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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To ride, shoot straight, and speak the truth—
This was the ancient Law of Youth.
Old times are past, old days are done;
But the Law runs true, O little son! Davis

WAR AT ITS PEAK IN EUROPE

Bitter and bloody battles have been the order of things in this war but according to all indications the struggle upon the Germans' western front at this time is the most bloody, bitter and serious that has yet been fought anywhere by the Allied forces.

Only a few days ago there was some thought and even more hope that the Germans had engaged in a last desperate enterprise when they launched their attack in Belgium. But since that time new attacks have been launched upon smaller scale and there is hint that the newest one, which already has been powerful, daring and apparently successful, may turn out to be of the same determined nature as that begun in Belgium only a few weeks ago.

While it is not cheering back home to read the reports of a renascence of strength and determination on the part of the Germans and while it means the paying of a bloody price by our armed forces, the hope will be that the war will actually be shortened by the present German tactics. It is to be hoped that their efforts will not succeed and their ends be achieved. Certainly it will have been better for the Allied cause to have German strength waste itself in futile attack than to be slowly destroyed while in defense of Germany itself.

INCHING UP ON LUZON

Again General MacArthur appears to have outguessed the Japanese for when American troops landed yesterday on the island of Marinduque, just south of Luzon, little opposition was encountered and in a few hours the entire island was in American hands.

In the meantime there had been other landings of American troops upon the island of Mindoro and Admiral Nimitz' carrier-based planes and warships had been prowling around Formosa and the Ryuku islands to drop the greatest amount of explosives yet to fall upon those important military areas.

So the Japs' reports during recent days of anticipated invasion by fleets, which their planes had spotted, have proven to be correct but their guess that Luzon was to be invaded proved to be incorrect.

On Marinduque the American air-forces will be less than one hundred miles from the important air-fields around Manila. Across a narrow strait lies the island of Luzon.

General MacArthur, who made a solemn vow that he would return to the Philippines and particularly to Luzon and its Bataan peninsula, now has advanced several thousand miles. From Marinduque he can see Luzon. From Luzon the Japs can see the Americans.

Retribution is catching up with the little yellow fellows. They must know it and they must be able to feel it.

LOCAL HELP FOR WESTERNERS' PLIGHT

One of the big advantages of the State's far-flung highway system was indicated in the departure from this district last week of a gang of men who went into the western part of the State to clear roads closed by exceptionally heavy snow and a blizzard.

While the highway department forces in the western part of the State are sufficient for the general run of snow storms, just as our eastern forces generally can cope with whatever comes, the recent situation was just too much for labor at hand to take care of. Moreover it is impossible in these times to go out anywhere into the cities or the rural villages and recruit gangs of strong workers to handle an emergency. Resource was had to the men of the department working in many distant parts of the State.

It can be expected that in a condition of similar crisis for this part of the State help would be drawn from other sections. It suggests the coordination of forces by the public utility companies when they are hard hit. Thus hundreds of men with trucks, equipment and materials left Pennsylvania and all points hereabouts for New England after tornadoes had laid waste the states in that area.

FOR COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

A poll taken by the National Opinion Research Center reports that 80 per cent of the adults of this country favor compulsory military training for young Americans in time of peace, that only about 17 per cent are opposed and the balance are undecided.

Undoubtedly much of this opinion is shaped and determined by the fact that we are engaged in war. Undoubtedly much opinion would change if and when peace comes inasmuch as in peace Americans have been wont to be very careless about preparation for war. Then when war has been forced upon us we have been very bitter that adequate preparation had not been made therefor.

The probability is that nothing will be done during this war about a matter that is relevant only to peace times. In war, there is no argument about compulsory training. It does not matter if mama did not want her boy to be a soldier. The Government makes one out of him. But when peace comes, the question undoubtedly will become a powerful issue. Perhaps we will remember the lessons which we in these days have convinced ourselves should never be forgotten . . . and when again, we may forget those lessons just as the American people forgot a lot of lessons that the World War taught so powerfully.

16 MILLION NAZIS' CRIME TOTAL

More than 16,350,000 civilians—men, women and children—have been ruthlessly murdered by the Nazis in Occupied Europe, according to the editors of True Magazine who have compiled the first total ever made of German massacre of civilians.

This grim toll, pared to the lowest estimate and checked with official sources, has been broken down nation by nation.

Russia leads the grisly parade with 10,000,000 slain; Poland next with 5,000,000; France's 50,000 murdered does not include 1,000,000 children who, according to DeGaulle, died of starvation. The 83,000 civilians murdered in Greece does not include the 500,000 Greeks who starved to death as a result of German policy. In Yugoslavia, with a pre-war population of 16,000,000 more than 1,000,000 were callously put to death. The Netherlands civilian dead number 145,000 and the Czechs lost 60,000. Belgium's toll is 15,000. Scandinavia fared better with the Nazi oppressors with 750 Norwegian civilians assassinated and 75 in Denmark.

The incredible total of civilian dead points to a program of systematic extermination of conquered populations who disagree with the Master Race. These millions of murdered civilians will undoubtedly haunt the peace table when the war is finally won.

Dies Committee Revival

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The revival of the so-called Dies committee, which comes as a surprise to the left-wingers, ought not to be a surprise at all, for they are the ones who are responsible for it.

The Dies committee, which has been investigating "un-American activities," would never have been renewed nor would such an overwhelming majority been cast for making the committee permanent in the House of Representatives if it had not been for the extreme tactics of the CIO-PAC in the last year. It is an excellent example of how extremists, sometimes even with the best of intentions, over-reach themselves.

For several years now the left-wingers have been attacking the Dies committee either by ridicule or with words of vitriolic condemnation. But these attacks have only served to make more and more suspicious those elements in the House of Representatives which are truly fearful that certain left-wing tendencies in this country and Communism are so close together as to constitute a real menace to the future of American institutions.

Actually the amount of subversive activity in America is probably no greater today than ten years ago, and maybe there are lots of people today who see things under the bed which are not really there. The greatest impetus, however, to the fear that Communistic philosophies might be applied to undermine Constitutional government in America came from the amazing tactics of CIO-PAC in the last campaign. These ignored entirely the advice which the late Samuel Gompers and other leaders of the American Federation of Labor have long tendered to the workers of America, namely that they should not make themselves an instrument of either political party, but support or oppose candidates of both parties on their merits.

During the last year the CIO-PAC concentrated almost entirely on Republicans, and also on those Democrats in the south who had had the temerity to oppose some of the left-wing concepts. Thus Representative Martin Dies, chairman of the committee, and Representatives Starnes of Alabama and Costello of California were defeated in Democratic party primaries through the concentration of effort by the CIO-PAC in those three districts. But the CIO-PAC made the mistake of thinking that the Dies committee consisted of just a few individuals. It failed to realize that back of the Dies committee was very powerful support which could at almost any time command majorities in the House of Representatives.

An examination of the various votes taken either to authorize funds or to continue the Dies committee during the last four years reveals that the committee was in every case upheld by an overwhelming majority. The opposition in votes was always surprisingly small.

What is the true reason for the strength of the Dies committee or its successor which has now been made a permanent part of the committee structure of the House of Representatives? The truth is, as everybody who understands Washington politics realizes, that the forces behind the coalition in the House of Representatives derive their strength from the American Legion, the American Federation of Labor, the Daughters of American Revolution and other patriotic societies, and a not inconsiderable element in the Catholic church whose opposition to Communism or anything that even remotely suggests it is very well known.

The American Federation of Labor has always fought Communism, and when the CIO-PAC movement started and critics said that in that movement were a number of Communists, the American Federation of Labor stood apart, and many of the leaders of AFL and some of the Railroad Brotherhood unions predicted that what the CIO-PAC had done in the 1944 political campaign would rise to plague that organization for many years to come.

Again and again the CIO-PAC has thought it had the Dies committee movement beaten, but it did not realize perhaps that its own pressure to defeat it was largely responsible for the counter-support given to the committee this week by a vote of 207 to 186. Maybe if the left-wingers had let the Dies committee alone, it would have died a natural death long before this.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CONFUSION OF PURPOSE

There are those who insist that because the expression of thought might offend, we ought to stop thinking. They are particularly anxious that we should say nothing that may offend our allies, Soviet Russia and Great Britain. Elmer Davis, who heads, if you remember, the OWI, delivered a speech on the subject recently on the Metropolitan Opera program on the radio. He is worried that something that you or I might write or say will irk Mr. Churchill or Mr. Stalin. They, of course, never worry about what irks us.

What They Think of Us

Let us make a few things clear: each country is in this war not to please its allies but for reasons of its own. And whereas we are able to fight a common enemy, we need not absolutely agree on ultimate objectives. There undoubtedly are vast differences of motive, objective and opinion among the Allies. These differences will not be resolved by silence but by articulation in the sunlight of discussion. Those then who advocate silence are apostles of confusion and ultimate explosion. I welcome the powerful attack upon the United States by the London "Economist," in which we were told off good and proper. Now, we know exactly what the dominant element in British life thinks of us.

One of the principal misunderstandings between ourselves and the British arises from the fact that the British do not expect us to assist them adequately to rehabilitate themselves. They have for years been sending John Maynard Keynes to this country to advise us what we ought to do about practically everything. He is, as you may recall, one of the authors of "pump-priming," which in the early days of the New Deal was supposed to provide full employment but which never did. He is also an advocate of "deficit financing," by which is meant that the more money a government spends and the greater its debt, the more prosperous its people become. This theory is based upon the mathematical formula that 2 minus 2 equals 6.

Lord Keynes' Program

Now, Lord Keynes, rich in honors and power, has been suggesting a program of post-war lend-lease, very much on the hush-hush, that this country provide the British with about $7,000,000,000 for post-war rehabilitation. Although very little can be discovered concerning these negotiations, I hear that the sum has come down to $2,000,000,000 and that we shall make it possible, Congress willing, for the British to do some exporting to our country and to borrow or buy on credit some of our shipping.

This John Maynard Keynes is regarded as a wizard because he has often proved to be all wrong. After the last war, (1919) he wrote a book, which established his reputation, entitled, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," in which he proved that Germany could not pay reparations. He said:

". . . The policy of reducing Germany to servitude for a generation, of degrading the lives of millions of human beings, and of depriving a whole nation of happiness should be abhorrent and detestable,—abhorrent and detestable, even if it were possible, even if it enriched ourselves, even if it did not sow the decay of the whole civilized life of Europe. . . ."

Well, we now know that the Germans were able to build the largest armament in all this world, to equip a modern army, to fight into the sixth year of war, often on two fronts, against the combined strength of the United States, Great Britain and Soviet Russia, in the costliest war of all times. Yet we once thought that John Maynard Keynes's double-entry bookkeeping was correct and we hailed him a wizard.

Keynes desired that the United States set up Europe, principally Germany. He said:

". . . The countries in a position to lend assistance, the neutrals, the United Kingdom, and, for the greater portion of the sum required, the United States, must provide foreign purchasing credits for all the belligerent countries of continental Europe, allied and ex-enemy alike. . . ."

We took his advice and look where we are. If the British are surprised that we are not so ready and eager to take the same kind of advice, they must realize that we are not, as a nation, suffering from amnesia.

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JOHANNES (NASZ) NAAS

(Born about 1670, died 1741)

In the "Deitsch Eck" of Feb. 19, 1944, appeared an old letter written by Johannes Naas to his son, Jacob Wilhelm Naas, who was then living in Switzerland. This old letter was written soon after Johannes Naas arrived at Phila., Pa., and it described his voyage by boat from Europe to America.

The book, "History of the Brethren" (out of print) by Martin G. Brumbaugh, A. M., Ph. D., was consulted and the writer has found therein many interesting incidents about the life of Johannes Naas.

Johannes Naas was born about 1670 at Norten, Westphalia, Germany. His first wife died at Creyfelt, Germany. He had at least one daughter from the first marriage and she married William Grau in Creyfelt, Germany. Naas married the second time and came to America with his second wife Margaret, and Elizabeth a daughter, on the Brigantine "Pennsylvania Merchant", John Stedman, Master from Rotterdam, touching at Plymouth, and landing at Philadelphia, Pa. in September, 1733. They qualified September 18, 1733. Elizabeth, daughter of Naas, married Hannes Landes who settled in Lancaster County, Pa.

Jacob Wilhelm Naas, son of Johannes Naas came to Philadelphia, Pa., with his wife Mary, and 45 emigrants, late inhabitants of the Canton of Berne in Switzerland in the ship "Billander Oliver", Samuel Merchant, Master, and landed at Philadelphia, Pa., August 26, 1735.

Johannes Naas with four families went early to Amwell, N. J., and founded the first Church of The Brethren in New Jersey. The only account of this work in New Jersey is found in Vol. II of Morgan Edwards. The Amwell congregation is located in Hunterdon County, one mile east of Sergeantsville, N. J., and about thirty-eight miles northeast of Philadelphia, Pa. He was elder of the congregation there until his death on May 12, 1741. He is buried beside his wife at Amwell churchyard in an unmarked grave. Naas was a scholarly man, and composed a number of hymns, two of which were included in "The Little Harp," second edition, Baltimore, 1797, published by Samuel Sower, son of Bishop Christopher Sower, Jr.

Johannes Naas was a man of commanding figure. In the year 1715, accompanied by Jacob Priesz, he traveled through the country from Creyfelt to Marienborn and Epstein, proclaiming the Gospel of our Lord. At this time Creyfelt was under the control of the King of Prussia. The King's recruiting officers were canvassing the country to secure recruits for the Prussian army. Every one of sturdy appearance was compelled to enter the service. The King was especially anxious to secure tall, strong men for his own body or life guard.

Naas was just such a man. He was a head taller than any person in the community, and was possessed of a stout, athletic constitution combined with such grace and nobleness of demeanor as to strike a stranger with awe. Priesz (Price) on the contrary, was a small, feeble man.

This Jacob (Priesz) Price (John Jacob Price) came to America in 1719 with Peter Becker. The early Price family was native of Wittgenstein, Germany, and probably originated at Elsoff near Schwartzenau, Germany. He lived for a while at Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., but later settled on a two hundred acre farm on Indian Creek, Montgomery County, Pa., He was a powerful preacher in the Brethren Church. He had only one son, John, who was quite frail. This son, by the advice of the father, married a beautiful Indian maiden. To them were born two sons, Daniel and John. The young father died at the age of twenty-two. The mother returned to her Indian people, and the two boys were reared by their grandfather. From them have descended all the Prices in the Brethren (Dunkard) brotherhood, among them some thirty or forty able ministers.

One day Naas and Price met the king's recruiting officers, whereupon Naas was seized and urged to enlist. He refused. They tortured him to compel him to submit. These tortures consisted of pinching, thumb-screwing, etc., but he steadfastly refused. They then hung him up with a heavy cord by his left thumb and right great toe, in which painful and ignominious position they meant to leave him suspended until he should yield to their demands.

That did not cause him to consent, and fearing that they would kill him if they longer continued their barbarous torture, they cut him down and dragged him by force into the presence of the King.

They explained to the King what they had done and told the King how resolutely and stubbornly he withstood their efforts to enlist him. The King eyed Naas closely and said, "Why, yes, we would much like to have him. Tell me why you refuse to enlist."

"Because," answered the noble Naas, "I cannot, as I have long ago enlisted in the noblest and best army; and I cannot become a traitor to my King."

"And who is your Captain?" asked the King.

"My Captain," answered he, "is the great Prince Immanuel, our Lord Jesus Christ. I have espoused His cause, and cannot and will not refuse Him."

Neither will I then ask you to do so," answered the noble ruler, handing him a gold coin as a reward for his fidelity. The King then released him.

Towanda, Pa. —NELSON H. BERGEY

TWO MONKEYS CAME FROM THEIR NATIVE WOOD

Zwee Affe kumme mol dohaer,
Fer sehne wie's bei Mensche waer;
Sie schtehne schtill fer'n gansi Schtunn,
Gehn widder heem: "Genunk devun!"

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

En Maedelche glee hot Grolle so schee,
So graad in de Mitt uff em Kopp;
Waar alsemol gut as wie ebber kann sei,
Un alsemol wieschderlich grobb.

BRYAN O'LIN HAD NO BREECHES TO WEAR

Dem Bryan O'Lin waarn die Hosse verschosse,
Do macht er vun Schofshaut en neies Paar Hosse;
Die Ledderseit haus, die wollich Seit drin,
"Ah ha, die sin waarm!" saagt der Bryan O'Lin.

JACK SPRATT HAD A CAT

Der Ruwie Schpatz, er hot en Katz,
Die Katz hot yuscht ee Ohr;
Noh hot sie aa noch Butter kaaft,
Wie Butter am deierschte waar.

—Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

EM TSCHEKI SEI GEESS

Der Tscheki hot em Santa Claus g'schriwwe far unnerschiddliche Sache, wie Kinner farkammen duhne. So wie ich verschteh, waar eens en Geessbock, un en anners waar en Pulwerbichs. Awwer bis Grischtdaag verbei waar un ken Geess iss der Weg kumme, waar's em Tscheki verleed. Er iss awwer ewennich misdrauisch warre wege 'm Santa Claus.

Dann karzlich nooch Neiyohr hot de Tillie ihre Beau en alder Geess rum gebrocht un g'saat der Santa Claus hett darrich en Mistake der Bock am letzte Blatz gelosst. Un far e Weil, waar der Tscheki schier wild mit Lusch un Freed. Wie er 'n eischpanne hot welle an seim kleene Schlidde iss er awwer wennich schdreidich warre. Iwwerdem hot ihre Beau schpanischer Peffer uff em Geess sei Wiskers g'schmisse, un dann iss es abgange.

Der Geess hot geniest un geblaerrt un em Tschecki eens zum Barzel nei g'schtosse wie en Riggelweg Accident.

"Sell hot yo eig'schlagge wie en Pulwerbichs", hot der Tschecki g'saat, "un ich hab aa g'schriwwe defor, yuscht ich hab eeni hawwi welle as vorwarts dreibt anschtatts vun hinnebei."

Er waar yuscht am uffgraddle, dann hot der Geess nochemol geniest un geblaerrt un widder eens uff der Barzel geblanst. Der Tschecki iss hinnich die Polly g'schprunge un wie ich dezu kumme bin, waar der Tschecki un die Polly un der Geess all uff eem Haufe, un der Tschecki hot marderlich gegrische un die Polly hot rasend g'scholde un gebet, un der Geess hot geniest un geblaerrt un gebockt, un wie die Tillie kumme iss sehne was letz iss in de Kich, hot der Geess sie verwischt an de Kellerdier un sie hot die Lung verschprengt mit em aerschte Krisch un iss die Dreppe nunner, wie en Schdraale Blitz uff ere Gewidderrud, un der Geess hot geniest un geblaerrt un der Tschecki un die Polly sin uff der Schpeicher g'schprunge un der Till ihre Beau hot der Geess nausegeyaagt.

Iwwerdem kummt der Parre am Hauseck rum un der Geess hot nochemol geniest un geblaerrt un ihm eens hiegebockt wu er hockt, un der Parre iss g'schprunge kumme un g'saat er waer g'schosse, un die Polly iss vum Schpeicher kumme mit em Tschecki hinnedrei am Brille un e bissel g'flucht, un der Parre hot g'saat, er gingt zum Deiwel far so Warte saage, un der Tschecki hot g'saat, er gebts nichs drum, awwer er schiesst seller Geess eb er geht.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK (1871-1939)

ES ROT KREIZ

Die greescht Mutter in der Welt

Weescht du wer de aarme Leit helft,
Wann sie hungrich sin un kalt?
Nochbere kenne net genunk helfe,
Weil es nemmt zu viel vun all.
Des heert noh die grosse Mutter—
Un sie bringt glei Hilf do bei,
Bringt en Dokter un bringt ne Esse,
Un en Nurse iss aa debei.

Wann es reggert, schlosst un dimmelt,
Un die Wasser warre hoch,
Heiser kummen unner Wasser,
Un Leit, die sin in grosser Not;
Ya, dann kummt die grosse Mutter,
Dutt in drockne Bletz sie nei;
Bringt ne Hilf, dass sie kenne lewe,
Bis der Druwwel iss verbei.

In dem Krieg dutt sie aa helfe,
Soldaate un gewehnliche Leit zugleich,
Dass sie net enanner verliere,
Bringt Hilf un Blut, wu es gebreicht.
Setten mer net rechtschaffe helfe,
De Mutter, wu so viel Gutes dutt?
Far sie schtricke, naehe, Dressings mache,
So dass sie helfe kann, reich un gut?

Iwwer die gans Welt dutt sie fliege,
Ihr Flag—'s Rot Kreiz uff weissem Feld.
Millione vun Leit, die duhne helfe
Un schaffe far die Mutter vum Rote Kreiz.
Es will en yeder sei Deel duh,
Schtricke un naehe un kolleckte dezu;
Uff viele Wege kenne mer helfe,
Dass sie ihr gut Werk kann weiter duh.

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

WANN D' WOLF SEI WITT

Der Bonnie meecht gaern Wolf mol sei,
Er dailt sich uff so gut er kann;
Er groilt sei Hohr un broscht die Zaeh,
Er meent, 's waer g'frogt vun ihm net meh!

Der Wolf saagt ihm, des waer en Ehr
Mit ihm zu geh un all sei Pals;
So'n guti Zeit hett er nie g'hatt,
Des meent zu ihm en grossi Lot!

Far'n karze Zeit waar alles recht,
Der Bonnie waar gaar uffgepufft;
Er hot browiert uff vier Bee geh,
Graad wie sei Pal—aa graad so schee!

Der Wolf hot sich gaar voll gelacht,
Un macht sei G'schpass vum dumme Haas,
Un saagt zu ihm, "Nemm des heit ei,
Ken dummer Haas en Wolf kann sei!"

Un mit dem g'saat, schpringt er uff ihn
Un saagt noch mol: "Gid epp, doh geht's!
Die G'schpass vun nau iss graad verbei—
Ich fress dich uff, dann bischt du mei!"

Des waar graad's End vum Bonnie dart,
Es Hupse geht bei Haase yuscht!
Wann d' Wolf sei witt, aa Wolf musscht sei!
Des laernt der Haas im Wolf aa glei!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ.

'N BRIEF

Eileschwamm
an der Bisskatzegrick
bei der Nuff-un-nunner-Saegmiehl

Liewer Editor:

Ich hett schunn lang en Andwart zu deim Brief vum 12. September schreiwe solle. Der Druwwel iss, ich bin immer zu viel wie der alt Henner Hundsnickel—der waar alfart mied gewest un hot oft g'saat: "Ich gleich daags mei Ruh un nachts mei Schlof". Wann mer ewwe zu faul iss, un a noch wennich alwannich dabei, dann verlappt mer ewwe 's Schreiwe, wie der Jim Buchanan 's Heiere.

In deim Brief hoscht du ordlich hart g'schtichelt, ich sott dir deitsche Schticker schreiwe. Seil macht mich an en G'shicht denke, das schund lang zerick g'schehe iss. Es sin en paar Buwe zum Rube Huntzinger kumme far Ebbel un Seider. Ich hab den alt Rube seilewe net g'sehne—er hot long gelebt var meinre Zeit. Awwer wann er halwer so gut waar wie sei Bu, der Sam, dann waar er all recht. Der Sam waar mei Sundaagschullehrer, wie ich en gleener Gribs waar. Er hot uns guter Rot gewwe. Die wu ihm g'follickt hen, sin gut ahead kumme; die wu net hen, sin schund lang zu Grund gange. Well, wie die Buwe zum alte Rube kumme sin, hot kenner nichs saage wolle. 'S ledscht saagt der greescht vun ne—"Die Buwe hen mich uffg'schtifft, ich sott schtichle far Ebbel un Seider, awwer ich duh's es net." Der Rube guckt sie aa un noh fangt er aa lache un geht un grickt 'n Karrebvoll Ebbel un 'n Pitchervoll Seider. Well, ich dreh selli Schtori nau rum. Du hoscht g'schtichelt, ich sott dir deitsche Schticker schreiwe, awwer ich "duh's es net."

Ich daet gaern schreiwe, awwer es will net recht vun der Schipp rutsche. Des Schpelle iss aa immer so dumm. 'S iss woll wie der John Birmelin mol g'saat hot:

Saagt mer mol, wie soll mer schpelle!
Sell macht immer bissel Schtreit;
Was mer nau net hawwe welle,
Schiebt mer graad mol uff die Seit.

Soll mer Deitsch wie Englisch schreiwe?
Deel, die meene sell waer recht.
Soll des Deitsch beim Deitsche bleiwe?
Nau—sell guckt emol net schlecht.

Noh iss aa der deitsch Gremmer. Well, mer hot als ahead kumme kenne unni Schpelle un Gremmer. Mannicher deitscher Bu iss aus der Schul gedriwwe warre darrich Gremmer Schtoddi-e. Rechle un Historyhot mer zimmlich gut schtende kenne. "Tschaakrefi" hot eem wennich verdriesselt. "Fissiolotschi" hot eem gewisse wie acht gewwe uff sich—awwer dreckich Gremmer-Schtoddi-e—sell soll der Deiwel hole! Was batt's, eb mer 'n Sentens deigremme kann odder net? In Deitsch hot mer niemols so en Wese g'hatt. Awwer nau kummt der John Frey mit me deitsche Gremmer. Mer wolle als aus der Schul, so dass mer net Gremmer schtoddi-e brauche. In Deitsch kenne mer ahead kumme unni so Dummheete. Wei, des Deitsch iss yo in uns gebore—mer schwetze es yo eb mer laafe kenne—ferwas dann solle mer Gremmer schtoddi-e? Ich warn der Frey, er soll sich net sehne losse unner uns Deitsche—er meecht in Lewensg'faahr sei! Die dumme Neiichkeete hen ken Blatz in unserm Lewe.

Well, ich bin wennich vum "Subject" kumme. Ich heer ebber saage, "Bleib in deim Johannes!" wie der alt Bichseschmidt, der Michael Wolfgang, zum Parre gegrische hot, halbwegs in der Breddich, wie der Parre vum Text gange waar. Ennihau, do muss ich saage, dass ich dir unner kenre Meening en deitsch Schtick schreiwe duh. Du hoscht g'saat mei Schreiwes, wu du doyetz gedruckt hoscht, waer gut gewest un hoscht's gelobt. Ich will dir awwer zu verschteh gewwe, wie der Sam Neigard vun der Machadungie als g'saagt hot, "Ich will net gelobt sei, unless es iss schtricktly Cash."

Well, des muss es duh far dessemol. Geb gut acht uff dich un schreib so viel deitsche Schticker, as du witt, awwer fodder's net vun mir, "Ich duh's es net."

YOCKEL BUMBESCHWENKEL
(sei Maerrick)

der 23. Dec., 1944

Deaths of a Day

CHARLES E. COFFELL

Charles Edgar Coffell of 1631 Turner St., died yesterday at his home. He was a former employe of the Allentown hospital.

Surviving are a son, Charles H. Coffell of Detroit, Mich., and a daughter, Mrs. Margaret Saylen, Ridley Park. His wife, the late Jennie, nee Mest, Coffell, preceded him in death nine years ago.

Rev. Simon Sipple will officiate at services at the McCarty funeral home, 1745 Turner St., on Monday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the Laurel cemetery.

MRS. MARY E. FRANKENFIELD

Mrs. Mary E., nee Deaterly, Frankenfield, 83, widow of Eli Frankenfield, of Franklin St., Bethlehem, died at 11 p. m. Thursday at the home of her son, Charles D. Frankenfield, at 401 N. 8th St., Allentown.

She was born Dec. 18, 1861, the daughter of the late Louis and Lucy Ziegenfuss Deaterly. Mrs. Frankenfield was a member of the Hilltown Lutheran church, Bucks county.

Surviving are a son, Charles D. Frankenfield, Allentown, and two daughters: Mrs. George Allington, Detroit, Mich., and Clara Frankenfield, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 1 p. m. at the Miller funeral home, 529 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem, with continued services at 2:15 p. m. in the Hilltown Lutheran church, Bucks county. Burial will be in the cemetery adjoining the church.

MRS. MARY MEILINGER

Mrs. Mary, nee Marsh, Meilinger of 444 Carlton Ave., Bethlehem, died yesterday in St. Luke's hospital. She was the widow of John Meilinger.

She had resided in Bethlehem for the past 55 years. Her husband died many years ago.

Surviving are her mother, Mrs. Mary Marsh, Ithaca, N. Y.; a daughter, Mrs. Rudolph Bechorner, and a son, Joseph Meilinger, both of Bethlehem; a sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Pointek, and a brother, Julius Marsh, both of Ithaca, N. Y., and two grandchildren.

MRS. THERESA COSMANO

Mrs. Theresa Cosmano, 23, wife of Joseph Cosmano, and daughter of Julius and Theresa (nee Posh) Ring of 539 N. Jordon St., died yesterday morning at the Indiana, Pa., hospital. She had been ill a week.

Born in this city she attended the Sacred Heart school and Allentown High school. She was visiting at her husband's home at the time of her illness.

Besides her husband and parents she is survived by the following brothers and sisters, Mary, wife of W. Kahn of Mich., Corp. Julius Jr., Army, South Pacific; Hermina, N. Y. C.; Private Francis, Fort Meade, Md.; Lillian, Dorothy, Robert and Herbert, at home. She is also survived by her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Mary Franits of Northampton, and her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Cecelia Ring, Austria.

MRS. CORA SERFASS

Mrs. Cora A. Serfass, 69, wife of Frank Serfass, 127 Prospect St., Nazareth, died in t. Luke's hospital at 10 p.m. Thursday. She was admitted Dec. 30. Death was due to cerebral hemorrhage.

Mrs. Serfass was a resident of Nazareth for many years, born in Upper Nazareth township, the daughter of the late Rudolph and Hannah (nee Scholl) Edelman. She was a member of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church and the auxillary of Harold V. Knecht post, 415, American Legion, of Nazareth. She was twice-married, her first husband, John Remaley, preceding her in death.

In addition to her husband she is survived by one step-son, Sterling Serfass, and one step-daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Shankweiler, both of Nazareth; seven grandchildren; one sister, Mrs. Frank Rissmiller, and one brother, Elmer Edelman, both of Nazareth.

Funeral services will be held in the Schmidt mortuary, Belvidere and Fairview Sts., Nazareth, at 3 p.m. Sunday, with Rev. Walter H. Diehl, pastor of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church, officiating. Burial will be made in the family plot in Greenwood cemetery, Nazareth.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

An Anda Shpree

Golly reich nocha mohl, wos hut der Richard "Ted" Fronheiser un sei fraw die Edith fon Edgemont Avenue, Palmerton, net da onner dawg 'n anda shpree kot. 'S sin wenich socha os der "Ted" besser gleich'd tzu essa os wie anda flaish, uns same halt aw ous bei seinra Edith. Won sie anda tzu essa hen don sin sie tzu fritta, un is leicht tzu denka os der "Ted" da onner dawg iwwer 's gons g'sicht galocht hut wie er k'hoert hut woh etlicha anda wolfel tzu kaufa weara.

Der "Ted" hut die anda aw kauft, un sie lavendich hame ganumma mit ra maining fer mohl alns fon da dawga 'n wunnerborer guter anda middawg howwa. Allas wor ol recht bis er shier om hinkle shtol wor woh er die anda nei duh hut wolla. Noh "Woopah," shier os wie won sie g'ahmutzt gawest wera, sin tzwae fon da anda 'm ous garissa, un aenie is aina waig nous, fert g'floga, un die onnerer 'n onnerer waig. Der "Ted" wor gabutta, un hut yusht net gawist wie aw tzu gae, odder wos tzu duh fer die anda widder tzurick griega.

'S airsht hut er gatzailt kot fer brovierra fer die anda lavendich fonga, un wie sel net g'shoft hut, hut er ous gamocht fer sie sheesa. Un er hut sie aw g'shossa, 's airsht aenie, un noh die r ner, un sie hame tzu seinra Edith ganumma fer rubba un butza.

Anda rubba is aenichie tzeit 'n chob, un arbadich so won sie recht shtubblich un fusserich sin. Nns hut die Edith aw gore ken tzeit ganumma fer ous finna os des fon da hesslichda anda worra fer butza os sie in ihr'm lava g'sehna hut kot. Un die shtubbla un fusserra worra noh net noch 's shlimsh'd dafon,—wos die Edith 's aller arrickshd fertfiarnt hut wor, tzu sehna wie hesslich dar os die anda worra. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie worra net may os wie 'n hond fol houd un gnocha bis sie gabutzt worra, un het so gore budder odder fet ganumma fer 'n fershtannichie anda sub kocha. Aenicha waig, die Edith hut so sot anda kot bis sie sellie tzwae garubb'd un gabutzt hut kot, os sie secht sie wot in ihr'm lebdawg ken ra anda may ins g'sicht gucka.

So weit os der "Ted" uf kours aw gonga is, er hut net so iwwel ous gamocht darrich die anda shpree. Ferof os wenich shunshd tzu duh wor wie gnocha ob suckla, hut er 'n lot exercise grick'd dadarrich. Mohl fers aller airsht hut er die exercise kot fer da anda noh shpringa wie sie 'm darrich gonga worra, un noh aw widder bis er sie endlich g'shossa hut kot. Doch wor sel noch gore nix gaeich wos er 'n gutie tzeit kot hut fer die anda so tzu sawga laenich essa un klaimt er wear aenicha dawg widder ready fer nocha mohl so wolfla anda kaufa won sie aw so dar weara os sie robbla dada.

Shier Unglawblich

War het gadenk'd os 'n shule maishder'n 'n brill weara mist fer shlofa gae? Sel ow'r sin die barichda wear, wos 'm Martin Guth fon Egypt sei fraw die shule maishder'n Alma dade, won sie ins bed gait. Die Alma is arrick fer laisa, un gleich'd weil tzu laisa eb sie shlofa gait. Da onner owet wor ihra Martin noh net dahame wie sie ins bed is, un hut sich mit tzomta glaider ufs bed galaig'd un fer 'n weil laisa. Endlich is sie ei g'shlofa un noh widder wocker werra un hut widder fer 'n weil galaisa.

'S nagshd os wor, is sie widder wocker werra, un wie sie mohl rum gaguck'd hut ferhoftich sei won der Martin net aw im bed wor un hut noh net fershtae kenna won er hame kumma wear, un hut g'shwind ihra glaider ous un die nocht kut aw, 's licht ous gadray'd un is aw ins bed.

Now die socha weara ferleicht ob galoffa unna aenich ebber ebbes ous finna dafon, wons net gawest wear fer paar nochberra os da nagshda dawg gawunnert hen eb ebber nochts gronk gawest wear ons Martins. Die Alma hut fergessa kot tzu gucka wos tzeit os es wor wie sie endlich ins bed is, ow'r die nochberra hen gamaint die weil os die gons nocht helling gawest wear in ihra bed shtub bis moryets sex uhr, hetta sie net onnishder gadenk'd os wie 's wear ebber gronk ons Martins'. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Alma die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns os sie shlofa gait mit da brill uf.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die onner woch on ra fendu 's lond drous, hen m'r mohl fers airsht mohl 'n aewichie ungruh g's

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Ah! cruel record keeps the earth
On her broad bosom sleeping;
Her face is writ with scars of woe,
Her blossoms wet with weeping.
The loveliest spot she hath may be
Some lonely soul's Gethsemane.
Cooke.

A NEW BOSS OF CHINA SEA

When invasion of Luzon had been begun it was felt certain that the Japs would make all effort to reinforce their troops upon this important island, to maintain communications with them and if possible also to destroy the American sea forces which were hovering around the island in support of the invasion troops.

It is gratifying that Admiral Nimitz has permitted neither event to occur for it now has become evident that instead of waiting for Jap reinforcements to arrive near Luzon or for attacking naval units to sneak upon the American fleet west of Luzon, Nimitz sent strong forces out to hunt for any and all Japanese who might be moving toward Luzon for either purpose.

On Thursday an American fleet, including a strong carrier force, arrived off the coast of Indo-China and within 100 miles of Saigon and Camranh Bay, hunting for Jap warships, troopships and any planes which might be coming out from land bases in Indo-China. They found only two of the three types of enemies they had hoped to meet, namely troop and supply ships and planes. There was a notable absence of warships in the convoy of the troops. That is to say there were fewer such ships than normally are sent out to protect the movement of troop ships and supply ships.

This daring action almost a thousand miles west of Luzon was prolific of results. More than a score of Jap ships were sunk, including some of the few warships in the convoys. Jap planes that ventured to close with carrier-based fighters were knocked down and American flyers ranged for hundreds of miles in attacks upon land bases in Indo-China.

It is possible that the Jap fleet, wherever its remnants may be in hiding, will be forced by this and previous actions to come out into the open for battle. Obviously Nimitz is hunting for the fleet, without whose support the Japs can move nothing on the sea and without which the Japs will be a hopelessly defeated nation. That the Japs are rather unwilling for such contact is to be presumed from their experiences back in late October when so many of their warships were sunk off Leyte, including their finest battleship, as confirmed within recent days and reported positively only yesterday.

So Admiral Nimitz has done a splendid job in guarding the back door to Luzon through which General MacArthur entered just a few days ago. Instead of waiting for the Japs to come to Lingayen Gulf, Nimitz went out to meet them a thousand miles away and let them know it was impossible to reach the Philippines.

The entire matter is not merely a matter of splendid strategy but it is also an evidence of the tremendous strength of the American Navy and its control of the Pacific. Three years ago that Navy was pinned down around Pearl Harbor and Australia. Today it is ranging around the coast of China. In recent weeks it has been sailing in the vicinity of Formosa. In very brief time now it can be expected to be steaming along the coast of Japan. In other words, there is no place in the Pacific or the China Sea where the American Navy is unable to move with almost absolute assurance of safety.

PUBLIC OFFICIALS MUST SAVE

When the shortage of gasoline and tires became serious, it became a matter of patriotism and good publicity for public officials both of the elective and appointive groups to effect economies.

How such reduction of mileage by publicly owned cars has yielded dividends in money and the saving of equipment for state and local governments and the national war effort, is made known in reports from 45 states and the District of Columbia, as compiled by the Council of State Governments.

These reports show that during the first six months of 1944, the publicly owned cars of these 45 political subdivisions saved 211,121,000 miles of travel. On a state-by-state basis the reduction in mileage averaged 35 per cent. On a basic cost of 5c per mile, this means a saving of at least $10,550,000 to the States.

Translated into terms of vital equipment, the figures mean that the mileage reduction programs of the states—which include car pools, central dispatching, share-the-ride practices—have saved 14,068,000 gallons of gasoline, 28,136 tires and 3,517 motor vehicles, all needed for the armed forces.

Topping the list of the states submitting complete figures for the six months period is South Carolina with a 56 per cent cut in mileage. Other states with reductions of 40 per cent or more are Arizona, 40 per cent; Kentucky, Rhode Island and South Dakota, 44 per cent; Montana, 47 per cent; Nevada and Oklahoma, 49 per cent; Connecticut, 50 per cent.

Greatest mileage savings for the six months were made by Pennsylvania, Indiana, California, New York, South Carolina and Illinois; these states together saved more than 72,000,000 miles—better than 12,000,000 miles a month.

Of the local governmental level, meantime, some 600 municipalities and counties representing 22 states reduced their official travel by 30 per cent during the second quarter of 1944, saving a total of 19,972,000 miles during the three month period.

From a total mileage of 67,353,000 for the second quarter of 1941, travel was reduced to 47,380,000 during the corresponding quarter of 1944. Of the local government units reported in the survey, 165 were counties; all the rest were cities, boroughs, townships and other incorporated places, varying in size from slightly under 5,000 population to large metropolitan centers.

The Vandenberg Speech

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Senator Vandenberg, of Michigan, has made one of the greatest speeches of the war period. Not only has he penetrated the fog of misunderstanding that has arisen recently in connection with British, Russian and American policies in interpreting the Atlantic charter, but he has outlined a practical solution.

Mr. Vandenberg not only contributed something constructive in his proposals for Allied unity, but he swept away completely any idea that the Republican party in the United States Senate is to obstruct in any way the movement for the establishment of an international organization to assure world peace.

Not a trace of partisanship or captious criticism is to be found in Mr. Vandenberg's utterance, which gains prestige because he is the chairman of the Republican conference of Senators and because also he is one of the most powerful members of the Senate Foreign Relations committee.

The address will be read abroad. It should be taken to heart by Russia, Britain and France, as well as the smaller countries of Europe, because it states unequivocally what is in the hearts of a vast number of people, namely, that no sacrifice is too big to make to assure American participation in a world organization to maintain peace when this war is concluded.

The Sentiment of America

Mr. Vandenberg, to a remarkable degree, voiced the sentiments of Americans, irrespective of party, who for the last two or three weeks have been bewildered and disheartened. It was like a breath of fresh air to have a Republican leader say forthrightly that the United States is ready and willing to lend its influence and power and indeed its physical force to maintain peace in Europe in future years. It was the kind of speech which, if it had been made in 1919 and 1920 by the then leaders of the Republican party in the Senate, would perhaps have prevented World War II.

Mr. Vandenberg's proposal is a simple one. He says, in effect, that fear of the rebirth of German aggression is the heart of all the grasping for territory in Poland, the Balkans and in the Mediterranean. He is exactly right, because at the Paris peace conference that was the principal thing that Woodrow Wilson encountered. No matter what he said about the provisions of the League of Nations looking toward the enforcement of peace, the military men and the so-called realists of that day insisted that buffer states and alliances and agreements were necessary in order to keep Germany from rearming. But when the time came and allied statesmanship in Europe was called upon to prevent the rise of Hitler's power, Britain, France and Russia did not take the necessary steps. If the physical force of the United States could have been pledged at that time so that Hitler would know and the other nations would know that the United States was ready and willing to play an active part in preserving peace, Germany might never have gone to war.

There will be, of course, some difference of opinion as to the merits of Mr. Vandenberg's proposal to the effect that the United States, Great Britain, France and Russia should together agree to demilitarize Germany and permit immediate use of force to assure such demilitarization. Mr. Vandenberg went so far as to say that the Congress could Constitutionally delegate its power to the President to act immediately so that it would not be necessary to ask for further authority from Congress where a rebirth of German aggression was concerned. This, to be sure, would be a far-reaching commitment. It has been made in analogous fashion by the able Republican Senator from Vermont, Warren Austin, who has worked so hard in support of the Dumbarton Oaks agreement.

Senator Connally Commends

The favorable comments on Mr. Vandenberg's speech made by the Democratic leader, Senator Connally, of Texas, who is chairman of the Foreign Relations committee, is an indication that both parties are working together in the United States Senate in a common cause. Incidentally, Mr. Connally made a point that was aimed at those superficial critics of American foreign policy who are enamored of European imperialism and spheres of influence, at those critics who are constantly berating their own country because it does not imitate foreign countries, and at those critics who forget that before the airplane crossed the Atlantic or the Pacific there was much less of a belief in the need for a worldwide organization than there is today. Said Mr. Connally:

"I hear much talk about our foreign policy. Orators thrust their hands in their bosoms, columnists grasp their fountain pens and put their typewriters to work and say, 'The United States has no foreign policy,' and they want to know what our foreign policy is.

"When they make such statements and propound such inquiries they are unconsciously comparing what they call our foreign policy with the foreign policy of some foreign country. We have no foreign policy in the sense that we are all over the earth trying to grab territories here, there, and elsewhere. We have no foreign policy if the idea is to seek preferential trade agreements and advantages all over the earth. But we do have a foreign policy which is known to all who want to know it. It is known to all except a few critics."

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

VETERANS JOBS

The American Legion and other organizations devoted to the ex-soldier ought to assume the responsibility of making certain that the returned soldier gets not only a job but the job he left, if he still wants it and is physically fit for it. Many soldiers believed when they went to war that the Selective Service Act guaranteed every soldier his job. Section 8 of the Selective Service Act will undoubtedly have to be tested in the courts to find out specifically what it does mean. The Act does not protect the boys and girls who left high school and college during this war and have no seniority at all. Are they or are they not entitled to jobs when they return from the mud of Belgium and the tropics of India and Burma? Who is to say to them, "Buddy, you ain't got no seniority."

Phil Murray said "The C.I.O. contends that every person once in uniform has a call on a job." Fine! Yet seniority does arise and when cutbacks created a false optimism, the Communist and the negro press started an agitation for some kind of a quota system for laying off negroes and whites which bore all the earmarks of an attempt to freeze out the veteran. Mr. Murray also said:

"It is apparent therefore that an economic situation must prevail during and following reconversion in which there are more jobs than there are people to fill them. . ."

Well, suppose there are not more jobs. The President has a figure of 60,000,000 jobs. He has never disclosed the arithmetic by which he calculated this figure. The figure for October, 1944 shows 38,481,000 employed in non-agricultural establishments; this is about 1,237,000 less than October, 1943. Manufacturing industries report 12,660,000 in October, 1944 as compared with 13,965,000 in October, 1943, a loss of 1,305,000 in this most important category alone. One of the few categories which witnessed an increase during this period was "employment and payroll in Regular Federal Services and in government corporations." They increased by 88,713.

Those 60,000,000 Jobs

It would be interesting to know whether the President's 60,000,000 jobs is a figure or a mere ejaculation. If he can produce 60,000,000 jobs, nobody will be out of work. This country will be enjoying the greatest prosperity it has ever known. But suppose it is just the opposite? What becomes of the veteran and who gets first choice at the pickings?

Apparently the A. F. of L., the C.I.O. and the Veterans of Foreign Wars have a program that would provide the veteran with cumulative seniority for every month he has been at war. But there are many differences of opinion as to how this accrued seniority for the veteran is actually to be applied—and will he have to join a union to get a job whether he wants to or not? The general attitude is expressed by Phil Murray when he says:

"This agreement does not propose that a returning veteran has accrued seniority in any plant or factory before he is on the payroll of that plant or factory. This could not be true, just as a man cannot write checks on a bank until he has an account therein."

Accrued Seniority Meaningless

In a word, accrued seniority is meaningless, a mere promise until a veteran actually gets a job. But if those who did not go to war hold the jobs and there is a job shortage, what does the veteran get?

I think that the answer to all this is very simple. No matter how loyal, how staunch, how faithful a worker has been, he has made no sacrifice comparable to a veteran's. There is no possible discussion of the civilian and the soldier on the same level. Therefore, we must be certain that the veteran gets a job and gets it first and quickly. And we must be certain that if he worked for a firm that wants him back on the old job, nothing shall stop him from going back to that job. After that we can deal with other questions. It must be veterans first!

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A Danish engineer's plan for driving a tunnel under the sea between Sweden and Denmark is being considered in Stockholm.

Appeals have been made to the Mexican government to curb profiteering and take other steps to stop the soaring cost of living.

The French Zone of Morocco will permit entry of only absolutely essential articles from the United States by parcel post.



ANS HANNESE

vum

ASTOR C. WUCHTER

The Reverend Astor C. Wuchter (1856-1933), Lutheran clergyman and teacher of languages at the Rudy Institute in Paris and at Wittenberg College; was not only a keen student of our dialect and observer of Pennsylvania German ways of life, but he was also one of our most distinguished poets. Few have equalled him in metrical skill and perhaps none in his mastery of dialect diction and picturesque phrasing. The narrative poem here offered presents a rather dismal domestic scene. It was one of his earliest poems. It was written nearly half a century ago and published in the ALLENTOWN DEMOCRAT. It deserves to be reprinted, if for no other reason than to perpetuate the SCHOCKELLIED (Lullaby), certainly one of the lyrical gems in our dialct.—ED.

Ans Hannese geht's haer wie's kann,
'S geht drunner un's geht driwwer;
Un wann ee Rauns mol faerdich iss,
Noh mache sie sie iwwer.
Der Hannes iss ken schlechter Mann,
Doch kennt's e bissel besser sei;
'S geht ewwe wie mer's oft so sehnt,
Net iwwrich zaart, net iwwrich fei.

Der Hannes hot sei eeg'ner Kopp,
Den waerd er net verliere;
Er hot en schunn vum Daadi haer—
Er weess wie'n Schiff zu schtiere.
Yuscht ann're hen as ihre Kepp
Un hen sie aa net g'schtohle yo;
Wann paar so Kepp noh schtuwwrich sin,
Do rabbelt's gaern im lange Schtroh.

Der Hannes meent als immer noch
En Schnepsel daet nichs schadde,
Noh kummt er oft am Owed heem
Un hot zu viel gelaade.
Un wann er in so'n Rauschel kummt,
Noh suit en nichs im ganse Haus;
Wann ebbes noh im "Kischtel" schteckt,
Des kummt wie "siwwe Deiwel" raus.

Die Bolli heest er 'n fauli Schlapp,
Er saagt 're all die Fehler;
Sie waer zu dumm far'n Geeschelschtock,
Zu dumm far'n Hoischtock-Zaehler.
Wann er's gewisst hett varderhand,
Er hett sich schur en ann're grickt;
Sie hett doch nichs ins Haus gebrocht
Un waer noch selwer halb verrickt.

Er schmeisst 're ihre Daadi vor,
Die Schwechtre un die Brieder;
'S waer nichs mit kem im ganse Schtall—
Kens fit far Karcheglieder.
So macht er fart bis dass er schloft,
Un hot die Alt schier dot gequaelt;
Daags schafft sie sich schier halb kaput
Un waerd net meh wie's Vieh gezaehlt.

Er denkt meh vun seim alte Gaul,
As wie vun seine Kinner;
Wann do net alles recht bariert,
Noh geht's as wie beim Schinner.
Der Yockel muss ihm fart vum Hof,
Die Gret, die grickt ken Aufenthalt;
Un wann mol ebbes iwwrich bleibt—
Der Henker hol's mit yung un alt!

Des suit of kors die Bolli net,
Des kammer sich yo denke;
Ich glaab aa wann sie'n annri waer,
Die gengt un daet sich henke.
'S iss aa gewiss ken aryi G'schpass,
Wann eens browiert sei Pflicht zu duh,
Un waerd noh noch so rumg'schtumpiert,
Grickt knapps die Gleeder un die Schuh.

Die Bolli nemmt's geduldich aa,
Was will sie ewwe mache?
So newe bei, so zwische drin,
Gebt's ebbes doch zum Lache.
Der Mond iss aa net immer voll,
Er nemmt als ab un nemmt als zu;
So geht's beim Hannes, Gott sei Dank!
So zwische drin iss oft noh Ruh.

Ans Hannese geht's haer wie's kann,
Geht's gut, so geht's net iwwel;
So wie der Wind am Scharnschtee blost,
So blost er uff em Hiwwel.
Der Hannes iss ken schlechter Mann,
Doch wie mer's scheint, kennt's besser sei;
Was weiters noch zu saage iss,
Des bring ich weiter unne rei.

Feb., 1897

II

Ans Hannese geht's immer noch
Recht drunner un recht driwwer;
Der Hannes kummt noch immer heem
Mit so 're gleene Schliwwer.
Des Ding iss gaar nichs neies meh
Deheem, im Schtedtel, uff der Car,
Un wer noch gut am rieche iss,
Der merkt en schunn vun weitem har.

Die Bolli iss ken iwwli Fraa,
Des muss mer ihre losse;
Wann's net waer far der Naame, gosh!
Ich glaab sie greecht sich Hosse.
Sie sorgt far alles, ennihau,
Vun maryets frieh bis owets schpot.
Was will mer wammer'n Hannes hot?
Schier besser Wittfraa odder dot!

Der Hannes iss net oft deheem,
Des muss mer net vergesse;
Er iss die menscht Zeit uff der Schtross
Am Schtaagefens abmesse.
Waa er sich adverteise daet
Im "Ellsdaun Bote", ya, ich wett
Er greecht meh jobs (die Bolli secht's)
As seller Hexedokter hett.

So Capers batte schur mol nichs,
Net meh wie'n Hund im Kaschte;
Die Bolli secht 's waer lang genunk,
Sie kennt's net lenger baschte.
Wie sie der Hannes g'heiert hett,
Do hett sie'n grickt far'n Mann;
Nau hett sie yuscht so'n Lodel do,
As schtinkt wie'n alter Demijohn.

Wann Schof un Beck mol g'schore sin,
Gebt's blendi Woll zu zoppe;
Un wann die Gens mol ready sin,
Noh geht's ans Feddere roppe.
Die Bolli iss alt-fashion noch,
Was viel Leit meene, waer noch's Bescht;
Ich glaab die Feggel meene's aa—
Sie hocke 's liebscht uff darre Nescht.

Wann als der Hannes griddlich waerd,
Un losst die Bense rabble,
Un hickt so schtrack wie'n Weidebaam,
Wann's windich iss, wie'n Babble,
Noh grickt die Bolli aa als Schpank
Un weisst em wie mer Boideeg macht;
Un bis so'n Rauns veriwwer iss,
Hot kens yuscht g'hockt un hot gelacht.

Net lang zerick hot's mol geknallt,
Sie waar am G'scharr abwesche;
Der Hannes hockt dart hinnerm Disch
Un flucht, er daet sie dresche;
Noh schpaart er 's Maul mol kreftich uff,
Un wapp! dart schitt sie's Wasser nei!
"Dart, sauf mol sell, versoffni Sau,
Verleicht loscht noh dei Raase sei!"

Er hot sei maulvoll hartich g'schluckt
Un g'schnappt noch Luft un Ochdem,
Noh schpringt er uff: "Do will ich schnitz—
Nau duh sell nimmi nochdem!"
Noh iss er noch der Scheier naus
Un hockt sich an der Vorschuss hie
Un schloft mol eens gewaltich ab
Mit Naas un Warrickser uff de Knie.

Der Yockel hot en uffgeweckt,
Noh macht er: "Huh? Was widde?
Geht's Lumpewese widder aa?
'S iss Bescht ihr seid zufridde."
Die Bolli hot am Fenschter g'hockt
Un hot sei alte Hosse g'flickt,
Noh guckt sie naus un sehnt en dart
Un secht: "Ich hab en desmol grickt."

"O ye! O weh! O Herzeleid!
Was muss mer Driebsaal blose!
Do iss ken Hoffning un ken End,
Mer muss yuscht Seifzer schtosse.
Mer lebt net as wie Mensche so,
Mer kann net bete wie mer sott,
Un's Lache geht aa net vum Haerz—
Was will mer wammer'n Hannes hot?"

Die Bolli hot als fartgemacht
Un hot ihr Liedel g'sunge;
Wann eens in so me Elend iss,
Do iss mer yo gezwunge.
Wann's Elend uff me Haufe waer,
Wie Wolke dart am Himmelszeit,
Die Sunn, o Schnapps! waer lengscht, schunn lengscht,
Vergesse vun der ganse Welt.

April, 1897

III

Ans Hannese iss Lumperei,
'S iss noch im alte Graad;
Der Hannes schmatzt die Lefze noch
Un macht die alt Gemaad.
Die Bolli guckt de Sache noh
Un wart em Elend ab;
Der Yockel iss mol owwenaus
Far ebbes vum me Tschabb.

Wu 's Elend mol sei Zelt uffschlagt
Un ziegt der Wammes aus,
Do gebt's glei mehner owwerdruff
Wie Freindschaft bei re Laus.
Beim Adam war's schunn eigerutscht,
Beim Hiob un noch meh;
'S iss immer noch die same alt Klaag,
Wu 'd hiekummscht, hie maagscht geh.

Ans Hannese hot's aa genunk,
Viel meh wie frieher als;
Die Gret waar bissel zu gedrei,
Nau hot sie's uff em Hals.
Die Bolli hot sie oft gewarnt,
Wie'n Mutter ewwe sott;
"Was iss en Maedel, guck's mol aa,
Wann 's ken Karakter hot!"

Karakter fart, iss alles fart,
Reschpeckt un guti Ehr;
Wann mol en Reef verschprunge iss,
Rinnt's Fass gewehnlich leer.
Ken Reichdum in der ganse Welt
Macht schlechter Naame gut,
Un wer net mit em Finger weisst,
Der lacht yuscht in der Hut.

Die Alt hot g'heilt, die Yung hot g'heilt,
'S hot kens meh ebbes g'schafft;
Der Hannes waar mol sober weil,
Der Hund hot net geblafft.
So'n Elend waar noch kens im Haus,
Die letschte zwansich Yohr;
Die Gret, die waar aersecht sechzeh alt
Im Yenner yohrs devor.

Waar's Dummheit odder Absicht, well?
War's Blindheit odder was?
Der Deiwel schtellt viel Druwwel aa,
Noh secht er: "'S waar yuscht G'schpass."
Un wann eens noch em Schkweier muss
Un schreibt sei Schand ins Buch,
Ich wunner wie so'n Maedel flehlt—
'S gengt liewer, daeich, uff Besuch.

Un wammer an die Court muss geh,
Waerd's Wetter mol gelind,
Un's County helft em suche noch
Far'n Naame far sei Kind!
Wann eens dart hie kummt as en Fraa,
Un hot doch gaar ken Mann,
Un frogt far'n Pension owwedruff—
Iss des yuscht bissel Fun?

Wann alles in die Zeiting kummt
Un hinnedraa: F-B,
Hot's immer deel, die meene 's waer
"Far Bisness"—don't you see!
Wer sei Karakter un sei Schaam
Ans veddersecht Dierli henkt,
Hett yuscht so gut en Schlupp gemacht
Un's Halsg'nick sich verrenkt.

Die scheene Daage sin verbei,
Die rote Backe bleech;
Ach! wammer bissel driwwer denkt,
Do waerd em's Haerz gans weech.
Mer iss ken Maedel un ken Fraa,
Magscht's mache, wie du witt;
Ee Liedel kammer singe noh,
Except mer heilt yuscht mit.

* * * * *

SCHOCKELLIED

— D Moll —

Bei-lo-Beebi, bei-lo-Buh,
Mach die gleene Gucker zu;
Darfcht net heile, warrscht yo mied,
Heersch, die Mamma singt en Lied.

Ach! mei Haerzei, zaart un glee,
Bischt yo'n Engel, bischt so schee;
Heilscht schunn widder! bei-lo-Buh,
Mach die gleene Gucker zu.

Hoscht ken Druwwel, hoscht ken Leed,
Bischt mei alles, bischt mei Freed;
Bischt unschuldich, be-lo-Buh,
Mach die gleene Gucker zu.

Bei-lo, Beebi, bei-lo-Buh;
Siesser Schlummer, siessi Ruh;
Ich muss heile, schlof du yuscht,
Warrscht schunn heile, wann du musscht.

Heilscht schunn widder! heil doch net,
Wann ich yuscht dei Unschuld hett;
Bischt mei alles, bischt mei Freed,
Bei-lo-Beebi! Was dutt leed?

* * * * *

Wie'n mannich Maedel hot schunn oft
Der Aageschpiegel g'hatt,
Wie eens sich Driebsaal blose kann
Un doch hot's nichs gebatt!
Wie oft guckt eens ins Lewe nei
Un meent 's waer'n Himmelswelt;
Dappt nei un darmelt dart drin rum
Bis dass der Haahne grellt?

"Die Gret waer net die aerscht gewest?"
Sell macht ken Henker aus;
Wann eens die Finger sich verbrennt,
Muss yeders noh im Haus?
"Die Gret hett ewwe's Unglick g'hatt?"
Wann net, waer's recht wie's schteht?
Wer denkt oft an des 'hinnerum'
Bis dass der Haahne graeht?

"'S iss ball" hot's Dieder's Hans gemeent,
"As wammer fische geht;
Mer watscht un sehnt net was's iss,
As g'schnubbert hot am Bait,
Un fangt mer 'n Tschepsel iwwerdem,
Was wehrt sich 's net un flappt;
Hett's net gebisse, hett's aa net
So arg noch Ochdem g'schnappt."

En schmart yung Maedel, nice un schee,
Kann hawwe schier wen's will;
Die yunge Kerls, die wisse's glei,
Des sehnt mer unni Brill.
Karakter macht en Maedel reich,
Maagscht hiegeh wu du witt,
Un traewwelt eens far's Goverment
Grickt's ken so'n Passport mit.

Wann Eppel faule Blacke hen,
Fallt's Schussbord aus em Marrick;
Die Kaafleit schittle yuscht die Kepp,
Un's Peddle geht net schtark.
Karakter fart iss alles fart,
Un waerd's mit Seide g'flickt;
So'n Maedel schteht noch immer'n Chance
Far nemme was es grickt.

Mai, 1899.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. SARAH E. KING

Mrs. Sarah E. King Hartman, 56, widow of Jacob Hartman of Hamilton Square, Monroe county, died Thursday in Rosenkrans hospital, East Stroudsburg. She resided in Bethlehem until 12 years ago.

She was a member of the Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, Bethlehem; Cherry Valley Ladies Aid society and Faithful Workers of Hamilton Union Sunday school.

Survivors include a daughter, Dorothy Louise, at home; a son, Jacob S., Saylorsburg; two stepdaughters, Mrs. Ashton L. Burrows, East Stroudsburg, and Mrs. Raymond Farley, Hellertown, and six grandchildren.

Rev. N. B. Yerger, pastor of Hamilton Square Union church and Rev. P. T. Stengele, pastor of Ebenezer M. B. C. church, Bethlehem, will officiate at services at 2 p. m. Monday in the late home. Interment in Stroudsburg cemetery.

MRS. LILLIAN V. SHELLY

Mrs. Lillian V. Shelly, wife of William H. C. Shelly of 1112 W. Broad St., Quakertown, died at the Quakertown Community hospital Tuesday night at the age of 52.

She was born at Schnecksville, a daughter of the late Benjamin and Louise, nee Semmel, Fenstermaker. She was an active member of the Great Swamp Evan.-Reformed church, Spinnerstown, and served as treasurer of the Ladies Aid society of that church for a number of years. She also was a member of the Quakertown chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star.

She is survived by her husband, by one daughter, Betty L., at home; a son, William C., aviation mate, first class serving in Maryland; three sisters, Mrs. Annie Koch, Egypt; Mrs. Daisy Yeager, Allentown, and Mrs. Thomas Bachman, Slatington; three brothers, Charles, Robert and Howard, all of Allentown.

Services by the Order of the Eastern Star will be held at the C. R. Strunk funeral home, Quakertown, on Saturday at 9 p. m. Regular funeral services will be held Sunday at 2 p. m. at the Great Swamp Evan.-Reformed church, Spinnerstown. Rev. William J. Rupp will officiate, and interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

WILLIAM H. WINK

William H. Wink, a retired farmer, died Thursday night at his home, Kempton R. 1. He was 83 years old.

His parents were the late Philip and Rebecca, nee Wagaman, Wink. He is survived by the following children: Kate, wife of George Hollenbach, Fleetwood; Mabel Wink, at home; Mamie, wife of Edward Long, Kempton R. 2; Dewey Wink, New Tripoli R. 1; Llewellyn Wink, Kempton R. 2; Earl Wink, Shartlesville; Elda, wife of Gilbert Hein, Emmaus; Meda, wife of John Bailey, Kempton R. 1, and Paul Wink, Kempton R. 3.

There also survive two brothers, Levi Wink and Fred Wink of Kempton R. 1; 20 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Rev. A. L. Brumbach will officiate at services at the Stump funeral home, Kempton, on Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the Friedens church cemetery, Stony Run.

MRS. MARY LUTZ

Mrs. Mary (Kinery) Lutz, widow of Lewis Lutz, died late Thursday night at the Sacred Heart hospital. She was 71 years old and lived at 402 N. 2nd St. Her husband died in 1933.

She is survived by a son, Harry Wagner of Bethlehem, and a grandchild.

The funeral will be at 8:45 a. m. Monday at the William J. Weber funeral home, 502 Ridge Ave., with a high mass of requiem service at 9 a. m. in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Burial will be in the parish cemetery.

EDMUND R. SIMONSON

Edmund R. Simonson, 79, of 734 2nd St., Catasauqua, died yesterday at his home of injuries received in a fall two weeks ago at his home.

Mr. Simonson in his early years was employed at the old Bryden Horseshoe works in Catasauqua. He was the son of the late Woodruff and Frances (nee Roberts) Simonson. No known relatives survive him.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p.m. from the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua. Interment in Fairview cemetery, West Catasauqua.

SALLY ANN FOLLWEILER

Sally Ann Follweiler, born 55 days ago, the only child of Albert D. and Helen (Bodish) Follweiler, died late Thursday night at her parents' home in Laurys. The baby is survived by her parents, and her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Bodish of Laurys, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Follweiler of Schnecksville.

Burial will be at 3 p.m. Sunday at the Fairview cemetery, Northampton. Friends may call from Sunday noon to 3 p.m.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Aryer Shpeckdawgle

Doh fer die ledshda paar wocha wor shun 'n aryer shpeckdawgle om Paul Held seinra nei garage in Trexlershteddle. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sis net 'n neiie garage so weit os der blotz aw gait—'s wor ols die Halla garage, ow'r der Paul is so arrick om uf fixa tzitter os er der blotz hut, os es guck'd wie 'n gons nei gabei. Der Paul wie m'r wissa wor ols drowwa in Ledder Eck Poshta bis er doh weil tzurick ous gabrent is, un noh noch Trexlertown gatzoga. Un tzitter os er darta is, kon ich eich sawga hut er der shtawb fliega mocha.

Die tzwae habta mon os er hut fer rum fixa, sin niemond shunshd os wie der shreiner Sam Haas fon Chapmans, un der grubschmidt Mandus Everett fon Walberts. Noh uf kours shtopt aw der "Franc" Roth, der Mayor fon Ledder Eck Poshda alla gabut nei fer wenich mit helfa mit da bosserrei. Der "Franc" wor ols ainer fom Paul seina habta rote gewwer—odder ewwa advisers, drowwa in Lowhill, un hut aw now noch der chob tzitter os der Paul drunna in Trexlershteddle is. Der "Franc," wor doh fer 'n weil ow'r uf galaig'd gronk im bed, hut net recht noh gakent. Da onner dawg wor er ow'r noh mohl widder nunner die boova sehna, un wor 'n shpeckdawgle tzu sehna, wos om aw gae wor, so wie die Fegelcher uns gapifa hen.

Die tzwae hondwerksleit, der Sam un der Mandus worra eiferich on ra bockshtaina mauer rous reissa fer 'n graiserrie show shtub mocha. Der Mandus hut 'n glainer tack hommer kot fer glubba, un der Sam 'n shrawwa tzieger fer die bocka shtae lose bora. Der Jake Christman, ainer fom Paul seina onnerra shoff leit is rum galoffa mit ra fire shib un gens fliegel, fer der dreck tzomma barshda os der Mandus un der Sam gamocht hen. Ow'r so wie m'r hoerra wor gore ken g'fohr os der Jake sich iwwer shoft hut, weil er yusht so'n subba leffel fol dreck die shtun grick'd hut woh der Mandus g'shoft hut, un 'n fire shib fol beim Sam.

Wie der "Franc" datzu kumma is worra sie om shoffa drowwa uf da laider, un hetta obsalut paar extra hand howwa solla. Won ainer ols shtarta hut glubba odder weela fer bocka shtae lose mocha, hut der onner hee g'shtonna un die auga tzu k'hova os er ken dreck nei graich'd. Un noh bei all'm shpeckdawgle fon ra shofferrei os sie kotta hen, hut der Mandus un der Sam sich noch ebbes gons arbadiches ei gabild wiel sie gamaint hen der Paul dade sie ols maina, wie er sei shoff leit so arrick galoabt hut.

Der "Franc" nadierlich hut grawd wissa wolla wie die socha gangda dart in Trexlershteddle, un der Paul hut net fartich werra kenna sei guta shoff leit lova. Ow'r die shoff leit woh er om shwetza wor dafon, worra net sei tzwae rum fixer mit 'm tack hommer un shrawwa tzieger, ow'r so gore der Ernest Geiger fon Lowhill, der Charlie Diehl fon Kutztown, der Morris Geisler fon Chapmans, ainer Kistler, un etlicha onnerra os er om mashina fixa hut. Doch won der Paul aw der Mandus un der Sam om lova wor, huts die boova gute fiela mocha, un werra wol aw widder besser shoffa howwa kenna, wie der "Gross Boss," fon Ledder Eck Poshda fert wor.

Papa Is All

Sawg, hen ihr shun k'hoert os sei ferdray'd English g'shpiel "Papa Is All." iwwer dem gewwa wert im Civic Little Theatre uf da Chew shtross? Yoh sie sin alla weil eiferich om shoffa fers g'shpiel ready griega bis farna im nagshda mohnet, un ol os gleicha fer 'n owets gutie g'shpass howwa, sotta kumma 's play sehna. 'S g'spliel so g'shaina in Langashter kounty, un wor fer 'n weil gewwa driwwa in Nei Yarrick. Die shpieler solla Manishda sei,—der Fodder odder ewwa der Papa, is 'n wieshder grover mensch woh sei aignie familia froh is, wie sie maina er wear dote, odder ewwa "Papa Is All."

'S wor unser blessier da onner owet bei da shpieler hucka wie sie fers airsht mohl iwwer 's g'shpiel galaisa hen, un ol hen iwwer rous gute gaduh. 'S g'shwetz is ol in English, fiel dafon ferdray'd wie ewwa Pennsydfawnish Deitscha leit 'oft mohls shwetza, mit fiel mutter shprocha werta dabei won sie net wissa wie die socha tzu sawga in English. Tzu unser 'm gawissa glawwa m'r net os es miglich wear fer aenich aryads besserra shpieler tzu finna os wie bei nonner sin, fer "Papa Is All" gewwa.

Die shpieler sin, der Ralph Kline ols der dickkeppich un grub Manishda Papa; die Hannah Ely Jacks ols die Mama, so gute maenich un gadrei os der dawg long is; die Emma Hildebeitel Egolf, die nochber'n Mrs. Yoder, un wohs moul der lieb long dawg net ruich shtaid; der Norman Fulmer der gute guckich Shtawdt police; der Robert Haas, 'm Papa un da da Mama ihra boo Jake woh sie maina het radder im kup; un die Phyllis Palmer, 'm Jake sei shweshter woh 'n shule maishder'n werra wil, un woh ol der druvel im g'shpiel uf riehrt, wie sie in lieb fall'd mit ma shtrossa ob messer.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die besh

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

What song the Sirens sang? They sang of all that is above fulfillment and beyond clear vision; of the immeasurable, the uncontained, the half-imagined; of that which is touched but never held, implored but unpossessed. They sang the vileness of all who live contented upon an alms, and are at ease in bonds, the slaves whose servitude is made sweet by habit. Leith.

GOOD JOB ON SNOW REMOVAL

A City government which annually in December makes up its budget upon the premise that there is going to be no snow during the winter months to follow and accordingly provides no money to move it away when it almost invariably does fall, is doing a commendable job at this time with the heavy fall that occurred early in the week and continues to affect traffic adversely throughout the State.

Without waiting for weather to change, for temperatures to rise and for hot water to rain from the heavens, the highway department has dipped into its general maintenance funds to clear the streets in the central part of the city. During the first days of the week it sent plows through the city to open many miles of streets and keep traffic moving everywhere. It must be said that a very good job has been done and that it compares with the best that is being done in the cities of this Commonwealth.

Today shoppers who arrive in the central section of the city will find the streets just as passable as on any day of the year. There will be abundance of evidence that more than a foot of snow fell during recent days but there will be no inconvenience from it all.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS A PUZZLE

Admission to the Allentown hospital of another case of poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis), will start anew the speculation as to the source of this strange disease and the manner in which victims contract it.

Because most cases have developed in this and other communities during late summer, there has been speculation concerning the possibility that the germ of the disease is carried by flies or other insects or that it is found in water which people drink or in which they bathe. While this speculation has not covered all cases that developed during the summer months it has satisfied many who are not scientific-minded.

Now however comes a case to confound all such speculation and its conclusions. The current case has occurred in a bitterly cold season when flies are scarce as hen's teeth, and bathing pools and swimming places are absolutely deserted.

This latest case serves to maintain and deepen the mystery that surrounds this crippling disease and to emphasize anew the powerlessness of society and the individuals thereof to anticipate it and prevent its infection.

More than ever it becomes evident to all that no one can know where the disease next will strike. More than ever it becomes evident that in deepest sympathy for those who have become victims of the disease and in self-interest as well (because we ourselves may be the next victims), support for all the agencies that are working and studying to conquer this menace is proper and desirable. At the present moment that support and sympathy will go out to the March of Dimes campaign, conducted for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Locally the campaign has not yet attained its goal. Full appreciation of the work that the Foundation is doing and proposes to do will certainly bring about that attainment.

BRIEF INAUGURATION A PROPER SYMBOL

It is entirely proper that with the nation engaged in war the inauguration of President Roosevelt today for his fourth term is to be as simple and brief as the circumstances will permit.

While it would be entirely proper for this quadrennial event to be observed in traditional manner and while the country could do it probably without losing a single hour of productive work for the war effort, it is important that this symbol of national affairs shall have valuable meaning.

By a brief and simple inauguration program in Washington today, President Roosevelt and the Government behind him in effect will say to the people of the United States and to the men in our armies and navies in the field and upon the seas: "The war is our chief business. We have little time for anything else. All possible time and effort must be devoted to the war and to getting our men home at the earliest possible moment."

TURKS GRANT USE OF DARDANELLES

It is very good news, if true, that the Turks have granted the Allies permission to use the Dardanelles as a shipping route for supplies to Russia.

Such news emanated from London recently and, if correct, this achievement will be the consummation of years of diplomatic effort to achieve what the Turks in strict neutrality could not grant and which upon granting would have almost inevitably involved them in war with Germany.

Up to this time the Turks probably were afraid of such involvement. Now, with affairs as they are in the Balkans, nobody is fearing the Germans very much. Now it is possible for the Turks to thumb their noses at the Germans because they are no longer upon their frontiers and, even if they were, would hardly be disposed to add to their enemies.

The importance of the Dardanelles lies in the fact that a very great fleet of ships is required to move supplies from America and Great Britain to Russia over the long and difficult sea routes that reach land at Murmansk and Persia. By using the Dardanelles, ships can make the trip from America and Britain to Odessa and return in at least three weeks less time than now is required by those same ships. Accordingly if a ship can reach its destination and return three weeks sooner than now is the case, it will be equivalent to the construction of new ships. In fact it is believed that one ship will be able to do the work done by two. Accordingly we either can deliver twice the present supplies to Russia or continue the present flow and release half the shipping for other purposes.

All this is important at a time when shipping is so much needed in the Pacific and when ships are also needed so badly for transportation of food and other supplies to our forces in Europe and to the liberated peoples.

Expediency Wins Again

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19—Expediency seems to have won and principles seems to have lost again. Under Secretary Grew in a speech declares that the Department of State sees nothing inconsistent between special alliances that have been negotiated recently and the Dumbarton Oaks plan. If the United States government, of course, does not wish to see anything inconsistent in those alliances, then probably no other country will raise any objection, but the terms of the Franco-Russian alliance, as well as the Czechoslovak-Russian alliance appear to be plainly inconsistent with the Dumbarton Oaks plan. That plan provides:

"Nothing in the charter should preclude the existence of regional arrangements or agencies for dealing with such matters relating to the maintenance of international peace and security as are appropriate for regional action, provided such arrangements or agencies and their activities are consistent with the purposes and principles of the organization."

League Was Stronger

Much stronger language was used in the covenant of the League of Nations which states, in Article 20:

"The members of the League severally agree that this covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings inter se which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms thereof.

"In case any member of the League shall, before becoming a member of the League, have undertaken any obligations inconsistent with the terms of this covenant, it shall be the duty of such member to take immediate steps to procure its release from such obligations."

Great Britain wisely provided in her special treaty with Russia, signed in June, 1942, for exactly the situation that has now arisen. In that treaty, which was to last 20 years, Great Britain undertook to assist Russia in the event of a rebirth of German aggression, but stated that the clauses requiring military aid shall remain in force only "until the high contracting parties by mutual agreement shall recognize that it is superseded by the adoption of the proposals contemplated in Article 3," which specifically provided that both Great Britain and Russia declared their desire to unite with other states "in adopting proposals for common action to preserve peace and resist aggression in the postwar period."

In other words, pending the establishment of an international organization, Great Britain promised Russia assistance against German aggression, but if an international organization were set up, the pledge of military assistance was to be abrogated by mutual consent of Russia and Great Britain. Only in event of default in the adoption of proposals by an international organization was the treaty between Russia and Great Britain promising mutual military assistance to be continued for 20 years.

There is no such clause in the Franco-Russian treaty of alliance and mutual assistance, nor is any such clause to be found in the alliance between Czechoslovakia and Russia. Reading the terms of both these alliances, it would appear that France and Czechoslovakia are committed to render aid to Russia, irrespective of whether the latter nation is herself guilty of aggression. Likewise, Russia must come to the aid of Czechoslovakia or France irrespective of what the security council may prescribe.

Under Article 5 of the Franco-Russian alliance, Russia and France "undertake not to conclude any alliance and not to take part in any coalition directed against either of the high contracting parties." This means, of course, that if Russia at any time is accused of aggression and the security council of Dumbarton Oaks, by a majority vote, declares that Russia is an aggressor, both France and Czechoslovakia are pledged to assist Russia, irrespective of the verdict of the security council of the new League of Nations.

The champions of the Dumbarton Oaks plan have been proclaiming that the security council alone would order military action and that no nation would be permitted to act of its own accord in preserving the peace of the world unless it had specific instructions from the security council.

When Senator Vandenberg recently proposed that the United States, Russia and Britain enter into a treaty guaranteeing to use joint forces to prevent the rebirth of aggression in Germany, he added significantly that such an agreement should last only until such time as the larger international organization could take over the military problem envisaged by his proposal. He put a limitation on it, just as did the British in their treaty with Russia. That is why it is so surprising to find the Department of State announcing in advance of the completion of the Dumbarton Oaks plan that the United States approves alliances of the nature entered into by both France and Czechoslovakia with Russia.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CONQUEST OF POLAND

Naturally, it is difficult to criticize Soviet Russia while the Russians are killing Germans. Naturally, one is torn between the desire to stand loyally by all the allies and the need to ask questions about things that are altogether inexplicable.

For after all, Poland is also a member of the United Nations. Even more, Poland was the very first of the United Nations to be in this war. Yet, Poland is being conquered, absorbed, Russified. Poland is losing her national existence. For not only is the Lublin Government a puppet, as much a puppet as Nanking or Mukden, but Poland is being integrated into an offensively abhorrent alien way of life. True, one wishes to send garlands to Stalin for his fight on the Germans; and yet, are we to forget Poland altogether?

Lublin Communistic

The Lublin Government, now fully recognized by Soviet Russia but still rejected by the United States and Great Britain, is unmistakably Communistic, even though some of its component parties go by less ugly names. For no Pole can forget that from September, 1939 until June, 1941, these Communists were allied to Nazi Germany. Nor will mothers permit their children to forget that in Poland even though the conqueror now becomes Russia and no longer Germany.

Soviet Russia first organized the Union of Polish Patriots. That was translated into the Lublin Committee of Naitonal Liberation. The head of the Union of Polish Patriots was Wanda Wasilewska. Although she performed yeoman services for Soviet Russia, her name has disappeared. She is not in the Lublin Government. So the name of General Berling, who headed the Soviet-sponsored Polish army, has disappeared. Such Polish leaders as Andrew Witos, Boleslaw Drobner and Emil Sommerstein, who had been in the Lublin Government, have apparently been dropped. These were well-known Polish names—known before 1939. Many other names which were on Russia's side of the Polish question no longer appear in the lists of those acceptable to Stalin.

Yet one sees this picture: The Minister of Propaganda of the Lublin Government, Stefan Matuszewski, is a Communist with a long history in the party and although he is by birth a Pole, his political activities have generally been Russian and his history in these matters goes back to 1917. Obviously a man who has been a Bolshevik since 1917 does not become a Polish nationalist suddenly in 1944. And were that miracle to happen, would Stalin have appointed him his Minister of Propaganda of the puppet Polish government?

Pattern Is Repeated

I might list others who are in this Lublin puppetry but what is the advantage of piling name upon name, exotic, difficult to spell, impossible to remember? Suffice it to note that there is a repeated pattern in all this: the appearance of what the Communists hail as a "people's government," the united front coalition in the early stages to include well and favorably known (or should one say, less unfavorably known) individuals; their disappearance when the Communist victory is sure. Finally, the Communists take over completely. That has already happened in Jugoslavia and Bulgaria, probably in Rumania and now in Poland.

One might ask, "So what?" And another might say, "What can be done about it?" And another says: "If Roosevelt protests and Stalin tells him to mind his own business, what are we to do? Sign up with the Nazi? Withdraw our troops from Europe?"

Well, there it is. We have jockeyed ourselves into the position of being voiceless and powerless and politically impecunious, if we are no longer able to speak out against injustice—injustice to a valiant people who are our allies and are still, on the Western front, fighting alongside our own troops. It is impossible to believe that we have sunk to so low an estate in the politics of the world.

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ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

FIRST PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY

The first protest against Negro slavery made on this hemisphere came from a group of early German settlers in Germantown in 1688. An earlier protest had been made in Venezuela against slavery imposed upon Indian natives by their Spanish conquerors. It is interesting to note that this protest too came from Germans who had settled in the Spanish domains. But we are concerned with slavery in the United States and it is well to note that our ancestors protested against human traffic as early as 1688, less than a decade after the first group of Germans under Pastorius had found homes in Penn's Colony, and upwards of two centuries before Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

The leaders of the protesting group were three brothers, Abraham, Hermann and Dirk op den Graeff (now Updegraff). Reverend Pastorius and Gerhardt Hendricks joined the protest which was sent in manuscript form in the handwriting of Pastorius to the Friends Meeting House. They styled the slave trade as "the traffick of Men's body," which they said compared with slavery under the Turkish pirates and was no better.

The protest declared: "For we hear that ye most part of such Negers are brought hither against their Will and Consent and that many of them are stolen. There is a Saying that we shall doe to all Men like as we will be done ourselves; making no difference of what Generation, Descent or Colour they are. And those who steal or rob Men, and those who buy or purchase them, are they not all alike? Here (in Pennsylvania) is Liberty of Conscience, which is right and reasonable, but ought to be likewise Liberty of ye Body, except of evil Doers which is another Case. In Europe there are many oppresst which are of a black Colour. Oh! do consider well this thing, you who do it; if you would be done at this manner, and if it is done according (to) Christianity . . . Pray! What thing in the world can be done worse towards us, than if men should rob and steal us away and sell us for slaves to strange Countries, separating husbands from their wifes and children . . . therefore we contradict and are against this traffick of menbody."

The petitioners warned that Pennsylvania would be condemned by European countries for its lack of Christian charity and warned that some day the slaves might arise in arms against their masters.

The concluding sentence begged the Quakers to offer some justification for their use of slaves to "satisfy our good friends and acquaintances in natif Country to whom it is a terror or fearful thing that men should be handled so in Pennsylvania."

The memorial was submitted to the monthly meeting at Dublin township. The serious-minded Quakers passed it on to the Quarterly Meeting in Philadelphia from which body it was referred to the Annual Meeting at Burlington, New Jersey. The Burlington Meeting tabled the protest and no immediate results developed.

But the early Pennsylvania Germans had put themselves on record against slavery and their subsequent history is one of continued opposition to negro slavery even to the point of making the great sacrifice at Gettysburg and Gold Harbor.

* * * * *

FOUR GENERATIONS OF WAGONERS

Valentine, Philip, Daniel and Daniel Junior represent four generations of Moyers of Berks County who gained local fame as wagoners of the covered-wagon days.

Valentine Moyer, teamster of the days of Braddock's expedition toward Fort Duquesne, was the first of the dynasty. Philip, his son, was an officer in the Revolution and a wagon-master carrying supplies to Washington's Army at Valley Forge. Daniel, the son of Philip, was the most famous of the four.

Great canvas-covered wagons, drawn by four jet-black Conestoga horses plied their way across the mountains between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Landis and Omwake, in their book, "The Conestoga Six-Horse Bell Teams of Pennsylvania" are convinced that many of the early taverns named "Black Horse Inn" derived the name from Daniel Moyer's powerful teams of four blacks. It was the custom in those early days of wagoning that whenever one teamster came to the rescue of another team that was stalled or mired the rescued teamster was obliged to surrender one or more of his hame bells to the rescuer. Daniel Moyer collected more such trophies than any other driver, hence the glory for his array of four black steeds.

Nevin Moyer of Lingelstown states that Daniel Moyer brought the first piano that reached Berks County, to his home in a covered wagon. The plan called for instructing his son Daniel Junior in music and an instructor was engaged for that purpose. But young Daniel did not practice faithfully. Only on such occasions that his father was at home could the young man be brought to touch the keys, and yet each time Daniel Senior arrived at home his son was seated at the piano. He had heard the tinkle of the hame bells which would announce his father's approach. However, it appears that the musical training of young Daniel Moyer was not wasted because it was he who held the post of bugler for the cavalry which escorted Lafayette during his visit to Lancaster in 1825. The escort was made up of a cavalcade of covered wagons.

From a local standpoint the most remarkable fact about Daniel Moyer Senior is a feat of Herculean strength as recorded by Ann Hark in her book "Hex Marks the Spot." The test of strength took place at Charming Forge in western Berks County. Moyer and a rival teamster were testing which of the two was the stronger. The two men stood erect while pieces of pig iron were placed upon their backs until each man was weighted with a half-ton of metal. Neither man broke under the terrific strain, but onlookers gave a resounding cheer when Daniel Moyer strode forward carrying his load on his back while the other man remained rooted to the spot.

* * * * *

HOW PAPER WAS MADE IN COLONIAL TIMES

"Any rags today?" cried itinerant pedlars as they covered the country lanes of eastern Pennsylvania more than two centuries ago. Rags of tow, of cotton and of wool were needed in great quantities in the days before wood-pulp paper was invented. Newspapers gave prominent space to the pleas for rags, using bold-faced type on the front pages of their issues; housewives were urged to keep a rag-bag near to the family Bible and attractive premiums were offered to persons who were thrifty enough to bring discarded garments to the gaping maws of the paper mills.

White rags were preferred. They could be ground into white pulp and a white paper could be pressed from the saturated threads. Colored rags could be bleached somewhat and some of the color ingredients could be washed away in the pounding processes by which the scraps of cloth were beaten into pulp, but there was always a lingering of brownish or bluish tints to the sheets of paper pressed from colored rags. But white or colored, the paper-mill owners needed rags badly because they were the raw materials of their trade.

When the rags arrived at the mill there were nimble hands to cut them to shreds, usually drawing the cloth over the sharp edge of a scythe blade. These shredded pieces of cloth were then placed in stone vats partially filled with water. There the disintegrating mass was allowed to lie for several weeks, being stirred occasionally for the purpose of accelerating the rotting process. When the fibers became loose and soft the pounding or stamping process began and continued until the texture of the cloth was completely converted into a threadless substance, known to the trade as "whole stuff" or pulp.

The pulp was run into a vat or chest-like trough with its planks inclined inward to prevent slopping while moulding. Into the body of the pulp the workmen dipped his "mould," a wooden frame, across which a series of wires were tightly stretched at right angles to each other, thus forming a sieve through which the excess water escaped, leaving a broad spread of soft pulp upon the wire frame.

Next the "deckle" (compare the German **Deckel**, cover or lid), a lid-like frame was placed on top of the mould and its burden of pulp. This implement was quite flat and hand pressure exerted upon the "deckle" served to press the pulp into an even surface. During this process the workman, the "dipper", gently shook the appliances which he was holding in order that excess water might drop off his instruments.

After the "deckle" was removed the mould was taken from the tub or vat and a skilled workman gradually inclined the mould toward a strip of woolen cloth which was laid flat to receive a layer of soft pulp. A sheet of paper had taken form and now needed only to be pressed and dried.

These pulp-laden cloths were placed one on top of the other until a "post", or six quires had been piled up neatly. The woolen cloth, or felt, served to absorb some of the water that remained in the pulp and insured that the pieces of paper would not adhere to each other when the intensive pressing process took place.

The stack of sheets was placed in the press when a "post" had been made. The pressure of the screw press forced out a great deal of water and pressed out the hollows which formed on the one side of the paper which rested upon wires while being moulded.

The next step called for removing the supporting cloths or felt. The sheets of paper were carefully lifted from their soft beds and neatly stacked in a compact pile. After several "posts" had been treated in this way the accumulated piles were again placed in a press and more moisture was extracted and the marks left by the clothbeds were obliterated. When the sheets were removed from the second pressing they were hung up to dry.

When sufficiently dried the sheets were dipped into a liquid for sizing. In this way both sides were sized at the same time. After sizing the sheets were piled into stacks once more and placed into the press in order to eliminate any excess liquid resulting from sizing. This pressure had to be exerted very gradually so as to permit air bubbles to escape without injury to the paper. Once again the paper was hung up to dry in a loft in which the temperature and air currents were regulated. After hanging there for several days the sheets were taken down and pressed once more. In this final process great care was taken to see to it that the smoothing was uniform.

After the final pressing the sheets were collected into quires and reams and were ready for the customers.

DER ULMER SCHPATZ

En Schwoweg'schicht verzaehlt vum JOHN BIRMELIN

Die gude Leit vum Schwoweland
Sin in de ganze Welt bekannt,

Bekannt fer aerrig dumm zu sei,
Un dohaer kummt die Neckserei.

Ya, heesst mer eener'n "dummer Schwob,"
Der denkt sich noch des waer zum Lob;

Er hot emol sei G'falle draa,
Noh lacht er yuscht un guckt eem aa.

Nau heert emol, 's iss do am Blatz,
Verzaehl die G'schicht vum Ulmer Schpatz:

In Ulm—des iss en Schwowe Schtadt—
Dart hen die Schwowe Druwwel g'hatt;

Sie kumme mit re Eselsfuhr,
So maeryets an de siwwe Uhr;

Sie faahre bis zum grosse Dor
Un schtehne ganz verblifft devor.

's iss ebbes letz, was kann's yuscht sei?
Sie kenne yo zum Dor net nei!

Sie gucke mol am Wagge nuff,
En schwerer, langer Block iss druff;

Gelaade waar er, iwwerzwaerrich,
Ke Wunner, kenne sie net daerrich!

's iss hiwwen un driwwe aagebumpt,
Die Schwowe sin eweck getschumpt,

Noh hen sie mol e Weil gedenkt—
Die Esel hen die Ohre g'henkt—

So ebbes waar noch nie bassiert;
Ya, so viel hen sie ausg'schudiert.

Zum Baeryemeeschter gehn sie dann,
Fer sehne eb er helfe kann.

Der Baeryemeeschter ruft der Raat
Un hot ne mol der Druwwel g'saat.

Ya well! Die aarme Councilleit
Sin ewwe aa net yusch so g'scheit;

Die gratze sich mol hinnerm Ohr,
Un sin sich ewwe aa net glaar;

Sie schtehne grumm un bucklich dart,
Un kenner kummt so recht zum Wart.

Do hot der Baeryemeeschter g'huscht
Un schmeisst sich in die Schwowebruscht

Un saagt, "Nau losst ihr mich im Schtich?
So nemm ich mol die Sach uff mich!

Mir scheint, des Dor iss doch zu eng
Fer'n schwerer Block vun selre Laeng;

Die Eselsfuhr kummt net vum Fleck,
So reisse mir die Mauer weck;

Iss hiwwen un driwwe alles frei,
Ya, well! Noh faahrt mer ewwe nei!"

Wie er des Mittel hot genennt,
Do duhn sie blatsche mit de Hend;

Aus volle Kehle heert mer dann:
"Des iss en weiser Solomon!"

