and 1944 in various state elections and in elections to fill vacancies in Congress.

A significant way to evaluate the "trend" is to list each of those states which gave Mr. Roosevelt 54 per cent or less in 1940. Take, for instance, Colorado which gave Mr. Roosevelt 61.9 per cent of its total vote in 1936, but in 1940 gave him only 48.7 per cent—a drop of more than 13 points. A glance at the percentage table shows that Mr. Roosevelt, surprisingly enough, lost points in every one of the northern states with the exception of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, and the absence of a loss in those three states is believed to have been due to a counter-trend stimulated by a whispering campaign in the last few weeks, concerning Willkie's German extraction.

These losses of points on the Roosevelt vote in all northern states were so considerable that if Mr. Roosevelt now loses only four points from his 1940 strength in states where he had 54 per cent of the total vote, he would lose the election this year, whereas if he retains his 1940 strength in the states where he had 54 per cent of the total vote or below, he would be elected.

Here is the list of the states which in 1940 revealed 54 per cent or less of their total vote for Mr. Roosevelt: Wyomining, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine.

This bloc of states would bring 308 electoral votes to Governor Dewey. In other words, a trend away from the Democrats of only four points as against the 1940 percentages would assure the election of Governor Dewey.

If, however, 53 per cent is taken as the dividing line and all states below that figure are carried by Dewey, the Republicans would have only 245 electoral votes. In other words, practically all the states which showed 54 per cent or less for Roosevelt in 1940 must be found in the Republican electoral column this time for Mr. Dewey to win.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

POLLS, BETS AND VOTES

The American does not vote as a class, a group, a majority, a minority, a party or a gang. The American votes as an individual. One man casts one vote. He is alone when he does it—alone with his God and his conscience. He is performing a political function as hallowed as a religious sacrament.

He should not vote for the one who is to win or lose. He should not be influenced by polls or bets or any consideration save his own beliefs, his own faith, his own conscience. The American who votes because a group told him to vote that way is a traitor to the American concept of representative government. The American who votes for a candidate because he is likely to win is forfeiting his heritage of freedom. Nothing but belief and conscience should measure a man's decision in an American election.

The other night, I overheard a well-known American author say that he could write a book on the workings of the fascist mind. But what he was really referring to was the American rejection in a campaign of the theory that one American is better than another on election day. On that holy day of the American republic, Mr. Roosevelt is not President of the United States; Mr. Dewey is not Governor of New York State. On that day, they are two American citizens, standing abjectly before the citizens, for scrutiny and decision. One is to be elevated to significance under the Constitution; the other to his fate in history; neither to leadership, dictatorship, power, glory. Either is selected for specific tasks which involve responsibilities and accountability but not power. Power is in the individual American—primary power, sovereign power to choose or to dismiss, to elect or to defeat.

A Republican, in 1932, I voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt; in 1936, for Alf Landon; in 1940, for Roger Babson. In 1944, I shall vote for Tom Dewey. I decline to be bound by party. I vote as a free American citizen as God gives me to see the right. In 1940, I could not oppose Roosevelt and vote for Willkie. All the objections to Roosevelt were equal objections to Willkie from my point of view. Had Willkie been nominated by the Republicans in 1944, I should, I am certain, have voted for Norman Thomas. But I would have voted and voted for some one. I would have faced the decision which I am obligated to make as long as I am an American citizen and live where voting is possible.

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SCHPOTYOHR

Nau iss des Schpotyohr an der Dier,
mit Gold un rote Bletter;
'S iss alles schee im Feld un Busch,
hen wunnerschee fei Wetter.
Awwer iwwerdem geht's annerscht haer,
der Wind waerd kalt—o ye!
Mer muss sich schtrecke noch der Deck,
die Welt iss weiss mit Schnee.

Fersante fliege iwwers Feld,
sie gackse, sin so haerrlich;
In scheene Feddere uffgedresst,
so alle Sarte faerwich.
Die Haase hupse um die Baem,
die Eppel duhne sie fresse;
Wisse net ass en Schiessmann kummt,
zidder letscht Yohr hen's vergesse.

Ihre Schweschtre un ihre Brieder,
warre oftmols g'fange un g'schosse;
Die Hunde hen sie rumgeyaagt,
hen sie net ruhe losse.
Fersante hen sie aa rumg'schpurt,
so viel, mer kennt's net messe;
Hen sie maryets dotgemacht,
un Owets die Leit sie gesse.

Es Welschkarn waar als grie un hoch,
die Kolwe weech un siess;
Un nau iss alles uffgedaerrt,
macht Hinkel- un Geilsgemies.
Die Eechhaase schpringe uff de Baem,
sie misse dabber dummele
Far Niss zu sammele far den Winter,
noh hen sie nichs zu grummele.

Im Gaarde bei de Dallions
suche die Katze far en Meisel;
Ich lock ihne oft, sie heere net,
kumme net ans Heisel.
Awwer wann der Wind mol recht kalt blost,
der Schnee dief an der Scheier,
Dann sin sie froh ins Haus zu kumme,
zu hocke bei mir am Feier.

Die Bisskatze laafe aa do rum,
sie schtinke wie ebbes dot;
Doch mache sie far en Weibsmensch,
so en scheener Wintercoat.
Mei Hundel blafft, er tschumpt do rum,
es scheint er iss am Dans;
Kummt Winter, will er rei zu mir,
iss verdriebt un henkt der Schwans.

Die Grundsei, was so fleissich waare,
verschluppe sich in die Lecher;
Sie bleiwe drin un esse net,
sie warre immer schwecher.
Awwer wann der Febiwerry kummt,
un sie sehne net ihre Schadde,
Dann kummt des Friehyohr widder ball,
mer hen unser Winter g'hatte.

Wann alles kalt un draurich iss,
un die Blumme schlofe ei;
Die siesse Drauwe sin geroppt
un mer hot en Fessel Wei;
Mer meent mer kennt's schier gaar net schtende,
bis der Winter iss verbei;
Doch Hoffning hen mir immer bei uns
un's Friehyohr sehne mer glei.

So geht es in de Welt, mei Freind,
die Nechte schwarz un dunkel;
Iss alles so verdriebt un letz,
mer sehnt ken heller Funkel.
Awwer immer kummt die Maryetssunn,
mit Hoffning braaf un frisch;
Ich mach mei Feier, wesch mei G'sicht,
un hock mich an der Disch.

Dankbaar bin ich far die Brotwaerscht,
guter Kaffee, mei Schtick Brot;
Mer sin gesegnet, hen viel Gutes,
un die Hoffning iss net dot.
Kummt der Winter, kalt un schneeich,
ich baad darrich mit de Schtiwwel;
Un ich weess es kummt en Friehyohr,
unser Gott iss in seim Himmel.

—MABEL G. SAYER

AUTUMN DAYS

HUNTING

By LOUIS J. LIVINGOOD, M.D.

"Dart geht er! Dart geht er!" (There he goes) to the Pennsylvania Dutch rabbit hunter is the same as "Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" is to the English fox hunter. At that cry hunters and dogs show redoubled activity, for it means that game is in sight. The dialect expressions used in hunting are part of the sport and can not be properly translated. A prominent minister of the gospel, who spent his early years in Snyder County, is an ardent hunter and he says that he finds the English language perfectly adequate for everything but rabbit hunting. "Ich muss Haase yaage in Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch" sagt er. (I must hunt rabbits in Pennsylvania Dutch).

Until rather recently hunting in this section was for rabbits only. Pheasants were introduced around 1920 and grouse were only found in the mountains as were also most of the gray squirrels. Quail were frequently seen, but the average hunter did not consider them worth a shell.

Many muzzle-loading guns were still in use early in the century, for the real old timers did not trust the "new fangled britch-loaders" as they called the modern shot gun that used shells and loaded from the breech. Loading a muzzle-loader was an art in itself. Some of the powder flasks had measuring devices but most hunters used the guess method. Sometimes in the excitement of the hunt a double amount of powder would be put in the gun and the recoil that followed gave the shooter a jolt that he would remember for days afterward. It took several bloody noses and sore shoulders to teach a young hunter the correct amount of powder to use.

On the first day of the season the hunt began as soon as it was light enough to see, and it was not long before a rabbit was started. Then the dogs were called, "Do Tippie! Do Tippie! Do Nellie! Do Nellie!" As the dogs approached the owner continued to talk to them, "Dapper kumm, dapper kumm! Do iss en Haas!" When they were close to where the rabbit was last seen, the hunter would point to the ground and continue his talk, "Do riech mol, des iss en grosser! Do, do Tippie, geh un hol ihn rum!" The dogs then picked up the trail and the chase started. Down the hill to the meadow, the dogs giving tongue as only beagles can. As they got closer to the rabbit the noise increased. Every hunter thought that his dog had the loudest and clearest voice and each man could recognize not only his own dog, but those of his neighbors' as well.

Across the meadow to the woods, then up the hill, the chase continued, the sounds of the dogs getting louder as they came closer. Frequently the rabbit returned to the place from which it had started and the hunter would get a shot at it. If he hit the rabbit he would be sure to show it to the dogs so that they would know that the chase was over. Good dogs followed a trail until the rabbit was shot or went into a hole. Small dogs would try to follow a rabbit into a groundhog hole and sometimes got in so far that they could not get out by themselves. That meant pick and shovel for the hunter.

By noon the men were tired but had plenty of rabbits tied to their belts, for before the days of the automobile the game was plentiful and hunters comparatively scarce. A big dinner was in order then, either at a farmer's home or at a country hotel. This meant chicken and ham and the usual half dozen vegetables that went with every dinner. After getting through all this plus a couple of pieces of pie and several cups of coffee, the hunters were ready for their pipes and easy chairs.

Now came the stories of the morning hunt and of other hunts. How Nellie out-smarted that rabbit in the swamp; how Bill missed that easy shot in the grass field; how some shells did not seem to have any shot in them; bragging about good shots and giving alibis for poor ones. There were tales of renowned hunters and exceptional guns as the one about the hunter from across the mountain. He was a veritable giant of a man and his gun had been made expressly for him. This gun had such a long range that he could kill game with it at such a distance that unless he ran to pick it up the meat would be spoiled before he got there.

The hunting in the afternoon did not amount to much, and by three o'clock every country hotel had a group of sportsmen in the barroom and after a few beers they began to relate stories again. On one occasion such a group was discussing dogs and every man told of what he considered the best example of their sense of smell. After the truth had been stretched to the limit, one old fellow said, "Well, you fellows have told of some great examples of the sense of smell in dogs, BUT if I could ever get a dog that could smell a rabbit as far as my wife Kate can smell me when I have had a schnapps, then I would really have a wonder dog."

Im Schaffe so graad wie im Yaage,
'S iss yuscht was mer drefft, as zaehlt;
Awwer immer halt du des bei dir,
"Net gschosse, iss aa verfehlt".

THE CHARMING FORGE

By GEORGE M. JONES
Member, Berks County Historical Society

Those who have enjoyed Mildred Jordan's ONE RED ROSE FOREVER, in which fact and fancy about "Baron" Stiegel, the famous glass and iron master of colonial times, are so inextricably interwoven, will be interested in reading here the plain facts about "Charming Forge."



Courtesy The Historical Society of Berks Co.

CHARMING FORGE MANSION

THE CHARMING FORGE is situated on the eastern border of Marion township, on the Tulpehocken Creek, several miles north of Womelsdorf. It was erected by John George Nikoll, a hammersmith, and Michael Miller, in 1749. Then, in pursuance of an agreement entered into shortly before, they, "at their joint expense, erected an Iron work or Forge and Dam, and dug a Race or water-course, and made other great improvements for the commencing of forging and the manufacturing of iron."

Stiegel Takes Over

After passing through several owners, the forge became the property of Henry William Stiegel in 1763. It was known as the Tulpehocken Forge. Soon afterwards he sold an undivided half-part of the forge property and of 859 acres of land to Charles Stedman and Alexander Stedman, merchants of Philadelphia. By 1770 the quantity of land used in connection with the forge had increased beyond 3,700 acres. In that year Charles Stedman bought his brother's interest in the forge property at sheriff's sale. In the sheriff's deed-poll to him, the forge is called, for the first time, in the title, Charming Forge. It had been so known and commonly called for some years previously.

Property Changed Many Hands

Its name arose from the picturesque, charming locality. In 1773 the sheriff of the county sold Stiegel's undivided half-interest in the forge property (then comprising 1,291 acres) to Paul Zensinger, merchant, of Lancaster, for 1,660 pounds. Zensinger, on the same day that he obtained the sheriff's deed-poll for the property (February 9, 1774), conveyed his interest to George Ege, ironmaster, of York County, for 838 pounds, 14 shillings and nine pence. Nine years afterward Ege bought Stedman's interest in the property for 1,563 pounds, 13 shillings and six pence.

From this time on, for nearly fifty years, Mr. Ege was very prominently identified with the industrial life of Berks County. From 1791 to 1818 he was an associate judge. In 1804 he built and operated the Schuylkill Forge, which was situated on the Little Schuylkill (Tamaqua Creek) a short distance north of Port Clinton. At that time he was doubtless the largest land-holder in the county. His possessions then were, Charming Forge, with 4,000 acres; Reading Furnace, with 6,000 acres; Schuylkill Forge, with 6,000 acres; also four large and valuable farms, situated in Heidelberg and Tulpehocken townships, comprising together nearly 1,000 acres, and known in the vicinity as the Spring, Sheaff, Leiss and Richard farms. In 1824 he was forced to make an assignment. His debts and expenses exceeded $300,000. But his estate proved entirely solvent. Through the prudent management of his estates, for a period covering 15 years, by his acting assignee, Andrew Taylor, all the debts were satisfied and a large balance was left for distribution to his heirs. He died in December, 1830.

This forge property then passed through a number of owners until 1855, when it became vested in Andrew Taylor and his two sons, William and B. Franklin. In 1866 Mr. Taylor died, and his interest passed to the sons named by devise. They owned in connection with the forge about 3,600 acres of land. Five-sixths of this large quantity lay in the Blue Mountain range. The land extended from "Round Head" eastwardly in an unbroken tract for seven miles.

Mansion Built in 1777

In 1777 Ege improved the property at the forge by the erection of a large, commodious and conveniently arranged cut-stone two-story mansion-house. It is still standing in fine order. At that time he hired from the government 34 Hessian prisoners, for the purpose of cutting a channel from 12 to 15 feet deep and 250 feet long, through a bed of limestone, in order to supply with waterpower a "splitting-mill" which he had erected. November 5, 1782, he paid the United States government 1,020 pounds for the services of the Hessians.

In 1780 he owned ten slaves—seven males and three females—certified of record in the prothonotary's office of Berks County.

Baron Henry William Stiegel, having lost his fortune and his health, removed from Schaefferstown in 1782 to Charming Forge as the guest of his nephew George Ege, then master and owner of the forge.

At Womelsdorf there stood until recent years a weather-worn log building that was said by old residents to have been the schoolhouse where Stiegel taught the three "R's" and gave music lessons. As a village schoolmaster Stiegel ended his days. He had been rich and highly honored. He lived lavishly and with pomp and ceremony. His career was full of mystery and romance from his arrival in Pennsylvania in 1752 until his death in 1785 at Charming Forge. With little ceremony and few mourners he was buried in an unmarked grave at the age of fifty-six years.

Raw Materials Plentiful

During the eighteenth century all the materials necessary in the manufacture of iron were found in abundance in Pennsylvania. Iron ores, outcropping on the surface of the earth, in veins, beds, irregular deposits, and to a small extent taken from bogs and ponds, were smelted and worked. The vast primeval forests and woodlands, which had been the peaceful home of animals and birds for centuries, and through which Indians had roamed, provided the material for the fuel used in furnace and forge. Beds of limestone, laid down in past ages, suitable for fluxing the ores of their impurities, were abundant. The many streams and creeks furnished the water power necessary to drive the tilt and helve hammers, the shears, cutters and other machinery, as well as the bellows or blowing cylinders which furnished the blast for furnace and forge.

Furnaces Built Into Hill

The old furnaces were built into the side of a small hill in order that the ore, limestone flux and charcoal could be put into the stack from above. Otherwise some means would have been necessary to hoist the materials to the furnace top. The stocks were built square, but they tapered, being larger at the bottom than at the top.

Down below, in front of the furnace, protected by a roof or building of massive timbers, was the casting house or casting shed, where molten metal from the hearth ran into the sand molds called "pigs."

The forges varied in size. Small ones had but one "fire" or "stack" (hearth) and one hammer; the largest boasted of four "fires" and two "hammers." Pig iron in rough bars from five to six feet long and about six inches broad was used. Two or three were put into the first hearth, called the "refinery," one end being placed in the charcoal fire. As the ends softened under the heat of the blast in the deep fire-pot, the portions of the bars outside the fire were pushed in. The "finers" worked the mass with long iron bars into a lump called a "half-bloom."

The mass was slung by means of hooks and tongs from the hearth and placed under a weighty hammer, driven by a water wheel in order to refine it or to hammer out its impurities. The first process in the fire had done much to drive out the carbon. The half-bloom, placed in the "refinery" once more and heated to a bright-red color, was worked under the hammer again, this time into an "ancony" — a flat, thick bar, with a rough knob on each end. These were sometimes sold in the market as bars of commerce. But more often, the "ancony" was reheated at another hearth, called the "chafery" and worked under the hammer into long bars at the same forge. The bars were then cut into convenient length, and were ready for sale to blacksmiths, gunsmiths, locksmiths and others to be made into finished products of various kinds.

Hammers Were Powerful

The forge hammers were massive. Each hammer-head was of a heavy piece of wrought or cast iron weighing several hundred pounds. It was mounted on an oak beam and usually ran parallel to the water-wheel shaft, the trunnions of which caught the helve or oak beam a little distance behind the hammer head. The foundation of timber and stones bore the weight of the heavy strokes on the resounding anvil. Water wheels measuring 25 or more feet in diameter furnished the power for the wooden and leather bellows or for the "blowing tubs" used at many forges during the latter part of the century, which furnished the blast for the "fires."

The output of bar iron at the forges varied. The smaller ones produced about two tons a week. Charming Forge, even prior to the Revolution, had a capacity of 300 tons a year.

(Reprinted here by Courtesy of the Reading Automobile Club)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. W. O. SNYDER

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Wednesday in the Dillinger home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, for Mrs. Sally C. Snyder, 82, wife of W. O. Snyder, who died of Apoplexy at 5:15 p. m. Thursday, at the late home 2220 Eaton Ave., Bethlehem.

Rev. Robert Dilliard, pastor of St. Peter's Evangelical and Reformed church, Allentown, will officiate. Interment will follow in Rittersville cemetery.

Born in Allentown, Mrs. Snyder was a daughter of the late Samuel and Hannah Henn. She married Mr. Snyder 42 years ago and lived in the Eaton Ave. home for the past 33 years.

Survivors are three children, O. C. Snyder, 613 3rd Ave., Bethlehem; Mrs. Ida Bittner, Slatington R. 2; George E. Snyder, Snyders, Schuylkill county.

Also four grandchildren, Mrs. Hazel Adams, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Francis Mengel, East Texas; Warren Bittner, Slatington R. 2 and Ray W. Snyder, Snyders, Schuylkill county.

HENRY W. REICHARD

Henry W. Reichard died at 6:15 p. m. yesterday at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wirth of Friedensville, where he had been living. He was 81 years old. He was a member of the Friedensville Reformed church.

He is survived by the following children: Charles of Cleveland, Mrs. Marie (James) Stahler of R. 4, Bethlehem, Wilson of R. 3, Bethlehem, Arch of Hellertown, Florence of Bethlehem, Mrs. Alice (Edwin) Wirth of Friedensville; 16 grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren, two sisters: Mrs. Ralph Miller and Mrs. Samuel Gehris, both of Easton. His wife, Julianna Wirth, died 13 months ago. Two children and a brother also preceded him in death.

Services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at the Wirth home in Friedensville and will be continued in the Friedensville church. Burial will be in the church cemetery.

FRANCIS J. SPONHEIMER

Francis J. Sponheimer, 74, of 658 Chestnut St., Emmaus, an employe of the State Highway department garage in Allentown, died suddenly last night at his home.

Born in Emmaus, he was a son of the late Lewis and Catherine (nee Hildebeigel) Sponheimer. He was a member of the Moravian church, Emmaus, Sons of Union Veterans, and the Unami Fish and Game Protective Assn.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Alfred Broadman of Emmaus, two grandchildren, and two brothers, William of Emmaus, and George of Allentown. A grandson, Alfred Broadman, was killed Oct. 9, in Germany.

Rev. H. A. Kuehl will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Ritter and Buzby Funeral home, 36 and 38 5th St., Emmaus. Interment in Moravian cemetery, Emmaus.

JOHN L. STEINMETZ

John L. Steinmetz of 113 S. 6th St., Allentown, died last night at the Allentown hospital. He was 59 years old.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Helen Kemmerer of Allentown, and a son, Alfred, in service. His wife, the former Alberta Smith, preceded him in death.

Private services will be held at 10:30 a. m. Tuesday at Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St., Allentown. Burial will be in Macada cemetery, Bethlehem.

JACOB S. BROWN

Jacob S. Brown, 60, husband of Mary C. (nee Heckman) Brown of 128 Ave. A, Palmerton, died at the Palmerton hospital early Friday morning. Employed by the New Jersey Zinc Co. at Palmerton as a gateman, he was a member of Holy Hrinity Lutheran church, Washington camp 601, P.O.S. of A., and the Palmerton Fire Co., No. 1.

In his younger days he was a catcher on the Palmerton baseball team and for many years served as an umpire in and around Palmerton. He is survived by his wife, seven children, Russel, Palmerton, Beatrice, wife of Lafayette Graver, Lehighton R. 3, Gertrude wife of Lee Smith, Lehighton R. 3, Helen, wife of Floyd Gruber, Palmerton, Elvin, U.S.N. in England, Robert, U.S.N., Norfolk, Va., and George, Palmerton. Ten grandchildren, his stepmother, Mrs. Edna Brown, Palmerton, three brothers and three sisters, Henry Brown, Palmerton, Edwin Brown, Slatington, Wilson Brown, Palmerton, Mrs. Jacob Hoot, Souderton, Mrs. Charles Roth, Souderton, Mrs. Lizzie Carlan, Palmerton.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the Ziegler Funeral home, 177 Delaware Ave., Palmerton. Interment in the family plot in the Towamensing cemetery. Rev. Roland G. Bortz, pastor of Holy Trinity Lutheran church, Palmerton, will officiate.

JUSTIN KUMPOSKY

Justin Kumposky, 1459 Phillips St., Bethlehem, and a resident of Bethlehem for the past 35 years, died at 3 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital.

Survivors are his wife, Veronica Rinkunas Kumposky, two daughters, Mrs. Edward Walton of Detroit; Mrs. John Williams, Philadelphia, and two sons, Stanley, U. S. Navy, stationed at Panama, and Peter, U. S. Army, stationed at Washington, D. C. Two grandchildren also survive.

He was a member of St. Michael's church, Easton, and was affiliated with the Fraternal Order of Eagles, Lithuanian Roman Catholic Alliance and the Lithuania Workers' society.

The funeral will be held at 8:15 a. m., on Monday. Requiem mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock in St. Michael's church, followed by burial in the family plot in St. Mary Magdalene cemetery, Easton.

DORIS L. KINDRED

Doris Lorraine Kindred, 20, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford E. Kindred, of 1137 Cumberland St., died late last night at her home. She had been in ill health for the past four years, and confined to bed a year.

She was a graduate of Allentown High school, class of 1941, and a member and Sunday school teacher at the Ebenezer Evangelical church of this city.

Besides her parents she is survived by a brother, Clifford R., at home.

One-Minute Test

1. What is psychology?
2. What is psychoanalysis?
3. May a person avoid facing failure in life by developing an illness?

One-Minute Test Answers

1. The science of the mind.
2. A method of mind-curing analysis based on the theory that repressed desires cause disorders.
3. Yes.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Is Fartich Mit 'm Hund

Ebbes is fershtonna, un sel is os 'm feemon Luther Miller fon Macungie sei fee truck fohrer Victor Snyder nix may wissa wil fon hund mit nemma won er iwwer die middawg shtun fert gait fer rins fee hola. Der Luther wie m'r wissa, kess'ld oi iwwer rum fee tzomma kaufa, un der Victor is noh ols der kerl os nous mus fers fee hame hola.

Doh net long tzurick hut der Luther 'n grosser fetter bull kauft fom Ed Wessner drowwa nagshd on Topton, un der Victor nuf g'shick'd fer der bull hame hola. 'S wor so halb farmie dawg wie er dahame fert is, un die weil os er shure wor os er net in tzeit tzurick kaimt fer middawgs dahame essa, hut sei fraw die Florence 'm 'n gonsie dut essa tzuracht gamocht so os er ken hunger leida breich'd bis er widder tzurick kaimt.

Fer kumpany hut er ihra glainer hund mit ganumma, un woh gons fernotter'd is fer fohra in da truck kab. 'S hund'l gait fiel mit 'm Victor fert—odder sotta m'r sawga, is ols fiel mit 'm fert gonga. Wel aenicha waig, der Victor hut noh net yusht 's hund'l in da kab kot, ow'r aw so fore sei dut fol essa os sei Florence 'm garish'd hut kot fer mit nemma.

Sie sin ol recht nuf noch Topton tzum Ed Wessner kumma un hut gore ken lang ganumma fer der bull lawda. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, der bull is uf der truck galoffa wie won er yusht nous wot fer wenich frishie luft, in blotz fon uf 'm waig wear fer noch 'm shlocht hous gae. Die weil os noh ken grossie woke handich wor drowwa on Topton fer der bull wiega, is der Victor tzurick runner noch Macungie tzum kola un hulsmon John Singmaishder fer 'n wiega lossa.

Der Victor hut so weit net on sei middawg essa gadenk'd kot,—'s wor net bis der bull gawoga wor os er ous gamocht hut fer don essa wos sei Florence 'm t'zuracht gamocht het, ferol os er noh tzeit kotta het fer hame gae essa. Ow'r wie er gaguck'd hut fer die dut in da kab wor nix may drin os wie der hund, un wohs moul g'shleck'd hut fon ohr tzu ohr shier so fiel os wie tzu sawga, "Golly Victor, sel wor ow'r gute."

Wel aenicha waig der hund hut net yusht 's essa g'fressa kot os die Florence 'm Victor gapock'd hut kot, ow'r die dut so wohl. Un wor der Victor base? Wow, er het g'fiel'd fer der hund in tzwae beissa, un wie er aw ferleicht het won der Luther net grawd datzu kumma wear, un woh 'm hund sei bard ganumma hut. Der Luther hut gamaint der ohr'm hund wear gawiss hungerich werra fon uf 'm truck rum yackerra un sot 'm fergewwa. Wos noch mainer wor, der Luther hut noh g'sawt er sot der bull grawd fert onna nemma woh er hee tzu nemma wear, un noh widder ains gongs tzurick noch Macungie kumma un er dade sehna datzu os er middawg graich'd.

So wie m'r fershtain hut der Victor 'm Luther noh g'folick'd, un wor glei widder tzurick in Macungie hungerich ganunk fer laenich 'n halver bull essa. Un der Luther hut aw sei wert k'halta un der Victor gute sot g'feeder'd un woh noh nimmy nagshds so base wor os wie dafor. Doch hut ers 'm hund ols noch net fergessa os er doh gonga is un hut 'm sei gonser middawg g'fressa mit tzomta dut un allas, un wert wol 'n gutie lang fergae bis der hund mohl widder 'n ellawding grick'd fer mit fert gae 'n bull hola.—bardich won er iwwer middawg gait, un sei fraw pock'd 'm so 'n guter middawg wie sie da onner dawg gapock'd hut kot.

GLAWWAS OD

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I am only one,
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But still I can do something;
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something
that I can do. Hale

26TH ANNIV. OF ARMISTICE DAY

The 26th anniversary today of that hysterical Armistice Day in 1918 promises to receive little observance by the people of America who are engaged at this time in another great war and have little time for thought and less energy to devote to an episode in our history that at the time was so heart-warming and gratifying but which has proved to have been so hollow as to lasting results.

Allentown and most other communities in this country will be too busy today for extended observance such as the fetes in other years but the members of the American Legion very properly will carry on with a traditional parade by all the posts in the county in the borough of Coplay.

Hope had been strong that the observance today might be the happiest in more than a quarter of a century. Hope was that Germany for a second time would have surrendered by this day and that the end of the war in Europe would signify early end to the war in the Pacific.

Because that hope has been dashed, because it is more important that the present war be won than that victory in another be celebrated, Armistice Day cannot today stir that public interest which it has aroused in the other years.

THEIR GRIPES, OUR SATISFACTION

If any members of the Republican party continued to feel disappointed, disturbed or otherwise out of sorts as a result of the election on Tuesday they had good reason to forget much of that feeling in recent days.

From Berlin came notes of highest dissatisfaction with the results of the American election. From Tokio came the statement by radio to the Japs that "there can now be no compromise peace negotiation in the greater East Asia war" and then expressed amazement at the gains made by the Democratic party in Congress.

Inasmuch as it gripes the Germans and Japs to know that President Roosevelt is remaining in power, it is pleasing to us Americans. We do not want them to gain the slightest bit of encouragement or comfort out of anything that we in America say or do in the course of this war.

While the gratification of the Germans and Japs over the election of Governor Dewey would have been short-lived since there would have been no slackening of the war effort, the very fact that they have been denied a few days or even few hours of hope and gratification must be satisfactory. One of the last straws to which they thought they could cling was plucked away from them very rudely.

MAJOR OFFENSIVE ON WEST FRONT

There is concealment no longer of the fact that the advance of General Patton in recent days in the area around Metz is regarded as a major offensive, that it had been planned as such and is expected to yield large returns in the matter of territory and prisoners taken and the demoralization of the armies which will face the fiery general's divisions.

Accordingly our ears will be trained for days upon the news from that portion of the Allied fighting front and our eyes will be glued to maps of that section of Germany that is the doorway to much of value in the Reich.

Clearly the effort is not only to advance toward the Rhine but also to take away the Saar from the Germans or at least to halt the movement of its coal to the synthetic oil factories and to Germany's manufacturing plants. Many of the oil factories have been destroyed or seriously crippled, following the capture of the natural oil fields in Romania. Now the Allies will try to go a step farther in the crippling of the Germans as to the power that puts their planes into the air and that runs their railroads and factories.

So the campaign is tremendously important. It is one for which preparations long have been made. It is being waged by the veterans of the Battle of France. Ahead of them lies the legendary Siegfried line and then the romantic Rhine. Back of all that stands the bulk of the German people who we believe are being held in line largely by fear but nevertheless are standing strong. The battle now in progress can be the one to determine just how strong is the German will to resist and just how strong are its armies and the fortifications which were established to protect its frontiers.

BLOOD SAVES MEN ON LEYTE

Lehigh countians, who by the thousands have contributed blood to the Red Cross Mobile Blood unit on the occasion of its various visits, can take satisfaction from a story that has just come out of Leyte about the great benefits performed by this contribution of American civilians.

To the Philippine invasion were brought 300,000 pints of blood plasma and a thousand liters of whole blood, together with penicillin and a thousand cases of sulpha drugs.

Every American unit in the invasion had speedy access to a Red Cross first aid station, clearing companies, evacuation hospitals and ships in the harbor which were taking on casualties. Wounded men speedily were given blood to save their lives and deaths from bleeding were reduced to a minimum. The whole blood was carted in refrigerated trailers right out to the front lines.

No one knows where all that blood came from. It may have been blood from this community. At any rate we can know that all the blood given here is being used in just about this same fashion and to the same splendid purpose, the saving of the lives of American fighting men.

The Editor's Forecast

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Although many of the editors of daily newspapers supported Governor Dewey, their combined judgment in forecasting the outcome of the election in their respective states was on the whole borne out by the results.

Thus, this correspondent, in writing last Saturday a prediction for Monday publication after making a nation-wide canvass of editors in more than 1,000 cities and towns, stated that the Roosevelt minimum would be 274 and his maximum would not go beyond 437. It is significant that the editors who furnished the information for this canvass were absolutely sure that 25 states would go for Roosevelt, making a total of 239 electoral votes. It then became necessary to select one state with 27 or more electoral votes in order to go across the majority line of 266. Many readers have written to inquire why Pennsylvania with its 35 votes was selected by this writer out of all of the doubtful states as the "surest for Roosevelt."

The Case in Pennsylvania

The answer is that Pennsylvania was the simplest one to check. Although 31 editors in Pennsylvania picked that state as sure or leaning for Roosevelt as against 56 who thought it was sure or leaning toward Dewey, the result was not to be found by a quantitative method. Experience has taught that editors in key cities in a large and populous state are much more likely to be able to estimate accurately the total majorities than are the editors in the smaller cities or towns. This is natural because of proximity to the big city organizations.

It was necessary, however, to check on the situation in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, particularly because four years ago Philadelphia had given Roosevelt a majority of 177,000 and Allegheny county, which includes Pittsburgh, had given him a majority of about 105,000, thus making a total of 282,000 for Mr. Roosevelt—equivalent to his majority in the whole state because the districts outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh were about a stand-off.

Recalling how the pluralities had shaped up geographically in Pennsylvania counties in 1940, this writer checked carefully by personal talks with reliable persons in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and found that the confidential estimates of the Democrats called for 180,000 majority for Mr. Roosevelt in Philadelphia and 115,000 in Allegheny county, or a total of 295,000. Several scientifically conducted polls in the city of Philadelphia also had revealed that Mr. Roosevelt's strength percentage-wise was not far different in 1944 than it was in 1940. This writer, however, felt, after obtaining the Republican inside estimates, that it would be best to discount the Democratic estimate by 50 per cent or 150,000 votes. The votes in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia turned out to be about 50 per cent less than the Democrats expected and the Roosevelt majority in Pennsylvania might well have been around the 150,000 mark if it were not for the dropping off of the Democratic strength in the smaller cities and towns, which made the present majority about 70,000. The soldier vote count may yet increase the Democratic majority to 100,000.

Sure for FDR

There was every evidence, therefore, after a careful checking of the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh situations last week, that Pennsylvania was sure for Roosevelt and, with its 35 electoral votes, a minimum of 274 for the Nation was obtained.

It was obvious, also, from examination of the editors' poll throughout the country that, while they were sure of 25 states for Roosevelt, many of those who appraised the situations in the northern states outside of Pennsylvania had their doubts about 12 states with a total of 163 electoral votes and gave Dewey a minimum sure strength of only 94. There were indications that nearly all of the 163 votes could go to Roosevelt without causing any surprise to some of the editors. Actually that furnished the basis for the maximum figure. Latest reports at this writing give Mr. Roosevelt 413 votes but, even if the final re-check in Michigan should tip that state in the Roosevelt column, it would make 432 votes so that the estimate of a basic minimum of 274 for Roosevelt and a maximum that could not go beyond 437 was clearly indicated by the way the editors answered the questionnaire in the last two weeks of the campaign.

The editors, of course, are naturally familiar with what is going on in their localities and their reporters are in touch with how the political leaders are confidentially calculating the probable results. It would seem, therefore, that the combined judgment of the editors of the country, when evaluated in terms of their specific regions and areas, could give a more accurate appraisal of the outcome of the national election than almost any other method except public opinion polls taken by large numbers of canvassers.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CASE OF THE EUROPEANIZED AMERICAN

Mr. Victor Wolf of Elmhurst, N. Y. asks a pertinent question:

"I would like to know, when (Sokolsky) considers an immigrant who wishes to take part in the political life of his adopted country a 'full-fledged' American, so that in Mr. Sokolsky's opinion he is entitled to make a constructive contribution to the political life of our country, even though this may not be in agreement with Mr. Sokolsky's political beliefs."

This is not only pertinent but important in this era of our history when Americans face an onrushing world trend toward a centralized, authoritarian, non-representative Statism.

A people has as much right and surely the obligation to protect its particular civilization from dilution and disintegration as it has to guard its boundaries. Surely, when, for instance, it is noted that Administrative Law, the juridicial basis of continental European culture, is being substituted for English Common Law which for three centuries on this continent preserved the liberties of our people, a problem presents itself which needs to be studied in all its aspects.

Discarding Tradition

When so ancient an American tradition as limited tenure in the Presidency is discarded, when instead of regarding office-holders as mere men, up today and down tomorrow, we accept the Nietzschean doctrine of the Superman, we are substituting a European for an American concept of life. When we discover that the old American concept of a classless society living in a land not only of economic but social opportunities is abandoned and the wearisome European class struggle becomes the basis for political decision, then obviously we have moved far from our traditions into the hopelessness of Europe.

Unfit to Vote

True, as Mr. Roosevelt said in defense of Sidney Hillman, we are all descended from immigrants. But it is equally true, and that Mr. Roosevelt did not say, that the populations of Europe are being indoctrinated with ideas which, whatever their validity, conflict with the fundamentals of American tradition. When a man, speaking an alien accent, obviously unused to the ways of this land, says, as I heard one say on Election Day, "If the traditions ain't no use no more, kick them out," he is unfit to vote in an American election. He may be a splendid person, a good father and a decent neighbor, but he is not of the American breed. He would resent it if I told him to "kick out" the traditions of his origin whatever they might be.

In former years, when education was based upon the humanities, schools did not indoctrinate their youth politically as they do now the world over. No Russian can possibly believe in the American way of life because since early childhood he has been taught that a capitalistic, bourgeois, democratic society, founded in the religion of God, is an evil, just as we used to believe that autocracy is an evil. No German young person can possibly understand our institutions because they lack **ordnung**; they are not based upon discipline and obedience which they have been trained to believe are right, but upon the exercise of free will and free opinion which they regard as anarchic.

Certainly when an adult, reared and educated in Europe, antipathetic to everything that is distinctively American, comes here not because he wants to but because he has to, and stays five years in his own alien atmosphere, he has not become less an alien in mind or spirit by the mere act of naturalization. I once witnessed a naturalization procedure at which a hundred or more aliens were sworn in with bare ceremony and scant emphasis upon the responsibilities and obligations of American citizenship. That job-lot swearing in did not alter a single person in that room from a European to an American. It only provided each with a convenient piece of paper.