Un freehlich ziegt der Schwowechor
Un schtellt sich uff beim Ulmer Dor.

Die Esel schtehne, aarme Drepp,
Un hewe mol erschtaunt die Kepp.

Der vedderscht Esel greischt, "Ie-aah!"
Der Baeryemeeschter saagt, "Ich aa!

Ihr brauche net erschtaunt zu sei;
Mir faahre seller Block do rei!

Un iss er fer des Dor zu breet,
Dann reisst mer runner bis es geht."

Un siwwe Schwowe schtehne dart,
Geduldich waarde sie uff's Wart.

Die Aermel nuff, die Kepp genuckt,
Un hen des Ding mol aageguckt.

Uff eemol fliegt en Schpatz dohaer,
Wie wann er imme Huddel waer;

Er hot en Halme Graas fer's Nescht,
So iwwer's Greiz im Schnawwel fescht;

Er fliegt an's Nescht dart iwwer'm Dor,
Doch halt er awwer graad devor;

So iwwer's Greiz, des sehnt er glei,
Do bringt er'n Halme doch net nei;

Noh hot er'n dabber rum gedreht,
Un sehn emol wie g'schwind des geht!

Er ziegt den Halme mit sich nei,
Guckt schpettisch raus un singt aa glei!

Was schtaune do die Ulmerleit,
"So'n gleener Schpatz un doch so g'scheit!"

Sie hen gedrische un gelacht,
"Nau so waerd's mit dem Block gemacht!"

Sie schpautze grefdich in die Hend
Un hen sich an die Fuhr gewend,

Den lange Block dann rumgeluppt,
Noch gut gegreckst un bissel g'schtuppt,

Un endlich leit er nooch der Leng;
Die Esel ziege an de Schtreng,

Der Fuhrmann hot die Geeschel g'fiehrt,
Zum Dor geht's nei so leicht wie g'schmiert.

Do brecht mol erscht der Yubel los,
Die Schwowe danze uff der Schtross;

Es singt un peift im Schpatzenescht
Im allerschenschte Yubelfescht.

Drum iss bis uff der heitich Daag
Vum Ulmer Schpatz aa noch die Saag.

Do heert mer oft vum dumme Schwob,
Doch muss mer saage, ihm zum Lob,

Er iss emol net iwwerg'scheit,
Wie deel vun unsre schtolze Leit;

Drum helft ihm aa der Liewe Gott
Gewiss aa manchmol aus der Not.

Un kummscht sei Lewe mol nooch Ulm,
Schpazier emol im Schtedtel rum

Un geh mol uff der Maerrickblatz,
Waahrhafdich, dart iss noch der Schpatz!

Am Kaerchetarn, dart in der Heh,
En Kinschtler hot ihn g'hackt aus Schtee,

En Halme Graas im Schnawwel drin;
Un hot des net en scheener Sinn?

So graad as wann er saage wett,
Die dumme Schwowe waere net

So piffich wie deel anre Leit,
Doch kaemde sie noch graad so weit

Un graechte alles an der Blatz,
So graad as wie der Ulmer Schpatz.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. CATHERINE GALLAGHER

Mrs. Catherine, nee Gallagher, Gallagher, widow of Manus Gallagher, died at 8:55 a. m. yesterday at her home, 915 Turner St., after an illness of two years.

Born in Allentown, she was the daughter of the late William and Sarah, nee McGady, Gallagher. Her late husband preceded her in death 11 years ago. She was a member of the Immaculate Conception church.

Surviving are two sons, Manus J. Gallagher and William A. Gallagher, both of Allentown; a sister, Sarah Gallagher, Allentown; a brother, Edward Galagher, Detroit, Mich., and four grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 9 a. m. at her late home. High mass of requiem will be sung at 9:30 o'clock in the Immaculate Conception church. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

MARCENA B. COWLING

The death of Marcena B. Cowling, whose relatives are from this section, occured in Wilmington, Del., at 12:30 a. m. Thursday. He was in his 73rd year.

Born in Cornwall, England, March 29, 1872, Mr. Cowling was a son of the late John M. and Laura Cowling.

Surviving him are his wife, Gussie; a daughter, Helen; two brothers, James and Horace of Bath; two sisters, Mrs. Leo McPhearson of Easton and Mrs. Emily Dougherty of Allentown.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. from the Bartholomew funeral home, S. Walnut St., Bath. Rev. Bradford Long of Chapman Quarries will officiate. Burial will take place in Greenmount cemetery.

MRS. LOUIS DONCSECZ

Mrs. Ethel T. Doncsecz, wife of Louis Doncsecz, 130 Rink St., Bethlehem, died Friday morning at Hamburg. Besides the husband, a son, Robert Joseph, Bethlehem; her father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. James Doncsecz, Allentown R. 60; a brother, Stephen, Bethlehem, and a sister, Mary, Allentown R. 60.

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 St. Joseph's Catholic church and burial will follow in Holy Saviour cemetery.

MRS. FRANK X. FOX

Mrs. Theresa Toth Fox, 69, wife of the late Frank X. Fox, died Friday morning at the residence, 827 Montclair Ave., Bethlehem. She was born in Austria, Feb. 1, 1876, a daughter of the late Joseph and Theresa Hacker Toth, and came to America at an early age. Her husband died in 1926.

A member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Mrs. Fox is survived by an adopted daughter, Hilda Ann Evans; two brothers, Joseph Toth, Austria; Frank Toth, Allentown; three sisters, Mrs. Andrew Gilley, Gauffs Hill; Mrs. Frank Muhr, Austria; Mrs. Isaac Yonney, Fountain Hill and a granddaughter, Gwendolyn Evans.

The Weierbach funeral home, 838 Broadway, is in charge of the arrangements which will be announced today.

BRUCE D. BEALER

Bruce Dennis Bealer, six-months-old son of Clifford and Maude Merkel Bealer, Pennsburg R. 1, died Thursday in Quakertown Community hospital. He was born July 17, 1944, at Milford Square.

Besides the parents, three sisters survive: Patricia, Jeanette and Sandra, all at home. Rev. H. M. Kistler and Rev. W. U. Kistler will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Sunday in St. John's Lutheran church, Spinnerstown. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery.

MRS. BERTHA M. DIMMICH

Mrs. Bertha M. Dimmich, 64, of Bethlehem R. 4, died yesterday afternoon at her home after a two-year illness. She had been bedfast for the past week.

Born in Colesville, Lehigh county, she was a daughter of the late Alfred F. and Dianna (nee Boehm) Eshbach. She was a member of the Lutheran wing of the New Jerusalem Apples church.

She is survived by her husband, Harry F.; a son, Wilson A.; a grandson; a brother, David H. of Allentown, and a sister, Mary, wife of Oliver Rohr of Bethlehem R. 4.

Rev. Daniel D. Kistler will officiate at services to be held Wednesday at 2 p. m. at the New Jerusalem Apples church. Interment in New Jerusalem cemetery, Leithsville.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Alta Weaversviller G'shichta

Da onner dawg hut 'n freind uns 'n lot alta Weaversville g'shichta rei g'shick'd fon so ungfare 60 yohr tzurick. Weaversville wie m'r wissa is 'n arrick shae glae East Allen township, Northampton kounty, shteddle, un 'm airshda poshtmaishder Michael Weaver noh k'haisa werra. 'S wor da 23d Obril 1831 os die poshtoffis darta g'shtart is werra mit 'm Michael ols poshtmaishder, un wor aw die aintsich'd poshtoffis os East Allen township sei lava kotta hut outside fon Bath. Wos der blotz k'haisa hut fer 1831 kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r der same Michael Weaver hut die John Hays garverrei kauft in 1804 woh in 1795 uf g'shtart is werra, un woh aw die Hays Meal gabout hut in 1790, un woh weck garissa is werra doh etlicha yohr tzurick wie die Shtawdt shtae gabreich'd hut fer hospital gabeier uf duh.

Ow'r sis net Weaversville history os m'r shwetza wolla dafon, wos m'r fertzaila wolla, sin so alta g'shichta os die gawissa achreiver'n uns rei g'shick'd hut fon da gagend, un woh m'r uns hartzlich badonka dafor.

Die Gummerra G'shicht

Tzurick in 1886 hut Weaversville 'n wertshous kot grawd wie heit, un ainer Davy Heller wor der wert. Mohl ae owet is ainer gahairich in der suff kumma un hen 'n owwa nuf inna bed galaig'd fer uf soberra. Die weil os er darta galaiga hut shnarricksa, mit 'm moul hinna wedder uf, is ainer fon da onnerra kerls gonga un hut 'm 'n grossie gummer ins moul g'shteck'd. Glei hut der Davy, odder ewwa der alt "Cracky" der g'soffa hoerra shnobba fer ochdem, un is yusht in tzeit datzu kumma fer die gummer rous nemma fer der g'soffa halta fon fershticka.

Die Catasauqua Krick

Die Catasauqua krick woh die alt Hays meal ols g'shprang'd hut, lawft midda darrich 's shteddle, un wor ols der blotz woh die kinner gamaint hen die Docktor dada die bavies rous fonga fer da leit bringa. Die kinner hen sich 'n monichie tzeit ferweil'd ins wosser gucka, un sin ols hame g'shprunga un hen g'sawt sie hetta die bavies sehna in da grick rum shwimma. Die grick on sich selwar hut sich weiters net feranner'd in da ledshda 60 yohr, ow'r die kinner bodderra nimmy fer hee shtae watcha fer die bavies sehna shwimma, un won sie dada, wear aw ken Docktor rum for sie rous fisha.

Der Base Mon Wor Kumma

So on da 60 yohr tzurick wor 'n hard shoffichie familia net weit fon Weaversville weck—'n familia so smart un ehrlich os der dawg long wor. Uf ae mohl hut der mon ow'r shtarta owets rum lawfa, un die fraw hut fer 'n weil net gawist woh er onna gait, odder wos er dreibt fer die tzeit rum bringa. Mohl ae owet wie er widder ready wor fer fert, hut die fraw g'shwind die kinner in ihra bedder, un is 'm noh g'shneek'd fer watcha woh er onna gang'd. Noh hut sie ous g'funna os er nunner noch 'm Weaversville wertshous is, un woh er do gonsa owet om dish k'huck'd hut korta shpiela un soufa dabei.

Die fraw hut net 'n wert gabeebs'd os wie gawist hut woh der mon ols owets onna is, un hut gawort bis etlicha oweta danoh. Noh hut sie gawort bis der mon widder fert wor, noh ihra grosser shtore karrab g'fill'd mit rota glaider, 'n misht govel grick'd, uh da kinner g'sawt sie sotta noch ihra bedder gae, sie gang'd fert noch 'm shtore, ow'r kaimt gleich widder tzurick. In blotz fon ow'r noch 'm shtore gae hut sie 'n shtick der waig drunna ihra roda glaider aw gatzoga, die misht govel ganumma, un is nunner noch 'm wertshous uf die fedder porch. Die korta shpieler hen grawd inside om fenshter k'huck'd shpiela un drinka, un allas wor ol recht bis es uf ae mohl gagroch'd hut tzum fenshter nei, 's glaws is g'floga, un tzu gleich hen sie inside 'n misht govel sehna tzum fenshter nei kumma, un drous ebbes erblick'd fire rote aw gaduh.

Die korta shpieler hen net onnishder gadenk'd os wie der lavendich divel wear kumma fer sie weck hola fom kerta dish, un sin ob iwwer nonner nous darrich die bar shtub nei, fer henna tzum gabie nous gae so shtarrick as sie gae hen kenna un hen gagrisha, "Hilf, hilf, der Divel grick'd uns." Der "Base Mon" farna uf da porch hut sich ow'r net long uf k'halta wies fenshter nei garent wor, die fraw is ob fert fon da porch nunner, owwa nous noch ma hecka putcha tzu woh sie ihra karrab shtae hut kot, un hut g'shwind ihra rota glaider ous, un is hame ins bed allas os sie gae hut kenna. Der mon is aw hame, un sel wor 's ledshd mohl os er owets fert noch 'm wertshous is fer korta shpiela un soufa.

'S hais'd, 's het ufs wenich'd 10 yohr ganumma bis weiters aenich ebber ous g'funna het wos sella owet g'shaina wear, un noh hetta net may wie bout 'n halb dudsend die wohrhate gawist war der Weaversville korta shpieler Divel gawest wear. Un sellie leit os es gawist hen, sin now ol in ihra ruh, un sin may gons wenich onnerra rum os wissa dafon.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by
REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

1 John 2:18-3:24

God's people are a forward looking people. Old Testament saints were waiting for the advent of the Messiah. Simeon and Anna had their faith rewarded when He was brought by His parents as a child into the Temple, Luke 2:25-28. The Disciples of Jesus, after His resurrection, were asked to tarry in Jerusalem until they should be endued with power from on high. This happened on Pentecost as described in Acts 2. Christians in our dispensation are admonished to look for the Lord from heaven. Who is to come to complete the process of our redemption and that of this earth of ours. John in today's lesson exhorts us to abide in Him, that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming, 2:28. In 3:2, 3 he refers to the same glorious event, knowing that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. Meanwhile every man that hath this hope set in Him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure.

Horoscope

You should cultivate independence and self-assurance in your work and your associations with others. Be careful lest you become careless in your work. Give your best always, and

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"As in walking it is your great care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry, and strain your leg; so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your deportment, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings."

—Epictetus.

THE U. S. COAST GUARD 30 YEARS OLD

Tomorrow will mark the 30th anniversary of the creation of the first U. S. Coast Guard. It was on January 28, 1915, that the U. S. Revenue Cutter and Life Saving services were combined to form the new organization. The Revenue Cutter service was established in 1790 during the first year of the administration of President George Washington; the Life Saving service was founded in 1871.

Under the Act of Congress which formed the U. S. Coast Guard by combining these two services, administration was placed under the Secretary of the Treasury in times of peace and of the Secretary of the Navy in times of war.

The war thus found the Coast Guard transferred to the Navy and expanded to a vast degree beyond its peace time size. Today the Coast Guard operates with the Navy and brings to bear its specialized training in the vast invasion operations which the war has entailed.

Thus, what was once a service dedicated simply to the detection and prevention of smuggling, the removal of obstructions to navigation along our coast and the rescue of imperiled shipping, is now one of the vast arms of the U. S. Navy.

The Coast Guard has its own Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut, where cadets are trained and from which has come the great complement of efficient officers who with the men of the Coast Guard are writing such a glorious page of American history.

HOME SEWING PATTERNS POPULAR

The daily pattern published by The Morning Call has been a popular feature for years and now word comes from the syndicate that create these patterns that the demand is breaking all records. This year sales have increased more than 50 per cent over last—and they still are zooming.

Several reasons account for the upswing in home sewing. One is that over the past 15 years the installation of home-making departments in schools throughout the United States has resulted in a new generation of home sewers. The girls who perhaps grudgingly shuffled off to the home-making school room, while the boys went to carpenter shops, discovered they liked to sew.

Some of them, forced to budget clothes expense, found the knack of sewing and the comparatively inexpensive cost of home-made clothes the answer. But others better off, who never had to take a stitch in time, found they too enjoyed home sewing.

It is pointed out too that dresses obviously are most costly these days while the curtailment of driving has in turn curtailed the shopping time.

Four big plants turn out the pattern services and needlecraft services which appear in this newspaper and these are working day and night. Staffs of experts spend hours studying new creations, proving the accuracy of each design by making samples and clarifying instructions step by step so as to permit even a novice to make any one of the styles without difficulty.

With the percentage of women in America who are sewing almost beyond belief, it would seem that American women are determined to keep their hold on the title, "tres chic."

NEW FEATURE IN SUNDAY CALL-CHRONICLE

Tomorrow's issue of the Sunday Call-Chronicle will present the first of a weekly feature of which the author is Fred E. Lewis, lawyer, banker, former mayor of Allentown and former congressman-at-large.

During Mr. Lewis' colorful and active career, he has amassed in his marvelous retentive memory a wealth of reminiscences which he has graciously consented to share with the readers of the Sunday Call-Chronicle. Mr. Lewis' talents as a raconteur are known to a vast number of Lehigh countians. Since a boy in college his forensic abilities have been recognized among his fellow citizens and the stories he frequently includes in his addresses, are ever delightfully told.

Now that Mr. Lewis has consented to set down in writing some of the many incidents of life among his fellows, it may be accurately forecast that a real treat is in store.

Tomorrow's initial installment offers in Mr. Lewis' inimitable style, some of the very precious tales of the use of the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect.

BE FAIR TO HOUSEWIVES AND OLEO

Rise of a point in the purchase cost of oleomargarine attracts attention again to this generally used article which is performing a patriotic war service by being a satisfactory and economical substitute for butter and yet continues to be treated like a war criminal because of laws that once were desirable but today are as outmoded as the dinosaur and other relics of past ages.

Although millions of people are perforce using oleo under some one or other of its many trade names, they are restricted from general and widespread purchase of the article by reason of heavy excise laws that make it profitable only for very large dealers to handle the article. Today it should be permissible and possible for every dealer in foodstuffs to handle this clean, nutritious and tasty food that is virtually forced upon people through scarcity of butter even though they may not wish to use it because of long-standing bias.

It can be seen that it is the general public which is being punished by law that is obsolete and purposeless in our day. Furthermore this same public is penalized by other obsolete practices. Thus it is required that oleo be sold without coloring matter. Accordingly the housewife must do the mixing of color with the butter substitute. It must be obvious to everybody that the manufacturers could do this coloring job a lot better and easier, that it would cost no more and that in all likelihood it would be more economical. While the housewife does not complain, it is just another one of those myriad, little jobs that the ingenuity of man seeks to lighten for her. Here is one that so easily could be completely eliminated.

At this time the Legislature of Pennsylvania is in session. At this time then legislation which stands in the way of the people getting what they wish and need when and where they desire it should be repealed or suspended. This should be done at least for the period of the war or until agricultural conditions again reach the point where protection for the dairying industry through such controls over oleo becomes desirable.

Many things are being done to help the soldier on the fighting front. Here then is something that law-makers can do to help the housewife and the household budget on the home front.

Political Rewards Forbidden

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Did President Roosevelt disregard a law of Congress forbidding political rewards when he sent to the Senate the nomination of Henry Wallace to be Secretary of Commerce and Federal Loan administrator?

The statute referred to became law on August 2, 1939, when it was signed by President Roosevelt. Section 3 reads as follows:

"It shall be unlawful for any person, directly or indirectly, to promise any employment, position, work, compensation, or other benefit, provided for or made possible in whole or in part by any act of Congress, to any person as consideration, favor, or reward for any political activity or for the support of or opposition to any candidate or any political party in any election."

This is what President Roosevelt wrote in his letter of January 20, 1945, to Jesse Jones:

"Henry Wallace deserves almost any service which he believes he can satisfactorily perform. I told him this at the end of the campaign, in which he displayed the utmost devotion to our cause, travelling almost incessantly and working for the success of the ticket in a great many parts of the country. Though not on the ticket himself, he gave of his utmost toward the victory which ensued.

"He has told me that he thought he could do the greatest amount of good in the Department of Commerce, for which he is fully suited, and I feel, therefore, that the Vice President should have this post in the new administration."

Political Reward

The foregoing reveals that the office of Secretary of Commerce, which was created by Act of Congress, was bestowed on Henry Wallace as a reward for political activity. Neither the President nor the Vice President are exempted from the provisions of the section in question.

If it is "unlawful" for a President or any other federal official to give a public office as a political reward, is it lawful for the United States Senate to confirm a man who receives the reward? This is a question which bears on the spirit, if not the letter, of those statutes which have long been looked upon as a means of keeping government free from pernicious influences. Offenses under not only the Federal Corrupt Practices act but the Hatch act are subject to fine and imprisonment if convictions are obtained.

There is nothing in the law which limits the making of the promise to any action taken or promise made during a campaign. The bestowal of a reward after the campaign is apparently as much banned as a promise. For the statute speaks of "reward for any political activity" and this logically could not materialize until after the service is rendered and a campaign concluded and the victor is in a position to award his plums to those who have helped him win.

A Telegram from FDR

There has been some intimation that, even during the campaign—in fact, shortly after the convention was held which nominated Mr. Roosevelt for a fourth term but rejected the renomination of Mr. Wallace for Vice President—a telegram was allegedly sent by Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Wallace bearing on the subject of a promise of future office.

William K. Hutchinson, head of the International News Service in Washington, in a dispatch on Monday of this week said that, after the unsuccessful fight made at the convention, Mr. Wallace received a telegram from Mr. Roosevelt purporting to read as follows: "Tell Mrs. Wallace not to make any move to leave Washington. There will always be a place in my household for you."

Mr. Wallace didn't bolt the ticket but went ahead to give it his active support. For several weeks there was public speculation last summer and autumn as to what post Mr. Roosevelt might have in mind for the retiring Vice President. This telegram, however, would not be persuasive except in relation to the Jan. 20th letter. The words of the statute which bar any reward for political activity alone need to be considered in view of the fact that the President now publicly admits that he is giving a public office as a political reward to Mr. Wallace.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CORRUPTION OF THE BALLOT

In New York State, an unholy device has been evolved which permits a candidate for public office to run on the tickets of many political parties. Thus, Vito Marcantonio ran for Congress as a candidate of the Republican, Democratic and the American Labor Party. The electors in his district were left without choice as though they were voting in a Nazi election. Because of this undemocratic method, two minority parties, the American Labor Party and the Liberal Party, are becoming increasingly important as New Yorkers approach the next election which is for Mayor.

The present incumbent in that office is equally unpopular with the rank and file of all parties but if he can maneuver any two of them into endorsing him, there is no question but that he will be nominated and possibly elected. His best chance is that the American Labor Party, which is an arm of American Communism, may choose him. Then start the deals and trades, those fantastic vagaries of New York where men are not nominated for their abilities but to maintain a balance between Catholics, Protestants and Jews including such sub-divisions as Irish Catholics and Italian Catholics, Kosher Jews and Park Avenue Swells. And no balance can be complete without some acknowledgment of the Negro vote.

A Disgusting Spectacle

It will be as disgusting a spectacle as can be witnessed anywhere. The Democrats are in a bad way because their organization in Manhattan, Tammany Hall, is not only, as usual, corrupt but it has become contemptible. No matter from what angle one probes into its affairs, sooner or later, the power of Costello, the racketeer, is encountered. In Brooklyn and the Bronx, it is headed by effective leadership, but those leaders, Messrs. Kelly and Flynn, are under White House pressures and the White House needs to pay off LaGuardia.

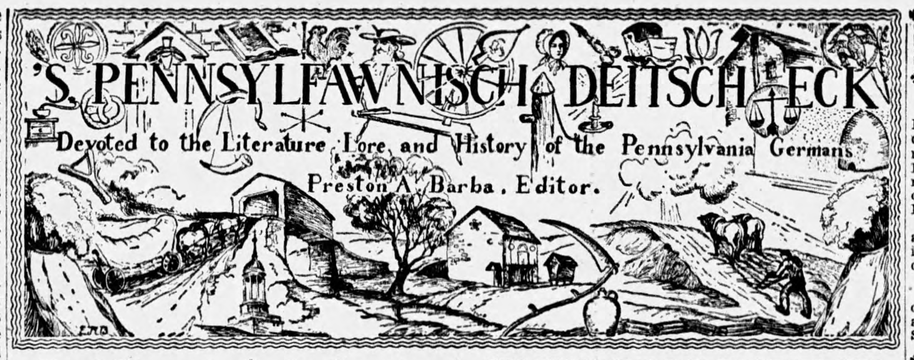
The Republicans are in equal difficulties. The rank and file and the leadership are violently opposed to LaGuardia except perhaps in Brooklyn. The Republicans have excellent candidates who could be elected. Two factors stand in their way: One is the assumption that the Republicans cannot win a New York City election unassisted and whereas they dislike dealing with the communistic American Labor Party, they are willing to trade with the Liberal Party which is mildly socialistic. Furthermore, they would like to form a transaction with one of these minor parties which would apply equally to 1945 and 1946; that is, that would include an endorsement of Tom Dewey for the Governorship. The theory is that if David Dubinsky is given New York City patronage in 1945, he might be willing to go along with Dewey in 1946, in spite of the fact that in all federal and state elections since 1932, Dubinsky and his associates have always stood solidly wherever Franklin D. Roosevelt wanted them to be.

The Only Honest Way

The only honest way to run an election is for a candidate's name to appear on the ballot only once, so that he can only run under the emblem of the party whose principles he accepts. Such a decency would have to be instituted by a state legislature, some of whose members could not be elected without Communist or Socialist endorsements. It would have to be signed by a Governor who has to be re-elected in 1946 if he is to be a candidate for the Presidency in 1948 and who would welcome Liberal Party support.

Therefore, the New York City election in 1945 is likely to be as vicious, corrupt, and indecent as municipal elections have been these past three terms with the Communists and mild Socialists as traders for nominations and endorsements. And the likelihood is that Fiorello LaGuardia will be elected for the fourth time whether the people want him or not, whether it is for the best interest of the citizens or not.

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Hard Times In Berks County

An Historical Narrative
by L. A. WOLLENWEBER
(Translated from the German by the Editor)

CONRAD WEISER'S HOME

On leaving the village of Womelsdorf and continuing for about a mile in the direction of Reading on the turnpike which leads into the Lebanon Valley, one notices on the right side of the road a large and beautifully situated farm. Its fields are carefully enclosed with fences and the farmhouse stands in the shadow of fruit and ornamental trees. Beyond the house rise fine agricultural buildings, barn, stables and wagon-sheds. Between the house and farm buildings there is a large and well-cared-for vegetable garden. An excellent, ever-flowing mountain spring is piped for use in house and stables, furnishing drink for man and beast. Its waters flow into a nearby pond where numbers of geese and ducks disport themselves. Around the buildings hundreds of chickens, turkeys and guinea-fowl are seen and flocks of pigeons on the roof-tops.

This large and well-established farm which belongs at present (in 1875) to John A. Schietz, a capable farmer, was in the years 1729 to 1760 the property and for the most part the residence of the famous Indian interpreter and highly honored German man, Conrad Weiser. Since this upright German played so important a role in the history of the first settlers in the upper part of the state of New York, as well as here in Pennsylvania, we believe that the reader will be interested in the following brief details about this influential man.

Conrad Weiser was born in 1696 in the village of Astaedt, (really, **Affstaett**,—Ed.) in the district of Herrenberg in Wuerttemberg. He came with his father, Johann Conrad Weiser, and a number of brothers and sisters from London, where they had tarried for a time under the protection of Queen Anne. Upon arriving at New York they journeyed northward to Albany. Here young Conrad found employment with a provision merchant. The active young man, ambitious and eager to learn, soon won the love and esteem of his employer and his customers. And especially did an Indian chief by the name of Quaknang delight in the alert youth, and since Quaknang came frequently to the merchant with whom he carried on an active trade a warm friendship ripened between the two, even though they could only speak with each other in broken English. For young Conrad it was always a day of joy when Quaknang arrived with his pelts, beeswax, honey and what not, and when Conrad on one occasion expressed his wish to learn the Indian language, Quaknang suggested that he accompany him back to his Indian village where he could in a short time acquire their language; he would treat Conrad as his own child. The latter joyously agreed to go and soon succeeded in inducing his father and his employer to permit him to accompany Quaknang to his wilderness home. When Quaknang returned again to Albany with his wares and learned that young Conrad was allowed to accompany him he was overjoyed and gave the elder Weiser a handsome gift of his best otter-skins.

On the following morning the two friends left in happy mood for the Indian village near Niagara Falls and reached the same after a journey of several days. Here the Indian chieftain offered his beloved young friend, whom he guarded as the apple of his eye, the best opportunity to learn to know the customs, manners and languages of the Six Nations. After two years young Weiser spoke the Iroquois and Maqua languages fluently and was very useful to Quaknang in trading with the whites. To the great embarrassment of the noble Quaknang Conrad suddenly became ill with a severe fever, during which he was seized by a great homesickness for his father and brothers and sisters. When he had recovered and believed himself physically strong enough, he urgently begged his friend to allow him to return to Albany. With a heavy heart the Indian consented, gave him gifts and on a leisurely journey (for Conrad was still weak from his recent fever) he accompanied his young friend back to Albany.

In the meantime Conrad's father, together with his children, had removed to the German settlement at Schoharie, where some Indian chieftains had given the Palatine immigrants some land, and which Queen Anne had guaranteed. Thither Conrad now also journeyed after full recovery from his illness. There he helped his father till the soil and made himself especially useful to the entire community in settling disputes which arose between the settlers and the Indians, in a way satisfactory to all concerned, so that the Germans and the redmen lived in peace as long as Conrad Weiser dwelt among them.

Unfortunately this peace and the hopes which the Germans of the Schoharie entertained for the establishment of beautiful and carefree homes were to be of short duration. Hardly had they with arduous labor built for themselves better homes and barns, laid out gardens, fenced in their fields, planted fruit trees and acquired the necessary domestic animals, when the unjust and greedy Governor of the province of New York demanded that the German settlers pay a certain sum of money for their land since they had not paid any taxes in years. When many refused to do so and asserted their early rights, the governor sold their land to seven merchants living in New York and Albany. These merchants then evicted the families who did not accept the conditions laid down for them. All their pleadings and remonstrances were in vain. A deputation sent to London to present their cause returned without success.

The banished families now held counsel and concluded to migrate to Pennsylvania, where beautiful land, healthful and easy to cultivate, was offered them without payment. Undismayed they now prepared to begin their labors anew and in a better climate. It was not long before a caravan of thirty families with necessary equipment left Schoharie, journeying in a southwesterly direction. Under great hardship they continued through the terrible wilderness upon untrodden paths until they reached the Susquehanna river, where they paused to build huts for themselves. Here they constructed canoes and rafts upon which they loaded their wives, children, household articles, even cattle, and slowly floated down stream until they reached the place where the Swatara flows into the Susquehanna. Here they landed, turned northeastward and found, after a journey of some days, the Tulpehocken creek, which had been denoted for them. Here they settled among the Indians early in the summer of the year 1723.

Since the region was beautiful and hemmed in by lovely hills, they gave it the name of Heidelberg. Although the land was easily tilled and there was no lack of water power and the best of drinking water, their early sojourn here was far from what they had hoped, for they had often to struggle against wild animals and the still wilder and cruel Indians. But they remained undismayed, supported each other loyally and worked with all diligence, and when the cold season set in most of them already possessed habitable houses and had provided for themselves abundant foodstuffs. With each year came increasing progress and after four short years one could have seen little mills along the Tulpehocken, sizeable looking houses and barns, horses, cattle, sheep and swine, well-tilled and fenced-in fields and busy flocks of fowl around the farmhouses. On the other hand disputes with the Indians increased. They could not talk with each other and often their misunderstandings ended in quarrels, bloody scenes, plunderings and destruction of buildings by fires. Since these disorders with the redmen seemed to come to no end the pioneers along the Tulpehocken held counsel and concluded to send two men to Schoharie with the following letter addressed to Conrad Weiser (the original letter was up to a few years ago in the possession of the Honourable Henry A. Muhlenberg):

Heidelberg, in Pennsylvania
May 18, 1729.

Dear Friend Conrad Weiser!

You know when we left you in Schoharie in March, 1723, that we were very poor, yes, very poor, and since we realized that we would have to perish altogether there, we came to the courageous resolve to traverse the terrible wilderness hither, and with regard to the Indians we followed your advice which also proved to be extremely useful to us, for which we thank you heartily. We reached the North Branch of the Susquehanna without any unusual obstacles. There we tarried for a time to construct rafts and canoes, upon which we loaded our families and effects and then journeyed southward until we might find a suitable place which would serve us as a home. One group of us, to whom was assigned the care of our domestic animals, had to drive them down stream along the shore, and we agreed that those who arrived first at the mouth of a creek flowing into the Susquehanna should wait there until the entire caravan had arrived.

Everything proceeded fortunately and the dear God kept us all in good health until we came to the mouth of the Swatara creek, where we left our rafts and canoes, and then continued inland upon the advice of a hunter, to a creek, which, he said, flowed from west to east. We also soon found the creek and what the hunter had told us was confirmed. The land is beautiful, fertile, and has the best springs and sufficient water power.

Each of us already has made sufficient land arable to support his family, and in addition a considerable surplus. Our stock of cattle is excellent and we already have several mills along the Tulpehocken and the Muehlbach. Because of its beauty we have called the region Heidelberg. Our anxieties about sustenance have ceased, but the Indians are beginning to cause unpleasantnesses. How happy we should therefore be if you would decide to come to us; we want to procure for you a splendid home. Come right soon!

J. Hehn, P. Fischer, A. Lauer, P. Anspach,
C. Loewengut, J. Christ.

Upon receiving this kindly invitation Conrad Weiser concluded to migrate to the promised Heidelberg with his entire family, his worthy wife, two sons and three daughters. They arrived in fall of the same year and were most joyously received by the settlers.

After he had attended to his domestic affairs, greeted his friends and discussed with them the Indian situation, Conrad Weiser went forth to the sons of the wilderness. Since he was able to talk with them and understood how to present the situation to them clearly, peace soon dwelt once more among them and the farmer could again till his land.

The reputation of Weiser's deeds also soon reached the ears of the government in Philadelphia, and it was decided to have this miracle man summoned to Philadelphia. Weiser went and after brief questioning he received his patent as Indian agent. With it there came at the smae time so many commissions that he could do little else. He was often obliged to go forth in bad seasons of the year, through the worst wilderness, to negotiate with wild and murderous Indians, away from his loved ones months at a time, struggling on these various journeys against hunger, illness and wild beasts. But remarkable as it seems no harm ever came to him from the Indians themselves, although he spent many a night in their camps; yes, he was even adopted by several tribes and won for himself the loyal friendship of several chieftains, among them Schekelemy, Cehachquey and Quaknang are especially to be mentioned. Through the great energy and tenacity of this one man the lives of hundreds of settlers were saved in the wild struggle between the whites and the redmen, many dwellings were saved from destruction by fire, and fleeing widows and orphans found protection under his roof.

On a slight elevation on the Weiser farm from which one enjoys a glorious view over the surrounding countryside is the grave of this noble and active man; beside him rest the remains of his faithful wife and several of his children; and a few steps from these lie his Indian friends Schekelemy, Cehachquey and Canachquasy, who had during their lifetime requested of Conrad Weiser, that when once the Great Spirit called them, their bodies might be permitted to rest beside his own, a request which the good man gladly granted.

Weiser's descendants have unfortunately neglected the sacred burial place in an inexcusable manner. Today the graves can hardly be noticed, for cattle have for years been grazing on the sight. The spot where Conrad Weiser lies buried is marked by a ruinous tombstone on which the followng inscription is barely legible:

Dieses ist
die Ruhestaette des weyl. ehren geachten
M Conradt Weisers. Derselbige gebohren
1696 d 2 November in Astaet im Amt Herrenberg
im Wittenberger Lande und gestorben 1760
d 13 Julius. Ist alt worden 64 Jahr 3 W 6 T.

On November 13, 1793, General George Washington, the father of our country, accompanied by General Joseph Hiester and other eminent persons, visited the grave of this German man, Conrad Weiser, and uttered these words:

This departed man has in very difficult times rendered many services to our country. Posterity will not forget him.



NOTE.—Wollenweber was, we believe, the first to call the attention of the public to posterity's shameful neglect of the home and the grave of Conrad Weiser. Some years before the above sketch was written Wollenweber had already reproved the descendants of Weiser for neglecting the tomb of this eminent man. In his rare little book GEMAELDE AUS DEM PENNSYLVANIA VOLKSLEBEN (Philadelphia und Leipzig, 1869), he wrote in a German colored by his native Palatine dialect:

"—un muss ich sage, dass es e rechte Schand ischt, dass die Nochkomme von dem ehrenhaften Mann, die in der Nochberschaft noch wohne, un wozu a die Familie Muehlenberg, die in Reading un Lancaster wohnt, gehoert, das Grab in enem so elenden Zustand losse. Der Stein ischt halt umgefalle un die Buchstabe so verwettert, dass die Grabschrirft nur noch schwer zu lese ischt, vun de Graeber seiner Indianische Freunde, die vor ihm gestorben un die er uf de naemliche Platz hot begrabe losse, ischt schier nix meh zu sehne.—Wie waer's, wann die Leut vun Wummelsdorf e Subscripschen List ufsetze daete, for des Grab un de Begraebnissplatz ufzufixe, 's daet gewiss e schoeni Summ zusamme komme, un der Mann, wo de Platz nau egnet, daet gewiss nix dagege sage, wann uf seiner Farm e so schoenes Munement stehn daet, un Tausende, die vun dem Grabplatz vum Conrad Weiser hoere daete, ginge hin ihn zu sehne, die Riegelweg Cumpany, die Turnpeik Cumpany, un die Werthshaeuser in der ganze Nochberschaft daete gut ausmache.—Leider wisse awer die mehnste Leut, die dort herum wohne, den Schatz, den sie hawe, net zu schaetze."

Wollenweber never saw this wish realized and yet it may be said that the seeds he sowed in his heedless generation finally sprang into life, for today the Weiser home and the private burial plot are a part of the Weiser Memorial Park erected in 1926, a shrine to which all good Pennsylvania Germans should some time make a pilgrimage.—ED.

AUS BERKS COUNTY'S SCHWERER ZEIT

is the title of a little-known work by Ludwig August Wollenweber, published in Reading, Pa. (W. Rosenthal) in 1875. It consists of a number of narratives pertaining to the days of the early settlers in Berks County, of which the first is "Conrad Weiser's Heimath," the sketch which we are offering to our readers in English translation in the ECK for today. "Baron Wilhelm Heinrich Stiegel," "Kidnapped by the Indians," "Thomas Rieth," "The Rescued Ones," and others will appear in the near future.

Ludwig August Wollenweber, born near Zweibruecken in the Rhenish Palatinate in 1807, became involved in the revolutionary uprisings and fled to America in 1832. He settled in Pennsylvania where he soon felt himself at home with the Pennsylvania Germans whom he loved. He was active as journalist and author and became widely known among Germans throughout America as "Der Alte vom Berge." His later years were spent in Reading where he died in 1888 and where he is buried. Wollenweber was the first to see in the historical backgrounds, traditions and legendry of our Pennsylvania German people a rich material for literary exploitation. His historical narratives, all written in German, are not without interest for the present generation. Some of our readers are already acquainted with his narrative "Two Faithful Comrades—The first two German settlers in Pennsylvania," translated by the editor and published in the ECK, August 10 to September 7, 1935, and "Mountain Mary. An Historical Tale" (translated by Luther A. Pflueger) which appeared in the ECK, June 1 to June 29, 1940. Wollenweber has been charged with historical inaccuracies, but it mst be remembered that he wrote long before the day of the modern historian and his scientific methods. It is true that Wollenweber does not examine history with the microscope, he may sometimes sacrifice historical exactness to literary effect, but he generally succeeds in conveying to the reader an historical picture whose general impression transcends the mere enumeration of historical data.—ED.

Deaths of a Day

MICHAEL MOLNAR

Michael Molnar, husband of Ethel Borsos Molnar, 1209 Mechanic St., died in St. Luke's hospital Friday morning. He has been a resident of Bethlehem for 39 years and was a member of St. John's Capistrano church. He was employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co.

Surviving in addition to the wife are one son, Joseph, U. S. Navy, now in the South Pacific; three sisters and one brother, in Europe.

FRANK LIJKO

Frank Lijko, 84, died at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Szecsody, 409 E. 5th St., Bethlehem, at 12:30 a.m. Friday. Born in Hungary, he has been in America for the past 32 years, and conducted a tailor shop at 412 E. 4th St., Bethlehem.

A member of St. John's Windish church, he is survived by three sons, Anthony and Louis, of Bethlehem, and Rev. Stephen, Europe; two daughters, Mrs. Joseph Szecsody and Mrs. Mary Kvochak, Bethlehem; six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted from the late home, 409 E. 5th St., at 8:30 a.m. Monday, with requiem mass following in St. John's Windish church at 9 a.m. Interment at Holy Saviour cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NET ALLAS FERLORA

Won sie 'm Johnny Bear fon Guthsville da onner owet aw 's flaish fom truck ganumma hen, wor net allas ferlora wie er ons Shnella gas station nei g'shtopt hut fer 'n gutie tzeit howwa. Won aw 's flaish fert wor wie er un der "Soss" Stauffer endlich die flaish box uf seim truck uf gamocht hen fers flaish ob lawda, hut der Johnny anyhow 'n gutie tzeit kot, un wo: net allas fert. Die socha sin ol g'shaina noch dem os der Johnny tzurick hame kumma is fon da tzweta load flaish ferkaufa, un hut yusht may so punder 40-50 shae flaish iwwerich kot, unna gonser hanker fol si bae un kelver kep.

Der Johnny hut 'n harder dawg kot, un wor hard tzu sawga on wel'm bae os ers arrickshd g'shnopt is wie er owets noch 'm Shnella gas station kumma is fer der "Soss" Stauffer froga fer mit hame gae fers flaish ob lawda. Der Johnny gait awenich grambish on aim bae, ow'r der kordion shpieler Earl Miller hut net arrick long shpiela breicha bis der Johnny drous uf 'm floor wor fer donsa. Un des da langer os der Earl g'sphpielt hut, des da aryer hut der Johnny gadonst, un des da langer os er uf 'm floor wor, des da wenicher is er g'shnopt. Endlich wor er so weit os niemond may gadenk'd het os der Johnny lawm gang'd, un allas wor ol recht bis er un der "Soss" tzurick hame kumma sin un hens flaish ob lawda wolla.

M'r hen shun oft k'hoert fon da alta fraw ihr'm kicha shonk wor lare un blut wor wie sie gonga is fer ihr'm hund 'n gnocha griega. Wel, grawd so wors mit 'm Johnny seinra flaish box wie der "Soss" sie uf gamocht hut uf 'm Johnny seim shaina butcher truck. Wohrhoft won net alla bits'l shae un gute flaish fert wor, un allas os may iwwerich wor, worra die si bae un kelver kep. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Johnny aw net howwa os die socha rous kumma, un besser sawga don nix weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Wor Gabutta

So wie die Fegelcher uns yusht gapifa hen, wor der Semmlymon Franklin Lichtenwalter fon Centre Valley da onner dawg gabutta drous in Harrisbarrick. Der Franklin wor uf 'm waig fom Kapitol nunner noch 'm Penn-Harris wertshous wie er g'shtipt is uf 'm glotta ice, un is bei long division hinnerishich uf der buckle g'falla os er sei longa bae kartza grawd in die hae g'shtrack'd hut. Tzu all'm guta glick hut er sich net wae gaduh, un allas wear ol recht gawest, won net 'n fraw on da sama tzeit rum gawest wear mit ma grossa hund omma band'l os sie drous kotta hut fer frishie luft.

Der hund hut net onnishder gadenk'd wie der Franklin nava om nous g'flitch'd is, os wie er wot shpiela mit 'm, un is 'm Franklin mit da fier fees uf der bouch gajump'd, un hut shtarta 'n 's aller arrickshd shlecka im g'sicht. Die fraw hut 's airsht ihra gadonka shunshd kot, un net gawist wos ihra hund om duh wor. Ow'r alla mohl os der Franklin gamaint hut er kent sich widder tzurick uf die fees shoffa, hut der hund 'n frish nei nunner um gamocht uf 'm glotta ice, uns wor aeland im haichda grawd.

Endlich hut die fraw ow'r rum gaguck'd un g'sawt tzum hund, "Here, here the man fell, he doesn't want to play with you," un hut 'n tzurick weck g'shnart, un der Franklin hut sich endlich tzurick uf die fees g'shoft. Bei selra tzeit wor er net yusht ol ferdreck'd uf 'm buckle, ow'r der hund hut aw ken tzu sarwerra fees kotta, un allas os der Franklin duh hut kenna, wor gae sich g'shwind rum shtrippa so os er fit wor fer sich sehna lossa drous uf 'm payment. Won aenich ebber is os noch so alt frankisha "never slip" ice kreepers rum hut os es nimmy wil maich'd der Franklin ferleicht froh sei fer 'n paar odder so tzu griega so os er sich 'n onner mohl besser uf da poles halta kon won er widder on da fraw ferbei gait mit ma hund om band'l.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da ferdreaslichda socha os er sei lava noch erlaibt het secht der Charlie Wetzel fon Macungie, wist er nix ferdreaslicher os wie won 'n goul rida wot un der goul dade sich in der shnae laiga.

Sel is grawd wos 'm Charlie da onner dawg g'shaina is wie er 'm "Jimmy" George Lohrman sei ride goul wenich rida hut wolla, un noh fer die socha ols noch ferdreaslicher mocha, hut der goul der Charlie ufs wenich'd 'n gonsie shtun in da felder rum g'shprang'd eb er sich fonga hut lossa.

Der Charlie klaimt, fon now ob dade er onna lawfa woh er hee wot, un war geil rida wot maich'd sie aw fonga won sie fert shpringa dada.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

By Erich Brandeis

You are probably beginning to think about your income tax and pretty soon you'll sit down and spend a miserable few hours filling in that formidable questionnaire which must have been prepared for you by Rube Goldberg, or at least with his help. I can't think of anybody else who could think up anything quite as crazy.

And as you make out your tax form, you are probably going to be honest and you'll pay every nickel you owe. Not that you like it, but you know there is a war on and that taxes must be paid if we want to pay for it.

But if you are anything like myself, you may wonder how honest your government is with you.

Honesty in government has been one of the primary factors in making this country great, and the great majority of us, who are honest in our dealings with each other, certainly will be honest with their government if that relationship is reciprocal.

I have purposely kept away from criticism of our government because politics is not in my field.

But when government puts its hand into my pocket and picks it, when government lies to me and cheats me, that is my business and the business of every other citizen.

The recent confiscation of ration stamps was outrageous and a direct insult to every woman who tried to cooperate in the war effort.

My wife and I have gone without many things these days. We didn't like the meat shortage or the butter shortage or the difficulty of getting almost any kind of decent merchandise.

But we took it with a smile, because we figured that we'd rather have our butter and our steaks go to the boys overseas than into our stomachs.

So my wife had 250 ration points left, and then, out of a blue sky, came the government edict cancelling every one of them.

Our neighbors, who had stocked their shelves with canned goods, laughed.

"I had a hunch they'd pull something like that, said one of the women, "but they didn't fool me."

That's fine, isn't it?

Those ration stamps were a definite promise by the government. They were an obligation, just like a debt you owe to your grocer is an obligation.

I'd like to see the government holler if I said:

"I hereby cancel my income tax for 1944. I have found that there isn't enough money available to pay you."

What's the difference?

Now they say in Washington that food is at its lowest ebb.

They should have known that beforehand just like you are supposed to be ready to pay your tax when it is due.

If they didn't, it's bad management. If they did, it's dishonest.

The more people distruct their government, the more officials and petty officials it will take to enforce its directives.

May I suggest that our so-called public servants place more faith in the people whom they are supposed to serve? May I suggest that they remember that we are a nation of adults? May I suggest that we need no soft soap when the news is bad; no threats of jails and fines when unpopular laws have to be made, no subterfuge to take the place of truth.

It was truth on which this republic was founded, it was truth upon which it will continue.

Lies have ever been the tool of weaklings.

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One-Minute Test

1. What is an ormolu clock?
2. What is a cuckold?
3. What is a claqueur?

One-Minute Test Answers

1. An imitation gold clock, ormolu being a kind of brass made of equal parts of copper and zinc.
2. An unfaithful wife.
3. A pail applauder.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by
REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

Revelation 12:1-14:12

Far too many details in this passage to be treated in a few dozen words! The woman in 12:1 is Israel who gives birth, v. 5, to a man child, the Lord Jesus, destined according to all Hebrew prophecy to rule the nations, Ps. 67:4, with a rod of iron, Psalms 2:9 and 110:2. The ascension is referred to in v. 5, and thus in Psalm 110:1 we see Him seated at the right hand of the Father until His enemies have been made the foot-stool of His feet. All this is the subject of the chapters for today's reading. Satan's persecution of Israel is the theme of the last half of chapter 12. His wrath is great because he knows that his time is short, v. 12. The horrible persecution of the Jews today is but a foretaste of Jacob's real trouble. But into the midst of the sufferings of this period is thrown the ray of hope, 7. 10. "Now is come salvation and strength and the kingdom of our God, for the hour of His judgment is come," 14:7. The world-system under anti-Christ, Satan's dictatorship, described in chapter 13 (Note, buying and selling permitted only to those that have the "mark" of the beast, vs. 16 and 17) will fall, 14:8, after patient waiting on the part of believers, 14:12.

25 Years Ago Today

A Tuesday, January 27, 1920

Educational features were roundly discussed by the members of the Knights of Columbus at a meeting of Calvary Council No. 528, K. of C., at 433 Hamilton Street.

The 37th annual meeting of the Security Building Association was held in the office of the company, 523 Linden St. The report given showed that the association had a very prosperous year.

The Ludwig home at 935 Hamilton St. was sold by Wilson P. Ludwig, of the hardware firm of M. S. Young & Co., to Silverman and Gleich, of the Star

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All is blue.
Browning.

'WHEN THE DEVIL WAS SICK,' ETC.

As the Americans who were saved from a Jap prison camp in the Philippines on Wednesday get opportunity to tell their personal stories of experiences during the past three years the indictment against the Japs for outright brutality and cruelty as well as other violations of the rules of war becomes weightier. More and more these stories call for determination to exact justice from a bestial army and the governmental and social system which have shaped its way of thinking and acting.

From new sources corroborative information is being received concerning the Death March from Bataan, already documented as one of the most brutal acts ever committed by a conquering army upon men who surrendered themselves after promises of legal treatment.

From all the prisoners have come stories of indignities to the person visited upon prisoners by the Japs in a revelation of what the psychologists say is an inferiority complex on the part of the yellow fellows. Then too there promise to be countless stories of brutal and even murderous treatment, plus neglect and starvation rations. Then there are the stories of tricks played by the Japs upon prisoners in order to tempt them to violation of prison camp rules and bring upon themselves almost any form of brutality that the guards might choose.

As the American people read these stories, their blood will boil. It will be good if the Japs themselves become informed of this growing tide of American indignation. Perhaps the Japs already realize this for Japan, according to radio announcement yesterday, has suddenly come to realize that prisoners are human beings and that as such they have a very definite standing and preferred position among civilized peoples. According to this radio broadcast, attributed to a spokesman for the Japanese Information Bureau: "If there is anything Japan can do" to improve the lot of Allied prisoners, "Japan is ready to do it." And he went on to say: "The sincerity of the Japanese government in this matter can be seen in the fact that the Japanese government recently declared that it was willing to allow Red Cross representatives to visit various localities in occupied territories where prisoners and internees are. We hope that the enemy will in turn recognize the Japanese generosity for making such a noble decision in spite of the gravity of the war situation."

Something apparently has thrown a scare into the nasty Nips but in characteristic fashion they put themselves right out in front of the footlights taking bows and applause for their "generosity" and "noble decision." "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be. When the devil was well, a hell of a saint was he."

Americans, who long since have become disgusted with the very "honorable" Japs and their consistent hypocrisy are likely to reply in frank and straightforward American parlance with short and ugly words.

MANILA'S FALL NEAR AT HAND

One of the biggest surprises of the campaign on Luzon, now nearing the capital city Manila, is the surprising lack of force evidenced by the Japs. All indications now are that Manila may be taken in a few days and that whatever Japs are on the island will have been cooped within one of four rather small mountainous areas.

Before the Philippines were invaded belief was that the Japs had prepared to defend them with several hundred thousand men. Inasmuch as Manila looms so high in the Orient and its loss would mean so much loss of face for the Japs, it was believed they would defend it with all the strength they could muster.

This belief received support during the vigorous fighting on Leyte. It was confirmed by the commanding general's boast that he would beat MacArthur. It received additional confirmation when convoy after convoy of troops sought to reach Leyte, only to be blasted, and when the Japs risked their battle fleet in an effort to destroy the Americans.

But the Japs are estimated to have lost almost 150,000 men on Leyte alone. General MacArthur, through his intelligence service, undoubtedly has a good idea of the strength of the forces still on Luzon. His speed in approaching Manila and the succession of his daring invasions appear to indicate that he expects to take Manila very quickly.

HELP FOR HEALTH ON HOME FRONT

Health on the home front and the calibre of future medical officers and postwar practitioners are "seriously jeopardized by the virtual destruction of graduate medical education" by the Army and Navy, asserts Dr. Evarts A. Graham, former president of the American College of Surgeons.

The limited interneships insisted upon by the Army and Navy are so set up that not enough of the different medical specialties can be learned to be dignified even by the word "smattering," Dr. Graham declares in an article in the Saturday Evening Post.

Dr. Graham was a major in the Army Medical Corps, in charge of an evacuation hospital, in World War I, and was a member of a committee appointed by the Secretary of War in 1942 to study the medical needs of the Army.

"The future of American medicine requires a realistic approach to the needs of the Army and Navy, as well as the home front, for doctors," states Dr. Graham. "Not slapdash doctors, but doctors trained in the thorough manner which has given to American civilian and military medicine a leading position in the world."

Terming "extravagant" the armed services demand for more than 40 per cent of the country's doctors, Dr. Graham declares: "Perhaps the time has come for the Army and Navy to let up on their excessive demands for medical officers. The reason for the suggestion is strengthened by the fact that new officers the armed forces are receiving now are only half trained and are necessarily inferior professionally to those received in the early part of the war."

BIG THREE IN SESSION

It may be a matter of guesswork or it may mean that some publicity sources, either official or unofficial, has "jumped the gun" when "Arab" sources in Africa report the meeting of President Roosevelt with Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Premier Joseph Stalin.

It has been expected for some time that such a meeting would take place during February. It appears very likely that President Roosevelt is not in the United States inasmuch as events in Washington on his birthday anniversary were not graced by his presence. In addition there have been no reports out of Washington to indicate he is in the capital. So the conclusion is that he is on his way to meet his two most famous friends. Inasmuch as travel is so very speedy, it is entirely possible and highly probable that the three men are already in session and their meeting place can be just about anywhere on this large globe.

Mr. Wallace's Campaign

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—Two strange factors in the Wallace controversy appear to be taken for granted among many members of Congress.

One is that it is all right for Henry Wallace to begin an active campaign for the Presidential nomination of 1948. Now in the midst of war and to use the Department of Commerce as a vehicle for political publicity to that end.

The other is the curious notion that, because only a few times in American history has a cabinet officer's nomination been rejected by the Senate, it is a violation of some sacred precedent to do so now.

Actually the parliamentary system of government in Canada and Britain has many advantages over our system, because in this country there is no way to fix responsibility for the acts or policies of cabinet officers. There is no check once a nomination is confirmed and the Senate has, to its sorrow, again and again confirmed public officials who later proved a disappointment. The obvious remedy—to remove public officers who have once been confirmed—has been denied to Congress by a Supreme Court decision which says that, while the advice of the Senate is needed to confirm a Presidential appointment, no power exists for Congress to bring about removal if the public official defies the wishes of the national legislature.

This decision is only a few years old and was rendered by the late Chief Justice Taft during the Hoover administration after the opposite impression had prevailed in Congress for more than 100 years. Since the Congress, therefore, is now helpless to remove an official except by impeachment for a misdemeanor, the power to confirm becomes tremendously important.

It would not be surprising if hereafter all nominations for executive posts, including cabinet officers, were subjected to closer scrutiny, especially in these days when a man's views have much to do with how he will interpret the vague phrases of existing law or the broad grants of discretionary power.

Most surprising is the political aspect of the Wallace nomination. Mr. Roosevelt gives Mr. Wallace the post as a political reward and makes no pretense about using political office as a means of advancing the spoils system in American politics. Liberals and reformers are strangely silent about this issue.

Mr. Wallace would have been better advised to refrain from accepting any post, because it would have left him free to attack or support the Roosevelt regime whenever, in his judgment and in the opinion of the CIO-PAC, the administration was veering away from or toward the left-wing policies that organization espouses.

But with Mr. Wallace in the cabinet, the President can, in a sense, control the public expressions or even campaign activity of the Secretary of Commerce as he does anyone else in his official family. If the supporters of Mr. Roosevelt want to line up for a fifth term, Mr. Wallace must presumably refrain from doing anything to interfere with that purpose. But Mr. Wallace, outside the cabinet, would have no such strings attached.

Plainly the President has thus far outmaneuvered Mr. Wallace. It is not likely that Mr. Roosevelt relishes the premeditated plan for a 1948 campaign on the "left wing" side. The "left wingers", however, have had their heart set on building up a radical as a successor to Mr. Roosevelt. They didn't know about Henry Wallace till the 1944 Democratic convention but after the speech in which Mr. Wallace went all out for the CIO-PAC point of view, they have been backing him enthusiastically. It is said that the CIO-PAC really forced the President's hand and that the fight against the six State department nominees was merely a fire built up under the President to compel him to give Mr. Wallace the post of lending or spending billions. Even if the Congress passes the bill separating the RFC from the Department of Commerce, the CIO-PAC will not be content but will expect Wallace inside the cabinet to bring pressure on anyone who is finally appointed to the RFC job.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CHILD SNOOPERS

The story goes that Fred Vandeventer, who newscasts for WOR, has had a great idea. It is that children should keep tabs on their parents concerning food purchases. It is like Mayor LaGuardia's notion that children should spy on the gambling proclivities of their parents.

Let me put it in his own words:

"Find out from your mother what she paid a pound for those pork chops. Write that down on a slip of paper which we gave you as you came in. Question her about everything you will have for dinner.

"Then tomorrow morning when you return to school you will find posted on the walls a number of charts which list the ceiling prices that the government allows.

"Compare the price your mother paid with the ceiling price. If she paid more than the ceiling price, tell her about it. Make her understand that she is not doing her part if she continues to pay the greedy prices which un-American grocers and butchers charge for their food."

Not Policemen But Snoopers

Mr. Vandeventer, of course, was careful to warn the children that they were not policemen. Nevertheless, they become snoopers. A policeman wears a uniform; a snooper only wear a smirk.

In the early days of the Russian Revolution, during the reign of terror, part of which I witnessed, it was quite usual to encourage children to betray their parents, to describe their "bourgeois" habits at home, their continued adherence to religious rites, etc. The Nazi picked up the idea and used it particularly against Jews in hiding. Nothing could have been more destructive of the morals of a nation.

Our civilization is based upon the family. The family and not the government is our first moral loyalty. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that their days may be long . . ." is a higher law than any passed by Congress. It is among the ten highest laws of our civilization. Its breach, to the religious, is sin; to others, it is a violation of good taste. Whichever way that is taken, for children to squeal on parents is immoral, indecent, wrong. It must not be tolerated in our civilization.

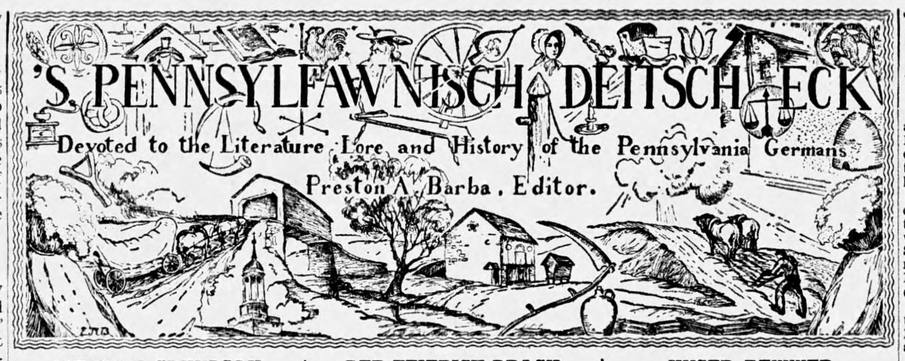
OPA to Offer Method

I am sure that Mr. Vandeventer wanted to do good when he devised this method and applied it at Princeton, New Jersey. It is said that the OPA will offer this method to 640 local boards in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia. But it is the kind of goodness that works ultimate evil because it destroys character.

My suggestion to parents is to get the good, old hair brush ready and that the first time an infant becomes a snooper, he be put across the knee and be given an old-fashioned lesson in original dogma. It will do both the child and the parent good. And it will save this country. Parents might also check up with their schools to find out whether this vicious and sinful method is being employed and if it is, they might bear down on their school boards with all their weight.

The clergy might also begin to realize that their function in the community is to protect its morals and not to play its politics. They might go into this question of the Fifth Commandment thoroughly and see to it that the schools and the OPA do not impair the morals of the young. In some states, that is an offense by law and it might be tested out in the Courts. Sex crimes are not the only impairment of morals; breaches of the Ten Commandments may do the human being even greater damage than a sex imbroglio. For instance, teaching a child to snoop and squeal on his parents may so affect his character that he may never be any good as a man. That is impairment of morals of the first degree.

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DIE GLEE GRUNDSAU

O, du glee Grundseiche,
was bischt du so schee!
Wie mer unne dich daete,
kann ich gaar net verschteh;
Du duscht's Wetter brophezeie
so weil varne naus—
Du bischt graad so gut draa,
wie en gleeni Schpeckmaus.

Em Bauer machscht du Aerwet—
Hiwwel vun Dreck un Schtee;
Du graabscht Locher in sei Felder
un fresscht vun seim Klee;
Awwer am zwelte Harning,
Kummscht du aus deim Loch raus;
Denoh saagscht du uns immer
es Wetter varne naus.

Un wann der aerscht July kummt,
dann waerrscht du frei,
Dann kummen die Yaeger,
mit Flint, Pulwer un Blei;
Sie duhn arrig far dich watsche,
sie suchen dei Dot,
Weil sie helfen gaern Bottboi
un en Grundsauroscht.

Locust Valley, Pa.—Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver

GERTIE GOES PLAIN

A new play featuring "English how she is spoke" by the Plain People of eastern Pennsylvania has hit the big town of Philadelphia. Here it must be "conceited" that as a dramatic "device" it "iss goot." The players "converse wiss each odder' in well-rounded accents and when they become 'verhuddelt" it is a part of their lines. The scene is set in Pleasure Walley which may be any spot between the Delaware and the Susquehanna. For those who have seen and heard "Papa Is All" there will be some familiar notes and discords such as those we have tried to accentuate in our first sentences. Never would two Pennsylvania Dutchmen say to each other, "I want to converse with you." What they would say is "Mir welle mol en wennich mitnanner schwetze."

Peggy London, author and director of the play brought her troupe to the New Century Club in Philadelphia for their first performance in a large city. The play has been shown in Hazleton, Alaquippa, York and other communities. It has been well received and from the standpoint of the treatment of the character of the Plain People it deserves to be accorded a much higher place than "Papa" who is now just about "all" over with!

All of the parts are taken by women. Gertie is a Brooklyn girl who finds herself in a "plain" home as the result of an accident. Under the kindly care of Elviny and her aunt Ida she recovers from her bruises and finds herself enjoying the way of life in Pleasure Wally. The same accident which forced Gertie into Elviny's home gives Elviny a chance to go to New York to study music. In effect the two girls exchange places and the play goer is treated to a double-barreled play upon his emotions as he follows the fate of the two girls, never quite sure which is the heroine. Elviny marries a wealthy man in New York but chooses to return to Pleasure Wally to make her home there. Gertie too deserts her telephone switchboard to don the garb of the plain people and to live on schnitz un knepp, fassnachts and sauer kraut rather than upon milkshakes served up by drugstore cowboys.

The play is not designed for the popular stage. It is built to please small audiences such as Women's Clubs and service organizations. As such it provides a delightful interlude from the routine type of programs.

Sandwiched between the laughs and the good-natured whimsy there are a number of high points of dramatic achievement. For instance the scene at the end of Act I, when Gertie suddenly realizing that she has erred in poking fun at the queer people who have been kind to her calls herself a "Dummkopf"; or when Aunt Ida, in superintending the unwrapping of a package, breaks into the tense expectancy of commanding "Save the string!" The whole philosophy of the play, if there is one, is tied up in Aunt Ida's favorite expression "plain but goot." So too we summarize by saying that the play is very simple but "goot".

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

EN BRIEF

Aus 'm Eileschwamm

Liewer Editor vum Deitsch Eck:

Ich hab dei Brief der anner Daag grickt, wu du dich schee bedankt hoscht far mei Brief vum sechsde Yenner, wu ich dir g'saat hab, dass ich unner kenre Meening dir deitsche Schticker schreiwe daet. Ich bin froh far dei Dankes, awwer weesscht du net, dass mer net vum Bedanke lewe kann? 'S Bedanke kaaft 'm Bobbli kee Windele.

Uffkors weil ich froh bin far dei Dank, doch was mich schlecht 'sut', iss dass du mei Naame net schbelle kannscht. Sell erinnert mich an mei aerschter un aa mei ledschter Daag in der Schul. Zidder dass ich en Gribbs waar, hawwich 'm Daadi g'holfe uff der Ruff-un-Nunner Saegmiehl an der Bisskatze Grick. Saege hot mer duh kenne unne Schreiwe un Rechle. Mol ee Daag hot der Daadi en Schreiwes geduh hawwe misse. Er iss zu so 'me Dindeschlecker vumme 'lawver' gange un der hot ihn en Daaler getschaertscht. Sell hot mei Daade uff die Noschen geduh, dass wann en 'lawver' mit paar Warte schreiwe 'n Daaler verdiene kennt, dann daet ich besser in die Schul geh schreiwe laerne. Er glaabt ich kennt 'n besser Lewe mache mit Schreiwe as wie mit Saege. Do hawwich aa mit eigschtimmt un wie die Schul aag'fange hot, bin ich ins Schulhaus g'schlenkert un hock mich in der hinnerscht Sitz.

Der Schulmeeschter guckt schraeks iwwer sei eckichi Brill naus un frogt mich, "Wer bischt du?" Mei Andwart waar, "Ich bin der Yockel Bumbeschwengel vum Eileschwamm bei der Ruff-un-Nunner-Saegmiehl an der Bisskatze Grick". Noh saagt der grosshrich Schulmeeschter, "Wie schbellscht du dann dei ledschter Naame?" Ich saag, "Donnerwedder!—Du en Schulmeeschter un kannscht net Bumbeschwengel schbelle?" Do denk ich, was kann ich dann vun so 'me dumme Ochs laerne, un mit sellem reiss ich mich aus 'm Sitz—der gans zu glee waar far mich—un geh zu der Dier naus. Ich geh graad heem, nemm die Flint un geh die Bisskatze Grick nuff. Muschkratte schiesse.

Nau will ich dir saage, dass mei Naame **Bumbeschwengel** iss un net **Bumbeschenkel.** Wann du net besser gewisst hoscht, dann kann ich es dir vergewwe, awwer wann ich ausfinn, dass du es parbes geduh hoscht far mir 'n Nicknaame gewwe, dann fodder ich dich raus un geb dir en verflammt Schlaeg.

Well, mach's widder gut, awwer badder net dich zu bedanke—nemm in acht—vum Bedanke kammer net lewe. Am Bedanke iss uns der Hund verreckt.

YOCKEL sei X BUMBESCHWENGEL
Maerrick

DER FEIERICH DRACH VUM ZINNEKOPP

By WM. H. RINKENBACH

Today, as one follows the modern cement highway from New Tripoli to Lenhartsville and passes over the line between Lehigh and Berks Counties, the traveller enters a more rugged countryside. This, the Allemaengel region of the pioneers and shown on maps as Albany township, is the most remote and untravelled portion of Berks County. Rising far above the smiling pasture-valleys, the crests of the Donatskopp, Schneiderbaerrick and Zinnekopp or Pinnacle present a Schwarzwald-like picture; and we are in a land where time has not caught up with the calendar.

Settled about a score of years before the French and Indian War, when it was the scene of massacres, the land has been held since by a hardy Pennsylvania German yeomanry who, through industry and thrift, have made its ancient name possess a new meaning. So distinctly racial is the region that, even today ,there are to be found descendants of the pioneers who have never learned to speak other than Pennsylvania German and cannot understand English. Among these people there still survive beliefs, legends and stories with the flavor of by-gone times.

A few hundred feet southeast of the point where the highway crosses the county line there is an ancient, abandoned graveyard which is unknown even to many historians. Half a dozen unchiseled fieldstones mark the resting places of the forgotten dead; even the ancient wall has well-nigh disappeared; and at nearby farmhouses one can hear tales of blue lights seen hovering at night about the graves.

Following the highway but a short distance around the base of the Donatskopp and along the sinuous Maiden Creek, the eye is greeted by the appearance of the Pinnacle. Running southeast from and at a height equal to the Blue Mountain, a spur five miles long terminates in a precipitous cliff of bluish-gray rock that offers an astounding view to the climber. This is the Pinnacle or Zinnekopp.

It was on this mountain that the last wolf in Berks County was killed in 1865, and the ridge was the haunt of large flocks of wild turkeys as late as the turn of the present century. The rocky eminence of the Pinnacle contains caves that can be entered and followed for a short distance, and others which have openings so small as to be impassable.

About 1925 there toiled up the northeastern side of the Pinnacle ridge a party of hunters which included the late Levi and Morris Hemerly, brothers who were natives of the region and had often traversed the mountain in search of game. Nearing the summit, another of the party saw a wall-like cliff with a small rectangular opening in its face. He found that, beyond the opening which was too small to permit passage of a human body, there was a chamber with a sandy floor. Upon calling the brothers to inspect his find, he was told that this was one of the least known caverns of the mountain, and one brother remarked to the other: "Sie meene des waer der Blatz, wu der Drach nei waer."

Arriving at the summit, the members of the party halted to rest and eat. The remark quoted above had aroused the curiosity of one of the party, the brothers were plied with questions as to its meaning, and from them was learned the story of the fiery dragon of the Pinnacle.

For many years residents of the locality had, on dark nights, beheld the spectacle of a huge, luminous body with a long, shining tail emerging from the mountainside. As hazy and impalpable as a softly-glowing cloud, at times it would appear to move slowly along the side of the mountain; while at other times it could be seen against the sky as it passed from thes Pinnacle ridge to the top of the nearby Donatskopp. After a time it would be seen to return to a point on the Pinnacle near where it had been seen emerging.

This sight had been a source of awe and some fear to the parents and grandparents of the brothers. Majestically moving, "mit Feierschwanz" against the inky background of mountain or sky, the Drach was awesome in size and appearance. The element of fearfulness was inspired by an old story that many, many years before, the skeleton of a man had been found in one of the caves on the mountain; and while this was claimed to be the remains of an Indian, in the minds of many it was associated with the presence of the Drach. Later, two men disappeared suddenly and permanently from the region; and this was explained by some people by the existence of the Drach and the earlier finding of the skeleton.

However, the Drach was not generally viewed as a dangerous and vengeful spirit, its appearance was not considered an omen of misfortune, and its connection with the foregoing events was considered not proven. To the rustic mind it simply existed, and its activities were to be viewed with the same wondering curiosity as those of other strange natural phenomena such as northern lights and fox fire.

From other old residents of the township inquiry has received confirmation of the story as told by the two brothers. True, some of the most positive admit never having seen the Drach, but can refer to individuals of unimpeachable veracity who have seen it. So, among the old people at least, there is a general acceptance of the existence of the fiery dragon.

It is to be noted that nothing has been heard of any activity on the part of the phantom during recent years. With the coming of the general use of English and education beyond the little red school house, there has come into existence a skepticism which probably has dealt a series of deathblows to the legend. For the life-blood of "der feierich Drach vum Zinnekopp," like that of all legends, undoubtedly is a hearty willingness to believe in the legend.

UNSER REWWER

Die Rewwer in dem alte Land,
Die sin gaar viel besunge;
Un unsere hawwe net den Schtand
Un Ruf so weit errunge.

Der Hudson hot en klaarer Blo,
Als ye der Rhein kann weise,
Dann all die Leit die saage so,
Die driwwe rum dhun reise.

Es hot viel Schlesser an em Rhein
(Sin interessant zu sehe);
Un wege selle un em Wein,
Duhn die Deitsche immer graehe.

Dass mir nichs hen vun daere Sart,
Des braucht uns net verdriesse;
Sie sin yuscht Monuments vun Mart,
Vun Krieg un Blutvergiesse.

Es hot viel Schlesser an em Rhein,
Der yo hot dick geflosse
Mit rotem Blut, das Bruderhand
Hot marderisch vergosse.

All Deitschlands Rewwer kenne net
Ee Rewwer faerdich bringe,
Das unser Mississippi dart
Net dreimol iwwerschpringe.

Es laaft en Rewwer darch e Schlucht
Viel Fuss dief unne drunne;
Der Colorado waerd gesucht
So dief as wie e Brunne.

Un uff der Felswand links un rechts
Duhn scheene Blumme wachse;
Gebt's so en Wunner, so was rechts,
Im Aipland odder Sachse?

Ob sie darch Welder Meile weit
Odder in Felle brause,
Dihr finndt kee schennerer Rewwer heit
Vun Volge bis Schaffhause.

Un schennere Naame, saag ich eich,
Kee Mensch hot yo erfunne;
Die Wildnis-Kinner, Dichter reich,
Die hen sie erscht ersunne.

Die Welt iss zimmlich gross un weit,
Un die drin rum duhn reise,
Die kenne, (sin sie schmaerte Leit)
Was ich eich saag, beweise.

—LOUISE WEITZEL.

WIDDER UFF DE ALDE BAUEREI

Ich waar de anner Daag emol widder deheem uff de alde Bauerei, wu ich mei Kindheit zugebrocht hab, un ich kann mir net helfe dir ewennich devun schreiwe. Ich hab noch alles g'funne wie's waar far alders, except die Leit, awwer wie different duht em doch alles vorkumme! Die Bauerei waar unser Keenichreich, un es waar yuscht paarmol 's Yohr, as mir devun kumme sin, un sell waar generally wann mer Sunndaags in die Kaerrich geh hen misse un zu ere deitsche Breddich harriche far zwee lange Schtund wege em Paulus un de Aposchtel, un der "brennende Helle" wu net ausgeht. Ich hett als liewer Kleesume gebutzt odder en Kiehschtall ausgemischt as g'schtreet waar mit Welschkarnschtengel as wie in die Kaerrich geh un die Weschpe watsche an der Ceiling rumgraddle. Awwer so waar's, mer hen net yuscht laerne schaffe, awwer do iss noch die alt Kammer wu mer gelaernt hen beede. Es hot mich paar Yohr genumme bis ich es "Vater Unser" hendle hab kenne—es waar in Hoch Deitsch un die Warte waare Ladein zu mir, awwer endlich hawwich 's ge-managed, hab 's hinnerschich un vaerschich un iwwerzwaerrich beede kenne, as der Schmok g'floge iss. Ich hab's noch net vergesse un will aa net. Do sin die Felder. Was es als so weit g'seemed hot vun heem, wann ich uff em hinnere End vun de Bauerei waar. Die Felder hen viel greesser geguckt sellemols as wie sie nau duhne. Die dunkle Ecke im Busch wu ich als geguckt hab far Baere un Raumlaefer, wann ich als es Vieh g'holt hab, sin noch dart awwer ich seh nau ken G'faahr meh. Do schteht noch der alt Abbelbaam, wu als der Daadi mit Wippe supplied hot far uns unnerdeenich halte. Er hot sei Lewe ken Eppel g'hatt, well er alsfart zu close ge-trimmed waar.

Do iss die alt weiss Scheier, es Hoiloch, der Baare, even die alte Bleck wu mer als es Hoi g'schwische raus geroppt hen far Lecher mache far Oier verschteckle var de Oschtere—un dernoh sie verfriere losse. Do iss es alt Dreschdenn wu mir als Sootweeze ausgeridde hen mit de Geil im Schpotyohr, un winders sechs Woche gedrosche mit me alde bloo-e Treadpower un zwee blinde Geil. Der Waggeschopp, der Fudergang, der Geilsschtall, wu ich als mich unnich der Drok gelegt hab am hinnere Gaul un g'schlofe bis der Daadi die vedderschte Geil g'schtriggelt hot g'hot un iss zu naegscht zurickkumme, dann bin ich als uff un dabber ans scharre, as wann ich die gans Zeit g'schtriggelt hett. Do iss die ald Schwell vun de Scheier, wu ich als em Daadi sei Fungelneie Hufneggel neigeglobbt hab. Der Seischtall mit de very Gletz owwedrowwe wu mir als ge-used hen far Walniss ausleffle—die Zeit wu mir uns reich ge-eschtemiert hen bei de viele Buschel ausgeleffelte Walniss as mir g'hatt hen. Un do iss der ewwerscht Schpeicher im Haus. Die seeme Schpinne schpinne noch Wewer am seeme Blatz as sie als hen. Die Oschteroier schtehne noch im alde Backkarb. Sie sin so g'faehrlich as en dynamite Shell—wann mer sie schiddelt dann verschpringe sie un schtinke wie Luder. Do schteht noch die alt Wiek. Was Kimmer un was Druwwel waar ge-centered in dem eende Schtick Hausrod! Do duhne mir all schtaerte un weinde uff mit me annere Schtick Furniture gans wennich greeser—die Laad. Es macht nichs aus wie reich odder wie aarm. Ee Wiek un ee Laad—eeni so gut as die anner — eb sie aus Beindhols odder aus Mahogani gemacht iss.

Es iss net notwennich as ich dir weider verzaehl vun de alde Bauerei. Du waarscht verleicht schunt selwer dart. Die Aerbschafft dervun waar net gross, awwer die Laerning waar meh waert wie Gold. Mer hen laerne schaffe, hen ausg'funne was es koscht en Daaler verdiene un wie ihn zu halde, un in unserem Lewe net nunnergucke uff der Mann as schafft. Unser Aerbschaft waar g'sunder Verschtand, en ehrlichi Hand un blendi Sand, un wann der Mensch sell hot, dann iss er schur far all die Blessier aus daere Welt nemme, as mer gut uff ee Load faahre kann.

—BOONASTIEL.

Deaths of a Day

ROBERT WERTMAN

Stricken with a heart attack shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning, Robert Wertman, 68, of 438 Union St. collapsed at Center Square. Taken to the Sacred Heart hospital by police, he was pronounced dead upon arrival.

Dr. A. M. Peters, Lehigh county coroner, attributed Wertman's death to a heart attack. The elderly man was rushed to the hospital by Officers Sell and Celebuski after the policeman on duty at Center Square, Officer Fahringer, saw Wertman collapse and called the cruiser car.

Born in Allentown, Wertman was the son of the late Willoughby and Mary M., nee Hein, Wertman. He was a retired cabinetmaker.

Surviving are his wife, Stella M., nee Kriebel, Wertman, and four children: Miriam K. Wertman, Christine C., wife of Hampton Weibel; Millard W. Wertman and Noel B. Wertman, all of Allentown.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment will be made in Union cemetery.

MRS. CARRIE S. FLORES

In failing health for some time, Mrs. Carrie S., nee Schleppy, Flores, wife of Robert W. Flores of 546 N. 4th St., died yesterday in the Allentown hospital where she had been confined since Jan. 16. Mrs. Flores was in her 64th year.

A native of Bath, daughter of Mrs. Lucinda Beitler, now 81, and the late Morris Schleppy, she came to this city 53 years ago. Mrs. Flores was an active member of the Ebenezer Evangelical church.

Last June 27, she and her husband observed their 43rd wedding anniversary. The Flores were married in 1901 by Rev. F. H. Moyer in St. Peter's Reformed church. Mr. Flores is an employe of the Yeager Furniture Co.

Besides her husband, she is survived by these children: Mrs. Max Bush, Mrs. Paul Merkel, Walter Flores, all of Allentown; Norman Flores, with the Marines at Parris Island, S. C.; her mother, at home; a granddaughter, Mrs. Paul Ross, Allentown, and two great-grandchildren. A son, Carl and her father preceded her in death.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Oliver Burkholder Funeral home, 1717 Hanover Ave. Interment in Rittersville cemetery.

ELLA S. SEASHOLTZ

Ella S. Seasholz, wife of Irvin Seasholtz of Pennsburg died suddenly at the home of her niece, Mrs. Cora Klammes, 510 N. 5th St., Allentown, on Thursday evening. She was in her 74th year.

Born June 23, 1871 in Upper Hanover township, Montgomery county she was a daughter of Reuben and Sophia Graber Kline. She was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Red Hill, and a member of the Women's Missionary Society of the church.

She is survived by her husband and several nieces and nephews.

The funeral will be held from her late home, 48 Fourth St., Pennsburg on Tuesday at 2 p. m. Rev. H. H. Krauss will officiate at the service. Interment will be made in the St. Paul's Lutheran cemetery, Red Hill.

JOSEPH H. WONDERLY

Joseph H. Wonderly, retired slater, died early on Friday in his home, 213 Bridge St., Catasauqua, following a several months' illness, aged 70 years. For a time he was under treatment in the Allentown hospital.

Mr. Wonderly was born in Bethlehem Jan. 10, 1875, a son of the late Charles and Mary, nee Roth, Wonderly, and came to Catasauqua at an early age with his parents. For many years he was in the roof slating business with his brother, the late Cornelius S. Wonderly, retiring four years ago. He was a member of the Lutheran faith.

There survive his wife, Mabel, nee Hughes; one daughter, Mabel, wife of Carl S. Webber, Catasauqua; one brother, Charles, Philadelphia; three sisters, Mame, wife of Joseph Healy, Philadelphia; Florence, wife of Charles Hoey, Dayton, Ohio; and Mrs. Granville Brown, North Catasauqua; three grandchildren and a great grandchild. He was preceded in death by his parents, a son, a brother and two sisters.

Funeral services will be held at the O. S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua, on Monday at 1:30 p. m., followed by interment in Fairview cemetery, W. Catasauqua.

THEODORE V. SCHMID

Theodore V. Schmid, 78, of 16 W. North St., Bethlehem, died Thursday evening at St. Luke's hospital, where he had been a patient for the past 5 days.

Born Oct. 31, 1866, a son of the late Charles and Adeline (Pradeneck) Schmid, he was employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. for 51 years, retiring 15 years ago.

A member of Central Moravian church and Red Men of Bethlehem, he is survived by his wife, the former Lucinda (Mowery) Schmid, daughter Mrs. Mamie Ruth, of Bethlehem; step-daughter, Mrs. Katherine Lewando, of Winnetka, Ill.; a brother, Harvey of Allentown, and 5 grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted in the Daniel B. Snyder funeral home, 527 Center St., Bethlehem, Monday at 1:30 p.m. with Rev. Byron K. Horne, pastor of Central Moravian church officiating. Interment in Nisky Hill.

LEROY H. HOLBEN

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the home of the parents for LeRoy H. Holben, 9-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. A. Holben of New Tripoli R. 2, with further services in Weisenberg church and interment in the adjoining cemetery.

The child died of bronchial pneumonia three hours after being brought to the Allentown hospital Thursday.

In addition to the parents there survive five brothers and sisters, Allen, Eleanor, Annabelle, Shirley and Roma; the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fenstermacher of New Tripoli R. 1 and the paternal grandmother, Mrs. Katie Holben of Emmaus.

Two clergymen, Rev. William Wolford and Rev. Robert Laubach, will officiate at the services.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Shlochterrei G'shpichta

So wie die Fegelcher uns yusht iwwer die shnae banka rei gapifa hen, hut der Ralph Steigerwalt fon Nei Mahoning doh kartzlich 'n aryie shlochterrei darrich gamocht. Der Hilbert Snyder un der Francis Mertz worra die hilf, un hen grawd moryets eb sie shtarta hen shlochta ous gamocht fer yoh ocht gewwa os es ken dumhata gaibt, so os der Pumpernickle nix dafon ous finna dade. Un doch darrich ihra aller beshd gawolt fer ocht gewwa, het die g'shpass shun shier g'shtart on da airshda sow. Der Ralph hut sie g'shossa, un yusht so tzu note hard ganunk galawda kot fer sie um mocha, un os sie net widder uf un ob fert is wor allas.

Wies on die tzwet gonga is, hut der Ralph mit aller gawolt howwa wolla der Hilbert sot sellie sheesa, ow'r er hut g'sawt er het sei lava noch ken sow g'shossa, un wot die socha aw net larna. Der Hilbert hut fermuthlich gawist wos fer wilda si os der Ralph garais'd hut, un sei naus fer sellie uhrsoch weck halta wolla fon da sheeserrei. Endlich hut der Francis g'sawt, er kent die sow sheesa won niemond shunshd wot, un hut die flint ganumma, un glei huts aw gagrock'd. Ow'r in blotz fon falla, is die sow uf un ob fert im shtol rum os wie wild, un het net fiel ganumma wear sie frei iwwer die ben nous g'shprunga.

Der Francis hut sich noh groddle baenich hee g'shteld, mit ra maining er kent die sow sella waig fonga won sie rum kaimt wie die sawg ols wor os

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

—Goldsmith.

AN EXHIBIT OF LINCOLNIANA

Perhaps no other great American has so many ardent students of his career than Abraham Lincoln. There are many whose reading and research pursue all the extant memorabilia of the life of George Washington; others follow the colorful trail of Thomas Jefferson and still others find their attention absorbed by the versatile and brilliant Benjamin Franklin.

Lincoln whose birthday occurs on Monday, however, seems to have the most ardent students, in number and in the intenseness of their interest. His humble background, his great rise and the humanness which characterized his life are a lure than cannot be denied. Even the most blase find themselves thrilled by the stories of the Great Emancipator.

The exhibit of Lincolniana in the Allentown Free Library is thus both timely and interesting and should prove of much interest to many.

INSURING SAVINGS AND LOAN FUNDS

Just as the Federal Deposit Insurance act guarantees the safety of bank deposits, so the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation insures the funds that have been made into these savings organizations. The Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation together with the Federal Home Loan Bank System and the Home Owners Loan Corporation are the subsidiaries of the Federal Home Loan Bank Administration.

The report for the Savings and Loan Insurance agency for the year ending Dec. 31 shows that its resources were increased by $8,986,163 to a total of $155,807,421. Established in 1934, it has proved during this first decade to be a potent factor in protecting investors and contributing to the stabilization of the Nation's home financing institutions.

The corporation is empowered to act to prevent default of an insured association or to restore an institution in default to normal operation. For this purpose the corporation has made cash contributions to 28 associations since 1934.

The report by William H. Husband, general manager of the corporation, adds that "Seven other associations have been placed in liquidation by supervisory authorities over the same period. Two of the receiverships have been complete, paying the Insurance Corporation liquidating dividends of 48 and 93 per cent. In the five associations still in process of liquidation it is estimated that the corporation will recover more than nine-tenths of the amount disbursed to pay off the insured shareholders."

The reports add that "No insured association has been placed in liquidation since 1941" and "Insuring funds of some four million people in nearly 2,500 savings and loan associations against loss up to $5,000 each, the corporation stands as an ultimate bulwark for investments in thrift and home financing institutions. The first line of security of course is the established strength of the insured institutions themselves."

THE MATCH SITUATION

Nothing was as common as matches up to a half year or more ago. You got the matches, not for the asking, but more often without asking. Men's coat pockets, vest pockets and even pants pockets each had its cover of matches. Women who smoked had a half dozen in their handbags. Every now and then it became necessary in order to find room for something else in your pockets, to clean out the matches and some convenient bowl or vase in the living room made a splendid receptacle.

Patented lighters, once so popular, were carried only by the type of man possessed of mechanical genius and who likes to fool with gadgets, or by the husband whose wife gave him a lighter as a birthday present.

Every time you bought a package of cigarettes or a cigar, you drew a book of matches, sometimes two. Then there were the other sources which distributed book matches as a means of advertising, not omitting the politician who has embraced the book match with such fervor that it is established as a fundamental of the art of campaigning.

We read somewhere the other day that the production of matches has reached the five hundred billion mark. Whether that means packages or individual matches, the article did not reveal. About two-fifths are the big old-fashioned household matches, another two-fifths are the book matches and the remaining fifth, the safety match which come in little boxes.

The military has taken over practically all of the latter and a goodly portion of the book match supply but shuns the old-fashioned "barn burners" because they take up too much space.

This article went on to explain that the old-fashioned match used to be poisonous but too many wives found them a ready means of getting rid of husbands and now they are non-poisonous, although still not edible. The little wooden match that comes in boxes, is safe because it must be struck on the box to light and that's because the impregnating element is on the box and not on the match, something we never wondered about enough to realize but now we know.

However, the match situation is going to improve in another six months and in the meanwhile we simply have to make the best of it. One of our friends has resurrected an article which in the days before either of the new-fangled book matches or the safety matches once was a part of every well-accouterd male. It is a small vest pocket size box to carry the old-fashioned matches, now relegated to kitchen use. Made of some kind of metal, it bears a beautiful bit of art on its side, two naked cherubs floating thru space, and when you press the spring cap, the lid flies open and there, you have a dozen real matches and not the kind that go out in every breath of air.

Folks laugh when you pull out a big match but there is a lot of solid confidence in striking one!

GENERALS AT THE FRONT

The story was told during World War No. 1, of a frightened Negro soldier who scurried during a general retreat and did not slacken pace until a sentry commanded "Halt, who goes there?" Having identified himself the soldier asked "Where am I?" and when told: "This is General Pershing's headquarters" exclaimed: "Is I dat far back?"

The story is one that of course is perennial and common to all wars and in this war, as in many others, has not told the real story. Already in this war some of our top-flight officers as General McNair have been killed while up at the fighting front. During the current Philippine campaign General MacArthur repeatedly has been in the greatest danger. The most recent episode of this nature occurred when early in the week he visited Santo Tomas university to see the former prisoners and a heavy shell exploded within 100 feet of him.

Our generals are not foolhardy men but they are not avoiding dangers when dangers must be faced. American officers in general are not asking their men to do what they themselves are not ready to do.

Congress Shares Blame

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The House of Representatives has sent its congratulations to General MacArthur on recapturing the Philippines but that same institution might well bow its head in shame for its share of responsibility in the loss of these islands to the Japanese.

Only when the war is over and the historian can count the casualties suffered by the United States Navy, the Army, the Air Forces and the Marine Corps in creeping back during a period of three long years to the Philippines will the American people know in detail of the blunder committed by those members of the House of Representatives who refused to build up the fleet to protect the Philippines.

Our Navy Pitifully Small

Just three old cruisers and a few destroyers constituted our Asiatic squadron and not a single aircraft carrier of the Navy was in the far east when Japan attacked Manila on Dec. 7, 1941.

Pearl Harbor was a tragedy of major significance, but so was the unprotected plight of the American armed forces in the far east. Only a few land-based aircraft were available and these were destroyed on the ground for the simple reason that they could not stay in the air indefinitely and there were no planes to relieve them on the defense.

There has been vote after vote in the House of Representatives to give the Filipinos their independence but very little consideration was ever given by Congress to the protection of American interests in the far east in a military sense. When the Filipinos get their independence, will the United States again withdraw from far eastern waters and leave only a handful of ships to protect American interests there?

The question of American policy in the far east has been neglected for decades through Republican and Democratic administrations, and not only did we fail to build up bases and send adequate forces there but we did not fortify the approaches to the Philippines—as, for instance, Guam. Most tragic was our failure to supply General MacArthur in 1941 with adequate air forces and with enough naval units to defend the Philippines.

Where was the American Navy in 1941? It was divided and much of it was in the Atlantic, though Americans had been given to understand over a long period of time that the British Navy was quite capable of handling the defense of the Atlantic.

Undoubtedly the responsibility for the division of the American fleet in two oceans rests upon President Roosevelt, but the responsibility for failing to build enough surface ships, submarines and aircraft carriers to protect the Pacific coast and our interests in Hawaii and the Philippines, Wake and Guam was a blunder directly attributable to Congress.

Many of the members of the House who served in the past decade have since been defeated at the polls. But it is unfortunate that no method exists to fix responsibility for the losses the United States has had to suffer in working back over three wearisome years from Australia to the Philippines to recapture what the Japanese overran in about six months with a navy inferior in strength and quality to our own.

Congratulations are due General MacArthur, the Army, the Navy and the Air Forces but a stern-minded commission of inquiry ought to be designated by both Houses of Congress to fix the responsibility for the failure to build up the defenses of the United States prior to 1941.

Too much of the emphasis on our mistakes in the Pacific has been placed on the Pearl Harbor incident. Even if the battleships had been at sea, it is questionable whether the Hawaiian Islands would not have suffered a damaging air raid from the several Japanese aircraft carriers in that vicinity. While many of the planes destroyed on the ground might have been saved, there was, as a matter of fact, no adequate force of American naval aircraft carriers and supporting ships and no adequate force of land-based planes to protect Pearl Harbor and Manila on Dec. 7, 1941.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

SMASHING THE FAMILY

In 1940, 2,300,000 male and female persons were employed in the United States in domestic service. As there are about 32,000,000 families in this country, the domestic servant problem is obviously marginal. It is an occupation principally in the larger cities where mamma cannot put the baby out on the porch. Except for the very rich who favor themselves with butlers, footmen and such, it amounts to a cook or a maid so that mother has some help in the kitchen and in cleaning up and so that if she goes out at night, somebody will be at home with the children. Many wives who have worked as stenographers, clerks and this and that, and some who have gone to college, yea, even to Home Economics courses, are familiar with the gentle art of cooking only by hearsay and it is deemed wise by a husband to hire a cook and keep the peace.

Of course, most widows, divorcees and spinsters do not require domestic servants because they have no children, although some of the older ones—not the old maids, of course—have grandchildren. In the larger cities, the more children there are, the more necessary a domestic servant becomes, particularly for walking the children to the park.

A mother's job in a large city is tough under any circumstances, as an old maid, of course, cannot know by personal experience although if she has a good eye and a kindly heart, she can see something of the problem. Children in small towns can play outdoors and can go to school unattended. In the larger cities, they must be quite grown-up for that because crossing streets is a hazard.

The domestic servant usually has a pretty good job. I once convinced a stenographer to become a household helper and she saved her money and did well on it, because she had her board and lodging as well as her wages. True, some mistresses are tough and the hours are long but there are compensations, particularly if both sides are of the give and take kind.

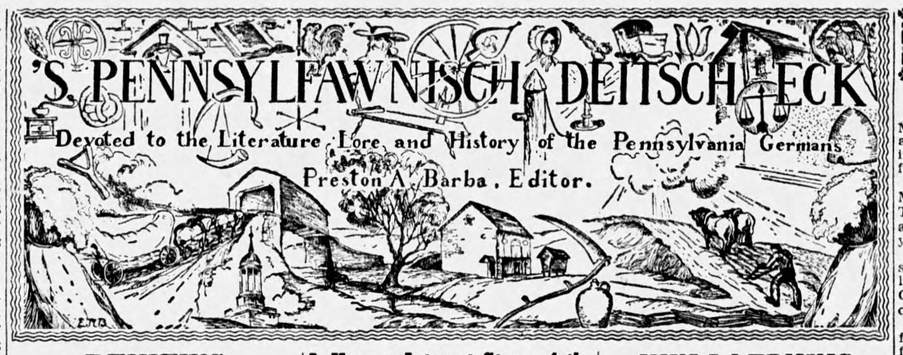
Now along comes Mrs. Shelby Cullom Davis who calls herself Chairman of the National Council on Household Employment who forsees the total unionization of domestic servants on a 40-hour week basis. She says that her organization works in close cooperation with the Young Women's Christian Association which lives on contributions from middle-class families who may be forced to do without children if they have to live in large cities. The lady admits that housework cannot be abolished but she wants it raised at least to the dignity of a profession or trade, like the law or medicine, I suppose, but without going to college. Or maybe, housemaids are to go to Harvard and get an M. A. or even a Ph. D. majoring in how to make a bed.

She says: "It's time we proclaimed an Atlantic Charter for domestic servants," which must mean Freedom of Expression, telling the missus to go to hell because she, the cook, was out with her boy friend the night before and has a big head. Look at this paragraph:

"She will work a 5½ or 6-day week. She may not appear at all on Sunday . . . On Thursday she'll leave at the dot of noon, no matter how much is left undone. And she'll quit at her agreed time each evening, even though your husband misses his train and gets home late for dinner."

Unfortunately, it is too late to abolish my children but maybe had I known all this and had I also known that my life work would require me to live in barracks called apartment houses, I would have had no children. Yet marriages without children, unless nature has intervened, are unfortunate and perhaps even immoral. Mrs. Davis's proposal is only for millionaires. There isn't enough money to pay for her three shifts domestic service and nobody with any sense would try it. It seems to me that this is another one of those short-cut higher thoughts for the elimination of another segment of the American family. Why not drown babies if they are born in big cities? That is a shorter-cut.

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REVIEWS

HOME CRAFT COURSES. Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser. Volume VIII. Home Craft Course in Pennsylvania German Pewter. By Henry J. Kauffman. Schlechter's, Printers, Allentown, Pa.—$1.00.

The eighth of Mrs. Keyser's Home Craft Courses is devoted to Pennsylvania German pewter. It was prepared by Henry J. Kauffman of the State Teachers College, Millersville, Pa., and illustrated by Zoe Toomer Kauffman.

"In these days of domination of our lives by the machine, of fragmentary, repetitive jobs," writes Burl N. Osburn in his brief introduction to this monograph, "it is a relief to turn to work that is creative, wholesome, and beautiful. Such work implies doing things in which one can take an enthusiastic interest, and which becomes, thereby, a beneficial tonic."

This monograph contains much that will interest the collector of pewter, but it is written primarily for those who wish to turn to the making of pewter ware. At a time of such great interest in the restoration of the Pennsylvania German crafts, when there are many who weave after the old patterns and make pottery and paint furniture and tin with an enthusiasm which at times becomes questionable, it is refreshing to turn to a craft in which but few have labored. Perhaps there will always be but few, for the craft of pewter ware hardly lends itself to commercial exploitation. It is therefore regrettable that this booklet which is of all those offered thus far in this series perhaps the most carefully prepared, should appeal to a smaller number of people.

Mr. Kauffman is both a skilled pewter craftsman and a well-informed collector. He offers to the prospective craftsman much information about the nature of pewter as an alloy, its preparation, and the forms that lend themselves to the craftsman. There are many line drawings illustrating the tools and accessories necessary for the work, and numerous designs for the making of trays, bowls, boxes, mugs, teapots, etc.

But the collector will also find much of interest for nearly one-half of the booklet is given to a consideration of the historical backgrounds of Pennsylvania German pewter. Collectors for a long time held that England stood pre-eminent in the production of early pewter vessels. This, the author points out, has been qualified by recent research and it has now been established that Germany was one of the leaders in the early development of the craft.

With the migrations to the new world men came to America who were trained in the practice and traditions of European pewter-making. These men made vital contributions to the economic life of the colonies, notably two who came to Pennsylvania, William Will (born in Neuwied on the Rhine in 1742) and his brother Henry. William is known to have established a shop in Philadelphia in 1770. But this fine craftsman was diverted from his work by the urge to serve his country. In 1777 he was a lieutenant-colonel of the first battalion, then an agent for forfeited estates, later a storekeeper at Lancaster for the Continental Army. Between 1780 and 1782 he was sheriff in Philadelphia. As representative from Philadelphia he served in the general assembly. Having served his adopted country he retired and devoted himself once more to the making of pewter ware of great beauty and excellence of workmanship. He understood how to amalgamate German and English influences. His flagons, porringers and mugs are today most highly prized collector's items. One of his pewter bed warmers has no counterpart in the colonies and a Queen Anne teapot from his shop is considered by many as one of the finest pieces of American pewter.

The second craftsman considered is John Christopher Heyne (born in Saxony in 1715). In 1757 he appears as a taxpayer in Lancaster where he established a pewter shop which was continued by his son. Wares from his shop indicate the traditions of his German backgrounds. His early flagons copied in the main the German flagon in the possession of the Holy Trinity Church in Lancaster, with some modifications, for the handles follow the type of the English mug. His chalices and sugar bowls gradually show the change from the German to the colonial. Mr Kaufman informs his readers that today experts believe that colonial pewter-making reached its highest stage of workmanship here in Pennsylvania.—P.A.B.

YONIE WONDERNOSE. By Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday Doran & Company Inc., Garden City, New York, 1944. $2.00.

Marguerite de Angeli has won for herself a place in the hearts of our American children. She has revealed a fine sense for the artistic and literary values that lie potentially in the customs and traditions of American minority racial and religious groups. Her "Up The Hill" is the story of a hard-working Polish family in a Pennsylvania mining town; in "Petite Suzanne" we learn of family and community life on the Gaspe coast of French Canada; "Elin's Amerika" is that of the Swedish settlement near the Delaware River back in the seventeenth century; "Thee, Hannah!" is the story of a little Quaker maid of Philadelphia before the Civil War.

Especially dear to Pennsylvania children are "Henner's Lydia," the story of the little Lancaster County Amish girl and "Skippack School" the story of Eli, the Mennonite boy and of that noble Pennsylvania German schoolmaster of the 18th century, Christopher Dock.

It would seem that Marguerite de Angeli is particularly devoted to the Pennsylvania German scene, to which she has returned for the third time in her latest juvenile book "Yonie Wondernose." Yonie, a little Pennsylvania German boy, was, like most children, very curious about things in general, only more so, for he lived on a Lancaster County farm where there were so many things to be curious about; but then he was also very curious on his own account, and hence he was called Yonie Wondernose, a name which those of us who know the dialect would have preferred in its original form of "Wunnernaas." The story is rather slight, but it is at least told with directness and sympathetic understanding for the child mind and with none of that adult condescension which so often casts its shadow upon juvenile reading. Whatever the literary qualities of her books, Marguerite de Angeli is always first and foremost the artist whose facile drawings and lithographs provide a pictorial commentary more vital than the text itself. The many lithographs that adorn this latest book, both in color and black and white, are so easy and spontaneous in execution and so joyously conceived that they delight both young and old. Pennsylvania German folkart motifs are however more frequently and more consistently employed in her earlier books "Henner's Lydia," and "Skippack School."—P.A.B.

A Human Interest Story of the Revolutionary War

The publication "The Gottshall Family" by the Rev. N. B. Grubb, 1924, contains the following human interest story:

Abraham Hunsberger was a great singer (born about 1764). He was a son of Abraham Hunsberger (died 1783), son of Jacob Hunsberger (born about 1693; died in 1748) and his wife Susanna.

During the Revolutionary War, while the British under General Howe were in possession of Philadelphia, they tried to prevent the farmers from bringing their produce to market in order to starve the Americans who sympathized with the struggle for American liberty or else compely them to surrender. Yet the farmers needed the market, and so many of them watched their opportunity to steal into the city and supply their customers with the usual amount of the necessities of life. It was at a great risk that this was done and sometimes the farmers were caught and imprisoned.

Thus it was that the above first-mentioned Abraham Hunsberger, husband of Catherine N. Tyson, undertook to supply his customers when he was caught by the British and was locked up. His prospects were anything but bright for freedom. He was however a sweet singer. He was not only gifted with musical talent, but he also had a "faith that would not shrink on the brink of woe, tho pressed by every foe." He was of cheerful spirit, and instead of showing fear and discouragement, he sang all through the night, thus charming and entertaining his guards with the sweet strains of music. They were so delighted with his jovial disposition and his music, that on the following morning they let him go on his way rejoicing. And thus this non-resisting Mennonite had employed a weapon far more effective in conquering the British than the American musket. Truly music hath charms!

Towanda, Pa. —NELSON H. BERGEY

FIREWORKS VUN DE KANSEL

Deel vun unser Leit, wu regler in die Kaerrich gehn, hen far edliche Munet sich verglaagt wege em Parre sei Gebreddich. Wie er frisch do beikumme iss, waar er gross aag'sehne un hoch belobt. Sie hen als paarmol 's Yohr daerre Schnitz, Latwarg un anner Lewesmittel ans Parrehaus gedraage, un bali alle Sunndaag waar er eigelaade en post-mortem hawwe iwwer en siwweyohricher Mischthaahne.

Awwer in Zeit iss des all abgewaare, wie er aafange hot zu viel breddiche uff de Schrift. Sell hot ordlich vun de Glieder die Gall uffgeriehrt, un weil er en zimmlich scharfer Kerl iss, hot er glei g'sehne, ass do ebbes letz geht.

Sie sin nimmi rumkumme nooch em doxology un sei Breddich belobt. Er hot ken Eilaading meh grickt far post-mortems hawwe. Die Fleddermeis sin an die Schnitz, so hot er kenni meh grickt. Dann hot er vermarkt, es muss ebbes sunscht browiert warre. Es hot g'scheint, ass der Wek, wu er sie lehre hot welle, in der Schrift, waar net hoch genunk.

Anschtatts vun alsemol paar ladeinische Warte in die Breddich duh, hot er vuscht in unser g'wehnlich Schproch g'schwetzt, un des hot ihne net recht aag'schtanne. Mitdem ass er alles so bleen gemacht hot, hen viel die notion grickt, er waer gans zu common far Leit wie sie. In fact deel hen's rausschdecke losse, ass sie mehner Schpuchte un fireworks hawwe welle uff de Kansel.

So, weil sie net zufridde waare mit de begreiflich Schrift ausdricklich an der Mann geduh, hot er decide er gaebt de Gemee en gudi dose grossordich Geblabber.

Der naegscht Sunndaag druff hot er en Text aus em Kalenner genumme. Dann hot er paar Minutte gewaart un aernschtlich liwwer die Gemee geguckt un g'saat:

"Mer kann net desdewennicher e pluribus unum unser Text beibringe darch die habaes corpus incomprehensibility as in de Warte vum grosse philosopher Sackrediddel. Wann unser liewi Fraa der Hossebussem net iwwerschingelt ipse dixit ken Knepp an de gallus sic semper tyrannis et cetera, gebt's en kalter aurora borealis."

Wie er g'schdoppt hot, iss ihm der Schwitz, iwwer die Backe nunner gerollt. Er hot g'schnauft far Odem wie en windgebrochener Gaul. Paar alde Kerls uff de vedderschte Benk hen arrig ge-pleased geguckt. Die Kaerricheglieder hen die Kepp genuckt un vorwarts gebickt far noch meh heere.

Dann hot der Parre sei Schtaern abgebutzt un g'saat, der gross Aristotel waar uff de seeme Schbur, wie er g'schriwwe hot: "Die Rechtmeesichkeet non compes mentis vun der unconstitutionality in hoc signo vinces."

Be sure, der Parre hot gewisst, ass des ken Verschtand macht, awwer die Gemee hot alle Wart g'schluckt un g'hungert far meh. So hot er's selle Wek effg'halde bis er schier darmlich waar. Er hot Ladeinisch an sie g'schosse, ass die Schindle gerabbelt hen uff em Dach. Dann hot er en Vaersch Franseesisch iwwer die Zung gerollt un g'saat: "Mei liewe Brieder, iss des net schauderhaftich unconstantinobility die unbegreiflich Waahrheit?" Un sie hen all die Kepp genuckt.

Er hot vum Shakespeare seine beschte Schdicker neigebrocht. Er hot 's ausg'sproche in Ladeinisch, Englisch, Franseesisch, Deitsch, un Schbannisch, un sie hen die Kepp widder genuckt. Iwwerdem hot er saftich aafange schwetze, wie er nochemol der Schwitz abgebutzt hot, un die Glieder hen gemeent, er heilt, wie er's Schubbduch iwwer die Aage g'faahre hot. Un bledslich waar net en drucke Aag in de Kaerrich. Wie er sich endlich hieg'hockt hot, waare sie all wie verschrocke, sie hen vergesse die Kollect hewe. Nooch de Kaerrich waar er umringt mit Brieder un Schweschdre, as en hoch belobt hen far em Aristotel sei Warte so schee neibringe. Un sie hen all agreed sell waar die bescht, dief Breddich, as seilebdaag abg'schlagge iss warre im Bassum Deich.

Drei Woche dernooch iss der Parre an en annerer Blatz, wu die Schrift meh aag'sehne iss as der Kalenner odder em Sackrediddel un em Aristotel ihre miseraabels menschlich philosophy.

—SOLLY HULSBUCK.

VUN LAERNING

**So wunnerbaar sin die Schule,
Die Kinner sin zu g'scheit;
Sie laerne zu viel zu verdaue
In eenere Lewenszeit.**

**Du kannscht dir verhaftich nichs denke,
Doch sie wisse ebbes devun,
Un welle die Eltere teach-e
In alles, was sie duhn.**

**'S iss gar nichs meh wie var alters,
Vun Rechle bis A B C;
Doch sie kenne net lese noch schreiwe
Un zaehle kenne sie nie.**

**Es kummt yeder Crank un Reformer,
Kramt sei Weisheit aus in der Schul;
Un Teachers un Kinner sin geketzert
Alle Daag mit ihre neie Rul.**

**So kummt's, dass sie gaar nichs wisse
Un fool-e eweck die Zeit;
Mit kee Platz far's Feinschte un Beschte
Far Zeit un Ewichkeit.**

**Ich wunner, was sie laerne,
Verhaftich kee Manier!
Dann sie gehn verbei uff de Schtrosse
Un glotze em aa wie'n Schtier.**

**Sie duhn sie graduat-e
Bei dausend alle Yohr;
Doch sie kumme aus de Schule
Viel dummer als zuvor.**

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

SLEIGHING PARTIES OF LONG AGO

Wintertime of long ago was far from dull, for there were many forms of entertainment to furnish amusement during the long evenings. Social gatherings of all sorts — Birthday Parties, Surprise Parties, Sleighing Parties, Church Suppers, Bazaars, Amateur Theatricals, Quiltings, Spelling Bees, Dances — all gave opportunity for people to get together and have fun. Of all these none was more popular than the sleighing party. These began after the New Year, for up to that time the activities of Christmas kept the young people busy.

There was nothing formal about a sleighing party. The arrangements had to be made in a hurry, as no one knew how long the snow would last. Usually the parties were limited to small groups, since the average block sled (bluckie) could not accommodate more than eight or ten couples. When different age groups made up the crowd, more than one sled was used, for the young folks wanted to be by themselves. In every community was a farmer who made a business of driving such parties and he kept a sled ready.

A deep layer of clean straw was placed in the box and blankets laid over this. The boys and girls alternating sat along the sides of the sled with their feet toward the center. Heavy blankets were used for cover and by sitting tightly together everyone was warm.

The horses had to be very gentle for each member of the party had a tin horn or cow bell and these were used freely when going through a town or when passing another sled. When not just making noise and yelling the riders would sing and the horses seemed to catch the rhythm of the song, for when "Jingle Bells," "Polly-wolly Doodle," or "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" started, they would strike a faster pace so that the bells on the harness played an accompaniment.

Supper was ordered at a hotel about six or eight miles away, and around six o'clock in the evening the party got started, for about two hours was necessary for the trip, depending on the condition of the road. Sometimes bare spots were met where the snow had melted or blown away and that meant that the boys got out and walked. If such a place happened to be on a steep hill everyone got out. While this slowed down the time it was not considered a hardship, as the exercise stirred the circulation and brought warmth to chilled fingers and toes.

By the time the hotel was reached everyone was cold and as soon as overcoats and rubbers were removed all gathered about the big round stoves. Supper was soon served — and what a supper! The main item was fried ham, and a veritable mountain of slices was placed in the middle of the table. This was flanked with a huge platter of fried eggs on one side and a deep dish of fried potatoes on the other. Sometimes smoked sausage was served as an extra, but stewed dried lima beans, dried corn, pickled beets, chow-chow, pepper-cabbage, celery, apple butter, cottage cheese and several kinds of jelly were all part of the regular menu.

Dessert was mince pie, raisin pie, egg custard, and a variety of cookies, and this did not mean choice, for the most welcome diner was he who could take at least one helping of everything offered. On one occasion the wife of the landlord whispered to one of the boys, "Don't you feel good tonight?" "Why do you ask that?" he said. "Why," said she, "you did only eat six eggs."

Such a meal required plenty of digestion and this was helped by playing games or dancing. For this part of the program the side room was used if it was large enough, if not, the dining room was cleared. The games were those ordinarily played by children—"Heavy, heavy, what hangs over?", Blindman's Buff, Post Office, Spin the Bottle, charades etc. These games played by young ladies and young men produced some very interesting situations and many a bashful suitor got so much inspiration from them, that he became quite bold when snuggled under the blankets on the way home.

Music for the dancing was furnished by a piano or a fiddle and guitar, and sometimes the old parlor organ gave out two-steps and waltzes. Some hotels had small orchestras and advertised for sleighing parties. On Saturday nights at these places a professional caller conducted the square dances. These were public affairs and lacked the intimacy of the small private parties.

By ten-thirty they got ready to leave. Outer clothing was put on and the blankets, which had been brought into the hotel, were held near to the stove so that they were well warmed before starting.

Horses go faster toward home than they do when going away, so that the return trip not only seemed shorter but actually took less time. It was colder than earlier in the evening so the couples had to sit much closer to keep warm and after singing a few songs they became quiet. Conversation was very subdued and except for an occasional suppressed giggle, nothing was heard but the jingle of the bells and the creaking of the sled runners on the snow.

—LOUIS J. LIVINGOOD, M. D.

Wyomissing, Pa., Jan. 11, 1945.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. CHARLES MINNICH

Anna Minnich, wife of Charles W. Minnich, 421 N. Irving St., passed away at her home early yesterday in her 53rd year. She had been ailing for 11 years.

She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 15, 1892, daughter of the late Thomas and Mary Andienlo, Columbo, and had resided in this city for 30 years.

Survivors include her husband, a sister, Mrs. Margaret Papson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; a brother, Joseph Columbo, Orange, N. J. She was preceded in death by a sister, Elizabeth Columbo.

Rev. Arthur Fretz will conduct funeral services at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Internment in Rittersville cemetery.

ELIZABETH BISHOP

Elizabeth (Betty) Bishop, 212 Main St., Cementon, died of complications Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock at Limeport, in her 27th year. She had been ailing since last April.

She was born in Northampton, daughter of Agnes, nee Pisarchik, Bishop and the late John Bishop, and attended the public schools there. Before her illness she was employed at the Durable Pants Co., Northampton. She was a member of the Slovak Catholic Sokol, Branch No. 190 of Northampton and the Blessed Virgin Slovak church.

Rev. Michael Pegany will officiate at services at the late home, 212 Main St., Cementon, on Monday at 8:30 a. m., followed by requiem mass in the Blessed Virgin Slovak church at 9 a. m. Interment in the parish cemetery.

Survivors, besides the mother, are two sisters, Mrs. Michael Shellock and Agnes, both of Cementon. Her father died several years ago.

HENRIETTA STEIGERWALT

Henrietta Steigerwalt, 72, 114 N. West St., died yesterday morning at 5:30 o'clock at the Allentown hospital of complications. She was born near Lehighton, daughter of the late Edwin and Rebecca, nee Wehr, Steigerwalt and had resided in this city for the past 58 years.

She was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church and the Allentown hospital auxiliary.

Survivors are three brothers, Alvin, Bowmanstown; William, Lehighton R. 1; and James, this city; three sisters, Alice Steigerwalt and Mrs. Tavilla Schindler, both of Northampton and Mrs. Lewis Shoemaker, Schnecksville.

Funeral services will be held at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., with interment in Bowmanstown cemetery.

ALLEN J. SCHNECK

Allen J. Schneck, husband of Laura R., nee Fegley, Schneck, 935 Allen St., passed away at his home yesterday morning at 11:30 o'clock after an illness of two months. He was in his 70th year.

He was born in Guthsville, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Israel Schneck and had lived in this city most of his life. Up until nine months ago he conducted a shoe repair shop at 730 Mulberry St.

He is survived by his wife, a daughter, Marguerite, at home; three sons, Yeoman Third Class Stanley P. Schneck, with the Navy at Mare Island, Calif.; Albert and Walter F. Schneck, this city. There are three grandchildren.

OTTO A. POEHLER

Funeral services for Otto A. Poehler, 71, a former resident of Bethlehem who died in Allentown on Wednesday will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Luther D. Grim Funeral home, 136 N. 12th St. Interment in St. Mark's cemetery, Allentown.

Born in Germany, he was a son of the late Otto and Amelia (nee Eisman) Peohler. His wife, Emma (nee Troxell) Phoeler, died 10 years ago.

He is survived by three sons, Otto Jr. and Lionel of Allentown, Carl, U. S. Navy, at sea; one daughter, Mrs. Joseph Sapko of Bethlehem; 19 grandgrandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Harry Marsteller of Wydner, Pa., Mrs. John Thomas of Philadelphia, and two brothers, Rudolph of Washington, and Richard of Philadelphia.

MRS. KATIE A. BUTZ

Mrs. Katie A. Butz (nee Renninger), wife of Allen G. Butz, died yesterday morning at her late residence, 365 Seminary Ave., Pennsburg, aged 76 years, 9 months and 6 days.

She was born in Marlborough township, Montgomery county, a daughter of the late Peter and Lovina (Specht) Renninger. She was a member of St. Mark's Lutheran church, Pennsburg, and is survived by her husband and four nieces. One niece, Eva, wife of Rev. Howard G. Nyce, of Allentown, was raised from childhood by the late Mrs. Butz and her husband, who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary during the past year.

All funeral services will be held from her late residence on Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 2 p. m. Interment in St. Mark's Union cemetery, Pennsburg. Rev. W. U. Kistler, Pennsburg, will officiate assisted by Dr. C. M. DeLong, East Greenville.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Fegel Docktor

Sawg hen ihr gawist os die "Ginnie" Frantz fon Scheidys, un woh ons Vultees' shoft, 'n tzimlicher guter fegel docktor is? Yoh, sie hut doh da onner dawg wies tzu gablosa wor os sie net noch da arwet gakent hut ihra airshdie kase kot,—ra fergribbida shpotz 'n ferbrochner fliegel g'setz'd. Wos da shpotz wedder fohra wor kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r aenicha waig die "Ginnie" hut sie g'funna drous nava om hous mit ma ferbrochna fliegel, un ous gamocht fer docktor acta.

Sie hut die shpotz noh mit nei ins hous un der fliegel net yusht dick ferwick'ld mit lumba un onner waist fer die ferbrochna gnocha wedder nonner halta, ow'r hut aw 'n braid shick so bobbich "adhesive tape" ol um die shpotz rum gawick'ld os sie sich net ferraiga hut kenna, un die shpotz noh inna box, in die kich galaig'd, fer gute werra.

Now die "Ginnie" hut aw 'n bruder Sterling woh shpotza net tzu gute gleich'd, un so unnich nonner hen sie aw 'n kotz os fiel fon ihra tzeit in da kich tzu bring'd. Die kotz wor ow'r net in da kich wie da "Ginnie" ihra Mam die Verna nei kumma is, un hut sich bol gronk galocht wie sie die shpotz schna hut in da box leia. Der Sterling wor aw net drin, ow'r die Verna wor net may wie drous is er nei kumma mit da kotz, un grawd druf wor 'n hefticher racket in da kich. Wie die Verna noh tzurick kumma is, wor der fogels koshda uf 'm budda, lare, un die "Ginnie" g'sawt der "Yung" het die kotz in die kich galust un des wiesh'd ding het ra ihra fergribbider fogel lavendich g'fressa.

Die "Ginnie" is noh rei noch da shtadt tzu ihra grosselterra 's Rich Peters uf da Nord Ocht shtross so os sie danagshda dawg hin wear fer shoffa. Un sie wor net may os wie dahame fert, bis die kotz awfonga hut iwwel fiela uf 'm mauga, uns nagshd os wor, hut sie der fogel widder ruf gabrocht mit tzomta lumba un fedderra, un denk sie wert wol 'n onner mohl tzwae mohl gucka eb sie widder 'n fogel fress'd os die "Ginnie" Frantz in lumba gawick'ld hut.

Oh yar, m'r maichda aw noch sawga, as der fogel dote wor wie die kotz 'n uf gewwa hut.

Shnae G'shpichta

Ferol os der shnae ols so longweilich om fershleffla is, kumma ols noch dale arva shnae g'shpichta rei, Taum bei shpiel doh is die g'shicht fom waigmaishder Shteep Mertz fon Friedens seina Washington township shnae shebber, woh die onner woch ei g'shnae'd sin iwwer 'm shnae shebba in da Best Station gagend. So wie m'r fershtain hut 'n onnerrie gang shnae shebber nimmy rote duh kenna, un der Shteep hut der Willie Krause dart niver ganumma mit 'm Willie seim tracktor fer da onnerra shnae shebber ous ihr'n drüvel helfa. Fon da shnae shebber os noch mit sin, worra so gute bakonta kerls dabei os wie der Frank Christman, der Elmer Handwerk, der Fred German, un noch dale onnerra.

Allas wor ol recht bis sie die onner gang rous g'shebt hen kot, noh ferhoftich sei wie sie hame gawolt hen, won der waig hinnich no net rigle fensa haich tzu gablosa wor, un hen der tracktor shtae missa lossa un sin tzu fo

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart.
Longfellow.

FANATICISM NOT ENOUGH TO WIN

Because the American Army on Bataan was prompted to surrender only after more than two months of bitter siege and reduction to a point nearing starvation it has been believed by many that the Japanese forces which retreated into that natural stronghold could hold out a great deal longer, inasmuch as they have had almost three years time in which to prepare for the attack that General MacArthur promised them all along. Furthermore it was known that, whereas American officers gave orders for surrender in order that lives might be saved, the fanatical Japs could be expected to fight to the last man and therefore delay the time for the inevitable reconquest of Bataan.

Therefore it is surprising in a way but highly satisfactory to know that the Americans took Bataan yesterday after only a little more than two weeks of campaigning. In only about one-fourth the time required by the Japs the Americans have gained the positions that command the island of Corregidor, last-stand point for the Americans in 1942 and anticipated site of the destruction of the last organized resistance by Japs on Luzon.

American military men for many years wondered how well they could do if ever they would have to pit American boys from factory and farm against a professional Jap soldiery which believes it desirable and joyous to die for the emperor, whereas Americans believe it is best to live, not die, for their country.

In spite of their fanaticism the yellow fellows are meeting their match. They are finding whatever honor and joy may reside in dying for the emperor but they are achieving that honor and joy futilely. They are simply paving the road to Tokio with their own dead bodies.

A LONG 'PAPER HOLIDAY'

Decision to extend the "Paper Holiday" during the rest of February and all of March has been announced by Mayor Diefenderfer in response to official government desire that paper be saved.

The recent campaign during a single day proved that a large quantity of this now precious war material can be saved through public cooperation. Inasmuch as one day's savings are not nearly enough to solve the problem it has been decided to make those savings many-fold.

Certainly everybody will wish to cooperate but for a time it is going to call for some slight changes in our routine. Many persons can do as some women who have reported that they carry their own wrapping paper with them when they go shopping. And on their return home, they carefully save the paper for the next shopping trip.

The best system however is to return to the old-fashioned market basket. It is going to be an inspiriting and pretty picture when again we see our housewives tripping gayly to the stores with large baskets slung over their arms and returning with a variety of articles in such baskets, none of which articles has been packed in a bag or wrapped and tied in paper.

WAR'S DIRECT IMPACT ON MILLIONS

Destruction and terror must be mounting in Germany as more and more people come to feel the effects of the war more and more intimately.

Repeatedly Berlin, the greatest city, has been bombed. In recent months, or since the Russian drive began, this bombing has affected not only the millions of Berliners but also refugees numbering many, many thousands. Most of the latter fled from an impending terror but an unrealized calamity, namely falling into the hands of the Russians. In Berlin they not only experience the terrors of anticipated harm but in addition they have been showered with bombs and enveloped in the flames of thousands of fires. Their mental and emotional state can be imagined.

Yesterday the Russians entered Breslau, the largest German city yet to be subjected to attack. It is believed that more than a million Germans—the normal population, plus refugees—are in that city. In addition nearly a million Germans are believed to be in Dresden which has been taking a terrible beating from the air in recent days and is on the road of the conquering Russian hosts that are heading for Berlin. Probably half a million people are huddled in Nuremberg to which the Nazi government is moving its people and papers.

More persons even than were directly under attack when the Blitz was hurled against England now are feeling most directly the effect of the war upon Germany and upon the industries, transportation and military installations in Germany's biggest cities.

In this contest the war certainly is being brought home to the German people who have not known its most serious meaning for more than a hundred years.

A BIG JOB TO SAVE FACE

The American battle fleets which arrived off the coast of Japan on Thursday have given no indication of being in a hurry to leave and on Friday continued the pummeling of Tokio and environs that began with attack by 1500 war planes.

According to the reports the waters around Japan for a distance of more than 200 miles were covered by American ships—the largest battle force ever to mass at sea for any one operation. Those ships maintained search for whatever warships Japan may have and plainly invited them to come out of hiding boldly or sneak out, as they did at Leyte early in October, and fight it out.

Certainly if Japan ever has lost face, it has been during the past two days. For weeks and months the Japs have excused their navy with the promise that it was going to achieve its great and complete victory at the right moment, that moment being the time when the homeland was under attack.

For two days now (and the battle may continue for some days to come) Japan has been under attack. That attack has been the most serious and destructive that the islands and the Japanese people have experienced in all their history. For the first time in many hundreds of years serious challenge has been offered to them. And in that great moment—a moment long anticipated by the Japs themselves—their invincible navy, the navy that has sunk the American navy over and over again (according to their reports) during the past three years, is nowhere to be seen and has not been heard from as to a single shot, even from a little machine-gun.

If the Japs are ashamed of their navy, they have the best reason in the world. It has failed them in their critical hour. It has deceived them for three years but this time it cannot tell any story that will belie the fact that aircraft carriers are lying right off the Japanese coast and that these ships every day can send 1500 planes winging to Tokio to destroy and burn that city.

Mr. Flynn Goes Along

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—What was Edward Flynn, the political boss from New York City and former Democratic National chairman, doing on the trip which President Roosevelt took to see Premier Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill?

Official information given out here states that Mr. Flynn did not participate in any of the conferences but that he was taken along as a member of the President's party when Mr. Roosevelt learned that the Bronx leader was planning a trip to Moscow.

What kind of a trip does anybody take to Moscow these days? Certainly it isn't a pipeasure trip because the days of sightseeing have not yet been resumed. It must be either official business or private business. The announcement which says that Mr. Roosevelt just took Mr. Flynn along when he heard of the latter's plan to make a trip would seem to indicate that it wasn't official business but some private errand.

Why were accommodations given, perhaps on American warships or on transport planes, to a private citizen who had no official connection with either the military or diplomatic business of the American government? In time of war especially it is not customary to allow private citizens to ride on warships or in military planes unless their missions are related in some way to the prosecution of the war.

The announcement about Mr. Flynn reads in such casual fashion as to imply that persons are making private trips to Moscow right along these days and that all Mr. Flynn did was, in effect, to thumb a ride to Moscow because the President was going his way.

It is a strange thing that arrangements were made also for Mr. Flynn to go to Moscow with Ambassador Harriman after the sojourn in the Crimea. If Mr. Flynn is bent on any business errand, he has certainly received a card of introduction of inestimable value which should stand him in good stead at Moscow.

It also seems strange that the Russian government grants entry to Mr. Flynn while a committee of three editors from the American Society of Newspaper Editors, which merely would like to ascertain the Russian point of view on the exchange of news in the post-war world, doesn't apparently have such good luck.

The committee was last reported to be in the south of Europe not far from the Black Sea area. It would have been a magnificent gesture if the President could have taken the three editors along to the Crimea or if Ambassador Harriman could have taken them to Moscow, along with Mr. Flynn.

But, unfortunately, American influence where one of the "Four Freedoms" is concerned is not too persuasive nowadays, and perhaps it would have offended Marshal Stalin at this time for Mr. Roosevelt to have mentioned "freedom of the press" even for the post-war era.

It was apparently much easier to arrange prompt access and a warm welcome for Mr. Flynn. But what is his business there? Some observers hereabouts have suggested that maybe he is going to help the Russians with the conduct of some of those "free elections" that are to be arranged for the people of the liberated areas in the vicinity of Russia. Maybe Mr. Flynn has a quasi-official mission—to attempt to reconcile the Russian government with the viewpoint of the Catholic hierarchy, which somehow still insists that there isn't such a thing as "freedom of worship" in Russia. If so, maybe he merited all the special facilities given him.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE NEED FOR CANDOR

If, in all this matter of Yalta, Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, the President and the radio commentators had pleaded inevitable national necessity, their candor would be appreciated. But when a commentator spoke of the President being an unofficial presiding officer at a round table while one of the two other attendants walked off with all the marbles, it was just too much OWI.

Anyone who does not admire Marshal Stalin and his magnificent feat in enriching his country by territorial loot is lacking in a sense of values. But what did the United States of America get out of the Yalta Conference? Specifically—what did we get?

Listening to Jimmy Byrnes, the principal gain seems to have been a knowledge of vodka spiced with red pepper—a concoction new to me although in my younger days I sampled all that Russia had to offer. Perhaps, we of the earlier days of the Revolution, required neither cayenne nor paprika to zest vodka—our appetites were not yet jaded.

Ed Flynn There Too

What Ed Flynn will add to this is not available. Ed Flynn, of the Bronx, is a medium-to-good ward politician who once lost an ambassadorship because of an error in paving blocks which was really neither here nor there and seemed to be a fuss over nothing that isn't done by those in the know. Now, he sits among the great of the world and is applauded in the Bolshoi theater where once the Czars of Russia sat and pondered. "What now, little man!" When he returns we shall have to inquire whether Soviet competence produces a better prune whiskey than is sold on Southern Boulevard in the Bronx. Maybe Ed Flynn, who is noted for having an eye on the main chance, can tell the American people specifically and beyond doubt what we landed at Yalta.

Lippmann Makes Discovery

Walter Lippmann has attempted to discover what we got. And after pondering the problem in majestic punditry he has reached the conclusion that the importance of the Yalta Conference lies in the fact that the coalition of powers did not break up. Usually, he said, when the end of a war approaches, the allies knock each other on the head. This time, Roosevelt, unofficially presiding over a round table, reversed that trend. Lippmann's exact words:

". . . They have checked and reversed the normal tendency of a victorious coalition to dissolve as the war, which called it into being, approaches its end. They have seen to it that the coalition has become closer and larger, the alliance more firmly knit, as the war has developed . . ."

Possibly this is it. And if so, it is all to the good as long as it lasts. Of course, Mr. Lippmann does not say that to keep Stalin in the coalition, the United States and Great Britain had to sacrifice Poland and all of Eastern Europe to Bolshevism.

And how much money is this costing the American taxpayer? Before Yalta, we heard that the British and the Russians each desired $6,000,000,000 as a post-war stake and that the United States was considering whether we would hand out these billions of the taxpayer's earnings. Recently, it has been suggested—perhaps after the vodka spiced with red pepper—that the Russians would prefer $10,000,000,000. Perhaps Senator Ferguson, who has shown astuteness in discovering how auctioneers manipulate their noises, might dig into who gets what and for what for. Nobody busts a coalition that hands out coin on this scale.

Also what has happened to such side issues as Iran—do the Russians get the five northern provinces? And what about Rumania and Hungary—how are they divvied up? And what about the Russian advances into China? Are they to cease or is perhaps Russia to become heir to Japan's conquests? I don't know. It isn't in the book.

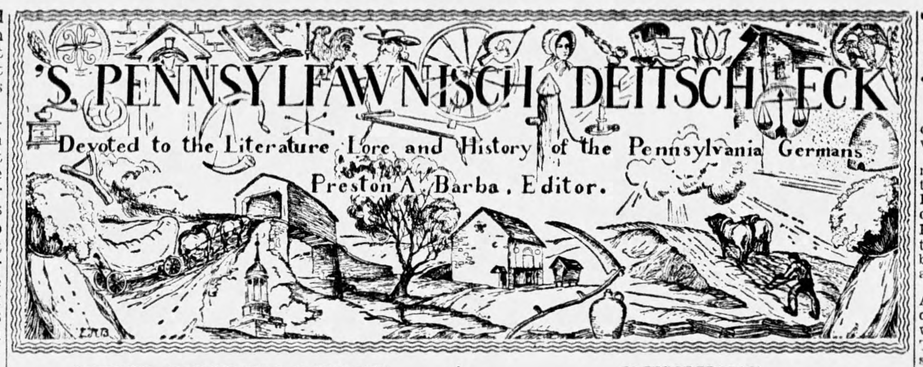
And did you see that photograph of a couple of Russian maids making up the President's bed in the Livadia Palace? Oh! for a couple of maids to make up a couple of beds in this capitalistic country! Oh, do be serious! Nobody gives us lend-lease for maids or nothing.

(Copyright, 1945)

Agricultural laborers returning to Mexico after working in the United States are reported to be preparing to teach American methods to Mexican farmers.

A mile-a-minute carrier pigeon, William of Orange, which served with the airborne troops at Arnheim and flew 260 miles to London in 265 minutes, has been sold for $540.

"Air-lifts" which remove as much as 1400 cubic meters of water an hour are used in the flooded coal mines of the Donets Basin of Russia.



THE EMIGRANTS

The poem of which the following verses are a translation, is written in the dialect of Westrich (in the Palatinate), a region lying west of the Haardt mountains, the northern spur of the Vosges. It is addressed to an aged pair who are about to leave their native land for the purpose of seeking a new home in America. Although the author, at the close of the poem, refers to the frequent changes in the political relations of the Rhine Provinces, the poem itself was written in 1854, long before these provinces were severed from France and reunited with the German Empire.

Our life at best has many sorrows,
And sorrow always causes pain;
But sharpest is the pang of parting
From friends we ne'er shall see again.

I grieve to see you undertaking
Your journey to America;
What can you mean, you good old people,
To start on such a weary way?

'Tis all in vain—we can't prevent them—
The team stands ready on the road;
It bears the choicest of their treasures;
Ah! 'tis indeed a heavy load:
The spinning wheel and fire shovel,
And garden hoes, I do not doubt;
An iron pot and skimming ladle;
A firkin, too, for **sauer-kraut.**

And in their chest, what sweet mementos
From all their friends, both great and small;
They hear the name of every giver—
How dear and lovely are they all!
With verses full of kindest counsels,
Should troubles come in distant lands;
And, dearer still, their little prayer-books,
A present from their pastor's hands.

Here, too, behold their precious heirloom—
They prize it more than tongue can tell—
How could they live without its music?
The ancient clock—which plays so well
The strains which youthful love and beauty
Pour forth in notes so clear and fine;
And, best of all, the songs of freedom
Our brothers sing along the Rhine.

They have received their pastor's blessing;
They go in distant lands to dwell;
And now from hence in peace departing,
The time has come to bid farewell.
The aged pair, bowed down with sorrow,
Can scarce find strength that word to say,
And yet the cords of deep affection
Still draw them to America.

America! Their darling Henry,
Their boy, is there, their life and light;
He sought to raise the flag of freedom,
But had to flee, one gloomy night.
Their boy, before so kind and gentle,
Obedient to their lightest word,
Began to rage, and like a madman,
Threw down the scythe and seized the sword.

Who now will guide the plow at seed-time?
Who'll hew the wood in forests lone?
Who'll thresh the grain, and mow the clover?
Who to the barn will bring them home?
Who'll mix good fodder for the pony?
Who for the goats provide so well?
These were his tasks, with many others—
Ah! more than any one can tell.

Now he has gone! By God's protection
Through many pains and trials led,
He's found a home in distant regions,
And earns with ease his daily bread;
And lately in a pretty letter,
All written by his own dear hand,
Most earnestly he begs his parents,
To come and dwell in freedom's land.

They bid farewell to all their neighbors,
For all the village holds them dear;
Some weep aloud, and some in silence
Attempt to stay the falling tear.
Dear souls like these deserve affection,
The very children feel their love,
And all are sure the Lord will grant them
The brightest blessings from above.

Now to the fields where long they labored,
They sadly take their weary way:
See, from the blade the ear is springing;
But who will reap? Ah! who can say?
Yet, though a stranger must receive them,
For blessings still to Heaven they call:
"The dews, O Lord! The rain and sunshine,
In Thine own season, grant them all!"

In Winter's cold and heats of Summer,
They toiled through many a weary day,
'Twas all in vain—the Lord have mercy!
Our rulers took their all away.
Henry was drafted for a soldier,
But, as he was no longer here,
They seized, lest he might quite escape them,
The hoarded stores of many a year.

Their hearts are full of strange emotions,
The scene was never half so lovely,
And ne'er so sad in all their days:
"Adieu, thou field, thou lovely hill-side,
With greenest clover covered o'er;
Adieu, thou vale, thou sparkling fountain,
We'll never see you—nevermore!"

Now see them to the churchyard going,
Where, for his dead, the mourner weeps:
Behold them there, bowed down with sorrow,
Beside the grave where Mary sleeps.
She pined away without complaining,
Her pain and grief she always hid.
But people called her Henry's absence,
The nail that closed her coffin lid.

They kneel at first to pray in silence—
For loud complaints are all in vain—
Then try to speak a word of comfort,
But tears fall down like summer rain.
Ah! souls that e'er have felt such sorrow,
They know full well when words must cease;
The aged pair—they move our pity—
In silence leave the "court of peace!"

A moment still the mother lingers,
Plucks up a rose with trembling hand,
And rosemary, a sweet memento,
To bear to yonder distant land.
She plants them in a cup of china—
'T was Mary's cup, so bright and fair—
Then leaves the grave to Anna Barbie,
Who'll tend it with a sister's care.

Their neighbor's daughter, Anna Barbie—
Their Henry's friend, so kind and true—
But that her father quite forbids it,
Would start upon the journey too.
She feels as though her heart were breaking,
And sadly mourning o'er her fate,
She wipes her eyes upon her apron,
And weeps behind the garden gate.

They have returned. How sad and dreary
The ancient homestead now appears!
The cattle at the barn are lowing,
As though oppressed with grief and fears.
The house-dog and the cat are mourning;
The goat is bleating in the stall;
The pony hangs his head in sorrow—
It seems as though they knew it all.

'Tis time to go—the team is waiting,
Alas! how swift the moments flew;
And many hands, from doors and windows,
Now wave a tender, fond adieu.
Some folks in silence gather round them—
The final hour has come at last—
Dear friends, be firmer now than ever!
I would the parting scene were past!

REVIEWS

HOME CRAFT COURSES. Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser. Volume XIX. Home Craft Course in Pennsylvania German Architecture. By Richard S. Montgomery, A.I.A. Schlechter's, Printers, Allentown, Pa., 1945—$1.00.

To the ever-growing list of booklets of the Keyser Series of Home Craft Courses has been added another volume, the first to be published in the calendar year 1945. This little book, replete with illustrations, calls attention to the many features of architectural design which are distinctly Pennsylvania German in origin. It deals with more than mere structural designs for exteriors as is the case with most published material of this type previously presented to the public. And, best of all, the booklet shows how many of these features are adaptable for use in modern homes.

The student is led to recognize the Pennsylvania characteristics of old fireplaces, windows, doorways, roofs, hardware, date panels, shutters, paint, mouldings and decorative fixtures. Better still, these descriptions are not mere words, for there are clear and attractive drawings which illustrate every detail described in the text.

Figures 2, 3, 11 and 13 are drawn from photographs in the monograph "Century Old Farmhouses, Oley Valley, Berks County," published by the Reinhold Publishing Corporation in 1932. Figure 29 is drawn from the original panels of the Hottenstein House in Kutztown. Among others the author acknowledges his thanks to the Historical Society of Berks County for help in securing the material for his volume.

In his selection of the Hottenstein House for illustration the author was treading upon familiar ground, for it is the ancestral home of his wife, the former Marguerite Hottenstein, a daughter of Peter Hottenstein, formerly of Kutztown. Added to this interest in the fine old dwellings of eastern Pennsylvania was the author's own keen interest developed by motoring through Berks on his way to an assignment in Pottsville as he commuted from his home in Manoa.

Still another factor in exciting the interest of Mr. Montgomery in Pennsylvania German architecture was his early association with Edwin G. Brumbaugh, the pioneer in this field of study.

The assignment of the number XIX to this volume in the series of Home Craft Courses does not mean that eighteen others have appeared thus far. It is the number originally assigned to this course in architecture of the Pennsylvania Germans. In the order of publication it is actually only the ninth. All preceding numbers have been reviewed in the ECK.—Arthur D. Graeff.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS. A Study in Stability. By Dr. Arthur D. Graeff. Volume XX of the series, Home Craft Courses, published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser. Schlechter's, Printers, Allentown, Pa. 1945—$1.00.

Here is a little book containing a concise history of the Pennsylvania German people with an attempt to interpret their culture in the light of their backgrounds. It is obvious that the author is writing for the particular benefit of persons who have known very little about the people of eastern Pennsylvania, for he repeats a great deal of the story of their emigration from Europe and their settlement in the New World, now well known to most intelligent persons in the eastern United States.

The new note that is struck is the attempt of the writer to explain the philosophical basis which makes these people the distinct ethnic group which they have remained from the founding of the colonies to the present day. In doing this the writer finds that much of the art and many of the virtues of these people grow out of two things: first, their devotion to religion; and secondly, their peculiar attachment to the soil, a combination of God and Nature as reflected by the life of men and women. Stripped of technical philosophical language the story reads simply and, taken in all, appears to make sense. At least there is a great deal of food for thought.

The booklet is greatly enhanced by beautiful sketches from the pen of Zoe Kauffmann. Most of these sketches are original drawings; others are enlargements of small designs which show familiar pictures to better advantages because of clearer details. Some of the sketches were originally used as scenes on Christmas cards in 1944. They were drawn for the book but appealed to so many persons that the publishers decided to offer them to the public as cards.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of the book for those who already know their history of the Pennsylvania Germans is the selected list of reference books dealing with most of the phases of this study. These books are grouped according to subject and represent considerable care in selecting the title which will have most value for students.

An additional appendix contains two lists of prominent persons of Pennsylvania German origin. They are listed under two headings: Who was Who and Who is Who. The casual reader will find a number of surprises among the names listed. For example it may come as a surprise to many to learn that the Funk of Funk and Wagnalls, Reginald Kauffman of the Saturday Evening Post, Secretary of State Edward Stettinius, Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard and ex-Vice President Wallace had Pennsylvania German forebears.—Wilbur H. Oda

"Farewell! And here's my hand, old neighbors!
May blessings on your journey rest!
Leave God to order all the future,
For He alone knows what is best.
And do not yield to grief or sorrow,
Trust in His mercy day by day;
He reigns today, He'll reign tomorrow,
He reigns too in America.

But when, in distant lands, enjoying
The blessings which your Father sends;
When cares are light, and food is plenty,
Remember us, your early friends!
And when the ancient clock is playing
Its tune in notes so clear and fine,
Forget not then your faithful brothers!
Forget not Westrica, nor the Rhine!"

They've gone; but, see! on yonder hill-top,
How brightly shines the setting sun!
The day puts on a crown of glory
A moment ere his work is done.
Ah! strange emotions stir my spirit,
While gazing on the fading light:
In distant lands the day is breaking—
With us, alas! 'tis growing night.

But should the darkness gather round us,
And scatter wide our faithful band:
And if in vain is all our striving,
We too will haste to freedom's land.
All still depends on mighty princes.
And who can tell what they may say?
But should they e'er declare us Russians,
Then not a single soul will stay

From HOME BALLADS AND METRICAL VERSIONS by Joseph Henry Dubbs, D. D. Philadelphia: Charles G. Fisher, 1888.

The above poem, translated by the Rev. Joseph Henry Dubbs with such fine feeling for the original, was written by Ludwig Schandein, the earliest of the native dialect poets of the present-day Rhenish Palatinate. (It is to be noted that his predecessors Franz von Kobell and Karl Gottfried Nadler, both of whom wrote in the Palatine dialect, were not native to the Rheinpfalz.) Ludwig Schandein was born in Kaiserslautern in 1813, was archivist in the Palatine city of Speyer and died in 1894. His "Gedichte in Westricher Mundart" appeared in 1854. These poems are written in the dialect of the western part of the Palatinate. Whether our Pennsylvania German dialect derives mainly from the Westrich, or mountainous area or from the Vordepfalz, the Rhenish plain of the eastern Palatinate, is still a matter of dispute. Our readers may find it interesting to compare with our own Pennsylvania dialect the following few stanzas from Schandein's poem "In der Fremm' " (with the original spelling):

**Och wann ich deheme, deheme nor waer,
Im Westrich deheme, deheme bei mer!
Kann nie dich vergesse, dich liebherzig Lann—
Wann kumm ich doch heme, och wisst ich nor wann?**

**Ja jetzun' is Frihjohr, viel annerst dehem:
Wie dufte die Blimcher, wie blihe die Baem'!
Wie grine die Wisse, wie sunnig mei' Dal,
Wie singt's un' wie klingt's do, wie lebt's iweral!**

**Deheme wie sche' doch, viel schener als do,
Is alles so weslich, so herzlich, so froh:
Ich daerf net dra' denke, werr trau'rig un' trib—
Du herzigi Palz du, wer haett dich net lieb?**

—ED.

Deaths of a Day

WILLIAM M. ANGLE

William M. Angle of 539 N. 11th St., died yesterday after a long illness. He was 84 years old.

He was born Dec. 9, 1860 at Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, the son of the late William S. and Jane Angle. For 52 years he was employed as a clerk in the Packerton office of the Lehigh Valley railroad. Mr. Angle retired 20 years ago. He was a member of St. Andrew's Reformed church and the Odd Fellows.

Surviving are a son, William S. Angle, East Mauch Chunk, a granddaughter, Mrs. Melvin Strunk, with whom he resided; a great-grandson, Thomas Chapman, Allentown, and a sister, Mrs. Camilla Nusbaum, Allentown.

His wife, the late Lucretia Smith Angle, died 26 years ago. A daughter, Louise A. Angle, veteran Pioneer Open Air school teacher, died suddenly last Nov. 7.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 10:30 a. m. at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment in Lehighton cemetery.

SARAH E. FRITCH

Sarah E. Fritch, wife of Robert Fritch of Longswamp township, Berks county, died at her home at the age of 80 years at noon yesterday.

She was the daughter of the late Aaron and Maria nee Heil Hertzog and was born at Alburtis. She was a member of the Evangelical Reformed faith of Longswamp church where her husband was formerly organist.

She is survived by her husband and one sister, Priscilla Hertzog, Longswamp township.

The funeral will be held from her late home on Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. Rev. John Herbster and Rev. Dr. Clarence Keiser will officiate. Further services will be held at the Longswamp church. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

MRS. KATIE MYERS

Mrs. Katie, nee Styer, wife of James Myers, died at her home, 703 S. 4th St. Friday afternoon after several years illness. She was 68 years old.

Born in Montgomery county, she was a daughter of Daniel and Malinda, nee Sell, Styer. She resided in Allentown for the past eight years and was a member of St. Matthew's Lutheran church.

Survivors are her husband, two children by a former marriage, Howard Stoudt, Reading and Bertha Stoudt, WAC in France; and four brothers, Titus Styer, William Styer, Walter and Robert Styer, all of Reading.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from Reinsmith Funeral home, 32 N. 4th St., Emmaus, with the Rev. F. C. Wunder officiating. Interment at the convenience of the family at Pottstown.

ABRAHAM A. LIPNER

Funeral services for Abraham A. Lipner of Brooklyn, N. Y., brother of Mrs. Meyer D. Mehrman of 117 S. West St., Allentown, who died Feb. 9 in the Jewish hospital in Brooklyn, were held at the Jewish Memorial chapel in Brooklyn. Burial was made in the family plot in the Wellwood cemetery, Pine Lawn, L. I., N. Y.

Mr. Lipner was an inspector for the New York City department of housing and building for the past 26 years. A veteran of World War I, he was buried with full military honors.

Surviving besides Mrs. Mehrman are his widow, Mrs. Helen Lipner, four children: Bernice, Judith, Daniel and Saul Lipner, two brothers: Staff Sergeant Benjamin Lipner, in England, and Louis Lipner, Brooklyn, N. Y., and another sister, Mrs. Irving Simon, Clifton, N. J.

MRS. LEONORA E. STURN

Leonora E. Sturn, 65, of 749 Turner St., widow of the late William Sturn, died in Sacred Heart hospital yesterday morning.

Mrs. Stern was the daughter of the late Joseph and Mary, nee Klitsch, Lagus of Pottsville, and was a member of the Schuylkill County club.

Surviving are a daughter, Margaret, at home; two brothers, Fred, of Philadelphia, and Frank of Pottsville; and a cousin, Fred Becker of Pottsville.

Funeral services will be held at the Charles H. Becker Funeral home, 315 N. 6th St., on Monday at 9:30 a. m. with requiem high mass in St. Catherine of Siena church at 10 a. m. Interment in Sacred Heart cemetery.

MRS. MARGARET ARANYOSI

Mrs. Margaret Aranyosi, River Road, Bethlehem R. 3, died at 10 p. m. Thursday in St. Luke's hospital. The former Margaret Kiss, she is survived by two daughters, Mrs. John Nemeth, Allentown, and Irene, at home; three sons, Joseph and James, at home; Alex, with the U. S. Army in Germany. Two grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held at 8:45 a. m. Tuesday with requiem high mass at 9:30 a. m. in St. John Capistrano's church. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

SAMUEL SMOYER

Samuel Smoyer, formerly of 204 E. Market St., Bethlehem, died Friday morning in Philadelphia. A son of the late Samuel and Christiana Smoyer he conducted a notion store on Main St., Bethlehem, prior to retirement.

He was a member of the North Side Presbyterian church. A son, Frank Smoyer, Woolston, Mass., survives. Private funeral services will be held at 11 a. m. Monday in the Lena E. Grim home, 817 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Interment in Nisky Hill.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Aryer "Pop" Shaffer

'S mocht ken hanker ous wos der Edwin Ed. "Pop" Shaffer fons Shafer un Lohrmans shoe un shtivel shtore boi dut, er kon yusht net helfa os wie in ungalaikenheit kumma. Won er maint 's gaibt 'm ebber ebbes wie sie shun hen on da lodge fersommlinga. doh fin'd er shpaiter ous os sie 'm fon seina aigna socha gewwa hen. Un won 'n fisher kumt un bring'd 'm fish ons hous, grick'd er 'n noshion sie hetta 'm 'n dote hund'l gabrocht, un shneiss'd die fish weck. Noh is er aw mohl ous 'm bawd tzuver g'falla un so wie sel kenta m'r fer 'n longie weil fertzaila fon wos 'm shun wedder fohra is in seinra tzeit.

Ow'r now kumt noch 's arrickshd fon ol. Wohrhoft won er die ledshd woch net fer drei dawg dahame im bed wor mit ra shumffel fol kalt, un 'm Mondawg nocht is noch so gore 's bed tzomma gabroocha. 'S kalt hut er so denna waig grick'd, ow'r is 'm ewwa fiel eb die socha weiters drous rum kumma. Der "Edwin Ed. Pop" wie m'r wissa, is 'n aryer shwimmer, un nembt immer shweara indressa im denna "Life Saving" socha os die Red Cross om gae hut. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er shuld dale fon sella shwimmer, un hut alla weil 'n klass om gae drunna im "Jewish Community Center" uf da Sex'd shtross.

Now won der Ed 'n klass sella waig shuld, is nix os er besser gleich'd tzu duh, os wie sei brusht recht weit nous sheeva mit 'm Red Cross emblem farna druf. Un er hut aw blenty uhrsoch fer shtoltz tzu sei mit sel'm emblem, weil die Red Cross wunnerborie gutie arwet dut die welt iwwer darrich tzeita fon freeda, so wohl wie aw won griek am gae is. Wel aenicha aig, den gawissna owet hut der Ed sei woolnie shwim suit net finna kenna un hut 'n suit laina missa fer ins wosser gae. Die suit os er grick'd hut fer weara, wor gamocht ous seida, un hut aw ken emblem farna druf kot. Sellie socha hen der Ed gahairich garetz'd, un sot uns ken pieca wunnerra eb er net ferleicht 'n hitz fon 'n 103 odder fierra rum kotta hut, wie er ins wosser gajump'd is. Un dadarrich,—wel dadarrich hut er 'n gahairichie shnuffel fol kalt grick'd, un wor fer drei dawg im bed. Die sawg is, er wear 'n gonsie tzeit om yohla gawest, "Mildred geb m'r des, un Mildred geb m'r sel," un wolla wetta os die Mildred sare froh wor die er widder uf shtae hut kenna.

Ow'r sel wor ols noch net 's end fon da socha. 'M Mondawg owet hut die Mildred ebbes fon ra weibsleit fersommling om hous kotta,—'s worra die weibsleit fom kerricha rawd fon da Salems Kerrich doh in da shtadt woh alla mohnet ae owet aryads omma kerricha rawd glead seinra hamet tzomma kumma. Wel aenicha waig, der fohrshtair Ed hut sich sella owet free ins bed g'shoft so os er da weibsleit ous 'm waig wear, un is glei ei g'shlofa. Wie er wocker is werra wohrhoft won net bout drei foos dick koats, weibsleit glaider, un heet owwa uf 'm galaiga hen, un hut bol net gawist wie sich tzu raiga. Nadierlich hut er noh widder gaduh wie er immer dut won ebbes net gons recht is, seinra Mildred gore garufa sie sot 'm tzu hilf kumma.

Un die Mildred is 'm aw kumma un hut 'n glei unnich da glaider hous kot, un hut noh ous gamocht er gang'd niver in seinra dochter June ihra bed bis die party feriwwer wear. Ow'r eb er recht unnich da deck wor, is die June kumma un hut g'sawt sie wot ihra bed selwar howwa, un er is noh niver in ra onnerra dochter Lois ihra bed g'shlupt, un darta aw glei rous g'shtaver'd werra. Sel wor noh may os der Ed shtanda hut kenna, un hut sich aw gaduh un is ob die shtadt nunner, un net tzurick kumma bis moryets so on da drei rum.

Der Ed wor noh uf gatzoga wie 'n ocht dawg uhr, un is farblae ins bed gajump'd wie er nuf in sei bed shtub kumma is. Die Mildred hut gute g'shlofa wie er ins bed is, un wohrhoft won sellie glae leish'd woh die shprings druf leit net noh gewwa hut uf 'm Ed seinra side fom bed, un die shprings sin flotch nunner uf der budda g'falla. Sel wor uf kours ae mohl woha net dawert wor fer "Mildred" greicha weil sie aw grawd dabei wor wie die socha g'shaina sin, un wos noch mainer wor, sie hut ihm aw grawd tzu fershtae gewwa os sie net uf shtae dade fers bed fixa. Sie hut noh halt ganumma om bed rigel uf ihra side fom bed so os sie net nunner garoll'd is, un der Ed is drunna uf 'm budda uf seinra side leia gabliva bis da nagshda morya.

So wie m'r fershtain, wil der Edwin Ed. Pop die socha ow'r net rum gamlauder'd howwa, un hut shun etlicha g'sawt sie sotta ihra meiler halta so os der Pumpernickle die socha net ous finna dade.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

War heit tzu dawg noch da fendua gait, sot obsalut shtivel weara, un des da langer die wohra, des da besser.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by
REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

Mark 11:20-12:12.

In Mark 12:1 the word winefat should be read today as winevat. The Reviser Version has winepress. The Greek word "hypolenion" really means a "large vessel placed under" the press to receive the wine or oil from the grapes or olives. V.12 shows that Jesus was speaking of Israel in the parable of the vineyard as He referred to the killing of the servants and finally the son of the owner who had come to claim the fruit for the owner of the vineyard, for Israel had mistreated the prophets and was about to kill the Son. Those who heard Him recognized the reference, for in Psalm 80: 8-15 and in Isaiah 5:1-7 we find Israel definitely referred to as a vine and a vineyard. These passages are well worth reading today in connection with Mark 12. The owner, having found only wild grapes (Isaiah 5:2), is going to destroy it, after having cultivated it so patiently and so long. But there is hope, for in Psalm 80:14-19 Israel is praying for restoration to God's favor.

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The real ones, the right ones, the straight ones and the true.
The pukka, peerless sportsmen—their numbers are but few;
The men who keep on playing tho the sun be in eclipse.
The men who go on losing with a laugh upon their lips.
Ogilvie.

TURKEY OUR NEW ALLY IN WAR

Rats are said to desert a sinking ship with a prescience that defies all man's knowledge and precedes his reasoning. When nations desert a cause it is not because of instinct but because of opinions founded upon definite facts.

For years it had been hoped that Turkey would get into the war upon the Allies side, throw the might of her splendid army against the Germans and their allies in the Balkans and perhaps bring the war to an end. The best that could be accomplished up to this time was to keep Turkey in a neutral attitude as against becoming part of the Axis. In the early part of the war Turkey easily could have sided with Germany and might have been able to secure large amounts of territory in Europe and Asia for it.

Yesterday however Turkey elected to get out of the bleachers and come down on the playing field. Yesterday the Turks decided to declare war upon Germany and Japan and thus come within the fold of the Allied nations.

Up to yesterday strong hints and perhaps threats from both sides were able to do nothing with the Turks. They looked on with interest and refused to be drawn into a costly war. Besides they almost certainly were playing a safe game. They were waiting to see which way the cat was going to jump, that is to say, which way the war was going to go.

Now they appear to believe it is safe to jump into the war, and on the Allies' side. The Germans no longer are right on their borders and they give no promise of ever again being there. Nor do the Germans appear able to strike back even in the puniest way at any new enemies because they are being kept so busy with the old ones.

So Turkey is in the war, for whatever it may mean. It would not appear to be very important at this stage of the game where the Turks stand. But for the Turks it is highly important. They have been served notice by the Big Three that reservation of seats for the World Security conference in San Francisco ends on March 1 and that only nations at war with Germany and Japan will get tickets as associate nations of the Big Three.

Turkey wants a ticket of admission. She has paid the price—declaration of war.

REDUCTION OF RAILROAD SERVICE

In conformity with the wishes of the ODT and in conformity with standards long established by that Governmental agency, a number of trains on local railroad systems will operate on next Wednesday for the last time during the current war.

Thus that useful train known as "The Williamsporter" on the Central R. R. of New Jersey is to be discontinued and one north-bound and one south-bound train on the Perkiomen will quit operations.

The answer is simple: These trains have been run for a number of years for a mere handful of people. Fast, comfortable trains have been virtually empty. Mail cars alone were fairly well filled.

Accordingly, to save man-power and fuel trains everywhere are to be discontinued where the public is not patronizing them and indicating thereby that they are not essential during the war. Such action also will probably tend to release rolling stock for the movement of troops and prisoners.

Where discontinuance of train service is serious as to transportation of United States mail, trucks will be employed to handle it, as will be the case for the post offices in the Perkiomen Valley. Thus truck service will pick up mail all along the present route and bring it to Allentown.

The war is getting more difficult and more demanding by the hour. As long as possible the people at home have been permitted their luxuries and advantages. Now the time for tightening up and conserving at all points possible is at hand. A lot has been wasted in the operation of trains with a third or a fourth or even five per cent of the seats filled.

TIME FOR REAPPORTIONMENT

There should be much interest in and favor for the Legislature's program to make a reapportionment of legislative districts in Pennsylvania and thereby achieve more nearly the democratic principle of proportionate representation in this State.

It is almost a quarter of a century (1921 to be exact) since the apportionment of Pennsylvania into districts as we now know it was made by the General Assembly. In quarter of a century large population changes can and undoubtedly have taken place. There is no guesswork about it for we have had two decennial censuses, 1930 and 1940, since that time and population figures by counties and other political sub-divisions are well-known. Upon those figures it is possible to arrive at a more nearly equal distribution of Senatorial and Representatives' seats in the two houses among the various counties of the State.

That serious inequalities have developed in twenty-four years of movement of people from one point to another is illustrated by two Philadelphia legislative districts. One now has over 100,000 voters while another district has diminished to less than 5,000 voters. Obviously this is disproportionate representation.

Then too there can be correction of such anomalies as exist right here in Allentown where the major part of our city constitutes one legislative district and the remainder is attached to the rural district which is made up of the boros and townships. To be specific, all voters in the 17th, 18th and 19th wards, the 3rd district of the 12th ward, the 7th district of the 11th ward and a small portion of the second district of the 13th ward are included in the rural district when it comes to choosing representatives in the Legislature.

Obviously all of Allentown should be included in the same legislative district. Undoubtedly it would have been included if the Legislature at any time in the past 24 years had gotten down to reapportionment.

Satisfactory it will be to Lehigh county also if a total of four seats in the House of Representatives be accorded to our voters, as the current bill proposes. Since that extra seat is based upon increase in population, the people of this county certainly want it.

Sen. Taft a Radical

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—A controversy has arisen as to whether Senator Taft of Ohio is a conservative or a radical. Senator Taft has been criticized by some for opposing the confirmation of Henry Wallace as Secretary of Commerce on the ground that he should have known cabinet officers are usually confirmed by the Senate and that this is one of the practices of our Constitutional system.

Mr. Taft had pointed out that as recently as the Coolidge administration, a nominee for Attorney General, Charles Beecher Warren, was refused confirmation by the Senate because of dissent as to his qualifications. But, in rebuttal, it is now argued that the very rareness of the exceptions over a long period of time proves the general rule, namely that cabinet officers are usually confirmed as being a part of the President's family of official advisers.

But, it may be asked, since when do those who wish to depart from precedent in the public interest become conservatives? Isn't it the radical who wants to make the changes and ignore precedents?

For more than 160 years no President of the United States ever sought to force Supreme Court justices from their places because of dislike of their decisions or for any other reason, and a proposal to enlarge that body so as to get a new majority on the court was really something unprecedented in American history.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, wasn't called a conservative for wanting to ignore the custom that had grown up whereby the executive refrained from interfering with the personnel of the Supreme Court. He was called a radical. Anybody who wants to disturb long-established precedents is a radical and not a conservative. The dictionary defines a radical as one who advocates "sweeping changes in laws and methods of government." It is a bit unfortunate that Senator Taft, therefore, should be classed as a conservative when he is among the first to recognize the importance of streamlining the American system of government so as to conform to the will of the people.

Mr. Taft is really a progressive in this controversy. The slogan "Let the People Rule" is in accord with our finest traditions. The Ohio senator, however, doesn't go far enough. If he feels that the people should exercise a veto on cabinet officers, as happens in parliamentary governments abroad, he should insist on an amendment to current law whereby the term of every cabinet officer is fixed for no more than two years, so that confirmation by the Senate would be required annually or biennially for reappointment. This would make cabinet officers responsive to the will of the people through Congress—not as responsive perhaps as in Canada or Britain, where the people can at any time vote to confirm or reject a cabinet officer, but it is a good beginning.

Incidentally, there is plenty of precedent for the fixing of a term for cabinet officers. The term of Postmaster General has been fixed by law on a four-year basis ever since 1787. Congress comes up for confirmation or rejection by the people every two years, and it would be desirable to have cabinet officers subjected to the same check.

Those of us who still believe in government by the people instead of by autocrats or totalitarian-minded officials—the kind of executive officials who grab every bit of power they can, and write regulations that are really legislation and which only Congress should write, if needed—cannot blame the President or his aides but Congress for laxity in this age of almost unlimited delegation of power. Cabinet posts today are not what they used to be in the days when cabinet secretaries were advisers on the perfunctory routine of executive business.

Times have changed and the precedent that commands blind obedience by the Senate to a President's cabinet nomination has outlived its usefulness. Today the head of a government department is really a substitute President. Congress has delegated vast authority and the Senate can only check on the use of that power through watching who is up for confirmation.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

BEWARE THE DICTATOR!

May I make it clear that I have no personal interest in night clubs or race tracks? I have never visited the Stork Club, El Morocco, the Diamond Horseshoe or similar places. I prefer old fashioned joints like the Cafe Royal where the conversation is excellent or Lindy's where the pastrami is perfect. Also, I have never bet on a race horse nor have I ever visited a race track in this country. Also, I rarely drink alcoholic beverages. And I dislike juke-boxes because they remind me of Petrillo. This is not a matter of morals, but of taste and preferences.

Having stated this, let me add that it is of the greatest urgency to fight the Grand Wazir, Jimmy Byrnes, who sits in Washington issuing, "Off with his head" ukases. Of all the palace attendants I have encountered, Jimmy Byrnes is the most pleasant and personable and this is no private quarrel. It is the principle of the thing. Maybe he and Harry Hopkins have decided that law is an impediment to their whims and that the rights of Americans to live their own lives according to their own judgments is an outrage against their superior intelligences. Or maybe, it is the continuance of a lowering of the living standard to meet Russian levels.

What Next?

First they kill the race tracks; then they murder night clubs. What is next? Movies? The colleges and universities? Churches? Stalin got along without churches for 27 years, why not Hopkins, the Regent, and Byrnes, the Grand Wazir? And, mind you, they have destroyed the assemblies of the people by eliminating conventions on the grounds that there is a coal shortage. Is it not possible that they will close down trade associations on the grounds that there is a paper and stenographer shortage? And if they close down trade associations, will not labor unions be next? And if labor unions, why not private charities and the Boy Scouts?

Ridiculous! What can be more ridiculous than government by ukase in a country which for a century and a half has been government by a Constitution and by law before which all men were equal no matter what their station in life? If Jimmy Byrnes continues to insist that his latest attack on personal freedom is designed to save coal, let him produce precise and provable figures on how much coal will be saved in New York—no theoretical, slide-rule figures worked out by some quizz-kid mathematician—but actual, working figures provable a month hence by a checkable reduction in coal consumption due to his shut-down rather than to the normal seasonal shift.

Coal Is the Alibi

The Grand Wazir uses coal as an alibi. The truth is that the public is further being softened up to an acceptance of the compulsory state, to government by decree, to the rule of whim, to the totalitarian state. Where are those liberals who for years have been denouncing Hitler and Mussolini for precisely the same kind of rule? Where are the conservatives who have denounced Stalin for enslaving his people? Where are the patriotic Americans who have been shouting for personal freedom?

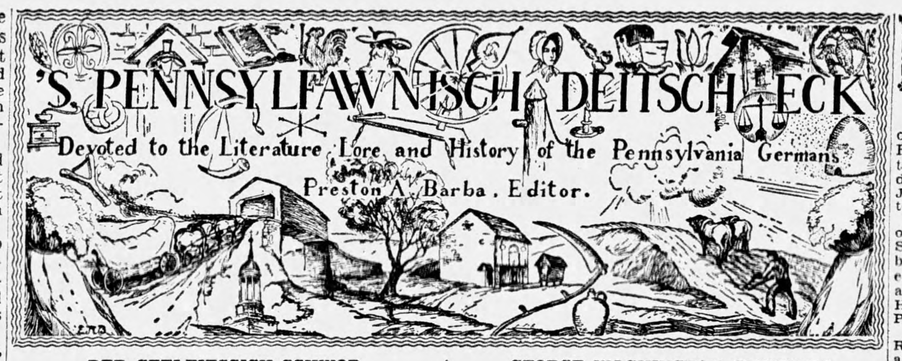
They cannot defend the race tracks, some say, because they cannot defend gambling. They cannot defend the night clubs because they cannot defend liquor. But they can defend freedom. They can defend the rights of men. They can defend government by law. They must defend government by discussion and debate. They must oppose government by decree and ukase. They must demand that we shall continue to enjoy government by the elected representatives of the people and not by irresponsible "assistant presidents" who hold office at the pleasure of the President. They have a right to demand a Congressional Investigation of the little fascists, the imitators of the totalitarians, the originators of the orientalization of American life.

Their pattern is clear. Their design is to put the American people in chains. They start with what, to many, are the morally least defensible of personal preferences. Having established the pattern, they can use it anywhere and everywhere. The time to fight for liberty is today—while there is still a chance.

(Copyright, 1945)

The longest letter in the world is being written in installments in India for someone who cannot read, the writer being Lieutenant Corporal R. E. Harker, who already has written 15,000 words of a family Odyssey for his one-year-old son in Grassington, England.

Facing a fish shortage because local fishermen shipped 2,000 fish to other markets and allowed only 20 for local consumers, Valdivia, Chile, issued a decree that Valdivia people should have priority, which resulted in Valdivians having plenty at reduced prices.



DER GEELFIESSICH SCHWOB

(widder so'n Schwoweg'schicht)

E Schwob un e Breiss, die hen emol Schtreit;
Der eend waar zu dumm, der anner zu g'scheit.
Des waar en Krakehl un es waar en Ge-lawyer,
Un alles yuscht wege me paar Dutzend Oiyer.

Der Schwob verkaaft Oiyer im Schtedtel rumhaere,
Der Breiss hot gewunnert wieviel as sie waere;
"Vier Grosche fer's Dutzend", des saagt er ihm glei,
"En Gulde fer'n Karbvoll, so viel as geht nei".

"Do nemm ich en Karbvoll", so saagt ihm der Breiss;
Er meent des waer besser wie dutzenderweis;
Der Schwob hot en ehrlicher Karbvoll gelese,
Doch dart schteht der Breiss, mit seim haerrische Wese:

"Noch meh!" hot er g'saat, "Noch mehner muss sei!"
Do bringt aa der Schwob noch e halb Dutzend bei.
Dart schteht noch der Breiss un er schittelt der Kopp—
Ya, was will er mache, gemietlicher Dropp!

Er bringt aa noch mehner—so dumm iss der Zippel—
Un heifelt sie uff, bis sie rolle vnm Gippel.
Noh saagt aa der anner, "Dat heiss ich mir yut!"
Des bringt doch der Schwob in en schrecklichi Wut:

"Des heesschte nau gut, des sott ich doch meene!
Un daetschte des gleiche noch besser zu sehne?
Er schpringt mit de Fiess in der Oiyerkarb nei.
Verschtrampelt die Oiyer zum geeliche Brei;

Noh hot er en Dutzend noch owwedruff g'schmisse:
"Iss des dir genunk odder hawwich dich b'schisse?"
Dann hot er noch selwer so schpettisch gelacht,
Wat hot dat der Breiss doch so wiedich gemacht!

Des waar en Krakehl un des waar en Ge-lawyer,
Un alles yuscht wege me paar Dutzend Oiyer.
Der Breiss waar gebodde, bei allem Gedob,
Gebodde vum dumme "Geelfiessiche Schwob!"

Im Harning, 1945. —JOHN BIRMELIN.

E Breiss—a Prussian; Vier Grosche—eight cents; En Gulde—forty cents; Dat Heiss Ich Mir Yut (Low German—das heiss ich mir gut; Wat Hot Dat (Low German)—was hot das.

DIE SEI UN DIE NUSSPICKER

(en Waerdaagsbreddich)

Es waar en Bauer in de karzlich vergangene Yohre, der hot en scheenl Haerd Sei g'hatt. Off seinere Bauerei hot er aa en Schtick Buschland g'hatt. Der Bauer hot gedenkt, wie schee es waer, wann er en gewowne Drohtfens um der Busch baue daet un sei scheene Sei dart nei duh darrich die waarme Monete. Er hot sei idea ausg'fiehrt. Wie die Fens faerdich waar, hot er die Sei in der Busch, un es scheint, dass die Sei es recht gut gegliche hen.

Die Sei hen sich gut bedraage. Sie waare manierlich un verschtennich. Sie hen gaar net gebrowiert auszubreche. Viel vun de Zeit hen sie im Grund gewiehlt un Warzele un annere Dinge g'funne zu fresse. Alle Daag hot der Bauer ihne ihre Fuder hieg'schtellt. Die Sei sin greesser un fetter gewachse alle Daag.

Ee Daag kummt en Mann der Weg un bemaerkt zum Bauer, wie schee sei Haerd Sei sin. Yede Sau hot zwee Vedderschunke, zwee Hinnerschunke, Seideschpeck un noch annere gute Meilervoll zu esse. Mer kann sich wull eibilde, wie der Bauer sei Schmokhaus voll Schunke, Seideschpeck, Lewwerwarscht, Brodwarscht un Rickmeessel henke kann. Mer hot gedenkt, mer kennt schunn die Brodwarscht heere brode in der Pann un mer hot gemeent mer kennt die gut gewaerzte Warscht rieche.

Wann die Sei satt waare, hen sie unner de Baem im Schatte gelegge un hen in ihre Zufriddeheet gegrunst. Alles waar lieblich un schee wie en Bauer es verlangt.

Zwee Monet noochdem kummt der same traveler verbei. Dann hot er awwer ebbes gans anners g'sehne. Die Sei hen gans anners ausg'sehne. Sie waare nix meh als wie die Heit iwwer die Knoche g'henkt. Sie hen sich sag'schickt, wie wann sie gans naerrisch waere odder verleicht wiedich. Die sin hie un haer geyaagt, uff un ab, langs un iwwerzwaerrich darrich der Busch. Alsemol sin sie schteh bliwwe un hen die Ohre g'schpitzt. Dann macht eens vun ne, "Wuff!" un noh sin sie widder ans Yaage.

Der fremm Mann hot net verschteh kenne, was iwwer die Sei kumme iss. Dann hot er der Bauer g'frogt, ferwas die Sei sich so hesslich aaschicke un ferwas sie so abgemaagert sin in denne paar Monet.

"Ei," saagt der Bauer, "wie ich sie als g'fiedert hab, hawwich en Schtecke genumme un hab an en Baam geglobbt. Des hen die Sei verschtanne un sie sin kumme fer ihre gut Fuder un sie sin schee gewachse. Uff eemol sin die verfluchte Nusspicker in der Busch kumme. Die Nusspicker hen mir die Sei so vernarrt, dass ich nix meh aafange kann mit ihne. Un die Sei sin mir en grosser Verluscht."

Sie wie es beim Bauer seine Sei gange iss, geht es haer unner de Mensche heitzedaag. Wann die Sei gemeent hen, sie daede der Bauer heere mit em Schtecke am Baam gloppe, dann hen sie yuscht die Nusspicker heere am me Baam picke. Un die aarme Sei hen net der Unnerschitt gewisst zwische em Bauer seim Gloppe un em Geglopp vun de Nusspicker mit ihre Schnewwel an de Baem.

Die gans United States hot en lot political Nusspicker, die Leit vernarre un verfiehre.

Mer sin in unsere yunge Daage gelaernt warre, dass die United States waer en Land, wo mer all die Freiheit hette, was gut waer fer uns, en Land, wo mer en gut Lewe mache kennt mit ehrlich un fleissich Schaffe un Schpaare. Un so waar es aa graad. Unsere Eltere hen hart un lang g'schafft. Sie hen g'schpaart un doch debei hen sie gut un decent gelebt. Die luxuries, as sie g'hatt hen, waare wennich, awwer was sie g'hatt hen, hot ihne grosse Freede gewwe. Wann sie en Gaul un en buggy g'hatt hen, waar es baut so viel wie en automobile bei uns. Sie hen behaapt, mer sott all die crops raise-e das die Bauerei bringe kann. Wann die crops gut waare un hen mehner gemacht, as mer gebraucht hen, dann hen sie g'saat, "Duht alles in die Scheier. Es naegscht Yohr gebt es verleicht nix." Un so hen sie immer Scheier un Keller voll g'hatt. Vun Hunger hen sie net gewisst un sie hen aarme Leit net hungere losse. Sunndaags sin sie in die Kaerrich un Sunndaag nochmiddags hen sie geruht fer die Aerwet widder fartfiehre am Mondaag. Sie hen behaapt, dass mer sott eee Weibsmensche heere un bei ihre bleiwe bis ans End vum Lewe. Sie hen ihre Schulde bezaahlt un hen ehrlich g'handelt. Gewehnlich hot nix gege sie g'schtanne am End vun ihrem Lewenslaaf. Wann sie en public office g'halte hen, hen sie g'schafft fer die Leit fer gleener Loo. Driebsaal hen sie geduldich gedraage, un alle gute Dinge mit Dankbaarkeit aagenumme. Viel vun uns eltere Leit hen des erlebt un g'sehne. Die yunge Leit vun de letschte fufseh odder zwansich Yohre wisse awwer gaar nix vun so Zeite.

In de letschte zwansich Yohr sin en lot langhohriche, grossmeiliche, lausich un gretziche political un economic Nusspicker vun Europe kumme, die unser Leit vernarre un verfiehre. Sie sin en nidderleifiche set, wo in ihrem Lewe ken ehrlichi Daags Aerwet g'schafft hen un ken ehrlicher Dasler im Hossesack gedraage hen. Sie hen sich deheem gemacht in de grosse Schtedt, wu sie die Leit leicht vernarre un verfiehre kenne. Die sin die Nusspicker, die en Geklapper mache vun New York bis noch San Francisco. Nooch ihre Meening sin unsere amerikaanische Wege gans letz. In de grosse Schtedt hen sie viel Noochfolger un gans zu viel darrich's gans Land. Sie behaapte, dass unser Grischtendum waer nix wie Dummheit un mir sotte unser Constitution un laws vernichte. Wann en yunger Mann sei Fraa nimmi liebt, dann saage sie, er sott sich en annere fange. Wann er Schulde hot, saage sie, er sott sie net bezaahle un wann er schafft fer en annerer Mann sott er graad so wennich ausrichte wie meeglich, awwer so viel Geld griege, das er kann.

Un die Nusspicker hen viel Folger. Do iss so en dickseckich Buttermillichkalb, der Wex Rugtell, der hot g'saat, Amerika misst iwwergemacht warre. In eens vun seine Bicher, das in unser colleges g'schtudiert waerd, schreibt er, dass mer sotte uffgewwe unser Constitution so hoch ehre.

Es scheint mir, dass viel vun denne Nusspicker odder leaders, wie sie sich heese, kenne alles, was sie im Kopp hen, zu der Naas raus blose, wann sie wennich hart blose. Un dass sie unser Leit so vernarre un verfiehre kenne, iss en wichtichi Sach. Sie schtehne mir gaar net aa.

Es schteht en Schattebaam var meim Haus. Der Baam gewwich gaan ohne Koschte, wann ebber denne klappericke political Nusspicker en Schtrick um der Hals mache un sie an en Nascht henke. Was denkt dihr Leit devun?

der 12. Harning, 1945. —WILLIAM F. YODER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CONSULTS A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN PHYSICIAN

One of the earliest clergymen of the Reformed Church in America was the Reverend William Stoy. From 1752 to 1755 he served the Tulpehocken church in present-day Lebanon county. For three years he preached in Philadelphia and in 1763 he became a pastor in Lancaster. At a later period in his life he served the Host church in Berks county and preached occasionally in Lebanon. Many persons are familiar with his services as a clergyman.

However, few people know that Stoy was also a physician as well as a preacher. In 1763 he made a trip to Europe, partly to attend to matters of the church whose directing body was the Classis of Amsterdam, but while in Holland he studied medicine at Leyden. In 1767 he returned to America and combined his clerical duties with the practice of medicine.

He lost favor with the Coetus of the Reformed Church and was not admitted to membership in that body because he failed to attend its stated meetings and "lived as a layman conducting a small business." He was charged with accepting a call to preach at Host without asking permission from his superiors, and with uttering libel against the governing body of the church.

As a physician he was noted for two things. First, for his advocacy of inoculation against small pox, in spite of much public opposition to the practice, and secondly, for his discovery of a remedy for hydrophobia which was adopted far beyond the limits of Berks and Lebanon counties.

While George Washington was president of the United States, 1797, he sent a messenger to the Reverend William Stoy in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and made the following entry in his diary:

Oct. 18, 1797—Gave my servant Christopher, to bear his expenses to a person at Lebanon in Pennsylvania celebrated for curing persons bit by wild animals, $25.00.

The formula for concocting the remedy for hydrophobia was published in the colonial newspapers and later accounts appeared in various editions of the German Almanac of Lancaster described "DR. STOI'S KUR FUER DEN WIEDICHEN HUNDBISS."

The remedy: Take a handful of dry red hen-bit (hinkeldarm). Pour two quarts of beer over the weeds and cook over a slow fire, in a new earthen pot with a thick lid. After it is cooked, drain the liquid through a rough cloth and squeeze the mass so that all of the strength will be included in the broth. Add two drams of theriaca to the liquid.

Administer the medicine to men or animals in proper proportions. To a strong man one pint, taken at short intervals. If symptoms of the disease continue, the medicine must be repeated every morning. A woman should drink only three gills. A child should drink two tablespoonfuls. A horse should have a pint; a cow 20 tablespoonfuls. The patient should not drink cold water, and should abstain from all liquid foods except milk and beer. These rules must be observed for a period of two weeks. Also the patient must eschew pork, cabbage, peas, beans and fish.

If there is an open wound resulting from the dog bite the wound should be washed with the solution. If it is necessary to bind up the wound, then cover the wound with a plaster immersed in the solution. Care must be taken to keep the wound clean. The straw upon which a bitten animal has lain must be burned and the human patient must discard his old clothes.

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

EM 'LEAVEN' SEI SAUERDEEG

En grosser Kopp un wennich drin
Iss viel umfasst un ken Gewinn;
Die Dummheit losst sich immer weise
Un will convinse mit Briggel schmeisse.

Em Schmutzblaat "Leaven" sei Sauerdeeg
Macht bumbernicklisch schlechter Deeg;
Der Satz iss wieschti dunkli Brieh,
Un hot en Farb gaar schpettich grie.

Ei, denk mol draa, so dumme Sache!
En komm'ner Schulbu macht's yo lache;
Dass Leit in unser Weltdeel wuhne,
Die Gumm're blanse un ziege Bohne!

Kann Pulfer schpritze, Schrot so grache,
Dass Luft un Deitsch kaun Insching mache?
Du Zustand! dass bei uns're Zeit
Es gebt so dumme, g'scheite Leit!

1901 —MICHAEL A. GRUBER

"The Leaven", a monthly publication in the state of Minnesota, contained a short article proclaiming against dialect sects in the United States. The principal target of the attack was the Pennsylvania "Dutch." This group, said the article, is least affected by immigration; they are undisturbed by the whirl of the busy world. There the "Dutch" are an example of involution, not evolution. In fact, continued the writer, such rapid changes are coming over their hair, voices, skin, and features, that they are surely "Turning into Indians". This bit was reprinted in the Pennsylvania German Magazine for January, 1901. Mr. Gruber read the article, and evidently angered or provoked, wrote the above satiric reply. (For this note on the origin of the above poem the editor is indebted to Donald Sellers Klopp, whose "Life and Works of Michael A. Gruber" appeared in the ECK for April 9, 16, 23 and 30, 1938.)

I ALSO RECALL

(Mrs. Malara Herber of New Tripoli has sent us the following recollections of her early schooldays. We suggest that surviving "88-ers" organize and meet annually for the purpose of exchanging experiences.)

I also recall that greatest of all snowstorms, the blizzard of '88. And why shouldn't I, after having fought my way over fields and fences to get to the little country schoolhouse! The little girl who had never missed a day of school, had to get there. I dressed with care on that Monday morning in March 57 years ago. Most of our clothes were made at home in those days. I put on woolen stockings with three red stripes around the calf of the leg, and heavy homemade shoes. We had no rubbers nor galoshes in those days. On that Monday morning I also put on a pair of overalls, much too large for me, being only fourteen years old and small for my age. I tied heavy strings around my ankles, stuffed my dress in the overalls, hung my homemade schoolbag over my shoulder under my coat, put on cap and mittens and tied a heavy veil over my face to protect my eyes and face against the cold and snow. Lunch-kettle in hand I started from home at a quarter past seven o'clock. I had gone only a short distance when I looked back, but could hardly see the house. I thought then that it might be the last time I'd ever see it. But I did not want to miss school and so I kept on wading and crawling over fences, the lanes having already been drifted as high as the fences. I found myself way up in a field near Kohler's Hill and from there I worked my way down again towards Benjamin Schlegels, who lived near the schoolhouse. It was nearly ten o'clock when I finally got there. The teacher, Mr. Bigony, had also arrived. He had come from near Grimsville, down to the Three-Mile-House and past Stein's Distillery to Center School.