Mr. Wolf's question is pertinent: how long does it take to re-educate, in the present circumstance of political indoctrination, a European so that he becomes an American? I do not believe that it can be done if the European, when he leaves his country, is older than 10 or 12, and possibly that is too old in this curious era in which we live.

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Stamps commemorating the centenary of the death of Franciscan lay brother, Michael O'Leary, chief of the Four Masters, 16th century Irish annalists, have just been issued in Eire.

Since liberation from the Germans, men and women of the Donets coal basin in Russia have restored or repaired 17 basic mines and over 460 small pits, producing 31,000 tons of coal a day.



ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY AT CHARMING FORGE

By ANNE HARE

In the last issue of the ECK appeared an illustration of the Charming Forge mansion, the scene of the following tale, whose author purported to have found it in a little book in an old secretary in the attic of the mansion at Charming Forge. The author of the story here retold was in private life Mrs. Anne Schonour, who died at an advanced age in Womelsdorf a few years ago. Her own manuscript came into the possession of Mrs. Luther Sensenig, whose uncle, Mr. Wiley Sallade, is the present owner of the Charming Forge mansion. Her sister, Miss Joan Sallade provided us with a copy of the same. We are happy to express our indebtedness to these two ladies.—ED.

LONG BEFORE the era of railroads or fast automobiling occurred this little romance. It has been handed down from one generation to another for more than a century. With each generation the sorrow grew less and the tale more vivid. I will relate it as I found it in an old manuscript with nothing added by myself.

After a long journey in a stage coach from Philadelphia to Middletown (Womelsdorf), the tired occupants alighted at the old inn. After partaking of light refreshments, the members of the party resumed their places in the stagecoach. The horses were turned from the dusty, hard-used Philadelphia and Harrisburg pike, and guided northward. They gallop madly forward, as though they too felt the change in the surroundings. A magnificent scene now greeted the eye. The green, even fields, the verdant meadows and the old Tulpehocken Creek winding its snake-like course in and out through a forest of trees, added stimulus to the tired, worn-out occupants of the stage-coach. As the horses proceeded rapidly the scene became more enchanting. Stately locusts lined both sides of the highway, forming a green, triumphant arch, as it were.

Nature in her most splendid attire greeted the travelers, and at length they reached the Ford, the most shallow spot of the Tulpehocken, but nevertheless deep and dangerous, as the water had spread and formed a sort of a bay at this point. A rude race was built during the Revolutionary War by Hessian prisoners of war, but lack of proper material and construction equipments made the race something of a failure. It furnished the motive power to run the forge, but man and beast were expected to ford it at this point as best they could.

Directly across the ford was the old forge. The great fires were belching forth smoke and flames and the forge men were founding the great mass of molten iron into different shapes. This, at least, was the forge whose tale of unbounded wealth had caused the family in the coach to leave a comfortable home in a great city to take up their abode in this wild, picturesque country.

After reaching the forge the family in the stagecoach, consisting of father, mother and two beautiful daughters by the name of Stehman, knew the old mansion must be but a short distance farther on. At last the object of their long journey was in view, for there, entirely surrounded by fine trees and shrubbery, stood the majestic old stone mansion. The spacious lawn was enclosed by a pine hedge, white and purple lilacs bloomed in wild profusion everywhere. Along the race and over-hanging its banks was a mass of magnificent blooms.

The party eagerly alighted at the gate and went up the terraced hill until the broad veranda was reached. The wide hall door was thrown open by the slave in attendance, the hall with its easy staircase, the spacious high ceiling, all frescoed, its woodwork imported from England, were greatly admired by the Stehmans, who felt this was indeed home, and more than compensated them for the long, uncomfortable journey. Their servants arrived a few hours later, and by nightfall they were at least comfortably arranged in their new home. The furnishings, slaves, and everything pertaining to the property, were included in the purchase.

'Twixt twilight and dark the family assembled on the broad veranda. Julia, the older daughter, a beautiful dark-eyed girl of sixteen, seemed deeply impressed with the charming scene, and at once loved the home surroundings. Emma, the younger daughter, a fair-haired girl, seemed less impressed, and felt lonely, missing the bustle and noise of the great city. The slaves seemed to annoy her, and altogether she felt very dissatisfied.

Mrs. Stehman instantly took up the overseeing of her large household, teaching the slaves to spin, cook and brew. Her husband was busily occupied in looking after the vast estate and managing the work at the forge. His office was situated across the road, near the spring which furnished the water for domestic purposes. The daughters were left very much to themselves, and allowed to roam over the mountains. Each was provided with a riding horse, and the life they led was a happy, care-free one.

Among Mr. Stehman's many employees were a very faithful, intelligent man and his wife by the name of Zerbe. They lived in a little frame house by the wayside, quite close to the great mansion on the hill. A mystery surrounded the Zerbes who came from Virginia, but were very reticent about their former life. Mrs. Zerbe was a neat, intelligent woman, who seemed above the average women living close to her. In those days the gulf between employer and employee was very great, in fact nothing counted but wealth, a lack of which meant isolation from those who possessed it.

In their free outdoor life the Stehman daughters soon learned to know and love Mrs. Zerbe. Julia frequently visited the little home by the wayside, and loved to hear the tales of Southern life; tales that seemed in some manner to reflect high life and wealth, and then a tinge of sorrow seemed to crowd into the story Mrs. Zerbe was telling. Then would follow a quick turning and the story would suddenly close. On an October day when Julia called at the little cottage Mrs. Zerbe informed her that she meant to take a long journey to Virginia, and would not return to Charming Forge until the following spring. Her aged mother was very ill, and she was called home after twenty years' absence.

Many months elapsed before Mrs. Zerbe returned, and when at last she arrived, she was accompanied by a half-brother, whom Mrs. Zerbe had not seen until she visited her mother's home in Roanoke, for her mother had married and was again a widow. She prevailed upon her mother to let the boy, a tall, handsome lad, named Paul Zanzinger, accompany her North. She told her mother of the beautiful country surounding and the advantages of northern life. When Mrs. Stehman saw the handsome lad, for Mr. Stehman employed him as assistant accountant in his office, she felt some alarm and firmly impressed upon Julia that she must not associate in any way with her father's employees, and further intimated that the master of the Berkshire Forge, living some miles distant, was to be her husband when she arrived at a marriageable age; that George Eggers had already asked her father for her hand in marriage and that her father had given his consent. At that time daughters were not supposed to have any voice in a matter of this kind. The parents and prospective husband made all the plans, and the daughter was expected to meekly acquiesce. Mrs. Stehman felt that all that was necessary on her part was to merely inform her daughter, and that her duty ended with this act.

The beautiful month of May with its wealth of buds and blossoms arrived. The lilacs were giving forth delightful blossoms and perfume. Paul had been in Mr. Stehman's employ a year. His modest bearing and respectful manner had won him many friends. One of his duties was to ride to Middletown (Womelsdorf), two miles distant, each day for the mail. Julia began to look eagerly for the arrival of the handsome mail carrier. She loved to watch the lad leave the little office and cross the stret, letter in hand. This however happened very infrequently and only on rare occasions were the women of the family thus honored. Nevertheless Julia looked every day for a letter, and one day she discovered to her extreme embarassment it was not a letter she looked for but the letter carrier. From that moment her whole life changed. Her visits to the cottage became less frequent. She was shy and embarrassed in the young man's presence, and when a long-looked-for letter arrived she was at the door to receive it, but trembling and almost too shy to take it. In the meantime Paul, fully realizing the difference in their rank, had also fallen deply in love with Julia, but his love was so hopeless that he tried not to think of her. He noticed the change in Julia's manner and could not account for it. He feared lest he had been remiss in some manner and worried greatly.

One evening Julia, basket in hand, went down to the race to gather the white and purple lilacs blooming there, breaking off great branches of the fragrant blossoms. The shrubbery parted and there, white and stern-looking, stood the Virginian.

Paul took the flowers out of Julia's hands and led her to a quiet spot beside the race, and there under a bower of purple and white lilacs he told her he loved her—loved her madly—and how hopeless he felt his love was, owing to the wealth dividing them. He said he meant to marry her and depart at once to the Far West, to accumulate great wealth and then return to meet her as an equal. He was stern and masterful now. She plead with him, and told him a clandestine marriage would break her parents' hearts when they learned of it. But he replied he must know her to be his true and loving wife before his departure. He could run no risk of losing her, as he knew the master of Berkshire Forge was soon coming to woo his beloved Julia. She must consent to become his faithful wife, that alone would be the incentive to work. He would go down to the brink of death if it were necessary to accumulate wealth for her. His masterful, clean-cut features underwent a great change. An overwhelming love seemed to illuminate his countenance. The whole affair so overcame Julia that she was unable to utter a sound. She handed him a pure white lilac. He understood and took her into his arms telling her not to fear, but to meet him at midnight at the side gate, as he had made all arrangements when at Middletown during the day. The pastor would be ready to perform the ceremony, after which he would depart at once for the great west to remain until he had accumulated a fortune. Julia, though deeply in love, felt great alarm on learning of the completed arrangements. She knew the shock a clandestine marriage would be to her dear parents, but she also felt marriage with the master of Berkshire Forge was not to be considered. Knowing the stern will of her parents she was greatly agitated. With heavy heart she picked up her empty basket, climbed the great terraced lawn and crossed the broad veranda. At midnight, arrayed in a beautiful white gown, she passed down the wide easy staircase, slipped back the bolts of the great, wide hall door, crossed the veranda, and passed out the side entrance. There stood the Virginian. He took her into his arms, placing a great wreath of white lilacs on her beautiful dark hair. They mounted horses and in a short time reached Middletown, where the faithful old minister quickly made them husband and wife. The Virginian bade her a long "good-bye" at the side gate. When she reentered the wide wall everything seemed changed, even the staircase seemed long and tiresome. Paul had made arrangements in advance to leave Charming Forge. There was no secret about his departure. The only secret was the marriage. Everyone missed the Virginian, as he was such a faithful, intelligent man. Mr. Stehman mourned his departure, as he too had learned to love him. Julia was very bright and cheerful — for was she not his lawful wife? She was happy in her great love.

During the following week great preparations were made in the large smoke-blackened kitchen. Slaves were running to and fro, gathering fresh fruit and sweets. Everything was bustle and excitement, for the master of the great Berkshire Forge was coming to spend the weekend at the mansion. Mr. Stehman was delighted with the prospect. The wealth and prominence of Mr. Eggers made him a very desirable guest where there were two charming marriageable daughters. The master of Berkshire Forge arrived at noon on the day announced in great state. Two outriders announced his approach by the blowing of trumpets. He rode up to the gate of the mansion on a prancing black steed. The ladies of the household, beautifully arrayed, met him on the veranda. Instantly his eyes sought out Julia and her grace and beauty at once charmed him. Instinctively she recoiled. He fell violently in love with her. She remained cold and distant and would have none of his devoted attentions. This fact proved a great blow to her parents and was a very unexpected surprise for Mr. Eggers, who hoped all had been satisfactorily arranged between father and daughter before his arrival. Alas! three days of devoted attention on his part proved unavailing and he left Charming Forge in a great rage.

Five long, lonely years passed and no word came from Paul. These years wrought great changes in the mansion on the hill at Charming Forge. The iron trade was greatly depressed and financial return in consequence was slight. Mr. Stehman was unable to dispose of his products and great quantities of iron were stored, awaiting a better market. The fires in the forge were extinguished and where all had been bustle and activity, quiet now reigned. To add to the misfortunes of the Stehman family, the master of Berkshire Forge, Mr. Eggers, unable to win the hand of Julia in marriage, had become a bitter enemy.

The beautiful month of May came again. The Stehman family now fully realized their stay in the dearly loved home was to be short. Deep sorrow was depicted on each countenance, for Emma too had learned to love the home. Julia was blamed as contributing to the family misfortunes.

One quiet evening twixt twilight and dark, when all nature had burst her winter bonds and all was blooming and gay, Julia with a heavy heart again took her little basket on her arm and went down to the race to gather lilacs. She had proceeded but a short distance when she saw Mrs. Zerbe approach and wave a letter, crying aloud: "Paul is coming home, Paul is coming home! He has accumulated a great fortune and is hurrying home." "He tells me," continued Mrs. Zerbe, "that he has a great secret to confide to me. Ah, he might be bringing a bride to Charming Forge!"

A sudden faintness came over Julia and her ashen face alarmed her friend. She knew Julia was deeply interested in Paul and this fact made her feel free in discussing Paul and his prospects. "But, ah," she thought, "can it be that Julia loves Paul?" Julia slowly regained her composure and, throwing her arms about Mrs. Zerbe, whispered, "I love him! I love him! He is my husband!"

Two anxious days followed for the waiting women. On the second, great excitement prevailed in the little settlement of Charming Forge when a riderless horse, covered with foam and dust, tore and plunged through the main thoroughfare. The saddle was torn from his back, but securely fastened to the girth were two huge saddle bags. The horse was soon lost in the distance. Instantly the men, women and children ran madly toward Middletown, from which direction the maddened animal seemed to come. They had not proceeded far, when at the foot of a hill they found lying a handsome man, bleeding and crushed. An awful scream rent the air and Julia fell beside her dead husband, she too having followed the crowd. They carried her home, where for a week she lay unconscious. When she recovered they told how her husband rode like mad through Middletown. When he reached the top of the hill and the great mansion met his view, he took his kerchief and, tying it to the end of his riding whip, waved it toward the abode of his beloved wife. Then he fiercely spurred his horse on to greater speed, when the animal stumbled and fell, throwing the rider into the road, where they found him lifeless. The saddle bags when recovered were found to contain great wealth. In a little book carried close to his heart they found the whole story of his great love and life while away and the secret marriage. His family history proved more illustrious than that of the Stehman family. His father was a near relative of Lord Fairfax and his mother was a Dandridge. Mrs. Zerbe had married a poor man and was disowned, but alas, poverty too came to the great family in Virginia and her mother had relented and called her home.

Julia was now the wealthy, broken-hearted Mrs. Zanzinger. The mansion remained her home to the end. Charming Forge prospered—the great fires roared and all again was bustle and life.

They interred the body of her loved one in the cemetery on the hill at Middletown (Womelsdorf). They erected a sandstone marker. On one side, facing the east, appears his name and age; on the side facing the west a great riderless horse with flag attached to the girth, was carved. Today that little sandstone marker stands where Julia had it erected. All inscription is obliterated but the word "Paul" and "1793". The horse and the flag are still plainly discernible on the west side.

In the spring of the year little ones gather about this lonely grave and point to the great horse and the waving flag. The curious wonder why a horse is carved on that stone instead of the familiar cherubs carved on the sandstone markers surrounding it and weave romances, telling how the man while riding a wild horse was thrown and killed and how the stone was carved as a perpetual warning to reckless riders. But I, who found the old manuscript and know the sad story, always correct and tell them how this handsome lad was returning in triumph to his dearly loved bride when misfortune befell him.

I found this tale written in a little book, yellow with age, in an old secretary in the attic of the old mansion at Charming Forge. On the last page of the book was written this inscription:

"To my beloved friend, E. E. Z."

WAS WAER'S DOCH SO SCHEE

Die Welt waer schee, wann alle Mann
Mer aadrefft, saage mecht:
"Hab ebbes Gutes g'heert vun dir!"
Noh handle, wie er secht.

Un waer's net schee, wann allemol
Varsich'rung kaemt zu mir,
Ass freindlichweis er drickt mei Hand,
"Weess ebbes Gut's vun dir!"

Des Lewe waer aa siesser viel,
Wann's Gut, wu in em leit,
Es eensichscht Ding erinnert waer
Vun uns bei ann're Leit.

Wie haerrlich waer des Lewe aa,
Waer Lob far's Gut mer sehnt;
'S iss so viel Gut im schlechschte Mann,
Mer sin's yuscht net gewehnt.

Ich wott, mer kennt ausiewe aa
Im Sinn sowohl in Tat:
"Hab ebbes Gutes g'heert vun dir!"
Des waerd so wennich g'saat!

Allentown, Pa. —RALPH S. FUNK

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There has been an awful lot of kicking about the ever increasing cumbersomeness of government and about the millions of miles of red tape in which the average citizen finds himself wrapped up.

For instance in a report to its stockholders the Johns-Manville Corp. complains that in 1943 it had to file reports with government agencies at the rate of one every two minutes for every regular business hour of the year.

The total number of reports and questionnaires was 71,588. It took 97,452 man-hours and an outlay of $146,000 to make out these reports.

Pretty awful, isn't it You and I and everybody else certainly has his hands full with income tax returns and ration blanks and this and that.

But is it really the New Deal or the Democratic or the Republican party who is to blame for it, or is it just the general pomposity and sense of importance that takes possession of even the smallest government official?

I just saw a notice to all newspapermen issued by the British War Office in London, admonishing them to be simple in their writing and to use short words whenever possible.

For instance, end should be used instead of termination, help instead of facilitate, and so forth.

And then, at the finish, the instructions read as follows:

"Nothing is more conducive to long-minded and stilted writing than the use of a formal pedantic, or polysyllabic substitute for a natural word of expression.

That's government language, you see, no matter where you go. You ought to see the blank I have to fill in to declare my personal assets to the Tax Assessor of Brookfield Center, Conn., a village of 600.

I gave it one look and took it to my lawyer who has had it for two weeks and isn't finished with it yet.

Maybe I'll have to pay six or seven dollars in taxes—but the red tape is no less than it would be if it were a peace treaty of the great powers.

I think there is a certain satisfaction in being long-winded and verbose.

It makes you feel important, erudite, righteous and consequential.

Just look at the words I just used. I could just have said "big" and made myself, just as clear.

And look at that word "cumbersomeness" in my first paragraph. You won't even find it in the dictionary, but it does sound important doesn't it.

I am all for making the income tax returns much simpler. But then I wonder whether wrestling with your return for hours, after filling page after page with figures and after being threatened with ten years in prison and a ten thousand dollar fine, you don't feel at least that you are paying your money's worth.

And after all, how many office holders were really elected because their constituents could not understand what they said?

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One-Minute Test

1. What famous song writer is said to be unable to read music?
2. Who wrote "Over There"?
3. For what type of song is Paul Robeson famous?

One-Minute Test Answers

1. Irving Berlin.
2. George M. Cohan.
3. Negro spirituals.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

KEN N'R EICH NOCH ERINNERRA

So wie m'r drous rum kumma, hoert m'r fiel leit ols sawga, "Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on des odder sel os os fohr g'falla is on dem odder on sel'm blotz." Oft tzeita schreiva m'r die socha nunner in unser glae bloe bich'l, un hen ous gamocht fer heit etlicha dafon drucka. Ungfare so socha os wie:

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on die tzeit woh bol alla gagend noch da lexion 'n Vicktory Poshda uf g'shteld hut mit ma basem owwa drous?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on die tzeit woh sie 'n trolley waig fon Walnisport darrich die Lechaw Koft nuf noch Weissport baua hen wolla?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on die tzeit wie die monsleit Sundawga immer drous on da shedda on da kerricha g'shtonna hen fer die weibsleit mit ihra longa frocka, watcha fon da waggelcher groddla?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on die tzeit wie die yeager alla shpote yohr da bauer die rigel heifa rum galaisa hen fer die hawsa rous yawga os drunner worra?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra wie der fendu groyer "Scheidy" Fritzinger fon Slatington die airshda paar yohr g'shtudder'd un g'shtutzt hut, won er Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shwetza hut wolla iwwer 'm groyerra?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on die tzeit wie alla londa gagend 'n schmidt shop kotta hut, un hut aw nee net weit gae breicha fer 'n woggner shop unna garverrei finna?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra wies so arrick g'shpucka hut solla uf da alta doch brick drunna nagshd on Hellertown, un allas os es wor, 's hen sich yunga owets fershteck'ld owwa im doch, un ketta garobb'ld?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra wie die dieb 'm Jimmy Boyer doh fon da shtadt die fier tires un der spare fon seinra airshda mashine g'shtola hen wies Jimmies noch drowwa nagshd on Neffs un ihra bauerrei gawohn'd hen?"

"Konsh'd dich noch einnerra wie die leit fon Neffs uf g'shoft worra wie ob messer 'n rigelwaig ob g'shteck'd hen darrick ihra shteddle,—der rigelwaig wear grawd bout darrich woh 'm Warren Kelchner sei garage now shtaid?

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra wie die Tzeiner alla summer druppa weiss rum kumma sin mit geil un wegga, un wie sie da bauer milich un hinkle g'shtola hen?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra wie der gens gnocha mon Willoughby "Schmack" Troxell now fon da Inaha Shpring, 'm Earl Hunsicker uf da George Peifley's bauerrei nagshd on Egypt, tzwae kee um g'fohra hut mit seim goul Tony im buckboard?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on die tzeit wie der poshtmaishder Fred Weiss fon New Tripoli so'n shaenie Insha ox g'funna hut uf seinra baurrei nagshd on Rockdale, ow'r hut die ox noh widder ferlora darrich 'n loch im sook, un sie noh nimmy finna kenna?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on die tzeit woh bol yader doda ouslaiger 'n shreiner wor, un sei aigna lawda gamocht hut, weil may broht in lawda wor, os wie fer die doda ous laiga?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on die tzeit wie der Rube Reinsmith sei hinkle marrick on da 7d un Gordon kotta hut, un wie er 'n gonser summer immer lavendicha kotza fish in drake kotta hut?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on der Bill Brensinger un sei fraw die Kass woh fer in da fartisch yohr in da shtore bisnis worra uf 'm Lechaw Barrick fon da Peters Kerrich drous, nagshd on Siesholtzville?"

"Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra on die tzeit wie 'm Gus Bold fon Schnecksville sei "Buffalo Inn" wertzhous gonga is beim nahma "Shtravler's Kerrich," weil die Madadis fon da gagend ols kerrich darta drin k'halta hen, die weil os es 'n woggner shop wor?"

KLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

So hen m'r noch 'n mechdichie lot so alta socha uf g'schriva, ow'r woh fiel dafon fer unserra tzeit wor, un da leit ihra wert dafor, nemma missa os uns die socha fertzaila.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Deaths of a Day

EDWIN A. LAUCHNOR

Edwin A. Lauchnor, Neffs, husband of Cora, nee eKrn, Lauchnor, died yesterday morning in the Allentown hospital after an illness of two weeks. He was in his 66th year.

A retired farmer, Mr. Lauchnor was the son of the late William and Elizabeth, nee Kistler, Lauchnor, who resided in New Tripoli. He was a member of the Lutheran wing of the Ebenezer church, New Tripoli.

Besides his wife, Mr. Lauchnor is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Margaret S. Stahley, Neffs; four sons, Charles E., and Paul K. of Neffs; Rev. Mark A., pastor of St. John's Lutheran church, Slatington; Alton W., stationed with the Navy at Bainbridge, Md.; four grandchildren; two brothers, James, Neffs; Clarence, Germansville R. 1; four sisters, Mrs. Barbara Snyder, New Tripoli; Mrs. Angie Stettler, Allentown; Mrs. Marvin Kistler, New Tripoli; Mrs. Amandus Bachman, Kempton.

Funeral services will be held from his late home Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., with continued services in Ebenezer church. Interment will be made in the church cemetery. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

HARRY SHARPER

Harry Sharper, 51, of 453 Rubel St., Bethlehem, died at 5:30 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital, following an illness with spinal meningitis.

He was born in Allentown, March 17, 1893, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sharper. The funeral will be held privately today at the convenience of the family.

MRS. EMMA J. ROBB

Emma J., nee Gets, widow of Thomas M. Robb, formerly of Krausdale, Lehigh county, died Thursday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Kulp, 322 Third St., East Greenville in her 62nd year.

Mrs. Robb was born in Philadelphia and was the last of her family. She was of the Reformed faith.

All services will be held at the Hoffman funeral home, 221 Main St., East Greenville on Tuesday at 1 p.m. with the Rev. Lester Kriebel officiating. Interment in Laurel Hill cemetery, Philadelphia.

**MRS. MARY T. RICHARDS

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.

Santayana

SAD ENDING TO MYSTERY

The mystery in the disappearance of little Wayne R. David from his humble home near Siesholtzville nearly two weeks ago has been solved with the finding of the tiny, wasted body and a sad story is ready for its inevitable finis.

Thousands who have followed the search of police and others during twelve days through the accounts in The Morning Call have shed silent tears for the terrified little fellow who left his home and hid to escape the parental punishment that had been promised for a boyish prank. It has been a sad picture which people, especially young folks, have been able to imagine widely.

But out of the event has come revelation of conditions that may and which should be corrected in the interest of brothers and sisters of the little boy. In fact the story has revealed a social situation comparable (even unfavorably) with "Tobacco Road." While Americans worry and concern themselves about sad, terrified and ill-nourished children in European countries, there was revelation of conditions almost as bad right here at our back door in a family of American background.

There is every indication that an aroused and informed public opinion will demand and support any public official's action to the end that the lot of the little sisters and brothers of the dead boy shall be improved and that they shall be given the chance that circumstances hitherto have denied them.

SUCCESS OF COOPERSBURG'S FAIR

Elated with their success a year ago residents of the lower end of the county are repeating the Southern Lehigh Home Fair in Coopersburg during this weekend with the final exhibition hours this afternoon and evening.

Already for two days large crowds have enjoyed the event and have given it that best type of all advertising—word-of-mouth report from a satisfied customer. Today then it can be expected that all records for attendance and interest will be broken.

Naturally there may be inquiry and curiosity as to the motives for a local exhibition of this type. The ideas of the founders are well set forth in a brief essay in the current catalogue which is entitled: "The Three Streams."

Three streams there are which pour their waters into the economic life of the southern Lehigh community.

The farmer with his wide variety of enterprises produces the raw materials from his land.

The factory and the plant turn the stuff of earth and soil into thousands of finished products—each designed for a specific job or purpose.

The wholesaler, the retailer, the dealer and the distributor, each in his locale, move raw material and finished products alike out into every corner of the land.

Flowing smoothly, as one great body, these three streams nourish our entire people. On their banks flourish the homes, the churches, the schools and all other social and civic organizations which make for a vigorous, healthy community.

The Southern Lehigh Home Fair, too, has roots which draw their nurture from these streams. Without the farmers, without the factories, without the stores and dealers there could have been no Fair—they have actually made the Fair.

In this premium catalog you have found them—to the number of almost 150. In this catalog they have merged as a mighty force—united in telling the people of the Southern Lehigh—Northern Bucks community that they have faith in the future of their homeland and vision of its coming greatness.

The Fair Corporation hopes that it can successfully merit the continued support of these who have so unselfishly backed their faith with dollars.

The Fair, too, would bespeak a warm and kindly good will for these supporters from all the people to the end that they may continue to pump their strength into a community which can prosper only as they prosper and grow.

To do otherwise is to act against our own self-interest and welfare.

GESTAPO RULING THRU TERROR

Switzerland has very good listening posts in Germany and so the story of twenty-one public hangings in Cologne within two days has a ring of truth to it.

According to the Swiss newspapermen who have telegraphed the story, these hangings indicate the ruthless hand of the Gestapo in its dealings with the civilian population. The Gestapo is determined to snuff out any popular movement as the reported unwillingness of many Germans to stand and die for the Nazi leaders. Accordingly it brutally, swiftly and publicly hangs any person who can be shown to have become a defeatist and an unwilling martyr.

So the Gestapo may hush mouths and prevent dissemination of dissatisfaction but it has a bigger job on its hands when it has to keep workers on the job over long hours and under dangerous conditions and to force out of such labor maximum production. That is a strain that ought to be sufficient to break even such a tough organization as the Gestapo. The entire German situation is one that patently is desperate in the extreme and that grows more serious for the Nazis with every move that they make.

THE POPULAR ARMY-NAVY GAME

Because the annual Army-Navy game is so outstandingly popular and can be employed to any one of so many good philanthropic purposes, initial decision to hold this year's game in the tiny stadium at Annapolis was an error while the recent decision of President Roosevelt to move the game to Baltimore is a correction of that error.

Inasmuch as this game is so colorful in its content and so stirringly patriotic in its spirit, every American who possibly in his lifetime can get to see a game should do so. It is an athletic event never to be forgotten regardless of winner, feature plays or the final score. In fact it is a pity that the game cannot be witnessed annually by many times the number of persons who manage to secure tickets. It is a pity that the two service teams cannot play several games in a season in stadia of cities central to the East, the West and the South.

While it would be possible for more persons to see this year's game if played in Philadelphia, selection of Baltimore is a vast improvement upon Annapolis. Inasmuch as the game is to be played for some patriotic purpose, it can be expected that unusual success will be achieved.

FDR's Travel Risks

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—If there is one thing that the recent election settled it is that a majority of the American people feel President Roosevelt is indispensable to them at this moment of crisis in our history.

Yet the President is being invited to go overseas and take the risks of travel in war areas. Press dispatches from abroad are predicting a meeting of Messrs. Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt, to be held somewhere in the Middle East. This means either a ship or plane journey for the President. The last time he went to Teheran he picked up a germ which bothered him for a long time and caused him to lose weight. It started more serious rumors about his health which, of course, were unfounded.

During the campaign an issue was built around the possible interruption of Mr. Roosevelt's leadership for health reasons, and many Republicans argued that a vote for Mr. Roosevelt in the last election might turn out to be a vote for Senator Truman. What the argument really did was to emphasize the indispensability of Mr. Roosevelt.

What seems puzzling at the moment, therefore, is that the American people seem so complacent about a trip abroad by the President. Possibly it is because he has made such trips before and has come through without accident. But it does seem as if more journeys overseas are bound to raise the question as to whether it is wise for Mr. Roosevelt to take further chances.

The President said when he accepted the nomination that he would serve in the office if he were "so ordered by the commander-in-chief of us all—the sovereign people of the United States."

Nobody in the Government is going to tell Mr. Roosevelt that he ought not to make the trip. Only the American people can advise him against it.

There is no good reason why Mr. Roosevelt should have to go abroad if a meeting of the "Big Three" is planned. Marshal Stalin has never been to the United States. The American people would like to see him. He ought to see something of this country in order to understand its peaceful purposes and the American people's friendship for the Russian people. Prime Minister Churchill has been here before and would be welcome again. There are plenty of places in the United States where the "Big Three" could meet in seclusion, or they might even meet at Quebec.

There is an especial reason why the other two heads of States ought to come to Mr. Roosevelt. Entirely apart from the fact that the United States is supplying the principal manpower on the Western Front today and is furnishing the tools from this arsenal of democracy, the fact remains that Mr. Roosevelt does not get around easily. If he were in an airplane and something happened, he would be at a serious disadvantage because he does not have the free use of his legs due to the ravages of infantile paralysis many years ago. If something happened to his warship at sea Mr. Roosevelt could be transported therefrom more easily to a small boat than from a plane. But even if all the factors were such that his safe return could be assured, there still remains the danger of moving around in the Middle East where last time he picked up a flu germ.

* * *

The fact that a trip by the President is being spoken of publicly by the European press indicates that there is such a plan in the making. It means that Mr. Roosevelt is considered by his physician to be in good enough health to make the trip. But the question is whether he should make it.

Surely if Messrs. Stalin and Churchill cannot come to this side of the Atlantic, then there ought to be some training of a second man in the Government to take the President's place in these foreign conferences. Senator Truman, the vice-president-elect, doesn't take office until next January and is free to go on a special mission for the United States Government at this time. Along with him would go the United States chiefs of staff who are, of course, familiar with all the problems that would be discussed at the coming conference. Mr. Roosevelt could be kept in touch by telegraph and telephone. The country would probably breathe more easily if the President were not traveling around in the Mediterranean, where German weapons of vengeance are by no means as yet completely exterminated.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE INAUGURAL

There is no law against holding the fourth inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt at the White House instead of at the Capitol. No one can question his right to decide where and how he is sworn in as President, provided he takes the oath of office stipulated in the Constitution. Nevertheless, it has been American custom for a President, elected to that office, to come to the Capitol and to deliver an inaugural address there. It is one of those traditional rites which, while not being law nor even essential, receives sanction from usage and public favor.

Like so many American traditions, this particular one undoubtedly grew out of the theory that kings of Europe did not crown themselves. They sought to convey to their people that they governed by divine sanction, that they were anointed, like the kings in the Bible. The kings of England, for instance, are crowned at Westminster Abbey and one of the characteristics of the pomp and ceremony of this occasion is the anointing of the king by the Archbishop, an unction that marks the humility of the ruler.

The American Constitution does not provide the ceremony of inauguration but it does specify the oath which the President must take. This oath is: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

This oath may be taken anywhere if solemnly spoken without any reservations. It must be repeated for each new term, no matter how often an American is elected President. A restriction to two terms was also tradition and custom—but that has been changed by Mr. Roosevelt's aspirations and the decision of the American people.

Many Americans dislike tradition, custom, social habits and binding ties to ancient forms as restrictive of change and even progress. They seem to believe that everything that is new and different is to be preferred. Certainly there can be no rational objection to holding the Inauguration on the White House steps instead of on the steps of the Capitol. The sentimental objection is that it is a breach of the traditions, customs and habits of the American people. It is a departure from form. It is another break with the history of the country.

Economy Measure

Mr. Roosevelt's explanation is that he has become economical, which is startling from one who has spent the nation's wealth, with such open-handed ease. Surely, if it costs a few dollars more to do it in one building than in another, the balancing determinant ought to be the continuance of national custom and tradition.

I heard Ben Dean, President of Kiwanis International, tell this story:

A professor of speech visited a prayer meeting in a Scotch kirk and during the evening he was asked to read the Twenty-third Psalm—the Psalm of the Shepherd, which begins with the words, "The Lord is my shepherd." He read the lines eloquently, with perfection of cultivation and training. The congregants were moved. The minister, a simple man of seventy, was then requested to read the same Psalm. He spoke its words in a soft, ancient voice, without effort, without polish, as he had done on many a Sunday. And not an eye in the congregation was dry.

When the professor of speech was asked how it happened that when he read the Psalm, the congregation was moved by his eloquence but when the minister read it, they were moved to tears, he replied: "The difference is that I know the Psalm, but the old minister knows the Shepherd."

And that is the hold and sanction of tradition. It hallows institutions; it makes them sacred and associates them with the eternities of history. Traditional services such as the Easter lilies or the Christmas tree, or the blowing of the Shofar among the Jews warm the heart and bind the believing person to the continuity of human associations. The American Inaugural ought not to be something that is passed over quickly as of no consequence. It should be a ceremonious association of the President with the binding customs of our civilization.

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ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

BROTHER ENOCH

Conrad Weiser (1696-1760), famous colonial agent and Indian interpreter, was baptized and died as a Lutheran. But during the sixty-four years of his life he had tested and embraced several other creeds. During the period between 1735 and 1741 he was an ardent member of the Brotherhood in Wisdom on the banks of the Cocalico at Ephrata. In that semi-monastic order men divested themselves of their given names and adopted names conferred upon them by the Bishop of the Seventh Day Baptists . . . Conrad Weiser's name at Ephrata was Brother Enoch.

Factional strife at Rieth's Church, near Stouchsburg, led Weiser and several others to withdraw from that congregation in 1733 and to allow themselves to be rebaptized in the Muddy Creek in Lancaster County as a member of the sect known as the Seventh Day Baptists.

Once a member of this sect he gave himself over completely to its teachings. He gave liberally of his substance to construct the cloisters there; he deserted worldly life to don the white garb of a monk; he fasted until his body grew thin and his features pale and wan; he allowed his beard to grow, and in every way joined with the other zealots in an attempt to simulate the appearance of Jesus.

Reverend Acrelius, the Swedish missionary, records that Weiser on one occasion submitted to severe punishment, when upon returning from a visit to his home in Tulpehocken, he confessed under inquisition, that he had slept with his own wife.

Celibacy rules prevailed in the Brotherhood. For this reason the order could not be self-perpetuating and proselyting activities had to be carried on vigorously to recruit new members for the sect. Lay brothers traveled in groups to distant places attempting to gather new members into the fold. Weiser joined these crusades which led the bearded brethren as far as southern New Jersey.

But a personality such as Weiser's could not remain regimented in a self-abnegating order. His activities as an agent for the governor of the province in Indian affairs and his too frequent quarrels with Conrad Beisel, the head of the Cloisters, led to his withdrawal in 1741 when the arrival of Count von Zinzendorf attracted Weiser's attention to the missionary activities of the Moravians. Later, after the Reverend Henry Melchior Muhlenberg had married Anna Maria, Weiser's eldest daughter, the aged interpreter was reconverted to the Lutheran faith and joyously he wrote the hymn for the dedication of the First Lutheran Church in Reading on June 17, 1753.

BLASPHEMY OR FALSEHOOD?

In 1750 Gottlieb Mittlerberger paid a visit to America. For four years he sojourned among the Germans in Pennsylvania and then, after his return to Germany he wrote an extensive account of his travels and a description of things he found in Pennsylvania. He must have spent a considerable amount of time in Oley, because he relates several incidents which he places in that section of Berks County. We quote a significant passage:

"I cannot pass over another example of the godless life of some people in this free country. Two very rich planters living in Oley Township, who were very well known to me, one by the name of Arnold Hufnagel, the other named Conrad Reif, both archenemies and scoffers of the preachers and the divine word, often met to ridicule and scoff at the ministers and all the church people, and to deny heaven and future salvation, as well as eternal damnation in hell. In 1755 these two scoffers met again one day, according to their evil customs, and began to speak of heaven and hell. Said Arnold Hufnagel to Conrad Reif: "How much will you give me for my place in heaven, brother?" Said the other: "I will give you just as much as you will give me for my place in hell". Said Hufnagel again: "If you will give me so and so many sheep for my place in heaven you shall have it." Replied Reif: "I will give them to you if you will give me so and so many sheep for my place in hell." Thus the two scoffers agreed on their bargain, joking blasphemously about heaven and hell. On the following day as Hufnagel, who had been ready to part with his place in heaven on such cheap terms, was about to descend to his cellar, which had always been his heaven, he suddenly dropped down dead; while Reif was attacked in his field by a flight of so-called golden eagles, which would surely have killed him if he had not cried piteously for help, when some neighbors came to his assistance. From that day he would not trust himself out of his house; he was taken with a wasting disease and died in his sins, unrepentant and unshriven."