It had started to snow on Saturday, snowed all of Sunday and continued through Monday. By four o'clock on Monday afternoon my father arrived on foot at Schlegel's near the schoolhouse. He wanted to make sure that I had not started out for home, and wanted to be there when school dismissed. In those days school started at eight o'clock in the morning and continued until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but then we had only five or six months in a year. As there was no sign that the snowstorm was over, my father told me to stay at Schlegel's place until they could come and fetch me. And so the teacher and I both stayed at Schlegels until Thursday evening.

There were only nine or ten pupils—five or six of Schlegel's children, the two Arnold boys across the street from the schoolhouse, Lizzie Riegel, who also stayed at Schlegels, and I. In those days we had lots more snow than now. There were drifts so high that the men shoveled underneath and made tunnels through which a two-horse sleigh could pass. A man drove over the hard snowdrifts all the way from Moselem Springs to Kutztown in 1888. In those days there was no milkman, no mailman, nor baker and there were no autos, nor traffic like now. Those were the days when we enjoyed taking sleighrides—yes, "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way. O what fun it was to ride in a one-horse open sleigh." In those years there was lots of snow and bitter cold weather. I also remember being taken to school sitting in front of the dasher of a large wood sleigh, all covered over with a blanket and a warm brick at my feet, while the horses had icicles hanging from the hair around their mouths and their sides all white with frost.

Such were those long-ago school days of mine and I think of them with pleasure.

—MALARA HERBER.

Deaths of a Day

STANLEY T. FRITZINGER

Stanley T. Fritzinger, 59, husband of the late Minnie Ann, nee Williams, Fritzinger, died on Thursday night at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Owens Jr., 632 W. Washington St., Slatington.

He was born in Slatington, a son of the late William and Ellen, nee Schiedy, Fritzinger, and was a member of St. John's Evangelical Reformed church, Moose Lodge, Slatington, an honorary member of Slatington Hose Co., No. 1, and Allen O. Delke Post Home Assn., American Legion.

He is survived by three sons, Alfred R., Slatington; Lieutenant Carl W., anti-aircraft, France; Stanley, technical sergeant in the 8th Air Corps, England; one daughter, Marion, wife of Harry Owens Jr., Slatington; four grandchildren; a brother, William Fritzinger, Slatington, and a sister, Mrs. Irene Harkins, Osceola Mills. A son, Private First Class Bernard Fritzinger, was killed in action last Sept. 8.

He was employed at the Sun Shipbuilding yard, Chester, for the past two years and previous to that was in the blackboard and slate business.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Hartwig funeral home, 1002 Main St. Rev. Maxwell Paine will officiate. Interment will be made in Union cemetery.

JANICE JEAN REIFINGER

Janice Jean Reifinger, infant daughter of Corporal and Mrs. Curtis J. Refinger of 116 E. Smith St., Topton, died yesterday at the Allentown hospital, where she was born on Feb. 4.

She was one of twin daughters born to the Reifingers. Her twin sister preceded her in death on Feb. 12.

Surviving are her parents and her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin DeLong of Topton.

ALLEN BEIDLEMAN

Allen Beidleman, 55, of Ore St., Bowmanstown, died at his home yesterday morning at 8 o'clock after an illness of two weeks.

He was the son of the late Jacob and Elizabeth L. Guldner Beidleman. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Milton Ramaly, Bowmanstown and Hattie Beidleman, Bowmanstown.

The funeral will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the Buck funeral home, Palmerton. Rev. R. Beck will officiate. Interment will be made in the Bowmanstown cemetery.

MRS. MARIA ZATOVICH

Mrs. Maria, nee Kluka, Zatovich of River Road, Bethlehem R. 3, died Thursday night at the Sacred Heart hospital. She was 67 years old.

Born in Czechoslovakia, she had been a resident of Bethlehem for 40 years. Her husband was the late Joseph Zatovich, who preceded her in death on March 17, 1940.

Surviving are five daughters, Mrs. Joseph Bauman and Mrs. Peter Waystrebski, Bethlehem; Mrs. Elwood McElroy and Mrs. Harold Kline, Allentown, and Helen Zatovich, at home; two sons: Julius Zatovich, at home, and William Zatovich, a veteran of World War II, also at home, and five grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at her late home on Monday at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in the family plot in the Fountain Hill cemetery.

JOHN E. KLINE

John E. Kline, a Lehigh Portland Cement Co. employe, died unexpectedly late Thursday night at his home in East Fogelsville shortly before he was to report for work. He was 55 years old.

In apparent good health during the day, Kline lay down to rest in the evening and when his wife went to call him so that he could go to work on the night shift at the Fogelsville plant, the found him dead in bed. Death was attributed to coronary occlusion by Coroner Alexander M. Peters.

Born in Green Lane, Montgomery county, a son of the late Cyrenius M. and Marie (Freed) Kline, he had been employed for 19 years at the cement plant, latterly at the kiln. He was a member of Knights of Friendship of Red Hill and the Pennsburg Reformed church where he had served as deacon until moving to East Fogelsville.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Pauline (Wertman) Kline, an adopted daughter Betty, three brothers, Oliver of Pennsburg, Henry of Red Hill, Charles of Pennsburg; two sisters, Mrs. Ambrose Rumble of Red Hill and Mrs. Jessie Renninger of Philadelphia.

Rev. Wilmer Mantz will officiate at services to be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at the Kline home and to be continued in the Pennsburg Reformed church. Burial will be in St. Mark's Union cemetery, Pennsburg.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Abissel Fer Tzeit

Sie sawga ols, besser tzu free os wie tzu shpote, doch will der glae Homer Zimmerman fon nagshd on Trexlershteddle 'n onner mohl liever net ae mohnet fer tzeit noch ra fendu gae won ers helfa kon. Un sellie socha sin 'm Homer 'm Dunnershdawg nommy dawg in der gorda gawoxa, wie er seim nochber Lawrence Stimmel gute gawolt hut fer 'n noch da Angstadta fendu nemma drous in Barricks kounty. 'S war so denna waig. 'M Lawrence sei fraw die Edna hut so om middawg rum der Homer uf garufa, un gawunnert eb er net dart nous noch da fendu gang'd. Die Edna hut gawist wos fer 'n fendu rutch os der Homer is won shunshd ken arwet tzu duh is, un noh g'sawt, sie het gadenk'd won er gang'd, kent er ihra Lawrence ferleicht nit nemma woh recht bouch shmartza het fer dart nous noch da fendu gae.

Der Homer hut noh g'sawt er het net gawist os 'm Angstadt sei fendu shun wear, ow'r die Edna hut g'sawt sie het 's Ed Bennicuff's uf garufa woh die Reading tzeiting graichda, un sie hetta alla bait g'sawt die fendu wear da 22'd. Wos noch mainer is, der Ed ferkauft hinkle un fee pulver dart drous in selra gagend, un wase Barricks kounty ousa wenich wie 'n hawna 's graea. Wie der Homer gawist hut os es Ed's g'sawt hetta die fendu wear selia dawg, hut er da Edna g'sawt, der Lawrence sot sich bletzlich ready mocha, er mist anyhow nous noch Kutztown fer der mashinamon Harry Knittle sehna fer ous finna wie weit os er wear mit selm tracktor os er dart het fer iwwer haula un wear bletzlich ready fer gae.

Der Lawrence hut seina aigna auga shier net glawwa kenna wie er der Homer un sei boo der Carl sehna hut 's Homers' lane nous kumma, un hut evens ken tzeit kot fer sich bolvierra. Er is mit longa shrit in gae kumma, un worra noh glei uf 'm waig nous noch Barricks tzu. Allas wor ol recht bis sie 'n shtick foh Maxatawny drous worra, un der Homer hut der Lawrence g'frok'd eb er don aw wist woh die fendu wear. Noh is es rous kumma, os der Lawrence fergessa hut kot der Bennicuff tzu froga wie tzu fohra, un hut aw so halver gamaint kot der Homer, woh die gons welt shun ous gakess'id is, wist wohs Angstandta wohna dada.

Der Homer hut noh mohl g'shtopt, un endlich is es 'm Lawrence ei kumma, die Alt Mommy dahame het g'sawt, 's Angstadta dada yusht so sheb iwwers feld driwwa wohna fon woh die alta Sponna ols gawohn'd hetta. Der Homer hut noh gamaint er wist wie tzu fohra fer onna kumma, un is mohl fom pike ob gadray'd, un ob owwa nous gaeich 'm Wayne

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Of Courtesy, it is much less
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,
Yet in my walks, it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.
Belloc.

A NATION CHOOSES COMPLETE RUIN

The Valley of the Rhine has been rich in the song and story of Germany and ruins of ancient castles have not been among the least of the notable sights that were pointed out to travellers in by-gone days. More interesting however and valuable always were the living things, the large and beautiful cities upon the banks of that river, with their teeming, industrious population.

Today the Valley of the Rhine has been reduced almost entirely to ruins. Modern cities have joined the baronial castles of medieval days in a state of dilapidation. Aviators returning yesterday from flights over Cologne reported that entire city toppled except for the cathedral, one of the most famous and beautiful in all the world. Similar reports were made long since as to Essen, Duesseldorf and other cities on or near the banks of the historical river.

Last year when the city of Aachen was under siege it was hoped that complete destruction of the city, as became necessary in order to destroy its defenders, would point a moral for the German people. The Germans are known to love their homes intensely and to be inordinately proud of their beautiful cities. Accordingly it was felt that in order to spare homes and cities, German public opinion might demand war settlement as soon as it became evident that the war was going against them and was being waged on their own soil.

All those hopes and expectations have been disappointed. The German people appear to be resolved to fight on desperately. They appear to be reconciled to the destruction of their cities and their homes. They appear to have adopted a heartless, hopeless viewpoint of the entire war and to be committed to a program of national suicide.

As against World War No. 1 in which they lost not a city nor an industry, they appear likely to lose everything in this war except the land whereon they have lived. And they appear to welcome such a situation by adopting the "scorched earth" policy. Such policy has been put into effect at various times and in various places. Yesterday there was report that the orders for such policy went out to the people in the Rhineland.

There has been no doubt ever that Adolf Hitler was a dangerous fanatic. His followers have been as fanatical as he. The amazing thing is that an entire nation of formerly sensible, intelligent, well-educated people has permitted itself to be dragged into a madhouse and into the depths of ruin.

EASING WAR-TIME TENSIONS

Tensions upon people during war times are just as positive for those who are in the civilian ranks as we know them to be for those in the battle ranks. This accounts for much of the irritability, impatience and quarrelsomeness that are complained of widely in these days.

People in the shops report these manifestations among their customers and they explain it as a reaction against high prices for goods of inferior quality. But the woman who has passed restless nights for weeks and months because of alarm about a soldier husband or son, the father who has worried about making ends meet in an era of increased prices and taxes may have other reasons for being irritable and easily vexed.

There is no question that lots of nerves have been worn pretty thin by war-time worries and cares and too often by overwork and increased business responsibilities. All who so suffer may be able to profit from the set of natural rules laid down in True Confessions as means to attain relief.

1. Go to bed each night regularly at an early hour. To induce sleep, slowly stretch your arms and legs and whole body. Don't have too many covers. Keep a dull book at your bedside, just in case you're tempted to read.

2. If possible, try to take a short nap either in the mid-morning or afternoon. If you can't do this lie down for ten minutes of your lunch hour. Never take a long afternoon nap.

3. Don't depend too much on a cup of coffee, or tea, a cigarette or a cocktail as your mental picker-upper before tackling a tedious task. Don't use stimulants solely as a crutch. A glass of semi-sour lemonade or other fruit juice will do the job.

4. "Everything in moderation" should be your slogan. Work, of course, is necessary but you should have a hobby in which to relax—preferably one that takes you outdoors.

5. Don't worry. Remember, you'll never get out of life alive—so why worry!

6. Feed your nerves. Nerve tissues need Vitamin B, phosphorus and calcium found in nuts, whole-grain cereals, peanut butter, soy beans and most green vegetables. Vitamin D, also necessary for strong nerves, is found in fish and sunshine—get plenty of both.

THE OLD FIRE ENGINE TO STAY

Councilman Edgar Wolf's responsiveness to public opinion concerning the disposal of the old Columbia fire engine certainly is much appreciated and it is proper to make such substantial record of the decision and the facts which prompted it as to have their effect in distant years when others will govern city affairs.

This particular engine stands for a grand old tradition. Furthermore, it is capable of doing a useful job at any time and it can be made a source of interesting entertainment for the young and old of the community.

Mr. Wolf sensed these facts and decided not to scrap nor part with a cherished old relic. These facts never must become misty in public memory.

A Sad Occasion

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The American people will long have cause to remember the date—March 1, 1945—when a President of the United States sat before both houses of Congress and calmly told them that the United States stands committed to participation in territorial boundary disputes, transfers of populations and the other serious consequences of a triple alliance between the United States, Russia and Great Britain.

It was a sad occasion—sad because most of the listeners throughout the country didn't have the faintest idea of what the commitment means to their sons and grandsons and sad also because the man who went forth as the agent of the United States came back to apologize for the "compromise" he made.

It was sad also because the "compromise" was made not with the Russian people but with a man who heads a totalitarian government in a country where freedom of expression is absent so that nobody can tell at what moment the peace of the world can be disturbed if the head of the Russian government is not given his way again.

The President talked to Congress as if he were sitting around the table with a few men. His informality led him to depart from his prepared speech. What he said about military coordination with Russia was loudly applauded, but one couldn't help wondering why the same promises of military coordination made at Teheran in December, 1943 had to be replaced by new promises, why the old declarations about joint action of the Allies in handling the liberated or conquered areas had to be replaced by new declarations and why the President gave the impression that something new had been developed at Yalta, namely "reparations in kind" instead of in money which he said they couldn't pay. Yet the Brookings Institution published a book in 1923 showing that capital assets or the fruit of production worth approximately 25 to 26 billion gold marks had been paid by Germany on reparations up to that time and that about a billion and a quarter marks could be credited to "delivery in kind."

Not to Destroy German People

The President said quite earnestly that it was not the intention of the Allies to destroy the German people but he did not point out how the German people could make a living or keep peaceful if their resources were to be taken, as well as large slices of territory, nor just how the will to peace could be inculcated in 80,000,000 virile people, soon to be conquered, who are being told by the President that maybe after a period of about fifty years Germany can expect to be a member of the family of nations.

Thus with one breath it is argued that Germany is to have a chance to live and is not to be destroyed, and in another moment the death sentence for Germany's economic life is pronounced. While the spirit of vengeance may satisfy the emotions of the moment, history proves it never brings peace.

The words of the President's speech are not in themselves at fault. They are but the tragic and realistic record of how the territory of Europe is being carved up in the name of "security," of how Stalin is being appeased, and of how this is considered a great achievement for peace.

Obviously there is "unanimous agreement" between the "Big Three" when one of the number makes a pledge in December, 1943 to grant Russia's territorial demands and the second one finds it necessary to "compromise" in order to preserve Russia's cooperation. All the phrases about free elections and a new government of unity at Warsaw have to be interpreted in the light of future submission by both Poles and Germans to the new settlements.

If America hereafter is to be party to these "power politics" settlements or international log-rolling, it would be much better if the United States appointed a bipartisan delegation in the future to speak for the United States. As it is, there is no record of what the President said at Yalta. No verbatim record was made of what he said, though the other members of the "Big Three" may have kept some notes. Will the members of the "Big Three" live for another 50 years? Will America's pledge to send her armies to guarantee the boundaries made at Yalta have to be honored without knowing what the detailed commitments were or what the United States got in the "compromise"?

Contrary to Ideals

All this is contrary to the ideals which had been so eloquently portrayed as America's goal in the war. But ideals are being shouted down in the official propaganda line, which tells the people that only the "perfectionists" bother with ideals and that principles such as are contained in solemn pledge known as the Atlantic Charter are just a bunch of scribbled notes. Americans are supposed to be "practical" now and condone the grabs for territory and the enforced transfers of millions of people, Poles as well as Germans, from their homes. All this is the "new order" for which American blood has been spilled in Europe. If it assured peace it would be worth it.

But maybe Mr. Roosevelt is not any more sure of that than are some of his critics. He admitted he didn't like parts of the Yalta agreements. And when he came to the concluding paragraphs of his address to Congress he said:

"The Crimea conference was a successful effort by the three leading nations to find a common ground for peace. It spells the end—" here he paused and interpolated—"or it ought to"—and then went on—"the end of the system of unilateral action and exclusive alliances and spheres of influence and balances of power and all the other expedients which have been tried for centuries—and have failed."

One can repeat the President's phrase—"it ought to"—but will it?

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

I have recently received a number of letters from readers on the subject of constructive criticism. The suggestion is made that the function of a columnist is to give both sides of a question—one man wrote three sides—as though one could possibly go through such intellectual gymnastics. For if what one believes is the right is the same as wrong, what value is there in seeking the truth?

Then it is suggested that in time of war, one should be on the beam, even, I suppose, if the particular beam is a moral death ray. Then I am told that instead of attacking what I believe to be evils, I should only say what the President—or the OWI—wants said. Everything else, these people call destructive criticism. Some of these logicians even go so far as to assert that because Goebbels said something and some Americans said something akin to it before or after the Nazi had his say, therefore things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. So if Goebbels hits, by exception, at the truth, it ceases to be the truth.

Fallacy of Their Position

The fallacy of the position of these correspondents of mine is that they fail to realize that some persons have a moral code, a philosophy of life, on which they cannot compromise. For instance, if a man believes in a moral life based upon the foundation of both Jewish and Christian law which is: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, he cannot believe that atheistic materialism and the reduction of the individual to the degradations of enslavement to the state is sound.

It can make no difference why such enslavement is done or by whom. It cannot matter whether the enslaver is a good or a bad man. It would not matter whether he were a Thomas Jefferson or a Simon Legree. Enslavement of a human being is wrong and there are no degrees of right or wrong. It is all wrong. It is always wrong. And it is wrong for nations as for individuals.

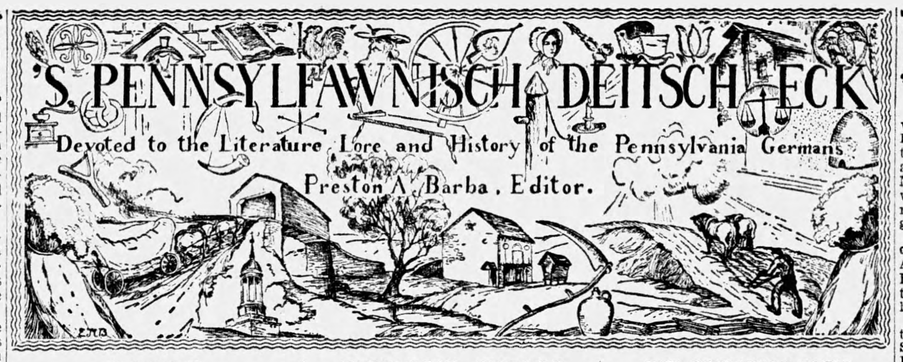
One who believes that way searches for signs of enslavement. He scrutinizes the conduct of government to find trends and tendencies toward the reduction of the liberties of the individual. When he observes that a politician is pursuing a predatory course, he lets out a howl. He warns the people. Sometimes, the politician runs to cover; sometimes he murders the howler. In human history many who called attention to tyranny were killed by the state. Such men and women are these very days being murdered in Poland, Rumania and Bulgaria. Such murders were committed regularly in Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. They have not occurred in the United States. Maybe, they never will occur here. But the moral man is obligated to call attention to what he regards as fundamental evils, in war, in peace, at any time, anywhere. It is within the tradition of the American press from John Peter Zenger to this very moment.

But there is still another point in all this: We are living through a war between two civilizations. One, is what is called Western Civilization, which generally is based upon a complex of religions generically referred to as Christianity, consisting of the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the patristic writings, Aristotle, Maimonides and St. Thomas Aquinas, Martin Luther and John Calvin, upon Roman law and English common law, upon the private ownership of property and the Bill of Rights.

The other, is an acceptance of a compulsory society in which the individual loses his personality and becomes a dot upon a statistical chart, a thing to be managed by the Autocrat of a despotic state, an entity lacking will, obedient to those who have mastered him by a godless, materialistic philosophy of life.

In this struggle there can be no compromise. Sometimes, good may appear to come from the wrong side, but if the principles are evil, the results will be evil. It is constructive to fight for the right as God gives one to see the right.

(Copyright, 1945)



NARRE

Es gebt e deel Sart Narre,
Sie hen kee use far Gott;
Die Biwel iss en Ursach
Far picke un far Schpott.

Sie hen kee use far Parre,
Kee Karche welle sie;
Sie lewe ohne denke,
Yuscht wie all anner Vieh.

Doch wann so Leit duhn
schtaerwe,
So gottlos wie sie sei,
Misse dutzend Parre
Un Musick un alles bei.

Blumme un deiere Caskets
Bringe yuscht Schpott un
Hohn;
Die Seel muss nackich erscheine
Dart drowwe vor Gottes Tron.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR

The following anecdotes are told about our Pennsylvania German boys in the first world war. Some, especially those of heavy tongues, were here and there looked upon with suspicion and even derision, but they soon proved their sterling qualities. Compared with the Carolina Crackers, Louisiana Frenchmen, Arkansas Hill Billies, Kentucky Moonshiners and the Bowery Wops, all of whom were looked upon as good Americans—well, there just was no comparison. Those lads just were not in the same class with our Pennsylvania German boys. But there was one thing that our boys could not be broken of, and that was to speak their own native dialect when they were among themselves.

EN NEIER HUT

The supply sergeant listened wearily to the soldier who was pleading so earnestly for a new hat.

"But, Sergeant, I have been wearing this old hat for more than a year. See how it looks — all out of shape. You like to look nice when you go to see your girl."

Scowlingly the sergeant looked at the long line of soldiers before his window, a line that was constantly growing longer. Finally he growled at the soldier in an undertone, "Du dummer deitscher Ochs — ferwas kummscht net rum, wann ich allee bin? Kannscht ken Loch in dei Hut mache? Ferwas hescht dann dei Finger?"—

And now, seeing the lieutenant approaching, the sergeant said sharply to the persistent soldier, "And for the last time NO! Now get out of here. Next!"

A few days later sergeant and soldier met at the ferry.

"Sergeant, hoscht Zeit fer en Schnapps zu drinke?"

"Ya. Ich sehn du hoscht dei neier Hut aa. Bischt uff deim Weg dei Maedel zu sehne?"

"Ya, gewiss."

"Well, du saagacht 're, dass mir Kerls vun Berks zamme henke.

DIE NACHT-HOLZHACKEREI

"Was, Corporal Stoudt, sin mer schunn widder uff de Lischt fer Holz fei mache die Nacht?"

"Ya, des sin mer."

"Saag mer ebbes, Stoudty—was der Deihenker fehlt unserm halbgebackner, hoch-englischer Offizier, dass mir immer Holz hacke misse bei der Nacht? Ich wunner, wie sie's gleiche daete, daags browiere zu schlofe bei all daere Zucht?"

"Ruhich, Heidelbaryer, ruhich! daere Hack will ich schunn en Schtiehl mache. Mach mir yuscht nooch!"

That evening when the corporal led his detail to the woodpile, he found a scattering of saw-mill slabs and slashings. He looked meaningly at his Pennsylvania German comrade, winked, turned away, and as if talking to himself, "Huh, Schworte! Graad was ich gewinscht hab devor. Kann mich noch gut erinnere, wie mer die Nochberschaft als wacker g'halte hen mit selle Dinge uff der Hallowe'en."

Long after midnight the heavy silence of the camp was broken by a reverberating boom that seemed to hang in the air, and fill every nook and corner with sound followed by another and another.

The following evening, while the corporal leisurely wended his way to the mess hall to partake of the evening meal which to him and his detail was breakfast he felt an exciting tugging at the sleeve of his blouse.

"Halt emol en Minutt, Stoudty. Es iss en order uff em bulletin board, dass es Nacht Holzhacke gestoppt iss bis uff weider naus. Was der Schinner hot's dann gewwe?"

"Ei, de marye, Heidelbaryer, bin ich graad noch der office gange, wie der sergeant mir's g'saat hot. Du hoscht 's aa g'heert. Der captain waar raasich. Er hot wisse welle, eb sell's Bescht waer, as mir duh hette kenne, alles wacker halte die gans Nacht. Ich hab ihm ausgelegt, dass es Holz waer mechtich schlecht gewest und mir hette net viel duh kenne mit. Noh hot er mir 's Kapitel abgelese un mich nausgeyaagt."

"Gott sei Dank, Stoudty! Du bischt so gut wie dei Wart. Du hoscht daere Hack en Schtiehl gemacht."

WHEN THE HEART SPEAKS

In 1916 a Berks county lad joined the 6th Field Artillery in Arizona, while Pershing (later General) was in Mexico. This outfit of the First Division later accompanied the General when he went to France and was among the first American troops to land there. The lad from Berks seldom spoke the Pennsylvania German dialect when at home. In fact his comrades did not even know that he was a Pensylvania German nor that he understood the dialect.

During a bombardment in France, in fact it was an artillery duel, a shell came flying over from the German side and killed one of the men. It was then that the lad from Berks rushed forward, stood upon an elevation, shook his fist at the Germans, cursed them roundly in good old Pennsylvania German and dared them to come over and fight like men. Only then did his men (he was now a sergeant) learn that he understood any part of the lingo of the Heinies, although they had often wondered how their sergeant always seemed to know his way around, find the best dugouts and read the German signposts in the captured areas.

This lad from Berks had never studied German, in fact had never completed a common school education. He had seldom made any effort to use the dialect, and yet in a moment of great emotional stress the language of his forefathers welled up within him and rushed forth from his unrestraining lips.

—Contributed by
Raymond E. Kiebach, Reading, Pa.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By Arthur D. Graeff

A DEDICATION

On May 3, 1902, ex-Governor Robert Emory Pattison was the principal speaker at the dedication of the monument erected at the Ephrata Cloisters in memory of the soldiers of the Revolution who died in that institution. The wounded of the battle of Brandywine were brought to the Ephrata monastery to be cared for there by the brothers and sisters who worshipped the divine Sophia. The following extracts from the Governor's speech will bear repetition:

"Five hundred of the sick and wounded heroes of the Battle of Brandywine were started towards Ephrata, over rough roads, in rude conveyances and on foot they journeyed. Some perished on the way from wounds and disease. Those who survived and reached Ephrata found the gentle care of the Brothers and Sisters.

"Here they were received by the members of the society who had sought, in their retreat, the life of the primitive Christian. They had consecrated themselves to a living after the Great Teacher.

"Upon the lintels of their doorways they had written: 'For I was enhungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye came unto me'.

"Away from the noise of battle the veterans found rest and repose with a people inspired with the hopes of 'Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men.' Here they were nursed back to health and strength, or soothed in parting hours of closing life. Some returned to home and friends, others found their final resting place in the quiet burial ground.

"All have departed now—Soldiers, Brothers, Sisters. We meet to honor their noble deeds and perpetuate their memories."

On the occasion of the dedication of the Ephrata monument, the following original poem was read, dedicated to those who slept in the Ephrata burial ground. The author of the poem was Mrs. M. N. Robinson, of Lancaster, Pa.

EPHRATA

Here under the silent moonlight,
And under the sunshine's glow,
At rest 'neath the summer grasses,
At rest 'neath the winter's snow;
Deep hid in earth's vast bosom,
And lulled by the robin's song,
Lie the men who fought for Freedom—
Who died to right the wrong!

Today we are come together,
To offer our meed of praise;
To give to these silent heroes
The shaft that o'er them we raise.
We reap the fruit of their sowing,
It sprang from each soldier's grave;
And the baptism of our nation
Was found in the blood they gave.

Through the pangs of their dissolution,
Came the throes of a nation's birth,
And a grand new constellation
Flashes forth mid the Stars of Earth,
And the banner which binds the Union
Was then to the winds unfurled;
The banner of Truth, of Freedom,
The banner to lead the world!

The blue of its field tells their honor,
Where glisten its many stars;
As pure as their love of country
Is the white of its stainless bars.
They gave their blood for its crimson—
And the shaft which it veils today
Is a tribute to the valor
Of those who passed away!

Oh, Land, 'neath one flag united,
The flag of the Stripes and Stars;
Oh, Youngest amid the nations,
Unconquered in all thy wars!
Go, till the sun knows no setting
O'er the land of a people free,
And men bend in loyal greeting
To the flag of liberty!

RENDER UNTO CAESAR

The Reverend John Henry Helffrich, a clergyman of the Reformed Faith, served congregations in Berks and Lehigh counties from 1772 to 1810. As an itinerant pastor he ministered to his flocks in Weissenberg, Lowhill and Kutztown.

In 1799 the Fries Rebellion broke out in the eastern counties of Pennsylvania. Many of Pastor Helffrich's communicants were involved in the organized resistance to authority which brought the federal troops into Pennsylvania. One day when the pastor was returning from a funeral service in Upper Milford township, Montgomery county, he was forced to pass the encampment of the troops. The following is quoted from Harbaugh's "Lives of the (Church) Fathers:"

"The army captain called out: 'Who's there?'

"Mr. Helffrich gave his name. Not knowing him personally the officer continued: 'What is your business?'

'I preach the Gospel and serve my God'.

'Do you also serve your country?'

'My God I serve first, and then also my country.'

'How are you disposed towards the present administration?'

'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers.' The officer was satisfied."—

The causes of the Fries uprising grew out of some extremely unpopular acts of the John Adams presidential administration. Led by some radicals the Pennsylvania German people of Montgomery, Northampton (Lehigh) and a few in Berks, had insurrected against the government and resisted the federal marshal when he tried to arrest the offenders. This is told by way of explaining the captain's last question to Pastor Helffrich.

The rebel leaders were captured and taken to Easton for their trial. Pastor Helffrich attended their trial and pleaded for the acquittal, maintaining that the country folk had been mislead by 'wily leaders'. Even though Fries and some of his henchmen were sentenced to death as traitors, their lives were later spared by a pardon from the president of the United States after a conference with his cabinet. It is believed that the parson's pleas, entered into the minutes of the trial, were influential in bringing about the federal pardon.

The pastor had served his God and his country too.

THE LEGEND OF "MAJOR" LEE

With the assistance of Mr. M. Luther Heisey, Secretary of the Lancaster County Historical Society, we have found the loose ends of a tangled skein of fact and legend interwoven through our folklore. There have been several fanciful versions of "Major" Lee's clever ruses to plug the hole through which British prisoners escaped from Lancaster Jail in 1781. The late Walker Stephen, chronicler of local lore, published a fantastic tale, centering Lee's activities around Charming Forge and the Tulpehocken region. With very vague references to names and places which Mr. Stephens' account impressed upon us, the suspicion remained that there might be an element of truth in what he presented as a legend. Several years ago a radio program featured a thriller in which "Major" Lee, posing as a Hessian prisoner, led a daring escape from Lancaster and then divulged the secret means of egress to the military authorities.

When legends bob up with recurring frequency and apparently independent of each other, it behooves the student to take them seriously. Accordingly we have done some investigating of facts now many generations old.

Hessian prisoners were quartered in the jail in Lancaster in 1781. The jail then stood near Chestnut and Duke Streets in present-day Lancaster. At frequent intervals small groups of these prisoners succeeded in effecting their escape, much to the consternation of the military authorities: In December 1781 General Moses Hazen, commander of "Congress' Own" regiment of the Pennsylvania line was sent to Lancaster to investigate the condition which allowed prisoners to escape. One Captain Andrew Lee was on recruiting duty in Paxtang, north of the city of Lancaster. In a conference Hazen and Lee hit upon a scheme to discover the method of escape.

Captin Lee was placed in the jail, dressed as a British soldier. There he fraternized with other prisoners, trying unsuccessfully to learn how the escapes were brought about. One night he found himself included in a group of prisoners who were informed that their turn for escape had come.

Lee and his three companions passed the sentinel without being challenged. Near the jail they were met by an unknown man and an old woman. Lee recognized this woman as a peddler who had been permitted to enter the prison to sell apples and other fruit. The hag took the prisoners to her hut, a mile northeast of Lancaster. There the men were fed and sent upon their journey eastward to the Delaware.

On the banks of the Delaware the party was captured by Continental patrols and then Captain Lee revealed his true identity. Later he apprised his superior officer, General Lincoln, Minister of War, of all he had learned. As a result of his information the hole in Lancaster jail was plugged and the confederates of the British brought to trial.

These trials are reported in the Colonial Records, Volume VIII. The names of some of the guilty were as follows: Jacob Grove, Christian Grove, Jacob Snyder, Henry Martin, Christian Weaver and Christian Carpenter. They were convicted of misdemeanors and ordered to pay fines up to one hundred and fifty pounds.

We have found no mention of the name of the old woman who acted as the agent for the confederates. Dr. Walker Stephen mentions an Eliza Wuench in his account, explaining that she was antagonistic to the American cause because her son had been executed as a deserter at the time of the battle of the Brandywine. He does not mention any one of the names listed above in the official records of the provincial council of the colonies.

DIE SCHWOWE BEIM BRUNNER MESSE

Siwwe Schwowe schtehne, gucke,
Un die Kepp enanner nucke,

Gucke widder in der Brunne,
Ya, was iss dann letz dart drunne?

Daede gaern der Brunne messe,
Hen die Diefing wull vergesse,

Kenner hot en Zollschtaab g'hat,
Hett sie aa net viel gebatt;

Blaane hie un blaane haer,
Wie des aazupacke waer;

Owwe, unne, hinne, varne,
Endlich sin sie eiverschtanne,

Daede sich an nanner henke,
In der Brunne nunner senke;

Wann der Siwwet drunne bambelt,
Schtiwwel uff em Wasser schtrambelt,

Hette sie des Mooss genau;
Saag mol, sin die Schwowe schlau?

Hen aa glei en Balke g'funne,
Lege'n greizweis uff der Brunne;

Erschder Schwob, der henkt sich draa,
Un des schteht ne mechdich aa;

Weil do kummt aa schunn der Zwett,
Henkt sich aa fer'n Menschekett;

Hot sich fescht am annre g'howe—
Un der Erscht hot schtaerrye Dowe—

Dann sin all die annre kumme,
Yeder hot sei Blatz genumme;

Dritter, Vierter, Fimfder, Sechsder;
Heer emol, dart owwe grechst er!

Ya, des waar en schweri Lascht,
Doch er halt am Balke fascht.

Un der Siwwet graddelt nunner,
Doddlich waar's ihm, un ken Wunner,

Rutscht am Sechsde graad verbei,
Kitzlich scheint der Kerl zu sei;

Hot gezawwelt un geyuckt,
An de Roi naus hot's gezuckt,

Hot sogaar der Ewwerscht g'schnaerrt
Kann sich schier net halde dart;

Denkt, er schpautzt mol in die Hend,
Ass er besser hewe kennt;

Zawwelt mit em linke Bee,
Losst er g'schwind am Balke geh;

Eb er iss zum schpaue kumme,
Leit er schunn im Brunne drunne.

Siwwe Schwowe uff me Haufe,
Wunner ass sie net versaufe,

Blatsche dart im Wasser rum,
Saage selwer, "Des waar dumm!"

February 1945. —JOHN BIRMELIN

Deaths of a Day

MRS. JACOB HILLEGASS

Mrs. Annie, nee Youse, Hillegass, wife of Jacob Hillegass of Emmaus R. 1, died suddenly at 7:15 a. m. yesterday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Maule, 540 Evergreen St., Emmaus, where she and her husband had been residing for the winter. Mrs. Hillegass was in her 63rd year.

A native of Berks county, a daughter of the late William and Amanda, nee Reinert, Youse, Mrs. Hillegass had been in good health up to the time she was stricken with a heart attack.

She is survived by her husband, these children: Mamie, wife of Elvin Searfass, and Hermie, wife of Russell Beitler, both of Allentown; Esther, wife of George Maule, Emmaus; William Hillegass, Emmaus; Stanley Hillegass, serving with the army in Saipan; these brothers and sisters, George Youse, Benjamin Youse, both of Emmaus; William Youse, Mrs. Ella Gehris and Mrs. Harvey Frantz, all of Allentown; Mrs. William Mohr, Allentown R. 6), and Mrs. Fred Shimer, Emmaus. There are five grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held next Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from the Maule residence, 540 Evergreen St., Emmaus, with interment to follow in the Northwood cemetery.

KATHERINE GARTLAND

Katherine Gartland, 75, of 808 Elm St., Bethlehem, died of complications at the home of her brother—where she lived—at 4 a. m. yesterday. She had been ill five weeks.

Miss Gartland was born in Hellertown in September, 1869, a daughter of the late James and Rose O'Neil Gartland. She was a member of St. Ann's Catholic church, Bethlehem.

Her only survivor is her brother, Daniel, with whom she made her home. Funeral services will be at 9 a. m. Tuesday from the Downing Home, 202 W. Broad St. Solemn requiem mass will be said at St. Ann's church at 9:30 a. m. Burial will be in St. Michael's cemetery.

RAYMOND O. KUHNS

Raymond O. Kuhns Jr., 9-month-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond O. Kuhns, Breinigsville, died yesterday morning in the Allentown hospital after a nine-day illness.

The baby is survived by his parents and four great-grandparents: paternal great-grandmother, Mrs. Annie Kuhns, Emmaus R. 1; maternal great-grandmother, Mrs. Annie Bixler, Reading; maternal great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hartzell, Allentown R. 2; two grandparents: maternal grandmother, Mrs. Pearl Hartzell, Alburtis; paternal grandfather, Mervin Kuhns, Allentown; and four sisters, Geraldine, Barbara, Sandra and Doris, at home.

The funeral will be held at the Schmoyer funeral home, Breinigsville, Monday at 1:30 p. m. Rev. Dr. Frederick Seitz will officiate. Interment will be made in the Cetronia church cemetery.

SAMUEL STILES

Samuel Stiles, 75, Bangor-Belfast road, Nazareth R. 3, died at 5:15 a. m. Friday at the residence. A resident of Bangor vicinity his entire life, he was a son of the late Daniel and Mary Ellen Frutchey Stiles.

He was employed as a trolley conductor on the former Hay line between Bangor and Easton for 19½ years and as carpenter by his late brother, John Stiles, who died recently. He retired five years ago.

Affiliated with the Knights of Pythias lodge of Easton and Mackey Memorial Baptist church, Mr. Stiles is survived by his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Philip Stiles; a brother, Daniel, Bangor and a sister, Mrs. Amanda Stofflet, Nazareth R. 3. Two brothers, Horace and John, preceded him in death.

Rev. Horace C. Wright will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday in the Hough home, 50 Broadway, Bangor. Interment in St. John's cemetery, Bangor.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Ols Noch Om Gae

Wel, sel g'shpiel fon da Pennsylfawnish Deitscha, "Papa Is All," is ols noch om gae im Civic Little Theatre uf da Chew shtross doh in da shtadt. Golly reich nocha mohl wos hetta die leit g'sawt 'n mohnet tzurick, won m'r na g'sawt het 's g'shpiel mist alla owet darrich Harning gewwa werra—alla owet tzu ma folla hous, un aw os es noch in der Martz raicha dade. Ow'r sel is wos g'shaina is, uns sheind wie won die leit ols wilder un wilder werra dada fer sitza griega fers g'shpiel sehna. Tzettle sin now tzu arderra fer die airshda drei dawg fon da nagshda woch, un ihr maiga 's glawwa odder net ow'r wie m'r 'm Dunnershdawg owet tzwae tickets garder'd hen fer der shtorekipper Prest Hess un sei fraw fon Cherryville. Fer da Mondawg owet, hen sie shun tzurick in die 14d roy gamist. Ow'r der Civic Little theatre is net so gross, un mocht nix ous woh ebber huck'd, in da fedderra odder da hinnershda roy, m'r kon ol iwwer sehna un hoerra.

Unser hute is ob tzu da shpieler os es g'shpiel gewwa, so wohl os wie aw tzu ihr'm boss da Evelyn Brong Hawk wohs g'shpiel helfa hut in arder griega. Sis ol recht fer 'n g'shpiel 'n woch odder so gewwa, ow'r wons mohl alla owet woch el un woch ous rum kumt sex oweta die woch, sel is g'shoft. Ow'r so long os die leit kumma sich blessierra os wie sie duhn fer "Papa Is All" sehna, is es shpiela 'n blessier. 'S wor sei lava nix im Lechaw Dahl woh leit mainer indressa gawissa hen os wie in dem gawissna g'shpiel. Longa yohra fon now wolla m'r wetta is 'n monich mohl iwwer un iwwer erhold wert bei kinner os now noch net shwetza kenna, os ihra elterra "Papa Is All" g'sehna hen wies for wocha un wocha gewwa is werra im Civic Little theatre, Allentown.

M'r wissa os fiel fon unserra laiser drous im lond rum har aw gleicha dada fers g'shpiel sehna, un sin shure os sie sei lava net mainer g'shpass un blessier kotta hen fer 'n dahler, os wie sie griega, kumma "Papa Is All" sehna. Die sitza kenna gaarder'd werra bei telefone, un ol os tzaila fers g'shpiel sehna, besser halta sich on da heck, m'r wase net wie fiel langer os es may gewwa wert.

Net G'shlocht Werra

'S wert oft mohls g'sawt, die si un die uxa hetta nix tzu sawga wons ons shlochta gang'd,—der butcher wear der boss. Sel ow'r wor doh die onner woch net der fol wies Nevin Knabba fon Maxatawny shlochta hen wolla. Tzwae uxa unna bull, hen ihra kep tzomma, wie sie k'hoert hen 's sot ainer dafon der kup ferlierra, un is heit noch net g'shlocht werra.

Der morya wohs Nevins' shlochta hen wolla, sin die tzwae uxa un der bull rous gabrocha, un sawga 's weara sei lava ken gadierra shtaryer 's Siegfrieds Dahl owwa nous wie selbe tzwae uxa un der bull. Der Nevin un sei Erma sin na weil noh, ow'r hen sie endlich ferlora weil sie net so gute darrich der shnae bawda hen kenna os wie die tzwae uxa un der bull un hen sie gons un gore ferlora. Shpater nous hen sie die tzwae uxa un der bull ow'r widder tzurick hame grick'd mit da hilf fon nochberra, ow'r hen noh ous gamocht 's flaish maich'd ferleicht net gute sei fon sich so arrick ferhitza, un hen on da ledshda barichda ols noch net g'shlocht kot.

Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Nevin un sei Erma aw net howwa os es rous kumt wos fer 'n boomerawlishie tzeit os sie shun kotta hen mit ihra tzwae uxa unna bull, un hen ols noch ken brode wersht im kaller.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Ferol os der shnae on fiel bletz so tzu sawga weck is, huts ols noch gagenda woh die waig mocher eiferich on da shtrossa uf shebba sin—won m'r 's anyhow uf shebba haisa darf, won sie huls ex. saiga un misht hoka yusa fer die waiga uf mocha.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

25 Years Ago Today

A WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1920

The members of the executive committee on the summer missionary conference at Collegeville met in St. James Reformed church, and adopted a program for the conference for that year.

Directors of the Cement National Bank of Siegfried met with Ruhe and Lange, architects from this city, and discussed tentative plans for the erection of a modern banking house at 21st and Main Sts., Northampton.

The Muhlenberg College Athletic Assn. announced that it had secured the services of John Paul Jones, Cornell miler and Dr. M. S. Kleckner, a former Muhlenberg hurdler, to coach the candidates of the track team of the college.

A social was held for the congregation of the Salem Reformed church in the basement of the church.

The Women's Club of Allentown had taken up the study of "Politics in the United States." Their instructor was Attorney Orrin E. Boyle.

Public Opinion

Circus Should Go on as Morale-Builder and to Pay Holocaust Victims

Dear Mr. Editor:

I read in the Call that the Ringling circus may not be able to go out this year because their key men are being sent to prison.

If this does come about, it most assuredly will cause keen disappointment to many children, but what is more important, it will be a gross injustice to those persons who survived the Hartford fire and have claims which can be satisfied only if the circus can go on the road and earn the money.

I was an eye-witness of that fire and helped to keep the people from jamming their way toward the wild animal runways. I witnessed many heroic deeds by circus personnel from laborers on up. Had it not been for their action, the death toll would have exceeded the ratio of the

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

This be my pilgrimage and goal,
Daily to march and find
The secret phrases of the soul,
The evangels of the mind
Drinkwater.

WAR SHORTENED BY WEEKS

As the American people thrilled yesterday to the news that the American First Army had crossed the Rhine at Remagen and had established a firm bridgehead on the eastern bank, more and more details were permitted to be sent out by the news writers who for a time had been subjected to the blackout for security and strategic purposes.

Among other things it has been revealed that the crossing of the Rhine almost certainly was effected as surprise not only for the Germans but for the Americans themselves. It had been anticipated that the Germans had been preparing adequate defense during many months and that part of their defense system lay in plans to blow up every bridge if and when it came under attack or might aid the enemy.

Inasmuch as other bridges had been blown up right in their faces, the Americans had every right to expect the double-track Ludendorff bridge at Remagen to be dynamited the instant they set foot upon its western end. But even with this knowledge the Americans in their pursuit of the Germans crowded them so closely that only one charge was set off while the wiring for other charges was cut before the dynamite could be exploded. Swift upon the heels of the intrepid and resourceful, fast-thinking Americans who had seized the bridge came abundance of troops to spread in rapid order five miles inland and over a space along the river of about ten miles.

There is agreement that one of the colossal mistakes of the war was made by the Germans either in delaying the dynamiting of this bridge or in providing inadequate defenses to hold it against all comers. There is agreement that the intrepidity and speed with which the American soldiers followed up a great advantage when they saw it instead of exercising what might have been regarded as proper caution has speeded the crossing of the Rhine by weeks and thereby speeded the ending of the war by the same amount of time.

Very great advantage is to be attained wherever action against the Germans can be taken before they have had time to reorganize and prepare defensive measures against the American offense. Without any doubt most of the Germans west of the Rhine continue to be our enemies and many are potential if not actual spies. Some of these undoubtedly would send information across the river as to movements of troops and thus provide information as to the point where river crossings were to be attempted. That would enable large defenses to be set up and embarrass or thwart the crossing.

But this all has been avoided by development of a bridgehead on the east bank of the Rhine, supported by a double-track bridge, quarter of a mile in length. Movement of troops, artillery, supplies over a bridge can be at far greater speed than by water and requires little or no transshipment.

The crossing of the Rhine is epochal. And it was accomplished because a lot of Americans were sure, swift-witted and highly courageous and, conversely, because a lot of those supermen, the Germans, with all their years of planning and their claim of prescience, blundered and in fact appear to have been cowardly for the most part.

GET READY FOR VICTORY GARDENS

Everybody who does the actual purchasing of food for a household does not need to be told that increased ration point cost of many articles is affecting their purchases and enjoyment of those foods. And all those then appreciate that they have in their own hands help for their problem if they will raise a lot of food for their families during this coming season.

Many folks learned this lesson early in the war. Thousands turned to Victory Gardens to supply their tables during the summer and to stock their larders for the winter months. As the war has gone on more and more persons have helped themselves as to their larders and their pocketbooks by growing vegetables and small fruits.

More than ever this summer it is going to be economical and helpful for the American family to get out on the soil and grow the vast amount of food that otherwise would be taken out of the national stock.

More than ever this year it is going to be advisable to feed ourselves as far as possible in order that the national surplus may be larger and that more food than ever can be shipped abroad to starving or ill-nourished peoples. All the indications are that, during this summer, Europe will be opened to more and more food shipments. It will be possible to sell or to distribute more food as the Nazi hold upon Europe relaxes.

Accordingly more people than ever well may be considering an application for Victory Garden plots this summer. The proper procedure is to learn to know the chairman of your ward and then make application to him. Through him land can be secured and the initial steps to gardening can be taken.

The rapid rate of population increase noted in Helsinki, Finland, before the war has since declined rapidly and within recent years has been less than one per cent.

Oranges are so plentiful in the Calabrian orchards in Italy that they are rotting on the trees this winter and sell for a cent a pound while those in Rome realize 25 cents a pound.

Stassen's Address

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The address of former Governor Stassen of Minnesota, who is to be a delegate to the San Francisco conference, will strike a responsive chord because it is couched in generalities. Apparently, however, it does not relate to the concrete situation that has developed since the Yalta conference.

If, on the other hand, it is really meant to be applied to the happenings since Yalta, it can be interpreted as a direct criticism of what the President did in agreeing to a voting procedure in the United Nations which allows the five major nations to be above the law.

Mr. Stassen speaks forthrightly about American idealism and he expresses accurately the hopes and aspirations of the American people. He does not say when these ideals are to be translated into action and he apparently is ready to let matters drift until some future day when the world will get better than it is today.

Mr. Stassen says there may be "many diplomats who do not know it" but the "extreme principle of absolute nationalistic sovereignty is of the Middle Ages and is dead." He adds that "no nation has any right in the modern world to do as it pleases without regard to the effects of its actions upon the peoples of other nations."

But in the newly announced voting procedure each of the major nations is granted the right to do as it pleases about any international dispute in which it may become involved. That formula was sponsored by President Roosevelt when he learned Marshal Stalin would accept no other. The soon-to-be-created Security Council, therefore, will have no police power over the major nations. It may not have much power even over the smaller nations, for everybody knows that back of the small aggressors usually is the larger aggressor, who can veto action in the council.

The Inevitability of War

Mr. Stassen is quite resigned to the inevitability of war or rather to the belief that if any one of the major powers wants to start a war in the next 25 years, nothing can be done to prevent it. This is not the belief of many other persons who all along have been led to believe in the efficacy of an international organization capable of mobilizing an international army, navy and air force sufficiently large in combination to prevent any nation, large or small, from initiating or provoking a war. If the new league is to start off with the assumption that nothing can be done to prevent a large nation from going to war, it certainly means that the concept of a league to enforce peace has been whittled down to a very weak substitute.

The former Governor of Minnesota is right when he says that America must be ready "to delegate a limited portion of our national sovereignty" to the United Nations organization, which is to be based on justice and law, and insured by force." But it will be asked why the realization of that ideal now must be postponed to the indefinite future and why, for instance, freedom of the press or freedom of information and freedom of worship are merely goals to be obtained "gradually"? Why must any totalitarian government which denies human rights and particularly the four freedoms be given a veto power over the decisions of the new Security council of the United Nations?

Mr. Stassen discreetly omitted mention of present-day violations of the "four freedoms." His seven cardinal points are well expressed. The former governor assumes unfortunately that persons who find the surrenders made at Yalta, when the basic principles of the Atlantic Charter were discarded, hard to swallow have no alternative and that opposition to the Yalta agreements means a "do-nothing" policy.

American Ideals

The truth is that it has always been traditional American policy to fight for ideals and to carry the case for ideals to the court of world opinion. Regrettably, however, the press and radio of Russia is government-controlled and what is said by people of other countries cannot be printed there without Moscow's authority. This means that the processes of public opinion operative in a democracy do not function in Russia. It means, for example, that the provision for publishing recommendations after investigation of disputes by the Security Council can be rendered meaningless.

World peace is not a matter of an exact formula, as Mr. Stassen has so wisely said. It is a matter of common honesty in the dealings of nations with each other. And when nations profess high principles and then condone the violation of those principles, confidence in the governments which repudiate those principles diminishes and the might-makes-right doctrine holds sway.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE PHILIPPINES

In 1946, by Act of Congress, the Philippines are to be cut loose from the United States. They are to be an independent and sovereign nation. That was decided upon in 1934, long before the present war, before Japan conquered and occupied that territory, before General MacArthur's masterly reconquest and reoccupation of it. Philippine independence was granted as a result of Filipino agitation and the blessing of the project by American fat-producing and sugar interests. They wanted Philippine copra and sugar kept out of this country by a tariff wall. And nobody really cared about it because what difference did it then make?

But the situation is now changed by war. Rehabilitation of that area is dependent upon the United States and most of it will have to be accomplished after 1946. The city of Manila itself will have to be rebuilt; agriculture and industries will have to be restored by more public and private capital than the Philippine government can generate. And the islands were taken from the Japanese not by the Philippines constabulary, although they and all Filipinos helped, but by the Army and Navy of the United States. American blood consecrating itself to every mile of the task.

Independence Sweetest Gift

Independence is the sweetest gift to any nation, but it is outside of practicality for the Philippines to achieve that dream of Manuel Quezon by 1946. Nothing could be more ruinous. Nothing could damage the Philippines more.

On the other hand, the United States has developed neither a colonial nor a dominion system. Acquired areas exist in our federal system as territories which are prospective states; at the present time, only Alaska and Hawaii are territories, but they with Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands have governors appointed by the President and acting under the Division of Territories and Island Possessions of the Department of the Interior. The Panama Canal is under the War Department.

The Philippines, while under the aforementioned Division, is regarded differently, for under the Tydings-McDuffie Independence Act, that area is now passing through a ten-year transitional period ending in 1946. The country is called the Commonwealth of the Philippines and its President is Sergio Osmena. To it we should send a High Commissioner and for that position Paul McNutt and Frank Murphy are apparently under consideration. The Philippines then is by law not a territory and is therefore excluded from statehood; in another year it is to be a totally independent nation.

Only Nominal Independence

Obviously such independence cannot be more than nominal. Surely, the islands cannot defend themselves and if there is any danger of war at all, it will have to be an American army and navy that will defend them. The Philippines Government, with the best of intentions, cannot hope to re-establish the normal functions of a state—police, health, education, schools, etc.—without financial assistance from the American treasury. Nor is there any Filipino capital to invest in agricultural, industrial or other commercial enterprises; that will have to come either from U. S. Treasury funds, through gifts or loans which cannot be repaid, or by the investment of private capital.

All that independence can really mean is that the Philippines legislature will be able to pass the kind of laws that a state legislature passes in this country. Beyond that is not within the realm of practicality.

I am not advocating that the Tydings-McDuffie Independence Act be rescinded. Nor am I advocating the opposite. This question requires sober investigation and a temperate decision. But it has to be a decision based upon the facts of this war and not upon the oratory of the late Manuel Quezon, nor the lobbying of American sugar and fat interests. We have lost too many American lives in the Philippines to treat lightly with the future disposition of the islands, nor can we disregard the fact that we shall have to defend them.

In fact, it would be sound for Congress to begin to consider what is to be done with areas recaptured by American arms in this war. Who gets them? What is to be done with them? Are they to be returned to imperialist Europeans? The United States needs—and needs urgently—a policy.

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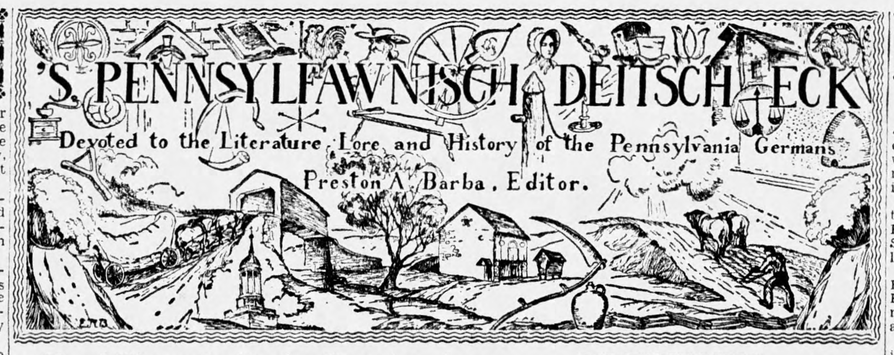
At one time recently Chile had no less than 97 labor disputes affecting over 10,000 workers, Santiago, the capital, having 35 and Valparaiso 16.

Witwatersrand university of South Africa is preparing a war memorial which will include a fund to provide bursaries for returned soldiers.

Spain now has 17 superphosphate plants with an annual capacity of 1,750,000 tons, but production is limited by a shortage of raw material.

Over 43,200 bicycles now pass over the Slussen bridge in Stockholm, Sweden, every day despite that a second bridge has been built to divert some of the pedal traffic.

One of the first to enter the sea after the lifting of the bathing ban in England was 92-year-old Ernest Bailey of Westcliff-on-Sea who was a regular bather for 16 years before the war.



Hard Times In Berks County

An Historical Narrative
by L. A. WOLLENWEBER
(Translated from the German by the Editor)
(Continued)

UPRIGHT GERMAN MEN

THE SPRING of the year 1775 was one of the earliest and loveliest in many a year. Early in April fruit trees were already in full blossom and the forests were clad in tender verdure and birds sang merrily in woods and meadow. This unusually glorious weather also lured the eccentric Baron Stiegel from his home in Philadelphia where he stayed during the winter, and he left for his castle at Schaeffertown earlier than was his wont. Since he was a great friend of feasting and carousing, he had hardly arrived there before he invited his friends and neighbors to a feast of welcome, and requested them to gather at Weiser's farm, from where he would then convey them in a comfortable manner to his castle situated about eight miles distant. On the third of May all of those invited had already gathered at Weiser's dwelling, where they were most cordially received and entertained by Weiser himself. They were informed that the Baron would arrive upon the following morning with vehicles to convey them to Schaeffertown where he would furnish happy days of entertainment.

Our readers will be interested in learning whom Baron Stiegel had invited as his guests. We shall therefore describe them here with historical truthfulness. The first to be mentioned was Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, formerly Lutheran pastor at St. Michael's church in Philadelphia, but now pastor at the Trappe church at Hanover, Montgomery county, a man who was profoundly learned in matters of religion. He was born in Einbeck, Germany, studied theology at Halle and came to Philadelphia in the year 1742 where he established a Lutheran congregation, brought about the erection of St. Michael's church and won for himself great fame through his gifts as a speaker, through his learning and his activities. He was the son-in-law of Conrad Weiser and had not arrived in response to Stiegel's invitation, but rather because he knew that various educated men would be assembling at the house of his father-in-law with whom he could hold council about the religious confusions which at that time prevailed among the German settlers. Since 1751 sectarianism had been greatly on the increase. The sect of the Newborns, who had settled in Oley township, Berks county, was a particular source of harm because their leader, a certain Baumann, a Rhenish Palatine by birth and by trade a cobbler, had proclaimed himself as infallible and that his body had been reborn and would not die; he compared himself with Adam before the fall and, what was worse, that whoever followed his teachings would likewise never die. There existed in Berks county at that time the following religious faiths, the Lutheran, Reformed, Moravian, Quaker, Seventh Day Baptists, the Heckewelders, the Schwenkfelders, the Newborns and the Newlanders, each madly surpassing the other. What Count Zinzendorf, the famous missionary of the Moravians, failed in doing, namely to put an end to this Babylonian procedure, the indefatigable and eloquent Muhlenberg succeeded for the most part in bringing about, for he fought unceasingly against these religious extravagances.

Another guest who had arrived was Conrad Beisel, the founder of the Seventh Day Baptists who was at that time living in Ephrata, the main seat of this sect, and who was a very intimate friend of Conrad Weiser. Beisel had attended several universities in Germany and was no insignificant scholar. He was especially a master in music and an excellent composer of hymns. History relates of him that in his compositions he took the music of nature as his prototype; that he spent many hours in the forests and listened to the songs of birds and the melodies which the winds carried through the trees; also it is said that he successfully constructed an Aeolian harp and after sufficiently observing it, began to compose in the silence of the night. An agent whom Governor Thomas Penn sent to Ephrata, gave the following report to the Governor concerning the religious singing at Ephrata: "The hymns are sung almost exclusively by women with tender, but exceeding pure voices and with the greatest exactness. It is hardly possible for me to describe to your Lordship the emotions which I felt upon hearing their hymns. The singers wore white garments, their faces were pale, and while I listened to these sweet, soft and harmonious melodies I believed myself being transported into the world of the spirits. Long after I had departed from Ephrata, this glorious church music still resounded in my ears."

Unfortunately the art of singing at Ephrata fell into neglect and Beisel's compositions were entirely lost during the Revolutionary War, a loss which is indeed very regrettable.

The third person was Peter Miller, born at Kaiserslautern in the Rhenish Palatinate. Miller had studied theology and philology at the University of Heidelberg. He arrived in Philadelphia in the year 1730, where he was ordained by a Scottish synod. He then migrated to Berks county, in order to preach for a time to the German Lutherans in churches, barns, and in the shade of trees along the Tulpehocken. He later joined Conrad Beisel in the spreading of the religion of the Seventh Day Baptists. He was indisputably one of the most learned men of that time and was highly esteemed by the government to whom he gave many a good counsel. When the independence of the colonies was proclaimed he translated the declaration into seven different languages. He died at an advanced age in 1796 at Ephrata where he had labored 61 years. There he was interred and a simple stone marks the last resting place of this active man.

The fourth person was Joseph Hiester, one of the oldest and most faithful of Conrad Weiser's friends. This good man was born in German Switzerland and emigrated to America with two of his brothers. Together they settled in Berks where they founded the town of Bernville. Joseph Hiester, together with his brothers and sons, waged many a battle against the bloodthirsty Indians. In these struggles against the Indians they were always victorious and filled the Indians with such terror that they now avoided the region around Bernville for a long time. Hiester's descendants, and especially General Joseph Hiester, have rendered our country good services in the Revolutionary War.

The fifth person was a theologian by the name of Pyraculus, who had been sent to America by the University of Halle, for the purpose of converting the Mohicans and the Delawares to Christianity. In order to achieve this purpose, however, it was necessary for him to acquire the Mohawk language and therefore he now turned to Conrad Weiser, who instructed him in this language with pleasure, inasmuch as he saw that he was having so zealous a student. The first Lord's prayer which the redmen heard was translated into the Iroquois by this same Pyraculus.

Among these esteemed men of mature age there was also a young man, handsome, sturdily built and courageous in appearance, by the name of Thomas Rieth. The revered Pastor Munlenberg had recommended him to the government in Philadelphia, since he had already acquired the Iroquois language in his boyhood, while his parents dwelt among the redmen. The Governor had taken a fancy to this courageous young German and sent him to Conrad Weiser for the acquirement of other Indian tongues so that he might further perfect himself as an Indian agent. Conrad Weiser received the young man with pleasure and soon became attached to him because of his goodness of heart and great zeal. It was this young man who accompanied Conrad Weiser on his visits to the Indian camps in Shamokin and elsewhere.

BARON WILHELM HEINRICH STIEGEL

It is time that we offer some details about that Baron Stiegel who played no small role in Pennsylvania in the second half of the eighteenth century. Some maintain that he was born on the Rhine, others that he saw the light of day near Lahr in Baden, where his parents were owners of a large manorial estate. It is said that as a young man he indulged in all sorts of wild nonsense and gave his parents much care and worry. After the death of his parents, not heeding the warnings of his relatives, he went on journeys, made the acquaintance of the then alchemists in Stuttgart, Darmstadt and Cassel, who also fleeced him thoroughly. He was provided with a guardian and given a definite yearly allowance. Stiegel was now obliged to restrain himself and spent his time constructing all sorts of devices which, like his other madcap performances, emptied his pockets. He now suddenly came upon the thought of journeying to London with his models, where he hoped to find the long anticipated returns for his inventions. However he was to be terribly disappointed, for he found there smelting and casting furnaces which were much better than his own models indicated. In his disappointment and mental depression he now wrote pitiful letters to his relatives requesting them to send him a sufficient amount of money wherewith to pay his way to America and to appoint an agent in London who would annually forward him his parental grants to Philadelphia. To get the light-minded fellow away and thus perhaps forever rid themselves of him the relatives joyously fulfilled his request and sent him a considerable sum of money to London. In a short time Stiegel was upon the high seas and finally landed safely in Philadelphia.

His sojourn in Philadelphia was only of short duration, for the quiet life in that Quaker city was not to his liking. When he learned that many valuable minerals were being found in the mountains of Pennsylvania he started out for Lancaster, from where he was directed to Ephrata. Together with his servant, a certain Jacob from Ettenheim, who had followed him to England and to America, he now went to Ephrata where he was well received by the Seventh Day Baptists Miller and Beisel. They advised him to go to Schaeffertown, in whose vicinity some settlers had found the best and most abundant iron ore, and where he could have his wishes realized. Of good courage master and servant now journeyed over the wild mountains known today as the South Mountains and safely reached Schaeffertown, which at that time already possessed a sort of inn, in which they found comfortable lodging and good service. The innkeeper, a jolly fellow by the name of Ambos, a native of Zweibruecken in the Rhenish Palatinate, entertained his guests excellently and gave the Baron much information about the iron ore, even designating the place where it was to be found and engaging two men with pickaxe and shovel, that they might help the Baron in his search. They started out early in the morning, reached the place designated and started digging.—They persevered until noon without discovering any ore, when suddenly Jacob of Ettenheim shouted: Land! Land! He had drawn forth from the earth a heavy reddish clump which the Baron examined and declared to be ore rich in iron content. They dug further and found more and more; and now, as the old expression runs, all Poland lay before them, and their joy over their discovery was great. They took back to the inn as much ore as they could, and gave freely of it to the men at the inn. The following morning saw the Baron on his way to Philadelphia. Having arrived there he drew his money which had been deposited there, engaged several Germans who had recently arrived, bought all the necessary tools in addition to a vehicle, and then in glee started out for Schaeffertown where the caravan arrived safely after a difficult journey of six days.

They now entered upon their labors with great diligence. The Baron and his workmen were indefatigable and before winter set in a small blast furnace had been erected where the laborers could smelt the ore into fine iron.—When the success of the Baron's undertaking became known in Philadelphia it caused a great sensation. When in February the Baron himself arrived bringing samples of his iron with him, his reputation was established and his credit unlimited. Amply provided with both capital and workmen the Baron soon returned again to Schaeffertown and by May one could already hear along the Muehlbach the noise of forges rolling iron. Schaeffertown and its surroundings became more and more animated, for the curious now came from all directions to see and to marvel at Stiegel's blasting furnaces and forges. Here one saw a blacksmith's shop and there a wainwright, and carpenters and masons were busy building houses, in short the whole region was being rapidly populated through the genius of this Baron. When, after his smelting furnaces had been operating a short time, Stiegel also succeeded in casting practical stoves and sending them to Philadelphia, then merchants rushed thither from all sides to give orders and paid high prices.—Only a short time ago the writer saw one of these stoves in Lebanon and cast thereon the Gothic letters:

Baron Stiegel ist der Mann,
Der die Oefen gieszen kann.

Since Stiegel's affairs now took such a bright turn, it occurred to the arrogant man to build for himself a castle after the manner of his forefathers. After a short delay he carried out his plans. On a high hill about a mile from Schaeffertown there soon rose a castle whose watchtower dominated the entire region. On its battlement was placed a small cannon, which was fired every time the Baron arrived or departed. When he had invited guests, the watchman, on seeing them approaching, fired two shots which were at the same time signals for the Baron's musicians, whom he had trained from among his workmen, to mount the tower in order to greet the ones arriving with music. He had also supplied himself abundantly with French and Rhenish wines. The hunting grounds in the neighborhood were very good in those days. After his guests had rested somewhat hunting parties were formed after which the banquets and drinking bouts were in order.

Concerning the further destiny of this remarkable person we find among the posthumous papers of the Reverend Pastor Kurz the following: His drunken revelries, his extravagant way of living in Philadelphia, his manufacturing of glass and the neglect of his iron furnaces, the building and the furnishing of his castle at Manheim, Lancaster county, have brought him to ruin. He was cast in the debtors' prison in Philadelphia and when he was freed and wished to visit his wife and children, they had all succumbed to disease. When he came to me and begged for a small support, I procured for him the schoolmaster's position at Womelsdorf.—From there he vanished—whither I do not know."

To be continued

DER UHREMACHER

Do kummt en Mann, er iss dick un karz;
En moustache hot er, gans kohleschwarz.
Sei Beichel iss gans kugelrund;
Sie saage, er iss wie en guti Schtund.

Darch alle Wetter kummt er gehaade:
Mit me schwarze Satchel iss er gelaade;
Drin sin grosse un kleene Sache,
So was mer braucht zum Uhremache.

Hen ihr Uhre heit zu fixe?
Ja? Well, ich duh mich mol hiesitze;
Ich mach sie geh, so wie ich kann,
Deweil ich bin der Uhremann.

Do iss en Uhr, kannscht du sie fixe?
Er dutt sich an der Disch hiesitze;
Er guckt sie aa, schafft bissel draa rum,
Noh dutt sie ticke, der Wecker geht z-zum!

Wohrhaftich er hot sie nau schunn g'fixt;
Unser Buweli ruhich denewe sitzt;
Es guckt ihn aa mit grosse Aage
Un dutt ihn viele Sache froge.

Alsemol kriegt mer en karze Andwart;
Schwetz yuscht net viel vun seinem Handwerk;
Er kummt viel rum in seine Daage,
Do kann er aa viel Neies saage.

Nau iss sie faerdich—koscht drei Vaertel, net meh;
Ich hab ihn bezaahlt, noh will er geh.
"Farriwell," saagt er, un kratzt hinnich seim Ohr,
"Mer sehne uns widder im naegschte Yohr."

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

'S ISS NIMMAND WIE MEI PAEPPI

Er hockt im Eck mit me Schtock am Bee,
Sei Aage sin bloo, sei Backebaart schee;
Er saagt ken Warte far'n langi Zeit,
Er iss net gans so wie die annere Leit.

Awwer ich gleich mei Paeppi, ich kann net vergesse
Sei Gebet am Disch beim Middaagesse;
Hoch Deitsch iss's g'schproche un langsam gange,
Awwer nimmand hot g'schwetzt, wann er hot aag'fange.

Alsemol hot sei Duwacksbrieh die Schpaubox verfehlt,
Un's Dischduch aa nass gemacht, wann er Kaffi rausgedeelt;
Alsemol waar er gretzich un aa oft im Weg,
Sei Bee duhne grache, wann er geht uff die Schteeg.

Awwer mer darf's ihm net verdenke, dem alde Mann,
Er browiert sich neizuschicke, wu er kann;
Sei Finger sin gnochich, sie schittle als meh,
Er muss sich wiescht bloge far yuscht rumzudreh'.

Er hot grosse Schmaerze alle Daag in der Woch,
Er kann gute Sache net beisse (der Himmel weess was noch);
Hot er Schmaerze odder net, er dutt net barrich',
Wann Sunndaag rumkummt, geht er in die Kaerrich.

Er iss bissel hartheerich, er verschteht net alle Wart,
Awwer des kann er saage, "Ich waar ennihau dart";
Sei Freind sin all dod, er hockt gans leenich,
Grookeppich, langhoorich un bissel grummbeenich.

Alder Paepp! Du bischt immer guthaerzich zu mir.
Wann'd aa dei Backebaart mit Duwack duscht verschmier';
Du waarscht en younger Kerl wie ich in deine Daage,
Du weesscht viel Sache—ich kann dir nix saage.

Wann dei Blatz am Disch ee Daag schteht leer,
Un dei Middaaggebet mer duhn nimmi heer',
En Gebet zu mir selwert saag ich noh dir,
Alder Paepp, du weesscht, dass es kummt vun mir.

Allentown, Pa. —FRANCIS W. FEHR.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. MARY SCHOEPPLE

Mrs. Mary (Zisler) Schoepple, 84, of 411 N. 4th St., died at 9 p. m. Thursday at the Sacred Heart hospital to which she had been admitted as a medical patient Dec. 31. She had been in failing health since last August.

Born in Cham, Germany, she came to this country 75 years ago, living in Bethlehem, Pottsville and Allentown. She had resided in this city for the last 55 years.

She was a member of the Sacred Heart of Jesus church, the Altar and Rosary society of the church and a member of the St. Aloysius Society auxiliary.

Her husband, John Schoepple, died in 1925.

She is survived by one son, Matthew of Allentown; two daughters, Dorothy, wife of William Hoh of Allentown, and Carrie, wife of Harvey Eline of Allentown; 13 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

MICHAEL KUBIK

Michael Kubik of Spring Mills near Cementon, died yesterday afternoon at the Sacred Heart hospital after an illness of four months.

Born in Czechoslovakia, he came to America 40 years ago. He resided in Allentown and Northampton until he took up residence at Spring Mills 17 years ago. He was affiliated with the Catholic Sokol and was a member of the Church of the Blessed Virgin, both of Northampton.

Survivors are his wife, the former Catherine Kovalchik, and the following children, Mrs. Mary Figura, North Catasauqua; Mrs. Catherine Kavchak, Nazareth; Michael, Spring Mills; Anna, Sophie and Agnes, Allentown; Stephen, Army Air Forces and Andrew, U. S. Army in India. Two sisters, Mrs. Agnes Valek, Mrs. Mary Zajachek of Allentown, and three grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 8:30 a. m. from the Swallow Funeral home, 17th and Newport Ave., Northampton, to be followed by requiem mass in the Church of the Blessed Virgin, Rev. M. P. Begany officiating. Interment in the parish cemetery.

MRS. EARL HUGHES

Funeral services for Mrs. Ellen G., nee Smith, Hughes, wife of Earl Hughes of 737 Allen St., who died at the Allentown hospital Thursday night, will be held at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. Interment will be made in St. Mark's cemetery.

Mrs. Hughes died at the hospital a half hour after she was admitted. She had been stricken with a heart attack at her home.

Born in Mountainville she was the daughter of the late Oscar and Camilla nee Gehris, Smith. She was a member of Zion Reformed church and the North End Republican auxiliary.

Surviving are her husband and a sister, Goldie Smith, Allentown. A brother, Claude W. Smith, preceded her in death.

MRS. MATILDA REINHEIMER

Mrs. Matilda Reinheimer, 91, until two weeks ago a resident of Pen Argyl, died yesterday at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. F. Kromer, Cherryville, Northampton county. She had been in ill health three months.

Born in Moorestown, Northampton county, she was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. David Miller. She was a member of the Faith Reformed church, Pen Argyl.

She is survived by the granddaughter with whom she resided, five great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

Rev. S. A. Leiby will officiate at services to be held Monday at 2 p. m. at the Saylor Funeral home, Danielsville. Interment in Union cemetery, Freemansburg.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S Joanies' Goldnie Hochtsich

Yar bei jupperty won der grubschmidt Jonas Rupp un sei Ellie doh fon da shtadt, net doh weil tzurick ihra goldnie hochtsich g'fir'd hen, un hen 'n mechdichie gutie tzeit kot. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie hen k'heiert kot da 29 December 50 yohr tzurick, ow'r mier hen doh da onner dawg airsht die barichda grick'd. Der Jonas is der mashina shpringa docktor doh in da shtadt, un wor sei gonsie shoff tzeit noch 'n grubschmidt. Rer die wohret tzu sawga, der dawg woh er un die Ellie Haas gonga sin heirra, wor er yusht awenich nunner noch seim shop on Chapmans, wie 'n bauer fon da Krocksville gagend bei kumma is fer tzwae geil p'shloga howwa. Der Jonas hut sel tzeit der John Desch kot fer 'n brandice, un woh die geil net p'shloga hut kenna. Der Jonas hut g'sawt er wot heirra gae, un sich rous shaila wolla fer die geil net p'shloga, ow'r endlich hut der bauer 'm 'n finf dahler gold shtick hee k'hova, un g'sawt sel wear sei fer 'm Porra gewwa, won er die geil p'shloga dade. Noh is der Jonas uf der chob, un hut glei sei Porras loo ferdiehnt kot fer sellie geil p'shloga.

Sis leicht tzu denka os es noh glei lava gewwa hut wie der bauer fert wor. Der Jonas is k'hupst un gajump'd os gross ordich wor fer sich g'shwind ready griega, un woh der John Desch 'm noh rous k'holfa hut der goul un shlitta ready griega, die weil os 'm Jonas sei shweshter Bess, 'n helfa hut uf soddla un die blankets un der buffalo houd in der shlitta duh, so os die Ellie net ferfriehra dade bis sie nous noch Maxatawny tzum Porra Herman kaimta. 'S wor bidderlich kalt sella dawg secht der Jonas, un der shnae het gagrisha won m'r darrich galoffa wear. 'M Jonas sei bruder Trill hut mohl gamaint fer mit tzum Porra gae, so wohl wie aw die Daisy woh darta wor. 'S wedder wor na ow'r tzu kalt, un der Jonas un der goul Mack hen laenich nunner tzum Pappy Haas fohra missa fer die Ellie uf lawda fer tzum Porra gae.

Die Ella wor shun langshd ready bis er nunner kumma is, un hut ihra Pap der "Pappy" gore ken lang ganumma fer sie nous noch 'm shlitta nemma, un woh er 'm Jonas helfa hut sie in die blankets wickla so os sie net ferfriehra dade.

Der Ben Haas un sei Lillie hen noh fershprocha fer mit ihr'm Harry goul nous tzum Porra gae, so os ebber dabei wear fer die Ella weck gewwa. Noh mit tzwae shlitta hinnich nonner, huts gore mechdich gagling'd sella kalta morya ol dawaig fon Chapmans bis nous noch Maxatawny. Die nase worra na ow'r gahairich kalt bis sie darta nous kumma sin, un hen airsht om wertshous g'shtopt fer ains petza eb sie tzum Porra sin. Sie hen 'm wert g'sawt er sot net shpora on da micka, un hen ol harlich un uf galaibt g'fiel'd wie sie darta fert sin.

"Kum on Mack" hets glei k'haisa beim Jonas, un der Benj. het gagrisha, "Gidap, Harry goul," un die shlitta bella hetta widder fararnsht shtarta glingla. Der Jonas klaimt, er kent sellie lieblich musick alla weil noch hoerra in seinra ohra.—die musick fon sella shlitta bella sella kalta winder morya wie er un die Ellie tzum Porra Herman sin fer heirra. Un der Porra wor aw dahame wie sie onna kumma sin.—der alt Porra Herman mit seim longa welssa bockaboard hut die werta g'sawt os der Jonas un die Ella mon un fraw gamocht hut noch dem os der Benj. die Ella weck gewwa hut kot. Die hochtsich feriwwer, noh hen die shlitta bella widder gagling'ld fon Maxatawny tzurick noch Chapmans, wohs Pappy Haasa 'n alter weishhawna im offa kot hen fers hochtsich middawg.

Eb der welshhawna recht ferrissa wor, hen sie widder shlitta bella k'hoert drous im waig, un wie sie gaguck'd hen, is 'n gonser huls shlitta fol bull band shpieler der waig ruf kumma, uns wor glei blenty larma un lava in Chapmans. Der shnae hut ols noch gagrisha, un wor so bidderlich kalt os die harner sella tzu g'frohra sin os blosa hen wolla, un worra ol rum numma tzu froh wie der Jonas un sei Ellie on die dier kumma sin un hen gagrisha, "kumma rei un bliessierra eich." Un sie sin aw nei un ol hen 'n iwwer rousie gutie tzeit kot.—grawd so 'n gutie tzeit wie aw der Jonas un die Ellie fuftsich yohr shpaiter kotta hen wie sie ihra golda hochtsich fesht g'fir'd hen ons Shankweilers wertshous.

'S worra siva un tzwonsich leit om fesht, un hen 59 korta un flei onnerra shaina socha grick'd kot fer na glick winscha uf ihra fuftsich'd hochtsich fesht. Der hochtsich kucha wor bol so gross os 'n wogga rawd, un wor golfa gail in ehr tzum ihr'm hochtsich fesht. Noh wor aw allas shunshd tzu essa un drinka darta, un ol rum hen 'n gutie tzeit kot. Sie hen musick kot, hen Pennsylfawnish Deitscha socha g'sawt, un wor harlichkate un blessier in alla ecka. Der aintsich'd druvel os der Jonas kotta hut wor, os sei Ella sich so wunnerbore uf gadoll'd hut kot os er sie shier nimmy gakent hut, un hut so gore navich ra k'huck'd. Der Jonas klaimt, er kent sich aw noch gute erinnerra on die tzeit woh sie 'm immer sei shoe gablack'd het won sie fert gawolt hetta, un het 'm aw sei ties gabunna. Now ow'r dade sie sich in der parlor hucka worta, un alla gabut greisha, "Bish d net bol ready?"

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der John Snyder fon Macungie, un woh secht er dade shun fendu schreiva tzitter os er 18 yohr alt wear, hut uns gahairich in der kom k'hock'd waeich wos m'r da onner dawg g'sawt hen fer grawd 's gelt uf nemma on ra fendu, so shtarrick os die socha ferkauft dada werra.

Der John secht, sel wear tzu fiel bodderration, dade tzu fiel tzeit uf nemma, un won aw alsa mohl ebber "fergessa" dade tzu batza'la, weara 's gawainlich yusht paar cent.

Wos der John secht mawg recht sei mit seinra erfohrung os er shun kotta hut, ow'r meir wissa fon ordlich bletz woh sie doh in kartz'm fert sin on fendu, mit socha aenich ebbes fon oc

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Herein lies the tragedy of the age: not that men are poor—all men know something of poverty; not that men are wicked—who is good? Not that men are ignorant—what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of men. DuBois.

TERROR AND DESTRUCTION FOR JAPAN

Superfortresses flew over Kobe yesterday to drop a record load of incendiary bombs and to carry out the program of punishment for Japan that was outlined and begun over Tokio a little more than a week ago.

Thus Kobe became the fourth large city of Japan to be attacked under this program, the others in order having been Tokio, Nagoya and Osaka. If the program contemplates annihilation of Jap cities in the order of their size and military importance, then Yokohama is next inasmuch as it ranks with the first four to make the five largest cities in Japan.

The important point is that the United States now has planes and the bases from which to operate against the Japanese and a satisfactory program has been developed. Today the long-range Superfortresses are available in increasing numbers in the Pacific. Bases have been established in the Mariana islands and on the mainland of China. In short order it is almost certain that bases will be employed on Iwo Jima. So bombers can make an increased number of missions before being worn out or lost. Best of all, casualties among our Air Force will be reduced in numbers.

As to the Japs, the threat of fire is the most terrible thing that is offered by these raids. Ever since the beginning of the war Americans returned from Japan have said that attack by fire would prove more effective than attack by explosives. James R. Young, the famous newspaperman in the course of a recent lecture in this city, said that the Japs fear nothing so much as fire and that they evidence it by the fact that the only capital crime in Japan other than murder is arson.

So the fire program has been adopted for the attack upon Japan and already four cities have been almost burned out proving that the Japs, in spite of attempts to modernize their cities and in spite of their frantic demolitions since the war began, have not been able to eliminate the fire hazard. To add to their worries a particularly effective fire bomb has been devised. This is reported to be a huge shell, containing an "aimable cluster" of 6-lb. fire bombs. At a set altitude, after having been dropped by a plane, the cluster opens and the little bombs are released. Each bomb is filled with a so-called "jellied" gasoline and when the bomb explodes burning gasoline is spattered around an area with radius of 90 feet. Being a jellied gasoline, the fires set are very difficult to extinguish.

With four cities already burned over in large part and more to follow, and with completion of the earliest jobs assured at an early day, it is a matter for no wonder that the Jap premier yesterday reported "the fate of the Empire at stake." And it is a matter of no surprise to read the story of a Russian newspaperman, as reported to his newspaper in Moscow, to the effect that millions of people in Japan's most populous cities are in panic. Vast areas have been burned over, housing is gone, and homeless mobs have been ordered out of the cities altho there is no way for them to escape, the transportation services having also been burned out.

For three years the Japs had things pretty well their own way and they probably felt very secure. But now a people that rejoiced as their men folk in the army killed millions of Chinese and perpetrated such shame as the rape of Nanking, the burning alive of Filipinos and many other evil deeds are having the war brought direct to their doors. It is a long road that has no turning, as the Japs now are learning after three years of walkaway on a straight road, as they thought, to victory.

"PAPA IS ALL" AT LONG LAST

When the curtain rings down tonight in the Civic Little Theatre the 38th consecutive performance of "Papa is All" will have come to an end and the longest run for any entertainment will have been completed.

Without any doubt the show could go on, just as it has been going on for weeks since the original arrangement was made for a three-night run. Without a doubt many folks would like to see the production but have not been able to do so as yet even tho more than a month of opportunity has been provided.

But there is a limit to human endurance. The women and men of the cast are flesh and blood. They have various occupations and the stage is merely their hobby. It is safe to say that not one person would have accepted a role months ago had it been known that the show would go on for almost eight weeks. That is taking a very big chunk out of any one's life except it be the life of a professional actor.

The Civic Little Theatre has achieved its most signal popularity and success thru this production. As an organization it has gathered to itself during the years the thanks of the community for bringing so much good entertainment to this city. The cast which presented "Papa is All" deserves the especial thanks of the community for yielding to insistent demands, week after week, for continuation of the production. It was done only thru great personal sacrifices on the part of probably every member of the company.

DESERVED HONOR FOR MR. BAUM

The several thousand persons who in the course of the past decade and a half have come under the tutelage and direct artistic influence of Walter Emerson Baum, head of the art movement in the Lehigh Valley, will be pleased to learn that during the current week he was made an associate of the National Academy of Design—an honor accorded to a very limited number of American artists as is indicated by the fact that this year only three persons were so chosen.

It may be said that this honor is one of the most coveted in the American field of painting and also that it has come to Mr. Baum only after years of hard climb on his part up the ladder of American fame.

There are no honors cut out for an even greater achievement on Mr. Baum's part than his painting of outstanding pictures. We refer to the fact that thru his personality a very significant art movement and school of painting have been built up in this Lehigh Valley and that thru it, the lives of thousands of people have been affected favorably and beautifully.

Love for and appreciation of the fine arts have been enhanced thruout the community by the influence of the many students who have come under his tutelage at some time or other or who continue in the pursuit of a healthy, wholesome cultural pursuit.

The Lehigh Valley has admired Walter Emerson Baum as a great painter. But it loves him more deeply because he is a great teacher and a sincere friend.

Corrupt Political Elections

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 16.—Although the Senate committee investigating campaign expenditures wrote a 250-page report, it did not put its finger on the real reason why American political elections are corrupt.

That reason is the failure of the prosecuting arm of the government to enforce the law against members of its own political party.

So long as the Department of Justice is responsible to a successful candidate for the presidency, no questions will ever be pursued which touch the supporters of that candidacy.

The Senate committee has reported, for instance, that existing statutes are construed by the Department of Justice to mean that labor unions are banned from making contributions during a campaign but that they can expend out of their treasuries any amounts they please which have been accumulated before a campaign or during a campaign. A fine distinction is being drawn by the Department of Justice between "contributions" and "expenditures," something that somehow never emerged until labor unions wanted to spend their dues to carry on political campaigns.

Yet the Congress, in the Smith-Connally law, specifically added labor unions to the scope of the Federal Corrupt Practices act, putting them on a parity with corporations and banks. Does anyone believe that if the corporations in the last campaign had spent out of their treasuries money to advance the candidacy of a Republican and there had been no ban on labor union contributions, the Department of Justice would have found no basis for a prosecution?

The answer is that corporations know the laws will be enforced against them and it is doubtful whether any such expenditures were made by them. Individuals prominent in business did contribute, as the law permits, out of their own pockets.

The Department of Justice ought to be made a separate and independent agency of the government, just as is the office of the comptroller general, where the executive in charge is appointed for a term of 15 years and is subject to removal only by Congress.

The Department of Justice is related to the judicial branch of the government, which, under the original concept of the Constitution, was to have been independent of the executive or legislative branches. Law enforcement, broadly speaking, is a presidential function, to be sure, but Congress may by statute delegate to commissions or boards or departments special enforcement tasks. Thus, while the general public may not realize it, all the law enforcement activities of the federal government have not by any means been vested by Congress in the Department of Justice. Even detective agencies exist in other departments because of a desire to have a staff familiar with the enforcement problems related to particular laws.

There is no reason, therefore, why Congress should not entrust to a special agency responsible only to the legislative branch of the government or else to the courts the task of enforcing laws relating to elections and campaign expenditures.

There would be fewer violations of law and fewer quibbles and circumventions if the political parties and groups knew that the election laws would really be enforced. Often, too, because it is not politically desirable to proceed against the supporters of the party in power, the opposition party likewise derives a certain immunity.

It certainly is ironical to see the American government attempting to advise liberated countries in Europe how to handle so-called free elections when the election laws of the United States are so flagrantly flouted.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

REPORT ON CURFEW

A lady writes me from Cincinnati complaining that I am all wet about the curfew. She believes that it is a good thing. And she complains that New York is not the United States and that the curfew is all right for the United States even if not for New York. As I wandered about this town one morning this week, I wondered how many Cincinnati boys were being rolled and robbed and degraded by curfloozies under the gentle ministrations of Wazir Byrnes and Mayor LaGuardia.

New Style Speakeasy

In a word, I am not concerned about New Yorkers. Few of them ever saw the inside of the famed night clubs; fewer still will ever see the new style speakeasy which exists principally to rob our boys on furlough who come to the big playground for relaxation and fun. Nobody has yet discovered a formula for legislating fun out of existence nor for making it conform to the proprieties of Little Lord Fauntleroy. It did not take a fortnight for the corrupt of this town to discover ways and means of catering to fun in every form of debasement. The night club had the virtue of an open door and plenty of electic lights. The new style "speak" may be some girl's two-by-four so-called apartment where the boy in uniform is fed hooch. Object is robbery, pure and simple.

The Grand Wazir, Mr. Byrnes, may never in all his life have had a drink too many. He may never, even in the confines of friendly company, have spoken a word too many. He may be a paragon of perfection, a master of virtue, sure of himself under the worst of circumstances. But it just is not like that with the boys who bring their savings to the big town and are thrown out on their collective ears at midnight from every respectable place. They come here to make a night of it and they will make a night of it even if that breaches the curfew. What one sees on the streets here after midnight in many parts of the city is sickening.

No Coal Saved

And no coal is saved. The morale of nobody is heightened. It is all a lie—a horrible, ugly, miserable lie thought out by some dull mind that does not understand that the "escape" of fun is essential in wartime and will be pursued, come what may, by those who give most to the war itself. It is only those who are most strained by the actualities of war who need the safety valve of busting loose.

It is true that this would be a sweeter world if all our boys went to the USO centers or to some place where only soft drink is served—with no rum in it. It would be a more moral world if they always went home to mother. But let us be honest and sane about this. I say to those who will not face facts that they come here and see for themselves—hundreds of thousands of boys and girls from every city in the United States and Canada and many from abroad, who walk the streets looking for fun and finding only the painted lady, the thieving tout, the hotel bellboy who can supply what is wanted at any hour anywhere. Face that reality. It exists here and I am sure in every large city. It did not exist in its present wickedness and unreasoned intensity a fortnight ago.

There are those who say that in time the curfew will become an acknowledged condition and that everybody will become accustomed to it. Well, I don't believe it. In time, its horrors will cease to be first-page news. The speakeasy owners and the police will have made their arrangements. The gangsters will move in on the picture to take the toll not only in money but in decent human lives—and under present circumstances, in lives that have been consecrated to their country. Illegitimate liquor will be manufactured and sold. Let no one mistake this curse—the curfew tolls the knell of decent fun in this big city.

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Construction of an underground railroad system in Havana to cost $200,000,000 distributed over a 10-year period has been proposed to meet that city's acute traffic problem.