There is a palpable error in at least one statement. Conrad Reiff, pioneer settler of Oley was alive in 1754, when Mittelberger penned this account and he continued to live until 1777. The tax lists of Oley for 1754 do not contain the name of Arnold Hufnagel but Benjamin Hoofnail is listed. We have found no record of Arnold Hufnagel among the ship lists of the Pennsylvania German immigrants, but Conrad Reiff is known to all students of Berks history as an outstanding, upright citizen of Oley in its early years.

OLD SHRUNK

The practice of the black art of "hexing" flourished during the early colonial days in Pennsylvania. The settlers of Germantown regarded George Shrunk, "Old Shrunk," as a past master of the art and credulous persons consulted him on all sorts of perplexing problems.

It was believed that he could force thieves to return stolen articles, or, if consulted in advance of theft, he could compel thieves to stand still in their act until they could be apprehended.

He could locate hidden treasure. On such occasions he would intone incantations and warn all of his auditors to be silent lest they break "the magic ring." Any noise other than his own, he warned, would break the spell.

The search for treasure was motivated by recurring tales that Blackbeard's pirates had buried their loot along the eastern shores of the Delaware river. Legend had it that the pirates had killed some of their prisoners and buried their bodies with the booty. Ghost stories were interpreted as signs of the presence of treasure, and Old Shrunk and his divining rod were called upon to find the treasure.

Not all residents of Germantown placed their faith in Old Shrunk's efforts at divining. An army officer wrote a play ridiculing the practice. A few lines from the play will show that the author is mimicing the German accents found in the English tongue.

"My dearest wife, in all my life
Ich nefer was so fritened;
De spirit come, and ich did run,
'Twas juste like dunder mit lightning."

But the belief in hexing and witchcraft was not confined to the German portion of the colonial population. North of Germantown was the village of Flourtown which in Old Shrunk's day in the last decades of the 18th century was a great center for exotic doctrines and occult practices. Many evil influences were at work in this non-German community and Old Shrunk was frequently called upon to leave his Germantown home and quell the angry witches in Flourtown.

When he arrived at the scene of the trouble his custom was to fling his arms about wildly and proclaim that witches were residing everywhere in the neighborhood. The effect of this gesture and statement was to cast suspicion upon everyone.

Consequently all persons appealed to Old Shrunk in order to be absolved of the charge. He acquitted every one freely and after a while peace reigned again until a new wave of witch-baiting broke out.

Yes, the Pennsylvania Germans once believed in witches. So did the New England Puritans. But the humane Pennsylvanians tolerated their witches. They did not hang them as did the fanatical zealots of Salem, to their everlasting shame.

BARN RAISING

Barn-raisings, or SCHEIERUFFSCHLAGGE, are not as common today as they were a generation or two ago. Now and then barns are replaced and new ones built but the time has passed when new farms were being developed, calling for new houses and barns.

In times past barn raisings were social gatherings attended by almost a hundred neighbors who donated their time and effort to place the beams and rafters and push the huge sides of the barn into place.

Timber was cut and hewn in advance of the day set for raising the barns. Every piece of lumber was marked, usually with some code, designating the place it was to occupy in the completed structure. All of the timber was brought to the spot where the barn was to be erected and placed in readiness for the many hands that would arrive on raising day.

Stone masons built the foundation in advance of the actual raising, master carpenters had cut the notches and pegs; measured all of the areas and sawed the pieces to fit. Frequently the sides of the barn were completed in advance with all boards nailed into place while the huge frames lay upon the ground like wooden platforms.

On raising day the neighbors assembled. The more agile ones climbed with the rising structure to fit the rafters and beams into a roof while the husky ones applied brawn and sinew to carrying the heavy pieces and raising the barn sides into position.

After the work was done all hands moved to the cellar of the farmhouse where great kegs of cider or whiskey were disgorging their contents to the thirsty ones. The long butcher-table was loaded with food for the hungry. This was their reward, picnic time all over again.

The Swiss type bank-barn is to be found only in Pennsylvania Dutch communities. If you espy a barn with a "Vorbau" in some other section of the country you will find that it was built by a Pennsylvania German. Because of this unique feature on the American scene it may be worthwhile to list the names of parts of the barn as they are known in the dialect. We list the following:

die Spannpett
der Darrichzug
die Mauerlatt
der Vorbau
das Owwerdenn
die Fruchtkammer
der Dachschtuhl
der Fudergang
der Hoibaare

Who can add to this list and who can give the English equivalents?

GOTT SEI DANK

Ich will net viel in daere Weld
Vun Land un Heiser odder Geld;
Ken Reichdum wie en mancher hot,
Wu'n Daaler aaguckt wie en Gott;
Ken Mecht, as ann're unnerdrickt
Un alle Gerechtichkeed verschdickt;
Un mit me wolfich Haerz un Hand
Nemmt alles un gebt niemols Dank.

Yuscht geb mer G'sundheit—uffgerollt
In Lumbe bied sell all dei Gold;
En Heisli wu en Weibli singt
En Schlummerlied zu ihrem Kind;
En waarm, rein Haerz un ehrlich Blud,
Ken grosser Naame, awwer gud;
En feschter Freind, en Kruscht im Schank—
Far all des saag ich: "Gott sei Dank!"

—SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

ES SCHPOTYOHR

O, was iss es Schpotyohr so wunnerbaar schee!
Mer laaft do rum un guckt noch de Baem.
Die Bletter sin rot, brau, grie un geel—
Denewe schtehn Baem, die hen gaar kenni meh.

Dart schteht en Appelbaam, er iss all rot behenkt,
Mer kennt's net so schee mache mit Menschehend.
Denewe iss en annerer, die sin gans goldegeel—
Der Herrgott schickt alle Yohr unser Deel.

Hickerniss, Butterniss un Walniss hot's do;
Persimmons—nooch em Frosch sin mer far sie froh;
Un Sellerich in Role—der bleecht nau aerscht, ass er suit,
Riewe un Reddich sin far kalt un koche gut.

Im Schpotyohr kummt noh aa die naerrische Zeit,
Wu sie saage, ass die Hex uff em Besemschtiel reit;
Un die Kaerbseg'sichter in alle Fenschter schtehn.
Des macht die schwarze Katze gans bucklich gehn.

Die Kinner hen Paerdis, die Grosse heer'n aa dezu;
Sie duhn Games schpiele un lache Hu! Hu!
Sie hen aa Parades, die sehne sehr viel vun de Leit—
Was iss des im Schpotyohr so en haerrlichi Zeit!

Der Geischterdaag iss dann aa noch debei;
Sie kloppen an de Fenschtere un dreiwen Naerrerei.
Leit duhn sie verschrecke un Sache duhn sie verdrehe.
Loss yuscht uff der Porch ken Schockelschtuhl schteh.

Dann kummt Danksaagungsdaag, do gebt's Turkeyrosch
Mit Oischterfilling un Kaerbsekuche gross.
Es geht hie zu's Graempaeps, die Kinner sin so froh;
Far sell wolle mer Gott danke—'s Schpotyohr iss do!

Nau saag yuscht—was wollen mer dann noch meh,
Mit farwiche Bletter un Sunneschein so schee,
Scheene Eppel un Biere, un viel Drauwe dezu—
Wie wotten mer dann unnich's Schpotyohr duh?

Nau wollen mer Gott danke far die haerrliche Zeit,
Un alles was er gewe un geduh far die Leit,
Dass er nemmt unser Maed un Buwe in Hut—
Un en End macht vum Krieg mit seim Druwwel un Blut.

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

Der Johnny Un Sei Blosharn

Der Johnny hot en Blosharn grickt,
Der Paepp hot's kaaft un 's waar nau sei;
Doch hot er g'saat, "Blos net zu viel,
Schunscht kumm ich naus un hol dich rei."

Der Johnny saagt zum Paepp, "All recht,
Des basst mich gut un iss aa schee."
Er geht dann naus un haust wie'n Insch,
Dann saagt der Paepp, "Kann's net verschteh!'

Ich denk er's recht—so geht's yo haer!
En Mancher blost sei Haerz ball raus!
'S nemmt meh wie Yacht un Kinnerschpiel—
En dodi Katz fangt mol ken Maus!

Wer laernt des frieh, hot viel gelaernt,
'S schteht gut ihm bei far alle Zeit;
Ken Bloff un Schaam deckt Dummheed zu,
Net alle Leit sin dumme Leit!

'S hot Leit die saage, Bloff gingt weit,
Ich glaab's aa ball un denk aa du!
Doch weess ich net, wie des aushalt,
En Hanswaerscht hot yo nie ken Ruh!

Schteh uff far's Recht, was 's koschte maag!
Loss Haerz un Schtimm un Lewe sei
Wie Brieder drei, in allem Schtick—
So'n Lewesplaan vun Bloff iss frei!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ

The Fox and His Wife They Had a Great Strife

Der Fuchs un sei Fraa, die hen emol Schtreit;
Sie esse ken Mustard wie annere Leit.
Fer Gawwel un Messer, do hen sie ken Zeit,
Sie gnawwere so gaern an de Gnoche, o-ho!

Der Fuchs tschumpt uff in re mondhelle Nacht,
Die Schtaerne, die hen so am Himmel gelacht;
"O-ho!" saagt der Fuchs," in so'ere Nacht,
Do geht mer mol nunner ins Schtedtel o-ho!"

Er kummt an en Hiwwel, der waar bissel schteil,
Noh schpitzt er die Ohre un haerricht e Weil.
"O-ho!" saagt der Fuchs, "'s iss yuscht noch en Meil
Vun do bis dart nunner ins Schtedtel, o-ho!"

Un kummt er am Bauer seim Dierli verbei,
Do sehnt er der Enterich, fett un so fei;
Er saagt zu sich selwer, "Den hol ich mer glei,
Ich gnawwer so gaern an de Gnoche, o-ho!"

Noh schpringt aa die Gans amme Hoischtock draahie,
Waar eemol zu schpot un waar eemol zu frieh;
"Ich waerr dich schun griege, so schpaar der die Mieh,
Un reit uff meim Buckel mit heem, o-ho!"

Nau waerre sie wacker im Bauer seim Haus,
Die Mammi am Fenschter, sie guckt emol naus;
"O Daadi, o Daadi! Der Fuchs iss dart draus,
Un fett iss die Gans was er holt, o-ho!"

Noh saagt aa der Daadi, "Will's Deihenkers sei!
Dem setz ich en Fall, dann hen mer ihn glei!"
Doch schlau iss der Fuchs, do geht er net nei,
Yuscht dabber zum Schtedtelche naus, o-ho!

Schpringt iwwer die Felse un naus uff der Hiwwel,
Noh blost er ins Harn—des waar net so iwwel!
Der Schlingel waar glicklich, bei allem Gewimmel,
Sei Fuder zu fange im Schtedtel, o-ho!

Der Fuchs mit de Gans iss zum Felseloch nei,
Der Fuchs un die Fichselcher fresse sie glei;
Un hen sie sie g'fresse, dann schlofe sie ei,
Un alles iss ruhich im Schtedtel, o-ho!

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. MARY R. PRICE

Mrs. Mary R. (Minarik) Price, wife of Robert L. Price, of 463 Adams St., Bethlehem, died suddenly Thursday evening at her home following a brief illness. Death according to an investigation by Dr. D. F. Bachman, Northampton county coroner, was due to a heart ailment.

Born in Bethlehem, she was a daughter of Mrs. Helen and the late Joseph Minarik. She was a member of SS. Cyril and Methodius parish.

Besides her parents, she is survived by two children, Robert, Jr., and Mary, at home; her mother, five sisters, Julia, Anna and Lorraine, Bethlehem; Mrs. Helen Shipkovsky, Palmerton, and Mrs. Pauline Vassallo, New York City; and two brothers, Corporal Joseph Minarik, U. S. Army, stationed in Trinidad, and Sergeant Francis Minarik, in New Guinea.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a. m., Monday. Solemn requiem mass will be celebrated at 9 o'clock in SS. Cyril and Methodius church, followed by burial in the family plot in Holy Saviour cemetery.

WILLIAM A. BEIDELMAN

William A. Beidelman, 657 Clearfield St., Freemansburg, died at 5:30 a. m. yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital. He was 60 years of age.

Born in Bethlehem, he was the son of the late Allen and Minnie (nee Boers) Beidelman and was employed by the B. P. N. E. railroad of the Bethlehem Steel Co. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

Surviving are his wife Margaret (nee James); two sons, Allen, Bethlehem, and Howard Welker, Allentown; four daughters, Mrs. George Frey, Mrs. Catherine Erdell, Mrs. Russell Kline and Mrs. David Miller, all of Bethlehem, and five grandchildren.

Rev. William E. Berkemier will officiate at funeral services from the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment will be in Memorial Park cemetery.

FREDERICK MARTIN

Frederick Martin, a son of the late Atty. J. Norton and Blanche Stiles Martin, died Friday morning at Sacred Heart hospital where he was a patient for the past week. He was 56 years of age. He attended Lafayette college and later Bowdoin college, Brunswick, Me., and was at one time a member of Allentown lodge of Elks, and for 25 years of the American Legion. His grandfather on the paternal side was Atty. John D. Stiles who was congressman from Lehigh county during post-Civil War years. On his paternal side, he was a descendant of the Martins, pioneer physicians of Lehigh county. He was a member of Grace Episcopal church. Private funeral services will be held from the Trexler funeral home Monday at 11 a. m.

ROSA A. HARTZELL

Rosa A. Hartzell, 74, 1026 W. North St., Bethlehem, died at 1 p. m. Friday at the late home following an illness of some time.

She was born in Bethlehem township, a daughter of the late Alexander and Catherine Schnable Hartzell, and was a member of St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed church.

Survivors are a brother, Stewart Hartzell, Nazareth; a sister, Mrs. Nettie Worth, Wilson borough.

Rev. Chester L. Brachman will officiate at funeral services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. Burial in Fairmount cemetery, Phillipsburg, N. J.

MRS. GEORGE BORTZ

Mrs. Emma C. Haas Bortz, 77, wife of George Bortz, died suddenly at 9:45 p. m. Thursday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Reilly, Hellertown R. 1, near Leithsville.

She was a daughter of the late John and Catherine Applebach Haas and was born April 17, 1867, at Stockerton.

Survivors are the husband and three daughters, Mrs. William Schrantz, Hellertown; Mrs. Reilly and Mrs. Ammon Germanton, Bethlehem, R. 4; three sons, Joseph, Pottsville; George Jr. and Elmer, Bethlehem.

Three sisters, Mrs. Elsie Buss, Hellertown R. 1; Mrs. Hattie Kent, Roxburg, N. J., and Mrs. Harvey Campbell, Easton R. 4; 49 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be conducted by Rev. J. M. Hunsberger of St. Paul's Evangelical church at 2 p. m. Monday in the Templeton funeral home, Main St., Hellertown. Burial in Union cemetery.

OSCAR A. BRANDT

Oscar A. Brandt, long-time retired employe of the old Thomas Iron Co. in Hokendauqua, died at 1:20 p. m. yesterday at his home, 25 2nd St., Hokendauqua. He had been ill for several months. He was 75 years old.

Born in Germany, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brandt, he came to the United States 61 years ago, settling in Hokendauqua. He was a member of the Friendship lodge of Catasauqua and St. Paul's Lutheran church of Catasauqua.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Annie J. (Heffelfinger) Brandt, three daughters: Mrs. Clara Klinger of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Ruth (David) Smith and Mrs. Stella (Robert) Druckenmiller, both of Hokendauqua; two sons: William O. of Hokendauqua, Private Robert J. now at Fort George Meade, Md.; four grandchildren including one with the Army in France, and a sister, Mrs. Clara Miller of Pittsburgh.

Revs. Philip Miller and James Lambert will officiate at services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at the Brandt home and the continued services at St. Paul's Lutheran church, Catasauqua. Burial will be made in Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.

WILLIAM A. BEIDELMAN

William A. Beidelman, 60, husband of Margaret (nee James) Beidelman, 667 Clearfield St., Freemansburg, died at 5:30 a. m. Friday in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown. He was born in Bethlehem Oct. 18, 1884, the son of Allen and Minnie (nee Boers) Beidelman.

He was employed by the Philadelphia, Bethlehem and New England railroad and was a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by two sons, Allen Beidelman of Bethlehem and Howard Welker of Allentown; four daughters, Mrs. George Frey, Mrs. Catherine Redell, Mrs. Russell Kline and Mrs. David Miller, all of Bethlehem, and five grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St. Rev. William C. Berkemeyer, pastor of St. Matthew's Lutheran church will officiate. Burial will take place in Memorial Park cemetery, Bethlehem.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Der Gabby Hut Ferkauft

Yar, der Gabby Bryfogel fon Berlinsville hut doh weil tzurick sei gons gross garage waisa ferkauft, un gait now ous bisnis. Wos now tzu duh is die froke, ow'r glawwa wol wons wear os 'n mensch duh kent wie er wot so weit os gas un tires aw gain, os der Gabby mohl ae moryet aryads uf 'n poshda jumpa dade, die arm abissel flotcha un singa, "When You and I Were Young Maggie," un noh ferlossa bei mashine fer Kalifornia. Ow'r so wie die socha now sin is sel gons un gore ous da froke, un sol uns ken pieca wunnerra eb er net larnt fer bar tenda in seina alta dawga. Der Gabby is arrick fer wosser un glawwa os er sich recht gute dahame fiela dade aryads nagshd om Kanol.

Ow'r wos der Gabby dut now os er ous bisnis gait, gait niemond shunshd nix aw os wie grawd ihn selwar. Der Mahlon Livengood fon Lehighton hut 'n ous kauft tzock un pock, un der Sammy Spaydt, sei nummer ains shmutz omshel hut er mit gewwa ols 'n resate. Der Mahlon wie m'r wissa is 'n kola trucker, un hut laenich ganunk arwet fer 'n garage om gae halta.

So weit os der Gabby aw gait, er is shun in da garage bisnis tzitter 1919. 'S arsht hut er ous g'shtart imma glaina gabei drunna nagshd om wertshous woh kalm ganunk blotz wor fer ae mashine nei duh. Noh awenich shpaiter is er nuf midda ins shteddle gatzoga woh er mainer blotz kotta hut fer mashina shtella, un aw 'n tzweter floor woh sie fer yohra ihra "Batshlors Klub" drin k'halta hen. Sellie Klub wor ols ebbes gons arbadiches, un wos sin die kerls gatzichdich'd werra os iwwer die shtrang g'shloga hen, un hen shtarta rum shpringa mit da maid. Ainer fon da airshda os fers garich'd garufa is werra wor der Bobby Spangler, now bresident fon da fire kumpany dart in Cherryville.

'M Gabby sei garage woh der oyermon "Nick" sei bisnis now drin hut wor fer yohra der tzomma lawf blotz fon Berlinsville. Wos net darta drin gablauder'd un galoga is werra is net dawert fer shwetza dafon, un allas wor ol recht bis der Gabby g'shpiert hut os der blotz tzu glae is fer die gross mashine bisnis fon selra gagend, un hut sich noh 'n grossie, neile garage gabout drunna om eck wohs nous noch Danielsville gait. Sel wor yusht 'n ae shteckich gabei, ow'r hut noh 'n grossie show shtub kot fer neia trucks un mashina ob weissa, 'n grossie offis fer sei bisnis drin duh, unna mechdicher grosser shop hinna nous fer mashina shtella un kars fixa. 'M Gabby sei airshder blawn wor, die "Batshlors Klub" sot mit nunner noch 'm neia blotz gae, un dada 'm noh 'n guter brucka batzawla ols hall rent. Ow'r glei hen dale fon da habta kerls may gaduh os wie yusht iwwer die shtrang gakick'd—sie hen blose aweck k'heiert, un die klub is tzu nix gonga.

So wie die socha now heit shtain, is der Gabby may der aints

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The time will come when this, our Holy Church
Shall melt away in ever widening walls,
And be for all mankind. And in its place
Shall rise another church, whose covenant word
Shall be the act of love. Not "Credo" then
But "Amo" shall be the watchword thru its gate.
Carpenter.

WAR BEGINS AGAINST JAP MAINLAND

Long ago (as time goes in this war) the American people learned that the raid upon Tokio by General James Doolittle and his flyers on April 18, 1942, was little more than a diversion and that it was very costly compared with its real military value.

In the past two and a half years there has been much talk about direct attack upon Tokio. Since Tokio is a symbol of the Japanese mainland some persons may have developed the impression that there have been assaults upon the huge, sprawling capital city of Japan on a number of occasions.

The fact is that not until yesterday, when more than a hundred huge Superfortress bombers flew over Japan, has that city been visited except by our reconnaissance planes. Their almost daily arrival in recent weeks has excited the Japs no end.

Yesterday's visit is highly important in that it represents the beginning of a new phase of the war in the Pacific. It was not a diversion. It was the opening salute of a tremendous campaign that will be waged steadily from this point on against the masses of the Japanese empire and their industrial and transportation centers. As General Arnold told President Roosevelt in a personal report to his commander-in-chief; "This operation is in no sense a hit-and-run raid. It is a calculated extension of our air power. No part of the Japanese empire is now out of our range, no war factory too remote to feel our bombs. The battle for Japan has been joined."

General Arnold proceeded to inform the President, and thereby the American people, that the systematic demolition of Japan's industry which was begun six months ago from bases in China, now is to be continued by attacks from many planes based upon Saipan. The Japs are warned and informed that they are to be softened for ultimate invasion by Allied air, land and sea forces.

Interesting it is to note that our planes are going to fly from Saipan which in early July still was in Japanese hands. Now that island has splendid air-fields, built with greatest speed by our engineers, and prepared to take the place in large part of the fields in China which recently were destroyed to keep them out of the hands of the enemy.

How are the Japs going to react? Well, as James R. Young recently told us in a lecture given here, the Japs have an almost superstitious fear of fire. How great is that fear is suggested by the fact that arson is the only crime other than murder which is punishable by death.

Already the Japs have indicated their fear of fire. They are said to have cleared vast city areas to prevent the spread of fire among the highly combustible residential sections. They have evacuated or are about to evacuate millions of people from a dozen great cities. They know their own vulnerability probably better than anybody else and seek to prepare themselves. But that is not going to save them from the inevitable. Almost without a doubt the flimsy quarters of their cities will be burned to the ground and sturdier structures in the newer parts of their cities will be reduced to dust. Their industries will be flattened and their transportation system—a four-track line running north and south thru the islands for more than seven hundred miles and very close to the sea-coast—will be repeatedly torn up and paralyzed at important nerve centers.

That is what is in store for the fanatics of Japan. Their military men have faced death without a qualm and in fact have welcomed it on all battlefields. Will the civilian population face fire and chaos with equal calm and stoicism?

DEFENDERS OF LIBERTY IN STRASBOURG

It was highly appropriate that Allied troops who entered Strasbourg yesterday were both Americans and French and that the liberation of the big Alsatian city was achieved by representatives of countries so deeply committed thruout their modern history to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" in the one case and to "liberty, fraternity and equality" in the other.

Strasbourg has stood for adherence to liberty in spite of the changes in national authority that it has experienced ever since "The Marseillaise" first was sung in that city during the French Revolution. Despite German control over many years, the Alsatians have remained true to the principles of freedom as generally represented by the democratic government of the French.

It must be a matter for gratification to Frenchmen everywhere that this great city has been taken and that almost the last foot of French soil has been cleared and purified as to German profanation.

TROUBLE BREWS IN SCANDINAVIA

Another bit of pasteboard in Hitler's house of cards has fallen out of its pattern and suggests the toppling of the entire structure.

Thruout the war, Sweden has been able to maintain neutrality but she has done so at the expense of considerable service for the Germans, as we well remember from the ball-bearing incident and the transit of German soldiers and prisoners out of Norway and thru Sweden.

Of greater importance than either has been the movement of iron ore—the best in the world—out of Sweden to the blast furnaces in Germany, via ore boats that moved out of the ports of Norway.

Now we get reports from Sweden that since Oct. 20, not a single ore-train has left the Swedish mines, that no German ships are loading at Narvik and that all Swedish ports in the Baltic have been closed to German traffic.

All this fits in well with the resurgence of spirited activity by the Norwegians, the report that the Swedes will not sign their general trade treaty with Germany which runs out on Dec. 31 and the activity of the Russians in Finland against the Germans.

Just as the Germans have been run out of Finland, the Balkans, Italy and France, so they face the prospect of being driven out of Scandinavia before the winter is over.

Blocs vs The League

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—Are there some Americans who are beginning to lose faith in the principle of Democracy? After this war has been won will there be some among us who will argue that the totalitarian concept wherein might makes right is perhaps the more "practicable?"

These questions are asked because of the defeatist attitude already being assumed by those here and abroad who are beginning to defend as realistic the proposal to create a western bloc of powers in Europe to be dominated by Britain and an eastern bloc to be dominated by Russia.

It is being argued, for instance, that because the smaller nations aren't capable of defending themselves and did not contribute sufficiently to pre-war security hence they must now yield some degree of sovereignty and submit to the rule and dictation of the larger powers.

Two Rival Systems

To those who suggest that this means two rival systems of alliances which can only mean perennial friction, the answer is being made that unless certain frontiers are guaranteed in Europe and a defense system organized to support those guarantees the continent will again be menaced from within.

What seems to be overlooked is that the plan for a new League of Nations with its security council and military committees has been offered to the world as a universal organization which shall have sufficient military power back of it to keep the peace, and that its military forces will be deployed only as a result of collective authority.

The American people are being urged to contribute to the armed forces of the proposed league so it can go into action at a moment's notice and this principle is every day receiving more and more support. But it is difficult to understand how the idea of a regional system of blocs to be dominated in a military way by two rival powers with their own set of political and economic interests can ever be honestly reconciled with the broader principle of a universal organization in which large and small nations shall be represented and in which all nations shall have sovereign rights as well as duties.

Can it be that when the argument is made for the need to build a "friendly" Poland or a "friendly" Iran or a "friendly" Roumania and so on through the Balkan and Baltic bloc soon to come under Russia's "sphere of influence" there is an unwillingness to see that such types of "friendship" are inculcated usually by coercion if not intimidation?

Undoubtedly there will arise many sponsors of the balance-of-power idea who will urge that it is the only "practical" way for Britain to meet the dangers of a Communism bloc in eastern Europe. But the American people are not likely to accept the thesis that because to be moral in this world is difficult and presents obstacles there must be compromise with the principles of justice and equity.

Line of Least Resistance

To wink at the ambitions of the larger powers which seek to rule the weak is to follow the line of least resistance, a course that inevitably leads to international disasters. Perhaps at the moment the traditional American reluctance to help keep the peace in Europe after the war by large military commitments is being discounted by Russia and Britain. They feel there is little chance of collective security anyhow. But British and Russian statesmen will find that they never will have made a bigger mistake than to assume that America will not continue even in the peace years to be watchful of every episode or incident that threatens world peace. For America is getting ready to make an unprecedented pledge to use her armed forces to preserve peace in Europe before disputes reach the acute stages of a world war.

That pledge will hardly be forthcoming if two sets of alliances are going to make their own military arrangements and set up their own spheres of selfish interest with the expectation that American lines will be sacrificed in order to extricate either or both alliances from the friction their own misguided diplomacy will have engendered.

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News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24. — These stories you hear again now of a quick end of the war seem to be about to create another wave of optimism. They are rooted more in hopes than in facts.

Actually strong resistance has been met by our initial power drives at the German line. The military men consider it theoretically possible that everything will break right for us for once and our current drives may go rolling on faster as the hopeful say, but they do not expect it. Tougher ground certainly lies ahead of General Patton, and perhaps all along the front.

No Evidence of Weakness

What the sound judges here want to see before changing their mind about it taking all winter is some evidence of Nazi defensive weakness. If you see that you will know the end is near.

The Philippines campaign certainly will not be over soon in any event. General MacArthur's job ahead means months. Not only the hurricane weather is favoring the Japs, but also the terrain beyond Leyte, upon the main island of Luzon.

The Jap drive in China luckily is limited. All advices here prove rather conclusively that the Jap strategy is directed only toward cutting central China off from Burma—if it can be done. But even if this mission is accomplished, they will then have long lines of communications running back to the coast and exposed to the Chinese on both sides, the north and the south.

Such extensions are really invitations for the special type of fighting the Chinese do best. Chiang is not sufficiently equipped for battle, indeed could not protect five or six of our valuable airfields which have now been lost to the enemy.

That the Jap armies may attempt to go on to Chungking is hardly likely. Their game is to make themselves strong along the coast for the days ahead when we have a chance to get at them. An end of the war in China anytime soon is hardly to be expected, but possibly the opposite—a new guerilla-type campaign by the Chinese.

Certainly no inner preparations are being made here within the government for an early conclusion anywhere. Senate Appropriations Committee Acting Chairman McKellar had been trying to get up some estimates of how war costs could be cut at the end in Germany. He gave it up, saying nothing could be figured now, except going straight ahead. So also with the food program for German winter suppiying of Germany after victory. Nothing is being done on it now.

It will be necessary therefore, for everyone to strain a little harder at the tasks in hand and not risk disappointment in easy optimism.

No More Congressional Policing

One effect of the Democratic victory will be suppression of Congressional investigations. The fact that the people voted Democratic despite all the regulations and red tape has removed the popular impetus for Congressional policing of the government bureaus.

This is an unfortunate thing as such policing sponsors efficient administration. A bureau subject to Congressional inquiry is hardly likely to run far away with itself.

Along with the Dies committee will go the Smith investigation of the War Labor Board. The Senate has a judiciary sub-committee looking into that subject, but nothing can be expected of it. The Mead war investigating committee will continue under administration auspices.

But also dying is the House radio hearings. With Chairman Fly out, the committee will decide to close.

Of course, with Paul Porter, Democratic publicity man in as radio (communications) chairman, and the Labor Boss Petrillo holding the disc-making activities of NBC and Columbia well in hand, you can see how radically the situation has been altered.

If the Republicans had won they would have sponsored investigations into surplus power, enlarged the Smith committee, and maintained the Congressional policing system.

The British Red Cross Agricultural Fund raised over $8,500,000 in Britain and Northern Ireland in the last year, bringing the total during the war to over $16,000,000.



HANS UN YAERRICK

'N BUWEG'SCHICHT IN SIWWE SCHTREECH

Aus'm Wilhelm Busch seim "Max und Moritz" iwwersetzt vum JOHN BIRMELIN

VORWART

Ach, was muss mer oft vun beese
Kinner heere odder lese!
So wie nau zum Beischpiel denne,
Die sich Hans un Yaerrick nenne.
Maag ne warne, mag ne wehre,
Wolle sich doch net bekehre;
Duhne yuscht noch driwwer lache,
Ya, fer Nichsnutz hen sie Zeit,
Meene noch sie waere g'scheit!
Mensche zaerre, Diere quaele,
Ebbel, Biere, Blaume schtehle;
Des iss freilich aagenehmer
Un dezu noch viel bequemer,
Wie in Kaerrich odder Schul
Ruhich hocke uf me Schtuhl.
Awwer waard, es kummt die Zeit
Wu sie des noch bitter reit!
Wisst mer alles vanne naus,
Gengt eem yo der Grissel aus!
Drum iss do, was sie gedriwwe,
Alles ehrlich nunner g'schriwwe.

* * * *

ERSCHTER SCHTREECH

Mancher gebt sich aerryi Mieh
Mit dem liewe Hinkelvieh;
Erschtens, mol der Oiyer wege
Was die grosse Veggel lege;
Zwettens, weil mer dann un wann,
Eens devun aa brode kann;
Drittens, waerre sie geroppt,
Fedderdeck un Kisse g'schtoppt;
Gleicht sich drunner nei zu wiehle,
Weil mer schloft net gaern im Kiehle.
Un die Wittfraa Rabenold
Hot so ebbes net gewollt;
Gleicht sich Winders zuzudecke,
Yuscht die Naas noch nauszuschtrecke.

Hinkel hot sie, 's waare drei,
Schtolzer Haahne noch debei;
Schaerre rum de ganze Daag,
Singe leis, "de gaa, gaa, gaak!"

Hans un Yaerrick gucke zu,
Denke, was iss do zu duh?
Erscht en laahmer Wunnerfitz,
Fallt's ne ei as wie der Blitz:
Schtickel Brot, des hen sie glei,
Schneide's dabber, eens, zwee, drei,
In vier Deeler; yedes Schtick
Waar wie'n gleener Finger dick;
Binne des an dinne Faedem,
Iwwer's Greitz, en Schtick an yedem,
Lege's in der Fraa ihr Gaarde,
Um die G'schpichte abzuwaarde.

Haahne sehnt's im Hand rum drehe,
Batzich fangt er aa zu graehe;
"Kikerikie! Kikerikie!"
"Tak, tak, tak!" Do kumme sie.
Hen des Ding net lang beguckt,
Brot un Bendel nunnerg'schluckt.
O, was leit des schwer im Maage!
Sie verdrehe glei die Aage,
Reisse sich dann hie un haer—
Wann yuscht net der Bendel waer!

Flattre nuf un in die Heh,
Waerr'n verhuddelt des de meh;
Uf em Baam, am daerre Nascht,
Henke sie dann endlich fascht.
Un ihr Hals waerd lang un laenger,
Ihre G'sang waerd bang un baenger.
Yedes legt noch g'schwind en Oi,
Un der Dod kummt an die Roi;
Hen sich all noch bissel g'schtreckt,
Alles schtill—sin dann verreckt.

Rabenolds'n, in der Kammer,
Heert im Bett den grosse Yammer;
Dutt sich aa un geht mol naus,
Ach, iss des en Elend draus!
O was fliesse nau die Draene,
Far des Unglick aazusehne!
Ihres Lewes schenschter Draam
Henkt am Sauerabbelbaam.

Diefbedriebt un saerryeschwer
Bringt sie dann en Messer haer,
Schneit die Hinkel vun der Schtrang,
Ihre Hels sin so zu lang.
Mit me schtumme Drauerblick
Geht sie in ihr Haus zurick,
Mit der ganze Welt im Zweiwel:
"Ya, verleicht gebt's doch en Deiwel!"

Erschter Schtreech—un iss des all?
Nee der zwett, der kummt aa ball.

* * * *

ZWETTER SCHTREECH

Nooch un nooch so geht der Schmaerz
Aus de Wittfraa ihrem Haerz;
Denkt emol so hie un haer,
As es wull am beschte waer,
Die Verschtarwne, was do hunne
Schun so frieh der Dod hen g'funne,
Ganz im Schtille un in Ehre,
Gut gebrode zu verzehre.
Freilich waar die Drauer gross,
Wie sie nau so nackich, bloss,
Abgeroppt hen dart gelegge;
Yuscht der scheene Daage wege,
Wu sie sie hot sehne wachse
Un so oft hot heere gackse.
O was heilt un geht sie aa!
Un der Hund schteht newe draa.
Hinkel sin derweil am Brode,
Waare zimlich gut gerode;
Hans un Yaerrick rieche's glei,
Widder voll vun Deifelei,
Dabber nuf uf's Dach gegraddelt,
Hen sich uf em Giwwel g'schpraddelt,
Gucke mol zum Schannschtee nunner,

TO OUR READERS

The first installment of John Birmelin's translation of Wilhelm Busch's famous "Max und Moritz," narrating in verse the seven pranks of two mischievous boys, is presented to our readers in this issue of the ECK.

The name of Wilhelm Busch (1832-1908) has become a byword in many a household. His verse narratives, filled with sly satire and worldly wisdom, with illustrations from his own pen, have delighted young and old through successive generations. They were the prototypes of the comic strips and Sunday paper "funnies" of our own day. Since its first appearance in 1865 "Max and Moritz" has gone through more than 150 editions. An English translation appeared as early as 1870. Christopher Morley's English translation as recently as 1934 is testimony that it continues to make its appeal in our own generation.

While John Birmelin was engaged upon the work of rendering this narrative into the Pennsylvania German dialect, under the title of "Hans un Yaerrick," Dr. J. William Frey, then a member of the faculty of Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C., published his own dialect translation under the title of "Jake un Johnny." (See our review of it in the ECK for Aug. 7, 1943.). We believe it a kindness to our readers to publish John Birmelin's translation. It is the work of a literary artist who has proved his abilities as the translator of Robert Louis Stevenson and of hundreds of Mother Goose rhymes. Under his inimitable touch our humble dialect has become an instrument giving forth beauty of rhyme and melody hitherto unattained. —ED.

EM BOONASTIEL SEI BUTSCHERES

Ich hab nau aa gebutschert, un es iss so schtill haergange, ass niemand haerli ebbes ausg'funne hot—net even die Sei—sie waare so naegscht dot, ass es ihne ennihau net viel ausgemacht hot. Der Parre hot's awwer g'heert, ass mir gebutschert hen un iss aa graad kumme. Er kummt uns sehne alle Yohr, un er weess zimmlich gut, wann ebbes im Schank iss. Ich gleich Parre. Sie saage me Mann graad wu er schteht un tschaertsche ihne nix, wu en Lawyer dich alsfart fimf Daaler tschaertsche daet. Well, unser Parre iss kumme uff der Owet, as mir gebutschert hen g'hatt. Er hot mich g'frogt, eb ich zum gude Mann seinere Armee g'heere daet far der Deiwel fechte. Ich hab ihm g'saat ich daet, awwer ich waer schunt edliche Mol Prisoner genumme warre ans Hollerhecke. Dann hot er g'saat, ich waer schwach un daet mit de Geess geh uffem grosse Daag, wann die Geess vun de Schof verdeelt daede warre. Ich hab ihm g'saat ich wisst, ass ich schwach waer, awwer wann er der "Gickser" so hart g'hatt hett wie ich dann waer er aa schwach, un so weit ass unnich die Geess kumme, daed's mir net viel ausmache, yuscht so ass es net zu heess odder zu kalt waer, weil mei Gleeder net fit waere far en grosser Wechsel in der Luft. So hen mir es Effingehum rumgeglobbt, bis die Polly Supper ready hot g'hatt. Mir hen ee erbaddicher grosser Warscht g'hatt, un der hot die Polly gans zugerischt far der Parre. Mir hen uns yuscht schee anne g'hockt g'hatt, dann saagt der Parre:

"Bruder Boonastiel, sei frei!"

Nau ich waar frei gewest. Es waar schier alles uff em Disch, as mir g'hatt hen, un ich hab ihm edliche Mol g'saat, ass ich nimmi beede keent, sidder ass ich die Reedle hab g'hatt, un ennihau, waer kennt beede mit so ere Brodwarscht im Aag. Ich hab ewennich g'huscht, un der Polly in die Ribbe gerennt mit meim Ellboge.

"Bruder Boonastiel, sei frei!"

"Dammit Polly, bed du!"

Des iss mir rausgschlippt, eb ich draagedenkt hab. Ich waar so verkollebiert, ass ich nimmi nadierlich g'fiehlt hab. Der Parre hot dernoh gebet, un so en Gebed hawwich in meim Lewe net g'heert. Ich hett graad fufzich Daaler gewwe, wann ich so en Gebed mache hett kenne.

Er iss bei uns iwwernacht gebliwwe, un maryets hot er g'saat, mir hette so en g'sund Haus—es waer so luftich. Ich hab gut g'fiehlt, wie mer zum Marye-esse gange sin, weil ich gewisst hab, ass er mich nimmi ellaad far "frei sei," awwer yuscht eb mir uns annehocke hen welle, hot er g'frogt far unser Biwel, un ich hab der Polly g'saat, ich daet Polidix schwetze mit em alde Kaerl bis sie niwwer ans Bixlers schpringe daet far ihre Biwel lehne. Die Polly hot viel Tschump zu der Minutt un yuscht paar zu der Meil gemacht ans Bixlers un zurick. Sie hot em Parre en Buch annegelangt un wie er es uffgemacht hot, dann waar's hol mich der Schinner, en Kuhdokter-Buch!

Mir hen ken Gebiddel gelese. Nooch Brekfescht hawwich em Parre eig'schpannt, un es Fleesch, was noch iwwrich waar vun unserem Butschere, ihm hinne ins Buggy g'schtellt un ihm Good-bye gewwe. Er hot recht blessierlich geguckt un hot g'saat, ich sett temperate bleiwe im Esse un im Drinke. Ich hab ihm g'saat, es waer ken Druwwel temperate im Esse zu sei, so lang as die Polly lewe daet far es bissel Fleesch eweck zu gewwe un er wisst genunk far kumme un's hole.

—BOONASTIEL

Ei, was leit dart alles drunner!
Hinkel bratzle in der Pann,
Wann mer die yuscht griege kann!

Wittfraa nemmt en grosser Deller,
Geht mol nunner in der Keller;
Sauerkraut im Schtenner drin,
Sell iss was sie hot im Sinn;
Guder Iems, des macht sie mol,
Heifelt sich der Deller voll;
's waar genunk fer mehner Esser,
Ufgewaermt, so gleicht sie's besser.

Doch derweil, dart uf em Dach,
Waar mer fleissich mit der Sach;
Hans hot vannenaus gedenkt
Was mer alles brauche kennt;
Angel hot er, Lein un Gaert,
Hot mol erscht e bissel g'schnaerrt,

Schnupdiwup! Nau bass mol uf!
Ziege schun en Hinkel nuf.
Schnupdiwup! Des zwett kummt glei,
Schnupdiwup! Kummt Nummer Drei.
Un sie gewwe noch net uf,
Nummer Vier geht aa mit nuf.
Ya, der Hund sehnt des genau;
Gnaerrt un blafft: "Rawau, wau, wau!"
Buwe hen sich gaar net b'sunne,
G'schwind vum Dach, do sin sie hunne!

Un des Ding waar kaum geduh,
Kummt die Wittfraa graad dezu;
Gans verhuddelt schteht sie dann,
Sehnt yuscht meh en leeri Pann.
All die Hinkel waare fart;
"Deiwelskerl! Verfressni Sau!"
Waerd sie awwer wiedich nau!
Mit dem Leffel, gross un schwer,
Geht sie dichtich iwwern haer;
Der hot g'heilt un recht geblaerrt,
Geht re daerrich, schpringt re fart;
Drauss am Dierli halt er ei:
"Kann der Mensch so grausam sei?"

Hans un Yaerrick, in de Hecke,
Duhne sie sich anneschtrecke;
Schlofe ei, un was sie schnaerrickse!
Wunner, as sie net verwaerrickse;
Weil die Beich, die g'schtoppte volle,
Sin mit lauter Hinkel g'schwolle;
Hen im Maul, beim Schlofe geh,
Alle beed en Hinkelbee.

Zwetter Schtreech—un iss des all?
Nee, der dritt, der kummt aa ball.

(To Be Continued)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELLAMINA RHOAD

Mrs. Ellamina, nee Schrader, Rhoad, widow of Samuel Rhoad, died Thursday in the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient for several weeks. She was 87 years old.

Born in Germany on Oct. 6, 1857, she was the daughter of the late Ludwig and Ellamina, nee Seeser, Schrader. For the past 40 years she resided in Allentown. She was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Catasauqua.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Anna Kline, Allentown; a son, Edward P. Siegfried, Pompton Lakes, N. J.; nine grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment will be in Fairview cemetery, Catasauqua.

MRS. CAROLINE M. BORAN

Caroline M., wife of Hugh T. Boran, 902 N. 4th St, died yesterday evening in the Allentown hospital in her 47th year. She was a daughter of the late George and Sally, nee Fritz, Quier.

Surviving her are her husband and the following children: four sons, Lester L. Miller and Robert C. Miller, Allentown and Ralph E. and Martin L. Miller, U. S. Army, two daughters, Ruth, wife of Harry Smith and Pauline, wife of John Reichart, both of Allentown and eight grandchildren. Surviving also are one brother, Ralph Quier, Allentown, a sister, Harriett, wife of Ray Warick, Allentown and a step-sister Winifred, wife of Elwood Grether, Allentown.

The funeral will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna Ave. Rev. Edward Schmickel will officiate. Interment will be made in St. Mark's cemetery.

MRS. ELLEN CELESTA SILFIES

Mrs. Ellen Celesta Silfies, 74, wife of the late Elvin P. Silfies, Bath, died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Wagner, Bath R. 1 Wednesday afternoon, of complications.

Surviving are a son, Herbert W. Silfies, Northampton; three grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at the Bensing funeral home, Moorestown, at 2 p. m. Sunday. Rev. H. D. Clauss, Reformed pastor, will officiate. Interment on family plot on Emmanuel Union church cemetery, Petersville.

HARRY A. WOLFE

Harry A. Wolfe, 59, of 835 Jackson St., an electrical worker at the Consolidated Vultee Corp. plant and a former janitor for the Allentown school district, died suddenly last night at his home of a heart attack.

Mr. Wolfe, who until a few years ago was employed for 13 years as a janitor in various schools in Allentown, was about to sit down to supper when he was stricken. He died a short time later.

Born in Egypt, he was a son of the late Oscar M. and Clara M. (nee Biege) Wolfe, and resided in this city for the last 30 years. He was a member of the Lutheran faith, and of the Janitors Assn.

He is survived by his wife, Sarah I. (nee Freed) Wolfe, two sons, Staff Sergeant Alfred F. Wolfe, U. S. Army, India; Charles O. Wolfe, Allentown; two daughters, Eleanor C., wife of John Fels, a petty officer in the Navy; Louise E., wife of Joseph Molnar, a chief petty officer in the Navy, both at home; one granddaughter, and three brothers, Frank and John Wolfe of Northampton, and Joseph Wolfe of Philmount, N. Y.

LAWRENCE TREMEL

Lawrence Tremel, 73, died at 3 p.m. Friday at the residence, 521 Alaska St., Bethlehem, following several days illness. The husband of Mary Hered, he was born Aug. 5, 1871, in Austria-Hungary, a son of Joseph and Anna Tremel.

A resident of Bethlehem for 54 years, he was employed as a machine hand in the forge department of the Bethlehem Steel Co. until 10 years ago when he was retired on pension.

He was a member of Holy Ghost church and Ontario Tribe, 280, I. O. R. M. Survivors are the wife and four children: Mrs. Joseph Heidecker, Hellertown; Mrs. Claude Meyers, Bangor; Lawrence, Bethlehem; Stephen, at home; a brother Joseph Tremel, Scranton and seven grandchildren.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday from the late home. Requiem high mass will be celebrated at 9 a. m. in Holy Ghost church and interment will follow in the parish cemetery.

MRS. LAWRENCE F. TIGHE

Mrs. Lawrence F. Tighe, widow for the past seven years, died yesterday at her home, 634 N. 4th St., Allentown.

Born in Allentown, daughter of the late Philip and Ellen, nee McCarty, McGovern, she had resided here all her life and was a member of Immaculate Conception church.

Surviving are one son, Lawrence F. Tighe, Philadelphia, and two sisters, Miss Ellen I. McGovern, Allentown, and Miss Honora E. McGovern, Philadelphia.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 9 a. m. at the late home, followed by requiem high mass in Immaculate Conception church at 9:30 a. m. Interment will be in English Catholic cemetery.

Answers To Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

Q. Are West Point cadets in active service? M.C.A.

A. West Point cadets are considered in active service in the Army.

Q. What is the average life of a hair? M.S.A.

A. The lifetime of a hair may be from two to six years. If not cut, the average hair would grow five feet before falling out.

Q. How many of the present justices of the Supreme Court were not appointed by President Roosevelt? W.I.H.

A. There is only one, Mr. Justice Roberts.

Q. What is the largest town without a railroad in this country? W.J.

A. Buffalo, Mo., with a population of 920. The nearest railroad station is Phillipsburg.

Q. Are passengers pigeons to be to be found in any part of the world? C.C.

A. The passenger pigeon that died in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden in 1914 was the last one known to exist in the world.

Q. Are the markings on the wings of insects blood vessels? S.S.R.

A. The wings contain a framework of minute veins. They are not blood vessels but serve only to give rigidity to the wings.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WASE NET WOS TZU DENKA

Wie m'r 'n gawiss ner alter Long-swamp eiwohner da onner dawg g'frok'd hen eb er aenicha g'shpucker shtories wist, hut er g'sawt er wist ferhoftich sei net wos tzu denka, eb er sawga sot er wist odder net. Un wie m'r 'n g'frok'd hen eb er net in g'shpucker glawwa dade, hut er g'sawt sel kaimt widder grawd uf der same shlouder, unwist aw net wos tzu sawga, eb er nei glawwa dade odder net. Glei wor er ow'r om fertzaila fon tzwae bardicha er fohringa os er kotta hut gons dicht 70 yohr tzurick, un woh 'n sei gonsie lavens tzeit om wunnerra k'halta hen, ebs g'shpucker gaibt odder net.

Noh hut er shtarta fertzaila fon so ma arya grova, Gottlosa grubschmidt fon selra gagend, os g'shtarva is wie der fertzaila noch 'n gons yunger kerl wor, — ungfarr ferleicht 12-14 yohr alt. Selar grubschmidt, un woh m'r der alt Dan haisa wolla, het aenich ebbes un allas gadriva os leit gawainlich net dada,—'s het evens ols k'haisa er het 'n 6d un 7d buch Moses un woh er alla dawg drin galaisa het.

'M alta Dan sei schmidtshop het grawd unna o mwaig drous im eck fom shwom g'shtonna net weit aweck fom kreitzwaig wohs aw ols g'sawt gawest. wear 's dade g'shpucka. Wel aenich waig, 'm fertzailer tzi airshdie erfohring os 'n ols noch om wunnerra hut ebs g'shpucker gaibt odder net, is g'shaina wie er un sei Unkle mohl ae shpote yohrs owet nunner noch dem alta Dan seinra hamet weara fer lodwarick hola. Der Dan wear sel tzeit shun etlicha yohr dote gawest, un ferol os es ols k'haisa het er dade nochts darta rum g'shpucka, het niemond weiters gaglawbt os er dade, un wie er un sei Unkle aw net hetta.

Wie boova oft mohls duhn woh shaina maid rum sin, hen sie sich noh awenich langer ferblauder'd os wie sie gatzailt hen kot tzu bleiva, un sin net uf die hame pawd mit ihr'm lodwarick bis owets so uhra tzaea. Allas wor ol recht bis sie shier drunna om alta schmidtshop worra, un woh der hommer un ombose shun fer tzwae yohr ruh kotta hen,—odder ewwa tzitter os der alt Dan dote wor. Ow'r wie sie sella owet 'm schmidtshop tzu gleich worra hen sie die arrickshd glubberrei un tzucht k'hoert im schmidtshop, os yusht tzu hoerra wor, —grawd libehoftich wie won alta Dan noch lava dade. un wear 's aller arrickshd on da arwet.

Sis leicht tzu denka os die boova g'shprunga sin allas os sie gae hen kenna mit ihr'm lodwarick, un hen evens nimmy gadenk'd fer gucka fer 'n g'shpuck drunna om kreitz waig. Ow'r 's kayosh'd fon ol wor, wie sie 'n dawg odder so shpaiter om schmidtshop ferbei sin in dawg helling, hen sie g'sehna os der gons schmidtshop g'shtopta fol shwom hoy wor, un niemond glubba het kenna uf 'n ombose wons gawolt het.

Etlicha yohr danoh hut der fertzailer noh g'sawt, het er noch 'n erfohring om sama blotz kotta, os er aw net wist wos tzu denka so weit os es g'shpucka aw gang'd. Er wear bei ra Klina familia bei da maid gawest, un het aw widder uf 'm hame waig on sel'm alta schmidtshop ferbei gamist, un woh bei selra tzeit ready wor fer tzomma falla.

'S wear 'n shaenie hellie mondshein nocht gawest, un woh noch so fiela heller g'sheind het, mit 'm diefa shnae as galaiga het. Uns wear aw kalt gawest moryets so on da fierra rum wie er owwa der hivel runner wear, gaeich 'm alta schmidtshop tzu—so kalt os der shnae gagrisha het wie er uf gadraida wear. Uf ae mohl het er 'n mon sehna owwa on da line fens har kumma darrich der shnae, ow'r het net ae bitz'l tzucht hoerra kenna os der shnae gagrisha het fon da foos dobba. Un der kerl wear grawd runner gaeich ihn kumma, un woh der fertzaila g'sawt hut, os ihn net tzu gute fiela het mocha. Wons net gawest wear os er noch so weit hame tzu gae het kot, wear er shtarta shpringa, ow'r het gawist won er sel dade, os er sich langshd dote shpringa dade eb er dahame wear, un noh gadenk'd er dade shtond mocha, maich'd gshaina wos wot.

Un wie der kerl naicher kumma wear mit ma shtarya, ruicha shrit, het er wohrhoft g'sehna os er der alt grubschmidt Dan gawest wear, un woh er ols gakent het eb er g'shtarva wear. Ferol os 'm alla hoar uf seim kup gaea barrick g'shtonna het, wear er fert galoffa in da shtross wie won nix letz wear. Der alt Dan wear der hivel runner kumma, grawd farna om. iwwer de waig niver, un het net mohl evens so fiel as wie 'n shpoor im shnae galust, un wear 'n shtick driwwa im feld fershwunda un sel wear's aintsich'd, uns ledshd mohl gawest, os er sei lava so ebbes tzu g'sehna het grick'd.

Glawwas odder net, ow'r.

So huts all'm noh noch fiela may erfohringa rum os leit shun kotta hen, un woh m'r immer froh sin tzu hoerra dafon.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Horoscope

Quiet and unassuming, you are very capable and possess good executive ability. You think logically, have good judgement, always keep your emotions under control, and are rarely enthusiastic. You love music, art and travel, and are quite adaptable. Your home is all important to you. Success will follow the employment of original and novel business methods. This period favors military, engineering and aeronautical matters. This time is unpropitious for love and domestic affairs. The child born today will be energetic, enterprising, ambitious and adventurous; of quick perceptions and rapid decisions. He or she will be more fortunate in business than in love.

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Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

ARGUMENT

They stood upon a little street,
Two men of different views,
Discussing with ill temper's heat
A bit of morning news.

A pretty child went romping by,
The trees were red and gold;
Some wild ducks crossed the northern sky,
Young lovers past them strolled.

Nearby there was a singing bird
And good things everywhere,
But none of them they saw

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Show me his friends and I the man shall know;
This wiser turn a larger wisdom lends:
Show me the books he loves and I shall know
The man far better than through mortal friends.
Mitchell.

A REPORT THAT DOES NOT SATISFY

The special Army and Navy boards which in recent weeks were set to investigating the attack upon our ships in Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, have completed their reports and without giving out the text, they have made the announcement that they found no "dereliction of duty" on the part of Admiral Husband E. Kimmel or Major General Walter C. Short.

Inasmuch as this report is sharply at variance with the report of the special committee headed by Supreme Court Justice Owen D. Roberts more than two years ago there is bound to be very much unfavorable opinion throughout the country and there is bound to be a lot of talk about "white-wash."

Initially there was demand for a scapegoat. Pearl Harbor was so shocking, so costly in lives and military assets that it was felt the surprise attack by the Japs was successful because there was culpability on the part of some military leaders. The Roberts committee, named in the heat of that national demand, came back after brief and perhaps unsatisfactory investigation with a report that pilloried both Kimmel and Short. Though the two men defended themselves in general terms and sought a full and complete trial, they were denied this at all times on the grounds of "military expediency." Giving evidence of confidence in their own cause, the two men who were under this blackest of all clouds did not stand upon their right to demand immunity after the expiration of two years and according to the statute of limitations.

Then came the inquiry by the two department boards to whom were given just about all the evidence that could be produced from records and from men not too far removed from headquarters to give their testimony. However, it is admitted that not all persons with testimony have been interviewed; that a complete job has been impossible because of the war. Because of this, Secretary Forrestal has indicated that he will continue the investigation until all testimony has been procured.

It is of course possible that a catastrophe even as great as Pearl Harbor could occur without any person or persons being culpable. If we were to look at the matter from the Japanese angle we would probably believe that the job was so successful because the Japs had planned it so carefully and had carried out their plans so perfectly and because everything—the forces of Nature and the plans of the Japs—"clicked." From the Jap viewpoint there would be no recognition of carelessness or inefficiency on the part of their foes.

From the American viewpoint, we get the idea that our military establishment in Pearl Harbor was so strong, so favorably located and so well manned and trained that surprise and ruin could be wreaked only through gross negligence or incompetency somewhere. Inasmuch as responsibility is established in high places, it is there that the American public and the Roberts committee sought to fix the blame.

So the matter is not ended, no matter what the boards of inquiry and some officials may say. If Kimmel and Short are not guilty of dereliction of duty, then the American people want to know who was. American public opinion will hound our military men until full and complete report be made—after the war, if it must be so long delayed for military reasons—but the American people want to know all the evidence and not be asked to take everything for granted. Loss of hundreds of lives, eight battleships and many other craft, plus the beginning of a war under the greatest handicaps that could be imagined is something the American people are not going to forget nor shelve in their memory simply because they are told flatly: "Nobody was to blame." If that be true, then they want it demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt. They will not accept it upon the mere "say-so" of a group of men, no matter how high and mighty those men may be.

BUY BONDS; PREVENT INFLATION

One of the earliest acts of General De Gaulle in taking over French authority was to issue bonds for the new government and it was made plain at once that the act was not a necessity (the government was not in pressing need of money) but it was being done to prevent inflation because it would take surplus cash out of the markets where there is keen competition for goods.

There is evidence of smart political economy in this act of De Gaulle. Inasmuch as the French always have been a thrifty people and investors in their government's securities, they did not have to have extensive lectures and peppy campaigns to promote sales.

By contrast is the situation in much of Latin America where the war has brought tremendous boom but, at the same time, has brought high increase in the cost of living and very dangerous inflation. In Bolivia and Chile the cost of living is reported to be more than twice that of pre-war days as contrasted with the estimated 26 per cent rise in the United States. Other countries are almost as bad.

It is being recognized that the great rise in the cost of living is due largely to ineffective or non-existent control measures. Particularly is it felt that failure to mobilize individual savings is responsible for much of the trouble. The people of those countries have more money and more credit than available consumers goods to buy. So there is competitive bidding for those goods and prices go up rapidly.

There is lesson in these contrasts that is particularly valuable during these days of the Sixth War Loan. The lesson is that people who buy bonds are helping to prevent inflation. They are helping themselves in two ways. By the first they are accumulating savings against a rainy day. By the second they are halting inflation which can destroy us if we cannot hold the factors that create it in leash.

Nothing is smarter in this period of war than to "Buy Bonds" and to "Buy More Bonds."

CHANCE TO STUDY THE BUDGET

If the law did not so provide and if public authorities did not comply with the order to place the budget of a city like Allentown on exhibition for the people for a period of 20 days before adoption it can be believed that a great many taxpayers would complain about budget provisions and protest that they never heard about them nor had opportunity therefore to protest them.

But Allentown every year during the three-week period prior to Dec. 15 does put its budget on exhibition. It can be seen at City Hall any day during the normal business hours. It is there for the convenience of any and all taxpayers. It can be inspected and studied and then it can be approved or criticized publicly by any and all who will.

In other years few persons have taken advantage of this opportunity. But that is no reason that the current budget should be given absent treatment.

LITTLE HOPE FOR JAP SHIPPING

Radio broadcasters out of Germany have expressed their sympathy for Japan because the German battleship Tirpitz has been sunk and therefore the Japs can expect many British ships to move into the Far East and attack the sons of the Rising Sun. As long as the Tirpitz was afloat, many British ships had to be kept in waiting like so many cats watching a single big fat mouse with a thousand holes from which to emerge and cause trouble.

Now those British ships can move elsewhere, just as British submarines were enabled to move out of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean into Far Eastern waters as soon as the Germans were driven out of Southern Europe.

We cannot expect results from the sinking of the Tirpitz for some months but we do know the effect of release of British subs. Since the beginning of the year they have reported sinking 158 Jap ships, most of them in recent weeks as the tempo of war has increased.

With the Japs hemmed in by British subs in the west and American subs in the east and south, they are finding their merchant fleet cut down to the vanishing point. Their warships are going the same way as their liners and cargo ships.

The Minority Unrepresented

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The latest available tabulation on the vote in the last presidential election shows that outside of the solid south, President Roosevelt polled 21,427,000 votes and Governor Dewey 20,218,000.

The majority of the northern states was about 1,209,000, so that a change of only about 604,500 votes could have completely reversed the electoral vote and given the Republicans the victory.

This was unquestionably a close election so far as the popular vote is concerned and the electoral majority of 432 for Roosevelt against 99 for Dewey does not reflect the manner in which the people divided.

To call attention to this discrepancy is not necessarily to offer criticism of the electoral method but to emphasize how a party that wins the election can construe the result as an overwhelming victory when in truth the people were closely divided.

Thus it is, of course, vital to the success of democracy that the minority viewpoint should not be arbitrarily brushd aside but given due weight in the shaping of public policy. Under our system of government, however, no representation whatsoever is given in the executive branch of the government to the minority of 20,218,000 votes cast outside the south. The election of members of the minority party to Congress does not accomplish the purpose because the legislative body has already delegated vast powesr to the executive agencies and cannot control appointees once they are confirmed by the Senate.

Senate Is Helpless

When a dispute arises, as it has this week between Attorney General Biddle and Assistant Attorney General Littell, the Senate is helpless to decide the issue. The power of removal of appointees by the President is absolute now, having been confirmed by decisions of the Supreme Court. There may be some touch of public scandal in the way the Littell-Biddle dispute has developed, and it is not wholesome to read that an executive appointee was disciplined for daring to testify before a committee of Congress.

Yet under the separation of powers between the executive and legislative branches of the governmnt, the executive can retain in office wholly irresponsible persons or remove competent ones who venture to do their duty. This could not happen under a parliamentary system without precipitating a cabinet crisis if fundamental questions are really involved. Indeed, the public has a chance to remove overnight a cabinet or premier who countenances intimidation of officials venturing to do their duty.

In Canada and Australia and New Zealand and the Union of South Africa, as well as in Britain, a close election such as divided the American people on Nov. 7 would have surely resulted in a coalition cabinet for the duration of the war. Likewise if a Prime Minister is retained in office during war because he is a good commander-in-chief, there is no need of an election on a specific date but the moment the war is over the date for an election can be fixed. This flexibility enables the people of our sister democracies to hold their elections when the time is opportune and to single out specific issues.

Since our election last month, there is no way of knowing what issue really influenced the result. Judging by what one is beginning to hear in Washington already, the verdict was a mandate to carry forward New Dealism to larger and larger areas of radicalism and public ownership projects. Such a claim can certainly not be refuted with any evidence. It can be argued that though the President was reelected by a close margin, the minority expression or protest can be entirely ignored by the party in power.

The Domestic Issue Protest

The responsibility which the voters took in accepting the commander-in-chief argument as paramount was undertaken with a belief that the administration would surely heed protests on domestic issues. Under a parliamentary system, an administration can be removed overnight if it doesn't conform to public opinion. Under our rigid system, however, the present administration now has been given four years of blanket authority to do virtually what it pleases in the field of domestic and foreign policy subject only to a possible check by Congress which can repeal or modify any executive powers. But it takes a two-thirds vote to override a presidential veto of a repeal bill, and the opposition party can rarely muster a majority of that size.

Parliamentary governments can check their executives with a majority vote anytime and that is why they have a much more effective check on arbitrary acts of bureau chiefs or subordinate officers including members of the cabinet than is possible in this country. The mere threat of removal is usually sufficient to secure obedience to the popular will.

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Natives of Kenya, Africa, are using nets for the first time and have trebled their catches with the result that drying and kippering of fish have become new industries.

Rabbit trappers in Australia have protested that delays in obtaining extra gasoline, to which they are entitled for their work, are increasing the country's rabbit plague.

New Zealand has established a Government Railways Industrial Tribunal possessing mandatory powers to fix and govern wages, hours and certain conditions of railway workers.

A British aviation company will open a service between Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and Buenos Aires, Argentina, the first British air service between two South American countries.

To avoid jams in loading buses, Buenos Aires, Argentina, is issuing numbered tickets to passengers before the bus arrives and insisting they enter according to number.



HANS UN YAERRICK

'N BUWEG'SCHICHT IN SIWWE SCHTREECH

Aus'm Wilhelm Busch seim "Max und Moritz" iwwerseizt vum JOHN BIRMELIN

DRITTER SCHTREECH

Yedermann im Schtedtel kennt
Eener, der sich Beck benennt.
Werdaagsreck un Sundaagsreck,
Wammes mit bequeme Seck;
Schwalmeschwenz un Graageklemmer,
Un die schteife, weisse Hemmer,
Unnerhosse, Iwwerreck —
Iwwerhaapt so graad eweck,
Alles nau vun Gleedersache

Weess der Schneider Beck zu mache.
Un iss ebbes do zu flicke,
Abzuschneide, aazuschticke,
Hot mer'n Hossegnopp verlore,
Sin die hinne daerrich gewore,
Ya, die schmeisst mer net eweck!
Nemmt sie yuscht zum Schneider Beck.
Alles macht er, un sogaar,
Besser wie's vun neiem waar.
Meeschterschneider iss der Beck!
Well des iss sei Lewenszweck.
All im Schtedtel, so wie's scheint,
Sin em Schneider Beck sei Freind!

Awwer Hans un Yaerrick wetze
Schun die Zung fer ihn zu retze.
Gaar net weit vum Beck seim Haus
Laaft en Wasser mit Gebraus;
Wildi Grick, un dief un glaar,
Bardich selli Zeit im Yaahr;
Will mer iwwer selli Grick,
Muss mer iwwern Blankebrick.
Hans un Yaerrick duhn sich rege,
An de gleene Brick zu saege,

Ritzeratze! Hie un haer,
Bis es schier gaar daerrich waer.
Schpringe driwwer, husch, husch, husch,
Sin sie hinnerm Hollerbusch,
Wu sie niemand kann verwische,
Un dann hen sie laut gegrische:
"Schneider, Schneider, meck, meck, meck!
Yaag der Geesbock, yaag en weck!"

Alles kann der Beck verdraage,
Brauch aa net en Wart zu saage;
Iss er schunscht aa noch so kiehl,
Des waar awwer doch zu viel!
Schteckemoos, des greift er schnell,
Schpringt mol var die Diereschwell;
Widder heert er dann zum Schrecke,
Wie die Buwe meck, meck, mecke.
Schneider geht ne dabber noh,
Will sie gaerwe schwarz un blo,
Uf die Br'ck mit lange Schritt,
Kracks! Do brecht sie in de Mitt.
Widder heert er, "Meck, meck, meck!"
Plumps! Do iss der Schneider weck!
Wasser hot ihn fart genumme,
Gensepaar kummt anneg'schwumme;
Will er doch net unnergeh,
Grickt er halt an ihre Bee;
Mit re Gans an yedre Hand,
Flattert er uf's druckne Land.
Kalter Leib un puddelnass,
Ya, des waar gewiss ke G'schpass!

Draurich geht der Schneider heem,
Dart waar's aa net so bequem;
In der Kich, beim heesse Damp,
Grickt er noch der Maagegramp.
Hot sich bucklich grumm gebickt
Un der Gramp noch aerryer grickt;
Dut sich uf der Offe hocke
Um die Schmaerze rauszulocke,
Legt sich endlich uf der Disch,
Macht er noch so'n matter Grisch.

Doch sei gudi Fraa kummt glei
Mit em Biggeleise bei,
Biggelt ihm sei kalter Leib—
Aa net yuscht fer Zeitverdreib!
Else waar recht heess un schwer,
Ziegt's e paar mol hie un haer,
Drickt noch eemol heftich druf,
Un die Schmaerze heere uf.

Leit im Schtedtel wisse's schund:
Schneider iss yo widder g'sund.

Dritter Schtreech—un iss des all?
Nee, der viert, der kummt aa ball.

* * * *

VIERTER SCHTREECH

Ya, des iss emol Beschluss,
As mer ebbes laerne muss.
Net allee des A-B-C
Bringt die Mensche in die Heh;
's iss aa net yuscht Schreiwe, Lese,
As mer kann en Laerning heesse;
Net yuscht Rechle un dergleiche
As die Gude Mensche breiche;
Awwer gude, fromme Lehre
Muss mer mit Geduld aaheere.

Meeschter Lichty in de Schul,
Schtrack dart vanne, uf em Schtuhl,
Weess wie alles in die enge,
Dumme Keppcher nei zu zwenge;
Laernt die Kinner mit Verschtand,
Wer net will, grickt's noochderhand!

Hans un Yaerrick gehne wull
Bei dem Lichty in die Schul;
Doch sie kenne ihn net leide,
Sin so rechte gleene Heide;
Gewwe gaar net uf ihn Acht,
Liewer Deiwelschtreech gemacht.

Lichty hot sich hart geblogt,
Hot aa gaern sei Duwack g'schmokt.
Des verschteht sich vannerei—
Nooch der Daagesschinnerei—
As mer des me alde Mann
Recht vun Haerze gunne kann.
Awwer Hans un Yaerrick b'sinne
Sich fer'n guder Weg zu finne
Wie den Alde aazugreife
Mit dem Duwack in de Peife.

Schun am Sunndaag iss die Zeit
Un die recht Gelegeheit.
Lichty waar en guder Grischt,
Un debei noch Organischt,
Schpielt die Argel schee un siess,
Mit de Hend un mit de Fiess.
Schleiche sich die schlechte Buwe
In sei Haus un in die Schtuwwe,
Meerschaumpeif, die schteht im Eck,
Hans, der holt sie graad eweck;
Yaerrick ziegt en gleener Pack
Flintepulver aus em Sack,
Un dann dabber, schtopp, schtopp, schtopp, schtopp,
Pulver in der Peifekopp,
Bissel Duwack owwedrei,
So, des scheint ne recht zu sei!
Schleiche schtill dann aus em Haus,
Weil die Kaerrich iss schun aus.

Lichty schliesst in sanfter Ruh,
Noch die Kaerrichediere zu.
Un mit Buch un Notehefte,
Nooch de schwere Daagesg'schefte,
Geht er dann so langsam heem,
Darde macht er sich bequem.
Froh as er die Aerwet los iss,
Hockt er imme Schtuhl was gross iss,
Wohlgemut die Fiess naus g'schtreckt,
Hot er dann sei Peif aag'schteckt.
"Ach!" So saagt er, "grossi Freed
Iss doch die Zufriddeheet!"
Rumps! Die Meerschaumpeif geht los!
Un die Yacht waar schrecklich gross.
Kaffeekann un Wasserglaas,
Duwacksbox un Dintefass,
Offe, Disch, Kommodesitz,
Alles fliegt im Pulverblitz.

Hebt sich dann der Pulverdamp,
Leit der Lichty newe'm Schank,
Noch lewendich uf em Boddem;
Nichs verbroche, doch es hot em
Ohre, Naas un G'sicht verbrennt,
As mer'n schier gaar nimmi kennt;
Schwarz wie'n Nieger, aarmer Dropp!
Hot ken Haar meh uf em Kopp.

Wer soll nau die Kinner laerne
Un sich iwwer sie verzaerne?
Ya, wer schpielt nau in der Kaerrich?
Wer nemmt all die Lieder daerrich?
Kuttle aus de Peif gerisse.
Werd er'n nei-i kaafe misse.

Vierter Schtreech—un iss des all?
Nee, der fimft, der kummt aa ball.

To Be Concluded

REVIEW

GIVE US THIS DAY. — Written and illustrated by Clare Leighton. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York, 1943. — $2.50.

No American can read this book and lay it aside without a sense of lofty pride and fervent thanksgiving. Its author, Clare Leighton, has been known to Americans chiefly as an artist, whose fine woodcuts have portrayed the charm of her native English countryside. But here this talented Englishwoman has proved herself the literary artist as well. With sweeping grandeur, but within a small compass, she has delineated the various processes by which our American soil feeds its many millions. With the eye of a seer she divines the magnitude of little things so often undiscerned.

We see the sun blazing down upon a shipyard. It is astir with life. The giant battleship cannot wait. Over the vast shipyard, a small seed, parachute-like, floats unnoticed. It sinks to earth somewhere, holding within its tiny shell a potential immortality, the power for birth and growth. Its descendants will root and blossom and bear when the great steel battleship has long ago fallen asunder. It has the power to grow and multiple and without it we should perish.

But some of our readers will have wondered why the editor should pause to review a book which apparently does not fall within the domain of this column. It is because we believe this Englishwoman has in the course of this book said the finest things about our farm-life and especially about our barns which we have yet read.

We Americans have reason to be proud of our efficiency. We convey milk across the continent and serve it to the breakfast table as fresh as when it came from the cow. The co-ordination of our vast arteries of food supply can only fill us with wonderment. But such mechanization is also charged with danger. In a land of plenty it is yet possible for the human spirit to starve. We see men caught in this vast machine, its servants rather than its masters. Life can, in the midst of all this plenty, become meaningless.

But let us visit the rich farmlands of Lancaster County where are gathered the fruits of a creed of ceaseless work, but enter the doors of the Amish and the Mennonite farmers and you enter into a world that dares to be eternal. Here is an air of serenity in the midst of the confusion of the market-place, for these people have their peace within them. These farmers possess that rare wisdom which makes little difference between their God and their hallowed earth. They have been known to hold religious worship within the shelter of their great barns, where, as in their markets, a sense of worship surrounds the fruits of the soil they till. The Mennonite farmer is a magician upon his land. He has a sense of service to that land. Does he not hold it in trust for his sons, even as he himself received it from his fathers? Here is evidence of faith and love. The soil needs not only good plowing and fertilizing. It needs love and personal devotion. We should watch, writes Clare Leighton, those American farmers with German names, whose ancestors left their fatherland generations ago, seeking freedom and cheap land. Here we can learn our lesson. These people feel an unashamed sentiment towards their earth. We need to make the enlightenment of science with the emotions of the peasant and harvest from the land not only corn and potatoes but lore and song as well. The strongest bond among all peoples is labor upon the earth. In the tilling of the soil lie the seeds of universal peace. It is the strongest bond among all peoples. In the tilling of the soil all men are the same. Here lies universal brotherhood.

In a world of destruction and unrest, in an age of ugliness and change, let us turn to the barn as a symbol of comfort. Here we look upon the eternals of husbandry. Let us follow that farmer as he looks out upon his fields. The sun is low in the sky, gilding the land. Over the hillside he strolls. He pauses at the barn, outlined against the setting sun. Its immensity dwarfs the farmhouse and cattle. He walks across the bank of the barn as though he were crossing the drawbridge to his fortress, a fortress against wind and storm and heat and cold. But inside the barn it is no longer like a fortress. There is a consecrated feeling, as though we were entering a church. Within this great dark barn we are beyond frontiers, politics and parties. Darkness surrounds us, with slits of pink light from the sunset filtering in. Let our eyes grow accustomed to the darkness and we can pick the forms of the great beams that support this building. Mellowed by age, they too have the structure of a church. Unwittingly we tread softly, for there is hay beneath our feet. But something makes us lower our voices in speaking, as though we stood in a holy place. Within this barn of the Pennsylvania Dutch country, this immense crimson bank-barn with overhanging eaves, here they may actually have held their religious services, these God-fearing Amish farmers. And there seems rightness in this, for the building is custodian of all they hold most dear. It is a symbol of love for the earth, and of that love which is at once humble tenderness and a sense of mastery. A world that is happy and at peace is a world of well-filled barns!

This book, with its ten full-page drawings in chalk by the author, is a feast for eye and spirit.—P.A.B.

Deaths of a Day

PHAON G. RAUCH

Phaon G. Rauch, 82 years of age and one of the oldest residents of New Tripoli, died at his home yesterday following an illness of two months. He was the husband of Fayetta Jane, nee Peter, Rauch.

Mr. Rauch was a son of the late Joseph and Carolina nee Heintzelman Rauch. He was a carpenter by trade and after being employed in Hazleton he became a farmer in Heidelberg township. In 1921 he retired and spent the remainder of his life in New Tripoli. He was a member of the Evan. Reformed wing of Ebenezer church, New Tripoli.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, Lewis J., New Tripoli, R. 2 and Arthur G., Fleetwood; three daughters, Katie, wife of Clinton Fenstermacher, New Tripoli, Florence, wife of Ralph Ginder, Allentown, and Bertha Rauch, Allentown; one sister, Mrs. Jonathon Scholler, New Tripoli, and a brother, Osville, Walnutport. One daughter, Tavillia, preceded him in death. Twelve grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren also survive. Four of his grandsons are serving with the armed forces overseas.