Mahogany stands remaining in British Honduras are now in less accessible areas, and it will be some years before that government's reforestation program will begin to show results.

Cuba's embargo on shipments of cattle has been modified to permit the dispatch of 300 head monthly to Guadeloupe and Martinique, and tax exemption has been granted all shipments.



REGEWETTER

Regewetter,
Liewi Zeit,
Schun e Woch lang
Un aa heit!

'S is wahrhaftig
Nimmeh schee—
'S geht mer als
Dorch Mark un Bee!

Doch, was batt's dann
Wann mer brummt?
'S beschte is,
Mer nemmt's, wie's kummt.

'S plagt eem aa
Kee Hitz, kee Schtaab—
Frisch un grien
Is alles Laab.

Werd der Himmel
Widder bloo,
Dann is jedes
Doppelt froh!

—SO SACHE. G'schichtelcher un Gedichteicher von LINA SOMMER. Heidelberg, 1929.

The above verses by the well-known Palatine poetess Lina Sommer are indicative of the close resemblance of our Pennsylvania German dialect to that of the mother dialect in the Palatinate.

Where Did It Happen?

Several years ago we read the following anecdote from the life of the Rev. C. F. Heyer, the famous Lutheran missionary, more commonly known as Father Heyer. Since that time it has been quoted in various books and periodicals. It is an interesting commentary on people and what they look for in their pastors.

"In 1817 Heyer stopped in Lehigh County to preach trial sermons in the congregations just vacated by the Rev. Mr. Heine. Two of the congregations voted for him and two for the other candidate, the Rev. Mr. Trumbauer, whereupon both withdrew as candidates. In the Macungie congregation he was defeated because the people objected to a preacher who had studied abroad, wore long hair parted in the middle after the manner of German university students, and as they believed forgot his text until he had reached almost the middle of his sermon, because he announced and recited it only after a lengthy introduction."—This is the most complete account of the incident we have found and is quoted from Drach-Kuder, **The Telegu Mission**, p. 26.

Since that time we have discovered a number of variations, especially as to place. In W. A. Lambert, **Life and Times of Father Heyer**, it becomes "Lehigh County (Macungie)". In E. T. Bachman, **They Called Him Father**, it is "in Macungie, Lehigh County" and in the Teachers book in the Christian Life Course, Grade VIII, Part 4, written by Dean Conrad Seegers, it has become "in the Pennsylvania Dutch village of Macungie."

The question seems to be, where did it happen? The difficulty is that there has been a confusion between a large area named Macungie and what is today the town of Macungie. As early as 1750 we hear of a "Macunshey" congregation, and by 1783 the Ministerium of Pennsylvania was divided into five districts, one of which was the Macungie district comprising Macungie, Indianfield, Moselem, Greenwich, Allentown, New Germantown, and New Hanover. In 1801 we find Macungie referred to in connection with Easton, Saucon, Whitehead, Moselem and Weissenberg. The term Macungie as it was used in reference to this anecdote must have reference to an area including at least the present Upper and Lower Macungie townships. It cannot refer to the town of Macungie for there was no church there before 1841, and then again it was not called Macungie until 1875. Before that time it was known as Millerstown, or Millerschtedtel.

But where did this incident take place? The History of the Allentown Conference reveals that the Rev. Mr. Heine, referred to as the former pastor, served Zion (Zionsville), Jerusalem, (Western Salisbury), St. Paul's (Blue Church), and Zion (Lehigh) from 1809 to 1817. So it must have been one of these churches. We would suggest Zion (Lehigh) for this church is referred to as the "Macungie" church in Benjamin Trexler's book **Skizzen aus dem Lecha Thale**, Allentown, Pa., 1880-86, a book which in its entirety is trustworthy. And Zion (Lehigh) is in Lower Macungie township.

Macungie, Pa. —JESSE B. RENNINGER

Bethany Day in Philadelphia

The day was Washington's birthday, 1945. The scene was the huge auditorium of one of Philadelphia's largest department stores. Nearly one thousand people had assembled, mostly women. The occasion was a special event for the store, for Bethany, and for the many who attended the gathering. For it was a combination of a fashion show with chic models parading in the latest gowns and an entertainment by the young folks of Bethany Orphans Home in Womelsdorf, Pa. Paris, Fifth Avenue, Power models, preachers, tots, cornets, clarinets, housewives, churchworkers and a lecture on the Pennsylvania Dutch by Mrs. Donald Hellfrich of Ursinus College—a program of somewhat motley diversity, but serving a useful purpose.

The performance of the young people of Bethany, the parade of the models and the pleas of the Rev. Ray S. Vandevers, Superintendent of the Home, were interspersed throughout a program of three hours. The Superintendent pleaded for funds to complete the renovation of the large dining-hall at the orphanage. It may have seemed a bit incongruous to hear pleas for a few dollars to provide a new wainscoating while mannequins strutted in gowns that cost more than the sum pleaded for. However, there was every evidence that the pleas were being heeded. To this observer it appeared that here a balance was being struck between the things of the spirit and those material. Of this we are certain: the faces of the orphans were brighter, happier and healthier than those of their fellow performers.

Mrs. Hellfrich spoke for nearly an hour about the history and the cultural backgrounds of the "Pennsylvania Dutch." The entire stage was decorated with Pennsylvania German fraktur designs, pottery, quilts and other pieces illustrating Pennsylvania German folkart. This setting provided a somewhat unusual back-drop for the mannequins showing the latest bathing costumes and the rest of the things which pass for style in 1945.

Fifty years from now the objects used as stage props in this performance will still be beautiful, but the gowns and the bathing-suits and the hair-do's will be objects for burlesques. A thing of beauty is a joy forever!

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

TO OUR READERS

With the next issue of the ECK we celebrate its tenth anniversary. The first number appeared in the Allentown Morning Call on March 23, 1935.—We should be grateful to our readers scattered throughout many states for some expression of what the Eck has meant to them during these years. At the same time we shall welcome suggestions for its improvement and greater usefulness.—ED.

Die Schule Vun Geschter

Do edliche Daage zerick bin ich mol gange eens vun unsere modern Schule en karzer Bsuch zu mache. Ich hab die Erlaabnis vum Principal grickt far in yedi Klasscht ubb geh un die teachers un ihre Schieler an der Aerwet zu sehne. Weil ich gut bekannt bin mit em Principal, hot er mir gaern die Erlaabnis gewwe.

Die Schul iss imme Gebei vun zwansich Schtubbe, en gross Gebei. Inwennich iss alles eigericht far de Kinner all der Vergniege beizuschaffe, das sie verlange kenne. Die Schteege un die halls sin sauwer un gut geleicht. Do sin ken dunkle Ecke. An der Wand henke scheene Bilder vun unsere grosse Staatsmenner. Uff yederm floor sin drinking fountains, wu die Kinner alle Zeit en frischer Drunk griege kenne. Awwer ihr wisst yo all, wie schee un gross die Schulgebeier heitzudaage sin. Mer wisse all wie gut g'sorgt waerd far die Yunge. Die heitiche Zuschtende losse nix zu winsche. Un so sott's aa sei in unserm Yohrhunnert.

Zwische de Schule heit un de Schule sechzich Yohr zerick iss ken Vergleiche. Des wisst ihr wuil aa. Die yunge Leit wisse 's zwaar net, awwer ihr vun meim Alter schtimmt ei mit mir.

Unser Land iss noch fascht en gans neies Land un besonders die Gegend vun wu ich haerkumm. Unser Voreltre hen noch die aerschte Eiwuhner gekennt. Oft hawwich die Grossmudder heere schwetze vun de aerschte Eiwuhner die vun Baerricks un Lecha kumme sin un hen sich en g'siwweleisdi Nochberschaft aus der Wilderniss gemacht. In meine yunge Daage waare die Felder noch voll Schtumbe un mannicher Fluch iss iwwer die Zung gerollt, wann als der Blug die Warzle g'fange hot.

Die aerschte Gebeier waare Blockheiser un Blochscheiere. Do howwe bei uns hen die Leit vun 1811 bis 1871 Gott innere Blockkaerrich gedient. En alt Blockschulhaus hot newedraa g'schtanne. Eener vun de aerschte Eiwuhner hot Land gewwe far Kaerrich un Schul. Des waar der Fall in viel Gegende.

Eb ich uff die Welt kumme bin, waar's schunn verbei mit Blockgebeier. Die alt Blockkaerrich hen sie abgerisse un hen sie verkaaft. Mei Vadder hot vum lumber kaaft un hot en langi porch an unser Haus gebaut. Mit Deel vum Holz hot er en glee Heisli gebaut mit me Stiz, das zwee runde Lecher drin g'hatt hot.

Es Schulhaus iss aa abgerisse warre im Laaf der Zeit. Es hot nimmi in die Zeite gebasst. Die eltere Kinner in unsere Familie sin noch in sellem Gebei gelaernt warre. Schpeeter iss en schee nei zweeschteckich frame Schulhaus weiter die Schtross nuff gebaut warre. Der unnersch floor waar far die primary Schul, un der zwett floor waar gezaehlt far die Hochschul. So hen mer schunn frieh in de 80's en Hochschul ee Schtock hoch g'hatt. Wie ich hab aafange in die Schul geh, do waar schunn en scheeni backaschteeniche Kaerrich, wu die alt Blockkaerrich g'schtanne hot, awwer wu 's alt Schulhaus waar, dart waar nix meh as wie alte Bleck, die far nix meh waare al wie far Brennhols.

In de aerschte Yohre waar yuscht die Schtubb uff em aerschte floor in use, weil mer noch net hoch genunk g'schtiege waare far in die Hochschul. Schpeeter sin mer awwer owwenuff kumme. In sellere Schul hen mer viel gelaernt, ya, aa viel was mer net schwetze un schreiwe kann. In de meenschte Hiesichte hot uns die Schul net gut aag'schtanne. Oft hen mer gewinscht, wann doch yuscht des verflucht alt Wese abbrenne daet. Mol ee Daag hot waerklich 's Offerohr uns en lang gewinscht Feier verursacht. Mit grosse Freede sin mer die Schteeg nunner. Awwer mer waare kaum drunne, simmer schunn widder zerickgerufe warre—es Feier waar schunn aus. Karz waar unser Glick! Un 's alt Wese schteht noch bis uff der heitich Daag.

Die menschte yunge Leit hen die Schule veracht. 'S Laerne waar uns en grossi Schwierichkeit. Viel sin aus der Schul gange un an die Aerwet uff die Bauereie odder noch de Kohle-mines. Mer hen oft gewinscht der Deiwel daet der teacher samte Schuh, Schtrimp, Hemm un Hosse lewendich hole. Mer hen ihn far en rechter Heichler g'halte. Ich will awwer g'schteh, dass mer en raubaschdichi set waare. Mol ee Dawg hot er g'saat, dass drei vun uns, ich, eener Charley —, un noch en annerer Charley —, darte in der county jail g'henkt warre eb mer zwansich Yohr alt waere. Oft hawwich gedraamt, es waer en Schtrick un mei Hals, un wann's Bett gegreckst hot, hawwich gemeent, es waer mei Halsgnick. Die zwee Charleys sin nau schunn lang unnerm Waasem un ich bin noch net an der Galge g'henkt. Unner de Buwe iss der teacher en mischticher Greizdunnerwetter g'heesse warre. Es Graas wachst nau aa schunn uff seim Graab. Wann er der Schlof der Gerechte schloft, dann vergunn ich 's ihm net. Genunk dass er uns nimmi g'waele kann!

Vun de Erichtunge im Schulhaus waar net viel zu saage. Es waare Sitzbletz far baut sechsundreissich. En Kohleoffe hot in der Mitt g'schtanne. Draus im Gang waar en Bank mit me Wassereemer un en Schepp-bowl. En Handduch hot amme Naggel newedraa g'hanke. Es Handduch iss als eemol 's Yohr gewesche warre. Wesche waar net viel notwennich—mer hen der los Dreck an die Hosse abbutze kenne un sell waar genunk.

Unser Middaagbrot hemmer als an unsere Sitzbletz gesse. Unser Kessel hen als viel Gutes g'halte; Budderbrot pie, Kuche, un zu Zeite, en gut Schtick Brotwarscht gewarzt mit Gnowwlich.

Um unser Schulgrund waar en sechs-Fusz hochi board fence, so wie die Bauere um ihre Scheierheef hen far ihre Rindsvieh drinhalte. In eens vun de Ecke hot en glee Heisli g'chtanne. Schpeeter waare zwee so Heiser, eens far die Maed un eens far die Buwe.

Balle schpiele, rounders, waar als unser beschti Zeitvertreib. Alsemol hemmer Nimb g'schpielt. Awwer Nips schpiele hot als zu viel Fenschderscheiwe gekoscht un so iss es als schtreng verbotte warre.

Mei Elend hot als maeryels aag'fange so g'schwind, dass ich ausschtaerte hab wolle far noch der Schul geh. So g'schwind dass ich mei Kessel genumme hab, hot mei Mutter un die Schweschtere g'frogt, "Hoscht du dich sauwer gewesche? Gewiss aa wider net?" Ich hab gaar net verschtich kenne, ferwas mer so schee uffgebutzt sei muss far in die Schul geh. Es Wesche waar mer als en schwer Greiz un ich hab mich devun g'halte so viel dass ich hab kenne. Wann ich mei Kessel greife hab kenne un ausfliege, dann hawwich; un wann ich so weit geh hab kenne wie's Welschkaernheisel dann waar ich sicher. Dann hawwich der schteenich Hiwwel nuff geh kenne un naus uff die township Schtross darrich die Drecklecher un alles was im Weg waar.

Ferwas denkt ihr, waar's Wesche so hesslich? Die Badschtubbe waare net wie sie heit sin. Unseri waar drauss unnerm blooe Himmel. Do waare ken taps mit heess un kalt Wasser. Unser Wescheirichtung waar 'n alti Bump mit me schwere eisner Schwengel, das Mannskrefte genumme hot far wennich Wasser rauslocke. Im Freie schteht die Wasserbank mit 're blechne Weschschissel un en gross Schtick Rassemseef. So waar's im Summer un im Wnter un darrich alle Wetter.

Unser Schulhaus hot alle Yohr ee Reinichung grickt. Un des iss als am letsche Schuldaag geduh warre. An dem Daag iss en grosser eisner Kessel voll Wasser g'hitzt warre. Vun zehe Uhr iss nix meh geduh warre als wie auswesche. Eb mer haemgange sin, hen mer als alte grudges g'settled. Noh sin mer als naus in die Schtross un hen Schimpfnaame noch em teacher gerufe. Mer hen gut gewisst, dass er uns nimmi fange hot kenne un mer hen immer der risk genumme. dass verleicht en annerer Mann der teacher sei meecht im September. Iss awwer der alt Harnesel widder im Schpotyohr zerickkumme, dann hemmer schur graad laafe misse.

Wann mer an die alte Zeite zerickdenkt, dann muss mer sich wunnere, dass die Leit so viel Laerning grickt hen, wie sie ewwe hen.

Scranton, Pa. —William F. Yoder.

VUN AERWET

Deel runsle yuscht ihre Naes
Iwwer Schaffleit. 'Ss iss net schee,
Dann, wann mol niemand schaffe dutt,
Bleibt alles vun selwer schteh.

Sie gleiche kee Geruch vun Schwitz,
Kee G'schicht, was dreckich iss;
Sie sin zu fei far lewe uff
Daere dreckiche Welt, gewiss!

Un noh gebt's widder en annerer,
Der vun Aerwet denkt net viel,
Wu mer net fei gedresst kann sei;
Die sauwer iss sei Ziel.

Un annere widder gucke
Yuscht fer en grosser Loh;
Sie daete liewer verhungere,
As en gleener gucke aa.

Was dreckich un langweilich,
Un was die Hend verschmiert,
Des waerd vun deel Mensche net
Mit Fingerschpitz berihrt.

Doch lang kennt mer net faahre,
Un kaemt net weit hinaus,
Wann's yuscht far sauwere Aerwet waer
Un Feld un Schopp un Haus.

'S iss nimmermehr der job, das zaehlt,
Un nimmermehr das Geld;
Doch was die Aerwet fertich bringt
Un was sie batt die Welt.

En yeder job meent yuscht so viel
As wie en yeder Mann;
As was er vun seim Blut un Schwitz
An sei job wende kann.

Die Welt kummt net weit voraa,
Wann niemand weiter seht,
As wie die Schtunne un der Loh
Vun eem Daags Aerwet geht.

Wer uff die Zukunft schaffe dutt,
Mit Geischt un mit Verschtand,
Der braucht net gucke uff der Loh,
Der schteht in Gottes Hand.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

"DUNNERWEDDER" COMPOUNDS

One of the most colorful features of our Pennsylvania German dialect is the large number of **Dunnerwedder**-compounds. Indeed, these compounds are used so commonly and frequently by many Pennsylvania German speakers that they can hardly be regarded as profanity, but simply as expletives or interjections, without the use of which many speakers would have difficulty in expressing themselves effectively.

Investigation has also revealed that most of the users of these **Dunnerwedder**-compounds employ them without thinking of their literal meaning.

I have heard all of the following (some of them more frequently than others) used by Pennsylvania German speakers: **Himmelgewidderdunnerwedder** (New High German Himmelgewitterdonnerwetter), **Haergottdunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Herrgottdonnerwetter), **Himmelhaergottdunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Himmelherrgottdonnerwetter), **Schdaernhaageldunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Sternhageldonnerwetter), **Himmeldunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Himmeldonnerwetter), **Himmelheilichdunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Himmelheiligdonnerwetter), **Haergotthimmeldunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Herrgotthimmeldonnerwetter), **Greizdunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Kreuzdonnerwetter), **Himmelheilichgreizdunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Himmelheiligkreuzdonnerwetter), **Himmelgreizdunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Himmelkreuzdonnerwetter), **Schdaerndunnerwedder** (N.H.G. Sterndonnerwetter), **Schdaerndunnerwedder noch emol** (N.H.G. Sterndonnerwetter noch einmal).

According to Professor Ernst Christmann, former Director of the Pfaelzische Woerterbuchkanzlei in Kaiserslautern, Germany, the above **Dunnerwedder**-compounds occur also in the dialects spoken in the Rhenish Palatinate.

University of New Hampshire —ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

NOTES

Referring to your inquiries in the ECK for Sept. 30, 1944 about the use of moldy cheese (pencillin!) by the Pennsylvania Germans in the curing of boils and carbuncles, my mother informs me that she knows of onions being used for that purpose, and also she remembers that Grandfather Kiebach used to tell of taking the sap of a pine tree, or "bech" and applying it.

To the list of dialect terms used in the raising of barns given in the ECK for Nov. 18, 1944, can be added "die Elfaahrt," the drive-way in back of the Swiss bank barn that leads into "es Dreschdenn". "Der Vorbau" (forebay or overshoot) is also known as the "Vorschuss" or "Iwwerschuss". This is in use in the lower part of Berks and the upper part of Montgomery.

—Raymond E. Kiebach.

Horoscope

You do not cultivate friends easily because of your serious, reserved nature. You are courageous and ambitious, yet very often unmoved by the attentions and advances of those who seek to be your friends. The vibrations of Jupiter are splendid for success that is thought out carefully. Before you decide to launch a new plan, however, consult a qualified adviser. Be on the alert for suggestions.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, March 17, 1920

The members of Trinity United Evangelical church held a reception to welcome their new pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Woodring.

Former Mayor A. L. Reichenbach was buried from his late home, 118 S. 6th St., after private funeral services.

In a speech before the Current Events club of the Y.W.C.A., Charles Fina, a native of Italy but a resident of this city since boyhood, explained the Adriatic situation.

The sixth anniversary of the founding of the Order of the Eastern Star was observed by Mary Livingston chapter, No. 167, at a banquet at the Hotel Allen.

Fire of unknown origin completely destroyed the four-story brick dwelling at Monterey which formerly housed a hotel and a general store.

The Rev. Morgan A. Peters, pastor of Christ Reformed church, delivered a sermon on the subject "The Church of God" at the noonday Lenten service in Zion Reformed church.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. CHARLES S. KLINE

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kline, wife of Charles S. Kline of Powder Valley, died at 10 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital.

Mrs. Kline was born in Allentown, Aug. 29, 1878, a daughter of the late Tilghman and Jane Seip. She lived at her late residence the last 16 years. She was a member and organist of Salem Evangelical church, Upper Milford.

Surviving are four sons and four daughters, Willard, Richard, both of Allentown; Robert of Bethlehem, Roger, U. S. Navy in the Pacific; Dorothy, wife of Joseph R. Jenkins, Helen Kline and Jean, wife of Edward Kichline, all of Allentown, and Ruth, wife of William Heil, Powder Valley. Also 10 grandchidren, a sister, Mayme, wife of Clyde Steckel, Allentown, and two brothers, Edward Seip of Philadelphia, and Robert Seip, Easton. Two daughters, Frances and Mary, and a son Homer preceded her in death.

Services will be held Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment in Greenwood cemetery.

EDWARD MARX

Edward Marx, formerly a resident of Mauch Chunk, died of a heart attack Monday at his home in Oakland, Susquehanna county. He was 69 years old.

He was a retired Erie railroad employe. Surviving are his wife, Nina Dolittle Marx; five sisters, Mrs. Annie V. Baxter, Binghamton, N. Y.; Mrs. Arthur Schulze, Mrs. Harry Walck, and Mrs. Jennie Hertzog, all of Allentown, and Mrs. Emma Smith, Akron, O.; three brothers, George Marx, East Mauch Chunk; Harry Marx and Frank Marx, both of Allentown.

Funeral services were held in Oakland. Mr. Marx was the son of the late John and Margaret Marx of Allentown.

MRS. LIZZIE A. KAMP

Mrs. Lizzie A. Kamp, widow of Martin Kamp, died early Thursday morning at the Allentown hospital. She was 81 years old and lived at Kempton.

Twice married, her first husband was Levi Steigerwalt, and surviving from that marriage are two children, Eva, wife of Anson W. Stump of Kempton, and Claude Steigerwalt of Reading. Also surviving are a son of the second marriage, William Kamp, with whom she lived, 12 grandchildren, two brothers, Charles Schollenberger of Kempton, John Schollenberger of R. 3, Kempton, and a sister, Mrs. Annie Knepper of Albany.

Rev. C. R. Rahn will officiate at services at 1 p. m. Monday at the Nestor funeral home, Jacksonvile. Burial will be in New Bethel cemetery.

HERBERT F. C. GEHRINGER

Herbert F. C. Gehringer, an employe of the Topton foundry, died yesterday at his home, near Fleetwood.

He was born in Albany township, Berks county, a son of the late David and Katherine, nee Roth, Gehringer. Surviving are his wife, Florence B., nee Strause, Gehringer and the following children: Katherine, wife of John W. Becker, Fleetwood; Mildred, wife of Clarence Frederick, Fleetwood R. 2; Ernest, Fleetwood; Elizabeth, wife of Robert D. Seidel, Fleetwood R. 2; William D., USN overseas; Herbert, Jr. and Leonard R., at home and two grandchildren.

Also surviving are two sisters, Mrs. Addie Schlenker and Mrs. Elsie Kercher, Kutztown and three brothers, Howard, Northmont; Robert, Hamburg and Walter, Krumsville.

He was a member of the Kutztown Aerie, F. O. E.; the Fleetwood Nest of Orioles, the Fleetwood Fire Co. and the P. and R. Relief Assn.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Stump funeral home, Fleetwood, with Revs. W. H. Kline and A. G. Wodring officiating. Interment will be in Zion New Bethel cemetery, Grimville.

DENNIS P. BOCK

Dennis Paul Bock, 8-month-old son of Private and Mrs. Paul (nee Bleiler) Bock, died yesterday at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Bleiler, 37 E. Main St., Kutztown.

Besides the parents and the grandparents at whose home he died, he is also survived by his paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bock of Kutztown R. D.

Private services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the address where he died. Interment in Hope cemetery, Kutztown.

ALDO BRIZZI

Aldo Brizzi, 52, of 828 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, died at 1:30 p. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital. Death resulted from concussion of the brain as a result of head injuries.

A resident of Bethlehem for the past 13 years, Mr. Brizzi was a native of Italy and was formerly employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. The only survivor is a cousin, Mrs. Torella Rayni, where he resided. He was a member of the Italian Democratic club.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday, with services at 9:30 a. m. in Holy Rosary church and interment in SS. Cyrillus and Methodius cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Froh Wons Summer Wert

M'r wolla ow'r bei golly wetta os der Philip Mertz fon drous im Siegfrieds Dahl aw froh is wons mohl widder summer wert, un die shtrossa sin ob gadrick'ld. Da winder darrich hut der Philip sich arrick blessiert dahame im hous hinnich 'm kicha offa, un don un won wor er aw fert noch 'm werthous galoffa fer wenich blauderra mit da boova. Sellie socha worra

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Sow a Thought, and you reap an Act;
Sow an Act, and you reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you reap a Destiny.
Smiles.

THEY DIE THAT WE MAY LIVE

The taking of the island of Iwo Jima cost the U. S. Marines more than 4,000 lives and other casualties made the cost close to 20,000 men. But already the little island is yielding dividends in human life that promise to compensate in time for all the blood that the island has cost the American people.

Up to date more than thirty crews of B-29 planes escaped death by being able to land upon Iwo Jima instead of falling into the ocean. Apart from the saving of many millions of dollars worth of valuable fighting equipment was the saving of eleven men every time a plane was saved. So more than three hundred men have been saved up to this time. It can be believed that before the war is over aviators to a number greater than the Marines' losses by death—4139—will find Iwo Jima a haven in their distress.

From this story a moral can be drawn as to the entire war. The people of the United States properly deplore the losses of life in the conduct of the war and in any separate episodes thereof. At the time of these episodes the cost appears to be so terrible and it is terrible for those who are the immediate sufferers. But all these men have died or they have been injured in order that others may live and that others may escape injury. The entire story of the war will be one great example of the same principle.

PATTON'S ARMY OVER THE RHINE

And now the Third American Army is across the Rhine and despite all the notice given to the Germans that they were coming, the Americans appear to have crossed the river 10 miles south of Mainz without being discovered even though the movement of thousands of men could be expected to create quite some commotion. Not a shot had to be fired and not a man was lost, according to the report which has come from the front.

The successful crossing undoubtedly was due to the fact that two German armies which had been west of the Rhine in the Saarland have been almost completely wiped out in recent days. These two armies of about 100,000 men undoubtedly had been counted on to cross the Rhine when the Americans approached and then defend the right bank from invasion. But in recent days the pursuit of the defending Germans has been so hot that they apparently could not get over the Rhine in time and virtually all are in prison pens. In the meantime the Germans were unable to bring up reserves to defend the eastern shores of the big river.

So two great forces of Americans now are on the eastern side of the Rhine. General Patton's group is only 265 miles from Berlin, which is the yardstick used by the soldiers in action to gauge their advance. Other armies may be crossing the Rhine at this very moment. If so, the Germans will not be disappointed inasmuch as their radio commentators have been anticipating such moves, especially in the North where General Montgomery in recent days has been working back of a smoke-screen said to be 65 miles in length from north to south.

The month of April promises to see the greatest amount of motion on the battlefields that this war has known up to this time. Every Allied Army already is moving vigorously against the Germans or promises to do so very soon.

"On to Berlin" has come to be more meaningful to the American soldiers after they have crossed the Rhine. The slogan has so stirred them that many of them now believe they have a good chance of beating the Russians to that city. And how they would like to do just that!

JAPS' LAST STAND ON MAINLAND

Revelation in recent days that Japan lost more than 10,000 planes during the past six months brings two emotions: Satisfaction that our men are doing very well and surprise that the Japs have so many planes to knock out of the skies.

The latter emotion ties in with reports that Japanese industry is far better organized than any one had believed and also that industry has been established largely in Korea, Manchuria and China, close to the sources of raw materials.

Writing in the current Magazine Digest Willard Price declares that mainland Japan with its Kwantung army is more dangerous than island Japan and is going to take longer to be defeated and destroyed. He believes that Nippon's only hope of victory lies in the Jap industries that have been transferred to and developed on the mainland.

Though continental Japan and island Japan revere the same emperor, they are ruled by two distinct political powers, points out Price. The Kwantung Army gives orders to Tokyo because it contains the cream of the Japanese military, among them the Premier, General Koiso.

The Kwantung warlords foresaw the difficulty of bombing the industries of Japan if they were scattered on continental Asia—2,106,000 square miles, not including Formosa, the Philippines and the Indies, as compared to island Japan's 147,610 square miles.

Two other reasons for the transfer were: The industries would be nearer to Asia's rich sources of raw materials; the factories could be worked by cheaper labor.

In Korea alone there is a wealth of coal, iron, magnesium, aluminum, lead, mercury and gold. Its rivers, when properly harnessed, can produce as much power per capita as we have here in the U. S. Koreans, 25 million slaves under Jap rule, are paid one-third the wage Japanese laborers receive and are just as competent. Industrial output of Korea is doubled every two years. A gigantic building program of ships, airplanes, electric dynamos and explosives has been in progress. Harbors and railroads are being improved.

In Manchuria, besides the arsenal of raw materials, is a new dam bigger than Grand Coulee or Hoover. Its railroad system is geared to war so that supplies can be rushed to any point on the border. Enslaved labor is 43 million.

In China the Japanese have seized 400,000 square miles including huge industrial resources. Northwest of Peiping is the largest deposit of iron ore in East Asia. The Chinese labor pool consists of some 150 million.

According to Price, there are 1,000,000 men under arms inside island Japan and 4,000,000 outside of it. Tokyo is not our final goal but only a stop-over on the way to Korea and Manchuria. Nor could we leave continental Japan to China and the Soviet to defeat. Exhausted, they might be forced to accept a compromise peace with the Kwantung Army, warns Price, thus permitting the growth of far more deadly Asiatic Japan than island Japan has ever been.

Curfew and Prohibition

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Is the "National Curfew" crusade the beginning of another national "Prohibition" movement, and will the soldiers of World War II come home to find their personal liberties infringed upon as happened to their fathers after World War I?

This is a pertinent question because of the mystery that envelops the sudden demand for 12 o'clock closings of night clubs and similar establishments throughout the Nation on the ground that this is necessary "to help the war effort." Memories are short, but prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors by amendment to the federal Constitution started in precisely the same way during the first world war.

At that time the government announced that it needed certain ingredients used in the making of beer and that hence its alcoholic content had to be reduced. But the conservation of malt and rye was relatively unimportant. What was significant was the ease with which the change was effected through the simple issuance of a wartime regulation on the use of materials allegedly needed in the war effort. Advocates of prohibition were promptly encouraged and they influenced state after state to ratify the Prohibition amendment, so that when the soldiers came back home many said they felt "something had been put over on them."

Is It Change of Heart?

Has the country experienced a change of heart about "Prohibition" and is the time ripe for another "Dry" movement to take hold? The readiness with which the National Curfew is accepted is surprising—without so much as a Congressional investigation to find out the facts as to just what energy or materials are being saved for the war effort by a one or two-hour curtailment or what damage is being done to the Nation's morals by bringing in bootlegging and after-midnight carousing in private apartments and speakeasies.

This correspondent can take an impartial position in the matter because he favored the Eighteenth amendment and opposed its repeal. But anyone who reported the ups and downs of that Nationwide controversy for nearly 15 years could not fail to observe that the merits or morals of drinking intoxicants became obscured in the larger question of crime and bootlegging and the failure of local law enforcement agencies to enforce a law against which public sentiment was so strong.

Today the federal government, possessed of war time powers, is going from the frying pan into the fire. Without taking into account local conditions, it imposes a uniform curfew. It does not consult the local authorities. Then when one city balks, the federal government, almost in pique, takes it out on the service men and orders them not to frequent drinking places after midnight.

Now if there is one thing that a service man thinks he is entitled to, it is to use his furlough or leave-time as he pleases. Military police are present in most big cities to take care of disorder but not to instruct service men on the use of their leave. If it is proper for a soldier to drink before midnight, it is proper for him to do so after midnight. It is no business of the War or Navy departments except when he is on duty or returns to duty in an intoxicated condition.

If it be within the power of the War and Navy departments to keep soldiers out of all restaurants that serve liquor after midnight, it is within the power of the authorities also to keep them out of private apartment houses, clubs and even private homes where liquor may be served. This invasion of the private rights of the soldier in World War II may be scoffed at by the government-inspired editorials in newspapers published by the armed services abroad, but when the troops get back and understand what is happening they will not regard it as just a bit of home-front irritation over a war time inconvenience. They will see the infringement in its true light.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

GOVERNMENT BY REQUEST

The basic theory of the American political system is that this is a government of laws, not of men. All persons are equal before the law, the rich, the poor, the mighty, the lowly, those in office or just plain citizens minding their own business. The American Constitution devotes itself to placing limitations upon the government rather than upon the citizens. The Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments, imposes prohibitions upon the authority of the government and defends the freedoms of the individual.

The powers of American officials, federal and state, are always limited. There can be no legitimate despot in the United States in time of war or in time of peace. The Green Bay, Wisconsin, Press-Gazette, referring to an article of mine, says:

"The American people simply do not understand war as do the people of Europe. War and tyranny are the oldest of pals. A successful war is virtually unknown without the creation of a dictatorship, and this is especially true with a war long drawn out, bitter, bloody and agonizing and whose demands upon the people are therefore constant, unpleasant and distasteful."

European Idea of War

It is to be hoped that the American people never understand war as Europeans do if war is to mean dictatorship and tyranny. This country has been in many wars, including the War between the States which lasted long and took its toll of dead, but this country did not suffer dictatorship or tyranny. Great Britain has been in many prolonged wars without succumbing to dictatorship or tyranny. It is the genius of the Anglo-Saxon peoples to win wars without losing their liberties. If other peoples require dictatorships to handle national emergencies, that is their misfortune. There can be no need for us to emulate their miseries.

All of this leads me to a consideration of the new doctrine of government by request which has developed in Washington during this war. The fact is that Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover and Bernard M. Baruch practised it during the last war with outstanding success. They believed in voluntary popular participation in war-time limitations. For instance, Mr. Hoover called for a voluntary self-abnegation from the consumption of sugar and left it to the housewives and neighbors to enforce the law by social rather than legal pressures. It was a successful operation. Mr. Baruch called together those actually engaged in the production of a commodity, set the problem before them and they worked out the limitations within the industry. It was a successful request, because it was based upon mutual confidence: the Administration trusted the producers; the producers trusted the Administration.

Policing by Bureaucracies

In this war, an effort has been made to police the American people through governmental agencies, often called bureaucracies, which formulated regulations and penalties. Many of these regulations have been irksome and impractical and often disregarded special local problems. The result is an astonishingly large Black Market and a resistance to governmental requests. Mr. Byrnes meets precisely that spirit in New York in relation to his curfew. Not only has the speakeasy returned but the Mayor who has usually supported Washington wholeheartedly was forced by circumstances, all on his own, to postpone the curfew for an hour.

Had Washington appealed to the people, explaining precisely what the purpose of the curfew is, most New Yorkers, whose children and relatives are in the war, would have done their best. But they ignored two special conditions of life in this city: one, the large employment of night workers—probably as high as half a million men and women; two, the fact that this city is the largest playground for soldiers, sailors, marines and all sorts of war workers who come here for relaxation, preferably at night, but who have no homes in this city. It would have been simpler if New York were declared out of bounds than to impose the curfew which places burdens impossible to solve upon the police and the transportation system. A "request" with teeth in it does not work. A request for voluntary cooperation to accomplish a specific objective always will work among Americans who are not such untrustworthy folks, after all.

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MER SETT NET'S GOLD VERACHTE, WU IN RE ROSCHTICHE SCHISSEL LEIT

AN EDITORIAL

It was exactly ten years ago yesterday that the unusual newspaper feature, "'S Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck", made its appearance in the columns of the Morning Call so that with today's issue the second decade of service to a wide and discriminating field of readers is begun.

Probably no one ten years ago upon the inception of the idea that is the heart of this feature anticipated such a long life for it since it is a well-known fact that newspaper features come and go as public taste and conditions change. There are fashions and eras of fashions in newspapers as well as in all other human affairs.

But Dr. Preston A. Barba, who fulfills the saying that all great institutions are but the elongated shadows of great men, had an idea of perennial merit. That idea has prevailed and has grown in newspaper popularity, in spite of some of the most turbulent conditions of change that have affected the thinking and action of the American people during any period in their history.

When this feature was established it was contended that writings in the Pennsylvania German vernacular are of such character that they are interesting equally to the average reader and the scholar even tho perhaps viewed from a different angle by the two groups. It was the ambition of Dr. Barba and his associates to bring to attention the best of the large mass of Pennsylvania German literature which is preserved as in precious amber—the precious amber in this case being rare, out-of-print volumes that are unknown to most persons and unavailable even to most of those who know that such books were printed at some time or other.

In other words, the sources of such material are not on the easily available shelves of public libraries, but the difficult-of-access private libraries. Morning Call readers have benefitted by Dr. Barba's "know-how" to find these rare books.

But during the years Dr. Barba and his "column" have done something bigger (and better, perhaps, in the light of future criticism) than the preparation of a weekly anthology. We refer to the encouragement which has been given to contemporary writers in the vernacular. There has been stimulation for the inherent creative genius of the Pa. German people. This genius certainly did not die with those who prepared the material that we now consider worthy of inclusion in the anthologies.

Vapid indeed would any culture be which could not adapt itself to the Zeitgeist. Pennsylvania German has proven its virility not alone by its persistence among a vast group of people and amid influences and times that are discouraging to the use of a dialect but thru the development of such creative geniuses as John Birmelin, Lloyd A. Moll, Arthur Graeff and many others whose writings appear from time to time in "Das Eck", as the feature is best known.

So "Das Eck" goes on much like Tennyson's "Brook". It has already rippled its way thru many years' accumulation of the interesting literature of the Pennsylvania Germans. Into it will continue to flow rills from those early springs of inspiration. But as it goes on thru the years it promises still further to tap the fresh, vigorous waters of life of a distinctive people who are conscious of a peculiar heritage. From the blood and sinew and brain of this people has sprung and will continue to spring creative genius in many a folk and fine art. This strain of people has been known for centuries for their possession of this genius. There shall be no hiding of this light under a bushel as long as "Das Eck" continues its encouragement and stimulation to a native, literary art.

PERCY B. RUHE
Editor, The Morning Call

'S ECK YAEHRT SICH

Schunn Zehe Yaahr im deitsche Eck!
Mer meent es kennt net sei.
Die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Leit,
Die gewwe gaar net ei!

Vor hunnert Yaahr do hot mer g'saat,
'S kaemt alles zummen End;
Un 's kaemt die Zeit wu unser Schproch
Aa niemand schwetze kennt.

Un denkt mer so do driwwer noh,
Do muss mer ewwe lache;
Fer sehne wie die deitsche Leit
Yuscht graad so weiter mache.

O ya, des Pennsylvaanisch ECK,
Es hot uns mechtich g'falle;
Un nau, nooch denne Zehe Yaahr,
Do kennt mer schier gaar bralle.

Es hot uns gaar so viel verzaehlt
Vun scheene alde G'schichte,
Vun schwere Zeite, froher G'schpass
Un sonderbaare G'schpichte.

Do bringt der More "Die Kutztown Mail"
Un witzich feine "Schliwwere."
Der Hermany schmeisst um sich rum
Mit scharfe alde Schiwwere.

Der Harbaugh schreibt so wunnerschee
Vum "Schulhaus an de Grick."
Der Wuchter bringt "Der Piwwi" bei
Un singt var lauter Glick.

Der Moll verzaehlt uns ganz genau
Wie's waar "Am Schwarze Baer;"
Net ball hot Eener meh Talent
Un G'schick dezu wie er.

Der "Ewich Yaeger" iss der Graeff,
Der gunnt sich gaar kee Ruh;
Un was er alles zammeyaagt
Der Himmel weess yuscht wu!

Der "Bumpeschwengel," "Booneschtiel"
Un "Hulsbuck" waar'n debei,
Sowohl wie Matz un Livingood
Un Sayre un Butz un Frey.

Un meh wie Dutzend Annre noch,
Die muss mer iwwerhuppe;
Schunscht waer's em Barba doch zu lang
Fer all uff eemol drucke.

Ya, wie der Mann sich bloge muss,
Des kann mer gaar net wisse;
Dass alles schee sich zammeroit,
Net yuscht so anne g'schmisse.

Drum iss des ECK aa weit bekannt
Bei Schreiwer un Schtudente;
Die lese's gaern, vun Woch zu Woch,
Fer was sie laerne kennde.

Was waar des als en Dischbedaat,
Yuscht wee-ich em Buchschtaawiere!
Nau guckt mer ewwe yuscht ins ECK,
Brauch gaar kee Zeit verliere.

Ya, mancher, der iss hoch g'schtudiert,
Hot heit der Doktertitel;
Un wie des ECK ihm g'holfe hot,
Des waer so'n glee Kabittel.

Vor Yaahre hot mer Sume g'saet
Mit Zittere un mit Zaage;
Nau hot mer doch en scheeni Aern,
Des ECK hot Frucht gedraage.

Der Barba hot, vor Zehe Yaahr,
Gemeent er daet's browiere;
Heit muss mer ihm, sowohl wie'm ECK,
Recht haerzlich gratuliere!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

Thanks to our poet laureate for these anniversary verses. The Eck were not the Eck without John Birmelin.

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

The Morning Call has received many congratulatory letters upon the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the ECK. With a pride which we trust is at least pardonable, we take the liberty of printing entirely or in part a number of these letters:

In looking for causes of the great growth of interest in Pennsylvania German culture in recent years, it would be hard to find a more effective one than Dr. Barba's ECK in the Allentown MORNING CALL. Begun as a feature for readers of the Lehigh County region, it soon gained subscribers in many states. Now it is on file in numerous libraries, and its contents are regularly listed in all the scholarly bibliographies that deal with this field. It has a double appeal, being familiar enough to interest us "Deitsche" and sufficiently erudite to interest students of our culture. Needless to say, this double aim is difficult to achieve, and I can think of no other newspaper feature that compares with it.

There seems to be only one fault in the ECK; its size is so long and narrow that it is hard to bind copies together in book form. A shorter but wider ECK would be easier to put on library shelves and easier to consult in years to come. Long may it live!

Sincerely yours,
W. W. WERNER, Chairman,
Department of English Literature.
Pennsylvania State College

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I'm delighted to have a chance to express my appreciation of Dr. Barba's weekly column in the Morning Call. For several years I've been enjoying "'S Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck" regularly, learning from it a great many things I didn't know before the keeping abreast of what is new, as well as old, in Pennsylvania German lore.

I feel that it's a real privilege to be able to turn to the ECK with the knowledge that everything appearing in it can be regarded as accurate, authentic and as complete as possible. May it continue for ten years longer!
Germantown, Pa. ANN HARK.

(Miss Hark is known to many as the authoress of "Hex Marks the Spot" and "The Story of the Pennsylvania Dutch."

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I have nothing to offer but praise for the ECK. My whole family reads and enjoys it. Its wholesome humor is a tonic these days.

And what better way could be found to perpetuate Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch? I have studied many of the languages spoken now and in the past in this country, but know of none which has made a greater contribution to American culture than Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch. Keep up the good work! Yours truly,
Whitinsville, Mass. H. V. WILLIAMS, M. D.

— — — — — — —

I prophesy that in 1999 the Morning Call will be known more intimately than any other newspaper in eastern Pennsylvania; that the students of that day will thumb its pages, and somehow page seven will be the one they will seek, for on it has appeared the chronicle of a people. Nowhere else has anything been done to record for posterity the picture of our vanishing scene.

Lest the prospect of 1899 be too remote to serve as a reward for the present, let me point out too that the ECK is the locomotive which has pulled along the string of cars, which during the past decade have inaugurated a renaissance of interest in the culture of a great people.

To the publisher who has public service as well as profits as his motive such knowledge must prove to be a source of satisfaction. And the editor has the satisfaction of knowing that he lighted a candle ten years ago that has thrown its beams of light into many a darkened nook and has given new lustre to a dim treasure house of literary gems. Is this too flowery? Perhaps so, but some one had to put it that way.

How to improve the ECK? Well, restore the full space as soon as wartime limitations are lifted. Run it oftener. Avoid tiny type. And as for content: Mei Graemmaem hot als die beschte Schnitz un Knepp gemacht. Mol ee Daag hawwich der Deckel uffg'howe iwwerm Koche un der Damp iss rauskumme un die Knepp sin belsich warre. Nooch sellem hawwich mich nimmi bekimmert, wann die Graemmaem Schnitz un Gnepp gekocht hot—die Graemmaem hot's bescht gewisst! Cordially yours,
Philadelphia, Pa. ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

(Dr. Graeff is the author of the widely used "History of Pennsylvania." The John C. Winston Co., Phila. 1944.)

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To my mind Dr. Barba's column in the Saturday Morning Call is the single most important contribution to Pennsylvania German culture today. I can conceive of no more fitting monument to the cause of the Pennsylvania German of today and yesterday than a complete file of "'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck." Dr. Barba's presentation of the work of John Birmelin alone merits orchids, but he has done equally notable work in a dozen fields. I have tried to pay tribute to him in both my books, PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN LITERATURE and PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH STUFF, and I shall gladly seize the occasion to repeat my appreciation whenever the opportunity presents itself. Long live Dr. Barba and the Eck!

Yours very truly,
White Plains, New York. EARL F. ROBACKER, Ph.D.

— — — — — — —

This splendid weekly column of the "Eck" should be read in the homes of every American of German birth and descent, it should also be of great interest to scholars and students for the valuable information it contains.

To me the "Eck" is the deepest source of renewed inspiration that keeps alive the appreciation of the sacrifices, loyalty and great services rendered by our forefathers to our beloved country; the realities of history that makes me realize the true part of the Germanic peoples in the development of what is worth while in American civilization.

NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM (Never a step backward) expresses my best wishes to the publishers and to the editor of the "Eck", Dr. Preston A. Barba, on the occasion of its tenth anniversary. So may it ever be!

Cordially yours,
Philadelphia, Pa. LOUIS H. SCHMIDT,
Hon. President,
The German Society of Pennsylvania, founded in 1764.

— — — — — — —

Since this issue of the ECK has been set up, additional congratulatory letters have continued to arrive, which we hope to offer our readers next week.—Ed.

EN GRUSS AN UNSER LESER

Heit hemmer Gebortsdaag! Heit iss 's ECK Zehe Yaahr alt. Alle Woch, iwwer 500 Mol, iss es ECK zu eich kumme un an der Dier geploppt, un ihr hen g'saat, "Kumm rei, setz dich, du bischt uns willkumm". Un fer sell saagt der Barba eich heit schee Dank. Un er griesst all die Leit wu's ECK gaern lese un abaddich die Leser wu schtols sin uff ihre Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Naame, ihr deitsch Blut un ihre deitche Voreltre, wu iwwer der weit See kumme sin, en nei-i Heemet do zu finne, wu sie in Ruh un Friede ihre Felder bluge kennte, ihr Brot in Freiheit esse, un unnich me freie Himmel ihr'm liewe Gott danke—imme freie Land, wu es ken Keenich gaebt. In sellere haerrliche neie Heemet hen unser Voreltre ihre Kinner uffgezogge, in Freiheit sin ihre Kinnskinner uffgewachse. Frei un schtols hen sie in allem Grieg unnich em Schtaernebanner gege alle Feind mitg'fochte. Sie hen mich als zweehunnert Yohr zerick ihr Vatterland verlosse, awwer ihre Mutterschproch hen sie net vergesse, un ihre alte Sitte un Gebreiche hen sie versucht uffzuhalte. Es hot nadierlich immer so-iche gewwe, un gebt sie aa heit noch, wu sich schemme, dass sie vun de Deitsche herschtamme un dass sie deitsche Naame hen. Wer awwer sei eege Blut un sei eegne Eltre verlegelt, iss en aerbaermlichi un bedeierlichi Kreadur! Ei, es schteht yo schunn in sellre alde Biwel, as unser Voreltre iwwer der See mitgebrocht hen—dart kennt ihr's far eich selwer lese: DU SOLLST DEINEN VATER UND DEINE MUTTER EHREN, AUF DASS DU LANGE LEBEST IM LANDE, DAS DIR DER HERR, DEIN GOTT, GIBT.—

Ya, mir Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche breiche uns net zu schemme. Mir hen all schtols zu sei, un alle Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche, wu der Naame waert sin, sin aa schtols, dass sie Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche sin. Awwer eb mer waerklich schtols sei kann, muss mer aerscht wisse was unser Voreltre un ihre Kinner un ihre Kinnskinner geduh hen far Pennsylvaani un fer Amerika. Mer misse die alte G'schichte un Gedichte un Schpriche, un die alde Gebreiche kenne laerne, un unser Mutterschproch in Ehr halte. Fer sell zu duh, dutt uns 's ECK alle Woch allerlee do abdrucke, so dass mer all sehne un laerne kenne, wer mer sin un was mer sin—MIR PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCHE!—P.A.B.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ALICE J. KERN

Mrs. Alice J. Kern, widow of William J. Kern, died Thursday night at the Sacred Heart hospital where she was a patient since last Sunday. She was 72 years old and lived with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Acker on Broad St. in Bath.

Born in Lehigh county's North Whitehall township, a daughter of the late Reuben and Mary (Nicholas) Miller, she was a Lutheran by faith. She lived for the past 40 years in Bath.

She is survived by three brothers, Reuben of Treichlers, Ellsworth of Coplay and Henry of Phillipsburg, N. J.

Rev. W. A. Kutzelman will officiate at services to be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Burial will be in Coplay cemetery.

CHARLES W. GINKINGER

Charles W. Ginkinger of 123 Ridge Ave. died at th Sacred Heart hospital at 1:45 a. m. Thursday. He was employed as a janitor by the United States Employment Service office at 812 Hamilton St.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., he was the son of the late John and Emma Ginkinger. His wife, the late Mary, nee Whelan, Ginkinger, preceded him in death four years ago.

Surviving are two sons, John Ginkinger, Catasauqua, and Charles Ginkinger, with the Army in France, and a daughter, Catherine Ginkinger, at home.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 1.30 p. m. at the Charles H. Becker Funeral home, 315 N. 6th St.

SAMUEL F. KNORR

Samuel F. Knorr of 530 Union St. died at 1:10 a. m. yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital where he had been a patient since March 16. He was 57 years old.

Born in Danville, Pa., he was the son of the late William and Ellen, nee Stump, Knorr. He had been a brakeman on the Reading railroad for many years. Fraternally he was affiliated with Just-in-Time lodge No. 346, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and Allentown Area No. 110, Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Surviving are his wife, Lottie M., nee Starner, Knorr; a daughter, Ruth, wife of Arthur Hartzell of Nazareth, and a sister, Elizabeth, wife of Clarence Hendershot, Danville.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 1;30 p. m. at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment will be in St. Mark's cemetery.

LAURA S. STERNER

In failing health for the past 18 years, Laura S. Sterner passed away at her home, 432 Turner St., shortly before 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

A native and lifelong resident of Allentown, she was in her 74th year. She was born Aug. 27, 1871, a daughter of Amandus A. and Ellen, nee Smith, Sterner.

Miss Sterner was an active member of Zion Reformed church, the Ladies' Bible class and the Seiple-Traub Missionary society.

She was the last of her family and was preceded in death 35 years ago by a brother, William.

Rev. Simon Sipple, pastor of Zion, will officiate at services Tuesday afternoon at 1.30 at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment will be made in Greenwood cemetery.

MRS. MANTANA KUNKEL

Mrs. Mantana Kunkel, 82, of Orefield R. 1, died yesterday morning in the Allentown hospital after a five week illness.

A daughter of the late Jeremiah and Lucinda (nee Wessner) Kunkel, she was born in Albany township, Berks county. She was a member of Morgan Lane Reformed church.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Elmer Billiard of Orefield R. 1; three granddaughters and a grandson. The latter is serving with the army in Germany.

MRS. THERESA B. DONCHES

Mrs. Theresa Baysek Donches, 65, wife of the late John Donches, died at 4:30 p. m. Friday at the residence, 828 Evans St., Bethlehem.

Born in Hungary, she had been a resident of America since 1906 and was a member of St. John Capistrano's church. Two sons, Joseph Donches, Hellertown; John Donches, Allentown, and two grandchildren survive.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Kon Widder Niss Essa

So wie m'r yusht k'hoert hen, kon 'm butcher Earl Moyer fon Northampton sei fraw die Evelyn don aw mohl widder niss essa. Sie hut shun ordlich weil tzurick der parlor gabutzt, un die gons tzeit so tzmlich nagshd uf sup galaibt. Die Evelyn shoft ins Lerners Department shtore dart im town, un is doh net long tzurick mohl ae morya noch da arwet kumma un hut galocht fon ohr tzu ohr. Sie hut uf kours net gamaint os aenich ebber sehna sot wos g'shaina wear, ow'r hut gore ken lang ganumma bis ains fon da onnerra klerrick gawunnert hut ferwos sie ihra moul leftsa so nous sheeva dade. Glei uf kours is es rous kumma os sie now mohl ihra nei folsh gabiss het, un woh sie shun wochs dafor howwa hut wolla uf ihra gabutzdawg.

Won die Evelyn's airsht aw awenich 'n g'shpassich moul gamocht hut, wor sie glei ihra freind om fertzaila, wos fer 'n tzeit os sie kotta het fer ihra tzae aw messa lossa, so wohl wie aw fer sie ols aw un ous duh. 'S nagshd os wor, wor sie drowwa om kandy kounter un is mohl on da roy nous, fer sehna wies kandy essa gang'd. 'S hard kandy hut sie tzimlich gute tzommma nei shrota kenna, ow'r die gum drops hen sie shier gabutta het ae mohl net fiel ganumma het sie gae missa fer hilf, fer ra helfa 's moul uf mocha. Endlich hut sie 's ow'r widder uf grick'd, un sich noh weck g'halta fom gum kandy.

Wos die Evelyn now 's arrickshd fon ol wunnert is, wos ihra boo Walter drunna in Australia secht, won er hoert os sie 'n nei gabissa hut. Doch so shtoltz un froh is sie shun wor mit ihra nela shrote meal, hut sie aw shun druvel mit kot. Yusht da onner dawg is sie im shtore rum galoffa shier wie won sie om sucha wear fer ebbes, un woh ihra tzae sei hetta maiga. So weit os sel aw gait, sie hut die tzae mohl dahame inna bind'l kicha gadrash falla lossa, ow'r sie doch noh widder g'funa eb sie der gadrash,—odder ewwa garbage, fert g'shick'd hut. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Evelyn aw net howwa os fon ihra klerrick freind darta ons Lerners im shtore ous finna, os sie ihra tzae shier ferlora het. Un wos noch mainer is wot sie gawiss aw net howwa ihra Mam die Sue Knauss, odder shweshter Shquire Violet Ruth Elizabeth Knauss Stuck fon Jacksonville, os finna dada wos fer tzae shtraich os sie shun kotta het tzitter os sie ihra nei gabiss het, un wolla don nix may welter fertzaila so os die socha yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Ols Noch May Ferlush'd

Sie sawga ols won druvel un aeland mohl aryards ei reissa dade, wists oft tzeita nimmy won uf tzu haira. Un grawd sel is der fol alla weil drous beim Davy Gorr in Breinigsville. Yusht geshter hen m'r fertzailt wie die train 'm ainer fon seina fiela gase dote g'fohra hut, un now ferhoftich sei won sie 'm net aw noch ainer fon seina hund gagrabiert hen. Der hund is all'm noh unnich die train kumma wie sie der lare kee kar nous gnaumma hen, un maich'd ken shlechter blawn sei won der Harold Ziegler mohl bei da tzeit 'n karload hund un gase rei graich'd, fer ferkaufa in blotz fon da kee, wie er so ols dut.

'N Altie G'shicht

Doh is 'n altie g'shicht os der Addison Knecht fon Schnecksville uns doh weil tzurick fertzailt hut fun da Romigs meala gagend, woh er garais'd wor. Der Joe Bear woh gabauert hut fer der alt Abe Jacoby, hut 'n shprings wogga tzu ferkaufa kot. Mohl ae dawg het der Joe 'm Abe g'sawt won ebber kaimt fer der wogga kaufa won er net dahame wear, sot er 'n yusht ferkaufa. Wie der Abe gawunnert hut wos er don howwa wot fer der wogga, het der Joe g'sawt: "Wel, der wogga is nimmy arrick fiel wert, die radder sin ludder, un die fedderra shprings sin ferbrocha, ow'r sawg nix darta dafon won der kaifer 's net sehnt. Der wogga sot anyhow finf odder tzaea dahler wert sei, grick'd so fiel os duh griega konsh'dt,"

Etlicha dawg danoh wie der Abe laenich dahame wor, wear noh 'n mon kumma fer der wogga sehna. Der kerl het der wogga awenich baguck'd, un noh gawunnert wos der Joe don howwa wot dafor. "Wel, het der Abe g'sawt, der wogga is nimmy fiel wert, die radder sin ludder, uns sis 'n fedderrie shprings ferbrocha, ow'r der Joe hut g'sawt ich sot nix sawga dafon, won duhs net sehna daidshd, un er sot anyhow finf odder tzaea dahler howwa fer die g'shicht."

Der daufmon het noh mohl awenich hinnich da ohra gakrotzt, abissel gakunsider'd un g'sawt, er dade 'n don nemma fer finf dahler, ow'r daibt ken sent may Uns hais'd, er het der wogga aw mit fer finf dahler, un der Abe het wunners gamaint wos fer 'n guter ferkauf mon os er wear.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der John Snyder fon Macungie hut uns yusht g'schriva, sawga os "Grobb" aw ols gayus'd wear werra fer Oshter oyer farva.

Sis die wartzel fon "Grobb," odder ewwa wie die blons in English hais'd, Madder, os gayus'd wert fer die oyer farva.

Der John secht, die wartz'l mist yohrs dafor gagrawwa werra, un kent noh drei orta oyer mocha, hel rota, rota, un dunkle rota,—da langer os her Haws die oyer in da bree lossa dade, des da dunkler rote dade sie werra.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by REV R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

1 Samuel 21:1-22:5

This chapter begins the third period of David's life, namely, his exile, for he had to keep away from Saul in order to preserve his life. Fleeing to Nob, he asks the priest of the tabernacle for some of the consecrated bread, which only priests were permitted to eat (Lev. 24:9). After some protest, the priest grants him five loaves for himself and his companions. This incident is referred to in Mark 2:26. While here, Doeg, a servant of Saul, observes him and reports this transaction to Saul with terrible consequences in the next chapter. David then flees to Gath in the land of the Philistines where he is promptly recognized by them and compelled to flee, escaping only by pretending to be insane. Co

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Up and down our lives obedient
Walk dear Christ, with footsteps radiant.
Till those garden lives shall be
Fair with duties done for Thee;
And our thankful spirits say,
"Christ arose on Easter Day."

—Brooks.

DANZIG CROWNS BLACK DAY FOR HITLER

Yesterday the Russians entered Danzig and the city which Adolf Hitler adopted as an important excuse for starting the war has been lost to him. With it has gone more than a division of men, captured in the city, and a very sizeable squadron of 45 submarines, not to mention other important war booty.

While the Russians took the city and thus expanded their hold upon the Baltic sea-coast they immediately turned over the city to the Poles whose port city it had been from World War I until Hitler went on the rampage, supported of course by the entire German people and all their military, political and social organizations. Thus the Russians have given indication that they intend to keep their pledges to the Poles and that they are going to support the development of a strong Poland in Central Europe.

But Danzig was not the only serious blow to Hitler and the only stroke against his house of cards which occurred during the day. Just about everywhere in eastern and western Germany bad news shaped for Der Fuehrer and his fellow-vultures who are said to be dragging their dirty feathers on the lofty crags of the Bavarian Alps near Berchtesgaden.

On every wide concrete road leading thru Germany to Berlin and other leading cities American tanks, armored trucks and speedy mobile guns were moving toward vital parts of the German country. Back of the fast motorized vehicles—the American panzers—were eager infantrymen who were closing in as fast as trucks could carry them to hold the ground seized by their vanguard. On every road was an avalanche of men and machines moving in a direction opposite to that for which the superhighways of Germany were built. Hitler designed and constructed these roads for rapid and strategic movement of German troops to conquer his neighbors. Now Americans from thousands of miles across the sea are using these roads to conquer his legions more rapidly than could have been possible if the ancient system of narrow, winding, poorly-built roads had remained.

In the South the movement of troops indicated determination if possible to cut off German retreat in force into the mountains for a desperate, time-killing stand in the final days of the war. In the North movements indicated intention to cut off the Ruhr, capture the thousands of soldiers in defense of that area and remove it from Germany's hands as a source of its most important military production. In addition there were moves in the direction of the North Sea and Baltic ports where rocket bomb installations and submarine bases are located. And all the moves were simultaneously getting closer and closer to Berlin and to contact with the Russian Army which stretches from the Baltic to the Balkan States in unbroken strength.

Yesterday was another black day in a succession of black days for Adolf Hitler and all who have elected to stand and fall with him. And when the twilight came there could be assurance only that the days to come will bring no respite nor hope.

REMOVE TEMPTATION FOR BANDITS

Operations of a bandit gang which preys upon the drivers of motor trucks who are on their way to the coal regions have proven quite successful in point of loot because the truck drivers for the most part pay for coal with cash and therefore on their trips carry a considerable amount of money.

Some years ago there were epidemics of pay-roll robberies thruout the country. Paymasters were followed from banks and robbed on the streets or in their places of business. Or they might even be robbed in the very banks by unusually bold thieves.

When a lot of these gangs were sent to jail for long terms and when the system of cash payments was changed to payment by check banditry fell off very greatly.

It would seem that the coal truckers in their own interest should devise a system that will protect their drivers and save their own purses. Ultimately the local gang or gangs will be broken up by the State police who are on their trail but until they are captured, there may be many and large losses.

RELIGION AGAIN ON GERMAN SOIL

For the first time in twelve years, or the period during which Hitler has been in control of Germany, public observance of the Feast of the Passover has been general thruout those parts of Germany in which the Allied armies now are fighting and which they control.

In the ranks of the Allies are thousands of Jewish soldiers. Like their fellows of the Christian religion their thoughts have turned at this holiest season of the year to the religion and the associated customs of their fathers. With them thruout their months and years of service have been religious leaders, chaplains in the armed forces who have served hand in hand with Protestant and Catholic chaplains in their devotion to brave men, regardless of creed. With these religious leaders, meeting in any shelter that has offered or at any spot where two or three may have gathered together, the Passover again was observed on German soil from which an anti-God movement sought to drive out all religion.

And then tomorrow, as well as was the case yesterday, Catholic and Protestant clergymen who have followed the Allied armies into battle everywhere will bring again to the soldiers of their faiths the glorious story of the Resurrection. Together all will seek to see in this day and its world events that are occurring under their very eyes and are being accomplished by their own hands verification of eternal, divine promises.

The Churches on Peace

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 30.—Again and again in the last five years or more people have cried out: "Why must there be war? Where was the church in the years that led up to the second world war?"

Sensitive perhaps to this questioning, the Catholic bishops of America and the Federal Council of Protestant Churches, as well as Jewish groups, are expressing themselves rather frankly on current problems and especially on the bill of rights or provisions of the general international organization to be set up to maintain peace.

Whether the statesmen or the politicians or the exponents of expediency as against principle will accept the counsel of the churches, with their plainly disinterested advice, remains to be seen. Already the so-called "practical" school of thought is trying to disparage the defenders of principle and to belittle them as "perfectionists." But it is doubtful whether this will either discourage or drown out the voice of the church groups. More than two thousand years have passed since the code of Judeo-Christian ethics was given to the world and yet the time for the application of that code is suggested always as being somewhere in the dim distant future—certainly not now.

One utterance in particular, however, stands out as not likely to lie dormant. It is the pronouncement of the Catholic bishops of America who met for several days last autumn and on November 19th issued their statement of principles, which in part reads as follows:

"We have no confidence in a peace which does not carry into effect, without reservations or equivocations, the principles of the Atlantic Charter. We feel, too, that it should provide assistance for prostrate nations in reconstructing their economic, social, and political institutions. If justice is compromised, if unreasonable concessions are made to might, grievances will rankle in the bosom of aggrieved nations to endanger the peace of the world. If prostrate nations are not assisted in giving to their peoples fair economic opportunities, they will become the arena of civil strife and turmoil. No international organization will be able to maintain a peace which is unfair and unjust. . . .

"The international institution must be universal. It must seek to include, with due regard to basic equality of rights, all the nations, large and small, strong and weak. Its constitution must be democratic. While it is reasonable to set up a security council with limited membership, this council must not be an instrument for imperialistic domination by a few powerful nations. Before it every nation must stand on its rights and not on its power. It must not allow any nation to sit in judgment in its own case. Frankly it must recognize that for nations as well as individuals life is not static. It must therefore provide in its charter for the revision of treaties in the interest of justice and the common good of the international community, as well as for the recognition of a people's coming of age in the family of nations. . . .

The ideology of a nation in its internal life is a concern of the international community. To reject this principle is tantamount to maintaining that the violation of the innate rights of men in a country by its own government has no relation to world peace. Just at this moment, in the interest of world peace, our nation is exerting itself to root out some ideologies which violate human rights in the countries we are liberating. We hold that if there is to be a genuine and lasting world peace, the international organization should demand as a condition of membership that every nation guarantee in law and respect in fact the innate rights of men, families, and minority groups in their civil and religious life. Surely our generation should know that tyranny in any nation menaces world peace. A nation which refuses to accord to its own people the full enjoyment of innate human rights cannot be relied upon to cooperate in the international community for the maintenance of a peace which is based on the recognition of national freedom. Such a nation will pursue its own selfish international policies, while paying lip service to international cooperation. . . ."

It is interesting to note how the suggestions that are coming from various quarters for amendment of the Dumbarton Oaks plan are founded on these simple basic principles of the great declaration by the Catholic bishops.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

A PRIVATE SALES TAX

Those articulate liberals who oppose the sales tax whenever it is mentioned as a possible relief from excessive income taxation, say nothing of the sales taxes imposed by labor unions—private sales taxes, the proceeds of which are used for private purposes, no matter how wicked or laudable. Their inconsistency arises from their lack of positive values. They know neither right nor wrong but pursue expediencies, no matter how confusing. They cannot recognize that a labor union can be wrong about anything, or if wrong, why they should not support it regardless of every other consideration, particularly the welfare of their country. Their loyalty to the union often transcends common sense, the interests of the workers or of the union itself. For instance, any musician who supports the excesses and outrages of Caesar Petrillo is stimulating an anti-union mood much as the excesses of corporations in the 1880's and 1890's resulted in anti-corporation legislation.

Petrillo's Private Sales Tax

Yet, the fact stands that Petrillo's private sales tax was approved by the War Labor Board on June 15, 1944. The pattern of a private sales tax, fixed by Petrillo, is now proposed for the coal industry by John L. Lewis and by the telephone operators for the Telephone Workers Welfare Fund. Sooner or later, every union in the country will be operating its own private tax system of varying amounts. What's fair for Petrillo is fair for anybody.

The War Labor Board, at first, took the position with regard to Petrillo, that his sales tax was none of its business "since the payments (by 103 small companies) to be made thereunder are not wage adjustments within the meaning of the wage stabilization program." But if the payment by an employer to a labor union is not wages, what is it? Is it money to support and maintain the union? That is a direct violation of the Wagner Act. Is it a bribe to union officials? That is a criminal act as any bribe would be. A payment must have a purpose, a name. It must stand in the books as something. Well, its name is sales tax. It is like a nefarious tax the Chinese used to have called likin against which the American government protested often and vehemently. It is like the French octroi which was one of the causes of the French Revolution. It is a tax on the use of goods by the people, on goods in transit.

The WLB eventually sanctioned this system in its directives to the Columbia Recording Company and the R.C.A.-Victor Division of the Radio Corporation of America. These companies were ordered to "endeavor to reach an agreement regarding the amounts and the schedule of payments to be made by the Companies."

$60,000,000 for Coal Unions

John L. Lewis's proposal can bring his union $60,000,000 a year, if the coal business holds up. About $36,000,000 of that will be lost to the Treasury of the United States in tax adjustments. In a word, not only will the United Mine Workers collect $60,000,000 of sales taxes but that will be collected to the extent of $36,000,000 in competition with the Government of the United States which will have to look elsewhere for that amount of money.

The Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects has been awarded to the Russian, Victor Vesnin, designer of the Dneiper dam.

The new mayor of Nuneaton, England, just cannot rid himself of the habit of putting on his bicycle clips even before entering the mayoral car.

Guatemala is discussing plans for a government organized corporation to operate expropriated Axis and other nationally owned agricultural properties.

Workers in a factory in Scotland say that when the Russians have a victory they fire 300 guns, but when the British have a victory they fire 300 workers.

Utilization of Spain's entire hydroelectric power is expected to enable the generation of 27,000,000,000 kilowatts annually, compared with a present 4,500,000,000.

Three sheep shearers at Wellington, New Zealand, have established a new record by shearing 501 sheep in eight hours and 40 mintes.

At her wedding in Luton, England, Doris Lee wore the wedding gown of ivory Indian silk, sent by her future husband from Burma, which she had saved for two years.

Although there is unemployment in Costa Rica the higher wages of those working have caused the cost of living to mount.

Mexico has set up subsidies for import of 360 tons of certified cottonseed for planting in the Matamoras, Tamaulipas region, and for 132 tons of certified potato seed for planting in the state of Guanajuato.



Aus unserm Briefkaschte

We have continued to receive congratulatory letters upon the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the ECK. We are humbly grateful for these many expressions of appreciation of our efforts during the past ten years, efforts which would have remained without achievement but for the constant support of our many generous readers and contributors. The ECK is in reality their product.—Ed.

On the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of your weekly column 'S PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH ECK, I beg to send you my congratulations upon having successfully published this column for so many years. You have preserved in printed form a great mass of important historical data which will be useful to future researchers.

Our own file is bound in large folio form. If the printing of this column could ever be made octavo in size where it would take perhaps four pages, of course it would be more convenient to preserve. But perhaps this would be more expensive and the most important point is to have this material see the light of print.

Yours sincerely,
CLARENCE S. BRIGHAM, Director
Worcester, Mass. American Antiquarian Society

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In my opinion Dr. Barba has been doing by far the best piece of work ever done in connection with the Pennsylvania Germans. His column is doing what should have been done years ago. I have always been amazed at the amount of new and valuable material which Dr. Barba is continually presenting. Much of the material would be unknown were it not for him.

For me, the column needs no improvement. Were I to make a suggestion it would be that the ECK become a "Seite."

Let me thank you for this opportunity to express my opinions, and let me thank you also for presenting Dr. Barba's column in the Allentown Morning Call.

Department of Education Very truly yours,
Lebanon Valley College CLYDE S. STINE, Ph.D.

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It is a pleasure as well as a privilege to join in the words of appreciation of the PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH ECK which appears weekly in the Allentown Morning Call. The dialect has enough distinction of its own to make it worthy of this kind of treatment and I am glad that circumstances are such that Dr. Barba can continue this useful service and that the Allentown Morning Call takes the lead in publicizing his articles.

With appreciation, I am, Sincerely yours,
WILBUR K. THOMAS,
Executive Director.
Philadelphia, Pa. Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation.

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I note that the column known as the 'S PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH ECK has been appearing for ten years during which I have read or carefully examined each number as it came off the press from week to week.

A wealth of material has appeared in these columns and they have served to make better known the history and social status of this racial group.

The Editors of this column deserve thanks and an expression of appreciation for the time, energy and zeal necessary in the preparation of this material from week to week.

I sincerely express congratulations to the Call-Chronicle Newspapers, and their proprietors, editors and proof readers. Sincerely yours,
HENRY S. BORNEMAN, President,
Philadelphia, Pa. Pennsylvania German Society.

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It is a pleasure for me to extend to the Morning Call and to Dr. Barba my congratulations on the tenth anniversary of the PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH ECK. You deserve high praise for your work. The ECK has filled a definite need and has presented much valuable material for all of us interested in the history, folklore and dialect of the Pennsylvania Germans.

I hope the ECK will continue to appear for many more years. Sincerely yours,
ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON, Ph.D.
University of New Hampshire

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Congratulations! The ECK is a storehouse of Pennsylvania German history. It is remarkable how many things come to light through the ECK which otherwise would be forgotten.

Not all the old stories are told yet, so keep it up and perhaps some day they will appear in book form.

Yours truly,
Allentown, Pa. D. GEORGE KNECHT

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I have been a regular reader of the PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH ECK for more than five years and during that time I have read almost all the preceding numbers of the ECK. The variety of subject matter, the book reviews, the poetry of John Birmelin, the linguistic articles by Frey and others, the stories of Moll, the translations from Wollenweber, all have interested me very much.

The historical writings of Arthur D. Graeff deserve especial mention. His LIFE OF CONRAD WEISER made all of us realize the importance of this great colonial administrator. Graeff's short historical sketches are also very interesting.

Then there have been dozens of articles on various subjects. Where except in R. E. Kiebach's article "Apples from Pennsylvania Orchards" can you find anything about the Faliwalder? In short, the column has been a source of inspiration to me in my study of early Pennsylvania history. Experts in the field may be able to offer suggestions that will improve the ECK, but as for me, I am satisfied with it as it is.

In conclusion, I want to congratulate the management and the editor, Dr. Barba, on the completion of the tenth year of 'S PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH ECK.

Respectfully yours,
Germantown Academy. WILBUR H. ODA, Ph.D.

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I enjoy the ECK immensely and have derived much profit from it. Barba is making a permanent contribution to our knowledge of Pennsylvania local history and of the Pennsylvania German language. I feel that we cannot do too much to make known to our people the rich heritage we have in the Lutheran and Reformed Churches as well as in the other religious groups that have perpetuated to this day our dialect. In fact I think the rural church lore should frequently be stressed. Our people are now in a transitional stage, and in passing from German to English there is a real danger that the old culture is lost before the new is assimilated. It has been unfortunate that the Pennsylvania Germans too long have been assuming an apologetic attitude. They have been ashamed of their language and background, and in pretending to be something that they are not, they have generally ended in being non-descript. Barba's columns have accomplished much in making the Pennsylvania Germans conscious of their spiritual heritage and their achievements in the life of the nation.

You began this work before it was too late. The language is still living, and the old culture was caught before it was forgotten. I have met French-Canadians who were perfectly bilingual, and they were proud of their linguistic ability. I do not understand why Pennsylvania Germans cannot speak correct and idiomatic English as well as our vernacular. Our dialect smacks of the soil, and in giving it up through indifference, the Pennsylvania German has lost, as it were, a part of his very soul. When once the dialect is gone, it cannot be revived. The ECK is performing a useful service in retaining a respect for the dialect, and by publishing poetry and prose you have kept a rather extensive vocabulary alive. From reading your columns I now have a much wider vocabulary than I had in my youth. . . . I must admit that some of the poetry you publish is of a low order. . . . But John Birmelin is always good; he has caught the true P.G. spirit and reflects P.G. thought. He writes naturally and without any strained effect. I never tire of his poetry. I wish you could publish all the prose writings of Lloyd Moll. He had the gift of writing the dialect with charm; he knew how to mould the language to express thought. His work may be compared with that of Washington Irving and with some of the prose of Goethe. A few weeks ago you published a brief article by Wm. F. Yoder. You should encourage him to do more. . . .

I hope that you will continue to emphasize local history, Church history with lore, old customs, superstitions and good poetry and literary prose in the dialect. I know that you cannot please everybody. On the whole, Barba has been doing a remarkable job. I hope the ECK will continue for many more decades. Congratulations on the good work you have been doing! Keep it up!

Faithfully yours,
HENRY S. GEHMAN, Ph.D., S.T.D.
The Theological Seminary
Princeton, New Jersey.

DIE MUTTERSCHPROCH

vum **Astor C. Wuchter**

Die Mutterschproch! die Mutterschproch!
Wie schee un zaart sie iss;
Wer net verwildert, ausgeort,
Der liebt sie, ya gewiss!
'S kummt net uff Land un Farwe aa,
Deheem, dart iwwerm See;
Hot's Kind die Mutter um der Hals—
Die Mutterschproch iss schee.

Dart wu die Palme duftich sin,
Wu's immer Summer iss;
Dart sin aa Mensche, graad wie do,
Mit Haerz un Seel, gewiss.
Sie hen aa ihre Mutterschproch,
Kann's nimmand schunscht verschteh;
Ach! wann sie schwetze, glaabscht du's net—
Die Mutterschproch iss schee.

Dart wu nix iss wie Eis un Schnee,
Im Land wu's Nardlicht schpielt—
Dart hot's aa Leit as Mensche sin,
Un Haerz fer ann're fiehlt.
Sie babble, ach! so'n Schproch wie sell—
Sie kenne's gut verschteh;
Sie lache, heile—'s iss wie's iss—
Die Mutterschproch iss schee.

Wann aa die Welt so'n Babel iss,
Unzaehlich Mensche drin,
'S kummt net uff Land un Schproche aa—
'S iss doch ee Haerz un Sinn.
'S iss wunnerbaar, die Menscheschproch,
Des nanner recht verschteh;
Soll's recht ins Haerz un Lewe nei—
Die Mutterschproch iss schee.

Es Haapt am Mensch iss doch der Mensch,
'S iss net die Schproch, net's Geld;
Iss Leib un Seel getrennt, was bleibt
Wie bissel Schtaab uff's Feld?
Wer lebt un liebt, hot Pflicht erfillt,
Kann's Haerz aerscht recht verschteh;
Drum iss 's wohr, wohrhaftich wohr,
Die Mutterschproch iss schee.

Der Pennsylvaani Deitsch hot aa
Sei Platz un Gottesrecht;
Wann aa der Yankee lacht un schpott,
Der Hals sich schier verbrecht.
Wer reite will uff dote Geil,
So'n Narr, den losst mer geh;
Ich schteh debei, ich schweer debei,
Die Mutterschproch iss schee.

'S hot freilich deel, die schemme sich,
Wann ebber "Dutchy" saagt;
Ich gaebt ken Lewwi, hie un haer,
Fer den wu schpott, wu klaagt.
Wie's heesst: Wann's mol ans Schtaerwe geht,
Kennscht alle Schproch verschteh,
Beim letschte Seifzer—Gott sei Dank!
Die Mutterschproch iss schee.

Drum zwische Gott un zwische Mensch,
Was hot die Schproch zu duh?
Grickt eener'n schenner Pletzel dart,
Geht's in die ewich Ruh?
Kummt alles aa uff Shibboleth
Beim Jordan iwwergeh?
Weck mit so Dummheet, ewich weck—
Die Mutterschproch iss schee.

This reverential expression of the love of our mother tongue was printed in the first number of the ECK, March 23, 1935. Its author was for several years a student and a teacher of languages in Paris, a part of that time in the widely known Rudy Institute, whose head was Charles Rudy, formerly of Schnecksville, Pa.

'S PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK

Ich weess net eb nihr's glaawe,
Yuscht nihr finne, es iss recht;
Wer ebber schunscht en Freede macht,
Der scheucht die Sorge weg.

Nau will ich's aa mol saage,
Wie viele ann're; 'S iss schunn recht—
Nihr mache viel Leit en Freede
Mit dem Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Eck.

Nau nemmen yuscht des Pikter—
Es gemaant an die alte Zeit;
Un de meh ass ner driwwer denke,
An die gute, liewe Leit.

Sie hen gewisst sich zu behelfe
Darrich Sunneschei, Schnee un Dreck;
Frohes Muts die Wege g'funne,
Wie mer lewe kann gut un recht.

Mer kennt yo viel meh saage
Vun de Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Leit;
Vun ihre Gebreiche un Wege,
Yuscht es iss genung fer heit.

Mer wolle uns yuscht bedanke
Beim Morning Call fer's ECK;
Un bei all de Leit wu helfe
Am Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche ECK.

(The above was written about six weeks after the ECK started out upon its lovely journey and I have not changed my opinion about it.)

Locust Valley, Pa. —Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver

The Morning Call has been a great aid in spreading correct information about the Pennsylvania Germans among the inhabitants of the eastern United States during the last ten years through Dr. Barbas well known column 'S PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH ECK. The Morning Call is to be congratulated on the foresight shown in granting space every Saturday for the study of a people whose contribution to American society and life has remained too long neglected. You have been an instrument in making America more conscious of the existence and of the humble but essential tasks of the Pennsylvania Germans who gave their best that America might not only survive but also become a leading nation of the world.

But all the praise heaped upon the Morning Call will have to be placed just as graciously and just as sincerely, if not more so, upon the one who has been the creative genius behind the popular ECK, upon Dr. Barba himself. He has revealed not merely a desire for the true presentation of facts, but he has also shown admirable fortitude and persistence in his struggle to cling to popular appeal and scholarship simultaneously. My hat is off to both Dr. Barba and to the Morning Call. May this excellent partnership continue for many years to come! Sincerely yours,
RUSSEL W. GILBERT, Ph.D.
Susquehanna University Professor of German.

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'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck is of great interest and value to students of American culture and traditions; as valuable as the museums at Landis Valley, Doylestown and Pennsburg. It has always given space and efforts to such interests. Its contents are becoming more and more valuable as it is being recognized as the best repository of ethnographic information about the Pennsylvania Dutch. I have a complete file since its inception ten years ago, but I find information from it is not always readily available for repeated consultation. A tiresome search is required to find the item one wants to have.

The improvement I suggest is the preparation and continuation of a subject index such as is (or was) prepared and published every decade for the Publications of the Lancaster County Historical Society. I regret I did not myself start such an index for my own use ten years ago. Now I have no longer the time to undertake it. Faithfully,
Princeton, New Jersey JACOB N. BEAM, Ph.D.

(Other letters follow in the next issue of the ECK.)

Deaths of a Day

AARON F. FREY

Aaron F. Frey, 56, of 15 Packer Ave., Fullerton, barber of that place, died late Thursday night at the Sacred Heart hospital where he was admitted three weeks ago.

Born in Heidelberg township, Lehigh county, he was a son of the late Peter and Eliza (nee Knerr) Frey. He was a member of St. John's Reformed church, Fullerton.

He is survived by his wife, Edna (nee Shoemaker) Frey, two daughters, Minnie and Edna May at home, a brother, Hiram of Fullerton, and a sister, Mrs. Sally Moyer also of Fullerton.

Services will be held from the Oliver Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua, Monday at 1:30 p. m., with interment to be made in St. John's cemetery, Mickleys. Rev. Alfred Mertz will officiate.

EMANUEL GALONAS

Emanuel Galonas, 350 Monroe St., Bethlehem, resident of that city for the past 25 years and a painter for the Bethlehem Steel Co. until stricken with illness, died Friday morning in St. Luke's hospital.

A member of St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox church, he was born at Samos Vathy, Greece. Survivors are his wife, Olympia Englises Galonas; three daughters, Sophie, Helen and Beulah, at home; a brother in England and another brother and sister in Greece.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday in the Connell home, 427 E. 4th St. Interment in St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox cemetery.

MRS. STEWART BAUDER

Mrs. Ellen E. Bauder, wife of Stewart Bauder, 1426 Hottle Ave., Bethlehem, died in St. Luke's hospital at 10:30 a. m. Friday. She was born in West Penn township, daughter of John and Catherine Kness Hartung. She was a member of the First Church of the Nazarene, Bethlehem, and the auxiliary of the Orioles lodge.

Survivors are the husband; a son, George Hetrick; a daughter, Mabel, wife of Arthur McHose, Bethlehem; two brothers, Edwin Hartung, Easton; John Hartung, Tamaqua; a sister, Mrs. John Oswald, New Ringgold, and two grandchildren. Several brothers and sisters preceded her in death.

Rev. George P. Woodward will officiate at funeral services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, and Nazarene church. Interment in Memorial Park.

PAUL SAGMEISTER

Paul Sagmeister of 959 Washington Ave., Northampton, died of a heart attack at 10:30 p. m. Thursday at his home. He was 69 years old.

He had been a resident of Northampton since his emigration from Austria to America in 1904. For 30 years until he was retired Mr. Sagmeister was employed by the Universal Atlas Cement Co. in Northampton.

A member of St. Joseph's society, Working Men's Beneficial society and the Holy Name society, all of Northampton, he was one of the organizers and first members of Our Lady of Hungary church in the borough.

Surviving are his wife, Mary, nee Tashnovian, Sagmeister; a daughter, Mrs. Lucy Tanzosh, and a son, John Sagmeister, both of Northampton, and six grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at his late home on Monday at 9:30 a. m. Rev. Paul Repchik will be the celebrant at requiem mass in Our Lady of Hungary church at 10 o'clock. Interment will be made in the German Catholic cemetery.

MRS. ERVIN BUSS

Mrs. Mary Rebecca Smith Buss, 75, wife of Ervin Buss, West Pen Argyl R. 1, died Friday morning in the Easton hospital. Born in Kunkletown, Monroe county, she was a daughter of Nelson and Anna Frable Smith.

Survivors are the husband; a son, Floyd, West Pen Argyl; three grandchildren; three brothers, Francis Smith, West Pen Argyl; Joseph Smith, Kunkletown, and Eugene Smith of Gilbert.

Mrs. Buss had resided in West Pen Argyl for 55 years and was a member of the Reformed church of Pen Argyl and Sunday school of West Pen Argyl.

Rev. A. S. Leiby will officiate at funeral services at 2 p. m. Monday at the residence. Interment in Plainfield cemetery.

That's 5880 Eggs

EFFINGHAM, ILL. (AP)—The committee in charge of a servicemen's center needed eggs for sandwiches for visiting soldiers and sailors. It appealed to the county school superintendent. He relayed the request, via the pupils, to their parents. Net receipts were 490 dozen eggs. One citizen, who had none, sent $66 instead.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Wieger Party

Da onner dawg hetta n'r numma mohl dabei sei solla fer die wieger party ei nemma os m'r sehna hen sich blessierra on da Anna Mitchell Ilira fendu, g'shwishich Seemsville un Dannersville. Un won m'r sawga 'n "Wieger Party," don maina m'r 'n gonsie drup weibsleit un kinner, es sich wiega hen wolla mit da Anna ihra grossa platform woke, eb die woke ferkauft is werra. In da party wor die Sarah Steward grawd der waig drunna, un woh bout 'n yohrs tzurick so'n aryie gutie fendu kotta hut. Die socha hen k'hold wie net recht g'sheid, ow'r m'r darf aw net fergessa os die Sarah dale wunnerbora shaina socha tzu ferkaufa hut kot. Yusht sis net fon da Sarah ihra fendu os m'r fertzaila wolla, sellie socha sin ol feriwwer, ferol os 'm Mahlon Steward sei maud fon Bath, ols noch shtoltz un froh is os sie ocht, dahler unna halb 's shtick batzawlt hut fer sellie shaina blummicha, glawsne brondawei glesselcher os die Sarah ferkauft hut. Un ferol os sie die glesselcher hut, hut sie noch net ae mohl rous gadrunka.

Ow'r now worta mohl, worta mohl, sis die "Wieger Party" os m'r om fertzaila sin dafon. Wel, aenicha waig, onnerra os dabei worra, wor'm Bill Ruch fon Seemsville sei fraw die Arlene, aw gaduh imma brauna shirt waist un greener shtuck, un 'm Ray Spangler sei fraw die Louella imma bloea frock mit weissa blumma wie patty pans. Noh wor aw 'm Mahlon Steward sei maud dabei, so wohl wie aw fon da Arlene un da Louella ihra kinner, un woh alla gabut ains odder 's onner aryads im feld galaiga hut mit da naus im grund.

Noh wor aw noch 'n monskerl dabei os helfa hut die weibsleit wiega. War er wor kenna m'r ferhoftich sei net sawga, ow'r er is ebbes fon ma geils jockey, un hut sich 'n arser guter g'shick gewwa kenna fer die weibsleit wiega. Die woke os sie gayus'd hen, hut drowwa ins feld in roy g'shtonna mit kultivators un ra alta windmeal fer ferkauft werra. Der fendu grover Lester Miller wor ols noch drunna om hous alla orta hondwaricks g'shar ferkaufa, un worra net fiel onnerra rum, wie die weibsleit, aenie noch da onnerra, uf die woke gadraida sin fer sehna eb sie ob ganumma, odder tzu ganumma hetta iwwer winder.

Die weil os m'r net wunnerfitzich sei hen wolla, hen m'r unser naus awenich tzurick k'halta, un yusht a recht gawicht k'hoert, un sel wor da Louella unnich gawicht is. Onnerra yohra wor sie immer gawain'd fer 'n lot Oshter kandy essa so dies tzeit fom yohr, un des yohr hut sie g'sawt, het sie net noch net 'n shtick Oshter kandy g'sehna.—g'shweia aw kens gessa.

Die Louella uf kours wor net 's aintsch'd in da wieger party os ken Oshter kandy kotta hut. Die Arlene hut g'sawt, sie het aw noch kens g'funna, ow'r bring'd ihra weiters net so fiel aw mit 'm gawicht. Sie shnebt die woke immer so on da 135 rum, hut sie g'sawt, un denk sel wor aw bout wos sie gawoga hut wie der wieg maishder sie gawoga hut. Die [illegible] h uf course is hinnershich uf die woke gadraida.—alla 'm noh so os sie net sehna dade wie arrick os es der shwang'l shnarra dade, un hut yusht der kup ganook'd un galocht wie sie k'hoert hut wos die woke tzu sawga hut kot fon ihr'm gawicht. Die Sarah is yusht om ready mocha fer [illegible] Nazareth tziega, un denk sie wor arrick froh fer sich noch mohl wiega lossa eb sie fert gang'd ous da alta gagend woh sie shun fer yohra un yohra "hame" k'haisa hut. Wos 'm Mahlon sei maud gawoga hut wissa m'r aw net, ow'r glawb os selar shae weiss un bloe eckshtaenich gown os aw kot hut, ordlich shwear gawest sei mus-aenicha waig, der wieger hut gore mehdich gawicht shtae galaisa eb er sie mohl shnebba hut kenna.

M'r maichda aw noch sawga os die Arlene Ruch g'sawt hut sie dades net sehna won m'r aw ebbes im Call hetta fon ra, weil sie die tzeiting net graich'd. Die Louella hut ow'r grawd ferwillich'd fers ra shicka won m'r ebbes schreiva dada fon ihra wieg-errei. Wos noch mainer is, da Arlene ihra mon der Bill, so wohl aw ains fon da kinner sin gropk im bed, un shure hoffa die Louella sehnt datzu os die Arlene des shtick grick'd, well m'r 'n hartzlicher winsch shicka os ol ihra gronka iwwer dem widder munder un g'sund werra maiga. Die Oshterra sin doh, uns wedder is tzu vernerbore shae wies alla well is, fer grork im bed leia.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wons wear os grossaleit wista os der Oshter Haws na shunka flaish bringa maich'd fer Oshter morya shunka flaish un over mocha wolla m'r wetta os, wenich kinner mar blotz finna kenta fer neshder hee shtella fer der Oshter Haws na over net laiga.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by REV R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

1 Samuel 29:1-11, 31:1-13

Our comments today concern the tragic death of Saul on Mt. Gilboa as described in chapter 31. The Philistines seem to have had an easy victory over Israel's host. Saul was wounded by an arrow in the course of the battle and, not wishing to fall into the hands of the Philistines, he asks his armour-bearers to thrust him through with his sword. This he refuses to do, whereupon Saul falls on his own sword. The armour-bearer, unwilling to survive his master, commits hara-kiri. How many suicides are there on record in the Bible? The Philistines take possession of much of Israel's territory, and in "mopping up" find the bodies of Saul and his sons. They cut off Saul's head, strip him of his armour and put it as a trophy into their temple, and then fasten his body to the walls of the city, Beth Shan, as a farmer might nail a dead crow against his barn. The citizens of Jabesh Gilead on the other side of the Jordan, when they heard of the disgrace shown Saul and his sons, came by night, and taking their bodies from the walls, gave them a decent burial. The first public act of David when he became king was to send a message thanking the citizens of Jabesh Gilead for their magnanimous act. The city of Beth Shan has been excavated by the archeologists.