The funeral will be held privately on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from his late home. Further public services will be held in Ebenezer church, New Tripoli. Burial will be made in the adjoining cemetery. Rev. Thomas Bachman will officiate at the services.

MRS. OSCAR VIDITO

Ill for the past five years, Mildred M., nee Shipley, wife of Oscar J. Vidito, died Thursday at the home of J. H. Walker Jr., Saucon Valley road, Saucon township, where she was employed as housekeeper. She was 52 years old.

Born in Plainfield, N. J., a daughter of Albert and Mary, nee Schneck, Shipley, she resided in this vicinity for a number of years.

Survivors are her husband, a daughter, Mrs. Marian Tucker, New York City; three sisters, Cora, wife of Lloyd Benjamin, Allentown; Mrs. Mairbell Kier, and Mrs. Larema Nesbit, both of Plainfield, N. J.; and one brother, Ivan Shipley, New York City.

A member of Bethel chapel, Plainfield, she was an active and devoted worker in Zion A.M.E. church, Allentown. She was a member of all its ladies auxiliaries.

Funeral services will be held 10:30 a. m. Tuesday in Zion A. M. E. church, 410 Union St., Allentown, with the Rev. W. R. Williams officiating. Interment in Greenwood cemetery.

MRS. IRENE SEMMLER

Twelve days after celebrating her 72nd birthday, Mrs. Irene E. Semmler died yesterday in the Palmerton hospital to which she was admitted Nov. 20 for medical treatment.

Mrs. Semmler, a resident of Bowmanstown and the widow of Wilson Semmler, was a member of the Reformed wing of St. John's church at Towamensing and the Adult Bible class and Ladies Society of Emmanuel Reformed church of Bowmanstown.

She leaves two sons, Robert W. of Bowmanstown and Vincent Semmler of Palmerton; a daughter, Mrs. C. Lester Mathias of Harrisburg; three brothers, Edwin A. Boyer of Bowmanstown; Emmett J. Boyer of Berlinsville and William H. Boyer of Palmerton; six grandchildren and one great grandchild.

The funeral will be held from her late home Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. with services in St. John's church at Towamensing at which Rev. R. E. Kutz will officiate. Interment will be in the Towamensing cemetery.

MRS. ADAM U. SAUERWINE

Mrs. Mabel H. Sauerwine, wife of Adam U. Sauerwine, died suddenly of a heart attack at her home, 241 2nd St., Slatington, Wednesday night. She was 65 years of age.

Born at Edgemont, Northampton county, a daughter of the late Samuel and Jane, nee Hall, Mohrey, Mrs. Sauerwine was a faithful member of Trinity Congregational church. She was also affiliated with its Ladies Aid society and Sunday school.

Surviving her are her husband, a son, LaVern of Slatington, a daughter, Mrs. Harold Miller of Treichlers, three grandchildren and a brother, Howard Mohrey of Cherryville.

Funeral services will be held at her late home, on Sunday at 2 p. m., with Rev. J. E. Edwards, pastor of Trinity Congregational church, officiating. Interment will be made in the Union cemetery, Slatington. There will be a viewing on Saturday night from 7 to 9 o'clock.

MRS. DAISY T. PAULES

Mrs. Daisy T. Paules, 49, wife of George A. Paules, died yesterday morning at her home in Emerald, Pa. She had been ill for the last four weeks.

Born in Washington township, Lehigh county, she was a daughter of the late John and Lillian (nee Rex) Snyder

Besides her husband she is survived by three sons, Private Claude, U. S. Army, overseas; Lawrence and Stewart, both of Slatington R. 2; three grandchildren, and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Griffith Roberts, Mrs. Matthew Jones, Howard Paules, all of Slatington; Mrs. Fred Handwerk and Victor Paules of Hummelstown, Pa.; Mrs. Stanley Arner of Lehighton R. 3, and Ellwood Paules of Slatington R. 3.

Rev. Elmer Kidd will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Ellwood Heintzelman Funeral home, Slatedale. Interment in Slatedale cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

War Hut 'n Bobagoy

Yar, war hut 'n bobagoy os m'r fer 'n woch laina kon? Ow'r fershtain, m'r wolla ken lavendicher bobagoy, ow'r so gore 'n ous g'shtopter wie m'r doh gore net long tzurick aryads ainer g'sehna hen, ow'r kenna uns nimmy erinnerra woh. 'S wert 'n g'shpiel gewwa doh in da shtadt woh sie obsalut 'n ous g'shtopter bobagoy howwa sotta, ow'r hen so weit noch kenner finna kenna. Well fon denna os helfa 's g'shpiel halta, wissa os der Pumpernickle gawainlich aenich ebbes un allas finna kon os ebber howwa wil, sin sie kumma uns froga woh so ebbes wie 'n bobagoy tzu griega sei maicha.

Ow'r doh is ae mohl woh m'r uf aigna missa os m'r gabutta sin mit ous 's kumt uns ebber tzu hilf, un secht woh m'r so ebbes wie 'n ous g'shtopter bobagoy finna maiga.

Hut Sich Fohr G'sehna

Weibsleit klaima, 's wear nix in da welt os krullers shneller ferhunsa dade, os wie raya wedder. Un noh fer die hoar yusht g'friss'ld howwa un hame lawfa missa im raya-wel sel wase aenich ebber os da hoar ken gute dade, un kons da Jean Shaffer fon Fogelsville ken pieces ferdenka os sie doh yetz 'n ombarell galain'd hut fer hame gae. Die Jean hut sich yusht uf g'friss'ld kot uf die aller faddershd mainer, un wor gonga 'n maid'l friend p'sucha wies awfonga hut rayerra. Sie hut die hoar noch uf gaduh kot in "kids" odder ebbes os die sama dinshda dut fer hoar recht grollich mocha. So wie m'r fershtain, wor sie gonga fer ihr'm maid'l friend fetzaila fon da guta tzeit os sie tzaila dade sella owet tzu howwa wies awfonga hut rayerra.

Die weil os sie noh glei hame gawolt hut, hut sie grawd gawunnert wies wear fer 'n ombarell laina, un ihra freind hut ra aenie gewwa. Ow'r wie die weibsleit un maid ewwa ol iwwer ae laish'd sin, hut sie sich noh langer ferblauder'd os sie gazailt hut tzu bleiva, un is gabliva bis der raya feriwwer wor. Ow'r sel hut da Jean ol nix ous gamocht so weit os es hame gae aw gonga is. Sie wor gabound os sie ken feichdichkate uf ihr'm kup howwa wot fer ra ihra krullers ferhousa, un wos hut sie gaduh, os wie die ombarell uf g'shpont fer hame gae, ferol os die sun so tzu sawga g'sheind hut.

Hens Net Fershtonna

Leit os doh die onner woch der pike nous sin fom Halfway hous gaeich Chapmans tzu, hen yusht net fershtae kenna ferwos der Bruce Muth drous im feld wear mit 'm grumbierra ous mocher, un het 'n gonsie gang hinna noh lawfa un kens het ken g'shar in da hond, un dade aw ken grumbierra sehna leia. Anyhow sel is wos ainer g'sawt hut drous beim Benj Haas on Chapmans, un so'n pilla un bloshder efrkaufer os aw dawaig is, hut sich bol tzum truck rous k'hank'd fer sehna wos om aw gae wear. Wos sellie leit net gawist hen kot wor, os der Bruce shier 'n woch dafor sei bocka buch mit tzomta korta, ration bicher unna hunnerd finf un sechtsich dahler gelt in sel'm feld feriora hut kot iwwer 'm diska.

'S wor so denna waig: Der Bruce hut nommy dawgs so uhra fierra 'n noshlon grick'd fer sich shaira lossa, un is g'shwind nous noch Fogelsville gayawk'd fer sei beltz ob nemma lossa. Wie er owets so uhra finfa hame kumma is, hut er gadenk'd er kent noch bout 'n ocker unna half diska fer supper, un wie er aw hut. Ow'r bis er fartich wor, wohrhoft won er sei bocka buch net ferlora hut kot, un woh er shure wor os aryads darta im feld leia dade.

'S wor tzu shpote fer may sella owet sucha, ow'r da nagshda morya sin sie in aller free tzu nin'd uf den chob, ow'r 's bocka buch wor naryads tzu finna. Noh hen sie der shlaif racha rous k'hol'd, un alla bits'l graws un shtangle tzomma g'shlaift, un woh sie so tzu sawga fon hond uf heift galaisa hen fer shure mocha os es bocka buch net dabei wear. Noh wie sie sel waisa ferbrent hen kot, sin sie iwwer 's feld mit da shprings aig, ow'r hen widder naryads nix finna kenna fon da ferlorna socha.

So hen sie fert gamocht fon free Fridawg moryets bis Dinshdawgs 'm Bruce sei Pap, der Harvey, 'n noshion grick'd hut, die disk het ferleicht 's bocka buch in der grund gadrick'd, un kenta 's rous griega mit 'mgrumbierra ous mocher. Dinshdawg nommy dawgs sin sie noh uf der chob un hen widder 'n gonsie gang kot fer noh gae, noch so gore 'm Bruce sei Mam die Sadie. Un glawwas odder net, ow'r ferol os die shtrossa ganger net fershtae hen kenna wos om aw gae wear as sie doh grumbierra ous mocha wotta woh kennie weara, owets so on da fartel bis sexa rum, ferhoftich sei won die Sadie net 's bocka buch sehna hut iwwer der grumbierra ous mocher ruf kumma, un wor weiters nix draw letz.

Ebbes os der Bruce o'r now shun awenich gagrabb'd hut is, os er Mondawg owets tzum shquire Jake Schmoyer wor in Trexlershteddle, un Lut drei fartel dahler wert bobbierra rous g'shwora waeich seina ration bicher os er ferlora het, un hut aw shun awshpruch gamocht kot fer onnerra mashine un fuhrmons license korta griega. Selle drei fartel dahler klaimt der Bruce weara ol fer ewwa fiel weck g'shmissa, doch is er aw widder froh un donkbore os er ol sei korta walsa un hunderd finf un sechtisich dahler tzurick grick'd hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won der wind da onner dawg shnae gawest wear, wear m'r heit all'm noh glicklich, won m'r noch tzum garret fenshter nous sehna kent.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

The turquoise is the birthstone of December, and it means prosperity. Narcissus is the month's flower and indigo and green the colors. If December 1 is your birthday, you are self-confident, reliable and determined, rather quiet and reserved, but fun-loving. You have a keen and alert mind and much executive ability. You are gentle and affectionate in your home, and always strive to add to the happiness of your loved ones. During the next 12 months you are advised to exercise the utmost vigilance and circumspection in all your affairs. Do not be over-trustful. Carefully peruse all documents. Avoid changes and safeguard your health. Born on this date a child will probably travel far, being restless, romantic and highly-strung. Sudden financial reverses are threatened through law and ill-advised investments.

25 Years Ago Today

A Monday, December 2, 1919

A large and representative audience of music lovers of Allentown and vicinity gathered in historic Zion Reformed church and listened to an organ recital given by Dr. Fred Wolle, leader of the famous Bach Choir of Bethlehem.

The Board of Health declared the city again free from influenza after it removed the quarantine from the home of J. F. Binder of 133 N. 7th St.

Following the annual meeting of the Jordan Royal Arch Chapter No. 302, a banquet was enjoyed by 175 members in attendance at the Masonic Hall. Charles R. Roberts and Owen W. Metzger gave inspiring addresses.

The Lehigh Valley Transit Co. had decided to discontinue commuter's tickets on the Catasauqua line. Round-trip tickets were to be the regular rate of 24 cents apiece.

Sheriff Alfred Deifer and Jury Commissioners Alfred F. Noll and Edwin P. Rabenold panelled 24 grand jurors, 60 petit jurors who will serve at the January term of court.

The first in a series of winter social functions of the Elks club was a gala

Canning and Preserving—Latest Methods

Every housewife should have a copy of this up-to-the-minute booklet on canning and preserving. It brings the very latest findings of science into the kitchen. Many recipes for making jellies, preserves, marmalades, jams, conserves, fruit butters and pickles, as well as directions for canning meats, chicken, fruits and vegetables. Lessen your food problem by filling your cupboard with the fruits and vegetables now on the market. Fifteen cents postpaid.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER".

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Have little care that life is brief,
And less that art is long,
Success is in the silences
Tho fame is in the song. Carman.

NO HELP FOR JAPS THIS TIME

Almost quarter of a century ago the Japanese islands were visited by an earthquake of terrific intensity and, being followed by severe destruction of life and property. Fire was added to the terror of millions of Japanese people and plague, pestilence and famine stalked among the ruins of great and small cities alike.

Throughout the world rang the cries of the Japanese people, those nice little people who had so ingratiated themselves in the hearts of so many people and who had developed a very considerable legend about themselves as to gentleness, calm and other virtues.

Then from all parts of the world—particularly the United States—came answer to those cries. Relief ships sailed out of many ports, laden with stores of foods, clothing, shelter and especially medicines and surgical necessities. The American government emptied its own store-houses for Army and Navy use to ship needed articles to the stricken people. Vast forces of physicians and nurses were rushed by the American Red Cross on the fastest steamers to the port cities of Japan, thence to be sent inland wherever there was great want and suffering.

The reaction of the Japanese people was immediate and enthusiastic and in all certainty sincere. There was declaration repeatedly that this act of mercy and kindness to millions of their people never would be forgotten. The world believed it would never be forgotten and would be remembered in the spirit in which it was accorded.

That was one of the very big reasons why the American people never could have comprehended nor anticipated the manner in which the very first opportunity for the Japs to repay a kindness or rather to remember a kindness in gratitude would be employed. That repayment and that recall of a memory was accorded to the American people at Pearl Harbor just three years ago on Thursday.

Perhaps the Japs will regard seriously and superstitiously the coincidence of an important date with the terrific earthquake which struck the Japanese islands at the very time when the American people were observing the anniversary of Pearl Harbor with mixed emotions—continuing sorrow for the act of treachery and the losses there and on that occasion and satisfaction at the progress which the war has made in the course of 36 months.

Well may the fact be impressed upon them by our propaganda agencies, if they can reach the ears of the Japs, that Japan has been shaken on the anniversary of the day of their deepest and most undeserved treachery and perfidy to a great people which had been their sincere friend. And if they have anything similar to what Occidentals know as conscience that idea ought to have quite as much potency as a lot of the religious and philosophic thought and feeling which dominate and determine so much of their individual and national mass thinking and action.

Up to this time the Jap radio has provided little information as to the extent of the damage caused by the earthquake. In fact the early reports sound just like a report of an air raid by Superfortresses—no damage done and no alarm caused. But the likelihood is that a six-hour quake did much damage.

It is certain that the American people again would wish to comfort and cheer and help the victims in Japan. But today Japan again lives within a shell that is thicker even than that which Commodore Perry cracked nearly a century ago. She has surrounded herself with walls higher than the mercy of mankind today can climb. Even if help were organized for the Japs, it could not be delivered in all likelihood.

FIGHTER'S VIEW ON WAR BONDS

A U. S. service man, who had just returned home from long service in the Southwest Pacific and had been out of contact most of the time since the war with American affairs, was thrown right into the midst of the Sixth War Loan campaign when he got back to his native town.

He appeared stunned and dazed by it all and finally blurted out to his family and friends: "Do people here at home always have so much excitement when a bond issue to fight the war is being sold?" Then he went on to ask further: "Do you always have to have so many people out selling bonds and have so many big hip-hip-hurrah meetings and do you have to give people admission tickets to movies in order to get them to buy bonds?"

These whom he questioned had to admit that in a general way all the Bond campaigns are thus conducted; that there are mere variations from time to time to produce novelty of appeal.

Then the service man blurted out: "Well, ever since I got into the country it has appeared to me to be the most absurd thing that people have to be urged to buy a good thing—the best thing that I know. I know, (for I have been out in the thick of things since the beginning), that unless we win this war, nothing in the United States is going to have any value. I know that unless we keep on financing this war, we can't win it. And I am sure as I am sure of anything that in the last analysis bonds of the United States government are going to be the best things I and others can own. If they ever were to become worthless, then everything else in this country before would have become worthless."

A spokesman for the young man's family and friends rather sadly remarked: "Yes, we are sure everything you say is correct. It is absurd to be compelled to put on so much ballyhoo, we admit. But the people seem to want it. They seem to demand it and so they get it. But, as you say, the American people ought to grab up all these bond issues with the greatest speed and enthusiasm. They are the best investment that can be made."

A Major Blunder

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Under a system of invisible government it is difficult to locate the responsibility for blunders. Yet the country is witnessing today the consequences of a major blunder which was aided and abetted by selfish groups in the national capital in urging and pressing for reconversion to civilian production before the Army and Navy were ready for that reconversion.

The selfishness undoubtedly sprang from commercial pressures only in part. There was a good deal more political pressure in it—the desire of certain groups to get control of war plant facilities and to acquire authority or a voice in the disposition of war plants and surpluses.

Now that the Army and Navy are crying out for more manpower to make shells and ammunition, and there is an evident setback in the whole program of reconversion, it might be well to re-examine some of the things that happened last summer.

When Charles E. Wilson, recently vice chairman of the War Production Board, came away from the White House on July 13 last, he declared there was no issue between himself and Donald Nelson with respect to reconversion except the question of timing. Certain New Deal groups, nevertheless, began to talk of the necessity of cutting war orders after Paris was taken. In the letters of resignation and acceptance exchanged between the White House and Mr. Wilson, the former War Production executive said that he "was opposed to any interference with war production as its necessity was stated by the commander-in-chief and the joint chiefs of staff." He also stated in his letter that the "dissension" on the timing of reconversion was harmful to war production.

New Dealers Assailed Wilson

Many of the New Dealers assailed Wilson on the ground that he was opposed to the resumption of civilian production. Mr. Nelson, on the other hand, was hailed as the champion of reconversion. The truth was that Mr. Wilson as well as Army and Navy officials were always ready to develop a broad program for reconversion, but they did not want it put into effect until the European war was about over. They fought against making the plan public or even indicating that it was in process until it was absolutely clear that the war with Germany was ending.

It is significant that only a few days ago the Army and Navy endorsed for the first time a limited program of reconversion because the wider application had been definitely postponed.

There is no way of telling, however, what damage was done by the pressure for reconversion at an inopportune time. Shortages now being felt in Europe must be said to be responsible for prolongation of the war.

This, of course, does not explain all the mistakes that have been made, for part of the blame must fall on the Army in underestimating the need for ammunition. This is understandable because not until American troops landed in Normandy did it become clear that the war would have to be won with an unprecedented amount of artillery fire.

Too Much Emphasis on Air

Some of the blame must attach, too, to those Americans who zealously insisted upon air power as the major emphasis in the present war in Europe. There is no doubt that air power will deliver as important and vital a blow toward final victory as any single arm of the service, but it is also true that failure to give enough attention from the outset to infantry and artillery requirements has made all the difference between victory this autumn and victory next summer.

It is, of course, of no avail now to look back at the mistakes made in failing to foresee the large shortages of ammunition with which our armies are confronted now on the European front. But it is probable that the military will always be able to say that the pressure for reconversion on the home front was a menace to the war effort itself and that manpower shifts away from war plants came as a consequence of the attitude taken by civilian officials who insisted that the end of the war was in sight and conversion to civilian production could be readily undertaken.

Industry will probably be blamed for much of this pressure, but anyone who has lived in Washington throughout this war period can easily discover that political pressure and especially the pressure to get control of war surpluses and civilian supply from a political angle not only forced Charles E. Wilson out of the War Production Board when he had the full support of the Army and Navy, but also resulted in slowing up the whole psychology behind war production. Fortunately, J. A. Krug, who succeeded Donald Nelson as chairman of the War Production Board, has the wholehearted support of the Army and Navy and is doing a well balanced job.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE ITALIAN-GREEK CRISIS

The fundamental American policy, with rare exceptions in Central and South America, has been that this country does not interfere in the choice that other peoples make as to the form and personnel of their governments. It is true that we failed to recognize Soviet Russia for some 16 years because we would not deal with a Communist state, but the fact is that the Russian people never chose the Bolsheviks as their rulers. Lenin and Trotsky imposed that regime upon the Russian people willy-nilly and resistance or even mere protest was and is punishable by state murder. Nevertheless, it was really none of our business and when Mr. Roosevelt finally chose to recognize the Soviet regime, there was no great to-do about it in this country.

Pursuing this policy, Mr. Stettinius introduced himself as Secretary of State by quarrelling with our ally, Great Britain, over their policy of rejecting Sforza in Italy and the Communists in Greece. The British are demanding non-Communist governments in those countries for which British and American blood has been spilled in this war—countries which would today be in Hitler's possession but for American and British intervention on their behalf. The American policy is that it is none of our business whether those countries are seized by the Communists or not. The British desire democratic, not communistic governments.

We Encourage Political Chaos

Our policy would have some justification if the people of those or any country in liberated Europe enjoyed freedom of choice. Actually, as soon as we drive the Germans out, we encourage political chaos by refusing to administer the liberated areas until the people of them can, by due process, select a government of their own. Even De Gaulle has never been elected by the French people although it may be assumed that they might have done so had they had the opportunity. Liberated countries should be governed by the liberators until order is established.

Our policy would make sense if the Third International, the Comintern, had ever really been dissolved or its principles and practices abandoned. Actually, it is at work everywhere. It is a native, civilian agency of Soviet Russia, performing precisely the same functions that the Nazi Fifth Column performed when Hitler was conquering Europe. The Communists are now conquering Europe by every device of revolutionary propaganda, utilizing local politicians who insist that they are not dominated by Soviet Russia but by a curious confusion of Communism plus nationalism. Whatever their relations, the effect however is the same. It will bring, if successful, the entire continent of Europe under the domination of Soviet Russia. What Hitler failed to do, Stalin may succeed in doing, aided and abetted by American arms, food, clothing and cash. And be it remembered that had he not had American encouragement and support, he could not have been so cocky in his attitude toward other Europeans.

Fighting Third International

The British did not go into this war and risk the destruction of their national life to give to Stalin the whole of Europe as a gift. Nor did we. The British then are fighting the Third International Communist advance in Italy and Greece and I presume that they will help De Gaulle fight it in France. The United States amazingly is supporting Communist diplomacy everywhere. In China, we have forced Chiang Kai-shek into an armistice with Stalin's Chinese adherents. In Italy and Greece, we speak of the Wilsonian ideal of self-determination in face of the fact that the Communists are trying to gobble up both countries as they already have Jugoslavia, liberated Poland and Rumania. Our intentions are undoubtedly laudable; practically, the British give evidence of the use of common sense applied to particular problems.

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More than 100 bodies have been recovered from the wreckage caused when heavy snowslides buried part of a workers' camp at a copper mine in Chile.

Pineapples, grown in Peru for many years, are now being marketed in quantities in Chile where the fresh fruit brings six to nine cents each on the Lima market.



HANS UN YAERRICK

'N BUWEG'SCHICHT IN SIWWE SCHTREECH

Aus'm Wilhelm Busch seim "Max und Moritz" iwwersetzt vum JOHN BIRMELIN

FIMFTER SCHTREECH

Wer en reicher Onkel hot,
Weess doch wie mer's mache sott,
Fer die Aerbschaft net verdaerwe,
Wann er eemol kaemt an's Schtaerwe.

Maerryets saagt mer "Gude Maerrye!
Hoschte ebbes zu versaerrye?"
Bringt ihm was er hawwe will,
Peif un Zeiding un die Brill.
Wann sei Buckel beisst un yuckt,
Ass mer's yo net iwwerguckt,
Ihm der Buckel gut zu reiwe,
Bis er saagt, "Nau losst mer's bleiwe!"
Niesst er ass die Fetze fliege,
Muss mer sich e wennich biege;
Ya, do saagt mer, "G'sundheit!" zum,
Un er winscht uns, "Wohl bekumm!"
Kummt er owets schpot in's Haus,
Ziegt mer ihm die Schtiwwel aus,
Un die Flisschuh bringt mer dann,
Ass er besser ruhge kann;
Bringt der Hausrock, Zippelkapp,
Un recht hardich, tripp, tripp, trapp!
Wann mer'n gut bedient, des gleicht er,
Macht ihm doch des Lewe leichter.

Hans un Yaerrick sin vun denne
Die so ebbes gaar net kenne;
Un sie mache'n schlechter Witz
Mit dem gude Onkel Fritz.

Moikeffer—ach, en yeder weess,
Singe net wie Hawwergeess;
Graddle an de Blumme rum,
Fliege mit me gross Gebrumm;
Sie sin aa, im grosse Ganze,
Viele greesser wie die Wanze.

Hans un Yaerrick, gleene Dunner!
Schittle sie vum Baemche runner;
Sammle dann die Grawweldiere
In die Dutt vun Babbiere,
Lege sie dann schee in's Eck,
Unnerm Onkel Fritz sei Deck.

Geht in's Bett der Onkel Fritz—
Un es waar en grossi Hitz,
Doch er macht die Aage zu,
Schloft aa glei in siesser Ruh.
Un die Keffer, kritze, kratz!
Kumme g'schwind aus ihrem Blatz,
Sie marschiere uf der Deck,
Wie Soldaade driwwer weck;
Eener, der waar vanne draa,
Packt der Onkel Fritz mol aa,
Hot ihm an der Naas gezaerrt,
Bis er endlich wacker waerd.

"Bau!" So greischt er—"Grawweldier!
Was hoscht du zu duh mit mir?"
Guckt em Keffer in die Aage,
Keffer losst sich doch nichs saage,
Henkt sich aa as wie en Glett,
Onkel zawwelt aus em Bett;
"Autsch!" Do henke widder zwee,
Fascht am Gnick un an de Bee;
Hie un haer, im Gringel rum,
Fliegt's un graddelt's mit Gebrumm.
Onkel Fritz, in seinre Not,
Schtampt un schlackt die Keffer dot
Guckschte mol! 's iss all verbei
Mit der Keffergraddlerei!

Onkel Fritz hot widder Ruh,
Macht aa glei die Aage zu;
Doch er kann's net recht vergesse,
Draamt, er misst die Keffer fresse;
Hot aa waerklich paar mol g'schluckt,
Naas hot immer noch geyuckt.

Fimfter Schtreech—un iss des all?
Nee, der sechst, der kummt aa ball.

* * * *

SECHSTER SCHTREECH

In de scheene Oschterzeit
Duhn die gude Beckersleit
Alle Sarde Zuckersache
Un die schenschte Kuche backe.
Hans un Yaerrick sin am denke
Wie sich do mol neizuhenke.
Doch der Becker gebt schun acht,
Hot sei Backhaus zugemacht.

G'schlosse iss die Beckerei,
Gehne sie zum Schannschtee nei;
Ratsch! Sie rutsche owwe runner,
Schteht die Mehlkischt aa noch drunner,
Puff! Sie falle graad in's Mehl,
Kopp un Hals un Hinnerdeel;
Schittle sich un schpringe raus,
Sin uf ebbes Annres aus,
Uf de Hank sin hunnerd Bretzel,
Yedes schee an seinem Bletzel;
Sie gelischdere dernooch,
Doch sie henke schier zu hoch,
Dabber uf en Schtuhl sich schtelle
Un paar Dutzend runner schnelle;
Doch der Schtuhl waar buckelschwach,
Gnackt emol, noh gebt's en Grach,
Schwupp! Geht alles drunner drei,
Schwapp! Do leie sie im Brei;
Leie drin im Kuchedeeg,
Graddle raus so grumm un schraeg;
Gut gebleschtert, dick un babbich,
Schtehne darde, dumm un dabbich.

Kummt noch graad dezu der Becker
Un verwischt die Zuckerschlecker;
Hot noch Mehl uf sie gezottelt,
Gut gegnootscht un schee gemoddelt,
Schiesst sie dann zum Offe nei,
Offe heess, sie backe glei,
Ruff! Er ziegt sie aus der Glut,
Un die Gruscht waar brau un gut.

Denkt mer as sie ferdich sin?
Nee, do waar noch Lewe drin!
Knuschper, knaschper!—Wie en Maus,
Fresst sich noch en Yeder raus.
Becker schteht vergelschtert dart
Un die Buwe schpringe fart.

Sechster Schtreech—un iss des all?
Nee, der siwwet kummt aa ball.

REVIEW

HOME CRAFT COURSES. — Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Volume XI. PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CHESTS. By Frances Lichten. Schlechter's, Printers, Allentown, Pa. — $1.00.

Number XI of the Home Craft Courses booklets published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser of Plymouth Meeting, Pa., is devoted to a piece of household furniture to which our grandmothers were tenderly attached and which still stirs the hearts of many Pennsylvania German housewives with nostalgic memories—the painted chest with its overflowing wealth of homespun, coverlets, patchwork quilts and show towels.

In more primitive times the chest was the most valued piece of household furniture, the only safe storage place for those things one treasured beyond the immediate need of the day. In its spacious interior it received the handiwork of the diligent maiden from her dreaming girlhood to her hopeful womanhood, and it followed the young housewife to her own newly established home.

Sometimes the family chest, fashioned perhaps after medieval patterns, with sunken panels and columns or pilasters, accompanied our ancestors to their new homes across the sea, but more often skilled artisans fashioned them of native woods from the Pennsylvania forests. Sometimes they were made from a hard wood, walnut, maple or cherry, but more frequently from pine or poplar. Upon these latter was spent the peasant's love of bright colors, and local artisans, remembering the motifs of their homeland, dismembered the surfaces into simulated panels and adorned them with hearts and tulips, urns from which grew the tree of life, and confrontal birds and animals—all designs that had been common property from immemorial times.

Today these painted chests are highly prized. They have been given honored places in our art museums and in the homes of wealthy private collectors. What was once within the reach of a simple Pennsylvania German maiden of the eighteenth century but few of us can afford to own today.

Many of us however possess, or can readily acquire, one of the many unpainted chests which formed a part of almost every household in the nineteenth century and decorate it after the manner of the old. For all such this booklet will prove very valuable, for it not only gives the necessary information about the materials to be used, but also the processes of decorating such chests: color schemes, planning of spacing, method of working, of mottling and of antiquing. Illustrations are given of 18th century forms of the alphabet and of numbers to be used in painting the name of the owner and the date upon it. The book contains half-tone illustrations of fine chests in the Philadelphia Art Museum; but especially valuable for the practical worker is the series of line drawings of the more familiar and less complicated panel designs.

Miss Frances Lichten, who prepared this work for the Home Craft Courses, spent some of her earlier years in Allentown. A trained commercial artist, she also has a fine feeling and understanding for our Pennsylvania German folkart. The drawings illustrating this booklet were made from sketches from Miss Lichten's notebooks. They were done in many different places, for as State Supervisor of the Index of American Design she traveled extensively about the state and familiarized herself with its arts and crafts. The material was gathered from museums and private collections as well as from the attics of Pennsylvania German homes.

Any one who wishes to restore an old painted chest, or simulate the color and designs of the old, will find Miss Lichten's booklet a most helpful guide.—P.A.B.

UNSER TSCHAEKY IN DE SCHUL

Em Tschaeky sei Schulmeeschder hot en kleener Brief heem g'schickt mit em der anner Daag, wie des:

"Dei Bu hot en grosser Kopp, gross genunk far en Hunsschdall, awwer die Wedderbording iss zu dick far ebbes nei duh. Daarum iss aa net viel drin far raus, wie du gut sehne kannscht bei de Babbiere, wu ich domit schick far dei eegner Wunner. Do sin die Schdicker:

Composition uff en Sau

En Sau hot vier Bee, eens uff yeder Eck. Zwee sin varne un die annere zwee hinne. Seifiess sin gut far fresse, wann sie gewesche sin, un die Sei lewe nimmi.

En Sau hot en Schwans uff de Owetseit. Alsemol draagt sie der Schwans uff eenre Seit, un alsemol uff de annere Seit. Es kummt druff aa, was der Schteil iss.

Sei wesche sich im Dreck. Sie sin ken Seef un Handdicher gewehnt, wie deel anner Leit aa.

Composition uff Geil

Geil sin aa viereckich mit me Bee uff yeder Eck. Sie fresse Hawwer un Bidderschtengel, un alsemol ewennich Hoi.

Es hot viel Sarte Geil. Loss emol sehne: Dart sin Schimmelgeil, un Fichsgeil, un Geilskimmel, un Halwer Gaul, un Race Geil, un Geilskeschte, un—Esel.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK.

LETSCHDER SCHTREECH

Letschter Schtreech, un Nummer Siwwe.
Ya, was waerd dann do gedriwwe?
Hans un Yaerrick sin debei,
Schleiche in die Scheier nei;
Haufe Welschkarn leit im Eck,
Un dart schtehne g'fillte Seck.
Buwe hen en Messer g'funne,
Un sich aa net weiters b'sunne,
Schneide mit de Messerschpitz
Yedem Sack en grosser Schlitz;
Un dann wiehle sie sich glei
In der Welschkarnhaufe nei.

Kummt der Bauer Dauweschpeck,
Draagt emol en Schrotsack weck;
Langsam iss er hiegedroddelt,
Welschkarn hot sich raus gezottelt;
Hot mol var sich hiegedenkt,
Was der Sack so schlampich henkt?
"Ripsch!" Do waar er ausgeleert.
Bauer hot sich umgekehrt,
Guckt mol an der Welschkarnhaufe,
Hans un Yaerrick heert er schnaufe,
"Rapsch!" Do nemmt er's Lumbepack,
Schaufelt's in sei grosser Sack.

Eigebindelt, waerd's ne schwiel,
Bauer nemmt sie nooch der Miehl;
"Miller, kumm un maahl die Schrot,
Helf mer dabber aus der Not!
's iss en bardich gudi Aart
Un do waerd mol druf gewaart!"

Miller hot der Schrotsack g'schultert,
Hot aa net emol gemultert;
"Des iss mir schun recht!" So secht er,
Schittelt alles in der Drechter.
"Rausche, wausche! Ricke, racke!"
Wasser wiehle, Redder gnacke;
Sauwer sehnt er's nunner geh,
Funke schpritze vun de Schtee;
Hans un Yaerrick, Schrot un Gleie
Sehnt mer uf em Boddem leie;
Feigemaahle sin die Luder,
Bauer will sie net fer Fuder;
Miller hot sie nausgekehrt,
Hinkel hen sie graad verzehrt;
Alles g'fresse, Haut un Haar,
Bis ken Hans un Yaerrick waar.

* * * *

SCHLUSS

Glei waar alles rumverzaehlt,
Doch, do hot die Drauer g'fehlt.
Rabenolds'n saagt so weech,
"Ya, so geht's mit Buweschtreech."
"Ya, ya, ya!" Saagt Schneider Beck,
"Bosheit iss ken Lewenszweck!"
Lichty meent: "des iss en Laerning!
Wennichschtens en gudi Waerning."
Do druf saagt der Kuchebecker,
"G'scheht ne recht, die Zuckerschlecker!"
Un sogaar der Onkel Fritz
Saagt, "Des kummt vum dumme Witz!"
Dauweschpeck hockt newe draa,
Denkt, "Des geht mich gaar nichs aa!"
Karz, im ganze Schtedtel rum
Waar en freehliches Gebrumm:
"Die hen graad genunk gebost!
Hen uns nie ken Ruh gelosst,
's iss ne nau mol net geglickt,
Desmol hen sie's selwer grickt!"

Deaths of a Day

AGNES LANGKAMMERER

Private funeral services for Agnes Langkammerer of 331 Iron St., Lehighton, who died at her home Wednesday morning, will be held today at 1:30 p. m. at the LaMont H. Zimmerman Funeral home, S. 3rd St., Lehighton. Rev. W. T. Mann will officiate with interment in Lehighton cemetery.

MRS. JAMES D. EAST

Mrs. Lillie E., nee Busche, East, wife of James Dallas East, died at 5 a. m. yesterday at her home, 842 Cumberland St. She was 78 years old. Ill for the past year, she had been bedfast since Wednesday.

A native of Allentown, she lived here most of her life. Her parents were the late Julius and Johanna, nee Holtz, Busche. Mrs. East was twice married, her first husband, the late Charles M. Grady, having died over 30 years ago. She was one of the oldest members of Salem Reformed church and a member of the English Bible class and the Women's Guild of the church. Mrs. East was also affiliated with the Ladies of the Moose.

Surviving in addition to her husband are two sons: Harold Grady, Allentown, and Russell Grady, Stamford, Conn.; two grandsons: Russell J. Grady, Stamford, Conn., and Lewis L. Grady, Allentown; a sister, Mrs. Harry Derr, Ozone Parks, L. I., New York; a brother, William C. H. Busche, Allentown, and one great-grandchild.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 1.30 p. m. at the Trexler Funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment will be in West End cemetery.

OLIVER G. PARSELS

Oliver G. Parsels, 119 E. Fairview St., Bethlehem, died Friday morning at the residence. Until seven years ago when he retired he was employed by the Roller Smith Co.

A member of Zion Evangelical and Reformed church he was a deacon and was for many years superintendent of the Sunday school.

A native of Philadelphia, a son of William A. and Emma Gross Parsels, he was the husband of the late Elsie Bickert Parsels, who died 18 years ago. Two children died in infancy.

Three brothers, William Parsels, of Bethlehem; Ray Parsels, Wind Gap; Henry Parsels, Hazleton, and three sisters, Mrs. Gertrude Hoffman, Mrs. William King, with whom he resided and Mrs. Albert Minnich, all of Bethlehem, survive.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p.m. Tuesday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Dr. C. A. Butz officiating. Interment in Macada cemetery.

ROBERT L. ROTH

After an illness of five years, Robert L. Roth, janitor at the Catasauqua school for eighteen years prior to his being taken sick, died at 8:50 o'clock yesterday morning at his home, 543 Pine St., Catasauqua. He was aged 72 years, 11 months and 18 days.

Mr. Roth was born in E. Catasauqua and lived all his life in Catasauqua. Prior to becoming school janitor he was employed for 28 years as a coachman by James Thomas. He was a member of the Salem Evangelical and Reformed church, Catasauqua.

Surviving Mr. Roth are his wife, Laura, nee Newhard, Roth; four daughters, Mrs. Austin Saeger, Elizabeth and Gertrude Roth, all at home, and Laura Roth, Barberton, O.; a half-sister, Mrs. Percy Harris, Bethlehem, and three grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at his late home, with interment in the Allen-Union cemetery, Northampton.

MRS. JACOB KOHLMIER

Mrs. Nora A. Ryan Kohlmier, 68, wife of Jacob Kohlmier, 518 Hess St., Bethlehem, died Thursday afternoon in St. Luke's hospital. Born in Ireland, Dec. 24, 1875, she was a daughter of the late John and Margaret Ryan, and was a member of Holy Ghost church.

The husband, two sons, John L. and Edward T., and a daughter, Mrs. Donald Rogan, and six grandchildren, all of Bethlehem, survive.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a.m. Tuesday from the late home with solemn requiem mass at 9 a.m. in Holy Ghost church and interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

JAMES HOWARD SKINNER

James Howard Skinner, 74, husband of Mary L. Roeker Skinner, died at 3:20 a. m. Friday at the residence, 207 Washington Ave., Bethlehem.

He was born in Port Colen, N. J., Nov. 9, 1870, a son of the late Elias Smith Skinner and the late Jane Petty Skinner.

Member of the IOOF, of Washington, N. J. he was employed by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co. for many years.

He is survived by his wife; a son, Charles L. Skinner; a daughter, Marion E. Skinner, both of Bethlehem; two brothers, Frank and Alfred Skinner, Washington, N. J., and two grandsons, John and Charles Skinner, Bethlehem.

Services will be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, in charge of Dr. C. A. Butz. Interment will be made in Memorial Park, Bethlehem.

MRS. ELLEN YOUNG

Mrs. Ellen Lerch Young, 93, widow of Joseph Young, died Friday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Shirley, 313 N. Heller Ave., Pen Argyl.

She was born in Forks township, Northampton county, a daughter of the late Samuel and Caroline Frederick Lerch, and resided in Pen Argyl the past 12 years.

Three children, Mrs. Cora Heimer, Nazareth; Mrs. Shirley and Walter S. Young, of Oaklyn, N. J., and 12 great-grandchildren survive.

Dr. H. J. Ehret, of Bethlehem, will officiate at funeral services at 2 p.m. Monday in Arndt's Evangelical and Reformed church, Forks township. Interment in the parish cemetery.

SARAH KEANLEY

Funeral services for Sarah Keanley, Hellertown, who died Thursday afternoon at St. Luke's hospital, after a lingering illness, will be held 2:30 p. m., Monday, at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, Allentown. Interment will take place in Hellertown Union cemetery.

She was a member of St. Paul's Evangelical church, Hellertown, and for many years operated a beauty salon at 642 Main St., in the Saucon borough.

Born in Hellertown she was a daughter of the late George and Elizabeth, nee Bauder, Keanley, and resided there all her lifetime.

Survivors are four sisters, Rosa and Eliza Keanley, both of Allentown; Florence Keanley, and Mrs. Elsie Smith, Hellertown.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Tzum Ledshda

Yar tzum ledshda hut der wert Bill Moll fon da 7d un Washington shtross doh in da shtadt mohl 'n harsh grick'd. Ow'r so wies sheind, mus 'n man selwar in bisnis gae fers glick griega fer 'n harsh sheesa. Der Bill wie m'r wissa wor shun fer yohra Steward on da Shlisselshtae Fire Kumpany doh in da shtadt, un is ragler alla yohr gonga fer harsh, un immer hame kumma mit ma lara sock. 'M ledshd yohr hen sie so gore drei lara shells hinna on der bar k'hank'd on da Fire Kumpany, unna sign owwa draw hut g'sawt, "These shells and Bill Moll missed a deer."

Ow'r doh darrich der summer hut der Bill sei chob on da fire kumpany uf g'shmissa un is selwar in bisnis, un now sehna mohl wos er gaduh hut—hut 'n sex tzinga harsha buck g'shossa, un sawga er wear so shtoltz mit, os sei fraw die Louisa 'm drei odder fier mohl die hemmer un jacket gneb aw naya hut missa. So shtarrick as sie maint os sie die gneb fosht het, sheabt der Bill widder die brusht nous wie 'n yungie omshel, un "Bawf," darta fliega widder paar gneb. Wos es gebt mit 'm harsh flaish is hard tzu sawga, ow'r so fiel leit os er shun ol die yohra shtakes un roasht fershprocha hut, sols uns wunnerra eb er net mohl ains fon da oweta harsh sub mocht, so os er yader'm der fersuch dafon gewwa kon.

Oh yar, der Bill hut sei harsh g'shossa aryads g'shwishich Bushkill Falls un Blue Heron Lake drin, un hen der ketzer so gore tzwae unna halb mile shlaifa un drawga missa fer 'n ous da shwam un bish griega. Wons uf der Bill aw kaimt, wolla m'r wetta os shun langshd 'n law doh wear, os harsh net weiter wie etlicha hunnerd foos fon da shtross nei in de hecka darfta, un woh 's harsh hunda 'n lot may blessierlich mocha dade wies so is, won m'r 'n harsh so weit tzu drawga hut.

Hen Sich Fohr G'sehna

Doh shwetza fom Bill Moll 'n harsh griega, gamohnt uns on der Porra Bill Wolferd fon Fogelsville un der Charlie Day fon Chapmans, woh aw gonga sin harsh yawga. 'S sin aw noch etlicha onnerra dabei, un woh ol uf g'shteld hen im Porra seim hunder kabin aryads owwa drous in da Pokonose woh die fix un welf nonner farawell gewwa. 'S hut 'n lot hunder os nous gain yawga, ow'r missa uf aigna, os der Porra so'n ehrlicher shitz is os m'r noch k'hoert hen dafon. Wenich wolla uf aigna os sie weiters nix ferreissa so weit os harsh sheesa aw gait—ow'r net so der Porra. In blotz fon sawga sie gangda yusht fer paar dawg yawga, hen sie buff board rous g'sawt, sie gangda fer ae gonsie woch, un won sel net uf gaaigen'd is os sie selwar ken glawwa kotta hen as sie ebbes graichda, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Porra die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter, so as sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Hut Gawist Wos Er Wil

Sis uns da onner dawg fertzailt werra fom Allie Shoemaker fon drous in da Seipstowner gagend seinra shtraich wie er mohl gonga is fer 'n komfort tziech kaufa. Der Allie is shun long fert in seinra ruh, ow'r fiel fon da socha os er g'sawt un gaduh hut, lava so long as unser muttershproch g'shwetzt wert.

Die komfort tziech g'shicht is g'shaina imma grossa Hamilton shtross shtore doh in da shtadt, un wert heit noch driwwer galocht. Der Allie is in der shtore, un in blotz fon froga fer wos er howwa wot, hut er g'sawt er wot seinra fraw 'n frock kaufa, un sotta 's duch weissa mit da aller graishda blumma os sie in shtock hetta.

Nadierlich hut der klerrick 'm noh gross blummich komfort tziech socha gawissa, uns hut der Allie gore ken lang ganumma fer ains rous sucha. Noh hut er g'sawt er wot fartzae yord dafon howwa, un wie der klerrick gamaint hut 's dade ow'r net so fiel nemma fer ae frock mocha, hut der Allie g'sawt, "Duh kendsh'd my fraw net, dic is gross un dick, un nembt blenty frock socha, fer ihra 'n frock mocha."

Der klerrick hut 'm sei fartzae yord socha ob gamessa un der Allie huts batzawlt un is hame. Der klerrick hut galocht as 'n kerl so dum wear os er maina dade 's dade fartzae yord kadoon nemma fer 'n frock mocha, un der Allie hut galocht wie er selar dum klerrick mohl fernarra k'halta het.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

So wolfel os fiel fon da Grishdawgs socha uf gamocht sin, wolla m'r wetta os der Belsnickle froh is os er nochts im dunkla kumt 's socha bringa, un net worta brouch fer sehna wie die wohs griega, die socha gleicha.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

You are slightly inclined toward pessimism, if you are celebrating a birthday today, and should try to curb this tendency. You have keen intuitive powers and quite frequently save yourself and friends from disaster through it. You are kind, somewhat sensitive, versatile, discreet and eager to learn. You are loving and considerate in your home. Your prospects and health should improve during the next 12 months, and employers be helpful, though a threat exists of attempted imposition, perhaps involving a quarrel with an elder. Born on this day a child will be more fortunate if born late in the day, as far as health and success are concerned.

25 Years Ago Today

A Tuesday, December 9, 1919

Members of the Grace Episcopal church tendered a reception to their recently elected pastor, Rev. Edmund H. Carhart Jr., and Mrs. Carhart.

Dr. F. R. Bausch, one of the most active members of the Lehigh Medical Society was selected to head this organization as president. He was selected at the December meeting, held in the Hotel Traylor.

St. Paul's Lutheran Brotherhood had as the feature at a regular meeting the mandolin club of the Muhlenberg College Glee Club. They entertained the Brotherhood with some excellent selections.

Jean Sothern, a diminutive Keith favorite was the guest of honor at a reception tendered the newspapermen of this city by Miss Mona LaMar at the LaMar studio on Centre Square.

A marriage license was gran

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers.
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in it. E. B. Browning

ANOTHER SURPRISE PARTY FOR JAPS

New invasions always bring Americans a thrill and such an emotion we are experiencing today, as we learn that General MacArthur's forces landed yesterday on the island of Mindoro in the Philippines after a trip of about 600 miles from the island of Leyte and that areas of Mindoro already seized are only 130 miles south of the city of Manila.

This move is another of those hops—leap-frogging, MacArthur has called it—by which large areas of Jap-held territory are isolated from communication with their land and sea forces. By this particular move American troops have gained a toe-hold upon an important island. If they can expand or even hold what they have gained, they will put the Japs in Manila and upon the island of Luzon in constant threat of attack by air. In fact such attack must result either in complete destruction of all Jap air forces on Luzon or in complete destruction of all American air forces on Mindoro. From the recent developments in that part of the world a fairly safe guess is that the former result will come about.

But possession of Mindoro is also important as to other parts of the Pacific. In possession of this point, the Americans are out on the eastern rim of the China Sea. It is through this sea that the Japs must send all their shipping both to and from the Dutch East Indies, Malaysia and the China coast. Thus every Jap convoy moving in this area will be subject to the hazards of attack by land-based airplanes which can range over and patrol very large areas of the sea. In effect, the Jap empire as now constituted, will be virtually bisected by an east-west line controlled by the Navy and the Air Forces of the United States.

One of the strange facts is that Japs appear to have placed light defenses upon Mindoro. They did not appear to have anticipated attack at this point, just as they apparently did not expect Leyte to be the first point of attack upon the Philippines. But just as on Leyte resistance became strong after a while and the campaign has been extended by months beyond schedule, so resistance can be expected to develop on Mindoro.

The advantage of surprise has been with MacArthur and the American forces. The advantage of position has been gained through this initial attack. Further advantages are that the American fleet is superior in every way, that our air forces are growing rapidly in strength and numbers and that all our forces up to this time have been able to hold anything which has been seized and to expand their holdings in due time.

Another very great advantage for our cause at this time lies in the fact that Filipino guerrillas have been performing a sensational job against the Japs. Some idea of this has been given by General MacArthur in his first report on this subject. It shows that a large number of islands are controlled entirely by the Filipinos, that others are controlled in part and that almost everywhere the Japs are weakened or are on the run by reason of the ceaseless activity of the native "underground."

SIX ARMIES NOW IN GERMANY

General Marshall and other American authorities have indicated that the Germans are to be given no rest on their western front and that in spite of winter weather the drive against them is to be continued with unabated vigor.

Indication of this is being afforded upon every sector of the line from the Swiss border to the North Sea and was particularly emphasized yesterday when the American 7th Army entered Germany and became the sixth army now on the so-called "holy soil of the Fatherland."

This American 7th Army is the same which landed upon the shores of Southern France and worked its way northwardly for a distance of more than 400 miles toward the German border. Yesterday it crossed the German border and approached Karlsruhe which is already under the type of devastating attack that is ruining every German city in the path of resistance to Allied arms. This army can be expected to attempt to turn the left flank of the German army along the Rhine. It can be expected to make untenable the important chemical centers of Mannheim and Ludwigshafen which are only a few miles from Karlsruhe. If the German flank can be turned, a breakthru may come to speed action all along the front.

General Eisenhower undoubtedly is attempting to find a soft spot in the German lines. Originally it appeared that breakthru was anticipated in the Aachen area. Later it appeared as though the Saar might crack. Now comes the smash at Karlsruhe. Here the line may bend and break. But the important fact is that nowhere are the Germans being given any rest. There is pressure constantly all along the line with the result that ground is being gained slowly but steadily. Every time the Germans shift reserves to an especially dangerous point, they weaken some other part of their line. Sometime, somewhere the Americans are going to crack that weakened line and when the breakthru comes there is hope of another stampede similar to that which cleared Eastern France in a few weeks.

NEW ROBOT AIMED AT N. Y. CITY

While we do a lot of wishful thinking about the war, the German people likewise are indulging themselves very freely in this respect. Thus they placed great reliance upon the robot bombs—the V-1 and the V-2 to win the war by driving the British people to ask for peace. Then every time that victory does not come from the revelation and use of a new secret weapon, the German high command issues some new promises to keep the balloon of German hopes inflated.

The latest injection of air into this balloon or the latest "shot in the arm" for the German people is a statement out of Germany that a super rocket bomb is about ready to be unleashed in Germany—before the end of December, they say—which when it comes to earth will drop into the city of New York.

Taking this threat for what it may be worth and speculation upon its possibilities, some experts are saying that it may be possible for the Nazis to send out submarines or some other craft which can near our shores quite secretly and dispatch rockets from special emplacements upon the decks of such craft.

In almost all certainty such attempt would be suicidal in result. The North Atlantic is being so thoroughly patrolled that it is very unlikely ships of any kind could sneak in upon us. But if they did get through these outer defenses, then it is entirely possible that the new rocket will prove to be as wild and erratic as the earlier robot bombs.

However bombs may strike New York or other densely populated places. It is going to be advisable to be prepared for the excitement incident to such attack, especially because so many people today are so very sure that nothing can happen to this country. It is these who will have to be kept under control for it is these who are likely to become hysterical and unbalanced in the event of attack.

The Duties of Mr. MacLeish

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Entirely apart from the merits of the controversy over the confirmation of six assistant secretaries of the Department of State, Secretary Stettinius has established a notable policy with respect to the distribution of news abroad that will be welcomed as a step in the right direction for the post-war period.

Mr. Stettinius, in referring to the nomination of Archibald MacLeish, said about the scope of the new post:

"I believe that the new problems involved in making a secure peace require that much fuller information about United States foreign policy should be made available through the established press, radio and other media both to the people of this country and the people of other countries."

Mr. MacLeish, in his formal statement to the Senate, seconded the policy, and the change may be significant of a long-needed emphasis on American news abroad.

Unfortunately, the American people believe that when the President or the Secretary of State or other spokesmen in the United States express themselves publicly on questions affecting other countries, these statements are printed in full text abroad. Actually, a small amount of American news is printed in foreign countries. Only recently have the British newspapers, for example, begun to publish more about the statements of the American government. During the war, of course, while the newsprint shortage curtails the size of newspapers, the situation is not normal, but in times of peace the European press pays scant attention to official communications from the American government.

This has been explained as due, in part, to the fact that the full text of important Presidential or Congressional statements are not sent by cable or radio because of the heavy telegraphic charges. Efforts have been made to reduce the cost of intercontinental communication, but even this does not solve the problem for most of the newspapers outside the United States.

Some method whereby important statements of policy are sent by radio or cable to our embassies or legations in foreign countries and made available there to the press of those countries is obviously needed. This method of disseminating American news was followed in World War I, and it has, of course, been carried on during the present war. But when war is over and appropriations for the purpose are not available, the free transmission stops suddenly. This is because the work during wartime is in charge of emergency agencies which terminate when peace comes. It is, therefore, excellent foresight for the Department of State to recognize the desirability of continuing to send to foreign countries for publication in the newspapers abroad the text of important governmental statements.

The Congress has perhaps in the past been disinclined to appropriate money for these purposes because of a fear that the money would be used for propaganda or the transmission of particular viewpoints on which there might happen to be controversy within the United States. It is unfortunately true that wartime agencies consider themselves charged with the responsibility of expressing opinions not only to the people of this country but other countries, and hence wartime propaganda has been accepted more or less as a necessity, when actually the American point of view would be better served if the wartime agencies did not express opinions or attempt to color with their own editorial ideas the announcements that are made by our governmental authorities.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CONSCRIPTION FOR HUMANISM

When Winston Churchill stood before the British Parliament to challenge his countrymen to accept his policy or dismiss him, he represented not only a political party, but a system of education based upon the humanities. He stated his principles, including a magnificent definition of democracy which shames the current adolescent palaver concerning the common man, and having set the guide-stones of the course, he gave his countrymen the choice of going on without him. He did not threaten. He did not purge. He did not smear. He did not assassinate character. He called in neither the police nor the soldiers. He spoke only of ideas, of procedures, of the evidence. He might have been lecturing a class on the battles of the Guelphs—it was an objective and impersonal as that.

It is the British system of education, based upon the humanities, which produces men like Churchill. The Germans deserted the humanities and developed into the most punctilious experts in the most minute fields and twice in a quarter of a century they have failed for all their skill and knowledge. The British for centuries have used broad-gauged, philosophic types of men for leadership, men possessing, as a rule, no technical skills in any particular field and somehow they have managed, with the French, who are similarly educated, to dominate the thinking and processes of the world.

Those, in our country, who insist on accelerated courses in the colleges and who speak glibly of drilling men to fitness by a year in a training camp, who would give us a permanent, peace-time, conscript army of school boys who should be at school, forget that they are reducing the prospects of educated, civilized, humanistic leadership for our people. We have already weakened that leadership by fanciful methods in education, so that men even today wear Phi Beta Kappa keys and burden themselves with doctor's degrees who know not a thing about the history and culture of their own people, much less any other people. True, they may be familiar with the love-life of the Cothurnia or the weight of an atom or the lay-out of a molecular formula—but they cannot understand why their sons are dying in the mud of France in a war which started over the boundaries of Poland or why Chiang Kai-shek prefers to fight Russians rather than Japanese.

They cannot grasp the constant repetition of the forces of history nor the fundamentals in the nature of man that drive him to resist economic cooperation by a people whose only sin is that they speak a different tongue or worship admittedly the same God by a different ritual. And not understanding the nature of man and the forces of history, he flounders about over petty problems long solved by Aristotle or plays de novo with truism long since described by Machiavelli. He searches for such truths as Maimonides taught to boys and St. Thomas described in magnificent wisdom. He is a Marco Polo finding what has always existed and not knowing the eternal verities which never change, he is astonished equally by the most usual falsehoods and the most repetitious truths.

A friend of mine was recently lecturing on these eternal verities when a woman rose to question him. She demanded evidence that there is any law of man that has persisted through history and asked for one example. I was not there, but could, in my mind's eye, witness her smug certainty that she had plugged the flow of his mind. He humbly replied that he would not limit himself to one example; he would give her ten. He would give her the ten that Moses brought down Mount Sinai. I was sorry for the woman who asked that question; her mind was upon progressive sociology, not the constancy of the humanities.

That too is education. And that is why, if there is to be any peace-time conscription, I suggest that we conscript youth to study the humanities, to read history and philosophy and of the struggle of the human mind to discover a way to live in the glare of truth. That would be building citizens of outstanding merit and leadership.

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Echoes from the Past

by ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

PETER DERR, CRAFTSMAN
1793-1868

After making many inquiries about the life and work of Peter Derr we met with success in the favor of George W. Yeagley of Reading, who has sent us a biographical account of this early Berks craftsman. Many antique collectors have looked at metal objects hoping to find thereon the letters "P.D." and date. Many persons know Peter Derr's work, but few know anything about the man himself. Here are a few facts condensed from Mr. Yeagley's longer account.

Peter Derr's grandfather came to America in 1734 on board the brig St. Andrew, a vessel which brought many Palatines to these shores. Hannes Derr obtained lands in Jefferson Township through the agency of Conrad Weiser. There he reared a large family. The second Hannes Derr, father of Peter Derr, served in the Revolutionary War in Benjamin Weiser's company. Peter Derr was born in 1793, married Elizabeth Hubler, died in 1868, and lies buried in the Host Churchyard.

Peter Derr was not an ordinary blacksmith; he made all his own tools and discovered a way to harden copper so that a cutting edge could be put on it. He always stamped his work with the initials "P.D.", which now marks his wares for collectors. In his shop he also made useful kitchen utensils. Perhaps his best known products are the "Schmutz Amschels" or Betty Lamps used in early days, but he made other objects just as skillfully, such as spoons, forks and branding-irons to mark the hoofs of horses to show to what insurance company they belonged.

Among other objects he made ornamental hinges (the hinges of the doors to the Host Church are his products); clocks, ear-rings, finger-rings and pincers to pull teeth. He worked in silver, gold, copper, brass, wood and stone.

One of the most remarkable feats of skill resulted in the carving of a ten-foot water trough out of a solid block of sandstone. The trough was 30 inches wide and 30 inches deep. It weighed five tons. His two daughters, Marie, aged 15, and Salome, aged 17, assisted him in cutting the stone. The trough still stands near the foot of the Blue Mountain and bears the full inscription: Peter Derr, November 20, 1845.

Derr was quite a diarist. Among his notations is the interesting circumstance of 1833, when it was believed the world was about to come to an end. He states that it was announced in church. On the fateful night of November 13 Derr gathered his family about him and all of them knelt in prayer while the heavens were putting on a display of shooting stars. But the awful night passed and when daylight came nothing could be seen of the havoc that was being spread during the night.

On another occasion the heavens above the Blue Mountains seemed to be aflame. Again Derr and his family prayed through the night.

Among other things he noted that a bluebird made its appearance on February 27, 1847, and this was always interpreted as a sure sign of spring, but this time the sign failed because the next day brought a fierce blizzard which closed the roads for several weeks.

THE HOST CHURCHYARD

Busy arteries of traffic weave their way northward from Womelsdorf to Bethel and from Bernville to Strausstown. Concrete and macadam ribbons knit northwestern Berks into a thriving, pulsating community in a very modern world. Nestled, almost hidden, between these busy thoroughfares lies a quaint spot, suggestive of antiquity. Host Church cemetery is one of the oldest burial grounds in Berks and its secluded position preserves a true colonial atmosphere.

A massive wall of limestone rocks encompasses the huge God's acre. Bleached by the heat of many summer suns the stones have lost their sky-blue hue and here and there they seem to be crumbling. Sharply pointed peaks of limestone jut from the greensward in disarray, mutely proclaiming that some pioneer forefather is laid to rest "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." These crude limestone slabs bear no legible inscriptions and linger today only as testimony of the affection which bereaved ones held for those who departed two hundred years ago. Some of the graves are unmarked. The corrugated earth, formed by collapsing tombs, creates its own monuments to those it has reclaimed to its bosom.

The grass is closely cropped, not mown with a power mower. Sheep graze between the limestone and marble monuments, snipping off every towering blade of grass so that the surface of the earth is made to appear like a great grassy rug of green with dots of white and blue where markers rise like mute tongues to speak their short message to posterity.

Even though many of the older graves are unmarked and many of the slabs are illegible, the record of burials is not completely lost. The church records of the Host Congregation are carefully preserved and committed to the custody of the Bernville bank. From these records we know that most of the early burials were the last remains of Palatines who were uprooted from their limestone soil in the old world, victims of persecution and economic disaster, refugees via Holland, England, Livingstone Manor and Schoharie in New York until they found their Canaan in the fertile lands which are drained by the Tulpehocken, there to find their final resting place. They sprang from limestone soil in Europe and they lie interred in limestone soil here, and limestone slabs mark their last resting place.

THE HESSIANS IN BERKS

After the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, General Gates arranged that all of the Hessians in the British service should be returned to their native land. Continental Congress, however, refused to ratify the Gates Convention and ordered that the mercenary troops should be moved into the interior provinces and quartered there, far enough from Howe's army, so that there could be no danger of rejoining the British service. The prisoners were divided into small units and scattered in varous parts of the colonies. One contingent came to Reading and was quartered where Hessian Camp now stands.

There is no evidence that there was any apprehension that these Germans would cause trouble when brought into the midst of their former countrymen, the Pennsylvania Germans. The American Germans were too well satisfied with their lots as freemen to make common cause with mercenary hirelings of the various German princes. Quite to the contrary, the traditions which have survived, dealing with the contacts of these groups, put the Hessians into a position of ridicule.

Natives of Berks relate the story of the bucket brigade formed by the prisoners when they mistook the vapors from a dung-pile for a fire in a haystack.

It is said that the popularity of the Hessian soldier motif on open-hearth andirons was due to the Pennsylvania Germans' delight in spitting streams of tobacco juice on the peaks of the Hessian caps and then hearing the hot iron hiss.

Some of the prisoners, not as many as some writers would have us believe, remained in America after the Revolution. Those who lingered in Berks county were forced to settle upon the mountain lands because the better lands were already taken up. For several generations after the independence of the colonies was achieved bankers and money-lenders in western Berks adopted the rule, "Drau net de Leit vum Baerrick." This attitude grew out of prejudice against those who had once been the enemies of American freedom.

SAUERKRAUT

Ich will eich saage, 's macht mich schmunzle
An die frohe Mittagzeit
Wie die feine Gentleleit
Ihre feine Naeslin duhne runzle
Wann 's Sauerkraut waerd uff der Disch gebrocht.
Drotzdem 's iss gaar ken Doubt
Ass net 'n besser Essach waerd gekocht
As Schpeck un Sauerkraut.

Ich gleich die Krautkepp sehne schteh
Wie Rose gross im Gaarte schee;
Im griene Wammes aageduh
Ken Dudes sin sie—des gewwich zu;
Sin awwer solid, dick un rund—
Hen's Haerz im Kopp—sin braaf un gsund.
Geranged in Roiye graad wie'n Faade
Gemahne sie mich an Soldaate
As schtandhaft wie en Wand
Far die Ehr vum deitsche Vaterland.
Ken Wunner, gschpeist uff Sauerkraut,
Hen Deitsche die Franzose gerout!

Wie waerd des Sauerkraut gemacht?
Nemm 'n Schtenner un gew acht,
Dass er recht sauwer iss, denoh
Howwel 's Kraut—G'leg uff G'leg—
Tight nunner gschtampt—des iss der Weg!
'N guter Schtempel iss es bescht;
Deei Leit behaapte awwer fescht
'N Maedel schee mit grosse Fiess
Kann's Kraut am beschte zamme drete.
Der Process macht mir awwer der Lede—
Es Sauerkraut waerd ganz zu siess!
Wann du genunk hoscht—heer uff;
Leg grosse Krautbletter owwe druff,
'N boardner Deckel noch uff die
Un aa en schwaerer Schtee uff seller;
Noh schtell der Schtenner in der Keller.
Yetz iss es Sauerkraut gemacht—
Es gebt nau uff sich selwer acht.
'S waerd selwer sauer—awwer wie
Un was die Ursach vun de Brieh,
Waerd ausgelegt in Chemistry.
Der Doctor Horne kann's eich exshplaine
So deitlich dass d'r 's all kennt sehne.

Gott sei gedankt! so saag ich laut
Bei yedre Iems vun Sauerkraut.
Ich nemm 'n Haufe uff mei Deller,
Un wie ich riech der lieb Geruch
Brennt die Gedechtniss-Lampe heller,
Un die Vergangeheit wie en Buch
Leit gross gedruckt vor meinre Aage.
Sie kumme z'rick, die scheene Daage,
Un ich bin widder 'n froher Bu.
Der rum kann schpringe unne Schuh.
Noh lebt mei schtrenger Daadi noch,
Noh iss mei Mammi widder Koch,
Un Brieder, Schweschtre, all zerschtreit,
Versammle an de Owetzeit.
Noh duhn ich darrich Dreck un Schnee
Ins klee rot Schulhaus widder geh,
Un rush heem mittags mit me Shout
Zu esse Schpeck un Sauerkraut.

1877 —CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER

GRISCHKINDLIN KAAFE

Iwwerall wu mer heert, sin sie am ready griege far Grischdaagsbaem un Festivals. Kannscht du zerickdenke zu de Daage, wie mir gleene Buwe bei enanner waare? Sellemols hot als die Mammi yeder vun uns en Handvoll Keschte gewwe, en Schtick Bellyguts, un en Kuchegaul odder zwee gebacke. Was waare mer als so gut g'satisfied mit unserm Grischdaagskindel. Wann der Belsnickel als rumkumme iss, dann hett ich mer die Haut vum Buckel hacke losse far en Handvoll Grundniss. Sell waar in de gute alte Zeite, wu der Alexander Pope g'saat hot:

"Pleased with a rattle,
Tickled with a straw."

Alleweil wann die Grischdaag kumme, dann misse buschelweis Zucker, Oranges un feine Niss bei far de Kinner Bauchweh mache, un dernoh sin sie net g'satisfied. In Yohre zerick wie ich un du gange sin die Maed sehne, hen mer ihne als ihre Grischkindlin gewwe mit e paar Schtenglin rotschtreeficher Zucker un en Boss. . . . Alleweil misse die yunge Buwe ihre Maed en goldner Ring odder sogaar en goldne Watch bringe uff de Grischdaag. . . .

Awwer ich bin vun meinere Grischdaag Subject kumme. . . . Ich will ee Wart saage zu de yunge Bowe wu ihre Maed Bresents mache welle uff de Grischdaag. En verschtennich Maedel will nichs bessers hawwe far en Bresent as wie die Attention vun me nice-e, sober-e, uffrichtiche, schmaerte yunge Mann. Deel Maed gleiche en Bu yuscht far die Bresents, as er ihne gebt. So en Maedel iss net waert zu hawwe. Ich hab schunt Buwe gekennt, as ihre Maed behenkt hen mit goldne Finger- un Ohrering, bis sie ken Geld meh hen g'hatt far aafange haushalte, wie sie g'heiert hen. Sunndaag Maryets iss die yung Fraa in die Kaerrich kumme mit Gold an ihre Ohre un Finger. Nooch der Kaerrich iss sie heem un ihre Middaagsesse aus re Schtorbox grickt—sie waare zu aarm far en Schank kaafe. Mei yunger Freind, duh meh Geld in die Kich un net so viel in der Parlor—schpend meh Geld nooch dem Heiere un net so viel devor. Die Kich iss far dich un die Fraa—der Parlor far die Kumpani. Die Kumpani findt meh Blessier in re scheene Kich, wu Friede in der Haushalting iss, as wie im reichschte Parlor, wu Schtreit deheem iss — un loss mich dir saage, en Schtorbox far en Schank maag duh so lang as die Lieb blind iss, awwer sell is yuscht nein Daag, wie bei re yunge Katz.

In karze Warte, mei yunger Freind, wann du dei Maedel zaehlscht zu heiere, kaaf ihre nichs as du ihre net gewwe daedscht, wann du sie schunt g'heiert hettscht. Kaaf ihre nichs Deieres, except du kannscht's gut afford-e, un dernoh, bei Friede, nichs unneedich. Geld iss zu hart zu griege far es unneedich eweck schmeisse, un wann dei Maedel dich net gleicht, well du ken Narr bischt, dann loss sie zum Deihenker geh—sie iss dich net waert.

Der Boonastiel kaaft alsfart ebbes, as notwennich iss un net zu deier far sei daerrer Geldsack. De Grischdaag kaaft er der Polly en fungelneier Schienebesem. Dernoh wann sie widder die Hausbutzgichtere grickt im Friehyohr, hot sie ebbes far ihre Zaern ausiewe. Der Billy Bixler hot der Sechsfuss Betz aa en Grischkindel gekaaft. Es sin drei Beck Hickerniss, un er will sie in eens vun ihre Schtrimp duh.

—Aus'm BOONASTIEL
(The Aurand Press, Harrisburg, Pa.)

REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH STUFF.—A Guide to Country Antiques. By Earl F. Robacker, University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia: 1944—$3.50.

This book will delight that ever increasing host of enthusiasts who encircle the auctioneer, and whose hearts leap and pulses quicken at the sight of the Pennsylvania Dutch Stuff, which the bilingual Vendu Groiyer knocks off to the highest bidder. It will appeal especially to those with slender purses, who also aspire to ownership of some specimens of the handiwork of our skilled artisans of former days. Indeed it is the particular merit of this book that it makes plain to the modest collector of small means that he need not be without hope.

Dr. Robacker, author of PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN LITERATURE, Changing Trends from 1683 to 1942 (Univ. of Penna. Press, Phila., 1943), here abandons the ways of the conservative scholar and pursues his subject with the fervor of the enthusiast. A zealous collector himself, Dr. Robacker shows, in a chatty and intimate tone, how much still remains accessible to those who have understanding and feeling for the charm of old Pennsylvania "stuff."

The basic web in the fabric of this book is how to furnish one of those deep-windowed old stone houses that grace our Pennsylvania German landscape, with native antiques in such a way that they will recreate the atmosphere of the past. Not unlike the proverbial culinary advice attached to the recipe for preparing a hare, one needs first an old stone house. But perhaps the gentle reader has inherited one, or else he has purchased one, or else he aspires to one. If not even that, he may have a room which he wishes to furnish in the simple terms dictated by the functional and decorative nature of the pieces he has collected. This book will point the way.

The author points out that the objects treated in the book have been selected both because they are available and practical as well as decorative. He is too wise not to recognize the inherent dangers of collecting. In furnishing that old stone dream-house he warns against being too consistent. If you would recreate the atmosphere of the 18th century, you must not expect to find all the creature comforts of today. You will therefore do well to compromise in the matter of beds and lounging-chairs; perhaps you rejoice in the possession of a Terry or a grandfather's clock, but it is a good idea to have an electric clock in kitchen and bathroom. You may be suffering from a very bad case of **antiquititis** and insist on having everything in the room exclusively Pennsylvania German. It is well to bear in mind that no one in the past had at any time much painted furniture, nor many pieces of Stiegel glass and sgraffito ware. Not without humor the author advises that if you simply must go in for wholesale collecting, then collect something that is small enough to be locked out of the way, where you and your friends do not have to look at it every day! This book is of course not meant for those who look upon the whole subject as sheer fadism and a pseudo-romanticism, indulged in by escapists from a world which is too much with them.

Those who expect to find in this book a Manual with ready references, dates, period characteristics, names of famous craftsmen, all conveniently tabulated, will be disappointed. This the author has not set out to do, and yet it is amazing how much of historical data he has introduced in the course of these rambling chapters. This is a book such as the gentle Charles Lamb would have loved. The author treats these humble products of a peasant folk with a tender understanding and love which is contagious, and many readers will find beauties therein which earlier remained undisclosed to them. The reader is not only instructed how to choose and buy "Pennsylvania Dutch Stuff" with confidence and intelligence but he also adds much useful advice on how to arrange such stuff in good taste. Indeed many an interior decorator can profit by reading this book.

Only here and there does the author become the professional antiquarian and fall into ways too devious for the reader, and notably so in the chapters which have to do with products from outside the Pennsylvania area, namely those on Spatterware, Gaudy Dutch and Glass. These, we dare say, will be looked upon with favor by the experienced collector and specialist.

If the author treats old painted chests, **fraktur**, clocks and slipware somewhat incidentally it is because he has felt that these have had frequent and adequate treatment elsewhere. The table of contents indicates the wide range of the author's antiquarian interests. One naturally expects chapters on Cupboards, Desks, Tables and Chests, and the author has not neglected to furnish such; but what writer has considered with such understanding the lesser subjects—Floor Coverings, Walls and Hangings, Kitchen Stuff, and Unpainted Tin? Perhaps only a few will share his enthusiasm for the old perforated tin "Kellerhank" in which our grandmothers so carefully placed their Friday bakings to protect them against rodents and insects.

The 15 full-page illustrations from photographs by Herman Kartluke are interesting as showing decorative units for room furnishings, but some readers will wish that the book contained more illustrations of objects less accessible to the average reader, as for example the Mahontongo Valley painted bureaus and cupboards.

Valuable closing chapters are Books (a short resume of the author's "Pennsylvania German Literature," together with a Bibliography; Contemporary Dutch (very useful for those who cannot themselves hope to secure originals); and Museum Collections.

Dr. Robacker, with the integrity of the scholar, used the term "Pennsylvania German" in his work on our literature. It would seem that the University of Pennsylvania Press, with an eye upon commercial expediency, preferred this time to use the term "Pennsylvania Dutch" in the title. We have long observed that those who wish to maintain academic standards adhere to the term "Pennsylvania German;" those who have merchandise to sell seem to thrive better by calling it "Pennsylvania Dutch." But whatever you call it, the fact remains that no one who is sensitive to the charm of the arts and crafts of former days can afford to be without this book.—P.A.B.

Deaths of a Day

WILLIAM C. KOCH

William C. Koch of 1207 Catasauqua Road, Fullerton, died at his home yesterday after having been in ill health for some time. He was 37 years old.

Born in West Catasauqua on Feb. 12, 1907, he was the son of William and the late Clara, nee Rehrig. Mr. Koch was employed as a laundryman by the Trojan Powder Co. and the Hotel Traylor. He was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Mickleys.

Surviving are his father; his wife, Eleanor M., nee Frey, Koch; two sisters: Anna, wife of Alfred Miller, and Maggie, wife of Elwood Dieter, both of West Catasauqua.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 3 p. m. at the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua. Interment will be in Mickleys cemetery.

MRS. EVELYN R. WERTMAN

Mrs. Evelyn R. Wertman, 36, of Kutztown R. 1, wife of Russell Wertman, died yesterday morning at her home after a three month illness. She had been bedfast most of the time.

Born at Pleasant Corner, Lehigh county, she was the daughter of Phaon and Daisy (nee Rauch) Scheirer. She was a member of the Grimsville Union Sunday school, and the Reformed wing of Heidelberg church.

Besides her husband and parents, the latter reside at Red Hill, she is survived by a daughter, Shirley, at home, and a brother, Earl Scheirer of New Tripoli.

Rev. Thomas Bachman will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 1 p. m. at the Charles Snyder funeral home, New Tripoli, and further services at the Heidelberg church. Interment in New Tripoli cemetery.

MRS. HERBERT McCARTHY

Mrs. Marguerite Miller McCarthy, 25, wife of Herbert McCarthy, died at 4 a. m. Friday at the home of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Miller, Friedensville R. 3.