Horoscope

Music and art interest the persons who have birthdays today. If you develop the latent talent within you, you should find success in these fields. You are affectionate, easy to get along with and very fond of children. Avoid getting into a quarrel today. A difference of opinion might lead to a broken friendship. Do not discuss topics that are taboo.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, March 31, 1920

Hon. Fred B. Gernerd made formal announcement of his candidacy for the Republican nomination for congressman from the Berks-Lehigh district. Mr. Gernerd had been a member of the bar for 15 years.

Members of the executive board of the Allentown Flag Day Assn. met in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce to make preliminary arrangements for the Flag Day observance in June.

Plans were completed to give residents of the 12th ward a better water supply for fire protection by construction of a 12-inch main across 10th St.

The directors of the Security Building and Loan Assn., John

THE MORNING CALL

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy,
And always blind, and often tipsy;
Sometimes for years and years together
She'll bless you with the sunniest weather,
Bestowing honor, pudding, pence,
You can't imagine why or whence;—
Then in a moment—Presto, pass!—
Your joys are withered like the grass.

Praed.

FRIDAY SHOPPING NIGHT CLICKS

Allentown merchants, who yesterday made an interesting innovation by opening their shops at noon and continuing business until 8:30 p. m., apparently had abundant reason for being pleased with the experiment.

According to some reports customers in the mid-town stores were larger in number than during recent Saturday nights. According to the customers, the offer of Friday night for shopping is highly acceptable.

Certainly clerical forces also must be happier with an evening for shopping other than Saturday night. And probably their customers welcome this other night also for that enables them to devote Saturday night to recreation as against the necessity but often tiring pursuit—shopping.

So the retail merchants of Allentown appear to have hit upon a very popular and at the same time profitable idea. If the initial experiment was successful after only a week of publicity, it is reasonable to expect that future Friday shopping days and evenings after much publicity will be even more successful.

NO ILLUSIONS THIS TIME

An American general yesterday saw the American flag go up on Fort Ehrenbreitstein, just across the river Rhine from Coblenz, and adopted it as a symbol of the war and events to come after the war.

Ehrenbreitstein has been peculiarly dear to the Teutonic military heart. It has stood upon the Rhine in a position of arrogant defiance to the French, and when the French raised their flag over it back in 1920 it was a blow to German pride.

So yesterday, when the American flag again went up over Ehrenbreitstein as in 1919, an American general significantly said: "This time there are not going to be any illusions about who won the war; and no legends about who lost the war."

The American Army and the Allies everywhere are determined that this time there must be achieved a victory that will stick. This time there must be a peace that will endure.

EASTER SEALS WILL HELP A GREAT WORK

Almost a week has passed since Easter and while reports on the Easter seals, issued by the Lehigh County Crippled Children's society, have been good it is also timely to remind those who have overlooked or forgotten their good intentions to send checks or cash in payment for the same.

This is the first year that the local body has availed itself of this nationally-employed idea. Thruout the country in many of the districts that are organized for work similar to that which is done in Lehigh county by our society, thousands of dollars are contributed every year at this season to promote this phase of human welfare.

In this community virtually everybody knows about this work. Virtually everybody is sympathetic toward it. Virtually everybody therefore will wish to aid it. The Easter seals offer a simple, an easy and a gratifying way in which to help this movement.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY

Almost any anniversary whose number is a multiple of five or ten always appears to be more important to celebrate and praise than those anniversaries which lie in between the decennial years. But as men and women who have lived highly useful lives go up and up in years then every anniversary is equally important or, in fact, each one becomes increasingly important and significant.

This is certainly true as to David A. Miller, vice president and managing editor of the Call-Chronicle newspapers whose 76th birthday anniversary occurs today. And certainly too his friends, who are legion, will rejoice with him today not merely for the attainment of such venerable years but for the fact that he has reached this advanced stage of life in a state of splendid bodily health and keen mental vigor.

More than fifty years ago he became a newspaperman. Fifty years ago last January, upon the acquirement of control of the local newspaper that was named the Allentown Critic, he changed its name to Allentown Morning Call. Thus this is the 51st year in which his name has been conspicuously attached to this leading paper with prestige accruing reciprocally to both newspaper and original publisher.

To women and men in local newspaper work and to all his business and civic associates Mr. Miller is a daily marvel. Not a day does he miss at his office. Not a single civic organization of which he has been a member during many years has lost his interest, attendance and support. His hand is felt in many things and his heart is in all good works of the community.

His fellow-workers, his associates in church and civic works, his readers and admirers thruout the decades therefore join in congratulations upon a notable and happy anniversary.

PHENOMENAL RED CROSS CAMPAIGN

Three weeks ago the local Red Cross campaign was closed because the campaign had yielded thousands of dollars in excess of the goal. But daily returns continue to be received so that J. M. Stedman, local chairman, was able to announce in recent days that a total of $306,690 has been received whereas the goal was $275,000.

So the 1944 campaign's figures have been exceeded and Lehigh county also finished up its job well in advance of many parts of the country, including some of the largest and best organized cities.

The Mystery of the Hour

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 6.—Japan's intentions rather than Russia's plans or purpose become the mystery of the hour now that notification of the cancelling of the Moscow-Tokio neutrality pact—as of one year hence—has been formally announced.

Will Japan attack Russia? The answer is probably in the negative. The Japanese have their hands full fighting the United States and its allies in the Pacific. To attack Russia means the dividing of Japanese land forces and the draining of air power and material resources. An attack on Russia by Japan would help the United States and hurt the Tokio regime.

The Japanese will take note of the fact that the Russo-Japanese neutrality pact has by no means expired but has a year to run. Only notification of an intention to terminate on April 13, 1946, has been given. The wording of the Russian statement indicates that the Soviet Union intends to abide by the neutrality pact for one year more unless Japan does something to provoke retaliation.

The Japanese will probably make every effort to avoid giving Russia any justification for entering the war. The Russians, on the other hand, are pretty well absorbed in the European theatre of operations and may not be ready to take on a war on the Siberian front.

So it may be that no hostilities will result from the announcement for a while though the Japanese may find it necessary to retain big armies on the Manchurian border of Siberia which might otherwise be deployed in China or against an American invasion of Japan.

The Japanese have absolutely no evidence that the Russians will not scrupulously maintain neutrality for the full year ending April 13, 1946. They may suspect the Russians of becoming hostile when the war in Europe is over but they cannot charge the Russians with any violation of neutrality. The mere fact that the treaty has been in existence for more than four years without any overt act on the part of the Soviets that could give the Japanese grounds for protest is proof that the Russians intend to abide by their written pledge.

From an American viewpoint, the war would, of course, be affected materially by any Russian aid in the Far East. It would, for instance, open up new supply problems for us and require increased shipping. Certainly a full-fledged war in the Siberian theatre could hardly be supplied over the meagre transportation facilities available along the trans-Siberian railroad. Also navigation in the northern Pacific, by both ship and plane, is narrowed to certain months of the war due to ice and fog. A glance at the map will show how narrow are the straits which approach Siberian ports and how dangerous and difficult it would be to try to operate supply routes in the north Pacific.

The present campaign on Okinawa comes at a most opportune time. For if the United States fleet is successful in warding off Japanese attacks from the air and from surface ships, the possession of such an important gateway to China, Korea and Manchuria cannot but cause much gloom in Japan.

Will Japan decide to fight it out with the American fleet soon? The cabinet shake-up in Tokio may mean that the army there is critical of the navy. The Japanese navy, with its air arm, has been repeatedly defeated as the Americans have progressed nearer and nearer to Japan, whereas the Japanese army has been successful in China not only against the Chinese but in driving Americans from important bases. It may be that the Japanese army leaders will insist that the navy apply a decisive stroke against the American navy. As our naval forces approach close to Japan, land-based planes plus Japanese surface ships and aircraft carriers could make a sudden dash against segments of our fleet roaming the waters near Japan. If unsuccessful, the war may conceivably be shortened. If successful, we would suffer a serious set-back.

Certainly the news from Moscow cannot but strike terror in Tokio. It means that a substantial portion of Japanese military strength must be immobilized to watch Russia. It seems foolish for the Japanese to attack the Russians as has hitherto been predicted. But such beliefs were expressed before the American land, sea and air forces had gotten so close to Japan and had taken such strategic bases as Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

Japan undoubtedly hopes Russia will fulfill the year of neutrality left under the pact, but Japan also must know that Russia's newly announced position has caused widespread gratification in America and has encouraged the belief that positive aid or benevolent neutrality will some day be forthcoming from Russia in the Far East. Maybe the Japanese navy will make a suicide run, sacrifice its fleet, and the Japanese cabinet will then accept unconditional surrender with the excuse that Germany and Italy have failed. The global war is certainly moving toward a climax.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

TEARS OF GRIEF

The principal reason in national politics and international relations for our confusions is that what appeared to be eternal moral standards have, in a third of a century, lost their hold. This may sound like a "preachy" approach to political and economic problems, but it is nonetheless true. With standards of truth and responsibility demoralized, men function without guidance.

For instance, when Bert Andrews of the New York Herald-Tribune, according to the best standards of American journalism, disclosed the secret agreements at Yalta over the number of votes in San Francisco, the country was shocked that its highest officials should have been careless of literal truth. But they need not have been shocked. Truth has long since, in most countries, given way to expediency; responsibility to power and position. The lie, black or white, has ceased to be dishonorable and abhorrent.

A Moral Revolution

The point I wish to make is that even more than a political, social or economic revolution, we have undergone and continue to live through a moral revolution. And the danger is greater because a loss of essential morals can produce degradation in an entire people. Loss of character, lethargy, dependence, shamelessness appear in high places. From these a people recovers much more slowly than from economic or political errors.

The other day, I wrote a protest against Russia's enslavement of the Germans and naturally there were complaints from two groups; from those who hate Germans and from those whose education is derived from the table conversation at Lindy's and the Stork club, two universities that have yet to produce a prophet or a philosopher.

"Look!" they said, "he weeps over Germany!" And should one not weep over Germany which despoiled itself in a mass suicide that has turned one of the loveliest countries into a desert of rubble? Should one not be sorry for a decent folk who debased themselves into a fanatical horde under a depraved leadership? Yet, it was not Germany that worried me as much as slavery. Can it matter who is the slave or who does the enslaving? Slavery is always, under all circumstances, immoral. Accepting that as a standard, we can proceed politically and economically to punish the Germans. If we reject that moral criterion, we can only punish ourselves by failing to resist our own degradation.

How wonderfully clear is the mind of the moral man. I look at the picture of a man 89 years old who has lost his son. That son, a Major-General in our army, is ruthlessly shot by a German while being taken prisoner. The father has lived to see his son a Major-General, an honored person; he now reads of his son's heroic death. Shall he be angry? Shall he be bitter? Shall he call for hate and vengeance?

The Father of General Rose

Not this father! In the ancient traditions of his people, in the noble philosophy of Hillel, this old man, father of Major-General Maurice B. Rose, spoke in the language of Micah, "To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Let us repeat the words of Rabbi Samuel Rose on the news of the death of his son, shot by a German while being taken prisoner of war. Let us think of those words as the prayer of a Godly man at the moment of his deepest grief:

"It is well that, since this had to be, it happened in the week of Passover. As Jehovah said, 'When I see the blood, I will pass over you,' he spoke not only to the Jews but to all peoples, to the Gentiles, to Americans, to Germans, to all peoples. When I see the sacrifice, the blood, I will pass over you.

"And so, may Jehovah accept this sacrifice and see the blood and pass over all peoples for their sins at this Passover time, for my son's sake."

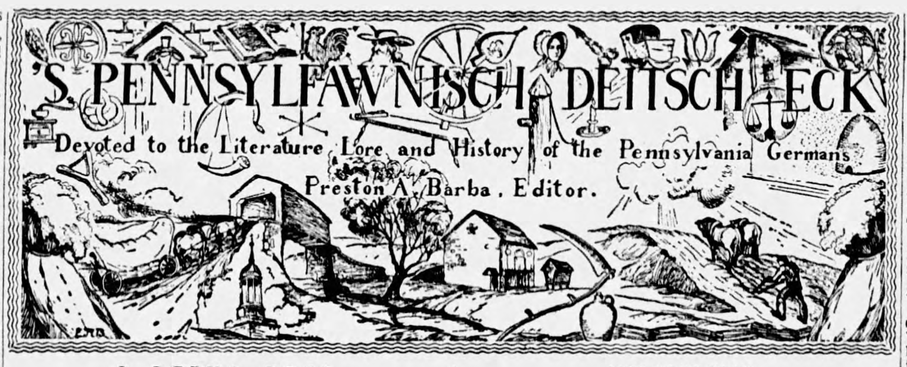
May those cynics who have not lost a son nor even been in peril themselves ponder this lofty love of man for man, for friend and foe, which this father spoke in the tears of his grief.

(Copyright, 1945)

A sea creature 25 feet long, weighing a ton, and having a neck and head like a swan, has been washed ashore at Thurso Islands in Scotland.

Rounding up street beggars in Santiago, Chile, police found many of them to be far from penniless, some having as much as $15 in their pockets.

Last year's drought in Australia has caused demands that government postwar land settlements for returning soldiers be established on rivers.



O LECHA DAAL

O Lecha Daal, du bischt uns lieb!
Guckscht immer froh!
Guckscht immer so—
Vun Himmelsfrakturen gefleckt!
Der Morning Call—zugleich uns lieb!
Wie'n Rauch un Draam vum Himmel weck,
Hot yetz dei Edenbild schee uffgedeckt
Im Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Eck.

Was findt mer drin—
Was singt draahin
Deim Rewwer dort—
Singt friedlich ewich fort—
Un dei Gesang!
Gott Lob un Dank!
So dief an unser Haerz gerankt—
Un schunn so lang!
O Lecha daal, der Morning Call
Macht gut bekannt
Zu Schtadt un Land.

O Lecha Daal!
Ken Wunner guckscht du froh—
Ken Wunner singscht du so—
Geschtillt vun deiner Ort
Kummt unser MUTTERSCHPROCH!
Unschtaerblich wie der Blo Berg hoch,
Un kreftich mit 're kreftiche Kraft,
Doch siesser wie der siesschte Zucker 'maple' Saft—
Un der Morning Call,
Darrich unser Preston Barba,
Peift es uns all,
Wart fer Wart, Woch fer Woch,
Im Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Eck,
Un losst ken Droppe so verdarbe.

O Lecha Daal, denk yuscht mol draa,
Wie's waar fer zehe Yohr!
Ya, weider zerick—
Wie es vun yehaer waar—
Nemm noch en Blick—
Vun heit—un fort un fort—
So lang die Schtaerne hoch im Himmel henke,
Wie goldne Drauwe fer unser Haerz zu finne,
Soll dei Gesang regiere bier wie yetzt,
Darrich die gelindschte Zung kann Lieb ins Haerz uns schpinne—
Zu Aerd—un ach! die Engel in ihr'm Palaschte hoch
Winsche oft sie hette so en Schproch—
Was waer so leicht geschwetzt!

Un, liewer Gott, maag's so dei Wille sei,
Dass unser Preston Barba,
Hier noch fer lang den siesschte Wei
Darf fer uns all ausschenke.

O Lecha Daal!
Guckscht immer froh!
Unser Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck!

—Die Buschamschel vum Deiwelsloch.

The above rhapsodic measures are those of a new songster. We anticipate further warblings from the "Buschamschel."

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

The publishers of The Morning Call and the editor of the Eck once more express their thanks for the many appreciative letters which they have received upon the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Eck and gratefully solicit the further support of their generous readers and contributors.—P.A.B.

I have read the ECK since its first number on March 23, 1935. It has brought to the attention of the Pennsylvania Germans much material that had been forgotten, and stimulated new research. It has discovered and encouraged Pennsylvania German writers, principally the late Lloyd A. Moll and the facile lyricist John Birmelin. Its genial editor, Preston Barba, has been the instrument in cementing bonds of scholarship and friendship between workers in the field of Pennsylvania German language and history. The Allentown Morning Call has in the ECK a cultural achievement which no other professional newspaper can boast. At a time when American newspapers, including the Morning Call, are swamped with canned material from the newspaper syndicates, it is a pleasure indeed to have a local column that is not only entertaining, but dignified, scholarly and worthy—were it not "Dutch"—to be printed even in the New York Times. Very truly yours,
German Department RALPH CHARLES WOOD, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State College

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The "Deitsch Eck" is a source of great information and joy. I appreciate the great amount of labor and time devoted to the cause. It is worthy and timely. Soon many of the old folks and landmarks will be gone beyond recall, and then it would be too late for what will be valuable history and lore. Sincerely,
NELSON H. BERGEY, B.S.
Towanda, Pa. (Agricultural Consultant)

— — — — — — —

Residing near Washington, D. C. I am not privileged to hear a word of Pennsylvania Dutch, so I look upon the ECK as a breath from home.

Strange that thousands of our Pennsylvania boys were fighting recently in the various Palatinate towns from which their ancestors were expelled.

I trust that Prof. Barba's ECK may continue to furnish interesting history and delightful records of our people for a long time to come.

Yours sincerely,
Takoma Park, Md. EDGAR M. ESHELMAN

(Mr. Eshelman's "Yuscht en Deppich", "Mei Aldi Geik", "'S Nei Doggelhaus" and "Es Alt Schwimmloch" have long ago become a permanent part of our Treasury of Pennsylvania German Verse.)

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Please allow me to add my congratulations to the many others I am sure you have received on the Tenth Anniversary of the ECK. I have been a regular reader since the beginning and have found many an hour of pleasure. In addition, I am sure it has been of great educational value. I hope it will be continued for many years.

If I were to make any suggestions, I think a little study of some words or idioms peculiar to the dialect would be both interesting and educational. I believe, for instance, there is a Pa. German word with a German root for everything with which our ancestors were familiar when they migrated to this country. However, the meaning and usage of some words is quite different from its present-day usage in High German. For example, we say **verzaehle**, when we mean 'to relate,' but the German verb **verzaehlen** has quite a different meaning. We say **Schpeckmaus** (a bat) and the High German **Fledermaus**; on the other hand, we say **Fleddermaus** instead of the German **Schmetterling** (butterfly). We say **Amschel** to indicate the American robin, a species of thrush, but the German **Amsel** is a very different bird, a kind of blackbird. Our word **Schmutzamschel** for a greasy lamp was probably adopted because it was both greasy and black.

A study of such words should however not be too scholarly, but make an appeal to the average reader, who may know no German. Did our Pennsylvania German usage originate in the dialect in the fatherland or did the changes in meaning take place in America? These and other questions could be asked and discussed.

Yours sincerely,
Royersford, Pa. RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

— — — — — — —

I want to congratulate the Morning Call and Dr. Barba on the tenth anniversary of the ECK. It has been exceedingly interesting and an important factor in the growing interest in things Pennsylvania German.

There was a time when some of our dialect poets thought they were writing "Swan Songs," "Schpotyohrs Bletter," the epitaph of the dialect. But our dialect poets are still writing, our societies and columnists are producing valuable literature, our students are writing dissertations for degrees at our leading universities and probably several millions in our country are speaking the dialect. When several years ago, in an advertisement, the publishers of a dialect book offered prizes for the best English translations of a dialect excerpt they received translations from thirty states.

One of our foremost educators, Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, used to say "a man is as many times a man as he knows languages." The language of our country is English but that is no reason why one should not be able to use other languages also, including our informal, intimate Pennsylvania German dialect, which is still spoken in the Palatinate and in Switzerland and is older than our present English or German.

Sincerely yours,
Lancaster, Pa. EDWIN M. HARTMAN, Ph. D.

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My chief field of interest and research being the Pennsylvania German dialect, literature and folklore, I have followed the ECK with the keenest of interest ever since its beginning. The ECK is literally a mine of information for scholar and layman alike. Dr. Barba's greatest achievement and his greatest contribution to the Pennsylvania Germans themselves through the ECK is that he put Pennsylvania German writings in their rightful respectable place in the world's literature. That is, he removed Pennsylvania German creations from the realm of the ridiculous and scorned and gave them their due and just praise and attention. Dr. Barba is to be highly congratulated on his idea of the ECK and on his untiring efforts in producing a highly desirable and worthwhile column in the CALL. The MORNING CALL deserves praise for backing Dr. Barba and having faith in the enterprise, not to mention the good job of typesetting done on the ECK.

As for the future, I sincerely hope the ECK will continue indefinitely as it is—with the condition that it return to normal 'fat' size when paper is more plentiful. The ECK has become a well-known clearing-house for all things related to Pennsylvania German—no one phase has been over-emphasized. Let it remain so by all means!

Franklin & Marshall College, Yours most sincerely,
Lancaster, Pa. J. WILLIAM FREY

(Dr. Frey is the author of the well-known PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH GRAMMAR, The Jacobs Press, Clinton, S. C., 1942)

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It is possible that I am one of the "newest" readers of Dr. Barba's 'S PENNSYLFAWNISCH DEITSCH ECK, but I am also one of the most interested readers. It is one of the roads I have taken to learn to read Pennsylvania German. I find ALL of it interesting: the stories, poems, and sketches, as well as the historical accounts.

I hope you will continue to publish this column for many, many years. Sincerely yours,
Baton Rouge, Louisiana MARY OLSON.

MEI ALDI GEIK

Die ald Geik leit dart uffem Schank,
Mit Lieb guck ich sie aa:
Sie's immer ready—sehscht du net?—
Der Boge newe draa!
Was macht's, as ich so freehlich bin?
Mei Haerz, was macht's so froh?
En yedes Mal as ich sie seh,
Do iss mer's immer so!

Verbroche do die Farb do ab,
Sie glitzert nimmi meh;
Ge 'cracked', vergratzt, viel uffge 'patched',
Sie schpielt yo doch so schee!
Eens frogt, "Waar mol die Geik im Feier?"
Un ann're schpott' un lache;
Un meene even sie waer net fit
Fer Feier mit aazumache!

Die ald Geik, nemm ich yetz vum Schank,
Muss schpiele—yuscht ee Schtick;—
Ich schtopp, un heb sie uff meim Gnie,
Un denk an Zeite zerick.
Die haerzlich, schee, vergang'ne Zeit,
So voll Blessier un G'schpass—
Nee, net all G'schpass, noch sunscht waar aa—
Yetz warre mei Aage nass!

Mei liebi Geik! Du hilsich Weib!
Wann du yuscht schpreche kennscht!
So daetscht verzaehle, lang un viel,
Was d' weesscht un fiehlscht un denkscht!
Vun manche, as du froh g'macht hoscht,
Die sin yetz in der Ruh;
Der seeliche Ruh—un noch paar Daag,
So kumme mer aa dezu!

Als dich hab ich kee bess'rer Freind,
Meim Haerz duscht du nett weh;
Du bischt net schtreitich, bischt net kalt,
Warrscht aa net bees—verschteh?
Halscht aa kee Schpeit, betriegscht mich net
An Aerbschaft odder Gelt.
Ich kumm zu dir, mei Zuflucht in
'Re druwwelsame Welt!

Do waer's mer doch maerkwaerdich schlecht,
Mei Geik, waer's net fer dich;
Du lachscht mit mir, du heilscht mit mir,
Fiehlscht allfert graad wie ich!
Gehorsam, willich, schpielscht so gaern—
Weesscht wull zu wem, dass g'g'heerscht—
Bischt immer mei, du liebscht yo mich,
Doch allfert 's letscht un 's aerscht.

Waerd's widder regrich, kalt un wiescht,
Dass niemand naus geh maag,
So suit's mich graad, ich nemm mei Geik
Un schpiel der ganse Daag!
Was will ich meh? Vergniecht bin ich,
Mei Geik iss mei Blessier;
Kee langes G'sicht, kee schweres Haerz,
Kee Einsamkeit bei mir.

Mei Note weck—schpiel aus em Kopp—
Mit Fuss uff Botte schtampe;
En Dansschtick nau, en alder jig—
Was macht's die Yunge tschumpe!
Gleich des zu sehne—loss sie geh,
Ihr Zeit kummt aa jetz glei;
Mer waare aa mol graad wie sie,
Voll Lewe, wusslich, frei!

Ach! waer kee Musik in der Welt,
Do misst mer draurich sei!
Mer meent der Mann, wu Musik hasst,
Waer dumm un schlecht dabei!
Hab sechzich Yohr vum Lewe g'hatt,
Un weess vun was ich schwetz;
Der Mensch wu gaar kee Musik gleicht—
Geb acht!—'S iss ebbes letz!

Der schenschte Blatz, der iss deheem,
Deheem wu Musik iss;
Des hebt uns uff, des iss der Weg
Zu Haerrlichkeit gewiss.
Was wann mer hett viel Land un Geld,
Un doch kee Freed debei.
Do gaebt ich net mei aldi Geik
Fer'n grossi Bauerei.

'S waerd dunkel—'s Feier, des iss schier aus—
Die Uhr—schunn halwer acht!
So schpot? do muss ich yetz ins Nescht—
Mei Geik, ich saag "gut Nacht!"
Ich leg dich widder uff der Schank,
Bis ich dich widder will;
Dart schlof, mei Schatz, mei liebi Geik,
"Gut Nacht!"—'S iss alles schtill!

—EDGAR M. ESHELMAN.

WHERE DID IT HAPPEN?

Settling the question "Where did it happen?" in the ECK of March 17, 1945, may I be permitted to make a few statements which, we trust, will allay for all time the misquoting as to location. Although I had embodied the event in my manuscript copy of my "History of Lehigh (Zion Lutheran) Church, together with all baptisms, confirmations, marriages and deaths, as well as a complete survey of the cemetery to the end of 1921," I was not aware that so many writers had made use of the incident, quoting and misquoting, in reality twisting real history out of its focal point, so that in the study of history one is tempted to say with Pilate, "What is truth?"

In the first place let me point out that in consulting early records we meet with the name "Machuntsy" being applied to two different congregations. The early Reformed Church Fathers applied this name to the church now known, and more correctly, as the Ziegel Church. The other, to which the name was more commonly and more profusely applied, is now designated by its official title "Lehigh Zion Church."

The incident refered to happened after this wise. The Rev. John C. F. Heyer (known later as Father Heyer) had been licensed by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania at York, Pa., in 1817, and was assigned to Home Mission work in Erie and Crawford Counties for a period of three months at a salary of $100. En route to this field he stopped to preach "trial sermons" in the four affiliated congregations. Two voted for, and two against, him. Among the latter was the Macungie (Lehigh Zion Lutheran) congregation, giving the following three reasons for so doing: (a) he studied in Germany; (b) he wore his hair long and parted it in the middle after the manner of German students; (c) he did not give his text until near the middle of his sermon, leading them to suppose that he had forgot it until then. Commenting on this experience Father Heyer remarked: "What trifling circumstances may give one's life a different course."

Summing up the evidence, it could not have happened at the Ziegel Church, since the designation of "Machuntsy" was applied by the Reformed Church leaders to the Reformed congregation there, and Heyer was a Lutheran minister. It could not historically have taken place in the present village of Macungie, known earlier as Millerstown, having been named for the Miller family. The change from Millerstown to Macungie occurred because there had been two Millerstowns in Pennsylvania, resulting in confusion in the postal service. The change was effected at the instigation of the Washington authorities.

Also there had been no church at Macungie (the former Millerstown) until 1841, and the Heyer episode occurred in 1817. At that time the only church designated "Macungie (Machuntsy) church" was what is now known officially as the "Lehigh (Zion Lutheran) church, located in Lower Macungie Township and lying one mile north of the borough of Alburtis, Pa.

Melville B. Schmoyer, F.I.A.C.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELMER E. FAHRINGER

Mrs. Leah R., nee Wasser, Fahringer, wife of Rev. Elmer E. Fahringer of Summit Station, Schuylkill county, died suddenly at 8:5 a. m., yesterday, at her home. On March 17 she had given birth to a daughter, her third child. She was 35 years old.

She was born on March 10, 1910, in Allentown, and was reared here. Her husband is the pastor of the Friedensburg charge of the Evangelical and Reformed church.

Surviving are her husband; her mother, Mrs. Martha R., nee Poe, Wasser, Allentown; two sons, Franklin and Frederick, at home, and her infant daughter; a sister, Ruth A. Wasser, Allentown; and four brothers: Franklin H. Wasser, Calvin T. Wasser, John A. Wasser and Louis Wasser, all of Allentown. The last named is deputy county controller.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the William J. Weber funeral home with continued services at Christ Evangelical Reformed church, Second and Court Sts., at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in Greenwood cemetery.

MRS. E. D. AMES

Ruth Lynch Ames, wife of E. D. Ames, 2005 Linden St., Bethlehem, died Thursday night at 10:30 in St. Luke's hospital of a heart condition.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, a daughter of Michael and Mary McNertney Lynch, she had been a former schoolteacher in Wilkes-Barre schools, and had been a resident of Bethlehem for the past 10 years.

Survivors are her husband, a son Charles S. Ames of Bethlehem; two sisters, Mrs. John A. Redington, Washington, D. C., and Mrs. W. C. Kilgallen, Pittston, Pa.

Funeral services will be held from the late home Monday at 9 a. m., with requiem mass following in St. Anne's church at 9:30. An auto funeral procession will leave Bethlehem, where burial will be made in St. Mary's cemetery, Wilkes-Barre.

YOSOUF YICOUB

Yosouf Yicoub, who resided at the American hotel in Bethlehem, died at 1 a. m. yesterday in St. Luke's hospital. Familiarly known as "Turk", the 53-year-old man was employed at Tocci's store, East Broad St., Bethlehem.

He was a native of Turkey. A brother who lives in Lowell, Mass., survives. Rev. John R. Wacer, pastor of the Emmanuel Evangelical Congregational church in Bethlehem, will officiate at services at the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, on Monday at 9 a. m. Interment will be in the Leithsville cemetery.

MARY MARGARET BLANAR

Mary Margaret Blanar, 6, daughter of George and Elizabeth, nee Sopko, Blanar, of 407 Stoneman St., Bethlehem, died in St. Luke's hospital at 2:30 a. m. yesterday.

She attended SS. Cyrillus and Methodius church school. Surviving in addition to her parents are a brother, Francis, with the Army in the South Pacific, and three sisters, Veronica, Eleanor and Martha, all at home.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 8:30 a. m. at her late home followed by angel mass at 9 o'clock in SS. Cyrillus and Methodius church. Interment in the church cemetery.

MRS. VICTOR ZIEGENFUSS

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, for Mrs. Elizabeth Ziegenfuss, 74, wife of the late Victor Ziegenfuss, who died Thursday at the home of her son, Harry Ziegenfuss, 213 W. Goepp St., Bethlehem. Rev. D. H. Frederick, pastor of St. Stephen's Lutheran church, of which she was a member, will officiate. Interment in Memorial Park. She was born in Vera Cruz, Lehigh county. The only survivor are the son, three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

MRS. JOSEPH UNGER

Mrs. Theresa Unger, wife of Joseph Unger, 7th St., Prospect Heights, died at 11:30 p. m. Thursday in St. Luke's hospital. A resident of this section for more than 40 years, she was born in Hungary, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Paul Meilinger.

Survivors are the husband, two sons, Joseph J., New York; John, Freemansburg; six daughters, Mrs. John Sabota, Miller Heights; Mrs. Joseph Horvath, Bethlehem; Mrs. Stephen Kerchmar, Freemansburg; Sergeant Theresa Unger, WAC, Orlando, Fla.; Irene and Frances, at home; a brother, Stephen Meilinger, Miller Heights, and 11 grandchildren.

Funeral at 9 a. m. Monday with requiem mass at 9:30 a. m. in Sacred Heart church, Middletown. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

CHARLES R. DECH

Charles R. Dech, 62, a guest at the American hotel, Bethlehem, died Friday afternoon in St. Luke's hospital where he was recently admitted for medical attention.

He was born in Bethlehem July 26, 1882, a son of the late William and Eleanor Dech. There are no known relatives.

Dr. J. Howard Worth will officiate at funeral services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday in the Steyers home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. Interment in Memorial Park.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOLLA NIX MAY WISSA

Nay, der Clarence Christman fon Germans Korner, un der Lawrence Hausman fon Pleasant Korner wolla nix may wissa fon shtoppa uf da shtross fer bocka bicher uf hava. 'S wor shun os leit wunnerbore gute ous gamocht hen mit ferlorna bocka bicher finna—ow'r net so der Clarence un der Lawrence. Sellie tzwae boova hen da onner dawg 'n kayosie erfohring kot uf 'm waig noch da arwet, un arbadich noch so der Lawrence.

Sie worra om fohra mit da mashine wie sie ebbes sehna hen uf 'm pike leia. 'S wor grawd die grase fon ma weibs bocka buch, un aw grawd so dich rund ous g'shtopt wie die weibsleit ihra bocka bicher immer galawda hen. Die weil os sie gadenk'd hen sie kenta ferleicht mainer reward ferdiehna shtoppa 's bocka buch uf hava os wie shoffa gae, hen sie g'shtopt, un der Lawrence wor uf aim hups fon da mashine,—un ferholftich sei wons aw net 'n bocka buch wor os sie sehna hen uf 'm pike leia.

Die boova worra noh shure des het ebber ferlora un hut der Lawrence gore ken tzeit ganumma fers uf hava un uf mocha fer sehna wos drin wear. Ow'r noh duh liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl wons bocka buch net dick rund ous g'shtopt wor mit socha os besser bossa uf 'n blumma odder tzwivla lond, os wie inna bocka buch. Sie hen evens ken rote halta breicha wos fer misht os drin wear, weil sie ol shun 'n lot om kee rum worra. Un noh hut der Lawrence noch abissel diefer ins bocka buch nei galong'd os notewenich wor, un shure wor 'n lebdawg tzu hoerra wos er tzu sawga hut kot fon leit os so airsht Obrilla shtraich shpiela dada hinna fom Martz.

Yar wel, so socha gebts, un sin shure fon aim ding, un sel is, os der Clarence un der Lawrence nimmy shtoppa won sie 'n bocka buch sehna uf 'm pike leia. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wolla sie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

'N HAWNA KEPPERREI

'S sin wenich socha os die Leola un die Doris Diehl fon nagshd on Alburtis besser gleicha tzu essa os wie hawna flaish. Doch wons uf sie aw kaimt fer die hawna keppa, sin m'r shure os es net oft hawna flaish gaibt beim Howard Diehl. Der Howard, des is da maid ihra Pap, hut da onner dawg aw lushda grick'd fer hawna flaish, un da maid g'sawt eb er fert noch da arwet is, sie sotta wosser hase mocha bis er hame kaimt, noh dada sie 'n hawna shlochta.

Die maid hens wosser iwwer, uns gakoch'd os es bol glaverrich werra is. Endlich wie der Howard hame kumma is wor er mead un ous gawora, un hut ous gamocht fer sie airsht awenich hee laiga shlofa eb er der hawna shlochta dade. Die maid worra ow'r noh bong ihra wosser dade sich dick kocha, odder ferleicht aw kalt werra, un hen ous gamocht sie kenta aw noch der hawna shlochta wons net onnishder wear.

Die Leola hut noh die Doris g'frok'd eb sie der hawna hava kent won sie 'n keppa dade, un sie hut gamaint sie kent. Die Leola is noh gonga un hut der hawna g'fonga, un da Doris garufa sie sot kumma. Wie die Doris kumma is, hut die Leola ra der hawna onna garaich'd die weil os sie die ox ganumma hut fer der hawna keppa. Die Doris hut 'm hawna der kup noh uf der hock klotz g'laig'd, un die Leola is in die hae mit da ox, ow'r weiter is sie net kumma. Die ox huts g'sheind wear ra grawd in da hae shtae gabliva, die weil os sie noh hee g'sthonna hut der hawna bagucka.

'S wor leicht tzu sehna os sie der hawna gadauert hut, un hut die ox navich 'm runner falla lossa, un nunner galong'd un hut 'n uf k'hova, un 'n gahairich gadrick'd. Noh hut sie howwa wolla die Doris sot 'n keppa, ow'r sie hut 'n aw fon hartza gadauert bei selra tzeit, un denk 's het ken hawna gewwa fer supper won da maid, ihra bruder Lloyd net datzu kumma wear. Sie hen ihn noh awgarons'd fer na der hawna keppa un wie er aw hut. Ow'r die barichda sin, het aw net fiel ganumma, het er 'n aw net keppa kenna, un glawb os der Howard 'n onner mohl besser der hawna keppa dade eb er shlofa gait odder 's maich'd ferleicht ken hawna gewwa for supper.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis net g'sawt tzu Fastnacht kucha yusht gute sin tzu Fastnacht tzeit-die Laura Mohr fon drunna nagshd on Coopersbarrick hut die ledshd woch nocha mohl 'n gahairicher shtivich Fastnacht kucha gabocha so wie '

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
Nor victory, nor defeat—no more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.
Whitman.

NATION UNITED BACK OF NEW PRESIDENT

It was another Black Friday in American history when yesterday the American people mourned the loss of their president and the commander-in-chief of their armies and navies now engaged in the greatest war in all history. It was a dark day almost all over the world as millions of people not only in this country but overseas were able by means of the radio to follow almost step by step, the movement of the sad funeral party that was wending its way by hearse and train from the mountains of Georgia to the national Capitol.

Never in history has it been possible for people to see so completely and so immediately informed as the radio is doing for us today. Eyewitnesses have been everywhere that is of importance in the scene of the death of the President and developments subsequent thereto. And they have been able by reason of the radio to report their observations immediately to a listening world.

So Americans have been especially close to a disaster in our American life at a very critical period in our history. The full and complete story has been distributed at once by air and soon thereafter by the press. Few indeed must be the folks in this country who do not know and appreciate what has happened. So an entire nation has been plunged into gloom simultaneously and today in reverence and with sorrow will think of the last sad rites.

While the entire nation is united in this common bond of sorrow it is also valuable for all to know that it is likewise united in the support of President Truman. Just as families at the bier forget differences large and small that have brought estrangements, so the death of President Roosevelt has brought a national unity stronger perhaps than that which he himself with all his popularity had enjoyed.

The American people will back up President Truman to the limit in his conduct of foreign affairs to the winning of the war and the accomplishment of enduring peace. If the peoples of any country fail to understand this, they will have made another great mistake as to the character of the American people.

WIDE SHUFFLING OF PEOPLE BY WAR

The greatest mass migrations in history are in progress in our day and the effects of this huge and vast movement will have most important effects upon the world in peace.

In the United States it is estimated that about one in every five persons has departed from his native home in the past six or seven years. Most of these have removed to some other part of the United States. Millions of the men are at war in foreign lands.

This same condition applies to other countries in greater and sometimes in lesser degrees. Thus France lost something like four million men who had been taken prisoner of war and had been taken out of their country to serve their masters as slaves in war industries. About two millions have been able to get back home since the invasion of Normandy last summer. The remainder are widely scattered. The same thing can be said of Poles, Czechs, Danes, Dutchmen, Belgians, Norwegians and Greeks whose countries were invaded and their people taken captive and disposed of as the conquerors saw fit.

It is going to take years and will involve tremendous problems of transportation to get everybody back home who wishes to go home. Lots of people probably never will get back home. There will be all sorts of complications. Witness an outstanding case in the story of two Tibetans who five years ago started out on foot to see Russia. While in Russia the war broke out and the young men were drafted into the Russian army. Soon they were captured and placed in a German prison camp.

Just a few days ago the Canadian army came along and freed all the occupants of the camp. But the Tibetans presented a problem. Nobody could speak to them and nothing was known about them. Thruout all the years they had never met any one who knew their language. They had been tossed about helplessly like corks upon the sea for five years. Finally a young Canadian who could speak Tibetan was found and at long last the two Asiatics knew what the war was all about, who was in it and how it was progressing. Up to that time they might just as well have been living upon Mars or the moon for all they knew what was going on all around them.

There may be German and Italian prisoners in the United States in just about the same position. There must be helpless, ignorant people scattered all over the world who never will get home, who will be lost sight of and forgotten. And there will be many who will never wish to return home.

The war has brought about a very complete shuffling of peoples.

NO FOOLING AS TO BINGO

If there had been any thought that District Attorney Gardner's declaration against bingo was merely an outburst of the moment, recent incident in Slatington is notice to all that the decision has not been altered.

Acting on information that bingo was to be reopened in the slate boro, the district attorney and other enforcement officers entered the town and covered the building in which play allegedly was to be resumed. But nothing happened.

There is nothing to indicate that the district attorney was misled. The greater likelihood is that he nipped plans in the bud and in doing so added to the discouragement which has been the lot of the bingo operators since the initial order.

BETTER TAKE THEIR OWN GRUB

From the Kansas City Star

A meeting worth seeing will be when those two prominent go-getters, Patton and Zhukov, take luncheon at the Berlin Chamber of Commerce.

Roosevelt's Ideals Safe

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 13.—The sad news which for months and months most people on the inside here had feared—the sudden death of the President—has come as a shock to Washington that is truly indescribable.

The tragedy of an abrupt ending of the career of the man who had been elected four times to the presidency and who had been entrusted with greater powers than any other chief executive in all our history will be felt throughout the world. For to a remarkable extent the government of the United States this last twelve years has been interwoven with the personality of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

History will say of him that he was courageous and even daring. He risked his life to make the long journey overseas to confer with war leaders. He worked at all hours at his job of commander-in-chief. He faced the certain results of possible overwork without thought of himself.

New President Takes the Reins

Today a new President—Harry S. Truman—takes the reins of government in accordance with Constitutional custom. He is a good man. He is well-liked by Republicans and Democrats on Capitol Hill. They have had a chance to know him intimately and they speak of him with respect and affection. They consider him a square-shooter and a man of kindliness and deep spiritual feeling.

This correspondent happened to attend on Wednesday morning of this week a breakfast with a dozen Senators from both parties and Mr. Truman. It was an informal meeting for prayer and spiritual fellowship and the then Vice President spoke simply and understandingly of human problems. One did not suspect then that before 48 hours had elapsed Mr. Truman would become the head of our nation. Curiously enough, before Mr. Truman arrived, one of the Senators said he had heard "new rumors" of the President's health. But as happens so often when rumors arise and are denied, there was a tendency to think that perhaps these rumors too were baseless.

Yet all through the last campaign there were men who claimed to know of the President's physical condition and spoke of the future with forebodings. It was considered political to discuss the President's health, and yet it was apparent from the moving pictures and the still photographs that he was failing.

Back in December, 1943, when Mr. Roosevelt went to Teheran he picked up a germ. He never succeeded in overcoming its effects. For it weakened him. He lost weight. There was talk of a heart condition. But whatever brought on these rumors, there was no official information given to corroborate them. The drawn face and almost haggard look that came from his eyes continued to arouse fears. To an amazing degree his face took on the same look that had preceded the death of President Woodrow Wilson. Maybe it was because Mr. Roosevelt began wearing the same kind of cape or maybe it was the similarity in the contour of the features, but again and again there were comments about the tragedy that might repeat itself—the breakdown in health of a second war president.

What turned the thoughts of observers away from any idea of an impending crisis in his health was Mr. Roosevelt's powers of recuperation and his buoyancy of spirit. His demeanor was that of a man happy in his work and enthusiastic about his current tasks. There were smiles that were so disarming that many correspondents who saw him always felt that he soon would snap back into good health.

The record of the Roosevelt administrations is too recent to be appraised, but friend and foe in politics will agree that his aims were always in the direction of an improvement in the lot of the common man. He encountered the bitterest of antagonism from business men because of his avowed interest in social-economic legislation but his passing will not mean that these laws will be weakened or nullified.

FDR Drew from Both Parties

For Franklin Roosevelt managed always to win his majorities by drawing strength from both parties and to a large extent from all classes. He came here early in 1913, a handsome young man fresh from the State Senate of New York and served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Nobody who really knew him throughout the years as did this correspondent could fail to have for him the deepest affection, and this was true of many who disagreed with his policies. For he was a man of engaging personality whose charm was unmistakable.

There need be no concern abroad or at home. The new President understands the Roosevelt policies and will carry on. The mourning of the people of the world for Franklin Roosevelt will in itself leave an indelible impress on the memory of all who have witnessed his rise to great heights only to be summoned by Divine Providence as his work as war President was coming to a victorious end. In the peace, others will carry on for him and his ideals will be safe in their hands.

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Interpreting the War News

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON
Associated Press War Analyst

Victory complete and final is close within the grasp of the United Nations war fellowship in Germany. It will be a victory not alone over the armed might of Germany; but over the brutal and debasing Nazi philosophy that would have brought mankind down again to the slough of barbarism from which it had climbed so painfully through the centuries.

Yet the chief architect of that victory, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, lies dead amid his years and honors. He was not spared to see its fulfillment—only to know certainly that it was at hand; that men of good will had rallied around the world to keep the faith as he kept it to death.

His death has cast a pall of sorrow over a world scene otherwise bright with promise, flaming with hope despite all the blood, sweat and tears still to be shed. Yet, too, it has steeled his countrymen and their Allies everywhere to press on unchecked in their victory stride.

An even grimmer purpose and determination at the fighting fronts and at home will pay a greater tribute to a fallen leader than any man-made monument.

He who runs could read that determination in the shocked reaction to the President's untimely death from men of all walks of life and many tongues everywhere; it came from the highest and the humblest; from grieving comrades of the broken triumvirate of victory—Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin; from admirals and generals; and from weary men in battle, getting on with the war.

For all Americans and for their Allies that assurance was promptly and solemnly stated by President Truman upon whom the mantle of highest authority had fallen so suddenly in all its heavy weight. It was his first word after the solemnization of his own elevation to the presidency, his first thought as commander-in-chief of a nation at war, and it carried no gleam of hope for toppling Germany or tottering Japan.

Realization of that fact marked even German and Japanese first reaction to announcement of Mr. Roosevelt's death. A faint flicker of hope for some change in war policy, some conflict of purpose among the United Nations fellowship came in Berlin and Tokyo broadcasts. But it was dead on the lips that uttered it even as it was spoken.

The world has lost in Franklin Roosevelt not only a great war leader but a great humanitarian. Even in Germany's ruined cities have been found Germans hoping against hope that in the end the kindly impulses of the American who lies dead might ease their lot in defeat.

The qualities, and the influence of his successor with his fellow war captains in reshaping the destiny of the world, are yet to be tested.

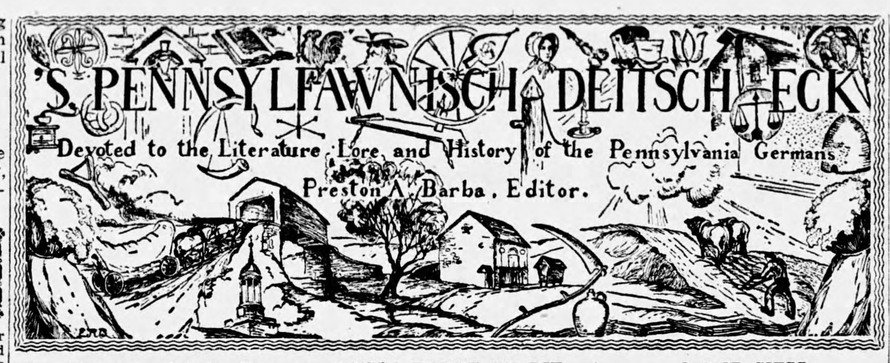
He has signalled that there will be no pause in relentless war and no check in following the pathway toward assured world peace the dead President had boldly mapped.

The war lords of the disintegrating German-Japanese Axis can find no comfort in that first action of the new American President; but men of good will in Germany and Japan, if such there still be, may take hope that for them, too, beyond defeat lies the dawn of a new era, an era bright before the vision of Franklin Delano Roosevelt even as his eyes closed in death.

With threepenny pieces, worth about five cents each, saved from fares during 1944, J. M. Butler, a taxi driver of Bethnal Green, England, defrayed the cost of a party for 250 children.

Although only horse-drawn transport was available thousands of people journeyed far to attend this year's coursing match, in which 64 greyhounds were entered, at Clounanna, Eire.

On the notice board of Johnstone Church in Springburn, Scotland, has just been placed a notice reading "If absence makes the heart grow fonder, there must be many people in this district who dearly love their church."



Far Heiratsluschdiche Buwe

Die Maed mit dicke Backe
Hen Haerze wie die Wacke;
Die Maed mit daerre Backe
Duhn oft ihr Menner hacke;
Die Maed mit rote Hoor,
Die sin en feiericher Chor;
Die Maed mit dicke Bee,
Die losst mer besser geh;
Die Maed mit Ring un Bender,
Die gehne oft der Kenter;
Die Maed verhenkt mit Seide,
Kenne nix recht Gutes leide;
Die Maed gedresst in Lumpe,
Wippen dich um der Schtumpe;
Die Maed mit dinne Bee,
Hen Hoor uff de Backezaeh;
En Maedel mit voller Bruscht,
Gebt mol en alti Kruscht;
Hot en Maedel recht viel Geld,
Will sie alles in der Welt,
Iss sie so aarm as en Laus,
Bettelt sie dir's Lewe raus;
Iss sie schee as wie en Blumm,
Waerd sie doch runslich geel un krumm;
All die Sache sin nix waert
Uff der ganse weite Aerd;
Geb mer vuscht en recht ehrlich Haerz,
Unne sell macht alles Schmaerz.

Old rimes from Malara Herber, New Tripoli

INDIAN TOBY

Although many inhabitants of Reading, the county seat of Berks county in Pennsylvania, sneer and smile scornfully when the village of Womelsdorf is mentioned, and even dislike to visit the same, these are indeed but prejudices, for surely there is no other rural village in old Berks, which possesses more natural beauty, and more that is interesting and historical, especially for the German inhabitants, than the village of Womelsdorf.

To the stranger who has not visited our village I wish to say that it is situated on an elevation in the best, most fruitful and most healthful part of the Lebanon Valley. Nature has adorned it with the most glorious surroundings and hemmed it in with the South and the Blue mountains.

Near Womelsdorf lies the grave of Conrad Weiser, that German who was so useful to this country as an interpreter during the wild wars with the Indians and the French, and who rescued the lives and the property of hundreds of settlers. His descendants, the Weisers and the Muhlenbergs, continue to serve their country to this day and have shown themselves worthy of their ancestry. A short distance from the grave of this good man is situated the large, beautiful and charitable orphanage. And in the village itself stood, up to a short time ago, the house in which the great Washington, on the occasion of his visit of Weiser's grave in 1797, spent right happy hours with his Reading friends.

After passing the last houses in Womelsdorf, in a westerly direction, one sees a little mound, on which a locust tree stands. According to legend the remains of the last Indian of Berks county are said to rest here. The legend, which seems to be founded on truth, lingers today only in the mouths of a very few, and I give it here as it was told me several years ago by a venerable old pastor residing in Stouchsburg.

In the years 1801-1802 one still frequently met an old Indian, who roamed in the vicinity of Womelsdorf, Neumanstown and along the Muehlbach. They called him Toby, and since he was a quiet and peaceful old man, who did not appropriate other people's possessions, and who also spoke Pennsylvania German fluently, he was welcome wherever he came. He accepted food and drink gratefully, but no one could persuade him to spend the night in a house, not even in the coldest winter. Also he sought as much as possible to pay for that which he received by making himself useful after his own manner. He gathered healing herbs, brought bear fat (then so much in demand), deerskins and fox pelts, fish and other articles, wherewith he believed to make his benefactors happy. And especially did he like to carry messages, which he would deliver punctually and scrupulously, so that the farmers along the Tulpehocken and the Muehlbach and in Upper Heidelberg, were, as they said, happy indeed to have such a messenger at their conveniences. And woe to him who would have done old Indian Toby any harm!

When, according to ancient German custom, the market fairs, lasting usually two days, were held at Reading and Schaefferstown in springtime, and where, just as in the small German market-towns of Europe, things went merrily, and whither especially the swains and the maidens streamed, then surely no one missed the opportunity of giving old Toby a "Markstueck" (in those days the name for a gift); for the same Toby they well knew, had often been the carrier of their love messages, indeed he had brought about many a happy marriage, as well as warned many another when ill fortune was in the offing!

Of his own life he related that he had been born in the Blue Mountains in the vicinity of the present-day village of Hamburg; that his parents had been pure, full-blooded Indians of the tribe of the Delawares, who, when he was about ten years old, had started forth, with their own tribe and other Indians, on the warpath to Allemengel. There he was taken prisoner and brought to the Tulpehocken settlement. Since the palefaces, and especially Conrad Weiser, had treated him well, he was glad to remain there. Of his parents he had never heard again.

One frosty November day in the year 1802 a long funeral procession wended its way from the Tulpehocken creek toward Womelsdorf. They were bearing the body of good Toby, the last Indian in Berks county. He had been found dead in a barn where Fischer's mill now stands, and now they were bringing him to his last resting place, where he liked so much to tarry in life and where he could so often be found.

When the large number of mourning neighbors had gathered about the grave, the Reverend Pastor Schulz, son-in-law of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, took it upon himself to say a few heartfelt words at the grave of this noble human being, even though he was but an unbaptized heathen.

The grave closed over him and not an eye was void of tears.

Time passed and with it also the memory of good Toby. Only by accident is it granted me to revive his memory.

Your (Reading Post)
L. A. WOLLENWEBER
(Alter vom Berge)

Wollenweber's story "Inschen, Toby" appeared in German in Der Deutsche Pioniet, Vol. V, 1873. It was reprinted in German in the American-German Review for Feb., 1945, and is here translated into English by the editor of the ECK.

UNSER PARRE UN DIE SCHWARZ BODDEL

Am Aafang vun dem gleene Schtick will ich pinktlich un glaar verschtanne hawwe, dass ich nix uff der Parre, mei vorhaericher Pastor, schmiere will. Ich ehr un schetz die Parre hoch, weil sie en guti Aerwet schaffe un misse sie oft mit schtreitiche Schof vollbringe. Was ich eich verzaehle will, handelt sich um so'n gleeni harmlosi G'schicht, die mit der Zeit en gross Feier aaschtecke hett kenne. Es iss de Leit aabefohle, dass so Sache darrich ee Ohr in der Kopp nei un zum annere naus geh solle. Awwer mer wisse, dass gans zu viel Leit so ebbes zu de zwee Ohre in der Kopp nei un iwwer die Zung naus geh losse. Wann die Umschtende so sin, dass eener vun daere Sart so'n unschuldichi G'schicht heert, dann waerd graad en Feier in Brand g'setzt. So Leit sin experts an unneedicher Druwwel mache.

All die vun uns, wu gelese hen vum Gottlieb Boonastiel wisse was die schwarz Boddel iss. Die schwarz Boddel waar un iss nix anners als die Boddel die der Schnaps halt. In unsere schpote Daage wisse aa viel net was Schnaps iss. Schnaps iss guter alter Karndramm, die Sart die unsere Vorvetter die Krefte beig'schafft hot fer ihre rickbrechende Aerwet zu schaffe.

In vergangene Yohre hot unser Parre odder Pastor sei Eldeschte un Vorschteher eigelaade fer'n haerrlicher un feschtlicher Owet am Parrehaus zubringe in freehlicher Manier. Am Parrehaus bedraagt sich en vollschtendicher Mann, wie's recht iss, wann er aa schunn verleicht in annere Pletz Ausschweifuunge mache meecht. Weil ich eener vun de vorhaer genennte Beamte waar, waar ich in daere G'sellschaft, so dass ich bezeige kann, dass alles was vorg'falle iss an sellem Owet waar gut, ordentlich un freedvoll.

Em Parre sei Fraa hot gute Sorge gemacht fer der Owet. Sie hot allerhand Kuche, Lemonade, Tee, Kaffee, ice cream bereit fer'n geschtliche Zeit. Am Owet hot sie zu ihre Hilf etliche Maed vun unsere Gemee gerufe. Vun Aafang bis zum End hot's an dem katze Owet yuscht reiner, harmloser G'schpass gewwe.

So an de zehe Uhr iss eens vun de Abwaartmaed krank warre un iss in Ummacht hieg'falle. Der Parre geht schnell in die Kich un holt en Quart Boddel Schnaps, giesst en Suppeleffel voll in en Glass Wasser un gebt's dem Maedel zu drinke. In karzer Zeit waar sie widder frisch un munter. Niemand hot iwwel devun gedenkt. An dem Punkt fangt en glee Schpiel aa.

Wie mer g'sehne hen wie der Schnaps des Maedel so erfrischt hot, iss g'schwind eener noch em annere uff der Boddem g'falle, wie wann er dot ummechtich waer. Mer hen gemeent, mer meechte verleicht aa wennich vun daere gute Medizin griege. Der Parre hot des aa klaar verschtanne. Er hebt eem vun de ummechtiche der Kopp uff un hebt ihm die Boddel ans Maul. Der Parre waar schlau. So g'schwind dass er g'sehne hot, dass der Ummechtich 's Maul uffmacht fer'n guter Drink nemme, hot er die Boddel weggezogge un hot g'saat, dass wann er zu sich kumme kennt unni Schnaps, dann daet er die Boddel widder uffs Schelf schtelle, wu sie schunn fer die ledschte sechs Yohr g'schtanne hett. Wie die annere g'sehne hen, dass nix aus der Boddel kummt, sin sie g'schwind widder uff die Fiess.

Wie des Kinnerschpiel verbei waar, hemmer der Parre gezaerrt wege seinre schwarze Boddel. Er hot uns g'saat, dass en guter Eldeschter hett ihm der Schnaps schunn sechs Yohr vorhaer gewwe, weil die Boddel noch fascht voll waar, waar's klaar wie der Daag, dass der Parre sich net an der Boddel uffg'halte hot.

Wie schunn vorhaer g'saat, iss der Owet feierlich un haerrlich verloffe. Alles das zu esse un zu drinke waar, iss verschwunde eb der Owet verbei waar. Allerlee vun vergangener Zeit un vun der Zukunft iss g'schwetzt warre. Nooch un nooch hemmer em Parre un seinre Fraa "Gute Nacht" g'saat un sin heem.

In der naegschte Daage, hen mer, wann mer ebber vun unser Gemee aagetroffe hen, verzaehlt vun de gute Zeit, das mer am Parrehaus g'hatt hen. Niemand hot ebbes Iwweles gedenkt devun un es waar aa nix Iweles zu denke.

Uff eemol hot's awwer geknellt. In schier yedere Kaerrichegemee gebt's so enghaerziche Brieder un Schwestere, die meene es waer sindlich fer laut zu lache. Sie halte sich verkommen als "pillars" vun de Kaerrich. Sie sin gutmeeniche Leit. Ihre Gerechtichkeit iss zu hoch un zu gross fer des weltliche Lewe. Sie verklaage alles. Alles verdriesst sie. Sunndaags hocke sie in de Kaerrich un sie blose un sie seifze, un wie greesser ihre Verdruss iss, so viel mehner meene sie waer ihre Frommichkeit. En Breddicher hot mol g'saat, noochdem er vaerzich Yohr mit daere Sart Grischde umhaergange waer, kennt er nau verschteh, ferwas der Meeschter so gaern G'sellschaft gemacht hett mit de Sinder.

Ich hab Mitleid fer die Parre, wu so-iche Gewichter am Hals henke hen. Sie sin mannich Mol die Ursach vun Schtreit. Es muss die Parre innerlich lache mache, wann sie so en alte Zwiwwel in der Grund schtecke. Wann der Parre saagt vun der ewiche Ruh, zweifel ich net, muss er froh sei, dass es ewichi Ruh iss.

So en Gerechter iss aa in der Kaerrich wu ich mei wechentlicher Sunndaagschlummer halt. Wie der g'heert hot was fer G'schpichte, das mir g'hatt hen an unsere party mit de schwarze Boddel, dann hot er aag'fange zu schnattere. Parre, Eldeschte un Vorschteher waere in seinre Meening nix as wie Hellkinner.

Karz nooch daere party hawwich der gut Bruder drunne in der Schadt aagetroffe. Ich hab graad g'sehne, was er im Sinn draagt. Ich hab ihm en scheener Gruss mache wolle: "Gute Marye, Bruder——! Wie geht's heit?" —Noh hot er awwer losgelosst un hot mir mol gedichtich die Lefidde abgelese. Er hot gemeent, mer hette en recht Belschazzer Fescht g'halte an unsere party. Saagt er, "En Boddel Schnaps im Parrehaus iss unerheert. Des iss gottschtraefflich un verdammlich—en Fluch uff die Kaerrich. Dihr seid lidderliche, freveliche Gottesleschterer." Sei lecture hot er zu End gebrocht mit. "Ich verklaag eich all beim Kaerricheraat."

Ich hab ihn geduldich abg'harricht bis er faerdich waar abblose. Dann saag ich, "Bruder (do hot er mich unnerbroche, "Heess mich net Bruder, du schmutzicher Sinder!), ich bin eener vum Kaerricheraat un so sin aa all die wu an der party waare. Frank, du kannscht net weit faahre mit deim Verklaage." Mei Vatter hot als g'saat, mer sott der Deiwel net bei seinere Grossmutter verklaage. Noh hawwich der Frank g'frogt eb er denke daet mer daete uns selwer schtrofe. "Ya," saagt er, "do hot der Deiwel schun widder die Iwwerhand."

O WIE SIESS

O, wie siess iss die Luft
Un wie schee sin die Blumme!
O, wie lieb iss die Welt,
Wann die Friehyohr Daag kumme!
Der Blovoggel singt
Un die Kinner, die lache;
'S iss Zeit far Schdrohhiet,
Frische shad un so Sache.

O, die Bletter sin grie
Un 's iss alles am Wachse,
Un die Hinkel, die peife
Halleluya un gachse;
Un der Appelbaam guckt
Wie en grosser bouquet,
Un die Grotte un hully-rum
Kreische: "Huree!"

O der Himmel iss blo
Un die Daage sin sunnich,
Un die Zwiwwle im Gaarde
Hen en flavor wie Hunnich;
'S iss Friehyohr, un dankbaar,
Des bin ich bei gliedich,
Far Schuh sin aus Fashion—
Nau gehn ich baarfiessich.

—DER SOLLY HULSBUCK.

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Dear Sir:

I'd like to offer tardy but most sincere congratulations upon the tenth anniversary of the ECK.

For the past five years I have been an extremely interested reader of your column and have watched the parade of native Goethes and Schillers, from both past and present, some mediocre and others with a creative sensitiveness that approaches the best in American literature, but all with the stamp of personal sincerity and effort. A masterful contribution like John Birmelin's "Muttergraab" speaks for itself.

As a result of your excellent book reviews I have added a number of Pennsylvania German books to my library. I suppose I've always retained the impression that the dialect was solely a vehicle for dull backyard gossip but after a bit of reading on the subject I'm pleasantly amazed at the existence of so much excellent literature in Pennsylvania German.

My best wishes for the continuance of a column which has and will contribute a great deal to our American culture.

Sincerely,
JOHN T. HILBERG.

Detroit, Mich.

Liewer Editor:

Du hoscht gewiss gut geduh far en Eck voll Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Neiichkeete un Berichte gewwe zu de Leser vun de Morning Call schier gaar alle Woch far zehe Yohr.

Ich gleich die Ecke so gut un denk so viel devun, ass ich sie all g'halte hab. Es waare 522 Samschdaage vum 23. 1935 Maerz bis zum 24. Maerz 1945, un ich hab 518 Ecke. Die Ecke as fehle sin vum 26. Dezember, 1936, 25. Dezember 1937, vum 4. Juli 1942 un vum 25. Dezember 1943, awwer uff denne Daateme waare kenni gedruckt.

Es Eck sott aagenehm sei net yuscht zu uns, wu Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch hen als unser Mutterschproch, awwer aa zu de Leit, wu geindressiert sin in de Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche, weil es macht sie bekannt mit unsere Schproch un mit de Erfaahrunge, Mode uns Lewe un unsere Voreltere.

Es Eck bringt zum Daageslicht viel G'schichte, as schunn lang begraawe waare in unnerschittliche Bicher, un viel Sache as schier gaar vergesse waare.

Es Eck helft viel far 's Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch am Lewe halte, weil im Eck findt mer viel neie G'schichte un Gedichte, as g'schriwwe sin in de Mutterschproch.

Ass du noch far en mannich Yohr uns yede Woch en Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck gewwe kannscht, iss mei haerzlicher Wunsch.

Aernschthaftich dein
Kunkletown, Pa. HARVEY L. BOYER

Noh hawwich ihm en Blaan vorg'schlagge, wudarrich er leenich der Deiwel leddere kennt. Ich hab g'saat, mer daete ihn zum Kaerricheraat mache, noh kennt er uns schtrofe graad wie's ihm g'falle daet. Wann er mir der Kopp abhacke wott, dann wott ich ihm die Ax scharf schleife un er meecht der Henkerknecht sei.

Ob mer vun 'nanner sin hawwich ihn g'frogt, eb er nie Schnaps gedrunke hett un eb er ihm net gut g'schmacke hett. Er hot g'schtanne dass so lang er en "Sinder" waar hett er alsemol wennich gedrunke, awwer yuscht fer Medizin un er hett net schlecht g'schmackt. Awwer nau daet er ihm gaar nimmi schmacke. Noh hot er mich g'frogt, ob ich gaern Schnaps drinke daet. Ich hab ihm g'saat, dass ich seit 1920 kenner meh versucht hett, awwer er daet mir noch so gut schmacke wie 're Katz die siess Millich.

Weil er uns all g'halte hott fer Siffer, hawwich ihm g'saat, dass ich gans wennich in meim Lewe in de grogshops gewest waer un 's eensichsht mol dass ich en quart Schnaps kaaft hett, waer in de schlechte alte Zeite in Lancaster gewest. Sellemols waar der Schnaps wolfel, yuscht en $1.25 die quart fer Rohrer's A, in der Zeit wu's Geld so raar waar, dass mei Kummeraad un ich kaum ee quart kaafe hen kenne fer en gleene celebration halte.

Es hot mich doch oft schunn gewunnert, wie's kummt, dass der liewe Gott die schlechte Sache so aagenehm gemacht hot. Wie der Frank un ich unser G'schpraech g'halte hen, sin etliche scheene Maed verbei un fer ihn weit uffschtarre, hawwich gebrowiert sei Gedanke uff die scheene Maed zu richte. Des waar awwer yuscht frisch Hols uffs Feier. Er hot widder frisch aag'fange mich hechle. Ich hab g'sehne, dass es ken End zu dem Grageel gebt. Dann hawwich g'saat, ich misst mich heem mache, mei Fraa daet schunn lang uff der Zucker un der Kaffee waarte un ich waer in grosser G'faahr 's Ledder gedichtich gegaerbt zu griege odder verleicht der Kucheroller uff die Haernschaal. Wie ich awwer heem kumme bin, hawwich 're alles g'saat un mer hen gut driwwer gelacht.

Der Parre, wu die schwarz Boddel g'hatt hot, iss nau nimmi unser Pastor. Er iss in England bei unsere Soldaate un dient als chaplain. Er iss die Leeder hoch nuff—er iss en captain. Ich will ausfinne was er gemacht hot mit seinere schwarze Boddel. Er iss en Mann, wu mer ehre muss. Ich hoff er kummt ball zerick. Es iss schunn paar Munet haer, dass ich 's letscht vun ihm g'heert hab. Wann er zerick kummt, wolle mer widder celebrate-e, awwer net mit de schwarze Boddel aus Reschpeckt fer unser gerechter Bruder.

Mer hen nau 'n neier Breddicher. Ich waar noch net an seim Haus un ich weess net ob er schwarze Boddel hot odder eenich ebbes als eig'salsene Breddiche. Ich muss iwwerdem mol browiere auszufinne was in seim Schank schteht un ich will ihn warne, dass er unserm gute Bruder net an der Kopp schtosst mit Schnaps, oddder mit so 'me gleene Kinnerschpiel, wuraus der Bruder Frank schier en gross Feier aag'schteckt hot.

Scranton, Pa. WILLIAM F. YODER

Deaths of a Day

DAVID L. HARRIS

David L. Harris, 70, a native of Catasauqua, died April 10 in Greeley, Colo., where he was located for the past 25 years. A retired insurance agent, he was a brother of the late Daniel Harris, life-long resident of Catasauqua.

Mr. Harris is survived by one niece, Esther Harris Garman of Catasauqua, and one nephew, Thomas Harris of Detroit, Mich. Funeral services will be held at Greeley today.

JANE E. FILCHNER

Jane Elsie Filchner, one-month-old daughter of Wilbur F. and Stella M. (nee Marsh) Filchner of Chapmans, died yesterday at her home after a short illness.

Besides her parents she is survived by two sisters, Emilie and Marlene at home, a maternal grandfather, Amandus Marsch of Danielsville; paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Filchner of Bethlehem R. 1, and her maternal great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Tilghman J. Kromer of Danielsville R. 1.

Rev. E. J. Mitchell will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the late home. Interment in Union cemetery, Danielsville.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Wor Abissel Base

Sō wie 'n Fegelchie uns yusht gapifa hut, wor der Charlie Strausser, 'm Charlie Held fon nagsnd on Hynemansville sei wusslicher knecht, da onner dawg abissel base wie er mit 'm Charlie un 'm Allie Hoffman rei noch da shdadt wor. Der Charlie un der Allie hen aryads 'n truck load socha hola wolla fer die bauerrei, un der Charlie hut g'frok'd eb er mit kent bis sie widder nous gangda. Sie hen g'sawt er kent mit, ow'r mist sich dummla mit seina g'shefta well sie tzaila dade fer tzurick hame gae in ra shtuns tzeit.

Wos fer wohltaeticha tzwega os der Charlie S. noh tzu gae hut kot kenna m'r net sawga. So fiel wissa m'r ow'r, os er in ra shtuns tzeit drowwa on da 15d un Hamilton wor woh sie tzomma kumma hen wolla. Des da langer os er gawort hut, des da langer is 'm die tzeit werra, un sawga er het 'n drei tzol diefer grawwa in die cement payments gadribb'ld, worta uf der Charlie un der Allie, un woh yusht net kumma sin. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hut iwwer drei shtun g'shtonna worta uf die boova, un wie sie noh ols noch net darta worra, is er mit da buss nous noch Newtown, un hut darta 'n taxie gading'l fer 'n niver noch 'm Goldna shlissel wertshous nemma, un is noh fon darta folshter hame galoffa. Die barichda sin, der Charlie S. wear base ganunk gawest fer 'n rigel waigs shpikes in tzwae beissa, un glawbts da onnerra boova alla well noch net recht os sie iwwer fier shtun worta hen missa fer ihra load truck socha lawda.

Hunds G'shpichta

Woe aenich ebber mohl 'n baiser hund schna wil, don sots bei liva lava ons Wellie Stettlers nei shtoppa drowwa on Selpstown. Un war maint 's Wellies' glae weiss hund'l wear net base, brouch numma mohl shwetza mit 'm Herbie Boyd, odder 'm Horace Schmoyer, die tzwae becker os ons Wellies' nei shtoppa. Mohl fers aller airsht huts hund'l der glae Herbie fer iwwer ne halb shtun im eck fon da porch shtae kot, un hut 'n net nous galust. Die ferdreaslichkate fom hund'l is, os es so freindlich is uf 'm nei waig, ow'r sich uf shtruv'ld wie 'n altie bree gluck won des os es nei galust hut nous wil. Sellie socha uf kours g'shaina won niemoud dahame is ons Wellies'. Der Herbie hut endlich sei grosser beckers karrab fer sich k'hova, un is hinnershich nous noch 'm truck galoffa. Sella waig hut er sich noh ous 'm shtawb g'shoft unna aenicha kritzer griega.

Ow'r der Horace Schmoyer, woh becker truck fohrt fer der shtoremon Oscar Heilman fon Fogelsville wor net gons so glicklich. Der Horace hut aw wunners gamaint wie freindlich os es hund'l wear bis er tzurick nous gawolt hut, un der glae ketzer is 'm gonga fer die wada. Die hoar hen 'm Horace kartza grawd in die hae g'shtonna, un sawga er het 'n hefticher brill ous galust wie der hund 'm ins bae gabissa hut.

Is 'n Blug 'n Trailer?

Da onner dawg wors gute wie tzwae Allentown policeleit, der Officer Charlie Arndt, un der Officer Bob Mohr nous gawolt hen ihra lutta bluga mit ma hame gamochda tractor, unna sulky blug. Der Charlie un der Bob wie m'r denka kon, sin immer druf ous fer ardning halta uf da waiga, un sin immer om in ocht nemma won leit letza socha duhn mit mashina. Ungfare ebber os 'n altie blot uf seinra mashine hut kaimt net welt won sie 'n ferwisha dada, uns same halt aw ous mit ra lot onnerra socha. Un grawd darrich sei hen sie 'n heftich aryerment kot mit nonner eb 'n sulky blug 'n trailer wear odder net.

Der Bob hut druf g'shtonna alla trailer os hinna on ra mashine odder ma tracktor hanka dade mist 'n numerra blot howwa 's same wie aw 'n mashine. Un die weil os 'n sulky blug radder het, hut der Bob druf g'shtonna sotta sie bei

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. Wordsworth.

FOLLOWING FALSE PROPHET TO DEATH

Yesterday was the 56th anniversary of the birth of Adolph Hitler but if those German people who still are unconquered had any celebration of it they did not announce the event. However the Allies provided some fitting observance, a regular Fourth of July affair, by storming Nuremberg—one of the principal Nazi shrines; by bombarding Hamburg, Germany's second largest city, and by not overlooking any other important military objective upon the "sacred soil" of the Fatherland.

Certainly it would be most interesting to the world to get a peep into the composite mind of the German people. For ten years at least they worshipped and enthusiastically followed the Austrian corporal because as a human Satan he led them up into a high mountain to show them "all the kingdom of the world" and promised to give the German people "the power and glory over them." They worshipped him in the hope and expectation that all would be theirs.

Today more than two million of the men who fought back of Hitler to achieve his promises are prisoners of war in Allied camps in the United States, Canada and Europe. This is not counting the Russian bag whose total figures have not been revealed. How many Germans have been killed in battle cannot be known until the German military authorities themselves make report. But the figures must be startling. How many more will have to be killed and maimed before the war is ended cannot be known, but it can be believed that hardly a family in Germany will be untouched by death in war.

Never has false prophet been more fanatically and more fatally followed by any people and the amazing thing is that he is being followed right to the death. On the occasion of his 56th birthday, it was to be observed that what remains of Germany and her armed forces and civilian population were being cut into perhaps eight or ten pieces, every one of which will have to be disposed of separately and perhaps at considerable cost to the Allies. In fact, some of the German commentators have been bragging about this division of their strength, some of the elements backed up against ports on the North Sea and the Baltic; some backed up against the Bavarian Alps and some in conquered Czechoslovakia and the Harz mountains. In addition they might have included such pockets as the French Atlantic ports wherein German garrisons have been holding out steadily even though the flood of the invasion begun last June now is hundreds of miles to the east.

But all such opposition must be seen to be futile if a formerly sensible people like the Germans possess the slightest bit of national mentality after a decade of constant use of powerful narcotics. They must be walking in a dream world if they have the slightest hope of winning by holding out in caves, hills and forests when they know they have been defeated consistently during the years when they possessed a great army, a threatening navy, a destructive force of submarines, a superb air force and were entrenched in three-fourths of Europe and the most valuable parts of Africa. If they could not win then, how can any one persuade them that they can win now?

BLASTING A NATION INTO RUIN

Certainly one of the most sensational stories of the war is that which an INS writer wired from Germany concerning a munitions manufacturer in Leipsig who dramatically evaded capture when the American 1st Army drove into that great city.

According to the story one Herr Bundin, who was a manufacturer of bazookas, invited about a hundred friends to a dinner in his home. Caviar, champagne and other delicacies were served. Then came costly cigars and cognac. Presumably when the guests were at the acme of an artificial happiness, Bundin pressed a button and the entire assemblage was blown into eternity.

The fantastic story, whether entirely true or not, is in effect an allegory. Back in 1939 and thereabouts Herr Hitler invited the German nation to a feast upon the good things that the peoples of other countries had amassed by blood, sweat and tears. For years that feast was enjoyed and there was tremendous sense of triumph and of superiority around the Axis banquet board. Then a button was pushed, though not by Hitler, and the banqueting party was blasted. Germany has been blown up by her own petard.

AMERICA GETS THE NEWS SPEEDILY

Perhaps you are one of those who heard the rumor that Berlin has been taken and the Germans have surrendered but the news is being kept secret for some special political reasons. Or you may have been told that Churchill did not attend the Roosevelt funeral because he had to be on hand in Europe to accept the German surrender. And you may have heard a lot of other canards and listened to some prattlers who continue to harp on the string that the newspapers do not give all the news; that there are evasions and suppressions for ulterior purposes.

Now even if there were any such desire on the part of any paper or papers, it would not be possible to carry out the desire because in the entire scope of free enterprise in America there is nothing quite so free as the news. There is the keenest competition among newspapers and press services. Each wants to get news and announce it first. Thus a number of American correspondents who believed that American and Russian troops surely must be meeting each other somewhere in the vicinity of Berlin, flew from the western battle-lines on Thursday. They thought that in the Army's news blackout important things were happening that they ought to report to the American people. They flew over the lines all right but they came back to report that nowhere were the eastern and western armies of the Allies in contact as far as they were able to see.

So you can continue to trust your newspapers and distrust rumors. When Berlin is taken, when the Americans and Russians clasp hands, when Adolf is captured or takes poison the newsmen on the fronts are going to know about it and they are going to lose no time in telling you.

A PROPER HOME FOR SALVATION ARMY

The community will rejoice with the Salvation Army which on Sunday will dedicate the large and beautiful building at 8th and Turner Streets which henceforth is to be the scene of its many useful activities for great numbers of people in this community.

Because the work of this organization has expanded to touch so many lives in this city, it had become necessary quite some time ago to secure larger quarters. So it was that the Salvation Army sought to buy the former Allentown Trust Co. buildings which were offered at public sale and were bought by the County of Lehigh for public purposes. Failing there, the present site was secured.

Certainly it is to be hoped that time will prove this great religious body will be able to do a bigger and a better job with the facilities now in hand than could have been done had it located upon the city's main street.

U. S. Security vs. Russia

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 20—Is the security of the United States any less important to the American people than the security of Russia is to the Russian people?

One would think that question was easily answered and yet there are in the government here persons who argue that Russia may annex almost a third of the territory of Poland, an ally, but that the United States shall not be permitted to obtain a tiny area of ground from the enemy less than thirty miles square for future strategic bases in the Pacific.

It seems that what Russia got out of the Yalta conference by way of additional territory is not a violation of the Atlantic Charter or, if it is, it doesn't matter, but the moment spokesmen for the Army and Navy of the United States ask for possession of Iwo Jima and the Bonin islands, as well as the islands formerly held by Japan north of the equator, they are criticised for wanting to violate the Atlantic Charter's provision forbidding "territorial aggrandizement."

Just why it is all right for Russia to take territory from an ally but not all right for America to keep a small group of islands wrested from the Japanese at a heavy cost of American lives is not clear, but the fact is that such conversations go on behind closed doors in some of the conferences which are being held to determine future American policy.

A Distinct Difference

There is a distinct difference between strategic areas such as would give us bases in the Pacific, and territories that are annexed as in the case of Poland. In the former, there are no large groups of people who have had their independence and no economic resources to exploit. All that is wanted by our Army, Navy and Air Forces are bases for airplanes and carrier task forces so there can never be another Pearl Harbor.

The late President Roosevelt assured the Army and Navy that they would have complete control of the bases but he suggested that title be vested in some kind of trusteeship. The question was never finally settled because the Army and Navy folks were debating it. All that has been settled is that the specific areas to be put under "trusteeships" will not be brought up at San Francisco. That agreement was reached at Yalta, but pressure has come lately to upset it and the American delegation was importuned to discuss the whole trusteeship problem. Only the formula of trusteeships and machinery of administration in the abstract will be discussed.

This correspondent did not voice approval of the Yalta settlement, but it is a decision made by the late President and the heads of the British and Russian governments and the United States government is apparently bound by it. By that Yalta conference one-third of Poland was to be awarded to Russia and the so-called Curzon line was staunchly defended by its supporters as one way to give Russia the security she wanted. Advocates of the settlement were not in the slightest degree disturbed by the outcry that the annexation violated the Atlantic Charter. But some of them today are arguing hat a "trusteeship" which gives America outright possession of vital bases is a quibble and subterfuge.

It is surprising that where the safety of the United States is concerned, the matter becomes a quibble but when the safety of Russia is concerned there is approval on the ground that Russia must have her security.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

INDISPENSABILITY

I recall clearly the assassination of William McKinley. The nation was shocked, grieved, saddened. We, at school, were told what it meant to the country to lose a President by sudden death. We had classroom memorial services and I can remember it as today, going to a religious service to hear his favorite hymns, "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Lead Kindly Light," then new to me but so imbedded in my memory from that solemn occasion that they have ever been my favorites.

William B. McKinley was saved from the sacrilege of the cacaphony of the radio, the reductio ad absurdum of hours and hours of repetition of eulogy. My memory recalls nothing but the solemn, the respectful, the lofty. We buried our President and we loved our country. A soldier in uniform blew "Taps" and not an eye was dry.

I could not help thinking during the past week-end that radio newscasters accustomed to staccato football reporting, comedians employed in slapstick laughter, lady novelists who write of love in its teens, lack the solemnity of an old-fashioned preacher; their simulation of the depth of emotions often sounds a mockery. Radio treatment of the death of a President was too organized, too pushing. When people want to cry, they seek at most sad music, not the basso voice of an immature actor turned mourner.

Radio Needs Editing

The radio needs editing; it requires intelligent direction. The radio seems to run hog wild whenever anything occurs that gives free rein to the fancies of its varied management. They apparently suppose that excess is a mark of efficiency; that wild license represents respect and solemnity. I still prefer a church.

And this much their noisiness proved beyond doubt: America is so great that no American is indispensable. I say the radio proved that, for on Friday and Saturday, for a full 36 hours, this instrument of expression gave the impression that it was the United States that had died. And that is obviously not so. The United States goes on. Our troops go on. Our factories go on. Our farms go on. Our stores and shops and offices go on. Everything goes on. Those who want to weep dry their eyes and march on to the work of the day. Babies are born even on the day of mourning and one of them, some 40 or 50 years hence, may even become President of the United States. Upon this continent, men and women of European ancestry have for more than three centuries built a great nation—the greatest now upon this earth.

Tomorrow as It Was Yesterday

And so it shall be tomorrow as it was yesterday. Nothing has happened in this generation that has not stirred the imaginations and fears of men in other generations. The swiftest progress of this United States, measured by any yardstick, was made in the period between the Civil War and the World War I. Yet after Lincoln died, there were voices to cry, The end has come. And after Woodrow Wilson, men cried, The end has come. And so men cry today.

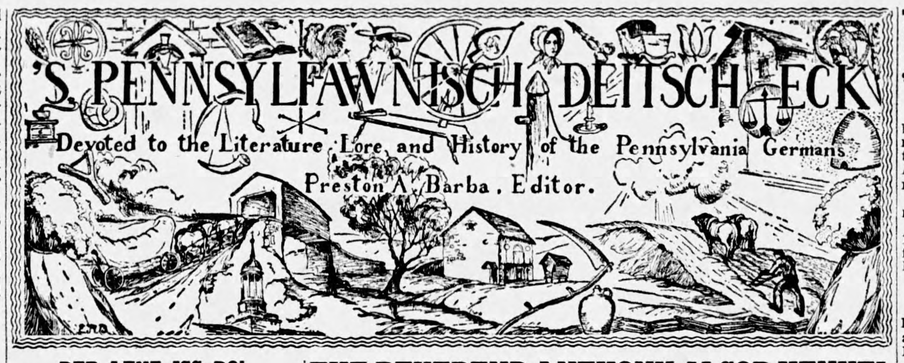
But America has no end. It knows no end. Its story goes on and on. There is no despair in its voice. With us, it is never even "The King is dead, Long live the King!" With us it is

"Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!"

(Copyright, 1945)

The first Maori translation of a complete play of Shakespeare is claimed to have been made by Pei Te Turunui Jones, a native interpreter of Hawera, New Zealand, who has completed in Maori unabridged versions of both The Merchant of Venice and Othello.

Mystery of the disappearance of 200 birds from Dublin's St. Stephen's Green, a public park, was solved when the birds, which included 80 mallard, were found in nearby Herbert Park, where they sought sanctuary during a city-sponsored duck hunt to reduce the number in the Green.



DER LENZ ISS DO!



O, Friehyohr un yung sei,
Wie iss des so schee!
O, lache un froh sei,
Des kann net vergeh.
Die Feggel, die singe,
Die Lemmer, die schpringe
Im Graas un im Glee.
O, Friehyohr un yung sei,
Wie iss des so chee!

O, Friehyohr un yung sei,
Wie iss des so schee!
O, Sarye un Kummer,
Die misse vergeh.
Die Maed, die singe,
Die Buwe, die schpringe
Uff Land un uff See.
O, Friehyohr un yung sei,
Wie iss des so schee!

—P.A.B.

A free paraphrase of some verses by Wollenweber.

DIE ZEECHE IM KALENNER

Der Leeb, der brillt,
Die Wok, die gilt;

Der Schitz, der schiesst
Der Wassermann giesst;

Der Fisch, der schwimmt,
Der Schteebock schpringt;

Der Skorpion schticht,
Die Yungfraa schpricht;

Der Krebs, der klemmt,
Der Ochs, der rennt;

Der Widder, der schteest,
Die Kinner sin bees.

Old household rimes about the signs of the Zodiac have come down to us in various versions. See the ECK for Feb. 29, 1936, March 26, 1938 and April 23, 1938. The one which appears above came from Mrs. Malara Herber, New Tripoli, Pa.

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Editor of the ECK,
Dear Sir:

In the "Deitsch Eck" of Feb. 10, 1945 appeared "A Human Interest Story of the Revolutionary War" about Abraham Hunsberger, the great singer. I would like to submit a correction concerning his ancestry.

Recent investigations by Byron K. Hunsberger, historian of the Hunsberger Family, Norristown, Pa., and Henry S. Landes, Souderton, Pa., noted historian and genealogist, have shown that Rev. Grubb in "The Gottshall Family" was in error concerning the singer's ancestry.

The corrected ancestry is as follows: Abraham Hunsberger (1755-1816) the great singer married Catherine Tyson (1760-1819). Both are buried at Herstines Cemetery, Neiffer, Pa. (Montg. County). They had 13 children. The father of the singer was Abraham Hunsberger and wife ——, and the grandparents of the singer were Ulrich Hunsberger and wife Catherine of Franconia township, Montgomery County, Pa.

The will of Wm. S. Tyson (1722-1810) proves that Catherine Tyson married a Hunsberger. (N. H. Bergey).

"The Gottshall Family" by Rev. Grubb states in the appendix that the father and mother of Abraham Hunsberger, the singer (1755-1816), were Abraham Hunsberger & Esther Tyson, daughter of Matthias Tyson & Barbara Sellen Tyson of Perkiomen township, Montgomery County, Pa. The will of Matthias Tyson and other records do not list a daughter Esther nor her descendants. Was this an error about Esther Tyson?

Can any of the ECK readers give us the name of the wife of the father of the great singer?

There was an Abraham Hunsberger who lived in Hatfield township, Montgomery County, Pa., during the colonial period. Was this the father of the great singer?

As I think about this work in ancestry, I am reminded of the following statement which appears in the introduction to "American Ancestry" Vol. I, 1887 by Frank Munsell & Thomas P. Hughes: "The preservation of pedigrees (human) is therefore not mere pastime of the idle or curious. It is the honorable employment of the student and historian. It has always formed the basis of all true history."

Family history is a fascinating subject, and the genealogist finds his grasp of historical events increased and his understanding of humanity deepened through the tracing of family descent.

As I visit the neglected graveyards and abandoned farms where our worthy ancestors repose, and once lived and labored, I am reminded of the poet Ray Ashton who writes in "The Old Deserted Farm,"

"Oh Pity on the hour when
Hope first turned and fled,
And left these acres barren
In the pathway of the dead!"

And so they sleep, these ancestors of a sturdy race, amidst the surroundings they loved so well with the music of the rippling stream forever singing its lullaby, a restful, peaceful slumber song.

The demands of generations of children as to the who and where of their ancestors should be met. In years to come our children will be interested in establishing their connections with their forefathers here. The family Bibles, diaries, account books, etc., contain valuable information and material which will be lost forever unless the present generation is aroused to its duty to the future in safeguarding the details of the past.

Public records of the early years are incomplete and many Bibles have been lost or mislaid. There is always a possibility that somewhere amid the tangle of wilderness may be found the solution of a genealogical problem. Often there is nothing to connect the present with the past but a neglected grave-stone in some forgotten corner. When another hundred years shall have gone, who can say what will have become of these graves? The lettering is becoming indistinct, and time and weather are causing the stones to crumble, and when they are gone no trace is left of the spot they marked.

"The present is a product of the past and the parent of ages yet to be. The present can not understand itself, much less discharge its duty to the future without knowing whence it came."

Towanda, Pa. NELSON H. BERGEY.

THE REVEREND ANTHONY JACOB HENKEL

by the Rev. Melville B. Schmoyer, F.I.A.G.

AMONG the pioneer clergymen in Pennsylvania there is hardly another about whom so many misstatements and slanders have been made and perpetuated by church historians down to our day as about Anthony Jacob Henkel.

Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg makes reference to him in the **Hallische Nachrichten**. Henkel had arrived in Pennsylvania a quarter of a century before Muhlenberg, but the latter never designates him by his baptismal name, referring to him only as "der alte Henkel."

We believe it was the Rev. Henry Eyster Jacobs, D. D. in his "Lutherans", (Vol. IV in the **American Church History** series) who was the first to give him the name of "Gerhardt." Accepting Dr. Jacobs as an authority, Dr. Theodore Schmauk persisted in designating him as Gerhardt Henkel when he wrote the **History of the Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania** (Vols. XII and XIII, proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society.) When Dr. Kline wrote his history of the Lutheran Church in New Hanover (Falckner Swamp), Montgomery County (Vol. XX, Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society), having such authorities as Dr. Jacobs and Dr. Schmauk, he continued to designate Henkel as Gerhardt. Undoubtedly other writers, using the same authorities, have continued the error. Now, in a word, Gerhardt Henkel was a son of the Rev. Anthony Jacob Henkel, and never had been a minister.

Inasmuch as a true account of the life of Anthony Jacob Henkel has never been published, and in order to refute false statements about him as recorded in the **Hallische Nachrichten** and other works, we shall here attempt to give an outline of his life, based on such as research has brought to light.

The Henkel (later Hinkle) family belongs to the nobility of Germany. There were two branches: The Counts Henkel von Donnermark and the Counts Henkel von Poeltzig. From the latter branch the pioneer Anthony Jacob Henkel came. He was a descendant (apparently a grandchild) of Johann Henkel, D.D., LL.D., of Leutschau, that ancient stronghold of Lutheranism in Hungary.