She was born in Bethlehem Feb. 17, 1919. Survivors are the husband, and parents, a son, Herbert Jr.; two brothers, Charles and Earl, both of the U. S. Navy, stationed in Louisiana; three sisters, May, Ruth and Virginia, at home and grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Arnold, Friedensville.

Private funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the home of the parents with Rev. G. C. Bingham officiating. Public services at 2:15 p. m. in Friedensville church. Interment in New Jerusalem cemetery, Leithsville.

MRS. JOHN B. WESSELS

Mrs. Wilma E. Wessels, wife of John B. Wessels Sr., of 108 Northampton St., Hellertown, died at 9:25 p. m. Thursday in St. Luke's hospital.

Born in Milwaukee, Wis., on Aug. 28, 1890, she was the daughter of Edward L. and Carrie Cath.

Survivors in addition to the husband are a son, John Jr., of Nazareth; a daughter, Mrs. Frank Sensenbach, Hellertown; one brother, Harry Cath, Detroit, Mich.; two sisters, Mrs. Hazel Barcum, East Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. Gladys Wickesser, White Plains, N. Y., and three grandchildren. One son preceded her in death several years ago.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday in the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, with Rev. Robert I. Giering of Nazareth officiating. Burial in Bethlehem cemetery, Ellsmere, N. Y.

MRS. MARY PORTZEN

Mrs. Mary Portzen, 77, wife of Peter Portzen, until four years ago residents for 40 years of Kreidersville, Northampton county, died yesterday afternoon at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Laubach, 1550 Washington Ave., Northampton.

Born in Lehigh county she was a daughter of the late Charles and Margaret Gardner. She was a member of the Lutheran faith.

She is survived by another daughter, Mrs. William C. Bauer of Bethlehem, four grandchildren, one great-granddaughter, two sisters, Mrs. Maggie Rutman of Northampton, Mrs. Preston Seifert of Bethlehem, and a brother, Charles Gardner of Northampton.

ALBERT P. MITCHELL

Albert P. Mitchell, 78, 124 N. 4th St., Bangor, died Thursday night in Brumbaugh's hospital, Penn Argyl. Until his retirement in 1937 he was employed in the stores department of the Lehigh and New England Railroad.

He was a member of the First Methodist church, Bangor, of the Odd Fellows, Pen Argyl, and of the Veterans' Assn. of the Lehigh and New England railroad.

Born in Cornwall, England, he was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Mitchell, the last of the family, and had been a resident of Pen Argyl for the past 21 years.

Survivors are his wife, Ellen, and the following children: William and Russell, Pontiac, Mich.; Percy, Kenneth and George and Mrs. Floyd Wagner, Bangor; Mrs. Donald Cann, East Bangor; ten grandchildren and an adopted grandson, Elwood.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday in the Pullis home, 126 Pennsylvania Ave., Pen Argyl. Rev. H. B. Boughey will officiate. Interment in St. John's cemetery, Bangor.

Answers To Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

Q. What city erected a hotel in memory of O. Henry? N.E.G.

A. The author's native city, Greensboro, N.C., erected the O. Henry hotel in his honor.

Q. When did the Hollywood Bowl open? K.D.L.

A. The bowl was opened in 1922 with a symphony concert directed by the late Alfred Hertz. It occupies an area of 65 acres and seats 20,000 persons.

Q. What state has the largest number of foreign-born persons? A. O. B.

A. The 1940 census showed the largest concentration of foreign-born in New York state.

Q. Does snow fall in Australia? F. D. J.

A. Snow is almost as rare there as it is in coastal California.

Q. What is the title of the poem which contains the lines "Every rose has a thorn, But ain't the roses sweet?" E. L. L.

A. The World, by Frank L. Stanton, is the source of the lines: "The world that we're a-livin' in Is mighty hard to beat; You git a thorn with every rose, But ain't the roses sweet?"

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Abissel Fer Tzeit

Won alla leit weara wie die Lillian Geiger fon drowwa nagshd on Ledder Eck Poshda kaimt niemond shpote noch da arwet, un alla fendu, kerrich, un bisnis fersommling kent uf tzeit awfonga. Des is, won die leit anyhow aw immer 'n shtun farna draw weara wie die Lillian da onner morya wor fer noch da Vultee gae shoffa.

Die Lillian, die Evelyn Dilliard un noch etlicha onnerra shwabba ob fer fohra, un des wor die woch woh die Lillian g'fohra is. Den gawissna morya, wissa m'r net recht wos g'shaina is, ow'r aenicha waig, die Lillian kon sich noch erinnerra os sie 'n wecker uhr navich ihr'm bed hut, ihra ohrm watch garich'd hut uf die lecktrick kicha uhr eb sie fert is, un darrich ol hut sie net g'sehna, os sie grawd ae shun fer tzeit wor.

Da Lillian ihra Pap der Adam hut sie sehna die mashine rous griega un aw nava om hous nuf fohra. Er nadierlich hut gawist wos tzeit os es is, un gamaint sie wot die mashine farna ons hous forhra fer worta bis es tzeit wear fer gae. Inshtadts fon ow'r sel duh, is sie pull foot ob der pike nous un huts harn 's aller arrickshd gablosa wie sie nochs Dilliards kumma is. Darta wor noch allas dunkle, ow'r hut die Evelyn gor ken lang ganumma fer iwwers bed nous jumpa, sich aw duh, un nous in der hofe shpringa wunnerra wos die Lillian shun darta wot.

Wos die Lill

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

O Lord, raise up, we pray Thee, Thy power and come among us, and with great might succour us; that whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, Thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us. Book of Common Prayer.

AN UNFORGETTABLE PAGEANT

In the days of another and now quite older generation it was quite the vogue for all Allentonians who possibly could do so to make a pre-Christmas trip to New York or Philadelphia, or both, in order in part at least to be able to say in the course of many subsequent conversations: "Yes, I saw the beautiful Christmas windows at Wanamaker's," or "I would not have our children miss the great display of toys at Macy's and Schwartz's."

The newer generation never was so trained and habituated. It has become content with the splendid Christmas displays in all lines which for many years our own merchants have been able and eager to provide. Then, to balance the old-time civic attractions in the metropolitan cities, Allentown a little more than quarter of a century ago dressed up its main street so beautifully and then adorned it so elaborately during the holiday season that Allentonians no longer had any temptation to leave home and do their shopping in New York and Philadelphia.

So again during the current pre-Christmas season, now within a few hours of its close, the people of this shopping area have found Allentown satisfactory as a place to visit, especially during the holiday season.

We believe this feeling of satisfaction has been developed during this season especially through that notable window display by Hess Brothers. It must take rank with the best that any of the oldsters ever saw and are able to boast about seeing on their visits to the metropolitan centers.

Based upon the theme "Following the Star," the Christmas story has been put into vivid pageantry by this beautiful and elaborate display. To have seen it is to have experienced emotions similar to those of a visitor to the National Museum of Art in Washington and a viewing of the many paintings concerning "The Nativity," the works of the geniuses of the Middle Ages and the property now of the American people through the zeal and philanthropy of such art collectors as our own Samuel H. Kress and the late Andrew Mellon.

Allentown never before, it is safe to say, has enjoyed a more deeply religious Christmas display than this which has been provided by commercial enterprise, stimulated by pure sentiment and conceived with deep religious purpose. The conception of the pageant was that of an artist, the presentation is that of craftsmen who may well be as proud of their work as were the mediaeval artists whose paintings furnished the inspiration for it all.

THE DAWN BECOMES BRIGHTER

The epidemic of infantile paralysis during the past summer was the second largest in the history of vital statistics, according to Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

Naturally we cannot know how serious other epidemics may have been in periods when so many cases of illness were unreported and when there was so little interest in and knowledge of this still mysterious ailment. We do know however that a record was achieved by the epidemic in 1916 when there were 27,000 reported cases. This community remembers the shocks which it caused here and the prompting to corrective measures which it provided.

In spite of the lapse of years and the vast amount of study which has been given in recent years to this disease, comparatively little yet has been learned. So this year's figure up to date has attained a mark of 20,000 victims, according to Mr. O'Connor whose institution receives reports from every State.

Despite the fact that the origin of the disease has not been learned and that no preventives or specifics have been developed, the picture is not an entirely dark one. No better testimony can be provided in this respect than the beneficial results which are coming to thousands of victims everywhere in this country by the use of new ideas and new techniques.

In no community of the country probably are these new ideas and techniques being developed more widely than right here in Lehigh county. Here scores of victims of the disease are receiving the special attention of a society devoted entirely to their interest and intelligently employing, with the hospitals' cooperation, every new principle and technique that have been developed from research and experience.

Throughout the United States more than a million dollars have been spent by the National Foundation. How much more money has been spent for suffering humanity by such organizations of kindly people as our own Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society has not been computed but it also must be very great.

The splendid, the highly satisfactory fact is that real results are being achieved even though everybody — physicians, nurses, philanthropic-minded folks—are struggling with a deeply cloaked mystery. The lame and the halt again are learning to walk and to work with their hands after recoveries that in many cases are little short of miraculous. Hope and joy have come into thousands of lives and into thousands of families that in another generation would have suffered and struggled during the life-time of the victims of the disease.

The dawn is breaking and light is coming into a world almost of its own—a world of crippled folks, young and old. Some day the sun shall rise to dispel the darkness that today surrounds one of mankind's most serious scourges. Americans by the millions literally,—Americans who are typified by our own local organization have set their hearts to advance that day and while they have prayed, they also have worked unceasingly to ameliorate the condition of their less fortunate fellowman, and especially the vast army of little children who have become the casualties of this disease.

The Sin of Indifference

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Indifference on the part of the American people in the '20's to what was going on in Europe may have been one of the reasons why a second world war happened. The same sin of indifference is beginning to be noticeable again. This time it manifests itself in connection with the plain violation of pledges among the United Nations.

Whether the original Atlantic Charter was or was not a signed document when Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt formulated it aboard a warship in the Atlantic in August, 1941, it has nevertheless been printed as an official document by the State department and by the Office of War Information, and is made an integral part of the "Declaration by the United Nations" which was signed on January 1, 1942, by the principal nations of the world, including Great Britain, Russia and the United States.

The text of the Atlantic Charter reads in part as follows:

"First, their countries seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other;

"Second, they desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned;

"Third, they respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

When Prime Minister Churchill announced that unless the present exiled Polish government agreed to Marshal Stalin's territorial demands now, it might get worse terms later on, was he conceding that expediency had taken the place of principle, and that the pledges in the Atlantic Charter were just a "scrap of paper"? Public opinion in Great Britain as well as the United States is very much aroused. Will public opinion assert itself, or will it remain indifferent?

Times have not changed. Here is a quotation that sums up succinctly the problems of today in terms of what happened nearly two thousand years ago. It was written by Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, president-elect of the Union Theological seminary of New York, and appears in a book entitled "Reality and Religion." It is particularly pertinent to read in the holiday season this extract:

"This is the pathos of Calvary—not what it did to Jesus, but what it meant to those who saw it. The cross is not a judgment upon Christ, nor even primarily upon his murderers, but upon the respectable well-intentioned onlookers like ourselves who beheld it and moved not a muscle to prevent it, indeed who had no comprehension of what they saw.

"Why, then, did men crucify Jesus? What sent Jesus to the cross was not the sins of personal life but the sins of public life. Not such sins as attack and down a man in his own chamber or scar his private relationships, but the sins that attack men when they meet in marketplace or parliament and make of our corporate relations dramas of personal ambition and intrigue, dog-fights of selfish passion. Among the crucifiers may have been some whose personal morals could not stand scrutiny. They did not put him to death on that account; he did not threaten their private lusts. They crucified him because their social conventions were challenged, their social privileges imperiled, their social positions endangered. He appeared a political radical, a religious revolutionary. In brief, the crucifiers were not sinful men fearing exposure. They were public servants protecting the status quo. Jesus Christ was crucified by the bigotry of responsible public leadership and the complacent indifference of the masses.

"In nineteen centuries, basic human nature has not changed perceptibly. Nor have the impulses and passions in men's make-up that strut across the arena of public events. The forces that destroyed Jesus are still the most powerful factors in mankind's corporate existence. Still these are the most dangerous enemies of His will and His kingdom:

"The power of vested interests, political and religious;

"The irrational irresponsibility of fear;

"The insidious self-deception of ambition, pride, egotism;

"The inertia of complacent indifference.

"He who has grasped the drama of That Man's life has understood human history. He who has made himself sharer in That Man's faith has made life's final decision."

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE PARTITION OF EUROPE

Let us refresh our memories. We have forgotten too much. We have been overwhelmed by speeches, articles, proclamations, debates, and even by political campaigns. We cannot remember everything that has been said or that has happened. We are a frightened people today. Often the President has said that we have nothing to fear but fear; but we are afraid. We are afraid for our sons; we are afraid for our country. We now know that we do not know what we are fighting for. Let us be frank: that is the meaning of Churchill's speech on Poland and Roosevelt's denial of his own Atlantic Charter.

So, let us go back to the beginning. Let us go back to the start of things. Germany invaded Poland and the world went to war. In August, 1939, Russia and Germany concluded three agreements. David J. Dallin in his book, "Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy," notes this as a commercial agreement, the non-aggression pact, and a secret agreement. These agreements came to be known to the world as the Stalin-Hitler alliance. They made Germany's attack on Poland, Holland, Belgium, France, England, Denmark and Norway possible. These agreements freed Hitler to start this war.

It is considered wrong to talk about this now that Russia and the United States are allies. It is regarded as harmful to the war. But the truth can never be wrong—no matter what the truth may be. And the truth of this matter lies not in present rationalizations, but in a historic view of what occurred and why it occurred. Why did Stalin join with Hitler in making this war possible?

The answer lies in what is happening today in Finland, Poland, Romania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and even Greece. It lies in a continuation of policy—a policy that justified the Stalin-Hitler alliance, the breach of that pact, the war between Russia and Germany and the present character of this war, particularly in the overtones of revolution in Greece, Italy and Belgium.

According to Dallin, the secret treaty between Hitler and Stalin provided:

"1. The Soviet Union receives freedom of action in the Far East in order to continue its struggle against economic and military aggression in China;

"2. Hungary, Romania, Yugoslavia and Greece fall within the German sphere of influence; Turkey and Bulgaria within the Russian;

"3. The Baltic countries fall within the Russian sphere of influence;

"4. Poland is partitioned and the Polish Ukraine is annexed by Russia;

Note: In 1944, this has happened, except that Greece and Italy have gone into the British spheres and Turkey is still free. But Hungary, Romania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, the Baltic countries and Poland have gone to Russia. They have already gone to Soviet Russia. They are now part of the Russian world. And Soviet Russia enjoys full freedom of action in the Far East. That is the situation today.

Dallin's book was published in 1942; he was then attacked by American communists as concocting falsehoods. But this description of Russia's aims, as included in the Stalin-Hitler alliance, published by the Yale University Press in 1942, is true today on the eve of 1945. It is so true that Winston Churchill risked his Premiership of Great Britain to say in the liquid verbiage of politics and diplomacy that at Teheran a similar pact was agreed to by Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin and that that is why, to the Russians and to communists the world over, the word, "Teheran," has become a synonym for achievement, accomplishment, success. Soviet Russia has gained through Roosevelt and Churchill what it once hoped to achieve through Hitler and what to every Russian is worth fighting for—the hegemony of eastern Europe.

It is time for Americans to take stock, to discover precisely where we stand, what we have promised, what commitments have been made in our name. It has been suggested that what is necessary is a conference between Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin. That is insufficient. What the American people should require is that all agreements, arrangements, commitments and obligations between Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin be made public so that the American people can decide what their sons are dying for.

By government order, cotton sheets sold in India must bear a label showing the cost of the material, the charge for hemming, and the final price.

Improved alpaca wool is being obtained in Peru by mating the alpaca with the vicuna, a wool-bearing animal which is slowly being domesticated.

Over 700,000 quarts of petroleum was destroyed in a warehouse fire at Huitzo, Mexico, seriously affecting the public works program of the state of Oaxaca.



"Gott in der Heh, dem sei die Ehr!" Un iss des Haerz aa noch so schwer;
Mer schtimme mit de Engel ei: "Uff daere Welt soll Friede sei!" —JOHN BIRMELIN

MEI ALTE HEEMET



Ich bin doyets mol widder z'rick
Mei alte Heemet sehne;
Es guckt gaar nimme wie's als hot,
Die Altbekannte sin all fort,
Mei Aage sin voll Draene;
Ich ruf un frog, "Wu sin sie all?"
Der Schall antwart, "Wu sin sie all?"

Edeel sin weit fort owwenaus,
Weit, weit vom alte Heerd;
Epaar, so alte, sin noch do,
Un die sin krumm un schepp un gro,
Un viel sin in der Erd;
Ihr Alter, un aa wie sie heesse,
Kannscht uff de Schtee im Kerchhof lese.

Es waar e Graab gans hinnedraus,
Im allerweitschte Eck;
Dort waar sell Graab, so all allee,
Es waar ken Naame un ken Schtee,
Un aa ken Blummeschteck
Sin g'wachse uff dem eende Graab—
Ken Graesli un ken grienes Laab.

Die Ursach waar—so hen sie g'saat,
Un so hen mir gedenkt—
Der wu dort liegt in sellem Loch,
Der, ohne Zweifel, hot sich doch,
Versoffe odder g'henkt;
Un darum waar's 'm net erlaabt,
Blatz naeher zum en annere Graab.

Mer hen oft g'wunnert wer er waar,
Wu liegt in sellem Graab;
Ich weess net recht, es kummt mer vor
Ich weess aa net—waar's alles waahr
Yuscht was die Leit hen g'saat;
Edeel hen g'saat, er waar net recht,
Un deel hen g'saat, sei Fraa waar schlecht.

Ich weess, ich hab mich g'farcht dort nachts,
Wann's schpeeter waar as nein—
En Schtimm hot g'rufe, "Wu witt anne?"—
Mei Hohr sin wie die Schtachle g'schtanne
So uff 'm Schtachelschwein;
Dann hen sie g'saat, "Nemm Warning, Bu!
So dode Leit hen nachts ken Ruh."

Dort unne am Berg, dort waar die Schpring,
Wu helle Wessere quelle:
Dort wu die alte Weide schtehne,
Wie oft hab ich mei G'sicht drin g'sehne!
Un aa en Drupp Forelle:
Sell Wasser waar doch's allerbeschte—
Wie oft hab ich mei Darscht mit g'lescht!

Ach! wu is nau sell alt Wohnhaus,
Wu ich gebore waar?
Es waar gebaut von b'schlaag'ne Bleck,
'S waar krumm un graad in alle Eck,
So 'n Haus waar raar;
Die alte Bleck sin nau versaegt
Un schlofe unnerm Riegelweg.

Der bescht Blatz in der ganse Welt,
Der ruhichscht un der siesscht;
Der Blatz wu Kummer net hiekummt,
Wann Winterwind im Schornschtee brummt,
Un's Wetter noch so wiescht,
Waar dort im alte Schornschtee-eck,
Beim Feier g'macht von Hickribleck.

Wie oft isch der alt Belsnickel
Den alte Schornschtee runner!
Was hot er als 'n Laerme g'macht!
Edeel hen g'heilt un deel hen g'lacht,
Un's waar ebmols ken Wunner;
Viel scheene Sache, siess un nei,
Doch immer waar 'n Wipp dabei.

Was Schtories hen mer dort verzaehlt,
So bei der Wintersnacht!
Was waar's doch als 'n grosse Freed,
So bei de Buwe un de Maed—
Was hen mer doch als g'lacht!
Un scheene Lieder hen mer g'sunge,
Bis Kich un Schornschtee hen geklunge.

Un O! was Cider hen mer g'hatt,
Frisch aus 'm Fass gezoge;
Un wann mer's Feier hen uffg'schtarrt
Dann sin 'n dausend Funke fort,
Der Schornschtee nuff gefloge;
Die alt Kumraade sin aa so,
Un ich allee—ich bin noch do.

Un nau sin all die alte Wege
Gaar nichs meh g'eschtemiert;
Die Maed sin nau so arg refined,
Sie sin gaar nimmi so inclined—
Sie sin so tight uffg'schniert;
Der Hochmut un der G'sundheitsfeind
Sin heitichdaags die beschte Freind.

Der Schornschtee waar von Schtee gebaut
Am alte Giwwelend;
Un wie ich schon zuvor hab g'saat,
In alle Eck waar's krumm un graad
So waar's nau yuschtement;
Un seller Schornschtee schteht noch dort,
Un alles schunscht isch schon lang fort.

Dort schteht er wie 'n Monument,
Von was emol dort waar;
Der alt Familye Feierheerd!
Wer hot dann net von dem schon g'heert,
Un wie's emol dort waar?
Dort schteht der Schornschtee gans allee,
Un maag noch mannich Yohr dort schteh.

Er schteht nau hinner'm neie Haus,
Un alles klor drum rum;
Der Schmok kummt nimme owweraus,
Un's Feier am Heerd isch schon lang aus,
Un all isch schtill un schtumm;
Yuscht ee Schtimm hawwich dort noch g'heert—
E Kricks im alte Feierheerd.

Es hot mich g'wunnert doch warum
Der Schornschtee noch dort schteht!
Die Ursach isch—so hawwich g'heert—
Weil an dem alte Feierheerd
En Schpuck de Leit nooch geht;
Un wann sie ihn dort yaage raus,
Dann geht er in dem neie Haus.

Ich kann die schee alt Schweizer Scheier
Alleweil noch sehne;
Mei Herz geht oft als widder heem,
Zu alte Hof un alte Baem,
Un all die viele, scheene
Geil un Kieh un Sei un Schof
Uff sellem alte Scheierhof.

Dort waar der gut alt ehrlich Tom,
Em Dad sei brauner Gaul;
Dort waar der Barney uh der Rock,
Der Ned—'n rechter Hawwersack,
Un net ewennich faul;
Der Schimmel un der kohlschwarz Bill,
Un's letscht, die Dolly mit 'm Fill.

Dort waar die alt wolfschtreemich Kuh
Die Roti, Scheck un Blimm;
Dort waar die Weiss, die Schwarz, die Brau,
Die Muli—dort am Gaartezau—
Die waar ebissel schlimm;
Sie hot so grosse Haerner g'hatt,
Un immer g'schnaust un doch net satt.

Ich heer der Mamme ihre Schtimm—
Sie schafft im Gaarte draus;
Sie weist de Maed wie's g'macht muss sei—
"Geb acht! dort fliegt 'n Hinkel rei—
Schpring dapper un yaag's naus;"
"Nee, 's hot 'n Nescht in sellem Eck,
Dort unner selle Kletteschteck."

Was guckt's doch alles annerscht nau—
As in der alte Zeit;
Ach! wu isch nau sell alt Gebel,
'S isch alles fort, 's isch alles nei—
Ich sehn's yo schon von weit;
En scheene Heemet, sell iseh's aa,
Doch heemelt's mich gaar nimmi aa.

Der Wasser hockt aa nimme dort
Im Hof am alte Haus;
Er sehnt mich nimme darch die Baem,
Er gauzt mer nimme "Welcome-heem,"
Un's Feier am Heerd isch aus,
'S guckt alles schee, sell weess ich wohl,
Doch warum isch mei Herz so voll?

Ya, Haus un Scheier un Hof sin nei,
Die Blumme un die Baem;
Wu sin die alte Pappelbaem?
Weil doch die Weide noch dort schtehn,
Guckt's wennich noch wie Heem;
Die Roseschteck am Gaardezau,
Wu sin sie, ya, wu sin sie nau?

Es Blosharn heert mer nimme nau—
Was waar der Schall so hell!
Was henkt dann nau dort uff em Dach?
Ich weess net heil ich odder lach—
Ich glaab doch 's isch 'n Bell!
'S guckt schtylisch so, mit Bell un Tarn,
Doch henkt mei Herz im alte Harn.

Wu isch die gross alt Cider-press,
Die Flaxbrech un 's Schpinnraad?
Der Haschpel un der Wickelschtock,
Die deitsch Sens un der Dengelschtock,
Un 's alt deitsch Senseg'maad?
Ich ruf un frog, "Wu sin sie all?"—
Der Schall antwart, "Wu sine sie all?"

Dann geh ich uff der Schpeicher nuff,
Un schlupp mich in 'n Eck;
Dort unner sellem alte Dach,
Umringt mit all dem alte Sach—
Die Bonnert un die Reck;
Ich schtell mer's vor so deitlich heit,
Yuscht graad wie 's waar in alter Zeit.

Dort an de Schparre henke viel
So alt vergess'ne Sache;
Dort henke Sichel, Schwert un Sens,
Un Seckvoll Feddere aus de Gens
Far Fedderedecke mache;
Un noch ebissel weiter hinne
Henkt Woll un Flachs un waart far's Schpinne.

Der Haschpel un der Wickelschtock
Un's klee un's gross Schpinnraad
Schtehn miessich dort bis Winter kummt
Un Winterwind im Schornschtee brummt—
So hen die Maed als g'saat;
Un wann 's emol ans Schpinne geht,
Nemmt's Schmier un Leier un gute Saet.

Dort henkt's Hufeise 's allerheechscht,
Un unnedraa die Flint;
Un was schteht hinne 'm alte Drawer?
Die Wieg, wu ich drin g'schockelt waar—
En hilflos selich Kind;
Ach, kennt ich nau so selich sei
Von Kummer un von Sinde frei!

Dort sin die Katze uff der Wacht—
6Guck, was 'n Schtangvoll Warscht!
Dort isch der alt schtroh Iemekarb,
Un 's Sootwelschkarn mit goldne Farb,
Un aa 'n Gaerbli Gaerscht;
Un iwwerhaupt die Kreiterzache—
Ich draam! ich wach! un heer mich lache.

Die Uhr, die isch ball nunnerg'loffe,
Doch geht sie: Tick, tick, tick;
Die Zeit an 's Wasser g'mahnt mich viel—
Yuscht eemol geht sie darch die Miehl—
Kummt ewich nimme z'rick;
Ach Gott! wie schnell geht doch die Zeit
Un traagt uns in die Ewichkeit!

Ich hab schon oft es Heemweh g'hatt—
Un hab's aa alleweil;
Un wann ich far der Dokter schick,
Dann glaawich dass ich 's aerger grick
Un hock mich hie un heil.
Ach, was dutt doch mei Herz so weh?
Un's batt nichs bis ich heemzus geh!

('S Alt Marik-haus Mitties in d'r Schtadt un Die Alte Zeite, York, Pa. 1870.)
—H. L. FISCHER.

'S WAAR OWETS VOR GRISCHTDAAG

'S waar owets vor Grischtdaag
Un naeryets im Haus
Hot ebbes gezawwelt,
Even ken Maus.
Die Kinner all schlofe
So haerrlich im Bett
Un draame vum Santa
Un was er all hett.
Die Maemm un der Daadi
Schtecke unnich de Deck;
Sie heer'n Geglebber
Drunne im Feiereck.
Der Daadi schteht uff
Un guckt die Schteg nunner,
Un dart schteht der Santa
Un lacht wie der Dunner.
So rot sin sei Backe,
Sei Bauch iss so dick;
Gans weiss sin sei Wiskers—
Es iss der St. Nick.
Er blinkt mir es Aaag
Un guckt die Schtrimp aa;
Sei Sack macht er uff
Un noh geht er draa.
Er schtoppt die Schtrimp voll
Mit Schpielsach un so;
Er lacht un iss happy,
Macht annre Leit froh;
Noh nemmt er sei Pack,
Geht der Scharnschtee bumms nuff.
Schpringt hie an sei Schlidde
Un hockt sich dart druff.
Er gnellt die lang Geeschel,
Die Haersch gehne ab
So schwift wie der Wind
Fer uff der naegscht Tschab.
Der Santa guckt rum,
Ruft freindlich zu mir:
"Merry Christmas fer all
Un en Happy New Year."

WILLIAM H. ERB (Der Gus)

EN BESS'RER WEG

Wott liewer'n Breddich sehne,
Wie heere, eenich Zeit;
Liewer du gingscht aa der Weg,
Wie saage wu er leit.
Es Aag iss'n bess'rer Schieler,
Laernt g'schwinder viel wie's Ohr,
Un feine Rot duhn badd're,
Wu Beischpiel sin em klor.
Der bescht vun all de Paare
Lebt Glaawe gansi Zeit—
Far's Gute sehne schaffe,
Iss was mir brauchen heit.
Es nemmt net lang far laerne,
Wann g'sehne, wie was g'scheht;
Hend kann mer watsche schaffe,
Wu Zung zu schtarrick geht.
Hendich kennt mer letz verschteh,
Verfehle Rot du gebscht—
Doch 's iss ken Missverschtendnis,
Wie dich draagscht un wie du lebscht.

29. Okt., 1944 —R. S. FUNK.

THE FARM WILL NOT SAY FAREWELL

By Amanda Saeger

It's not going to be easy for the Schaeffers—who have moved to town—to forget the farm where they lived many meaningful years.

Of course they won't have to rise so early, nor get up out of the night-sleep to see how a sick Guernsey fares, or to look after the Chester-White sow that well-nigh killed herself at the birth of fourteen satiny, white piglets.

Now they are right across the street from grocery and bakery; handy to the church; and from their front porch they can watch the Hallowe'en parades, and see the lighted Christmas trees in their neighbors' windows. But their keenest satisfaction is in knowing that they are a comfort to Mrs. Schaeffer's widowed mother; and that son John is standing by, on the homestead farm.

But it's not easy to say farewell.

They'll no longer see the sun rise over the two barns—the older one that is pegged together, "not a nail in it," and the younger one, built as they prospered, and decorated with Pennsylvania German barn signs.

They'll miss the neighing of the bay horse, Dolly, which they raised from a colt; the ducks, noisy guineas, and the turkeys, in which Mrs. Schaeffer took special pride; Teddy, too, the shepherd collie, whose favorite haunt is the pig sty. Nor will they ever feed a lamb on the bottle again.

Of course they'll be relieved of strenuous work during haytime and harvest, but they'll miss keeping a vigilant eye on the weather, hearing the noise of the thresher, feeding the extra harvest "hands", and carrying refreshment to them in the hot fields, and hearing how they praised Mrs. Schaeffer's baking.

Now the Schaeffers cannot pick their fill of apples in the orchard which was the scene of many a Grange picnic, nor invite the neighbors to a schnitz party before the apple-butter boiling.

No, the farm will not say farewell. The very scent and taste of apple butter on the breakfast table bring back the summer kitchen adjacent to the farmhouse, and memories of the "stirrings" that took place there. When they were young and made as many as fourteen stirrings in a season, each lasting from dawn to dusk. And the kitchen with its low-slung stove, a half century old. Its two huge iron plates, and the great paddles, attached to fifteen-foot rods, supported amidships by leather straps which are fastened to the rafters. And the patient stirring, and what went into the huge kettles, a hundred gallons of cider per kettle, thirty-five pounds of white sugar, eleven buckets of schnitz, and some cinnamon, sassafras and cloves "to taste." No, your taste and touch and feeling wouldn't let you forget.

There was the spaciousness of the farmhouse with room for a wedding, the six-panelled doors, the parlor fireplace with its hand-carved shelf and folding doors, and the fragrance of the storm cellar, where Mrs. Schaeffer stored her apples and potatoes.

She is going to miss her gardens, the petunia one at the front entrance, and the larger one fringeing the front yard, where she "green-fingered" zinnias, coxcombs, ribbon grass, spider plants, wasp and poinsetta geraniums and mosquito plants. And there were the peach and pear trees, and the two pussywillows, pruned each year by a New Yorker, who sold the branches in the city stores.

Now, the noise of the street before their doors reminds them of the peace and quiet of the farm, a long-lane distance from the highway, where even the sound of the night airplanes was hushed between the stars. They will miss the moonlight on the apple blossoms and on the horse chestnut that shades the front porch; the night sounds, an occasional whip-poor-will, the frogs in the meadow, a mourning dove.

It's not easy to leave the land where you have toiled and sweated, reared a family, and found security and peace. For the farm will not say farewell to the farmer.

"No, it's not so easy," says Mrs. Schaeffer, "by far not!"

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELIZABETH G. HAMMEL

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Hammel, widow of Val. Hammel, died Thursday morning at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. Warren Hammel, 2034 Washington Boulevard, Wilson borough.

A daughter of the late Fred and Christine Seibert Hillhard, she was born in New York City. She was a charter member of the Order of the Eastern Star in Bethlehem, where she resided for many years before moving to Wilson borough.

Surviving are a son, H. Warren Hammel, with whom she resided; a daughter, Edna Hammel, Bethlehem; a brother, George Hillhard, Port Ridge, N. Y.; two sisters: Mrs. Margaret Knapp, New York, and Mrs. Clara Mulgrew, New Hyde Park, Long Island, N. Y., and one grandson.

Funeral services will be held today at 2 p. m. at the Grim funeral home, 817 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Interment will be in Memorial Park cemetery. A viewing will be held tonight.

MRS. JOSEPH F. CASKEY

Mrs. Bertha E. Caskey, wife of Joseph F. Caskey, 816 Highland Ave., Bethlehem, died Thursday night in St. Luke's hospital, after a few days illness.

She was born in Weatherly, the daughter of the late W. Lee and Maria Smith Stiles and came to Bethlehem in 1894.

She was a member of the Edgeboro Moravian church. Survivors are the husband, a son, Jesse R., Peoria, Ill.; a daughter, Mrs. J. I. Linker, Glen Rock, N. J.; ten grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 11 a. m. Wednesday in the Lena E. Grim funeral home 817 W. Broad St. Rev. Reuben Gross will officiate. Burial in Fountain Hill cemetery.

SAMUEL ELLIS

Samuel Ellis, Franklin St., Topton, died at his home Thursday night. He was 69 years of age.

Son of the late David and Eliza, nee Walton, Ellis, Mr. Ellis was one of the oldest employes in point of service, of the Caloric Gas Stove Works at Topton. He had worked for the company for 35 years.

A member of St. Peter's Evangelical and Reformed church, he was also affiliated fraternally with Council No. 526, Fraternal Patriotic Americans of Philadelphia for 52 years.

Mr. Ellis is survived by his wife, Margaret, nee Bennett; one brother, James Ellis and a sister, Mrs. Joseph Young, both of Philadelphia.

Rev. Franklin D. Slifer, pastor of St. Peter's church of which he was a member, will officiate at the funeral services to be held at the Schofer funeral home, 107 Main St., Topton, on Sunday, at 3 p. m. Interment will be made in the Topton cemetery. There will be a viewing at the funeral home from 7 to 9 o'clock tomorrow.

JOHN B. McGINNIS

John B. McGinnis, infant son of Thomas and Anna, nee Goth, McGinnis of 412 E. Franklin St., Bethlehem, died Thursday night in St. Luke's hospital. He was nine months old.

He was born last March 21. Besides his parents, he is survived by two brothers, Thomas and Richard, and a sister, Marie Claire, all at home; his paternal grandmother, Mrs. Amelia McGinnis, and his maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Litzinger of Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be held on Saturday at 11 a. m. at the home of his parents. Interment will be in Holy Saviour cemetery, Bethlehem.

MRS. EDGAR W. HERRING

Sallie E., nee Metzger, wife of Edgar W. Herring of Kutztown, died Friday at the Allentown hospital after a six weeks illness. She was 59 years old.

Born in Maxatawny township, Berks county, she was a daughter of the late Daniel and Sarah E., nee Komp, Metzger. She was a member of Zion Lutheran church, Maxatawny, the Ladies Aid society of the church, East Penn Chapter No. 336 Order of Eastern Star, Kutztown; and Tiberias Shrine No. 21, White Shrine of Jerusalem, Reading.

Survivors are her husband, one son, Paul M. Herring, Allentown; two grandchildren; two brothers, Harry B. D. Metzger, Allentown, and Charles D. J. Metzger, Hamburg.

Funeral services will be held from the Fritz funeral home, 55 Noble St., Kutztown, on Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. Further services in Zion church, Maxatawny. Interment in the adjoining cemetery. Rev. Luther F. Schlenker will officiate.

JOSEPH A. OTTO

Joseph A. Otto, a florist at Almont, Bucks county, where he had been a resident for the last 25 years, died of pneumonia yesterday afternoon in the Quakertown hospital, where he was admitted for treatment in the morning. He was aged 63 years.

Mr. Otto was born in Lancaster county, a son of the late Peter and Johanna, Erhline, Otto. Surviving are his wife, Reba F., nee Koester, Otto and the following children: Joseph A. Otto Jr., Fairbanks, Alaska; Mrs. Paul Weisenborn, Almont; Doris R. Otto, a cadet nurse at the Philadelphia General hospital; Albert Otto, a soldier missing in action in Germany; Frank A. Otto, with the Army in Hawaii; Edward L. and David P. Otto, at home.

Also surviving are two grandchildren and the following brothers and sisters, John, William, Peter, Frank, Albert, Edward, Mary and Anna Otto, all of Philadelphia.

The funeral will be held at 1:30 p. m. Wednesday at the late home, with interment in the Almont cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Alla Awfong Is Shwear

Grawd wie der Til Eilenshpiegel g'sawt hut wie er der ombose g'shtola hut, "alla awfong wear shwear," so is es da onner dawg 'm Lester un 'm Dalton Kerschner fon Seipstown gonga wie sie ihra airshdie sow g'shlocht hen. Da boova ihra Pap der William wor net recht dahame fert fer rei noch da shtadt noch seinra offis gae, bis die boova shun om blawna worra fer 'n sow shlochta. Der Lloyd Werley is ols 's Williams butcher, ow'r die boova hen ous gamocht fer mohl ihra aigna hand browierra om shlochta, un sin nous in der s'i shtol un hen 'n sow um garissa. Ebs wor os sie bong worra fer 'n rechdie grossie tackla, odder eb sie yusht die krutzich so ferwish'd hen kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, 's het da sow os sie g'shlocht hen gore ken shawda gaduh fer noch weil lava un het noh 'n lot may flaish gewwa wie sie so hut.