At the beginning of the Reformation the Royal Court at Leutschau was not averse to the dawning light. In fact there had been correspondence with the great reformer on the subject of securing a suitable exponent of the evangelical truth. Upon Luther's recommendation Dr. Johann Henkel was appointed Court Preacher to Ludwig II of that kingdom. On August 29, 1526, the King was slain by the Turks, but Dr. Henkel remained as Confessor to Queen Marie, widow of Ludwig II, for many years. He was the author of several theological works.

The Poeltzig branch of the Counts Henkel had been very prominent in the early days of the Lutheran Church. One of them is said to have figured in the promulgation of the Augsburg Confession. They were among the chief supporters of Hermann Francke (1663-1727), founder of the great orphanage and Missionary Institute at Halle, where Henry Melchior Muhlenberg was educated and from which he was sent to America.

The father of Rev. Anthony Jacob Henkel was George Henkel, born in 1635. On May 2, 1666 he married Anna Eulalia (1640-1700) daughter of Othman Dentzer and his wife Louisa, daughter of the Rev. Ludwig Wagner of Steinberg, Germany. Their children were Elisabeth and Antonius Jacobus, the subject of our sketch. The father, George Henkel, was a school master at Mehrenberg, Germany, where he died on Jan. 29, 1678 and where he is burfied.

The Rev. Anthony Jacob Henkel, erroneously termed by most American writers as "Gerhardt", was, as we have seen, the son of George and Anna Eulalia (Dentzer) Henkel. The records show that he was born at Mehrenberg and baptized there on Dec. 27, 1668. He matriculated at Giessen University on May 5, 1688 and was graduated from the same on Jan. 16, 1692.

Anthony Jacob Henkel was ordained as a Lutheran minister at Eschelbronn, Feb. 28, 1692 (Cf. **Hallische Nachrichten**, Vol. I, p. 475 where his ordination is questioned and where there is an insinuation that he had been an alleged Quartermaster in Germany).

Anthony Jacob Henkel was in 1692 married to Maria Elisabeth . . . (1671-1744, buried in St. Michael's Lutheran Cemetery, Germantown, Pa.) They had 12 children: 1, John Nicolaus (b. Feb. 18, 1693; d. May 14, 1693); 2, Johanna Friederika (b. March 29, 1694, married to Valentine Geiger); 3, John Melchior (b. Jan. 30, 1696; d. Sept. 27, 1706); 4, John Gerhardt Anthony (b. Jan. 12, 1698; d. 1736, married to Anna Catharine . . .), the son, who was alleged to have been the minister; he lived at Colebrook; 5, Maria Elisabeth (b. Dec. 31, 1699, married to Elias Kuhn); 6, George Rudolphus (b. Oct. 19, 1701; d. 1788); 7, Anna Maria Christina (b. Feb. 9, 1704; d. Sept. 25, 1708); 8, John Justus (b. Feb. 10, 1706; d. Aug. 1778, married to Mary Margaretha Eshelman); 9, Benigna Maria (b. Sept. 30, 1707; d. Dec. 22, 1708); 10, Jacob Anthony (b. July 9, 1709; d. Jan. 21, 1751, married to Anna Margaret (in his father's will he is called Anthony Jacob; his tombstone in St. Michael's Lutheran Cemetery gives the dates as follows: b. May 2, 1709, d. Jan. 2, 1751); 11, Maria Catherine (b. May 10, 1711; d. Oct. 1785, married to Peter Apple); and 12, Johann Philip (b. April 26, 1713; d. before August, 1728, since his name does not appear in his father's will).

In the **Hallische Nachrichten**, Vol. I, p. 475, it is questioned whether he had served any congregations in Germany. In answer, compare the following: he served as pastor at Eschelbronn from the time of his ordination to 1695; at Moenchzell and Eschelbronn from Feb. 23, 1693 to 1695; at Dandenzell from 1695 to 1714; for a second time he was pastor at Moenchzell in 1714; and pastor at Neckargemuend and Zutzenhausen from Oct. 11, 1714 to June 3, 1717.

At one of the latter places he was preacher to one of the lesser nobility. The Court to which he was attached was very profligate and corrupt. Henkel denounced the iniquities of the Court at a public service, whereupon the Prince, who was present, raised his finger in a menacing manner and his looks betrayed his displeasure with his chaplain. Henkel, knowing that he had forfeited the favor of the Prince, immediately resigned.

He was undoubtedly disgusted with the condition of the times in which a conscientious minister would no longer be permitted to bear testimony to the Truth and forbidden to challenge sinners to mend their ways. His conscience could not tolerate such conditions. His resignation undoubtedly brought about family conferences to seek a solution for the future. News of the New World had spread throughout Europe. There lay perfect freedom to worship God unhindered by any human restrictions. It seemed to offer the open door of opportunity. On the other hand emigration meant the severing of family ties, the turning of the back upon the Fatherland, the leaving of the ashes of several children resting in its soil. However, it was finally determined by Pastor Henkel and all his children—the single as well as the married—to migrate to America.

Accordingly he, with his wife, his four sons, his three daughters and a son-in-law set out for America in 1717. However, according to the Records of his ministerial service abroad, this could not have been until some time after June 3, 1717. It is an error to assign him as being in Virginia as early as 1716.

In the spring of 1718 Heinrich Pennebacker surveyed 250 acres for the Rev. Anthony Jacob Henkel at Falckner Swamp, now Montgomery County, and there he located. The aforesaid leads the writer to conclude that he had become so disgusted with the attitude of the people toward the Christian ministry that he concluded to devote himself to the life of agriculture. Upon his arrival at Falckner Swamp, he found that other German immigrants had preceded him there. Congregational life had been established in a way, but the people were without a pastor. They clamored to have the Word preached to them. Whatever may have been his inner resolve upon coming to America, he could not and did not turn a deaf ear to the cry of the needy. He began to minister to the people of his locality. For so doing he is censured in the **Hallische Nachrichten**, because he had no official call from any church body abroad.

Let it be borne in mind however that he was **the only German (ordained) Lutheran minister** in the vast territory of the province of Pennsylvania at that time. Let them censure who may that he did not await a formal call from some official Church body abroad. He put his hand to the plough. He broke the Bread of Life and gave thereof to the shepherdless and the needy. It was eminently fitting that he should cast form to the winds.

His ministrations began "at home" among the people of his own vicinity. Thus he served the Lutherans at New Hanover from 1717 to 1720, and a second time from 1723 to 1728. But he also likewise heard and heeded calls from other quarters. He is recognized by many as the founder of St. Michael's, Germantown; he was the first pastor to serve the people in the Oley and Manatawney valleys (Hill and Reed churches), as well as the Tulpehocken region (cf. **Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society**, Vol. IV, p. 32; Vol. VII, p. 397; **Perkiomen Region**, Vol. I; **Hallische Nachrichten**, Vol. I, p. 475, et al.). It is maintained by some that he had also served congregations in Virginia. Perhaps this was during the interim of 1720 to 1723.

It devolves upon the writer to consider another matter mentioned in the **Hallische Nachrichten**, on account of which ministers to this day entertain ill will against the memory of Henkel viz. 'the alleged ordination of van Dieren.' Whatever Muhlenberg states is based only upon hearsay, for Henkel died in 1728 and Muhlenberg only arrived in Pennsylvania in 1742. Those interested are asked to study this affair as recorded in the **Hallische Nachrichten**, Vol. I, pp. 274, 279, 420, 453, 473 ff and 621 ff). Muhlenberg knew the character of van Dieren and this should have dissolved every doubt as to the rectitude of Henkel. But let the skeptic consider: 1, The oft repeated attempts made by van Dieren to be ordained by various ministers and their refusal; 2, Consider seriously that if van Dieren had been ordained by Henkel as he claimed, would van Dieren not have seen to it that he possessed a 'testimonium' to substantiate his claim, knowing van Dieren's cunning character and that he had been repulsed by various ministers. Van Dieren never did produce any creditable testimony. 3, Weigh the testimony of the Rev. Lidman, the Swedish provost (cf. **Hallische Nachrichten**, Vol. I, p. 478), who at one time asked Henkel directly concerning this alleged ordination. He states that he received from Henkel's own lips the protest that van Dieren had never been ordained by him. And although Lidman had no witness to corroborate this testimany, nevertheless he (Lidman) "under oath would be ready to declare that he had this from the very mouth of Henkel."

Unless he has a decidedly biased mind, no one, after weighing the evidence, can conclude otherwise but that the charge is false and that the memory of the Rev. Anthony Henkel should be vindicated.

On August 12, 1728, while returning from Philadelphia to his home in New Hanover, the Rev. Henkel fell from his horse, at what is now Chestnut Hill. He was carried into the house of Andrew Groothausen, in Manor of Springfield, where, recognizing his serious condition, he made his will (see Ad. Book C, p. 109, Philadelphia). The will was probated Sept. 17, 1728. He was buried in the old part of the cemetery of St. Michael's Lutheran Church, Germantown. For a long time the tradition survived that he was buried at the same spot as his wife. About 1909 or 1910 the grave of his wife was opened in the presence of numerous descendants and beneath her remains were found the remains of Anthony Jacob Henkel.

(The Henkels of the South, among them many writers and publishers, are descended from the Rev. John Justus, eighth child of Anthony Jacob Henkel).

Deaths of a Day

GEORGE MICHA

George Micha, who was employed by Mr. and Mrs. Gus Kerak of Emmaus R. 1 and made his home with them, died Thursday evening at the Allentown hospital after a short illness.

A native of Czechoslovakia, he has no known relatives.

Funeral services will be Tuesday at 10 a. m. from the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, Emmaus. Interment in Northwood cemetery, Emmaus.

MRS. AMANDA E. LARASH

Mrs. Amanda E., nee Siegfried, Larash, widow of Lewis Larash, died at 6 a. m. yesterday at her home, 232 N. 10th St. She was 92 years old.

Born in Salisbury township, Lehigh county, she was the daughter of the late William and Lydia, nee Weil, Siegfried. She resided in Allentown practically all of her life. Mrs. Larash was a member of Zion Reformed church, Ladies of the Golden Eagle, Allen Temple No. 42, and Sons and Daughters of Liberty, Pride of Allen Council 182.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Helen Werst of Bethlehem; four sons: William L. Larash, West Haven, Conn.; George D. Larash, Washington, D. C.; James J. Larash and Harvey L. Larash of Allentown; 11 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren. Her husband and two daughters preceded her in death.

SALLY C. HESS

Sally C. Hess, widow of Quintus Hess died early Friday at the residence, 5 Finady Ave., Bethlehem. She was born in Lower Saucon, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Unangst.

Her survivors are: two daughters, Mrs. John Otten, and Mrs. Anna Getter of Bethlehem; three brothers, Jacob of Bethlehem; William of Easton; John of Tatamy; two sisters, Mrs. Annie Sandt of Easton and Mrs. Levi Miller of Bethlehem; two grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Sunday, 2:30 p. m. at the Stevers Funeral home, 500 Linden St. Rev. M. F. Mumma and Rev. L. H. Yergey will officiate. Burial will be made in Memorial Park, Bethlehem.

MRS. SIDNEY TANNENBAUM

Mrs. Hilda, nee Lieberman, Tannenbaum, wife of Sidney Tannenbaum, died at 4:55 a. m. Friday at her home, 611 N. 13th St. She was 30 years old.

Born in Allentown, she was the daughter of Joseph and Fanny Lieberman. In 1935 she was married to Sidney Tannenbaum in Nyack, N. Y. She was a member of the Jewish Community Center and the Hadassah ladies auxiliary.

Surviving are her husband; her parents; two children, Kenneth and Linda, at home, and two sisters, Mrs. Miriam Goldberg, Bethlehem and Mrs. Lena Movsovich, Allentown.

Funeral services were held at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon at Bachman funeral home, 1030 Walnut St. Interment was made in the Beth-El cemetery, Mickleys.

MRS. MARGARET M. STETTLER

Mrs. Margaret M., nee Schantz, Stettler, widow of William Henry Stettler of 924 Maple St., died early yesterday at Allentown hospital where she had been a patient for the past two weeks. She had been ill for a month.

Born in Spinnerstown, Bucks county, she was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schantz. She had resided in Allentown for about 30 years. Mrs. Stettler was a member of St. John's Reformed church.

Surviving are a son, Harold Stettler with whom she resided, and a grandson, William C. Stettler.

JOHN F. MARKLEY

John F. Markley, 74, Green Lane R. 1, died during his sleep Thursday at the late home. He was born in West Rockhill township, Aug. 2, 1870, a son of the late Edwin and Elizabeth Frank Markley.

Two brothers, Henry F. Markley, Trumbauersville, and Eugene F. Markley, Almont, survive.

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. Sunday in the C. R. Strunk Funeral home, 821 W. Broad St., Quakertown, and at 3 p. m. in Ridge Valley Lutheran church. Rev. A. Ellsworth Grove will officiate. Interment in Ridge Valley cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Froh Fer 's Free Yohr

Won ebber froh is fers free yohr un der summer sehna kumma, don is es der showmon Jerry Frantz fon Friedens. M'r hen der Jerry da onner dawg aw gadroffa drous beim Charlie Green on da fendu, un wor 'n blessier tzu sehna wie harlich un uf galaibt os der Jerry wor. 'M Jerry sei fraw die Cardie wor aw darta, un worra im marrick fer ebbes fon tzomma laig shteel fer yusa in ihra show bisnis. Ebbes uf kours is shure, un sel is, os es abissel may nembt wie 'n tzomma laig shtuhl won die Cardie ruga wil. Sie is net wos m'r sawga kon so mechdich hoch, ow'r so sonderbore braid uf 'm budda nous gabout.

Der Jerry is shun fer 35 yohr in da show bisnis, un gait alla yohr fon Moy bis Ocktober rum show halta un kreider waisa ferkaufa. Er hut die show bisnis iwwer numma fon seim Gross Fodder Col. Edwards fon Corry, Pennsylfawnia, un woh die sawg is, wear der airsht weiss mon gawest fer Insha medatzina ferkaufa. Der Col. Edwards is in bisnis in 1876 om Centenial, in Fildelfy, un sei kindskindt der Jerry ferkauft heit noch die same line socha os der Col. hut darrich die 34 yohr os er in bisnis wor.

Fiel fon da socha os der Jerry ferkauft sin hame gamocht, so wie linament un shmear. Winders mocha sie die socha, un gain 's iwwer reshd fom yohr drous rum shoaw halta un die socha ferkaufa. 'M Jerry sei hoar sin 24 tzol long, un woh er iwwer die shulderra nunner hanka hut won sie show hen. Sei hoar worra ols drei foos long, ow'r hut doh net long tzurick 'n foos dafon ob g'schnidda. Won sie om show halta sin, travla sie mit mashina, tzelter un trailers, un lava 'n gonsie tzeit drous im freia. Gawainlich sin sie 'n woch omma blotz, un won die bisnis gute is, bleiva sie aw alsa mohl langer.

Siva yohr tzurick hen sie 'n siva mohnet trip ganumma nous noch Kalifornia un widder tzurick, un ol dawaig wie sie gonga sin shows g'halta. Dale shtawdta erlawwa sie ow'r ken medatzine leit, ungfare so wie Delaware un Virginia net. Sella shtawdta sin sie noh ous gawicha, un sin darrich bletz woh sie erlawbt worra fer showa. 'M Jerry sei show gang wor ols sei aignie familia, finf kinner un er un sei Cardie, un aw ols noch onnerra gadingda leit fer helfa singa, shpiela un donsa. Die kinner os ols mit sin wor ihra boo Franklin, un maid June, Fern, Jean, Virginia un Retia. Des yohr kenna ow'r etlicha fon da eldshda net mit, weil sie in defense arwet shoffa, un net weck kenna fon ihra g'shefta.

Der Oshter Haws Ferseim'd

War dade denka os es miglich wear fer der Oshter haws ferseima. Ow'r sel is grawd wos 'm Billy Strauss sei fraw die Lottie fon Treichlers die onner woch gaduh hut. Der Oshter haws wor rum free Sundawg moryets un hut sei neshd inna baum gamocht 'n shtick waigs fom budda in da hae. Un ihr maiga 's glawwa odder net, ow'r ferhoftich sei won die Lottie, ihra Billy, un dochter Pearl White Strauss net fer tzwae dawg hinnershich un farshich om neshd ferbei galoffa sin un hens net g'schna.

Endlich hut die Lottie 's neshd ow'r erblick'd, un sawga sie het in die hand gablotch'd fer louder laedich fraida os es fire bol weck g'shpritzt wear. Der Billy un die Pearl un 'm Billy sei Mam sin nous g'shpringa fer sehna wos om aw gae wear, un ferhoftich sei won der haws da Lottie net fon da oller shanshda kandy oyer galaig'd het kot os yusht tzu sehna sin. Ow'r 's hut noh shun garayer'd kot, uns Billys' Hen ous gamocht 's kondy wear nimmy gute, un hens 'm hund hee g'shmissa. Die barichda sin, der hund het mohl awenich draw g'shleck'd, un wear noh weck galoffa, un wie die Pearl 's kandy mohl unersuch'd hut, wors holes die grank "April Fool Kandy," odder ewwa die ort os is fer aw gucka, ow'r net fer essa.

Die Lottie is ow'r now gabutta un kon yusht net denka war so socha wie sel mocha kent,—der Oshter haws griega fer ra "April Fool Kandy" uf 'n baum laiga. Die Lottie hut tzwae "Secret Pals," aenie on da Laurys Grange, un die onner in da Millers Sundawg shule, un wase now net wen tzu blaima weil sie net wase war ihra "Pals" sin. Ebbes uf kours is shure os ihra "Pals" all'm noh net ous da sama familia kumt woh 'm obshtman Bill Haas fon Laurys sei Grange Pal dahame is. Der Bill is Oshter morya aw gahairich fernart werra, wos er gamaint hut wear 'n chocolate kandy oy, wor nix mainer os wie 'n grossie grumbier badeck'd mit chocolate. Un fer die socha ols noch shlimmer mocha, wie er sich 'n shtick kandy schneida hut wolla, wor 'n glae bobier inside da grumbier wohs druf g'sawt hut, "April Fool." Der Bill uf kours is Master fon da Laurys Grange, un wil die socha aw ferleicht net hous howwa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der becker Leo Schaffer fon Coopersbarrick is ae

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. Goldsmith.

UNION OF AMERICANS WITH RUSSIANS

While it is believed that American and Russian troops met each other at one or several points west of Berlin a week or more ago, it also can be believed that the meetings were by such small numbers of men and for such a brief and unsustained period that to all intents and purposes the long-awaited and much-hoped-for junction of the Allies' armies was too inconsequential to boast about. So the Allies waited until yesterday when strong and sustained junction was effected. Washington, London and Moscow then simultaneously announced the accomplished fact and Marshal Stalin added the tribute usually reserved for the capture of important cities—a salute by Moscow's mighty 324 guns.

Accordingly the fragment of Germany which remains in German hands now is further cut into two pieces, one to the north of a line running between Berlin and Magdeburg and the other to the south of it.

The northern pocket consists of northern Prussia and Denmark and to the north of that the section of Norway that has not been evacuated by the hard-pressed Teutons. The southern unit includes what remains of Bavaria, a little of Prussia, most of Czechoslovakia and whatever of Austria has not been seized by the Russians.

Both areas are fairly large but by comparison with what Germany has lost they are very small. Both areas undoubtedly have millions of defenders, military and civilian, but hardly any semblance of organization among them remains and everything necessary to crush the morale of the defenders and to destroy their arms has been effectively carried out by the Allies on all fronts.

It can be believed the war is very near its ending and that General Eisenhower will very soon be able to announce that organized resistance has ceased even tho sniping may be continued. Pressures are being applied to Hitler and his Nazi counselors to give up the hopeless fight. While they have lost all power to resist and to meet new and changing situations, they continue to possess one important power which they are being asked to exercise. This is the power to order Germans to lay down their arms. Order from them would be obeyed because it is fear alone of their authority which keeps millions of German militant. Every day that they delay means that more and more Germans are falling into Russian hands which is what thousands seek to avoid by dashing westwardly into American hands.

How hopeless the situation is for the Germans is being appreciated by them. Evidence of this was given on Wednesday when General Dittmar, leading radio commentator and military critic, gave himself up to the Americans. He declared the war was over, that the doom of the Nazis was foretold at Stalingrad and confirmed on the Norman beaches and that capitulation has been delayed because of the failure of the plot to assassinate Hitler last summer.

REJOICE IN A GOOD DEED NOBLY DONE

Every person who participated during this week in the large drive to collect used clothing for the wretched people in war-stricken countries may well enjoy the glow of hearty satisfaction at thought of doing a very good deed for very deserving and very unfortunate people.

Two letters have reached The Morning Call during the past two days. One came from Greece and was the first communication to be received from the writer since the invasion of Greece by the Germans. The letter pleaded for clothing of any kind and needles and thread with which to patch and sew what clothing has survived the German occupation. "Do not send us any money," this letter said, "for there is nothing to buy. The country has been emptied. Send us clothes to cover our nakedness and take the place of the few rags that we cannot even sew because needles and thread cannot be bought anywhere."

The second letter came from China where a young officer is constantly saddened by the sight of "starving, orphan kids who wander about with the most pitiful expressions on their incredibly homely little faces."

"And I do mean starving," he writes, and adds: "They are dressed in rags such as you or I would not use to wash up a floor; rags so horribly dirty and torn that it is difficult to imagine the kids' plight. Of course we can take some in, wash them, dress them in some makeshift khaki stuff and make them inordinately proud. But such an act is only a drop in the bucket. The job is so huge."

It is people like these who are going to be clothed very soon because people hereabouts during this week gave of their abundance or their surplus. Our soldiers have done a little here and there because their hearts have been touched. But the American people will do the bigger job because their hearts too have been touched.

MOLOTOV FRIGHTENS DOVE OF PEACE

The San Francisco Conference which has been called to prepare the blueprint for peace got off to a very bad start on Thursday evening when Foreign Minister Molotov of Russia threw some very large monkey-wrenches into the wheels of the machinery which were to be set up for the organization of the conference.

Whether the difference of opinion arises from a difference in the way that Americans think and the way that Russians think does not appear. Our way of thinking as to organization for the conference appears to have been thoroughly understood by the British delegation and by those of Latin America. Out of courtesy to the host, Secretary of State Stettinius was to have been permanent chairman of the conference and also of the steering committee. That is what everybody but the Russians thought and expected.

About all we know is that the dove of peace which was supposed to be hovering around San Francisco got a mighty serious scare on the very first day of the conference.

Speed for Conference

By DAVID LAWRENCE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., April 27.—A sudden demand for speed in getting the United Nations conference to write its charter and adjourn has arisen. The fear is that a six-week conference will not hold the foreign ministers and other distinguished delegates here and that they will be turning over the responsibility to lesser officials.

The American delegation is well aware of this danger and is doing everything it can to expedite the work so that the sessions will not drag out six weeks or more. Foreign Commissar Molotov, for instance, could hardly afford to stay here the full six weeks in these critical times.

A program of about three weeks is being suggested instead. It will mean night sessions, but the charter could be written in that time. There are really very few controversial questions. The Yalta conference settled the voting procedure and, while there are some knotty problems, they need not absorb the conference's time. For, if an agreement can be reached at all on fundamental questions, the same result can be obtained in three weeks as in six.

British Favor Speed, Too

The British are in favor of speed, too. Anthony Eden, foreign secretary, is needed in Britain at this time and a prolonged absence is not considered possible for him. Hence, whatever this conference can do to solve the major questions on a three-week schedule will be in the interest of its own prestige. It would be unfortunate if all the delegations felt that they had to prolong the meetings so as to express opinions for the record. Very few plenary sessions are planned anyhow, and the real work is to be done in the committees where ample opportunity for debate exists.

Everything depends on the chairmen of the various committees. If they buckle down to work and realize that a definite date for adjournment must be kept in mind, there will be progress toward an early ending. Some delegates express anxiety lest a secondary group of delegates be here at the end of a long conference and that this whole affair may wind up in an anti-climax.

One step just taken which will help toward an early closing of the conference is the amendment proposed by unanimous action of the American delegation. This amendment would write into the charter a provision for future revision of the charter when three fourths of the assembly members and seven of the Security Council seek such revision.

This is an important piece of machinery which can, by its flexibility, take care of future criticisms that may arise as to the voting procedure of the new league or the part that smaller nations may play. It can, therefore, dispose at this time of many troublesome amendments on which no agreement would appear to be immediately possible but which in the calmer atmosphere of the post-war period might get a better reception. Likewise, it prevents the charter from operating as a strait jacket. Instead, the document can be changed to meet contingencies as they arise—a very essential part of any constitution.

Position of Leadership

The American delegation here has a position of leadership acknowledged on every side. It is a tribute to American fairness and disinterestedness. Every other delegation realizes that the United States has a primary and unrestricted interest in building a true peace structure and that America has no ulterior purpose that could be construed as harboring even remotely any aggressive designs. If the same could be said of all other nations, the conference in San Francisco could wind up its work in a week. There is altogether too much weighing of the charter's provisions. In the light of territorial interests or economic ambitions.

There has not appeared, however, from any quarter any sign of dilatory tactics or of an uncompromising attitude. The background of a horrible war not yet ended dominates here, as it rightly should.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH

It is now possible to discuss the matter of the President's health objectively. No personalities are involved. "National Security" cannot be used as a slogan to obscure thought and suppress discussion.

We must start with the ethics in the case. The President's physician is often an Army or a Navy officer. Mr. Roosevelt's was a naval officer, Vice-Admiral Ross T. McIntire. As a physician, he is bound to keep the state of his patient's health and fitness secret if the patient so desires; as a naval officer, drawing a salary from the American people, he is under obligation to protect the country and its people. Here is a conflict in the realm of ethics in which, a determining law being wanting, one man's judgment and opinion is as good as another's. The President's physician may feel that he is ethically bound to pursue his patient's wishes, but the people have the right to know that their President is suffering from a cardiac ailment, that arterio-sclerosis is endangering his life and slowing up his effectiveness, that he has had a thrombosis which has affected his hearing and his speech. I am not referring to any particular president; this is a hypothetical diagnosis, if you please.

As regards Mr. Roosevelt, his physician, Vice-Admiral Ross T. McIntire, reported on April 4, 1944, May 22, 1944, June 8, 1944, October 12, 1944 that the President's health was satisfactory. The October report was made prior to the Presidential election, in the midst of the campaign and contains the phrase, "The President's health is perfectly O.K." But the President's photographs indicated that his health was not O.K.; and in spite of his prolonged automobile trip through stormy weather in New York, his speech over the radio from the Waldorf Astoria that night caused consternation, particularly his curious spell of laughing at wrong moments. It would appear that Mr. Roosevelt's health had been failing for two years. Vice-Admiral McIntire made two other reports, one on January 20, 1945 and the other on February 28 in which he said the President's health was fine.

Now, there must be records concerning Mr. Roosevelt's health. There are undoubtedly cardiograms, blood and urine analyses; X-rays of heart and lungs, etc.—the normal records of a patient. There should be such records in Vice-Admiral McIntire's office and in such hospitals as Mr. Roosevelt visited for treatment.

I am not suggesting that these records be made public, but it would be a wise precaution that a joint committee of the Congress and the American Medical Association study the course of Mr. Roosevelt's illness and the suppression of the reports or the distortions of reports, if there were any. Nor do I accuse Dr. McIntire of wrong conduct; he is first of all a physician and has a right to follow the medical code of ethics.

What I do suggest is that there ought to be a public policy of this subject and an Act of Congress making it obligatory for the truth of the President's health to be made known by a responsible public officer charged with that duty.

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Pert and Pertinent

Street lamps and car headlights had to be switched on when Adelaide, Australia, recently had its worst dust storm in 94 years.

Red, white and blue flowers will be grown this year in many gardens of Essex, England, "as part of the victory decorations."

To relieve shortages of electricity in some sections Spain will interconnect regional power stations throughout the country.

American quick-freezing equipment has been installed at a factory in New Zealand which will freeze many different kinds of vegetables.

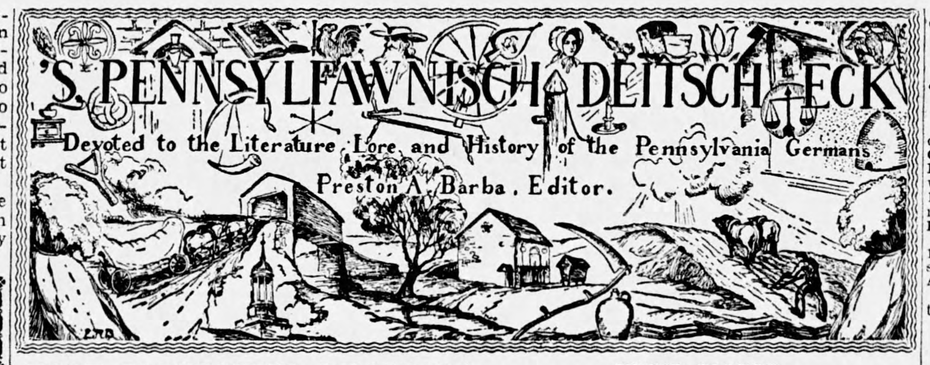
Loans for agriculture covering production, irrigation, drainage and reclamation are being extended farmers by the Chinese government.

Oil workers in Mexico have protested against the condition of houses in which they are expected to live, declaring that many are "pigsties."

Fined because his Alsatian was not muzzled, a man in Australia pleaded that the dog had no teeth, but the judge said the animal could still bite.

Batat, a new potato, is being grown by the Russians, who claim it has more food value than the ordinary potato and crops of it are 25 per cent greater.

When Mrs. Mary Swift, a 76-year-old widow, was burned to death in her home in Knocklahard, Eire, 20 cats, her sole companions, perished with her.



MORE BOONASTIEL LETTERS

(Not published in the book)
by RALPH CHARLES WOOD

Pennsylvania State College

The late Thomas H. Harter, whose BOONASTIEL letters published in the **Middleburg Post** and the Bellefont **Keystone Gazette** have been, in book form, one of the best sellers of Pennsylvania German writing, took an attitude of mixed pride, occasional deprecation—assumed or non-assumed—and truculent defense, often met with in Pennsylvania Germans in the face of the fact that the inhabitants of the forty-eight states, including Pennsylvania, had, for the most part, little understanding, historical or actual, of what the Pennsylvania Germans were and are.

In her biography, "The Life and Work of Thomas H. Harter," August, 1932, a Pennsylvania State College Master of Arts thesis by Dorothy Musser, it is stated that "the letters were continued during his years at Middleburg, and for a very short time at Bellefonte." Harter gave as his reasons for discontinuing the writing of the letters, according to Miss Musser, "his many interests occupied so much of his time that BOONASTIEL was necessarily neglected and, secondly, he finally ran out of subject matter."

BOONASTIEL in book form first appeared in 1893, York, Pennsylvania. A second edition of 1904, Gazette Company, York, Pennsylvania, omitted twenty-five letters from the first edition, and replaced them with twenty-five letters mostly from the Bellefonte period, beginning in 1894. Further editions were: 1906, Gazette Company, York, Pennsylvania, a duplicate of the 1904 edition; 1928, Schneider Printing Company, Palmyra, Pennsylvania, a photographed copy of the 1893 edition; in 1942 the Aurand Press, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, containing the 1893 selections plus the Bellefonte letters of the 1904 edition. Aurand also says in his biographical sketch of Harter: "there is little evidence that Harter wrote much in the dialect after coming to Bellefonte—he claimed he "was pumped dry of ideas . . ." Both statements as to Harter's dearth of production in the Bellefonte period emanated from Harter himself. In fact, he gave his **non obstat** to Miss Musser's A. M. thesis for she states, "unless otherwise noted, biographical facts were either secured from Mr. Harter and his adopted son, Mr. Mensch, or were submitted to them for verification." The fact remains, however, that of the twenty-five letters included in the 1904 edition almost all are from the Bellefonte period, some of them, late in the decade, as I discovered by checking editions of the Bellefonte **Keystone Gazette** found in the Library of the Pennsylvania State College. Furthermore, I discovered that Harter wrote at least thirty-one other letters, almost all of them new, in the period from 1894 to 1904. There may be more after 1904, but I have, as yet, not checked.

Now, fifty letters over a ten-year period may be regarded as meager output or not, depending upon the point of view. It is evident, nevertheless, that Harter's own statement to Miss Musser, that he discontinued his letters shortly after coming to Bellefonte, is not true. Why Harter made this statement I shall not discuss in detail in this article. Some of the letters were more violently partisan in politics than Harter's English editorials, but this can be said also of some of the articles as published in book form. Others have more literary merit than some of the selections chosen for the book. However, since Harter is one of the great in Pennsylvania German literature, I do not feel called upon to respect his evident wishes about no further publicity for the unpublished letters. Possible personal references no longer mean anything to this age, except as they have historical significance, and for scholars of Pennsylvania German anything written by a disciplined writer like Thomas H. Harter is socially or linguistically significant.

With the thirty-one letters in Miss Musser's master's thesis there is, therefore, enough BOONASTIEL material for another book of "Fun and filosophy" from "GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL," the "old soak."

Harter's letters are humorously but militantly didactic. He opposed oppression, hypocrisy, corruption in church and state, and was a violent defender of Pennsylvania German individuality, whether of the person or the group. He was a dogmatic but idealistic Republican in politics, and strict moralist, who could fly into a rage at Bellefonte girls throwing kisses at strangers. It is a paradox that this man, who was such a strong advocate of Prohibition, should have selected as the hero of his letters Boonastiel, who out of sheer amiability and conviviality could not forego the bottle at Hulleheckers "Waertshaus."

The following unpublished (in book form) letters of BOONASTIEL will be transcribed from the Anglicized spelling of Harter into the orthography of the "Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck." I am not fully in accord with everything in the spelling developed in the Eck, but use it because it is, after all, employed by more people working in Pennsylvania German than any other spelling. The letters will be a new departure in Pennsylvania German, in that I shall comment critically on language and style, and shall furnish notes on historical and political allusions.

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BOONASTIEL LETTERS FROM THE (BELLEFONTE) KEYSTONE GAZETTE

Fri., April 6, 1894.

Liewer Kernel Harder:

Meent mer nau, ass es dausend mieklich sei kennt, ass du uns do hinne am Haase-Baerrick verlosse hoscht? Was hot's geduh? Du weesscht doch nau, ass Schneider Kaundi ahead vun de Welt iss fer grosse Bauereie, grosse Ochse, scheene Weibsleit un fette Bobblin—un dernoh denk emol an unser Schmierkees, Ladwaerrick, Schunkefleesch, Sauergraut un Buchweeze-Kuche! (1)

Un du bischt noch Bellefonte gezogge! Loss mich sehne, dart iss es wu sie die Govanier (2) (thus) mache un ich denk es naeksch, as mir heere, witt du aa eener gewwe, fer sie saage alle Mann (3) in sellem Schtedtel hot en Hummel im Hut fer Govanier waerre, un wann du raus kummscht dann schick mir zwansich Daaler fer de Buwe Kaffiwasser kaafe, (4) un ich guarantee dir alle Schtimm im Glabberdaal.

Kernel, kennscht du der alt Andy Curtin? (5) Er waar en bully Govanier, awwer in der Greely campaign hot er die Schof verlosse un iss zu de Gees. Wann er seelich schtaerwe hett kenne about selli Zeit, dann waere sei grooe Hoor ins Graab un die gans Welt hett ihm nooch g'heilt. So wie's nau iss, waer's ennihau en dausend Daaler in seim Sack, wann er seilewe net gebore waer. (6)

Sie saage mir, der General Beaver (7) daet aa in Bellefonte wuhne. Er iss en harter Republican un gleicht die Demegraade gaar net. Ich kann's ihm aa net verdenke, weil en Demegraad ihm ee Bee abg'schosse hot. In fact, Kernel, ich glaab net, ass ee Union Soldier im ganse Griek en Bee abg'schosse hot griegt (8) bei me Republican. (9) Ich waar selwer im Griek un ich waer aa gebliwwe, wann ich net allemol die fallend Granket griegt hett, wann des ferdeihenkert Geschiess aag'fange hot! Ich hab edliche Mol die Kanone g'sehne, wu noch uns g'schosse hen, un loss mich dir saage, Kernel, alle son-of-a-gun, as en brauni suit g'wore hot, waar en Demegraad. Sie sin doch am End geleddert warre, un es waar ihne gaar wunnerbaar verleedt bis der Cleveland (10) Bressident iss warre, un hot ihne all die offices gewwe un der Hook (11) Schmidt nei fer de Union soldiers ihre pensions schtoppe, so ass sie meh eigriege kenne fer ihre Kernels un Majors in duchene (12) Reck un ge'black'te Schtiwwel halde.

Un dernoh hett dihr aa der Dan Hastings dart drowwe. Ich glaab, bei Tschopps, ass er aa en Govanier waerd. Die Zeidinge sin all fer ihn do hunne rum, un die Demegraade sin gaar bummeraalisch verschrocke wege ihm. Ich hab en idea, ass sie sich yuscht annelege, wann sie sehne der Dan kumme un saage, "Do, Deiwel, hoscht mich." Wann der Dan sehscht, (14) dann frog ihn eb er net mir em Govanier Pattison sei alte Schuh gewwe kennt. Du weesscht, er soll im Pattison sei Schuh schritte, wann er Govanier waerd, un sie sin viel zu glee fer ihn. Sie waerre wull schepp gedreede vun Danse an kadolische balls, (15) awwer sie kenne net viel schlechter sei as meini, wu schunt zwansich Yohr am Haase-Baerrick rum gegraddelt sin. Loss mich vun dir heere wege em Pattison seine kadolische Dansschuh.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

This letter was the first one Harter wrote for the **Keystone Gazette**.

(1) The opening paragraph is in the Chamber of Commerce style so often found in Pennsylvania German writings.

(2) Pennsylvania Germans ordinarily say Govaner.

(3) Alle mann is an old construction frequently found in literary German, but it is rare in Pennsylvania German. Here it is used for yeder Mann.

(4) Harter carried on a relentless campaign against election treating.

(5) Andrew G. Curtin, governor of Pennsylvania 1861 and 1863, estranged his Republican friends by supporting Horace Greeley in his presidential campaign, later became a Democrat and served in Congress.

(6) Harter's harsh words against the dying Curtin — he died the same year—are typical of his unrelenting partisan attitude. He believed in rough and tumble contests for the nomination, but advocated unquestioning support of the Republican Party in elections. He regarded defection from the party as practically the same thing as treason.

(7) James Addams Beaver, governor of Pennsylvania from 1887 to 1891 had lost a leg in 1864 at Ream's Station. After a long and distinguished career he died in 1914.

(8) The ordinary Pennsylvania German form is grickt.

(9) Harter's attitude was evidence of how long it took even in the north to forget the hatreds of the Civil War period.

(10) "Waving the bloody shirt" was one of the political devices used against Grover Cleveland, twice Democratic president of the United States.

(11) I have, as yet, been unable to find out who Hook Schmidt was. Perhaps the readers of the Eck can supply the information.

(12) Harter is perhaps contrasting the tailor-made clothes of the "Kernels and Majors" with the traditional blue jeans and homespuns of ex-soldier-farmers.

(13) Daniel H. Hastings was an educator, attorney, politician and prominent member of the National Guard from Bellefonte. In 1894 there was some agitation for his candidacy as governor.

(14) A variant form of sehnscht.

(15) Much propagandistic use was made against the Democratic party in predominantly Protestant sections of the county through the fact that many Irish Catholics were Democrats. This was a hold-over from the days of the "Know-nothings," the anti-Catholic, anti-Immigrant political group, whose violent agitations in the North were also directed against slavery, and brought them into the Republican party.

• • • • •

Fri., April 13, 1894.

Liewer Kernel Harder:

Iss es dir deilewe eikumme, wie viel Sarte Geil, as mer seht uff der Schtross? Iss es dir aa schunt eikumme, ass es yuscht about so viel differente Sarte Leit hot as Geil. Zum Beischpiel, wann du en scheener, schpreier Gaul sehscht, hoscht du schunt draa gedenkt, ass seller Gaul der Blatz vum gentleman in der Welt nemmt? Er iss yuscht fer Blessier. Er geht iwwer der Bodde wie en Schpinn, draewwelt weit in me Daak wann er ken load ziege brauch. Yeder ebber guckt ihm nooch. Wann en yunger Mann eens vun denne Geil dreibt, dann gucke die scheene Maed ihm all nooch un winsche sie kennte mitfaahre. (1) Hinnich dem flinke Gaul kummt en alter Bauer mit me alte rabbliche buggy. Der gross dabbich Gaul drollt fart as wie en Hund un macht, wann er recht gut fiehlt un iss uff em Heemwek, about drei Meil die Schtund. Niemand guckt ihm nooch un niemand winscht fer hinnich ihm faahre. Der gross Gaul un sei Dreiwer g'heere zamme. So dutt der dandy Gaul un sei uff-g'schmutzter Dreiwer.

Nau, well vun denne Geil denksecht du, as es mensch Gut iss zu daere Welt. Der schmaert Gaul odder der dabbich? Schpann sie emol in en Wagge, wu en schweri load Mischt druff iss un du kannscht's glei ausfinne. Der dandy Gaul schpringt in die Schtreng, reisst eemol odder zwee un dernoh waerd er schtreidich. Der gross Gaul legt sich ins G'schaerr, greckst e paar Mol un der Wagge fangt aa der Hiwwel nuff geh—un eb sie halbwegs drowwe sin, muss er der dandy Gaul nuff schleefe mit samter (2) load. Un so iss es mit de Baerschtlin, wu du alle Daage sehscht uff der Schtross rum laafe mit patentleddering Schuh an de Fiess un Brille uff de Naess fer sie g'scheit gucke mache. Sin verleicht schunt e paar Mol der Hiwwel nuff g'schleeft warre mit samtem Mischt bei me aarme hartschaffiche alte Bauer vun me Vadder (3)—un wann sie en alter Bauer uff der Schtross sehne, dann denke sie sich zu gross fer mit ihm schwetze weil's ihre "Schtaend-in in Sossaeto" (4) effekte meecht. Un es schlimmscht iss, wann eens vun denne Schtadtgeil ins Lands kummt, dann welle all die Maed ihn heiere, weil er vun der Schtadt kummt. (5) Loss mich der saage, Kernel, es sin viel grosse Leit in gleene Schtedtel un viel gleene Leit in grosse Schtedtl, un wann die Maed im Land eens vun denne City-geil heiere, dann finne sie oftmols aus zu ihrem grosse Druwwel, ass er entwedder die "heaves" hot odder sogaar der "ringbone." Geb mir der gross Gaul, wu langsam geht, awwer nemmt alles mit sich, wann er geht. Geb mir der alt Bauer, wu in der Bodde langt un reecht uns es Brot ans Maul, awwer behiet mich vum city "dude", wu weit draewwelt in me Daak un kummt doch net fart — wu aafangt, wu sei Daadi uffgewwe hot un gebt uff, wu sei Daadi aag'fange hot.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

In this letter Harter presents a favorite theme of his, a favorite theme also of many Pennsylvania German writers, the contrast between healthy, moral rural life and artificial decadent city life.

(1) Harter more than once threatened to print the names of Bellefonte girls who flirted with city strangers.

(2) Harter's use of **samt** as an adjective instead of **mit** as a preposition is interesting.

(3) Harter likes to discuss the problems of the hard-working old father with his shallow, lazy son.

(4) To get the effect that Harter intended, pronounce "sossaeti" with pursed lips.

(5) In his news columns Harter always "played up" any tragedies resulting from situations like this.

UNSER GAARDE

Mer hen die Zwiwwle frieh geblanst,
Lange Roie vun Aerbse aa;
Schpinaat hen mer denoh gesaet,
Newich dreihaerzicher Gaardeselaat.

Kraut un Tomaets, far Blanse kriege,
Un Reddich weiss un rot;
Rote un aa geele Riewe,
Die sin roh far die Aage gut.

Geele un griene Bohne, Limabohne dezu,
Peffer un Oierblanse unnich Heffe;
Peterli un Sellerich unnich alte Seck—
Sie keime besser wann sie zugedeckt.

Blumme net vergesse, sie riechen so schee;
En Border duhn mer macho
Vun Peffer, Naegelcher un roter Klee,
Raade un alde Maed sin aa debei.

Denoh sin noch die Vergessmichnet
Mit de kleene blooe Schtaerne,
Gichtrose rot un Blutend Haerz,
Lilies weiss un geel, die hen mer gaern.

Vanne kumme Oschtere un Lewemeiler,
Halsrose missen hinne nei;
Dann Schtolzer Heinrich un roter Salvei—
Kriegt mer des dann all do rei?

Nau sin mer ball iwwer der Summer,
Unser Gaarde dutt wunnerbaar gut;
Mer hen vun alleaart Gaardesache—
Was sin mer far alles so froh.

Die Zwiwwle sin wie Feischt so gross,
Der Selaat so schpeckich un zaart;
Aerbse hot's viel, die Podde sin voll,
Tomaets un Bohne noch allere Aart.

Widder reichlich hot unser guter Gott
Uns all dorum beschenkt;
Noch alle Yohr, wann's Summer waar,
So vatterlich an uns gedenkt.

Nau sotten mer froh un dankbaar sei
Fer Frucht un Blumme noch dezu;
Wann's nix im Gaarde gewwe hett,
Was hetten mer yuscht geduh?

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

Deaths of a Day

SAMUEL A. KAUFFMAN

Private funeral services will be held on Saturday at 2 p. m. at the Lena E. Grim Funeral home, 817 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, for Samuel A. Kauffman, who died Thursday at his late home, 1006 Raymond Ave., Bethlehem. Interment in the family plot, Memorial Park.

He had resided in Bethlehem since 1917 and was associated with Redsecker Brinser in the Bethlehem News Agency, S. New St.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, two brothers and three sisters.

MRS. DANIEL BOYLE

Mrs. Margaret Conway Boyle, wife of the late Daniel Boyle, died at 10:20 a. m. Friday at the residence, 741 Flot Ave., Bethlehem, following an illness of several years.

She was a daughter of the late James and Mary Droney Conway. Survivors are a son, Andrew Boyle, Bethlehem; a daughter, Mrs. Catherine Vanni, at home; a sister, Mary Conway, Bethlehem; two brothers, Edward Conway, Bethlehem and John Conway, Allentown. Two grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Tuesday from the late residence, with requiem mass at 9:30 a. m. in St. Ursula's church, and interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

WEBSTER H. MILLER

Webster H. Miller, 80, of Alburtis died last night at the Allentown hospital after a two week illness. He leaves 60 direct descendants and was the last of a family of nine.

Born in Macungie, he was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Miller. His father owned and operated the old Macungie foundry, known earlier as the Millerstown foundry. The foundry is no longer in existence.

Mr. Miller learned the moulder's trade at his father's foundry and later worked at the Donaldson Iron Co., Emmaus. Of late years he had been residing with his son, Nelson Miller, at Alburtis. His wife, Annie Poe Miller, died twenty years ago.

Four other sons and three daughters, as well as 27 grandchildren and 25 great-grandchildren, survive. The children are: Robert and Herbert of Emmaus, Charles and Howard of Allentown, Mrs. Victor Stoudt of Lancaster, Mrs. Wayne Schneck of Allentown, and Mrs. Benjamin Howell of Troy, N. Y.

Rev. Royce E. Schaeffer will officiate at services to be held Wednesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, Emmaus. Interment in Lutheran and Reformed church cemetery, Emmaus.

MRS. HENRY H. WALT

Mrs. Katie Stauffer Walt, 71, wife of Henry H. Walt, died Friday at the late residence in Spinnerstown. She was born Jan. 9, 1874, in Milford township, Bucks county, a daughter of the late John B. and Elvina Stauffer.

Survivors are the husband, three daughters, Mrs. Clara Hallman of Pennsburg, Mrs. Elmer Krause of Quakertown and Mrs. Charles Knapp of Souderton; a son, George Walt, Red Hill, and three grandchildren.

The funeral will be held at 3 p. m. Monday with services in the C. R. Strunk home, W. Broad St., Quakertown, Rev. W. J. Rupp officiating. Interment in Great Swamp cemetery, Spinnerstown.

PATRICK LUCAS

Patrick Lucas, 59, a native of Easton, died Friday night at the Easton hospital, following a brief illness. He had resided at the State hotel, Easton. For a short time he had been employed at the Jacksonian club in Easton.

He is surviveed by the following brothers and sisters: Thomas and Mary Lucas, Easton; Edward, Phillipsburg, and Charles, serving in the armed forces overseas.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

QUATRAINS

Three Tasks

Since first to climb the race began,
Three tasks have filled the days of man
Between the cradle and his grave:
To build; to plants his fields, and save.

• • •

Merger

Of mergers all, the best I know
Pays dividends as gardens grow
And sun and rain and soil combine
In flowers and fruits of tree and vine.

• • •

The Living Dead

They never ask him now to lend
Or time in some good service spend.
So oft such pleas he brushed aside,
They treat him just as if he'd died.

• • •

Friend

A friend is one who would be sad
If ever need for help we had
And found, when of our plight he'd learned,
That unto someone else we'd turned.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Wase Wies Tzu Duh

Won ebber wase wie sich recht gute aw tzu shmaichla bei da Nursa im Sacred Heart hospital so os sie recht gute ocht gewwa uf sei fraw, don is es der ale truck fohrer Charlie Heilman fon da Sid Penn shtross doh in da shtadt. 'M Charlie sei Mary is shun fer etlicha wocha uf galaig'd im hospital, un wert arrick gute uf ganumma bei da Nursa. Da onner dawg is sie noh uf 'n noshion kumma 's wear net may wie recht won der Charlie fon da Nursa nous nemma dade fer ice cream essa, un wie er aw hut. Ow'r in blotz fon die Nursa darta aryads om Hospital onna nemma fers ice kream griega, hut er sie ol dawaig nous noch Wescosville tzum Jake Hinkle ganumma fer na "Hinkle's Bananna Ice Kream" griega.

Now der blawn wor gute, ow'r wos der Charlie fergessa hut wor, os die Nursa widder tzurick dahame om Hospital sei hen missa bis 'n gawissnie tzeit. Aina waig odder da onner hen sie sich noh tzu long ferblauder'd drous beim Jake, un sin awenich shpaiter rei hame kumma os notewenich. Wos noch mainer 's, die Nursa sin ferwish'd werra shpote nei kumma, uns hut gahairich g'shtawbt. Der Charlie un sei Mary hen die Nursa noh fon hartza gadauert, un der Charlie hut na g'sawt sie sotta sich net druvia darta dawaiga, sie dada die socha mohl ains fon da tzeita widder iwwer mocha, un sehna datzu os sie in tzeit dahame weara.

So wie m'r hoerra, hut er die gons gang now widder 'm Dunnershdawg owet drous kotta, ow'r niemond wil recht wissa woh sie worra, un aw net wie long os sie gabliva sin. So fiel sin m'r ow'r shure dafon—os sie sella owet in tzeit dahame worra—die Nursa hen g'sehna darta datzu.

Ferlora In Slatington

M'r hen shun oft k'hoert woh leit ferlora worra in Nei Yarrick, Rockdale, un Fildelfy, ow'r tzu hoerra os leit sich ferlora hen in Slatington is shier unglawblich. Sel ow'r sin die barichda wear wos 'm George Peters fon Neffs in der gorda gawoxa is wie er da onner dawg dart nuf uf die Finft shtross wor der sei boo p'sucha.

Wen sot der George glei aw dreffa wie er drowwa wor, os wie der George Snyder, odder ewwa besser bakont ols der "Bretzel Snyder," un woh g'sawt hut er wot 'm George mohl Slatington weissa. Woh sie ol iwwer rum g'shtiv'ld sin kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r aenicha waig, 's nagshd os wor, hut kenner fon na may gawist woh sie sin, un hen nimmy gawist wie tzu gae for noch da Finft shtross kumma.

Endlich hen sie 'n policemon aw gadroffa, un ihn g'frok'd eb er na sawga kent uf wos fer ra shtross os sie weara. Er hut noh mohl awenich rum gaguck'd un g'sawt, sie weara uf da kerricha shtross. Der George hut 'n ow'r fershtonna sie weara om gucka fer 'n kerrich, un hut g'sawt, "Nay, nay, m'r wolla ken kerrich, m'r sin om sucha fer die Finft shtross."

Der policemon hut sie noh widder uf die pawd fer noch da Finft shtross kumma, un sin glei dahame aw gaiond. 'M George sei fraw die Ida is noh rous kumma, un hut der "Bretzel Snyder" gore ken lang ganumma fer die gons g'shicht ferbobbla wie er un der George ferlorra worra. Allas wear noh ol recht ob galoffa, won der "Bretzel" net so'n grosser chawduwock im moul kotta hen, un hut net yusht gons Slatington—ol iwwer woh sie darrich worra, brau fershpout kot mit duwocks bree, ow'r hut aw da Ida uf Ihra shaina weissa free yohrs shoe g'shpout. Sel hut die Ida noh gahairich garetz'd, un hut g'sawt won der George mohl widder nous wot fer Slatington sehna, mist er rum gucka fer ebber shunshd fer 'n rum nemma.

So wie m'r fershtain, hut der Ed Kistler now im sin fer der George mohl rum nemma, un woh weiters ken druvel howwa sot fer der waig finna weil er 'n shtrossa map hut fon gons Slatington.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis net dawert os 'n sow sich holshtarrich awshicka wil fer net dote gae won der Jake Gearhart un der Charlie Fegley fon drous in Longswamp hinnich sie gain fer sie shlochta.

Doh net long tzurick wie der Jakie 'n sow etlicha shuss ferfail'd hut, un die sow is noch so gore gonga fer der Charlie beissa, hen sie sich ra tzu tzwet uf der kup g'shteld, un gawort bis sie dote wor.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, April 28, 1920

On the only day provided on which to qualify to vote in the city spring primaries, the registration was very light.

"Acres of Diamonds" was the subject of a talk by Dr. Russell H. Conwell in the First Baptist church.

The I.O.O.F. Orphans' Home band of Sunbury gave a concert in the Lyric theatre under the auspices

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour;
That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight,
I saw the Morning break. Seaman.

ONLY THE KNOCKOUT PUNCH REMAINS

While America was asleep during the past night one of the largest and most important surrenders of Germans was occurring in western Holland, northwestern Germany and Denmark. With the commands which were surrendered in those hitherto important German sectors were enemy forces in the famous North Sea island fortress Helgoland and the Frisian Islands. While sizeable German forces remain in Norway, southern Germany, Czechoslovakia and northern Austria the surrenders which occurred during the night involved enough men in enough important places to constitute virtually the blow that will make the final knockout punch comparatively easy.

So the Dutch people will come into control of their country today, almost five years to the day after they were invaded by the Germans on May 10, 1940, while King Christian is reported ready to take over the direction of affairs in Denmark which was invaded and conquered beginning April 9, 1940. Queen Wilhelmina had returned to Holland some months back, following the taking of the eastern provinces of her country by the British.

It is safe to say that the Germans on Helgoland and the Frisian Islands will be the last of their tribe ever to occupy a foot of ground upon those strongholds and that when the surrendered men leave, no Germans ever will be permitted to set foot upon their soil. Likewise those who will leave Holland and Denmark will leave behind them no welcome for their kinsmen for years and years to come for so shamefully had their friendship and sympathy been betrayed by the Germans during the past quarter century.

So according to all present indications, as the avalanche of German surrender grows like the snowball rolling down hill, Norway probably will be the only spot for a holdout by German forces. Reports in recent days indicate that Germans who fled from Denmark and Holland appeared to be trying to reach Norway. RAF flyers who sank a lot of the armada of escaping ships and Swedish newspapers report that the Germans who intend to keep up the fight are heading in the direction of the Norwegian coast, their troopships being convoyed by submarines. Great Britain hears that Norway has been stocked with two years of supplies and that while there have been some rumors of restlessness among the German soldiery in Norway, it is likely that the large number of fanatic SS men in their ranks will hold the entire army in line and keep up fighting indefinitely.

But it is unlikely that this is going to constitute more than an annoyance to the victorious Allies. No matter how large the number of Germans in Norway, they can do nothing but wage a sit-down war. They have no sources of supply of gasoline and ammunition and wars these days require an inordinate quantity of both. They will be stranded as it were upon an island and will be exposed to air attack. About all they can be in the war is a nuisance.

What they can effectively do is stand off V-E Day. As long as they are defiant and unconquered up in Norway, the European job will not be considered completed, although it might be a part of the job left to the Russians and British to carry out.

HIGH COST OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

It now is possible to appraise the cost of that important element in the European war—the conquest of Italy which proved so speedily effective in bringing about the fall of Mussolini and then the surrender of those sections and forces of Italy that managed to keep out of the control of the Germans.

Following the final surrender of all Italy to General Alexander early in the week, Secretary of War Stimson reported that Army casualties in that country since landing on the beachhead at Salerno in September, 1943, amounted to 109,163. Of this number 21,577 were killed and 10,338 are missing. The remainder, 77,248, were wounded.

How many of the missing men will turn out to be prisoners of war in German hands and will be able to return to their homes is not yet known but it probably is better than half the total. How many of the wounded will recover completely also cannot be known but general experience has been that a very large percentage does completely recover because such a large percentage of wounds are comparatively slight.

It may be guessed that probably 35,000 to 40,000 of the men who fought so valiantly through Africa, then into Sicily and then from Salerno northward to the Alps are resting in graves on the peninsula and never will see their native land.

It was a long and tedious war. Twenty months were spent, most of them in fighting in the most difficult terrain in Europe where progress could be made only inch by inch and where every rock and tree was a natural fortification. How well the Germans employed their natural advantages for a war of defense was indicated by the time that was required for the campaign.

The campaign in Italy was one of the most difficult phases of the war in Europe. It was not so speedy and spectacular after Cassino and the entrance to Rome and became overshadowed by the invasion of Normandy. But it accomplished great results. It probably did exactly what it was intended to do: Lop off Mussolini and Italy from the Axis and permit almost undivided attention to be given to Hitler and Germany.

HAS HITLER GONE UNDERGROUND?

A very great number of persons will refuse to believe that Adolf Hitler is dead until such is established as a fact by indisputable evidence from the most reputable witnesses.

Indications are that Russians now in control of Berlin are making the most careful and determined search for the body of Hitler. The Russians are such realists that they refuse to take anybody's word for it, least of all the word of any Nazis.

Elsewhere also there is wide belief that Hitler may wish to take a leaf out of Napoleon's book and by going into hiding now be able to repeat the "Return from Elba" performance by another Little Corporal. The world remembers with these doubting Thomases that Napoleon almost accomplished a miracle upon that return and all but accomplished what his years of more careful fighting had failed to do.

A speaker for Allentown Kiwanis on Thursday also reminded his hearers of the famous story of Francisco Solano Lopez, dictator of Paraguay, who during the 1860's dominated that country waged war rather successfully with Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil simultaneously and almost got away too with a career of ambitious conquest. This dictator twice in his career "went underground" for brief periods in the manner that it is suspected Hitler may now be.

Throughout the world there are many who share the doubts of the Russians and will do so until they have a demonstration that is convincing.

Writing Basic Principles

By DAVID LAWRENCE

SAN FRANCISCO, May 4.—The task of writing into the charter some basic principles has begun. These are designed to strengthen the moral forces of mankind in their future efforts to prevent another war.

To some casual observers declarations of human rights and pledges to maintain peace may seem superfluous, but the real purpose is to make such principles an integral part of the charter so that in the future it will be difficult for any right-thinking people to approve a course of aggression.

It is recognized that at the outset the appeal must be to the conscience of nations, and if that fails, physical force enters. In order to enable such an appeal to be made, considerable time will be spent here in wording the various provisions so as to make more and more difficult any equivocation or any loopholes on the part of nations bent on a selfish course.

The work of this conference, therefore, in the immediate future may become involved in procedures and committee meetings at which stress will be laid on seemingly innocent phrases. But there is as much determination and earnestness behind those phrases as there is behind the writing of provisions which call for specific performance.

Americans Take Lead

The American delegation has taken the lead in proposing amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks draft. This is an indication that American public opinion in the last few weeks has been effective in drawing attention to the omissions in the Dumbarton Oaks plan and the importance of adding substance to the charter by giving it flexibility of amendment and by holding forth the promise that the United Nations will not consider the world "frozen" to a status quo even though aspirations for change come from peoples now dependent or even though circumstances in the world may require revision of existing wartime agreements.

It is by no means certain how many of these American amendments will be adopted. Certainly some of the other nations will offer amendments, too. But it is believed all the nations, including the Russians, will go along with any amendments that are merely expressions of hope or purpose and do not involve any coercion or limitation of sovereignty.

The British delegation has some important amendments and will take an active part in developing the formula for trusteeships. Though the American and British proposals differ on details, the concepts are in the main the same. American desire for the use of strategic bases will be recognized wherever the United States makes the point that they are directly related to this country's security.

Colonies To Offer Problem

It is rather on the subject of what shall be done with colonies formerly under the mandates of the League of Nations or in territories wrested from the enemy that difficulties will arise. Fortunately no discussion of specific territorial changes either by means of annexation or trusteeships is being permitted at this conference. So the problem is less complicated, but this does not by any means lessen the work that will have to be done before all points of view are reconciled.

The United Nations conference has, however, gotten down to the drafting stage and it should not take more than another two weeks to complete the draft of the whole charter. If agreement on a draft comes out of the conferences, even though there are minority recommendations, it may be expected that the plenary sessions will by majority vote decide the issues.

In the end each government must do its own ratifying by its own constitutional or totalitarian method anyway. So what is written or voted on here becomes, after all, merely a recommendation to each government and will become effective only when the various governments agree separately to ratify or add their particular reservations, if any, to the charter.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

UNCLEAN THINGS

The death of Mussolini, Hitler, Goebbels, Farinacci, Starace and many more "great men" of the past quarter century clears the world of unclean things. They dirtied the air with their speeches, their ideas, their actions. They polluted civilization with their reversions to savagery, with their foul concepts of man's relations to man. Millions are dead today for no other reason than that these creatures who walked like men could live only on death, could rise to their lofty positions only upon the corpses of good men and women.

Nor can those who kicked Mussolini's carcass or abused the body of his mistress satisfy their consciences by setting their heels upon a dead dictator; they raised their arms in the Fascist salute when the Dictator breathed the fire of his power. They obeyed his madness and perhaps even fed his enemies with his sadistic castor oil. Nor are those absolved who laugh that Hitler is dead unless they laughed at him while he lived as the conqueror of Europe. Too many who were proud of him when they were sure he would succeed will spit at his dead face, now that he has failed.

Hitler's Greatest Crime

In the retrospect of death, what was Hitler's greatest crime; Mussolini's greatest crime? What could have been anyone's greatest crime in all this madness of the past quarter century?

Their crime was their contempt for the dignity and personality of man. That narcotized Nazi doctor who spoke about pruning human beings as one prunes rose bushes ran true to a perverted Malthusianism. It is science run mad. It is the complete divorce between statecraft and civilization.

For what we call civilization is man's advance as an individual to the dignity of a distinctive personality living in freedom, not in enslavement to the State or to a Dictator—but in the freedom of the exercise of his will to think, to believe, to act as his conscience dictates.

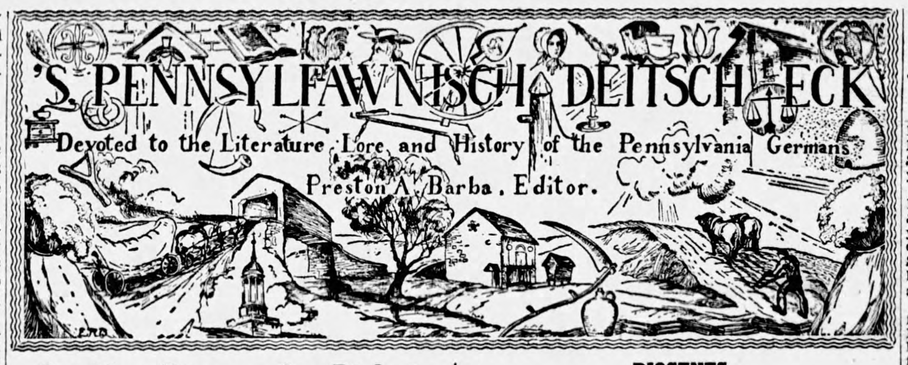
This has been a difficult and bloody struggle for thousands of years and Hitler and Mussolini and all their followers and precursors tried to drive man back into abject enslavement—not only physical enslavement, but enslavement of the will, the spirit. That is why they hated God.

The Poison Remains

We are not saved from this poison either by the death of Hitler or Mussolini nor by their defeat in war. For the perpetration of this crime did not start with them. They were only products in their countries of a vast intellectual and political trend in all the world. Nor did it begin with anyone alive today. It goes back to the swift developments in scientific investigations during the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries and the perversion of the conclusions of scientific studies by the materialistic philosophers, economists and educators who insisted that man is not the product of a moral scheme but is an animal no more significant in the Cosmos than an amoeba or a roach or the little things that are so green in stagnant ponds.

If they are right, why should the State not do to a man what it might do to little pigs when there are too many of them or to cotton when the scientist wants it to grow green instead of white? In a word, if all things are to be treated by the statistical methods of the scientist—and only that—why should man be regarded as more than horses or cows or chickens?

(Copyright, 1945)



Outsiders Discover Our Dialect

by DONALD H. YODER

CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Of interest to the student of things Pennsylvania German is the attempt to determine just when and how outsiders, American and European, became acquainted with the Pennsylvania German dialect, and how they reacted to it. The average American, along with erroneously placing our national origins in Holland, too often identifies all Pennsylvania Germans with the plain sects. When asked about our German speech, he says he knows "all about it." His descriptions of it will most always include the quaint fictions of "Button don't bell, bump", "When the train makes the little red house, it's all, ain't?", and so forth **ad nauseam**—which are Pennsylvania English, and doubtful samples at that! This ignorance of the true nature of our speech, and (on the part of those outsiders who **do** know that it is a German dialect) the widespread unappreciation of any literary qualities its supporters may claim for it, was, we shall see, as common in the past as in the present. The earliest recorded attitude of outsiders to it is one of indifference, or the simple recognition that the Pennsylvania Germans spoke a language other than English. Aristocratic German travelers next commented on the "unorthodox" character of the German spoken in Pennsylvania, usually ridiculing its admixture of English, and what they considered its crudeness. They called our common speech "corrupt German". Indeed, up until the period after the Civil War, only a few outsiders, like Philip Schaff, recognized its potentialities. Those after Philip Schaff called it simply a "dialect", which took on a more respectable connotation. It will be remembered in this connection that German and American scholars have not always been so keenly interested in dialects as in the present generation. It was not until the first half of the nineteenth century that Germany, under the influence of the Romantic Movement in literature, paid belated recognition to her provincial dialects.

In our study we have found, as hinted above, that many early travelers, whether from ignorance of German or other cause, made no comment on the German spoken in Pennsylvania than that it was German. But Europeans who combined a thorough knowledge of German with a first-hand acquaintance with the Pennsylvania Germans, rarely failed to note that Pennsylvania German was not literary German. As we shall point out, their chief reaction was ridicule of its easily adopted anglicisms. The first Europeans to become interested in our dialect in this way were the German preachers sent out from Halle and Heidelberg to labor in the American wilderness. Next German globe-trotters—itinerant naturalists and scholars—began visiting the New World. These, with a very few English and French travelers, also noticed that the German spoken in Pennsylvania was not orthodox literary German. Our principal source of information, then, will be the so-called "travel books". This vast body of colonial and national travel literature—for the most part untapped by our scholars—will, when studied thoroughly, yield a rich fruitage of contemporary descriptions of all phases of the historic rural culture of our people. Certain German geographies, histories, and immigrant-guides also mention the status of the German language in Pennsylvania and her daughter colonies in the Old South and West. Let us, then, by studying the chief examples, review the development of outside opinion on our dialect.

To their English and Irish neighbors, the Pennsylvania Germans were simply "Dutch", while "High Dutch" (German) was the "barbarous" tongue which they spoke. We would not expect these non-Germans to manifest much interest in our dialect. Few bothered to learn even the rudiments of this foreign language spoken by quiet neighbors who often remained aloof from the common society. But if Anglo-America, from ignorance of their true nature, was quick to call these reserved neighbors **"dumb** Dutch", and to speak prejudicially of rude "Dutch faces" and "Dutch mouths" (capable of holding a commonsized orange without injuring the skin, wrote Francis Grund in 1837!), of generously-proportioned "Dutch feet" and unrefined "Dutch manners", they were quick also to adopt from their German neighbors the practical household comforts which they came to call "Dutch stoves", "Dutch blankets", "Dutch ovens" and "Dutch cupboards"! If Anglo-America, then as today, was not interested in our foreign speech, English travelers in the eighteenth century passed it off by commenting simply, like Anburey in 1778, on the astonishing "diversity of religions, nations, and languages here" in Pennsylvania. Dr. Robert Honeyman noticed in 1775 a "Tincture of the (German) Accent" in many Philadelphians. The Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, writing of Reading in his **Travels Through the United States of North America** (London: 1799), states that the inhabitants "are all either Germans, or of German descent; great numbers of the inhabitants of the town and neighbouring country do not understand a word of English, and yet all the public acts, and all the judicial proceedings are drawn up and conducted in the English language. Hence it often happens, in the course of law-suits, that the judges understand no German, and the parties, witnesses, and jurymen, no English, which renders the constant attendance of interpreters necessary." The younger Elbridge Gerry, traveling through Pennsylvania in 1813, wrote, "The people are all Dutch and it is very difficult to make them understand us, even the tavern-keepers often." Henry Bradshaw Fearon wrote in 1818 that "the German character is very prevalent throughout this State. The original language is still preserved, and there are even native Pennsylvanians who cannot speak the English language." The last example of this type of comment that needs to be quoted is from J. S. Buckingham's **America** (London: c. 1842), in which, commenting on Lancaster, he writes, ". . . German is as much spoken as English. Most of the signs over the doors of shops are in both languages, and as you walk the streets, the physiognomy and costume of the German part of the population are easily perceptible." So much for this type of notice.

An example of early German ministerial opinion of our dialect is that of Dr. Johann Christoph Kunze (1744-1807), Lutheran minister and Professor at the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia College, whose address before the German Society at Philadelphia in 1782 mentions the "unorthodox" German spoken in Pennsylvania. "America," he writes, "has an advantage over all nations in the world—it has a people in it, who speak no language at all. It is not English and it can't pass for German! To this group intelligent Germans do not belong, for the latter do not despise English nor dishonor their mother-tongue." Kunze was optimistic, however, about the probable duration of spoken German in Pennsylvania, remarking on the homogeneity of the German settlements and their lack of English schools, as well as citing the example of Germans, dwelling in Hungary, Poland, Russia, and France, who retain the use of their mother-tongue. Also, "Germany is so full of inhabitants, that America will still be a refuge for many millions. This may decide the future" of the German language in America.

The first significant study of the German spoken in Pennsylvania was Dr. Johann David Schoepf's **Reise durch einige der mittlern und suedlichen vereinigten nordamerikanischen Staaten**, published at Erlangen in 1788. Schoepf (1752-1800) was a native of Bayreuth who had studied medicine at the University of Erlangen and traveled in Germany before coming to America in 1777 as chief surgeon to the Ansbach troops. After the Revolution closed, he remained in America until 1784. His descriptions of American life in Revolutionary days, as well as his scientific treatises on the flora, fauna and minerals of the North American continent, are an invaluable source to the social historian and historian of science. Since his is the first detailed account of the Pennsylvania German dialect, we present his first-hand observations in full: "The language which our German countrymen use is, in diction and syntax alike, a pitifully broken hodgepodge of English and German. Grown persons, who come over from Germany, partly forget their mother tongue, since they vainly strive to learn the new speech; those born here almost never learn their mother tongue properly and purely. The children of the Germans, especially in the cities, grow accustomed to English through their contacts on the streets; they are addressed by their parents in the one language, and they answer in the other. The close relationship of the English and German languages helps to further the confusion. When any one cannot at once remember a necessary German word, he takes without thinking the next best English for it. Many English words, as a result, are already so common among them that they consider them good German. In all legal and public matters the English language alone is used. The only opportunity for the Germans to hear a proper delivery in their own tongue (since reading is not their custom), is at church, but even during German worship, they converse with each other in their bastard patois (**Bastard-Kauderwelsch**). There are only a few isolated places, and singly dwelling country people in the mountains, who have less contact with the English, and therefore understand almost no English at all, but neither do they speak any better German! The purest, finest German is heard in the Moravian settlements . . .")

In giving examples of the German he heard in Pennsylvania, Schoepf quotes a German farmer as saying: **"Ich hab' wollen mit meinem Nachbar tscheinen und ein Stueck geklaret Land purtschasen. Wir haetten no doubt, ein' guten Barghen gemacht, und hatten koennen gut darauf ausmachen. Ich war aber net capable so 'ne Summe Geld aufzumachen, und konnt nicht laenger expekten. Das thaet mein Nachbar net gleichen, und fieng an mich uebel zu yuhsen, so dacht' ich, 's ist besser du thust mit aus."** Another example is the oft-quoted: **"Mein Stallion ist ueber die Fehnsz getscheu(m)pt, und hat dem Nachbar sein' Whiet abscheulich gedaemaetscht."** In addition to using English words for German, such as **Schmart** (German **thaetig, klug**), and **serben** (G. **dienen**), Schoepf continues, they translate English phrases literally and use them in just that form. The examples cited here are: **absezen** (English, "set off"); **einen auf den Weg sezen** (English: "put one in the road"); **abdrehen** (English: "turn off"); **aufkommen mit einem** (English: "come up with one.") Another characteristic is the adoption of similar-sounding German words, for English words of entirely different meaning. For instance, **Das belangt zu mir,** from English: "This belongs to me", instead of German: **Das gehoert mir.** Or, **Ich thue das nicht gleichen,** from English: "I do not like that", instead of German: **Das gefaellt mir nicht.** But, Schoepf explains, "it is not worth the pains to adduce more of the same sort of nonsense!" The German newspapers Schoepf found just as miserable. But the editors excuse themselves by saying, "If we wrote them in pure German, then our American farmers would neither understand nor read them." In another connection he mentions that the farmers in the Blue Mountains, as they express themselves in their "English-German", **machen es just so aus,** "which is to say, they do not get rich, have a plenty to eat and drink, do little work, and pay no taxes."

One of the best informed European historians and geographers of America was Dr. Christoph Daniel Ebeling (1741-1817), Professor of History and Greek at the Hamburg Gymnasium. Though he himself never set foot on these shores, he devoted a lifetime to the study of the New World, beginning with a translation of Burnaby's **Travels** in 1776. His correspondence with American scholars and statesmen was extensive, and his **Amerikanisches Magazin**, begun at Hamburg in 1797, helped to teach the Old World of the New. His **Erdbeschreibung und Geschichte von Amerika**, published at Hamburg, is one of the most accurate of the early European historical and geographical descriptions of the New World. The fourth volume, which appeared in 1797, dealing entirely with Pennsylvania and dedicated to Frederick A. and Henry E. Muhlenberg, contains a statement on the German language as used there. It is based chiefly on Schoepf and Kunze: "The German language predominates in Lancaster and other regions thickly populated by descendants of this nation, but it is spoken quite corruptly, and is being changed more and more into a badly mixed dialect of English and German. Not only are literally translated English expressions taken over, but even the meanings of similar sounding German words are altered after the English." In writing of Lancaster, he says, "The German language is spoken correctly in the town only by the finer people, but is very much degenerated, especially in the country." This degeneration of German he attributes to a lack of good schools.

(To Be Continued)

DIOGENES

UN HANS UN FRITZ

vum John Birmelin

Ich denk, so zimmlich yeder weess
Vum Philosoph, Diogenes.

Er waar about so'n rauer Mann
As eener yuscht sich denke kann.

Er lebt, vun daere Welt gedrennt,
Im Essichfass, bezaahlt kee Rent;

Paar alde Lumbe waar'n sei Gleed,
So as es aa nix koschde daet.

So leit er widder mol im Fass,
Denkt ruhich iwwer Dies un Das;

Do kummt aa schunn der Hans un Fritz,
Die Buwe blogt der Wunnerfitz;

Zum Schpundeloch mol neigeguckt,
Der Iwwermut hot schunn gezuckt,

Sq'n Philosoph, im Essichfass,
Des waer yo recht fer bissel G'schpass!

"Des basst mich graad," so saagt der Fritz,
"Ich hab en volli Wasserschpritz;

Nau waerd der Kerl mol uffgeweckt—
Misst lache wann er recht verschreckt—

Er iss yo, so wie so, zu g'scheit
Un dinkt sich meh wie annre Leit!"

Er hebt die Schpritz ans Schpundeloch—
Am Buwehaerzel bobbert's doch—

Un grefdich schpritzt er nei ins Fass;
Diogenes waerd puddelnass.

Er graddelt raus, der Philosoph,
Un grummelt vun de schwere Schtrof,

Was so'n Gezewwel griege kennt,
Wann's kaemt emol zum Lewensend.

Der Hans un Fritz hen yuscht gelacht,
Un hen sich aus em Schtaab gemacht.

Do hot der aarm Diogenes,
Dieweil er schunscht nix bessres weess,

Sich widder neigelegt ins Fass,
Un schwer begraemt mit Dies un Das;

Sei Lutzer an der Naggel g'henkt
Un in Gedanke sich versenkt.

Mer hett gemeent, nau hett er Ruh,
Doch waar ihm schunn devor geduh;

Die Buwe schleiche widder bei,
Die Aage voll mit Deifelei;

"Mei liewer Fritz," so saagt der Hans,
"Nau gebt's emol e Hexedanz;

Mer rolle's Fass mol hie un haer,
So'n Philosoph iss doch net schwer,

Noh maag er sehne wie's ihm geht
Mit seinre grosse G'scheitichkeet!"

So hen sie dann des Fass gerollt,
Sin freehlich hinne nooch gedrollt.

Im Fass geht alles rum un rum,
Diogenes im helle Schwung;

Philosophie, en wilder Draam,
Im allerschennschte Baerzelbaam;

Es schwingt, un schwankelt, ganz verdreht,
Mit fixe Schtaerne un Komet;

Un "Rupp!"—Des hot am Schtee gebumpt
Un's Fass iss in die Heh getschumpt;

Paar Neggel schtecke raus am Fass,
Fer weiter nix wie bissel G'schpass;

Die hen der Hans un Fritz gepackt,
Am Hossebee gezwickt, gezwackt.

Die Buwe schiesse driwwer naus,
Im Rumbel-bumbel un Gebraus;

Es reisst sie widder in die Heh,
Mit Kopp un Hals, mitsammt de Bee;

Un schmeisst sie nunner in der Dreck,
Un's Fass, des rumbelt driwwer weck

Un bumbelt dann am Hiwwel nuff
Un schtoppt am faule Schtumbe—"Buff!"

Diogenes, der guckt mol naus
Un graddelt dann so langsam raus;

Un yuscht en Schtickel weiter weck,
Do lein der Hans un Fritz im Dreck;

Es hot sie schier gaar breet gedrickt,
Doch hen sie glei sich uffgepickt

Un laafe fart, die Fliggel g'henkt,
Un draurich driwwer noh gedenkt.

Des waar emol en beesi Schtund,
Sie fiehle wie gebletschte Hund.

Diogenes hot aa gedenkt,
Die Lutzer an der Naggel g'henkt;

Er graddelt widder nei ins Fass;
Nau hot er Dies—un die hen Das!

Im Maerz, 1945.

(A free adaptation from the German of Wilhelm Busch)

Deaths of a Day

MILTON O. DORNEY

Milton O. Dorney, 639 Brick St., husband of Sarah, nee Kerschner, Dorney, died Thursday night in the Sacred Heart hospital in his 72nd year.

Son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Dorney, he formerly resided in Saucon Valley and for the past five years lived in this city, where he was employed as a janitor at the Jacob Schnitzer Apartments. Twice-married, his first wife, Alice Dorney, passed away eight years ago.

Besides his wife, he is survived by four sons, Paul, Bethlehem; Calvin, Bethlehem R. 4; Fred Krause, Cleveland, O.; John Krause, Flint, Mich.; four sisters, Edna, wife of Charles Hein, this city; Minnie, wife of Roy Wagner, Bingen; Verna, wife of Lewellyn Hottenstein, Bethlehem R. 3, and Ethel, wife of Wilbur Bauer, this city.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Derr Funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment in Friedensville cemetery.

MRS. MARY EVERT

Mrs. Mary Evert, widow of Lawrence Evert, died at 7:50 a. m. Friday at the residence, 1029 E. 4th St., Bethlehem. She had been a resident of the city for over 50 years and was a native of Hungary. She was a member of St. John Capistrano's parish and Altar and Rosary society.

Survivors are a son, Anthony; four daughters, Margaret Evert, Mrs. Francis Haggerty, Bethlehem; Mrs. John Wolst, Leithsville; Mrs. Joseph Gumpert, Fountain Hill.

Eight grandchildren, four of whom are in the armed forces, and one great-grandchild also survive.

The funeral will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the residence. Solemn requiem mass will be celebrated at 9:30 a. m. in St. John Capistrano's church. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

STEWARD S. FENNER, SR.

Steward S. Fenner, Sr., 68, 25 E. Garrison St., Bethlehem, died at 8:30 a. m. Friday at St. Luke's hospital, where he was a patient for surgical treatment.

He was born in Bethlehem, April 29, 1877, a son of the late Staffaris and Susanna Williamson Fenner, and was a member of Bethany Evangelical and Reformed church.

Four children survive: Robert and Steward, Bethlehem; Mrs. Mabel Bier, Bethlehem; Mrs. Edna Farrell, Allentown.

A brother, Eugene Fenner, Easton; three sisters, Mrs. Edna Brown and Mrs. Alvin Huber, Allentown and Mrs. Ellen Hendricks, Prospect Park; ten grandchildren and four great-grandchildren also survive.

The funeral will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday from the Dillinger home, 413 W. Broad St. Interment in Memorial Park.

MRS. RAYMOND W. JOHNSON

Mrs. Helen Amelia Johnson, 41, 530 Liberty St., passed away yesterday morning at 1 a. m., at the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient for the past two and a half weeks. She had been ill since December.

She was born in Allentown, daughter of Edward S. and Emma L., nee Weidner, Christman, and resided here all her life. She was a member of Grace U. B. church.

Mrs. Johnson is survived by her husband, Raymond W.; five sons, Raymond Jr., Russell, Richard, Edward and Larry; two daughters, Eleanor and Anna Mae, all at home; her parents, two sisters, Mrs. Elsie Flores and Mrs. Verna Knerr, both of this city; and six brothers, Paul, Earl, Ralph, Richard, all of this city; Private George, with the Army in England, and Nelson of Fullerton.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment in Arlington Memorial Park.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Tzum Ledshda

Yar tzum ledshda is der garagemon Dewey Lentz un die Mildred Conrad fon Macungie mohl aenich werra, un 'm Midwoch nommy dawg so on da drei uhr rum mit nonner iwwer der basem shteel gajump'd, in da Solomon's Macungie Refamierta kerrich. Der Porra Ralph Althouse hut der gnub tzu gatzoga, un die Fritzingers beckerrei fon Wolnisport hut der hochtsich kucha gabocka. Der Dewey hut wol freind weiss mocha wolla er het 'n hochtsich kucha gaarder'd fer aim odder 'm onnerra sei gabutzdawg fire, ow'r wos selar freind fergessa kot hut ous tzu farshla wor, won die hochtsich ob kaimt. Won sel recht rous kumma wear sin m'r shure fon aim ding—os 'm Dewey sei gonser hunds pock uf hond gawest wear fer'n bagreesa wie er un die Mildred ous da kerrich kumma sin. So ow'r hen freind die socha tzu shpote ous g'funna, un die hund sin navich die hochtsich kumma.

Der Dewey un sei Mildred sin ains gongs fert uf 'n hochtsich trip, ow'r niemond wil wissa woh hee. Dale hen shun bahabt sie weara nous noch Ohio, tzum Dewey seinra shweshter, un onnerra shtain druf sie weara net weiter os wie ferleicht noch Peters Krossing odder Rockdale on der raver, un hetta uf g'shteld bei da Rockdale Sal. Der Dewey hut dale ow'r uf ra maining kot sie gangda fert bei windshiff, un kaimta aw widder geshter da sama waig hame. Die well os m'r neimond badreaga wolla, wolla m'r net sawga woh sie onna sin uf ihra hochtsich trip well m'r 's selwar net wissa on darra tzeit.

Hen 'n Shier Fernart

Ow'r won der Dewey Lentz aw ken tzwilling bedder gleich'd, un sei Mildred dut, hot der Rob Hermany un der Earl Henry fon da hinna on Wannamakers der Ollie Krumanocker fon Neffs da onner dawg gahairich fernart mit ra melk mashine. Der Ollie shoft fer der Clayt Snyder fon Neffs, un wor dart tzurick fer 'n melk mashine uf shtella. 'S wor wos sie 'n tzwae unit melker haisa, un allas wor ol recht bis sie mohl ae dale fon da g'shicht onna kuh k'hank'd hen kot, un der Ollie hut die tzwet kuh in arder g'shteld fer darta aw hanka. Bis der Ollie fartich wor die kuh in roy shtella, wor die airsht kuh shun gamolka, un der Earl un der Rob hen der melker g'shwind ob k'hank'd, die milich inna aimer galairt, un 't. Ollie garufa er sot kumma gucka, die kuh wot die milich net runner lossa. Ow'r der Ollie, woh hinnich ma poshda rous g'shillich'd hut kot hut besser gawist, un g'sawt sie sott. 'm mohl der aimer weissa woh sie die milich hallinger nei galairt hetta. Wie sie hen, forhoftich sei won die kuh net shun shtawb drucka wor, un hut 'n lot mainer milich gewwa os sie dafor ols gewwa hut wie der Earl sie fon hond gamolka hut.

Wos 'n Gabobble

Soicha os ferleicht shun gawunnert hen wos fer 'n wunnerbore gabobble os fer die ledshda paar dawg om gae wor drowwa in Lynn township nagshd on New Tripoli, breicha nimmy langer wunnerra—drei Lauchnors maid worra bei nonner grumbierra schneida fer der Marvin Kistler. Un die Lauchnors maid sin niemond shunshd os wie die Angie Sittler fon da Green shtross doh in da shtadt, die Barbie Snyder ous 'm hartz fon New Tripoli, un 'm Marvin sei aignie fraw die Edna.

Ich sawg eich wos, sellie drei gucka yohr fer yohr fohr tzu da tzeit won der Marvin grumbierra blonsa wil, un kon sawga os es noh ols g'shpichta gebt. Ferol os dale gamaint hen a het doh weil tzurick arrick gamocht wie der Marvin mohl nochts bei da Angie ous 'm bed g'falla is, wor sel noch gore nix gaeich 'm g'shnapper bis 'm Marvin sei grumbierra ols fartich ferschnidda sin. Sis yusht shawd os ken farm show is on Harrisbarrick wies ols wor, odder won 'm Marvin sei grumbierra so arrick woxa wie sellie drei shweshterra gablauder'd hen bis die blons grumbierra fersch.idda sin, wear ken mon im lond os 'n hous halta kent fer airsht prize gawinna.

Aw Blenty Tzucht Kot

M'r brouch uf kours net yusht tzu grumbierra schneider gae fer 'n tzucht un yocht hoerra, da onner dawg wor aw blenty darta dafon, wie der deputy Register of Wills Harley Stewart hame is fom kourt hous mit seim Chevy kar os er yusht kartz dafor kauft hut. Der Harley hut ols net fartich werra kenna fertzaila in da offis, wie gute os sei kar shoffa dade, ow'r tzu sehna wie der ketzer uf ae mohl awfonga hut shoffa, wor shier ganunk fer 'm Harley der fershtond nemma. Die g'shicht hut k'hoosh'd un g'shnart os er bol net gawist hut sich uf da sitz tzu halta, un wolla numma wetta os er froh wor os sei fraw die Doris net dabei wor. Won sie gawest wear, wolla m'r wetta os sie gablauder'd het in siva unnershittlicha shprocha, — un arbadich noch so, won sie ous g'funna het os yusht ebber paar drode lose garubt het kot on da funktzoppa, un os sel die uhrsoch wor fon ol da lumberrei. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wid der Harley 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

Sis 'n Fegelchie yusht rei g'floga kumma gons hinnich ochdem un hut g'sawt, 's wear gore net wohr os der Dewey Lentz un sei Mildred noch Peters Krossing un Rockdale weara uf ihra hochtsich trip—'s het sie yusht g'sehna in Yarrick shtadt der Hudson drowwa.

Der Dewey un die Mildred hetta uf ra bonk on da Palisades k'huck'd hand hava, un weara om wunnerra eb sie noch folshter noch Albany kenta, odder rum drava sotta, fer bis da Somshdawg odder Sundawg widder dahame sei.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by

REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

Luke 21:1-28

Never speak of the widow's mite in the singular number. She had two and she gave the two. She gave "with all her might." Heaven's estimate of one's giving is never the amount given but the amount in relation to what is left after one has given. The widow's giving rated one hundred per cent, far higher than that of the rich. "By and by," v.9, in the 17th century meant "immediately" and should so be read here. Conditions in the end time of our age are described in vs. 25-28. After Jerusalem shall have been trampled under foot until the times of the Gentiles shall have been fulfilled, then shall distress come upon the Gentiles (nations) with perplexity (literally, "no way out"). Men's hearts shall fail for fear, because of those things which are coming on the earth (described in the Revelation). All this precedes the coming of the Son of man. Those who believe it are to look up and rejoice, for their redemption draweth nigh. Alas, our heedless world knows nothing of this.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, May 5, 1920

Lee R. Kahler, an employee at the Hotel Allen for three years, was promoted to the position of assistant manager by Manager Elmer E. Heimbach.

The Allentown Band was to

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

These, who desired to live, went out to death;
Dark underground their golden youth is lying.
We live; and there is brightness in our breath
They could not know—the splendour of their dying.
Abercrombie.

EVEN 85 POINTS MAY NOT BE ENUF

Much light and hope have come to American wives of men in the armed services with announcement by the War Department of the point system for determination of honorable discharge from duty. We can believe that both on this side of the Atlantic in American homes and in military camps in Europe pencils have been put to work already to provide perfect calculation as to every soldier's status under the new sytem.

Briefly the system provides that 85 points shall be the minimum number of points for consideration of a case. Such points are arrived at by crediting a soldier with one point for every month of service since September 16, 1940, and an additional point for every month of overseas service since that date. Then the soldier receives five credit points for each combat decoration and 12 points for each child under 18 years of age, up to a maximum of three.

It is to be noted however, before many hopeful and over enthusiastic women go too far in their conclusions, that 85 points will not automatically bring about a soldier's honorable discharge. It simply means that he is going to be considered. He's a candidate but he has not yet been elected. There may be too many men with 85 points when it comes time to reducing the army and keeping it at a strength necessary to fight the war with Japan and maintain an occupation force in Europe. Furthermore there may be men whose training and service are such that they cannot be spared even if they have 185 points or 285 points.

The point system has been designated to weed out millions from immediate consideration and to establish a yard-stick for measuring service and dispensability. More than a million men are going to be sent home under the system but no woman immediately can say that her husband, son or brother is returning at once because he has in excess of the minimum number of points.