Aenicha waig, wie sie die sow dote kotta hen, 's nagshd uf da lisht wor 's breea, un woh der druvel glei g'shtart hut wie sie ous g'funna hen os ken rosim um dawaig is fer helfa die barshda recht gute ous gae mocha. Iwwel odder wohl hen sie shtarta shauva, un hen g'shaubt bis sie bol bloe in da g'sichter worra, un ols wor wie sow noch so shtubblich wie 'n altie gees konna tzut. Endlich hen sie die sow mohl in der kaller gadrawga, un sawga ihra Mam die Ida het shier net fartich werra kenna gucka wie sie die sow g'sehna het. Sie het ow'r nix g'sawt tzu da boova, ow'r da dochter May noh garufa un 's sawt, die boova hetta die sow now hin im keller, ow'r dade noch gahairich fusserich ous sehna.

Die boova hen noh widder frish nei shtarta krotza un sharra, un on fiel bletz die barshda sarwer ous da houd rous g'schnidda, un endlich da May garufa sie sot mohl shtarta razor bladder sucha fer die sow bolvierra. Sel hut ow'r aw net g'shoft noh hen sie fon ihr'm Pap seina alta grawda bolvier messerra gabroviert, un wie sel die barshda aw net ob ganumma hut, sin sie nous in die shire un hen der lecktrick geils klipper nei k'hol'd. Selar hut die barshda ol recht ob ganumma, ow'r net die feina fusserra, un hen noh die butcher messerra g'sharaf'd, un sich mohl weil darta mit ferweil'd. Ow'r sel is noh aw net gonga wie sie gamaint hen os es gae sot, un endlich ous gamocht hawsa un ragoona dade m'r aw ob tziega, un sel is grawd wos sie gaduh hen mit da sow. Sie hen alla blocka shwort rous g'schnidda woh noch barshda worra, so wohl wie aw die bletz woh sie die sow in die ginnie nei ferbree'd hen kot.

So weit os die onnerra socha aw gonga sin hen sie weiters ken druvel may kotta wie die sow mohl endlich ob gatzoga wor. Sie hen sie glei fermetz'ld kot, uns wersht mocha is na aw 'n lot besser gonga os sie gadenk'd hen os es gang'd. So wie m'r fershtain, wase ihra Pap

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And when Athens shall appear great to you, consider then that her glories were purchased by valiant men, and by men that learned their duty; by men that were sensible of dishonor when they came to act; by such men as, tho they failed in their attempt, yet would not be wanting to the city with their virtue, but made unto it a most honorable contribution.

Thucydides.

ROCKET BOMBS FORCE FOR PEACE

During and after World War No. 1 we were told that war had become so terrible steps must be taken to prevent its recurrence. In fact many of us thought that such steps had been taken and that there was hope for protracted peace.

Again we realize that war has become even more terrible than ever before and that if the world gets out of this one solvent, financially, another conflict will not only ruin the world financially but also physically. More than ever before no country, no community and no individuals can expect to be so far removed from war as to be able to escape its direct violence, let alone its indirect effects.

Secretary Stettinius warns that the development of robot or rocket bombs within the next ten or twenty years is going to be so extensive that unless the proposals for a general international organization, as outlined at Dumbarton Oaks, be adopted and become a "living force" we can expect complete destruction in another war.

In one of his first public statements since appointment by President Roosevelt as chief of American foreign affairs, Stettinius said in an article prepared for the Kiwanis Magazine that the Dumbarton Oaks proposals "are important because they point an alternative to unspeakable dissater."

"Let no one forget that the robot bomb and the rocket are still in their infancy," he explained. "Many of our outstanding scientists agree that within the space of 10 or 20 years these deadly missiles may be perfected to the point where they can travel thousands of miles at incredible speed. In that event our oceans, our industrial strength and our manpower would not be able to prevent surprise attack and vast damage by accurately aimed weapons traveling faster than sound."

In pleading for the establishment of an efficient and workable organization for the maintenance of peace, the secretary of state said that "it is evident the nations of the world have reached such a degree of interdependence that we can only achieve prosperity by working together, free of the fear of war and free from the burden of competitive armaments."

Although the proposals stemmed from common agreement of the four largest powers in the world, Stettinius declared that this fact "in no way detracts from the essentially democratic character" of the projected organization, which would assure all participating nations protection against aggression as well as equality in the promotion of economic and social interests, human rights and fundamental freedoms.

READYING GAME PRESERVE FOR PEACE TIME

Decision by the commission which manages the Trexler-Lehigh County Game Preserve to conduct a scientific study of the game park and its relation to the wild animals which are to be shown there is a step in the right direction. It is to be hoped it will bear fruit in time for the resumption of motoring and sight-seeing which we expect will come after the war.

For thousands of people who never have seen the animals in the Game Preserve a visit tomorrow or next summer would be so full of novelty as to provide abundance of excitements and satisfactions. But for thousands who have seen the big game herds not merely once but a number of times, it is desirable that changes and improvements be made in order that public interest can be stirred up. Like the great circuses, where effort is made year after year to add new attractions, but the backbone of the institution remains much the same, the game park should be improved.

It is true also that there may not be the correct balance in the Game Preserve between the wild animal population and the food at hand and that study may bring about a satisfactory answer and proper adjustment. It is entirely probable that the area of the Game Preserve should as a progressive step be enlarged and that the wild animal herds should more nearly be sustained on their grazing area than now is the case.

A lot of facts ought to result from a scientific study. A lot of benefit should come from applying those facts which will have been learned.

HURRY CALL FOR ANGELS OF MERCY

The call for 10,000 nurses for the armed services is in the matter of an emergency and deserves the attention of any and all young women who are able by reason of training and by reason of present circumstances to answer the call of humanity for their services.

All the Army and Navy casualty lists indicate the growing severity of the war. Even worse things can be anticipated as the war goes on and as American troops come to face larger and larger forces of our enemies. This can be expected to be true especially in the Far East where American troops have not yet met huge Jap armies by reason of the fact that large armies could not be massed in the areas under attack and defense. The number of men who can be crowded upon an island is limited not only to the size of the island but also to the transportation problems for the warring contenders.

But time will undoubtedly will come when Jap armies—not mere regiments, battalions and divisions—will have to be faced. Then losses are going to be very much greater. Losses too can be expected to become very great when there is wider and more determined activity in Europe. That may not be until Spring, but if not until then, it still is important to be getting ready for it. So it is necessary not only because of present but anticipated circumstances that 10,000 nurses be secured at once.

If there were selective service and an apportionment according to population, Lehigh county might be expected to supply as many as 20 nurses. Because of our many local training facilities for nurses, that number probably would be even higher inasmuch as it would be expected that more young women had taken such training hereabouts than could be expected in areas devoid of hospitals and nurses' training schools such as we have.

No-Strike Law Needed

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—Seizure of Ward's—a business only indirectly related to the war effort—affords an opportunity to test the powers of the President to order compulsory joining of unions, a closed shop or anything else which he may think is necessary to persuade labor to keep from striking in wartime.

The principle is an important one in constitutional history, and while it is most unfortunate that any business or business executives must appear to be in the position of defying the government in wartime, nevertheless that is the only way provided under our constitutional practice whereby the limits of executive authority can be legally determined or defined.

There are some people, of course, who are willing to let the chief executive exercise any authority irrespective of what the Constitution or Supreme Court decisions may say. This point of view, however, does not have the support of those distinguished jurists who in past decisions have wisely insisted that the Constitution does not change in wartime and that an emergency does not create for government any powers it did not possess before the emergency.

What we are witnessing really is an example of the political timidity of a Congress which refused to pass an explicit statute forbidding strikes of all kinds in wartime. Members of Congress would rather pass the buck to the executive and make him try to find ways and means of stretching existing statutes to cover delicate situations that arise in labor relations.

There is room for a considerable difference of opinion as to whether a mail-order house can be seized and operated in order to prevent the spread of strikes when there is no statute specifically authorizing the executive to do so. In this case, insistence that the employer agree to dismiss employees who, once having joined a union, want to withdraw from it is made a cardinal policy of the administration. If an employer declines to accede, his plant is seized. Yet nowhere in the statutes is there any provision which permits the National War Labor board or any other governmental agency to force a maintenance-of-membership clause upon his employees. The mail-order house in question tried unsuccessfully to get the War Labor board to test that point in court, and the courts did finally say the War Labor board's orders had no sanction of law and were merely advisory.

Congress, on the other hand, did authorize the President to seize war plants whenever a strike was threatened or actually materialized. So the powers of the War Labor board are not going to be tested this time in court but the power of a President to do anything he pleases and call it a national labor policy essential to the war effort is to be determined.

The hands of the Roosevelt administration are not exactly clean when they bring this issue to court. For the War Labor board directed the union of musicians under James Petrillo to cease its restrictions and strikes in the making of broadcasting transcriptions. Mr. Petrillo defied the board and Mr. Roosevelt didn't do anything about seizing the union's facilities or breaking up the strike. Instead he answered critics evasively by saying he couldn't find any law on the subject. The War Labor board, however, had pointed out that many broadcasting stations were necessary to the war effort and that the musicians' strike threatened the existence of these stations.

Tired of waiting for government aid in the controversy, the broadcasting stations surrendered ignominiously. Now the War Labor board says that the union wasn't penalized because the employers "voluntarily" agreed to the demands of the union and removed the threat to the war effort. The companies settled under duress because Mr. Roosevelt was afraid of the musicians union and of Mr. Petrillo. He isn't, evidently, afraid of Mr. Avery.

What the American people want is an end to wartime strikes, even if it means seizure of every plant that can directly or indirectly bring on any strikes or impairment of the war effort. The way to get that result, however, is to insist that Congress pass a law specifically forbidding work stoppages in wartime. To let the President write the laws is to invite favoritism and inequalities as has already been disclosed in the Petrillo case. The people want even-handed justice and no favorites and no strikes.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHO DONE IT?

I recently received from The Dryden Press a copy of "An Intelligent American's Guide to the Peace," a massive volume of what appears to be objective information. On the blurb the name of Sumner Welles appears in letters one and a quarter inches high. Above that name appears, in letters one-eighth of an inch high, the legend, "Under the General Editorship of." In a "Publisher's Note," I came across the fact that "The research and preparation of the material were entrusted to Mr. William J. Blake." As the research and preparation of the material is the business of an author, it would seem that William J. Blake must be the author.

The set-up aroused the detective in me. I turned to Finland. First I discovered that in stating the economics of Finland, the authors compare that country with her neighbor, Sweden, which had, before the war, one of the highest standards of living in Europe, but not with her other neighbor, Russia, which had one of the lowest. Then this follows:

". . . Inevitably the common sense of the people returned: a general sentiment arose for democratizing farm holdings so that a secure social order could be built on the welfare of the masses of the people, instead of depending on the will of the determined, wealthy Swedish minority."

I don't know what "common sense" or "democratizing farm holdings" means in this volume of objective data and I could find nothing about Finland paying her debts but much about Finland's poverty.

Here is one on Poland:

Poland's foreign affiliations of the past, like her long alliance with France, are meaningless today. She has to live in a Europe where Germany is beaten and yet where France does not hold the military hegemony. Her past assumptions must be changed."

Now precisely what does that mean—particularly in this factual book? The answer is given:

". . . It is notable that the twin demand for democratization of land and good industrial relations with her neighbors is the limit of the program advanced by the Polish army under the Lublin committee. . . ."

The plain English of it is Poland must take what Russia insists upon.

Now we come to Soviet Russia:

"All religions are tolerated in U. S. S. R. State printing facilities are now available to religious bodies, and the Protestant faith has even made spectacular gains throughout the Bolshevik regime. Nevertheless, among the youth, religion is not widespread, for most of them accept the Marxian philosophical view, which precludes religion. . . ."

How does Mr. Blake reach the conclusion that all religions are tolerated in Russia? What religious schools, seminaries, yeshivas exist in that country? What may any religious group do to educate its young? Are Roman Catholic bishops permitted to function ecclesiastically? If the government printing presses alone may print religious literature, is it not true that the government exercises a censorship over that literature? This objective mine of information says nothing about that.

Mr. Blake says:

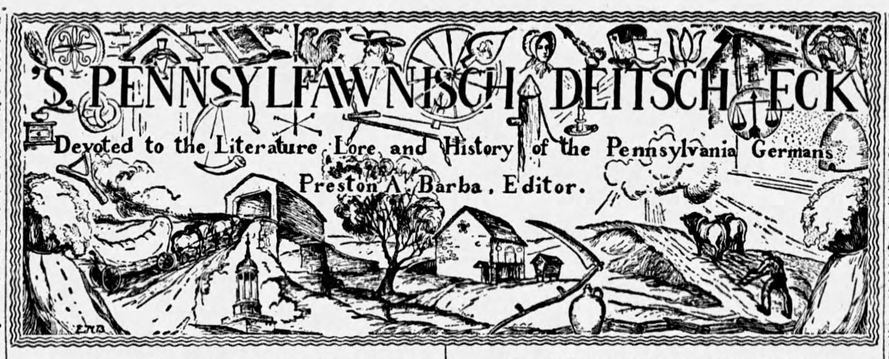
". . . Moreover, it is likely that she will also require the assurance that 'friendly' governments will be installed in all of the adjacent European countries. . . ."

I noted that when the British tried to do just that in Italy, Greece and Belgium, there was a violent outcry against Winston Churchill. Apparently there is only enough sauce of this fixing for the goose. Then he adds:

"The Soviet Union is implacably hostile to Japanese militarist adventures in Asia, but the specific form of that resentment is not as yet definite." How about that implacable hostility translating itself into action?

I must say that I approached this book with considerable prejudice because of the funny business about the author. That prejudice notwithstanding, it is an extremely valuable reference book. Very annoyed with the one-sided account of the Depression of the United States, I have to admit that I am expecting too much when I ask for an objective statement of that situation. So as long as there is nothing better available—and there is nothing better available—this is the book for an intelligent American. And if the publisher was afraid that I would shout, "Marxist!" if he admitted that Blake wrote the book, he might get over that inhibition and give the devil his due.

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NEUJAHRS-WUENSCHE

aus der lieben alten Zeit unserer Vorfahren

It was once the custom among our Pennsylvania Germans of former generations for groups of men to wander over the countryside on the last night of the old year and bring their neighbors new-year salutations, accompanied by the firing of guns or small cannon. This custom was spoken of in the dialect as 'S NEIYOHR AAWINSCHE UN AASCHIESSE. Before the first shot was fired permission was asked ond if such shooting was not agreeable, then only the wishes were offered. Households thus serenaded invariably invited the men in and offered them refreshments in which DRAMM UN SEIDEREIL found potent expression as the night proceeded. The New Year's wishes were recited by a delegated spokesman and were in metrical form, sometimes rather crude to be sure, but they are folksy expressions of former times. Some time ago Prof. E. H. Hartman, Lancaster, Pa., sent the editor clippings from the BUCKS COUNTY EXPRESS of December 28, 1852, containing three such wishes. We are happy to be able to offer them to our readers. Nearly a century has passed since they were printed, but they were old then, as goes forth from the phrase "from the dear old times of our forefathers."—ED.

1.

Ich wuensch dir ein gnadenvolles reiches Jahr,
Ein schoener Bursch, mit schwarzbraun gekraustem Haar,
Der soll sein—schoen von Gestalt,
Gleich wie er dir in deinem Herzen wohlgefallt.
Der nicht freszt und nicht sauft,
Der nicht von einer zu andern lauft,
Der bei dir schlaft alle Nacht;
So kannst du leben ohne Gefahr,
Das wuensch ich dir zum neuen Jahr.
Wie das alte Jahr vergangen,
Soll eine neue Lieb anfangen,
Bei dir und deinem Schatz zugleich,
Bis ihr kimmt ins Himmelreich.

Ich wuensch dir auch ein schoener Neujahrs-Grusz,
Der in dein Herz soll und muss,
Der in deinem Herzen liegt begraben
Mit drei goldenen Buchstaben.
Wer dieselbige will raus haben,
Musz die Gnad' und Ehr' haben.
Der erste ist von Silber und rothem Gold,
Du bist ihm lieb, er ist dir hold;
Der zweite ist von Silber und Sammt-Seiden,
Den sollst du lieben, alle andere meiden;
Der dritte ist von Perlen und Edelstein,
Kein anderer soll dir lieber sein.
Fuer wahr ich musz bekennen,
So oft ich hoer dein Namen nennen,
Dasz es mir so viele Freude macht,
Dasz mir mein Herz im Leibe lacht.
Du gefaellst mir zwar von Angesicht,
Fuer wahr, fuer wahr, denn zweifle nicht,
Dein Aeuglein klar, dein sueszer Mund,
Hat mir mein innig frisch Herz erregt,
Hat mich zur wahren Lieb bewegt;
Denn lieben und nicht haben
Ist haerter denn Stein graben;
Lieben und nicht betsammen sein,
Dasz ist fuer wahr die groeszte Pein.

Ich wuensch dir auch ein goldner Tisch,
Auf jedem Eck ein gebratner Fisch;
Und in der Mitte ein Glasz mit Wein,
Dabei soll deine Hochzeit sein.
Brueder und Schwestern, auf, auf,
Brueder und Schwestern, freut euch darauf;
Bruedern und Schwestern nicht allein;
Ich und meine Kameraden moechten auch gerne dabei sein.

Ich wuensch dir auch ein gesundes langes Leben,
Bis die Muehlstein tragen Reben,
Und daraus laeuft sueszer Wein,
So lang sollst du mein eigen sein.
Bis die Hecken nicht mehr gruenen
Und die Dornen nicht mehr bluehen,
Und das Meer kein Wasser hat.
Auch segne Gott dich frueh und spat,
Auch so lang die Winde wehen,
Und die Sternen am Himmel stehen;
So lang ein Bluemlein bluehen mag,
Von Ostern an bis Elias Tag.
Und Gott bewahr dich in dem Haus,
Wo du gehst drauf ein und aus;
Vor Feuer und vor Wassersnoth,
Vor Krankheit und vor schnellem Tod;
Vor Diebstahl und aller Gefahr behuet
Dich Gott alle Zeit und Jahr.

Und weiter wuensch ich dir was ich wuenschen kann.
So geh und thu' die Bratwurst in die Pfanne,
Und warte uns ab in aller Eil;
Bring auch ein wenig Dramm und Seidereil.
Darauf thu ich meinen Wunsch beschlieszen,
In der Hoffnung dasz es dich nicht thut verdrieszen.
Wann's dich aber thut verdrieszen,
So muszt du es sagen ehe wir schieszen;
Dieweil wir hoeren kein Verdrusz,
So sollst du hoeren unsern Schusz.
Die Schuesz die wir nun thun dir zu ehren,
Die sollst du auch knallen hoeren.

2.

Ich wuensch dir ein schoener Neujahrs-Grusz,
Der in dein Herze soll und musz,
Der in deinem Herzen liegt begraben
Mit drei goldenen Buchstaben.
Der erste ist von rothem Gold,
Ich bin dir von Herzen hold.
Der zweite ist von Sammt und Seiden,
Du sollst mich lieben und andere meiden.
Der dritte ist von Edelstein,
Ich hoff du wirst getreu mir sein.
Ich wuensch dir was ich wuenschen kann;
Getreues Herz, gedenk daran.
Ein treues Herz ist Ehren werth,
Das ist was jedermann begehrt.
Ich mag schlafen oder wachen,
Faellst du mir, Schoenste, ein;
Wenn ich traure oder lache,
Will mein Herz stets bei dir sein.
Liebes Herz, gedenk an mich;
Kein Stund vergeht, ich denk an dich.
Viel tausend Seufzer schick ich Dir;
Schick mir doch einen nur dafuer.
Du thust meinem Herzen wohlgefallen,
Drum lieb ich dich vor andern allen.
Das sag ich Dir ohn alles Scherzen
Dasz ich dich lieb von ganzem Herzen.
Mein Herze brennt in Liebesgluth,
Doch weisz ich nicht wie Dein Herz thut.
Noch tausendmal thu ich dich grueszen,
Dasz ich thu meine Wuensche beschlieszen.

Ach, mein Herz waer voller Freuden
Und erquicket noch so sehr,
Wollt auch gerne alle leiden,
Wenn mein Schatz nur bei mir waer.
Fahr hin, du kleines Briefelein,
Gruesz nur dein Herz allerliebste mein.
Fahr nicht zu hoch, fahr nicht zu nieder,
Und bring mir froehliche Botschaft wieder.
Ich bin der dich von Herzen kennt.
Und sich allhier verschwiegen nennt.
Ich will dich lieben in aller Noth,
Bleib mir getreu bis in den Tod.

3.

Freudenvoll erscheinen wir,
Ein neues Jahr zu feiern hier,
Lieber Nachbar, euch zu ehren,
Kommen wir mit den Gewehren
Vor das Hause hoffnungsvoll,
Dasz es euch gefallen soll.
Sollt's euch aber nicht gefallen,
So sagt's, so soll kein Schusz hier fallen.
Doch ehe wir von hier umkehren,
Sollt ihr unser Wuenschen hoeren.

O moecht doch auch dies neue Jahr,
Sie fuehren zu der Christen Schaar,
Und alle die sich Christen nennen,
Lernen Christum recht erkennen;
So waer's das seligste neue Jahr,
Das seit der Erden Schoepfung war.
Im alten Jahr, was nun verflossen,
Haben wir viel Glueck genossen.
Wir danken Gottes Gnad und Huld
Die uns gefuehret mit Geduld
Durch unser ganze Lebenszeit,
Zu diesem neuen Jahr auch heut.

Wir bitten auf das neue Jahr,
Fuer die gesammte Christenschaar,
Dasz sie dies Jahr und allezeit,
Gesegnet sind in Ewigkeit;
Dasz sich dein Wort ausbreitet mehr,
Zu deines Namens Lob und Ehr;
Neues Jahr und neues Leben,
Woll' der Herr aus Gnaden geben
Allen Seelen Jung und Alten,
Die in diesem Hause walten,
Wuenschen wir durchs ganze Jahr,
Frei von drohender Gefahr,
Ueber alles dein Vermoegen,
Woll' der Herr in Gnaden legen;
Friede, Glueck, Heil und Segen,
Dasz dich begleit' auf deinen Wegen,
Dasz dein ganzes Hausgesinde,
Gottes Guetigkeit empfinde,

Zu deiner Arbeit und Geschaefte
Wuensch' ich dir Staerk' und Kraefte,
Dasz du genieszest lauter Freuden,
Bis du wirst von hinnen scheiden,
Und deine ganze Lebenszeit
Zubringst mit froher Dankbarkeit.
Der Herr segne Ernt' and Saaten,
Dasz die Fruechte wohl gerathen,
Und dir deinen Fleisz belohnen
So lang du wirst auf Erden wohnen.

Noch ueberfluessig wuensch ich dir
Gottes Segen fuer und fuer;
Lehrt euch den rechten Unterscheid
Der Zeit und auch der Ewigkeit.
Wenn es dann endlich Gott gefaellt,
Dasz ihr sollt scheiden aus der Welt,
So wuenschen wir euch auch zugleich,
Zuletzt das ew'ge Himmelreich.

Nun treten wir ins neue Jahr,
Herr Jesu Christi uns bewahr;
Gib Gnad, dasz wir das Ganze Jahr
Zubringen moegen ohn' Gefahr;
Gib Glueck auch Fried' und Ruh,
Hernach die Seligkeit dazu.
Ich wuensch euch dasz das Gluecke
Ihr dieses Jahr erlangen;
Dasz ihr an keinem Stricke
Dies Jahr am Galgen hangen.

Ich wuensche euch jetztunter
Ein ganz besonderes Glueck.
Fall' keinen Steg herunter
Und breche das Genick.
Ich wollt gern laenger spaszen,
Und mach's so gut ich kann,
Und schick euch einen Haasen
In einem hohlen Zahn.

Die Freiheit haben wir uns genommen,
Und sind vor euer Haus gekommen.
Wir stehen jetzt auf euerm Land,
Und haben das Gewehr in unsrer Hand,
Und sogleich den Hahn gespannt.
Wenn wir unsere Druecker ruecken,
Werd't ihr sehen das Feuer blicken.
Lasz mein Schusz euch nicht erschrecken,
Sondern Freud' in euch erwecken.
Wenn's euch aber sollt verdrieszen,
Mueszt ihr's sagen eh' wir schieszen.
Dieweil sich kein Verdrusz nier zeigt,
Un ihr seid zu mir geneigt,
Das ist mir ein Wohlgefallen,
So gebt nur acht wie es wird knallen.

1940.

—LLOYD A. MOLL.

'N NEIYOHRS WUNSCH

Es hot doch sonderbaar gegnallt
So mitte in der Nacht.
In alle Ecke hot es g'schallt,
Die Laerme un die Yacht.

Ich bin verschrocke, so im Schlof,
Un guck zum Fenschter naus.
Ich sehn dart drunne in meim Hof
Die Schitz graad var meim Haus.

Die Schitz, die hen so feierlich g'schosse,
Mit Luscht un Freehlichkeit.
Ken Blut hen sie die Nacht vergosse,
Do gebt's ken dote Leit.

En schwerer Schuss, en Wunsch dezu,
So lang wie siwwe Lieder;
Die Schitz, die losse mir ken Ruh,
Bis ich sie drenk un fieder.

Ich hab ken Gewehr far so zu schiesse,
Ich weess ken Wunsch so lang;
Un so en Schuss meecht dich verdriesse,
Des bin ich aa noch bang.

So schreib ich heit mei Gruss dohie,
Ich hoff er's graad so glor;
Ich winsche dir—graad so hen sie—
En glicklich neies Yohr.

ELBEDRITSCHE FANGE

Hoscht du schunn Elbedritsche g'fange? Ich hab net. Was iss en Elbedritsch? Well, sell iss eppes, wu nichs iss. Es iss yuscht en Trick, der geyust waerd far Leit zu fuhle, besonders so Leit, wu arrick g'scheit sei wolle odder vun Nadur en wennich dumm sin. Die Sach iss so. En paar Leit nemme so en Karl am me bitterkalte Owed naus ins Land un saage, sie wotte Elbedritsche fange. Der Kerl muss en Sack mitnemme. Am me Buscheck mache sie ihn hinschteh un der Sack uffhewe; dann gehne die Annere fart un saage sie wotte die Elbedritsche uffschtaerte un in der Sack nei yaage. Awwer anstatt sell, gehne sie schnurschtracks heem un losse der aarm Kerl draus am Buscheck schteh bis er schier dot g'frore iss. Nau waerd er noch gedichtich ausgelacht un geblaeckgaert bis er recht bees iss.

Alsemol tarnt des Elbedritsche Fange awwer annerschter aus wie die Leit exschpeckt hen. So iss es emol in Lecha Kaunti gange. Do waar en Mann gewest (mer wolle ihn Sam Jones heesse), der waar net gans so g'scheit wie deel Annere, un der Schuhmacher un en paar Annere hen agreed, sie wotte ihn fuhle. Sie waare bei enanner im Schapp un do hen sie ausgemacht, sie wotte naus geh Elbedritsche fange, un der Sam Jones sott der Sack hewe. Er waar aa willich dezu. Es waar gaar ferchterlich kalt. Der Sam hot der Sack g'howe am Buscheck un die Annere sin fort far die Elbedritsche uffzuyaage. Uffkors sin sie graad heem gange un hen der Sam schteh losse. Er hot gedenkt, die Elbedritsche misste sie g'fresse hawwe. Wie er der Sack en halb Schtund g'howe hot g'hatt un schier schteif g'frore waar, macht er sich aa uff der Heemweg. Es waar zimmlich dunkel. Unnerwegs trefft er eppes newe der Schtross aa, das gelebt hot. Der Sam denkt, des muss en Elbedritsch sei, macht schnell sei Sack uff un grickt des Ding waerklich nei. Es hot dichtich g'schtrawweit un der Sam waar schur, dass er en Elbedritsch hett. Mit dem Sack uff em Buckel geht er mit lange Schritt zurick noch dem Schapp, wu die annere Kerls all uff ihn gewaart hen. Wie er die Dier uffmacht, rufe sie: "Well, Sam, hoscht du en Elbedritsch g'fange?" Er saagt: Ya, by golly, ich hab; do im Sack iss er!" Iwwerdem leert er den Sack uff der Bodde im Schapp aus un es waar en Biskatz! Der Result kann mer sich denke. En Biskatz iss alsfort en Biskatz. Nau waar der Lach uff die annere Kerls, un der Schuhmacher hot en Zeitlang net in seim Schapp sei kenne. Sell waar die erscht un die letscht Elbedritsche Yacht, wu er mit gemacht hot. En Schprichwart saagt: "Wer zuletzt lacht, lacht am besten."

From Daniel Miller's PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN
Reading, Pa. 1903

Deaths of a Day

WILLIAM B. SCHOENLY

William B. Schoenly, native of Allentown and husband of the former Rachel Bennett of Catasauqua, died Thursday in the Hines Veterans hospital, Hines, Ill., in his 54th year. His home was in Barberton, O., where he resided for the past 16 years.

Mr. Schoenly, a son of the late David L. and Emma A., nee Baum, Schoenly, was a former employe of the Fuller-Lehigh Co. At the time of his death he was a layout man employed by the Babcock-Wilcox Co., for whom he worked more than 20 years.

He was a member of the High St. Methodist church, and the American Legion post, both of Barberton, O., and of the Aquashicola lodge, IOOF.

Besides his wife, he is survived by two brothers, Charles, Barberton, O., and Ray, Allentown, and a sister, Cora, Allentown.

MRS. ELIZABETH HARWICK

Mrs. Elizabeth, nee Ettinger, Harwick, widow of Milton Harwick, of 1009 Lawrence St., died yesterday at the Allentown hospital in her 75th year.

She was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church. Her husband preceded her in death many years ago.

Surviving are a daughter, Helen, wife of Harry Druckenmiller, Allentown; two sons: Russell Harwick and Norman Harwick of Allentown, and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment will be in St. Mark's cemetery.

THOMAS F. DEIBERT

Thomas Frank Deibert, 72, who resided with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Beltz, 913 Washington Ave., Northampton, died at 5 p. m. Friday in the Allentown hospital, due to complications. Mr. Deibert had resided in Northampton all his life, living for 34 years at 942 Dewey Ave., Northampton.

He was born April 12, 1872 at Indianland, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Deibert and had been employed by the Atlas Cement Co. Northampton for 35 years before he retired in 1937.

Surviving him are his wife, Cora Rockel Deibert, nine children, Mrs. Howard Beltz, Mrs. Ed Walker, Irvin Deibert, Northampton; Mrs. Leon Falscich, Allentown; Claude and Albert, New York; Charles, California; Private First Class Wilbur Deibert, France; Technical Sergeant Earl Deibert, England; also 13 grandchildren; the brothers William, Philadelphia, Harvey, Oglesby, Ill.; Preston, Northampton; also one sister, Mrs. Mabel Hoffman, Bethlehem.

VIRGINIA A. DUNNAVANT

The funeral of Virginia Anna Dunnavant, 14, daughter of Ernest and Anna Brown Dunnavant, will be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday from the residence, 533 Conestoga St., Bethlehem. Services will be conducted by Rev. John R. Waser, pastor of Emmanuel E. C. church. Interment in Nisky Hill.

CHARLES McGEE

Charles McGee of 1627½ Columbia St., Bethlehem, died at his home at 8:30 a.m. yesterday after a long illness.

Mr. McGee was a retired employe of the Bethlehem Steel Co., having been inactive for the past 15 years. He was a member of the Holy Infancy church in Bethlehem.

Surviving are his wife, Martha, nee Allen, McGee; five sons: John McGee, Gloucester, N. J.; Charles McGee Jr., Edward McGee, James McGee and Joseph McGee, all of Bethlehem; three daughters: Mrs. Lewis Vera, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. William Loving and Mrs. Timothy Mahoney, Bethlehem, and a sister, Mary McGee, Wilmington, Del.

The funeral will be held on Tuesday at 9 a. m. at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Timothy Mahoney, 1614 E. 13th St., Bethlehem, to be followed by solemn requiem mass at 9:30 in the Holy Infancy church. Interment will be in the Holy Saviour cemetery, Bethlehem.

CHARLES McGEE

Charles McGee, husband of Martha Allen McGee, 1627 Columbia St., Bethlehem, died at 8:30 a. m. Friday. A resident of Bethlehem for the past 55 years he was for many years employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. retiring 15 years ago.

He is survived by his wife, five sons, John, Gloucester, N. J.; Joseph, James, Edward and Charles, Bethlehem, and three daughters, Mrs. Louis Vera, Baltimore; Mrs. William Loving and Mrs. Timothy Mahoney, Bethlehem. A sister, Mary McGee, Wilmington; two brothers residing in Ireland, 22 grandchildren and 10 great1grandchildren also survive. He was a member of Holy Infancy parish.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. on Tuesday from the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Mahoney, 1614 E. 13th St. Burial in the family plot in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Answers To Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

Q. Are there any tigers in Africa? L.B.R.

A. Tigers are found only on the continent of Asia. They are not in Africa.

Q. What is the salary of the Governor of New York? T.M.P.

A. The salary of the Governor of New York is $25,000 a year.

Q. When will the new Farm Census begin? S.S.B.

A. It is scheduled to begin in January 1945. Wide use of aerial maps is planned to help census takers locate isolated farmhouses and also to study agricultural production.

Q. What material is used to make lassoes? W. L. F.

A. They are made of hemp or hair. The earliest ones used on the plains were made from braided buffalo hide.

Q. How many volcanoes are there in the world? R. I. S.

A. The number of volcanoes known to be actually active on the earth is generally estimated at between 300 and 400, but there is reason to believe that this estimate is far too low. If account be taken of those volcanic cones which have not been active in historic time, the total will probably rise to several thousands.

Service Men and Women

Q. Are members of the Merchant Marine entitled to preference in Civil Service examinations? H. H.

A. The Civil Service Commission says that civilian members of the Merchant Marine, U. S. Maritime Commission, are not entitled to the benefits of veteran preference.

Q. How many free ports are there in the United States? L.O'R.

A. At present only one coastal city, New York, is a free port. It was established in 1937. Here, foreign goods shipped to the United States may be stored or transshipped to other countries without going through the customs.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT DIE SUP FERSHIT

Won der Harry Gordon doh 's lond drous shnops wil, don wil er shnops, un ken wosser. Un war sei net glawbt, brouch numma mohl fon sella froga os da onner owet on ra rachlerrel fersommling worra ons Clarence Merkels. In da party wor der Howard Diehl un sei Mary, der Abe Hess un sei Emma, der Ray Knappenberger un sei Lida, der Herb Schwartz un sei fraw, der Arthur Wessner un sei fraw, der Earl Mohry, der Clarence Merkel un sei Rosie, un so gore der Harry Gordon un sei fraw.

So darrich der owet hen sie awfonga blauderra fon da grossa drickning, un woh 'm Howard Diehl sei fraw die Mary gamaint hut so im gablauder, os sie ferdriva kent mit ra bind buddle shnops os sie ous 'm bocka buch gatzoga hut. Die buddle is fon aim tzum onnerra, un 'n yaders hut 'n guter schluck rous ganumma fer der hols wesserra. Ol worra ow'r tzu hamedickish fer sawga 's dade schmocka wie wosser, bis die buddle nunner tzum Harry Gordon kumma is. Der Harry hut ow'r ken blawd fers moul ganumma fer sawga 's wear yoh yusht wosser in da buddle, un hut da Mary die gons sup fershit fer ols noch weiter g'shpass howwa.

Ow'r won die Mary aw ken g'shpass may kotta hut mit ihra buddle wosser, hen sie glei danoh 'n wunnerborie guttie tzeit kotta wies k'haisa hut der lunch wear ready. Sis leicht tzu denka os sich niemond ken tzwae mohl haisa hut lossa fer on der dish gae, doch hen sie net ol 'n obadit kot wie der Abe Hess. Die barichda sin, er het tzwae dish ous gessa, un het hinna noh noch gamocht wie won er ols yusht halver sot het. Aenicha waig, ol rum hen 'n gutie tzeit kot, un wolla wetta os sie ken hanker danoh froga dada won so'n rachlerrei fersommling wie sel alla fingers long rum kaimt Doch so weit os der Harry aw gait, wot er liever howwa won die Rosie dade 's nagshd mohl shnops bringa in blotz fom wosser, os sie 's ledshd mohl hut.

Geb Now Acht

M'r wolla ow'r bei golly wetta os 'm Harold Mantz sei fraw die Irene fon drowwa nagshd on Rockdale 'n onner mohl ocht gebt won sie widder iwwer hossa flick'd. Die Irene secht er het sei iwwer hossa bol immer fol lecher ow'r is mic'l shtil fon wos da onner dawg g'shaina is iwwer 'm iwwer hossa flicka. 'S wor grawd fer Grishdawg, 'n tzeit woh ol die weibsleit awenich imma huddle sin fer ihra arwet g'shwind weck griega. Noh wos hut die Irene gaduh, os wie sich die naus in aim fosht ganay'd om Harold sei hossa. Wos sie gamocht hut wase sie heit noch net, ow'r hut sich die nodel gahairich in die naus garent.

Wil Sei Bait Wexla

So wie die barichda yusht rei kumma sin, wil der shtorekipper Elmer Fehnel fon Cross Roads mohl ains fon da tzeita nuf noch Palmerton tzum Ed Neff gae, fer lessons nemma wie harsh tzu sheesa. Die tzeit wor ols woh der Ed un der Elmer mit nonner k'hun'd hen drowwa on Lake Minnisink, ow'r des yohr is 'n yaderer sei aignie pawd gonga, un der Elmer wor widder in da Pokonose, un der Ed is iwwer der barrick riwwer noch Lechaw kounty kumma un hut 'n alter sooner fon mo harsh g'shossa in da Bock Effel gagend.

Der Elmer sin die barichda het immer ebbel im sock got fer die harsh aw tzawma won er gonga is fer harsh yawga, un hunich fer die barra. Ow'r ebbel odder hunich, der Elmer hut ken tzeit halver 's glick kot mit seina socha wie der Ed hut mit ra buddle Calvert. Allas os der Ed gaduh hut, er hut der flinta lawf paar mohl gariva mit da lara buddle, un bawf, darta hut der harsh grawd fer 'm g'shtonna. Uf kours er hut aw noch paar werta g'sawt wie er gariva hut, uns sin sellie werta os der Elmer gleicha dade tzu larna fom Ed.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

'S alt yohr is so tzu sawga feriwwer, uns aintsich'd os m'r shier wase tzu sawga f