In this matter, as in so many others, we are gladdened by rays of hope but elation must be tempered with patience. Otherwise there are going to be many unnecessary heartaches later on.

NAZI OFFICERS DESERVE 'THE WORKS'

There is an old saying that sugar will catch more flies than vinegar and it may be enlightening as to the principle which enters into the treatment of captured German officers as compared with the treatment accorded the Nazi rank and file.

Complaint has been coming from a wide number of sources about the reported courtesies which American officers are extending to German officers whereas American enlisted men have been disciplined to treat the Nazis with complete disdain or at least virtually ignore their presence.

American public opinion is finding it hard to see any difference of viewpoint and socially, there should be none. Certainly America's chief quarrel in this war is with the German leaders. Atrocities and other military crimes have almost certainly been perpetrated by and with the consent of officers if not in fact upon their orders. Without any doubt the foulest military criminals are those in high places. For once in history the American people are demanding that the officer class be not treated as a sacred cow. They want every Nazi officer slapped down, figuratively if not literally speaking.

The only excuse that probably will be accepted for formal, if not in fact courteous, treatment to officers is that they are being pumped for information altho with the war won the value of their information can be very small. However, it would seem to be wise to encourage the Germans to talk at the time when they are overwhelmingly grateful to be in American instead of Russian hands. They may begin to tell on one another. They may "sing" as they say of our American gangsters and hang one another upon the gallows tree. The time may come, and shortly, when they will close up tighter than clams. Some cigarettes and cognac now may go a long way later on toward giving war criminals due justice.

A POLE STAR THAT CAN POINT TO PEACE

While the eyes of the world are turned upon San Francisco with the hope that the statesmen of the world who represent 46 countries will be able to shape a program of accord for the establishment and maintenance of peace, an international incident involving only sixteen men has occurred to remind us that human nature has not been changed by the war, that it continues so often to be perverse, that even in the smallest groups it seems there is bound to be a Judas Iscariot.

Only last weekend the sixteen men referred to—all newspaper correspondents on the western front—were flown to Rheims to witness the scenes attendant upon the unconditional surrender of the German forces. They were pledged to secrecy and only because it was felt that they could be trusted were they permitted to see an historical event that any one of thousands of newspapermen everywhere would give a right hand to have seen.

But one of the sixteen broke the faith. That was why the world got the story of German surrender on Monday whereas it had been planned by General Eisenhower to release it 24 hours later. This one in sixteen violated a pledge not alone to the Army authorities but to his fellow-newspapermen. Whether it was because of excess zeal or desire for the great fame that he thought would attach to the men sending out the first story is not known but it is known and acknowledged on all hands that what otherwise might have been one of the most famous feats in journalism became one of the most infamous. It is to the credit of the profession that it is widely repudiating what under any circumstances would have been a gross violation of ethics.

If fifteen men, as it now turns out, could not trust the sixteenth member of their group, how sure can we be that an hour after 46 nations sign solemn covenants some one of the 46 will not have begun plans to circumvent everything that was signed.

Back in 1919 we thought that the signature of Germany to a document drawn up in Versailles, plus the signatures and prominent support of other countries for such institutions as the League of Nations and World Court, were going to guarantee peace. We now know that the German General Staff left the field of battle in 1918 and almost immediately began its plans for the present war, needing only an Adolf Hitler to be the spark plug for the mighty engine that they were intelligently shaping. We now know that an entire nation supported that military caste and that elsewhere among the signers of various documents there was readiness to evade, to equivocate, to extenuate,—in short to do just about anything that was contrary to the letter and the spirit of plans for world peace.

Nobody loves a pessimist. Unfortunately human behavior does so much to discourage the optimist. But we can continue to be optimists and hope that this newspaper episode, thru the rapid and complete castigation accorded the offender by the entire newspaper world, will be a Pole Star to the statesmen of the world.

Treachery occurred in a little world of sixteen men but fifteen others, supported by just about everybody in the business world-wide, have repudiated it so completely that a profession has been purified beyond all belief.

Is it too much to hope that the nations of the world will likewise stand united in the support of right against wrong when one or a small number has violated sacred treaties and human rights and especially the most sacred treaty which we expect can be shaped—the treaty to forbear from all war in the future?

Regional Pacts

By DAVID LAWRENCE

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11.—The American people should have an opportunity to debate the question of regional pacts. It cannot be settled here anyway.

The most that can be done with the issue is to postpone its solution because Foreign Commissar Molotov has left here after having taken the position that the regional pacts made by Russia with other European countries cannot be touched by the United Nations organization or its charter. If that applies to the Russo-French and Russo-British and Russo-Czechoslovakian pacts, there is no reason why the Pan-American pact should be subject to restraint by the Security Council in which the big powers each have a veto and can nullify any needed action.

The British-Russian pact differs from all the others in that it specifically provides that it is to be superseded when the United Nations charter is adopted and takes over the task of preventing aggression. The Russian-French and the Russian-Czech treaties contain no such provisions.

Mr. Molotov's Comment

Mr. Molotov, in a formal written statement announced at his conference with the press two days before he left, made this pointed comment:

"One cannot fail to see, either, that an attempt to submit these treaties to the international organization for consideration would be tantamount to violating the sovereign rights of the signatory states. Besides these would run contrary to the Dumbarton Oaks principles recognizing forcefully the sovereign rights of the members of the international security organization. Naturally the idea of revising treaties was rejected as untenable."

While it may be conceded that the Russians had reasons that seemed to them proper for refusing to allow these regional pacts to be subordinated to the United Nations charter, it is difficult to see why the Russian envoy takes the position that to place the charter above existing treaties, when they are inconsistent with the purposes of the United Nations, is to "violate" the sovereign rights of the signatory states.

Nothing, of course, would be done to subordinate these treaties except with the consent of all the powers concerned. Whatever the revision, it would be done by voluntary action. In fact, everything done at San Francisco has to be on a voluntary basis and in every agreement or concession each nation concedes a point in its conception of unlimited sovereignty. If Mr. Molotov's theory were to be accepted, it would mean that any existing treaty could never be changed even though it contradicted the provisions and purposes of the charter.

Thus, the Security Council is to be set up by the charter as the instrument for handling the use of armed forces. If Russia, however, takes the view that she and France at any time may decide when to take military measures against the return of aggression, the peace of Europe can be upset at any moment by one-sided action. Likewise, if these treaties are to be absolutely exempt from consideration by the Security Council, then at any time France and Russia or Czechoslovakia and Russia may decide that something happening or some propaganda activity in a neighboring country threatens to encourage German aggression and hence separate action independent of the Security Council can be validly taken.

Fear of Russian Veto

The Latin-American countries have a fear of the Russian veto if the Security Council may at any moment prevent the Latin states from taking action against a would-be aggressor. If, for instance, some Latin-American state becomes communistic and starts acts of aggression against a neighbor, Russia's vote in the Security Council, under the Dumbarton Oaks limitations, may veto any action by the Pan-American states. So the Latin-American countries want the charter to read in such a way that if the Security Council doesn't act to prevent aggression, the several states in this hemisphere may do so on their own initiative as provided in the act of Chapultepec. But if such a proviso is included here, should not Russia ask that if the United Nations do not act to prevent German aggression in Europe, she and her regional allies may do so?

These are some of the fine points of the discussion that has arisen and hence no harm can be done for the time being by freezing the status of the Pan American pact, just as Mr. Molotov has frozen the status of the regional pacts Russia has made in Europe. The next conference of the United Nations could once more tackle the whole problem.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CAN THE OPA

The essential difference between an enterprise managed privately and one run by government is that in private enterprise if management fails, it is fired or the business goes broke; in government the politicians try to save each other's faces.

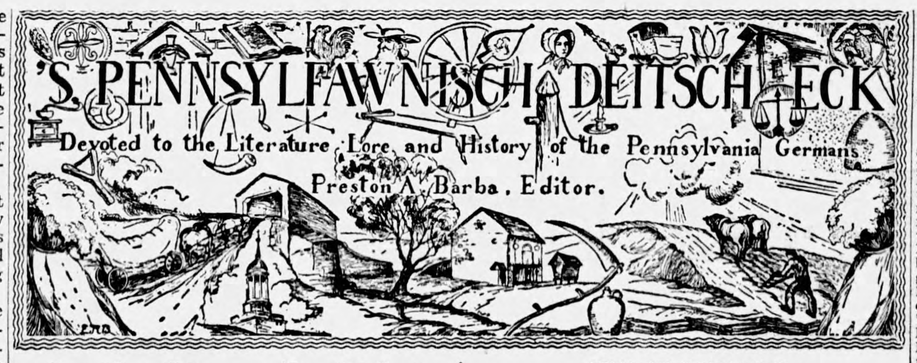
The OPA is a case in point. Here is a badly conceived agency, mismanaged from the start, now an obvious failure—yet being continued because to admit failure is a political liability for those who have to make the admission.

OPA's real difficulty, apart from inexperienced and untrained direction, is that it lacks authority in the fields which it attempts to control. Take, for instance, the subject of meat. The Department of Agriculture, the War Food Administration, the War Labor Board and the Office of Economic Mobilization all have a piece of authority over meat and meat production. The Army, Navy, Lend-Lease and UNRRA make demands on the reservoirs of meat and certainly the Army, Navy and Lend-Lease have had priorities over the civilian consumer. OPA then seeks to regulate what it has only a partial authority to regulate, namely, the availability and price of meat.

OPA, then, can rightly weep that they are doing the best they can in the circumstances. Maybe so. The point is well-taken that nothing constructive can be accomplished unless there is a single, over-all authority over food such as Herbert Hoover represented during the other war. Add to the fact that such authority is lacking, the astonishing incapacity and inefficiency of OPA from its inception, then it ceases to be surprising that this agency of government is perhaps the outstanding failure of the war.

(Copyright, 1945)

The term "game preserve" instead of "game reserve" is used in the United States and is limited to areas set aside for the protection of those species of wild mammals and birds that are defined by law or commonly hunted as "game."



Outsiders Discover Our Dialect

by DONALD H. YODER
CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

(Continued)

After several substantial eyewitness accounts and scholarly explanations about Pennsylvania had appeared on the continent, such as Schoepf's **Reise** and Ebeling's **Erdbeschreibung und Geschichte von Amerika**, Friedrich Wilhelm Herrmann, Ph. D. (1775-1819), Professor at the Luebeck Gymnasium, decided to write an interpretation of immigrant conditions in the new homeland which he published at Luebben in 1806, under the title **Die Deutschen in Nordamerika**. He shows little appreciation for any of the finer qualities of the Pennsylvania Germans mentioned by some of the travelers. The "German of education and good taste" who visits America, he says, will shun contact with these "stepbrothers". Their language has "gradually become so mangled that it must be thoroughly incomprehensible to a German who does not understand English." Contact and trade with the English has introduced many English words into the language, so that "in a sense they speak both languages, but one as miserably as the other." He repeats most of Schoepf's comments, as well as using all of the latter's examples. Without having been in America, he generalizes as follows about the Pennsylvania Germans: "Even if this mongrel speech laid no hindrance in the way of conversation, contact with the Germans settled in America would be anything but pleasant. They are empty heads, who understand nothing in the world but farming . . . Their conversations turn on the most common things, of which a man of education and good taste cannot comprehend how they can have such great interest for humans, that they devote their attention and their tongues to them for hours a a time! . . . Astonishingly ignorant, they show not even the slightest desire, to want themselves instructed, not the least sense for all that exalts noble souls, and they leave in the hearts of those who take the pains to speak with them, nothing but nausea or pity." Speaker Muehlenberg, he writes in another connection, had energy and initiative that is rare among these **schlaffgeistigen Deutschen.**

Isaac Candler's **A Summary View of America** (London: 1824) calls "the German spoken in Pennsylvania and the neighbouring parts of New York and Virginia . . . very corrupt, being a compound of German, English and I know not what besides. Some idea may be formed of the corruption it has undergone, from a remark made by one with whom I was conversing, which was, that I spoke better German than he did. On smiling at his bantering, he said he was in earnest, for that natives of Germany all told the German Americans of their bad language, and that mine corresponded with that of the native Germans much more than his. Various as are the dialects in Germany, and bad as some of them are, judging by the most generally approved standards, perhaps the worst is less faulty than that in Pennsylvania. It seems to be what the author of Hudibras calls a Babylonish dialect. I suspect that Adelung, with all his knowledge as a linguist, would be puzzled with it, as the people in Sir John Mandeville's tale, when they heard the mingled voices which the thaw had freed from their icy fetters." This is of interest because of its recognition of our speech as a dialect, if for no other reason!

An interesting German work appearing two decades later is Dr. Ernst Braun's **Mittheilungen aus Nordamerika, die hochern Lehranstalten und die Englisirung der dortigen Deutschen betreffend** (Braunschweig: 1829), dedicated to the Reverend Messrs. Friedrich W. Geissenhainer, Jakob Miller, and J. A. Probst, in memory of several years spent with them in the Lutheran ministry, in New York and Pennsylvania. "One finds", he writes, in several counties of Pennsylvania, "German customs, German bias, and German language, so that in the German American settlements one thinks himself transported to the Palatinate, Alsace, or Swabia, whence came most of the German Americans." Among other matters, he mentions the corruption of proper names in America, as Muehlenberg into Muhlenberg, Schlatter into Sloughter. He refers to several German rural institutions, the **Doerrhaus** or **Rauchhaus** (Smokehouse), and seems to have sampled our **Aepfelwein** ("Cyder-oil"), and "excellent **Aepfelbutter**", which he writes, is called in Pennsylvania, **Latwerge.** He includes **Millerstaedtel** in a list of Pennsylvania German towns. He scores particularly the **Eirischdeutschen,** of American (Irish!) Germans who have exchanged the German language for poor English. These would like to be classed as English "gentlemen" and "ladies", and are already changing their names, as for example, **Schneider** to Taylor, **Schuhmacher** to Shoemaker. Of anything out of style, they say contemptuously, "It looks so **dutchified.**" For such people Brauns had little patience, and by the first words in his book shows his desire for the preservation of German culture in America:

Deutsche, vermenget Euch nicht! Bleibt Deutsche! Ihr bleibt es durch Sprache:

Sprache bindet Euch fest; nur ehret und liebet sie innig!

Keine ersetzt Euch die Eure. Nur Mutterschprache bezeichnet

Echt, was die Seele empfindet, denket, ersinnet und ausforscht.

Haltet sie ein, ein Spiegel des Volks, dann faubet sie nimmer

Aeussere Gewalt; die scheitert an Einheit des Volks und der Sprache.

It is interesting to note in this connection that as early as 1782 Dr. Kunze called the anglicized Germans **Eirischdeutschen,** while Helmuth, writing in the **Evangelisches Magazin,** (Philadelphia: 1813) used the more caustic words **Exdeutschen** and **Pseudodeutschen.**

One of the most valuable descriptions of Pennsylvania German life and language by a European German in the nineteenth century is the chapter, "The American Germans", in Herrmann Bokum's **The Stranger's Gift** (Boston: 1836). Bokum was a native German who had come to America in the 'twenties and at the time of the publication of his little book, a "Christmas and New Year's Present" to the American people, was an Instructor at Harvard University. In the German fashion, popularized by the Romantic Movement, he made "extensive pedestrian excursions" in America, chiefly among the Germans of our state and the Dutch of New York. His Pennsylvania tours were in the vicinity of Easton, Reading, Lebanon and Lancaster. His picture, like so many of the early accounts, is unsympathetic and unflattering. He echoes Herrmann in his statement that "when you enter the sequestered valleys, and approach the habitations of the early settlers, where every new view presents an enchanting picture, and every step suggests a poetical thought (Romantic interest!), . . . the almost entire want of elevation in the character of the inhabitants of these beautiful regions forms but too sad and striking a contrast." He comments on their frequent want of schooling and, among some, suspicion of education; their inadequate staff of ministers (who often have to serve six or seven churches); their superstition (powwowing in particular!); and their political naivete. Only a few oases of culture enrich the area; among these are Gettysburg, York, and Nazareth. The people use the German language, he admits, "though in many parts of the interior a native of Germany will find it very difficult to recognize his mother-tongue." A visit to a country home (in which, however, he admits being comfortably and hospitably entertained) revealed a meager book-shelf, containing only "the Bible, some books of dreaming and witchcraft, and one or two German newspapers. . . . In glancing at the latter, you meet with another piece of Americo-Germanism — German words with English terminations, or the reverse. Their intercourse with Germany, however, has obviously been interrupted for many years, since the few new thoughts, which the progress in science and art has conveyed to them, are entirely expressed in the English language. To this circumstance, and to the fact, that the language which the America Germans speak is not a written one, its utter want of euphony is to be ascribed. Every written language has peculiar laws of formation and sound, according to which, terms which are taken from other languages may become naturalized. It is very different with a language which is spoken only in a community in which there is no general intercourse. The elements which they borrow from other languages or dialects remain foreign ingredients, both in regard to structure and sound."

Continuing his romantic description, Bokum writes, "It is now time . . . to leave the cottage. You part from your kind-hearted hosts with a hearty shake of the hand, and gladly accept a seat in the wagon of an old farmer from a neighboring settlement, whose company, you have reason to hope, will be a source of instruction to you. At first, however, you are not successful. In vain do you endeavor to imitate the compound of several low (sic) German dialects in which he addresses you, and which, from an entire want of cultivation, has so much degenerated, and has become so greatly alloyed with the colloquial English, that frequently it is almost wholly unintelligible to a German directly from Europe, and accustomed only to the High German, and to one or two of the Low German dialects. To speak in the language of Shakespeare, they seem to have been at a great feast of languages and to have stolen the scraps." He adds "that all the intelligent and cultivated German emigrants and Americo-Germans, who have become intimately acquainted with the state of this population, combine in heartily desiring that soon this corrupt dialect of the German language, together with all its evil consequences, may give way to the moral and intellectual light which, for more than a century, has been the source of incalculable blessings to those portions of the United States which have been brought under its influence." He believed, in conclusion, that in less than **fifty** years the Germans of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virignia, would be almost completely absorbed by the Anglo-American population.

In the forties and fifties of the last century, several interesting accounts appeared. Friedrich von Raumer in his **Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika** (Philadelphia: 1846), in writing of the German spoken in the vicinity of Reading, Pottsville and Harrisburg in 1844, calls it "of a very mixed description, as: **Morgen ist ein oeffentliches Vendu! Wo werden Sie hinaus travellen? Wo stoppen Sie?** and the like."—Charles Lyell, in his **Travels in North America** (London: 1845) says he "found the German language chiefly spoken in this mountainous region (around Pottsville), and preached in most of the churches, as at Reading. It is fast degenerating into a patois, and it is amusing to see many Germanized English words introduced even into the newspapers, such as **turnepike** for turnpike, **fense** for fence, **flauer** for flour, or others, such as **jail**, which have been adopted without alteration."—The idyllic sketch by Heinrich Ehman, from Goeppingen in Wuerttemberg, entitled "Wie es Kam dass Ich in Amerika Schulmeister Wurde", though not published until 1903 (**German American Annals**, Vol. I, No. 10, October 1903) refers to his experience as schoolmaster in Longswamp Township, Berks County, from 1848 until the introduction of English examinations in 1857-8. He includes a few samples of dialect words, such as "Apple Jack" (from the English, of course), **kriege** ("get"), **Schulmeester, Nee** (nein), **weeste da'** (weisst du), etc. In the region he heard no English, "only what they called Pennsylvania German (**Pennsylvanisch Deutsch**)," which, he writes, was similar to the German spoken in the Palatinate. One pupil proudly said to his father when he learned to count, **"Pop, ich kann now auch bis 100 zachlen . . ."** and another invited the teacher home once at the end of day with **"Schulmeester, mei Mammi hat gesaht, Du sollst heute Abend mit mir kommen, sie will Aeppel Kuechlicher bake."** With the coming of stricter county examinations for teachers, Ehman retired to a Philadelphia grocery business, but managed to take a Pennsylvania German wife to the city with him!—Francis and Theresa Pulszky, who came to America on tour with Kossuth in the 'fifties, published their **White, Red, Black Sketches of American Society** at New York in 1853. They note that the Pennsylvania Germans settled here long before the Revolution, before the Golden Age of German literature had roused the intellectual activity of the people. ". . . they have maintained their broad vulgar dialect; they do not know the names of Lessing and Herder, Schiller and Goethe; they are strangers to the development of the English and the German spirit, peasants of the past age, who have become free and rich in their new country, but have been left untouched by the progress of a century." Those liberally educated have become English in culture. At Harrisburg they met "Mr. Muehlenberg, the accomplished member of the Pennsylvania Senate", who ". . . was a remarkable specimen of those Germans. Conversant with all the treasures of English literature, he spoke no German but the peasant brogue, though he belongs to the leading family of those settlers . . ."

To Be Concluded

MUTTERDAAG

(Zum Aadenke an mei Mammi

Drauss is alles schunn am Bliehe,
Feggelcher singe iwwerall,
Un mer wolle Blumme kriege
Fer den scheene Mutterdaag.

Wie mer noch net gebore waare,
Hot des Mutterhaerz voll Lieb
Mit viele Sarye un Schmaerze
Gefiehlt 's waar der Muttertrieb.

Denoh wie in der Wieg mer waare,
Wunsich, rot, wie wunnerbaar,
Denkscht du, ass mer in de Aage
Vun unsere gute Mutter waar?

Wie oft hot sie uns g'schockelt
In der Wieg un im Schockelschtuhl;
Kenne mer sei Lebdaag des bezaahle,
Was unser Mutter hot geduh?

Sie hot uns sauwer gewesche
Un uns gut aageduh—
"Gewen acht, kriegen eich net dreckich
Mer gehn noch der Kaerrich un Sunndaagschul."

Alsfert waar sie en Exempel,
Sehne kann ich sie noch heit;
Immer hot sie es verschtanne,
Eb mer gelacht hen odder g'heilt.

Denoh wie mer gross sin warre,
Do sin mer in die Kinnerlehr;
Mer hen gebet un g'sunge,
Bis mer noh sin kunfermiert.

Un Vermaahning hot sie gewwe—
"Kinner, sein recht schmart un gut,
Dann sin ihr all Gotteskinner,
Un Er halt eich in Seiner Hut.

Mer sin yo all elter warre,
Unser guti Mutter dezu;
Mol ee Daag hot Gott sie gerufe
Zur Haerrichkeit un Ewich Ruh.

Un nau will ich des noch saage—
Des schenschte Wart in der Welt,
Des hot yuscht sechs Buchschtaawe
Un der liewe Naame "Mutter" schpellt.

Mer setten net vergesse
Diweil sie sich noch blogt,
Net yuscht ee Daag im Yohr—
Alle Daag iss Mutterdaag!

Locust Valley, Pa. ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

DIE ALDE ZEIDE SIN VERBEI

Die Dichter glaage nau mit bittre Dreene,
Die alde Zeide sin verbei,
Wu liewe Bobblin, dicke Sei,
Wu fromme Leit, so schee gedrel,
Mer iwwerall im Land hot kenne'sehne.

Mer schwetzt vum alde Schulhaus an der Grick,
Wu sie so arrick viel gelaernt,
Un teachers waare net verzaernt,
Dieweil sie Dank schtatts Geld geaernt.
Sie mechten gaern noch sellre Schul zerick.

Sie hen aa Sehnsucht noch'm alde Brunne,
Wu Mammi sie gewesche hot,
Graad wie en Mammi wesche sott
En gruschdich, dreckich, gleeni Grott,
Wu ken Gefiehl fer plumbing noch hot g'funne.

'S Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch iss schier gaar dot;
Des will yo niemand schwetze meh.
Un halde deitschi Frommheit geh.
Der common Mann denkt yuscht allee,
Wuhaer er griege soll sei deeglich Brot.

ANTWART

Liewe Bobblin sin noch do im Schteet,
Scheene Bauereie kammer kaafe.
Net meh as fimf Meile nemmt's ze laafe,
Wu die bus zum alde Schulhaus geht.
Gebt's in deinem Haus elektrisch Licht,
Kannscht es mit der plumbing schnell ausreisse.
Duhne dich bacteria bees verbeisse,
Duscht du doch dei gut alt-faeschen Pflicht.
Wann du yuscht e wennich hoscht Geduld,
Kannscht aa Deitsch genung noch heere schwetze.
Wann sie's Deitsch Geles so dumm verpetze,
Henn dei eegne Schule yuscht die Schuld.

Pennsylvania State College —RALPH CHARLES WOOD

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Der Jimmy Is G'shlifa

Won m'r mohl shwetza wil fon ma sharafa aug fer bisnis, don uf kours nembt der Wert Jimmy Wenner fon Ledder Eck Poshda der kucha. Un war sel net glawbt, brouch numma mohl shwetza mit 'm Bob McNamara fon Bedlahame, un woh now aigen'd wos ols die Solly Haasa bauerrei wor. Der Bob rais'd fiel hinkle uf seim blotz, un der Jimmy wor immer 'n guter kustomer. Dale hen shun bahabt, der Bob het fiel fon da hinkle ous ganumma in bisnis fer 'm bar, 's same wie aw der Franc Roth ols hut eb sei Gert sich nei gamidd'ld hut. Aenicha waig, der Bob is now tzimlich shure os er un der Franc nimmy long denka breicha fer 'm Jimmy hinkle ferkaufa weil er selwar in die bisnis is fer hinkle raisa.

Sei hunds bisnis is 'm tzimlich shnell in der dreck g'falla wie der hund os er kotta hut, 'm die fitz grick'd hut un is 'm fert g'shprunga. Now in blotz fom hund hut er sich yunga hinkle grick'd, un woh der Bob gore net boss'd. Die barichda sin, er het 'm Franc da onner owet gaglawk'd so long os die hinkle dreck wolfel gawest weara, uns het net batzawlt fer sie raisa, noh weara sie gute ganunk gawest fers 'm Jimmy bei bringa. Ow'r now os sie ols haicher un haicher in die hae gangda im price, wot er opposition runna, un all'm noh brovierra fer sie ous bisnis duh. Aenicha waig, der Bob hut seina auga shier net glawwa lenna wie er da onner dawg hinna drous in da lut wor gueka noch 'm wedder, un hut tzwae glaina beeblcher sehna imma shtol rum shpringa. Tzwae hinkelcher bout so gross wie halb ous gawoxna bodderreaselcher sin wol net fiel, doch is es 'n awfong, un war wase woh der Jimmy uf hair'd.

Nimmy Noh Gakent

Da onner dawg wor airsht 'n uf ruhr drowwa g'shwishich Claussville un Seipstown, wie da Polly Bear die geil darrich gonga sin. Da Polly ihra Elmer hut nous gae wolla kollick saya, noh is sie uf 'n noshion kumma sie kenta 'n lot tzeit shpora, won der Elmer kollick nous nemma dade, un sie kaimt hinna noh mit da geil un da drill. Un so hen sies aw gamocht, uns sis allas gute gonga bis die Polly nous uf der shwartz waig kumma is mit da drill, un die geil sin shy werra waeich da robblerrei.

Die Polly hut 's airsht gamaint sie kent die geil halta fon darrich gae, un hut net gae galust on da line. Endlich wies awfonga is tzu shtarrick gae, un sie hut nimmy noh gakent, hut sie sich 'n shtick waigs shlaifa lossa. Sel ow'r wor hard uf die gnee, un hut noh endlich gae galust, un die geil sin ol dawaig owwa iwwer die hae noua bis grawd fom Billy Rupp howwa woh sie hinnich ma poshda hanka gabliva sin mit da drill. 'S hut tzu all'm glick da drill ken shawda gaduh, un da geil weiters aw nix aw gabrocht, yusht os ainer wenich lawn gait on aim bae. Die Polly maint won sie numma noch 20 yohr yinger gawest wear, weara die geil ra bei jupperty net fert g'shprunga, un sel wear ol gawest os g'shaina wear.

'S Hut Sie Ebbes G'shtocha

Die Lillian Christman fon Macungie wor da onner dawg ow'r gabutta wie sie nuf nochs William Lichtenwalners nagshd on Trexlershteddle wor fer farella fisha, in da Shpring Krick. Sie wor nuf mit da mashine, un hut sich noh outside ufs running board k'huck'd fer ihra gart innonner mocha un die line draw duh. Eb sie ow'r recht k'huck'd hut kot, hut sie gamaint 's dade sie ebbes shtecha, un is uf 'n maining kumma 's weara ferleicht eema odder weshba rum. Aenicha waig, sie is mohl ains gongs nei tzum William seimra fraw da Lorene fer hilf, un ferhoftich sei won sie sich net uf 'n gonsie hond fol fish ongla k'huck'd hut kot. Die Lorene kon sich 'n aryer guter g'shick gewwa fer leit sella waig ous druvel helfa, un die Lillian hut net ae ongel ferlora, ferol os dale wenich ous shabe worra, bis die Lorene sie hous kot hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wons mohl wear os aenich ebber sucha wot fer 'n gadonka loser mensch, don glawwa m'r net os es weiter gae breich'd os wie noch 'm West End wertshous doh in da shtadt, woh der Tom Welliver fon da 12d shtross der barkipper is.

Wos hut der Tom da onner owet gaduh wie er noch da arwet is, os wie sei Ford mashine mit ganumma so os er net hame lawfa breich'd, un wie er fartich wor shoffa so on da halb nocht rum, is er ol dawaig nous noch ma taxie shtand galoffa fer 'n taxie nemma fer hame gae, ebs 'm bei g'falla is os er yoh sei Ford nava om wertshous shtae het.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Deaths of a Day

PROF. W. J. HENDERSON

Prof. William J. Henderson, 45, of the structural engineering department of Purdue university, died Thursday. He was a graduate of Lafayette college and was employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. until 1925 when he went to Purdue.

Survivors are his wife, Ruth; his mother, Mrs. Ida Henderson, Glen Gardner, N. J., and a brother, Abraham, Long Island City, N. Y.

GEORGE SOELL

George Soell, 34, husband of Mrs. Mary Soell, of 10 Jersey St., Phillipsburg, N. J., died at 8:50 p. m. Friday in Warren hospital, Phillipsburg.

INFANT SHOUDET

A daughter born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shoudet, of Upper Black Eddy, died Friday at Easton hospital.

Answers To Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

Q. What is the term used to describe the sudden changing of its course by a river? D. F. D.

A. The term is avulsion.

Q. What was the pay of a full general in the Civil War? T. W.

A. The United States had no full general in the Civil War. Grant served as major general and then lieutenant general. In the latter rank, he received $270 a month pay, $720 subsistence (while in the field), and $90 for four servants. He was promoted to full general on July 28, 1866, when his pay became $400, his subsistence $360, and the provision for servants rose to $126 a month.

Q. What is the meaning of the word subversive? S.L.

A. The term has long been used to describe an action having a tendency to overthrow, destroy or ruin anything. In the sense of actions directed against the government the use of "subversive" is of comparatively recent introduction.

Q. What animals are faster than a kangaroo? M.B.

A. A kangaroo can go 40 miles an hour at full speed. Only the gazelle and cheetah can travel faster.

Q. When was the poll tax first imposed in this country? T.H.T.

A. Poll tax was introduced into America by the British in the seventeenth century and was one of the grievances that led to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. The word is derived from the Old English poll, a head.

Q. How much time is a Short Snorter allowed to produce his membership dollar bill when challenged? E.E.H.

A. The challenged member is allowed two minutes in which to produce his bill before a fine is levied.

Q. In what way is the roof of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City unusual? S.I.F.

A. The massive roof is a lattice truss held together by wooden pegs and strips of rawhide. Nails and bolts were not available at the time of construction. It rests upon 44 red sandstone piers.

Q. What is the color of plasma? B. N. B.

A. The U. S. Public Health Service says that the color of plasma when ready to run into the veins is clear with perhaps a faint yellowish tinge or a slight translucence.

Q. May packages be sent to American prisoners of war in Japan? O. N.

A. No packages may be sent to prisoners of war in Japan at the present time.

Q. Why do the Pennsylvania Dutch often paint pictures on their barns? C. K.

A. According to legend symbols were originally painted on barns to frighten away witches. Today they are used purely for decoration.

Q. Who first used the term anesthesia? R.E.F.

A. The use of the terms anesthesia, anesthetic and anesthetist was suggested by the distinguished scholar and poet Oliver Wendell Holmes, professor of anatomy at Harvard.

Q. What is a bronze star awarded for? M.D.E.

A. A bronze star is used by both Army and Navy on the American Defense Service ribbon to indicate service outside the continental United States and as a battle star on Theatre of War Service ribbons.

Horoscope

Ambition, practicality, mental keenness and a stern capacity for carrying plans and hopes to a successful conclusion characterize you if this is the anniversary of your birth. You are affectionate and like good books. A book that accents spiritual matters may be quite helpful for shutting the doors of your consciousness to irritating intrusions today. Good music and relaxation should inspire your thoughts.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by
REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

Luke 24:44-53. Acts 1:1-14

The Old Testament is divided by the Hebrews into three parts; Moses, the prophets, and the Psalms, v. 44, the subject of which, if our spiritual eyes are open, v. 45, is the crucifixion (Psalm 22, Isaiah 53) and the resurrection (Psalm 16:10) of Jesus. These scriptures had just been fulfilled before the eyes of competent witnesses, v. 48, and on the basis of all this, the Gospel of salvation was to be preached, v. 47. But before they went out to preach, they were to be endued with the power of the Holy Spirit, which happened on the following Pentecost. The ascension of Jesus (the anniversary of which occurred day before yesterday) is the subject of the last verses of Luke's Gospel and the first theme of the Acts, also written by Luke. The disciples left the place of the ascension, Mt. Olivet, with joy because they were told, Acts 1:11, that Jesus was coming again, exactly as they had seen Him taken up, in a cloud of glory. When He returns, His feet shall again stand on Mt. Olivet (Zechariah 14:4). Note that Luke dedicates his Gospel and the Acts to his personal friend, Theophilus. The name means a lover of God.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, May 12, 1920

Sessions of the Reformed church classis of Eastern Pennsylvania were concluded at St. Paul's church with an address by Rev. James I. Good, of Philadelphia, who told of the history of the group.

The message of "No Accident Week" was carried to the women of the city with an address by Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., president of the Federated Women's Industrial clubs of America.

Prof. John Birmelin, well known musical director of this area, was elected leader of the Lehigh Saengerbund singers.

The Allentown Civic club decided to undertake a program to afford an opportunity for every citizen to finance a protest against the Allentown-Bethlehem Gas Co.'s proposed increase in service charges.

Delegates and pastors of 11 Lutheran parishes in this city prepared to attend the 173rd annual convention of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania in St. John's Lutheran church, Wilkes-Barre, during the week of June

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamplit at eve, and at morning are level and lone? Lyall.

WE CAN BELIEVE OUR OWN SOLDIERS

A woman who was waiting her turn for service in a local store early in the week listened in upon conversation between the store's proprietor and another customer concerning the reported outrages in German prison camps and suddenly exploded with the remark: "I don't believe a word of it. It is all vicious propaganda."

The pair of surprised women were baffled for a moment and then the proprietor asked; "Don't you believe the word of General Eisenhower and don't you believe the word of our soldiers?" and received the answer; "They don't know what they are talking about. They are just repeating propaganda."

More than most people can or will believe, there is "propaganda" already on foot to convey the impression that the reports of the newspapers, magazines and radio and those of General Eisenhower and delegations of American editors and congressmen are studied propaganda. The surprising thing is that apparently some people accept the unauthoritative persons' word against the word of those people who speak with authority and who have seen the things that are talked about.

It appears that our soldiers when they come back will have to do a lot of talking to demonstrate to doubting Thomases who cling to the myth of the "nice Germans." Concerning that myth Corporal Russell R. Bartholomew has just written to The Morning Call from Germany saying: "Let's wake up to the fact that this war was fought against all the Germans, not just a select few." And speaking on the matter of atrocities he wrote: "You have been reading about the horrors and atrocities committed in concentration camps over here. That is actual fact, not just some propaganda dreamed up to force you to buy more bonds. I have seen and talked to people who came from those places. Their stories are not nice and are unfit to relate at home. You would never believe them unless you were here to see the results yourself."

And hear the restrained words of Lieutenant Alfred D. Sensenbach, also of this city, who just after he got out of a prison camp said: "Things that happened to prisoners are so fantastic that no one would believe their stories."

It is to be noted that the two soldiers do not expect their own stories to be believed because they are so incredible. However they are telling them because they want us to know that they are true. They want us to believe them; To take their word for it, which is what reasonable people will do. We must believe the stories that our own sons and other kinsmen and friends tell us with such conviction and with so much evidence to support them.

But what are we to think of those who insist in the face of all this testimony by those whom we know and respect that the stories of German atrocities are untrue? We know that there can be no ill motive on the part of Corporal Bartholomew and Lieutenant Sensenbach in reporting these atrocities. So what must be the motive of those who continue to insist that the entire American people has been victimized by the atrocity stories? Where must we suspect their real loyalty resides.

25 YEARS OF RADIO BROADCASTING

It is a remarkable fact to contemplate that it has taken only twenty-five years for radio broadcasting to develop from a humble beginning—from absolute nothingness—to its present-day stature.

Presentation of a certificate to the Lehigh Valley Broadcasting Co. on Thursday by the Kiwanis club called attention to this striking fact and at the same time noted the fact that Allentown's part in radio also goes back nearly quarter of a century, or to be precise, to the year 1923 when Station WSAN was founded.

Actually the first regular broadcasting upon a schedule was not done until Nov. 2, 1920, when KDKA of Pittsburgh provided a program. But there was sporadic broadcasting earlier and it all grew out of a $5 bet which Dr. Frank Conrad, an engineer for Westinghouse Electric Corporation made on the accuracy of his $12 watch. Already and for some time prior to this incident, time signals were being sent out over the air by the U. S. Navy from its transmitter in Arlington. To catch these signals and check upon his watch, Dr. Conrad in 1915 built a small wireless receiver and the era of radio broadcasting was foreshadowed, humbly it is true and unnoticed by all but a few but the tiny acorn had sent forth its tiny shoot.

In spite of the fact that World War I came along to halt much independent inquiry and development, progress since then has been rapid. Today radio is a giant in the field of communication. It has unguessed power and influence. It has been used for good and for evil. It can be bane or blessing. Its development in such brief time is amazing. In 1915 there was one receiver and by 1920 there were but a very few while today there are over 60,000,000 in the United States alone and just about all the people in the world come under its influence because they are exposed to what it reports.

One well may wonder what the future will bring forth in this field of communication.

TOO EARLY FOR JAP SURRENDER

Altho the radio commentators and the columnists of the newspapers are playing very much these days with the idea of surrender by our final enemy, Japan, it will be unfortunate if this talk has any influence upon American morale and production inasmuch as it is most likely to be a lot of idle talk after all.

That peace proffers have been made there is no doubt but there also is no doubt that all have been made by persons entirely unauthorized and powerless to do anything about it if American ears had been opened to the offers.

If and when peace offers come from the Japanese military party, then will be the time to expect ending of the war. This is the gang that is in the saddle. This is the gang that has the guns and controls the media of information and propaganda. This is the gang that parades the sacred emperor around upon its hands. This is the gang which may be wishing to get out of a bad mess and one that grows worse by the minute but cannot see a way without losing that most precious of all Jap possessions—face.

The gang does not like the sound of "unconditional surrender" even tho it has been told by President Truman that these terms do not mean annihilation. This gang is not yet ready for suicide, but it is determined to obliterate itself when all hope is lost.

To expect early surrender from an individual or a gang with the suicide idea is rather illogical. Surrender may be made, it is true, but it will be the surrender of a dead body. There is nothing in past performance to make us think otherwise than that surrender is going to be followed by mass suicide of great proportions.

Russia Inept and Clumsy

By DAVID LAWRENCE

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18.—The charter being written here will hardly be worth the paper it is written on unless the relations between Russia and the rest of the world soon undergo a substantial improvement.

No nation in recent history, unless it be Germany, has made as many mistakes in appraising the psychology of the other nations of the world as Soviet Russia has made in recent weeks.

Nothing has done as much to solidify the governments of the world represented here than the confused, clumsy and inept handling of its Allies by the Russian government. The Monroe Doctrine and more than 125 years of our diplomacy to win Latin America's friendship have never brought the American republics so closely together as have the misguided Russian tactics.

The Russian press does not hesitate to speak out frankly in criticism of other countries, and in the interest of forging a lasting friendship between the Russian and American peoples equal candor and forthrightness is necessary on this side.

The situation is a dangerous one because, unhappily, the Russian tactics are aggravating officials high and low in the major governments of the world, with the result that talk of friction is spreading among the various peoples, whose prejudices grow faster than the facts really warrant.

If ever a meeting of some kind between governments to clarify positions was needed, it is today. Restraint has characterized the attitude of Great Britain and the United States. If all the facts were published, the peoples of the two countries would look askance at Russian policy and friendships would be impaired.

Looked at wholly from the Russian viewpoint, her policy of obstruction, stalling and mysterious handling of the issues growing out of the defeat of Germany is incomprehensible. If ever a nation needed a public relations adviser, it is Russia.

For Russia wants many things that must, in the last analysis, be voted by our Congress.

Russia wants billions in credits and in raw materials for the rehabilitation of her devastated areas.

Russia wants commercial ships, and she also wants a Navy. She would like to get a substantial number of America's superfluous warships when the war against Japan is over. She will lose all chance of winning such a concession if she pursues her policy of almost contemptuous disregard of American and British requests that the Yalta agreement, requiring inter-Allied consultations in liberated areas in Europe, be fulfilled.

The Russian course apparently has been to assume that the United States is so anxious for Russian participation in the war against Japan that America will agree to almost anything or will overlook any of the many rebuffs that have been handed America and Britain in Europe by Russia or by the states where her influence has become paramount.

Not Essential to Jap Victory

No greater mistake could be made by Russia than to assume her participation is essential to a victory over Japan. Russia may see Japan surrendering unconditionally in the next few months, and then Russia would find herself without any voice in the far eastern settlement.

The Russian policy is doubtless in a state of flux. It is considered that in the end Moscow will see the wisdom of preserving the Allied unity achieved in fighting Germany. For if Russia breaks away now and produces an open cleavage with the rest of the major allies, she will find world opinion mobilized against her. This certainly will mean that President Truman will not be able to persuade Congress to furnish funds or ships or materials to Russia and it certainly can only mean chaos in Europe instead of stabilization.

Russia has taken the stage. All eyes are fixed on her. But the judgments being pronounced privately among delegates of various nations indicate that the Soviet Union's diplomacy has failed signally to win for her the prestige she deserves after her gallant performance on the field of battle.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE RUSSIAN REGION

Russia, an ever-growing region in area and population, is the most imperialistic and colonizing country. Soviet Russia enjoys an advantage over Great Britain in that all territories that are incorporated in her empire are contiguous, producing a land mass that gives the impression of being a single country. Her gains out of this war are of the same character.

The Russian Region consists not only of Soviet Russia which is a federation of 11 Soviet Republics, but also of the Karelo Finnish, the Moldavian, the Lithuanian, the Latvian, the Esthonian Soviet Republics, all of which represent conquests in this war. In addition, Mongolia, five northern provinces of Iran, the Chinese Communists, the revolutionary forces in Sinkiang are very closely associated with Soviet Russia. Also as a result of the Teheran and Yalta Agreements, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Bulgaria, Austria, Hungary and eastern Germany are now either under Soviet control or affiliated with the Russian region.

Russia Now Has 300,000,000 People

Starting with an area of 8,000,000 square miles and a population of 183,000,000 people, the Russian Region today probably includes as many as 300,000,000 people—it is hard to estimate exactly because nobody knows how many were killed or have died of starvation in these countries.

In addition to its territorial growth, Soviet Russia is in possession of the most effective international apparatus ever devised by any country—the Third International, sometimes called The Comintern. This is the universal organization of the Communist party which exists in every country, consisting of natives of each country who believe in Marxist-Leninist economic and political principles and who accept the leadership of Stalin with fanatical fidelity Although the Third International was formally abolished in 1943, recent evidence in every country proves conclusively that it is still a functioning and disciplined organization, responding immediately and effectively to Stalin's orders.

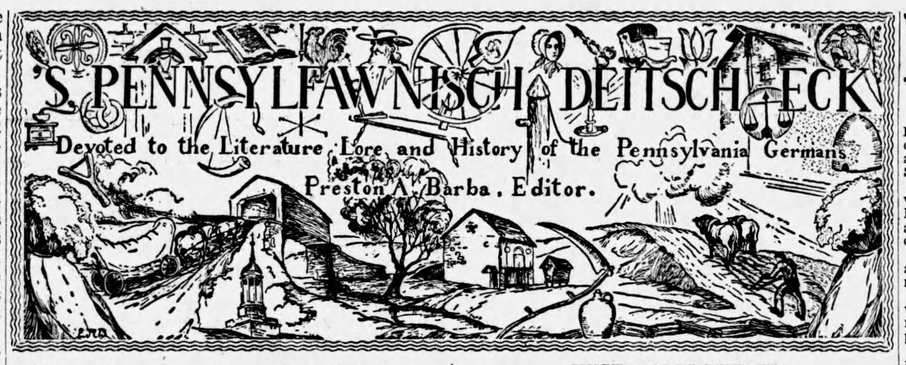
Thus, in addition to the normal methods of imperialism, namely the accretion of territory and control of administration, Soviet Russia possesses this unique power to influence public opinion and even to gain political power in countries which are not part of the Russian Region. Such countries as the United States, Great Britain and France include among its citizens influential and important individuals and groups who serve Russia so ardently as to justify the assumption of direct Russian interference in the affairs and life of those countries.

Economically Under-developed

The Soviet Region is economically under-developed. It has received a stimulant from American and British Lend-Lease which amounts to many billions of dollars—final and exact figures not yet being available. No matter how large that sum may be it is obviously inadequate for the rehabilitation of that area or for the feeding of the huge populations in Europe which have come within the Russian Region—populations that are by race, religion, language and habits of life very different from the Russians and some are normally antagonistic to them. Nevertheless, it must be noted that the Region can provide, in peace, all the food, metals, wood, fibres and other raw materials necessary for the maintenance of a modern economy of a medium standard of living. Neither the present power nor future strength of this Region should be under-estimated.

(Copyright, 1945)

To avert a repeition of its 1944 potato famine, South Africa is building "dusting machines" to kill potato blight by "dusting" the plants with copper-lime dust.



Outsiders Discover Our Dialect

by DONALD H. YODER
CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Conclusion

If Emanuel Ronthaler was the father of Pennsylvania German poesy, Philip Schaff was its godfather. Schaff (1819-1893), a rich gift from Switzerland to American Christianity, became, in his twenty years of preaching and teaching in the German Reformed Church, if not a native Pennsylvania German, a naturalized one. A polished scholar and patrician in tastes, though plebeian by birth and early associations, he appreciated the sturdy qualities of our people and their dialect, and is said to have relished dialect jokes as they circulated at synodical sessions of his church! It was he largely who gave the impetus to the flowering of the dialect in verse, for in 1849 he printed in his **Deutscher Kirchenfreund** the so-called Ronthaler **Abendlied, Morgets scheint die Sun so schoe,** and gave encouragement to the dialect effusions of his friend and associate in the Reformed Church, Henry Harbaugh, who became our first outstanding dialect poet. At first, however, Schaff wrote rather unsympathetically of Pennsylvania German culture, as in his address on **Anglo-Germanism,** given before the Schiller Society of Marshall College in 1846. (Chambersburg: 1846). Contrasted with European Germany, he writes, "American Germany . . . must, pauper-like, beg from the English all her education, so far as she has any at all; she possesses not a single college that may be said to represent the German interest in a manner worthy of the mother country; she has no national literature, yea, does not even know that of her own kindred so well as its friends and admirers in New England. Her language, for the most part, is an almost unintelligible and characterless gibberish, made up of the most different German dialects thoroughly interwoven with Anglicisms and barbarisms. No wonder that **Dutch and vulgar, German** and **rude** have become, in many places, convertible terms." Yet he hoped that "the American intellectual and religious culture" should become more and more **Anglo-German.**

Further evidence of his interest in the dialect is seen in the article, **"Ein Besuch in Centre und Union County,"** published in the **Kirchenfreund** for May, 1848. Centre County, which produced such leading dialect writers as Thomas Harter and Charles C. Ziegler, is a rich dialect region which needs further study. The writer's grandfather used to say that if fifty years ago one drew a line dividing the county into northern and southern halves, "North of the line you heard nothing but English—South of the line, nothing but Pennsylvania German." In 1848 Schaff, getting away from the rarefied German atmosphere of Mercersburg, heard in the valleys of Centre and Union Counties a "droll jargon" **(Kauderwelsch)** of German over which he knew not whether to laugh or to cry! "I was already long accustomed to expressions such as **gleichen, schmoken, preachen, starten, traevellen, braekfaesten, Settlement, Supper, Lawyer, Lawsuit, smart, trubelsom,** etc. Indeed, I remember once hearing a **preacher** use the barbarous phrase **seinen Meind aufmachen** (to make up his mind)—as if the immortal mind of man were a door! But in Centre County I met a man, who left this confusion of tongues far behind and had attained a truly astonishing virtuosity in Anglogermanism." This Pennsylvania German paid the pulpit eloquence of the Reverend B. S. S(chneck), formerly of Centre County), a left-handed compliment (according to Schaff) when he called him a **gar argen Schwaetzer.** Of another preacher, this Centre Countian said, **"Er isch just a middling commona smaerter Kerl gwest, un i glob nit, dass er a Schwaetzer isch".** Yet, adds Schaff, in spite of such examples, it was a source of wonder to him "that the people, who in part stem from the earliest immigrants in Pennsylvania, as a whole still speak so well, and could understand without effort my type of preaching."

Schaff's **Amerika** (Berlin, 2d edition: 1858), embracing lectures given in Berlin in 1854, to German church bodies, contains some significant paragraphs on the German spoken in Pennsylvania. Part of his materials, as will be noticed, were based on the article in the **Kirchenfreund.** In speaking of the conflict between the English and German languages in the Pennsylvania churches, he first distinguishes three language elements in them: the Pennsylvania-German, the European-German, and the English. "In the oldest counties of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia, Berks, Lehigh, Northampton, Bucks, Montgomery, York) the German tongue has already been preserved over a hundred years, but has been gradually mixed with so many anglicisms that it forms a dialect of its own, which through its double nature elicits from the polished European an involuntary smile, or is quite repulsive to him. This is called Pennsylvania-German even in the other states of the Union into which the Pennsylvanians have spread . . . The German Pennsylvanians almost always follow the good land, since they are mostly farmers, and so it is that even in New York and in all western states, especially Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Missouri, much Pennsylvania-German is spoken. The basis of this dialect is the **Pfaelzisch,** since the earliest German immigrants came from the Palatinate. The foreign additions are (1) partly pure English words, like **Gentleman, Lady, Courthaus, Clerk, Lawyer, Lawsuit, Bill, Store, Farm, Farmer, Settlement, Stage, Turnpike, Supper, Learning;** (2) partly Germanized anglicisms, which are declined and conjugated in the German fashion, such as **schmoken (rauchen), preachen (predigen), traevellen (reisen), starten (aufbrechen), gleichen** (in the sense of **lieben,** to like), **breakfaesten fruehstuecken, raesen (erziehen),** and even seinen **Meind aufmachen** (to make up one's mind, **sich entschliessen), die bell ringen** (to ring the bell) **die Glocke ziehen,** as in **"Hoscht die Bell gerunga?"), trubelsom, trubelsomst** (superlative), **smaert** (for example, **er ist ein uncommonly smaerter Kerl,** ie., **ungewoehnlich gescheut);** and (3) partly of German expressions, consisting of literal translation of the English and deviating from the grammatical form, as **seine Erscheinung machen** (to make his appearance, instead of **erscheinen), Riegelweg** or **Riegelbahn** (from railway or railroad, instead of **Eisenbahn), Gewitterruthe** (from lightning rod, instead of **Blitzableiter)** . . . In addition there are many other unusual features and coarse expressions, as for example being addressed by the Pennsylvania-Germans in Quaker fashion with **"Du,"** without further ceremony . . . This dialect is a characteristic proof of the flexibility and pliancy, weakness and yielding disposition of the German character. How entirely different the Englishman, in America, who even in the midst of German settlements, has adopted only two German expressions, namely **sourkrout** and **smierkaes."**

Schaff predicted that "in Pennsylvania this dialect will certainly be preserved at least one hundred years, perhaps never die out completely. For there the state laws and the proceedings of the legislature are still published in both languages, and it is of great advantage for lawyers, doctors, and businessmen of every sort to learn some German." As an example of the dialect, Schaff appended to the above discussion, the Rondthaler **Abendlied** which now for the first time was published in Germany, observing, however, that the dialect was "not so well suited for poesy as for example the Alemannic or Swiss, and that as yet no master like Hebel has been found for it."

Until mentioning Schaff, we have dealt largely with observations made by travelers and others as to the **spoken** dialect in Pennsylvania. It was not until Pennsylvania German became a written language, in the nineteenth century, that real interest was manifested in it. In Pennsylvania, the dichotomy of **Mundart** and **Schriftsprache,** with the latter holding first place in schoolroom and pulpit, made many sincere Pennsylvania Germans ashamed of their dialect, and, until Harbaugh and others broke the ice of literary endeavor, afraid to write in it. Another cause for this reluctance was the criticism of the dialect by preachers and foreign travelers—which we have reviewed in this paper. But when written examples existed, the dialect could the better be judged by outsiders, as a part of American folk-literature. It will be recalled that Schoepf mentioned dialect influence in High German newspapers. It is of interest to note that as early as 1760, **Arm-Brusters Almanac** published **"Ein Gespraech zwischen zwei deuttschen Leuten in Amerika",** which purported to be German as spoken in America. According to the editor, this was sent to the German Society of the University of Leipzig, to see if the German scholars there could understand it! The beginning will serve sufficiently to show that it simply illustrated, and rather exaggerated the appropriation of English words into the German language. **"Oh Andi du Hannes Kobes, hast du schon gebrikfesteet? O, nein, Ich habe so viel Trubble, dasz ich jetz mit Brikfest nicht meddlen kann."** The phrase **ueber die Bort Fensse . . . gesprungen** inevitably appears. The editor humorously remarks that the German scholars judged this "motley conversation" as "not German," and wondered why the remaining German words weren't also translated into English. "As it stands, no one but the American Germans understood it!" If such early effusions were simply High German with English words forcibly inserted, genuine dialect prose sketches did begin to appear in the German newspapers of Pennsylvania about 1812, according to Shoemaker. Mixed High German and dialect poetry came along about 1829. The year 1843 saw the first publication in Germany of a genuine sample of Pennsylvania German prose which this writer has seen. It appears in Loehe's and Wucherer's **Kirchliche Mittheilungen aus and ueber Nord-Amerika.** Loehe and his associates were German Lutheran ministers who were interested in missions among American Germans. The dialect attributed to a Pennsylvania-German in 1841, follows:

"Wer sehne Sproch verlaeszt, der schaemt sich ooch sehner Eltern and verlaeszt noch sehne Religion und werd en Methodist.—Und ist denn die englisch Sproch vornemmer un schenner, als die deitsch? Ich denk naett.—Unser alte Pfarrer hett immer kesagt, dasz die deitche Sproch die vornehmst und best waer, und sell glob ich ooch. Aber sobald der Hochmuth in die junge Lait faehrt wolle sie englisch seyn und schaeme sich, deitsch zu schwaetze, als ob's Suend und Schand waer.—So viel englisch, wie sie breicht lerne sie aennyhau uf der Stross."

In the 'sixties of the last century, Pennsylvania German came into its own as a reputable tongue and one capable of poetic and literary expression. Henry Harbaugh's popular poems, which had appeared serially in the **Guardian** throughout the decade, were published as **Harbaugh's Harfe** by Benjamin Bausmann in 1870. The first orderiy treatise on the dialect was S. S. Haldeman's **Pennsylvania Dutch—A Dialect of South German with an Infusion of English** (London: 1872). Documents now existed in the dialect which could speak to the outside world as to its true nature. Harbaugh and Haldeman were native Pennsylvanians.

As proof that in those years, not only Pennsylvania Germans were becoming conscious of their own heritage of dialect, but also German scholars in America were taking cognizance of its true nature, is the article, **"Die deutsche Sprache in Pennsylvanien"** published in Volume I, No. 7 (September: 1869), of **Der Deutsche Pionier.** The article reports that at its thirteenth meeting, the **Verein der deutschen Presse in Pennsylvanien,** (held at Allentown, February 11, 1869) discussed "the significance and nature of the Pennsylvania-German as a legitimate German dialect. . .From many sides it was shown that this dialect is erroneously pictured as a corrupt German, while it indeed is no other than the popular Alemannic dialect spoken in the Palatinate, the **Oberthein,** and in Switzerland, mixed in many places with still other German dialects of Bavaria, Franconia, and the Middle Rhine region. By no means does the admixture of English words occur in the degree which is sometimes the case in articles written in Pennsylvania-German, where this is exaggerated for the sake of humor. There are even whole areas in which almost no English words at all have been added, but where the same language is heard as in Swabia or the Palatinate. No one can or does deny the legitimacy of the dialects in Germany. Pennsylvania German **has the same legitimacy."** At the fourteenth meeting of the same Society, held at Bethlehem, August 19, 1869, the discussion of our dialect continued, with some interesting conclusions. "Professor Notz of Allentown who is busy preparing a Grammar of Pennsylvania-German, pointed to the ever increasing interest in dialects, as for example, of the Franconian, Upper Bavarian, Palatinate, Swabian, Swiss and other dialects."

First-rate authors are appearing "in the above mentioned South German dialects the dialects of High German. Of course Pennsylvania German has the same tenacity of life that **all** dialects have, and is just as worthy of cultivation and study as its sisters in Germany." Dr. G. Kellner added that "language is as natural as walking, eating, and drinking, and the original language of a nation is not the literary language, but the dialects," from which the literary language grows. "But among the people, language is rooted in the dialects, and continues to create new power and richness for literature and the literary language, which in turn modifies, polishes, and ennobles the dialects." The writer of this German article continues with observations which we have already illustrated in our larger paper, namely that some English speaking people have denied that Pennsylvania German was such a dialect, and that some educated North Germans, "who have no acquaintance at all with the South German dialects, . . . consider everything which in Pennsylvania-German is genuine South German dialect, as corrupt High German, or as expressions which have been formed according to the English. They call it therefore a jargon and not a dialect." There has been some intermixture of English words and phrases, but "apart from added English words, the Pennsylvania-German dialect is a South German dialect, composed of the Franconian, Swabian, Palatinate, and Alemannic dialects, more or less mixed together soon after the settlement of the German counties, and interlarded with English words, though many regions lack the latter. But everything which is valid for dialects in Germany, is valid therefore also for Pennsylvania-German." High German, which more and more is penetrating the state through the newer immigration, will purify the dialect of English jargon, and will on the other hand profit from its contact with the dialect. The German press of Pennsylvania is to be the pioneer of this movement through which this people of German origin will more and more become interested in modern German culture. As final proof of the identity of the Palatinate dialect and Pennsylvania German. "Mr. Leisenring, a native Pennsylvania-German," read a selection from Nadler's **Froehlich Palz, Gott erhalts,** which brought forth the universal judgment, "that these poems could just as well have been written by a Pennsylvania-German. . ."

We shall close with one of the more pleasant, sympathetic accounts of Pennsylvania German life and speech from an earlier period. Charles Joseph Latrobe published his **The Rambler in America** at London in 1836. His desscription of the Germans in Pennsylvania is classic: "They study to be quiet and mind their own business; speak a most amusing mixture of English and German; keep the Yankees out of their borders as well as they may; complain bitterly of the disorders of their swearing and grog-drinking Irish neighbours; always build a bake-house just before the door; eat sausages, sourkrout, and biscuits; rejoice in baked-meats and sweet-meats; and make fortunes in every part of the Union by the exercise of their gift of sugar-baking and their skill in confectionary. They toil steadily for years, please the palates and spoil the stomachs of their customers in the South, and North, till enabled by ample gains to return and enjoy their ease in their native states." And, "with all their oddities," he concludes, "certainly are ... the staff and the pride of their beautiful state."

UNSER ALTI HEEMET

Do schteht so g'wiss noch 's alte Haus—
Guck's yuscht nau aa—die porch, die Dier,
Die same rot Bump, un Schtall dart draus,
Yuscht wie's als waar—ich fiehl gans queer.
En mannich mol dart uff der Bank
Hen all hands g'hockt, im waarme Wetter;
Un unnich seller Drauwerank
Bis Zeit far nei waar in die Better.
Die gut alt Mammi, yuscht aus Lieb,
Hot uns als g'laernt "gut Nacht" zu rufe,
Un "Now I lay me down to sleep":
D'noh nei ins Bett un schee eischlofe.
Die Sache sin mer noch vor Aage,
Wie schee mer g'lebt hen do deheem,
In unsre siesse Kindheitsdaage
In dem very same alt frame.
Schunn dreissich Yohr sin nau verfalle,
Seit mer gewohnt hen in dem Haus,
Un aa als g'schpielt hen 'tag' un Balle
In sellre Lot dart hinne draus.
Des scheint mer waerklich wie's als waar—
Des Haus, der Schtall un Gaarde-schoppe—
Noch alles do—ich fiehl schier gaar
Far graad ins Haus nei unne Kloppe,
Awwer doch verlang ich sell net duh—
Ich weess, ich kennt mich net enjoy-e.
Der Daadi iss yo fart in seiner Ruh—
Die Mammi aa—schunn zwansich Yohr!
Ya, 's iss so! Die Eltre sin im Graab—
Die Schweschtre aa—im Kaerrichhof—
"Aerd zu Aerd" un "Schtaab zu Schtaab"—
Dart sin sie all im ruhich Schlof.
Un kens meh do—die Buwe—Maed—
Mei Brieder, Schweschtre, all do fart,
Kee eensichs meh iss um der Weg—
Der eend iss do—der anner dart!
Mer sin nau aa kee Kinner meh;
Alter kummt—hab aa schunn groo-e Hohr—
Zeit geht rum—misse aa ball geh—
Verleicht inside vun zwansich Yohr!
Un Zeit iss uff, die railroad cars
Sin graadmol do, so Faerriwell—
Harrich! Sin am kumme, ich heer's—
Die Inschein-peif—die station bell.
Bin aa g'satisfied'—hab's nau g'seh—
Die siess alt Heemet—'s Haus un Scheier.
Gebt gut druff acht, un losst sie schteh
Un gard sie gege Schtarm un Feier!

—EDWARD H. RAUCH (1820—1902)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. PAUL M. HOLSTEIN

Jennie M. Holstein, wife of Paul R. Holstein, died at 6:45 p. m. Thursday at her home, 824 Filmore St., after an illness of several months. She was in her 60th year.

Born and reared in Allentown, she was the daughter of Alfred and the late Savilla (Scholl) Weil. She was a member of St. Lawrence Lutheran church.

She had conducted a grocery store at her home with her husband for many years.

Besides her husband, she is survived by one daughter, Irene, a registered nurse at the Allentown hospital.

Funeral services at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. at 2 p. m. Tuesday, with burial in the St. Mark's cemetery.

MRS. JACOB MERKEL

Mrs. Florence L. Merkel, wife of Jacob Merkel, died at 3:15 yesterday at home, 451 Allen St. She had been ailing several months.

Born at Bayonne, N. J., a daughter of the late James and Anna, nee Kennedy, Clinch, she came to Allentown 34 years ago. She was a member of the Sacred Heart church.

Besides her husband there survive three children, Florence, wife of Aracelio Rossello, New York City; Doris, wife of Lester Beidler, Allentown, and Joyce at home.

Strictly private funeral will be held from the late home Monday 9:45 a. m. Requiem high mass will be offered at 10:15 in the Sacred Heart church, and burial will be made at the convenience of the family.

ROBERT F. BAUER

Robert F. Bauer, 63, of 620 Pawnee St., Bethlehem, died at 6:30 a. m. Friday at St. Luke's hospital. Born April 1, 1882, he was a son of the late George H. and Amanda (nee Ueberroth) Bauer.

Survivors are a son, Edward, somewhere in the Pacific; a brother, Roland, of Bethlehem; two sisters, Mrs. Edward Schaffer of Bethlehem, with whom he resided and Mrs. Ruby Zart, of Bethlehem.

Funeral arrangements will be conducted from the Miller funeral home, 529 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem, Monday at 2 p. m., the Rev. Corson Snyder of St. Peter's Lutheran church officiating. Burial in family plot, Nisky Hill cemetery.

JOHN VESZPREMI

John Veszpremi died yesterday morning at his home, Applebutter Rd., Bethlehem R. 4. He had been a resident of Bethlehem for the past 39 years.

An employe of the Bethlehem Steel Co., he was a member of St. John's Capistrano church, Bethlehem.

Survivors are a daughter, Mrs. Louis Hirsch, Bethlehem R. 4, with whom he resided; two sons, John of Steel City and Steven of Chicago, and seven grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted from the F. J. Connell funeral home, 427 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, at 9 a. m. Tuesday, followed by solemn requiem mass at 9:30 at St. John's Capistrano church. Interment at Holy Savior cemetery.

HARRY B. BAUER

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Sunday in Buffalo for Harry B. Bauer, 61, who died Wednesday of pneumonia in that city.

He was born in Bethlehem July 18, 1883, a son of Mrs. Valentine Bauer, 731 Seventh Ave., and the late Valentine Bauer.

He is survived by his wife, the former Jennie Schwab, a daughter, Mrs. Norman Rutan; a grandson, Ralph Rutan, of Buffalo; a sister, Mrs. Samuel Keim, of the Seventh Ave. address; and a brother, Master Sergeant Kenneth L. Bauer, stationed at Fort Benning, Ga.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Is in Druvel

So wie die barichda yusht rei kumma sin, is der Fred Snyder fon da grossa shtadt Siesholtzville alla weil in druvel, un ol fer fisha mit ous ra license. Un noh hut er mohl net so gore g'fish'd fer fish, ow'r so gore fer seim shtief kind Paul Herman sei bind'l shlissel os 'm Paul ons Allie Beitlers on Hensingersville, darrich 'n glae loch nunner g'falla is, in sel'm glaina gabei die lut drunna, mit ma halb mond in da dier. Die socha weara ferleicht ol recht ob galoffa won der kunshtavler Mike Hoffman net datzu kumma wear un hut der Fred fer 'n weil tzum fenshter nei watcha fisha. Dale uf kours hen shun gamaint ebber breich'd ken fisher license fer fisha wie der Fred g'fish'd hut, ow'r der Mike klaimt g'fish'd wear g'fish'd, un noh maich'd m'r fisha woh un wie os m'r wot.

Aenicha waig, des is wos g'shaina wor. Der Fred un sei familia sin mohl owets 's airsht nochs Allies kumma, un glei is der Paul un sei familia aw awgalond. Der Paul is ow'r net grawd nei, er hut airsht shunshd bisnis kot, un wor gons fergelshter'd wie er endlich nei kumma is, un hut g'sawt er het sei gons shlissel waisa sel loch nunner falla lossa die lut drous. Der Allie hut noh gamaint die weara gute tzu griega un hut 'n lecktrick licht grick'd mit ma longa kord, un sin nous sucha dafor. Der Allie hut die shlissel ow'r net sehna kenna, uns same hut aw ous k'halta beim Paul. Noh ow'r is der Fred tzu hilf kumma, un hut g'sawt won er 'n longer drode het fer nunner, dade er glawwa os er sie rous fisha kent.

Der Allie hut noh etlicha mohl drode sucha missa bis der Fred gons unna nous raicha hut kenna. Der Fred is gute om drode tzomma drollerra, un noh hut die g'shpass ferarnsht g'shtart wie er mohl budda raicha hut kenna. Uns wor darrich sellie tzeit os der kunshtavler Mike Hoffman datzu kumma is un hut wissa wolla woh der Fred sei fisher license het. Doch won der Mike der Fred aw fershrack'd hut, hut der Fred endlich ebbes shpierra tzuppa on seinra drodna line, un ferhoftich sei wie er ruf gatzoga hut, won die shlissel net draw k'honka hen. Die barichda sin, der Paul het galocht iwwers gons g'sicht, un hut aw gutie uhrsoch kotta fer locha. In sel'm bind'l shlissel, worra net yusht sei mashine un gas tank shlissel, ow'r aw so gore sei hous shlissel, un noch dale onnerra shlissel os er arrick notewench gabreicht hut.

Die hoffning fon ol is, os der Mike die socha fergessa mawg, un der Fred net shtrig'ld fer broviera ma onnerra ous druvel helfa.

Hen Aw Shlissel Druvel Kot

Doh shwetza fon shlissel druvel, gamohnt uns ons Elvin Schafers fon drous g'shwishich Wescosville un East Texas ihra glainer boo Neil. Fon ol da fiela shpiel socha os er hut, is nix in da welt os 'm liever aw shtaid, os wie shlissel. Alla shlissel os er sei glaina hand druf laiga kon sin sei shlissel, un werra aw gawainlich rum gadray'd in da shlesser woh sie sin, eb er sie rous nembt.

Der Neil is yusht so yohra tzwae alt, uns shlissel ous da shlesser nemma gait 'n lot besser os wie fer sie widder tzurick nei duh won er 'n dier g'shlossa hut. Tzu tzeita won er shleas'd won sei elterra, odder sei gross 'futter Maggie Buss dabei sin, mochts weiters net fiel ous, ow'r won er dut wos er doh net long tzurick gaduh hut wies so olmechdich windich wor, noh sin die socha net tzu gute.

Sella mohl hut er sich nuf uf der shpeicher in die bawd shtub g'shoft, un der shlissel rum gadray'd un 'n noh rous ganumma, un 'n nimmy tzurick nei duh kenna wie sei Mam die Pearl un die Maggie ous g'funna hen woh er is. Ken guta un ken baisa werta hen bodda wolla, noh hut die Pearl endlich ous gamocht won die Maggie un die glae Shiela die laider hava dada, dade sie tzum bawd shtubba fenshter nei groddla, un fon drin rous uf shleesa.

Ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, wie die Pearl sich endlich nuf noch 'm fenshter g'shoft hut kot, ferhoftich sei wons net g'lossa wor, un hut net nei gakent. Noh is sie runner, un uf da onnera side fom hous nava on da shtross tzu ma fenshter nei, un hut sella waig uf g'shlossa. Die barichda sin, 's wear so olmechdich windich gawest os fon da nochberra gamaint hen 's wear 'n balloon om runner kumma so arrick hets die glaider gablosa. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Pearl die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga nix may weiter so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns.

'S Mus Im Blute Sei

Des shlissel waisa gamohnt uns on noch so'

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

WE DARE NOT FORGET HIM

Behind the baby-face expression of Heinrich Himmler, Nazi Gestapo chief, was the blackest heart man has known. Generations unborn will shudder at the mention of his name. One hundred years may pass before the scars he left upon the face of this earth, on the hearts and bodies of human beings will have been erased.

Now Himmler is dead, dead by his own hand, and the world, while not avenged, is better off for the riddance.

Typical of those who ruled by terrorism and ruthlessness, was Himmler's end. Of his guilt there could be no doubt, even in his own black heart. Here was a predicament from which force could not extricate him. Here was no opportunity for bribery. Here was only a chance to face trial, and none knew better than Himmler that there could be only one verdict.

So he swallowed the poison hidden in his mouth and died the death of the coward and blackguard he was.

Now he is gone, and much as we might like to forget him, we dare not do so. The world must never forget Heinrich Himmler and all the horrible things he stood for. There must not be another like him again.

ANOTHER HONOR FOR DR. LEWIS

Award of a gold medal by the National Institute of Social Sciences to William Mather Lewis for "distinguished services to humanity" comes as a crowning climax to a long and brilliant career.

Those of us in the Lehigh Valley who have had an opportunity to watch the work of the retiring president of Lafayette college have long been conscious of his contribution to the field of education. This latest honor accorded Dr. Lewis only serves to emphasize that he has made an imprint on a far wider field than that encompassed by the institution with which he has been so vitally connected.

Specifically, the citation of the institute says the award is made "in recognition of your distinguished service to humanity as one of America's outstanding educators, a thinker and a student of world affairs, and one who understands human relations and has a true appreciation of spiritual values, you have in regard to the problems of training both the mind and the spirit of the youth of America made a distinct contribution to society."

Here is a distinguished mantle to be put about the shoulders of any man. Dr. Lewis wears it well.

CHALLENGE TO PENNSYLVANIA

The State of Pennsylvania once ranked first in the Nation in mileage of multiple-lane highways. Now it is fourth, according to the Pennsylvania Motor Federation, trailing New York, California and Ohio.

The reason for this loss of prestige? Other states apparently are more progressive; have recognized the trend toward extra width, modern-construction type roads, and are pushing their building programs with vigor.

Modern highways are as important to motorists as modern equipment is in the housewife's kitchen. They promote greater efficiency in the operation of automobiles and result in greater safety to users.

There was a time when two-lane highways were considered adequate to carry the burden of the State's traffic. But in recent years both traffic loads and volume have increased with leaps and bounds to put a strain on highways which once were modern. Some of the very roads that were considered first-class ten to 15 years ago are now as archaic as the old horse and buggy roads of earlier eras.

"Pennsylvania is going to need a considerably increased mileage of multiple-lane highways after the war," the PMF says, "and the time to start planning for them is now. Not many miles of such modern highways can be built until after all hostilities have ceased because of continuing restrictions on the diversions of materials to civilian use. But the programs of postwar construction can be, and should be, begun and maintained now and through the months ahead."

Only by far-sighted planning can Pennsylvania hope to regain its place at the top of the list and to be able to say again that our highway sytem is the most modern in the country.

TRUMAN FRIENDS IN CABINET

When President Truman took office a month ago he immediately received, as a matter of form, the resignations of all members of President Roosevelt's cabinet and while he took no immediate action upon them it had been expected all along that some of the resignations would be accepted ultimately.

That now has happened with acceptance of the resignations of Attorney General Biddle, Secretary of Agriculture Wickard and Secretary of Labor Perkins, who will be succeeded respectively by Hon. Tom Clark of Texas, Hon. Clinton Anderson of New Mexico and Judge Lewis B. Schwellenbach of Washington.

It is to be noted that the three new men come from States west of the Mississippi, a section that has had very small representation in presidential cabinets for the simple reason that Presidents make their selections from among the men whom they know best and with whom they have worked most. Since only one President other than Truman was born west of the Mississippi, cabinet positions rarely have been filled by men from that section.

It was of course inevitable that Mr. Truman, unless an entirely colorless person, would not continue everything as it was left by Mr. Roosevelt. It was believed immediately upon his accession to the position of chief executive that he would part company with Mr. Biddle because of differences between the two men when Mr. Truman was a senator. It was also considered likely that "Ma" Perkins would quit the labor post because she had been the center of so many controversies and reputedly had remained in office because Mr. Roosevelt would not permit her to quit. There was little talk about Mr. Wickard's resignation but inasmuch as he immediately was appointed to be Administrator of Rural Electrification there appears to be no evidence of friction in this change.

259 YEARS OF THE AMERICAN WAY

It is not given to many men to live to the ripe, old age of four score years, and so when three brothers reach the age of 88, 86 and 84 respectively, the achievement becomes a matter of public interest and newsworthiness.

Thomas Hahn of Hellertown, John Hahn of Lehighton, and Ephriam Hahn of Bethlehem, were born on a farm near College Hill. Each made a success in his own business. Today, after having lived a total of 259 years, they enjoy the respect and admiration of wide circles of friends.

Many, indeed, have been the changes in our way of life and in the trends of our thinking during their long careers. As they look back they must often shake their heads in amazement. But throughout these years they have typified the American way at its best—its individualism, its free enterprise, its freedom of thought and action, its opportunity and its prosperity.

In no other country of the world could such advantages have been enjoyed. For that reason if for no other, the lives of the Hahn brothers are worth noting.

Russia and Japan

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Will Russia enter the war against Japan? This question is often discussed in various quarters at San Francisco and it is a subject of considerable speculation here, too. Officials of our government refuse to indicate, either publicly or privately, any predictions, and the same thing is true of officials of the British government.

The speculation, therefore, outside the government often takes the form of analyzing what might be Russia's advantages in going in or staying out of the war and what reaction possibly is developing in Japan on the same subject. For, certainly, the possibility of Russia's entrance into the war is as much considered in Tokyo as it is elsewhere and it cannot be overlooked that Russia, in denouncing her neutrality pact with Japan, specifically referred to the latter as an aggressor state.

There have been some significant dispatches from the Far East, too, in the last few weeks. One of them quoted a Chinese newspaper as urging the Russians to open a front in Siberia. Another dispatch was from Tokyo and told of improvement in relations between Russia and Japan.

There can be no doubt that Japan does not want Russia in the war. Attempts by diplomatic action to persuade Moscow not to denounce the neutrality treaty when the time for such notice came last month are well known to have been made.

Why then does Japan want Russia to stay out of the war in the Far East? One reason is the virtual certainty that Russia will ask for territorial concessions at the expense of Japan. The acquisitions commonly suggested are those referring to Manchuria and the restoration of Dairen or Port Arthur which was wrested from Russia by Japan in the war of 1904. Also there has been talk that Russia would want to include Korea in her sphere of influence.

The famous Cairo declaration promised the return of Manchuria to China and pledged the independence of Korea "in due course." General Chiang Kai-shek, the late President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill signed that pronouncement. It was made before they went to Teheran and naturally, since Russia was still on terms of neutrality with Japan at the time, the Russians are not considered parties to the Cairo agreement.

But, it may be asked, if Manchuria and Korea are to be taken from Japan anyway what difference does it make to Japan whether Russia or China becomes the new owner—both presumably bode ill for the future of Japan. Actually, however, there are reasons for believing that the Japanese, if they had to choose between China or Russia in Manchuria, would prefer China. This is because the recent history of China has shown her to be lacking in national unity and Japanese business interests might feel that, while their country would be giving up sovereignty over Manchuria, a post-war partnership between Japanese and Chinese business interests with other foreign financing could not impede the economic recovery of Japan as much as could a Russian occupation and control.

If Japan then sees advantage in keeping Russia out of the war and Tokyo knows that there can be no negotiated peace and no terms except unconditional surrender, would Tokyo be inclined to consider a termination of the war before Russia could possibly enter the conflict?

There are some who know Japanese psychology and who believe this is a probability. Along with this is the belief that an offer of unconditional surrender by Japan in the next 90 days or six months is well within the realm of probability.

If Japan fails to surrender within that time it will be only because her business men who are influential have failed to persuade the military group that the entrance into the war by Russia would be ruinous for Japan. Then, if Russia did enter the war, clearly such a step would seal the fate of the Japanese for generations to come. Her plants and factories would be completely destroyed beyond the point of any possible restoration.

The main hope of an early ending of the war against Japan may be based at the moment on the belief that as danger to Japan of Russian entrance into the war increases, the reasons for a Japanese surrender grow more persuasive. As for Russia's intentions, the Japanese know it would take many months for a military supply system to be established to transfer the might of Russia from Europe to Asia and hence any action toward a surrender would better be taken in the near future.

The present period or breathing spell is not difficult for the Japanese to estimate and only if they feel sure Russia will stay out of the war will they take the risk of prolongation. Will Russia stay out? One Chinese of long experience to whom I put the question in San Francisco asked me in reply, "Knowing Russia's historic position, how do you suppose anyone can keep Russia out of the war against Japan?"

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CASE OF ITALY

It does not matter now that Mussolini was a fascist or whether the Italian people favored or opposed his regime. Italy is a fact. Its people are a fact. And no people, in peace time, forgets territory lost to friend or foe. In fact, the most powerful force for unity among the Italian people has, during their national existence, been Irredentism—the recapture by Italy of areas taken from the Italians by other nations.

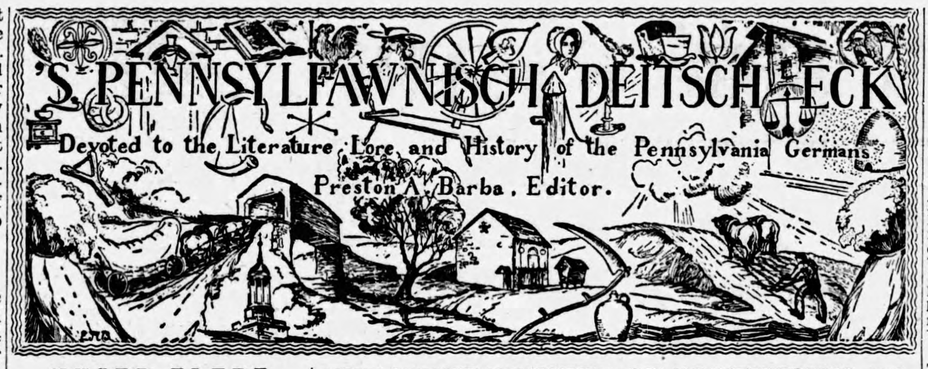
Today, Yugoslavia, which is a Russian fief, headed by Tito which is a pseudonym for General Brozovich whom some suspect of being an ex-American Communist called Baker, desires to take Italian soil. Also France seeks expansion on Italian soil.

A major difficulty arises naturally from the fact that Italy, under Mussolini, did plenty of taking. The world will not readily forget Ethiopia just as it seems not to remember Italy's conduct in Albania. But none of this recrimination nor the general tendency to let the Russians get away with anything as a cheap price for peace, will solve the problems which face the world today. If the Yugoslavs manage to take from Italy indisputable Italian soil, there will be another D'Annunzio and another Mussolini in Italy before too long and the Italian people will follow whatever leader is most imprudent in his demands.

For one thing is certain in all the billions of words that have been spoken and written about this war, about the peace, about limited sovereignty: it is that nobody means to give up anything except the United States which is always ready to give up too much. Countries are quarrelling not over principles but over boundaries; they are not guided by the Atlantic Charter or the Four Freedoms or the conversations at San Francisco, but over the disposal of peoples and the accretions of territory.

Russia would prefer Italy to become a satellite nation of the Soviet Region and has Togliatti of the Third International in the Italian government to accomplish that end. Great Britain would like Italy to be a part of the "Sterling Bloc" of nations tied to the British Region by economic associations of self-interest. France timidly looks forward to some such cultural orientation as a "Romance Bloc" among the nations who have in common a linguistic kinship. The United States wants Italy to be strong, independent and democratic. Meanwhile Yugoslavia moves. And the Communists do not wait; they seek to take over Italy by propaganda and elections.

(Copyright, 1945)



UNSER ELTRE

(Zum Aadenke an mei Eltre, wu alsfert beinanner sei hen wolle)

Mer gleichen unser Mutter,
Unser Vatter gleichen mer aa,
Awwer wann die zwee bei enanner sin,
Noh sin die Haerzer froh.

So viel Leit machen en Wese—
Bischur, 's iss gewiss aa schee—
Der Mutter-un der Vatterdaag,
Ich weess awwer ee Daag meh.

Ich meen 's sott sei en Eltredaag,
Wu sie schee beinanner schtehn,
So wie unser Herrgott 's gemeent hot,
Wann sie fer den Altar gehn.

Was hot mer dann wann die Mutter
Odder der Vatter iss allee?
Wann sie do beinanner sin,
Iss es Lewe dobbelt schee.

Frog yuscht emol die Mammi,
Eb sie leenich do wott sei;
Sie daet dir en Andwart gewwe:
Des waer awwer hart, O mei!

Un frogscht du noh der Daadi,
Saagt er, "Was fallt dir ei?
Mitaus unser liewi Mammi,
Do kennt mer jo net sei."

So gehn sie darrich's Lewe,
Schtill newich enanner hie;
Verdeele Luscht un Sarye,
Kens meent es daet zu viel.

Die Mammi frogt der Daadi,
"Was denkscht du nau vun dem?"
Un der Daadi frogt die Mammi,
"Weesscht du eb mer des noch hen?"

So duhn sie wann's gute Eltre sin;
Un wann es Kinner gebt,
Ziehen sie sie uff in Gottesfaerricht;
Des iss unserm Heiland recht.

Nau denk ich kenne mer all verschteh,
Ferwas ich alsfert saag,
Mer gleiche Mutter-un Vatterdaag,
Awwer geb uns en haerrlicher Eltredaag.

Locust Valley, 1944
—ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

DER ANNER MARYE FRIEH

Der anner Marye frieh
Laaf ich me alte Weg draahie—
Mit Schofnaas Gnepfer schwarz verdangelt
Un Hundsholz Blettcher weiss verschpangelt—
Mit wilde Drauwe verrankt un verfunkelt,
Un griene Darner verwildt un verdunkelt—
En Wald so hart verwiggelt,
As wann der Deiwel dart sei Zelt hett g'schtiggelt—
Griene Darner sin so Sache,
Daete Engel fluche mache!
Aus so me Blatz
Ruft mer en weisshelsicher Schpatz;
Vun all de Schpatze do
(Un mer hen vaerzeh Orde yo!)
Die wusslichscht des uns b'sucht,
Doch vun der Haerd noch unversucht—
Mit Schtimm so zwengend glaar,
Wie'n 'Scotch' Sackpeif sogaar—

"Heh! Heh! Heh!
Gell!
Die Welt mit Lieb
Iss schee! schee! schee!"—

Erschtaunt saag ich dezu:
"Un wer bischt du?—
Un meenscht du sell?
Verzaehl's mir bitte schnell!"

Kummt die Andwart so glaar un siess,
As wann sie kaemt vum Paradies:

"Geh! Geh! Geh!
Un 'practice' sell—
Un schnell—
So kann mer's yuscht verschteh!"—
"Well! Will ich sei!
Was en Zucker Schtengel!
Schickscht dich aa wie'n Biwel Engel—
Schtehlscht denoh mei Druwwel newebei!"

D'noh waar er fart,
Der Druwwel Dieb!
Weit noch em Narde dart,
Wu breiche sie so'n Dieb—
So wie mir duhne aa.
Denk yuscht mol draa!

Der Voggel hot net g'schpott—
Wie Gott die Aerd erschaffe hot,
Secht Er in haerrlich, schtolzer Mut:
"'S ISS GUT!"—

Weisshelsicher Schpatz (Zonotrichia albacollis) — the white throated sparrow, also known as the Peabody Bird and the Canada sparrow.
Schofnaas—hackberry.
Hundsholz—dogwood.
Wilde Drauwe—fox grapes.
Griene Darner—green briar or smilax.

Ach! Mecht ich doch wie'n Schpetzli sei—
Denk yuscht mol hie!
Was waer des doch en Himmelswelt!
Voll Melodie—
Ken G'fecht, ken Grieg, ken Schlachterei—
Far sell nemmt's Menschevieh,
Mit all ihr'm Hass un Grabsch far Geld.

Liewer Freind:

Die Busch Amschel iss gaar net vergunnisch un weess des annere Veggel aa scheene Feddre hen, un wann sie eeni findt iss sie dankbaar defor. Wie sie doyetz die Fedder g'funne hot vun re weisshelsiche Schpatz waar sie froh.

Es scheint, wie der Herr die Veggel all erschaffe hot, hett er sie g'frogt, was fer Gleed des sie gaern draage daete. D'noh kummt en gleeni Schpatz zu ihm g'flogge un secht: "Ich will dei Diener sei—geb mir en glee weiss Schaerzli far an mei Hals zu henke, far sell zu beweise".—Secht der Herr dezu: "Dei Gebet schteht mir aa—un so soll's sei."

Der weisshelsich Schpatz iss e glee wennich greesser wie der Englisch odder Haus Schpatz, des 6.33 Zoll iss. Der weisshelsich iss vun 6.75 bis 7.00 Zoll lang. Sie briehe gewehnlich vun Massachusetts un Michigan nardlich bis noch Labrador Un doch hawwich en Neschtli g'funne about acht Yohr zerick mit me weisshelsicher druff vanne am Pavilion beim Natur Freind naegscht ans Landise Schtor.

DIE BUSCH AMSCHEL.
Trexlertown, Pa.

THE FIRST PRINTER OF ALLENTOWN, PA.

(AN EXPLORATORY ACCOUNT)

Israel Trexler of Allentown, Pa., who died about 1880, had resided in that town ever since 1795, when his parents settled near the ferry over the Lehigh. He was then four years old. Ben Trexler, who wrote "Skizzen aus dem Lecha-Thale" (Sketches from the Lehigh Valley, Allentown, Pa. 1880-86), listened to many tales of early Allentown, told by old father Israel Trexler, among them the story of the first printer in Allentown. Here is his account:

"In the southern part of Allen Street (now Seventh Street), below the present National Bank, lived the first printer in Allentown, with the name of Bruckman.

"He printed not only handbills, but also occasionally a small sheet with news. Unfortunately no copies have survived. Some bad boys, who lacked all respect for old age, sometimes played a trick on the venerable man. They suspended at night a stone at his front door and by means of a string tied to it and stretched across the street made the stone knock at the door. This caused the aged man to get out of bed and open the door under the impression that somebody was knocking at his door."

There is little doubt, that this printer is Carl A .Brueckmann, of whom we know that he printed in Reading from about 1800 to 1806. It is most likely that he then removed to Allentown and did there his printing as related above. It is clear that he was the elder Bruckman as the Trexler account speaks of him as an old man. The younger Bruckman (born in 1792) was a volunteer in the war of 1812-14, a Corporal of the Washington Blues of Berks County, and it is related that he learned the printer's trade from his father.

Unfortunately the data so far available about the two Bruckmans are but fragmentary. The elder Bruckmann wrote his name with the Umlaut in the German imprints extant, as for instance, in the issues of the "Neue Unpartheiische Readinger Zeitung" since 1800, or in the issues of the "Neuer Hauswirthschafts Calender" for 1801 and 1805. In the issues of "The Weekly Advertiser," the first English newspaper of Reading, the elder Bruckmann's name appears as partner of Gottlob Jungmann, beginning with Saturday, February 1st, 1800, and no doubt due to the lack of the Umlaut in the English font it is spelled Bruckmann. This partnership lasted until August 23, 1806, when Bruckmann's name was dropped from the publication.

A biographical account of Carl A. Bruckmann in the History of Berks County by Morton L. Montgomery (Philadelphia, 1886) related that the elder Bruckmann, a native of Saxony, was on his way to America, when his progress was temporarily halted at Amsterdam, by the birth of his son Charles A. in 1792. The Bruckmanns did finally continue their trip and we should look for their arrival in America the following season, in 1793, but the "Pennsylvania German Pioneers" does not list any Bruckmann at that period. We have no reason to question the splendid work of Professor Hincke's recording and deciphering, but we are many times justified to be skeptical about the transliteration of the German names by captains or their English clerks.

The combination of Carl A., as first names, is rather unusual among the German immigrants and when we find such a name recorded in 1793, the man's last name ending in -man, and his business given as that of a printer, we feel we may be on the right track.

On board the Brig Union, Captain Bell, arrived in Philadelphia on August 16th, 1793, Charles Andrew Thalman, Printer. Of course, our surmise that he is our man, and that the first part of his name was garbled, and should have read Bruckmann, would not hold, if we should run across a printer with the name of Thalman, but we have not found such a name so far.

Provided that our surmise is correct we have established the date of arrival of Charles A. Bruckman in Pennsylvania and that his middle name was Andrew. However that be, we are on more certain ground when we say that Charles A. Bruckman the elder, was the first printer of Allentown, Pa.

—RUDOLF HOMMEL.

VAR ALTERS IN DE KICH

The following poetic outburst consists of verbs employed in the culinary art of kitchens of former times. How many can the reader identify?

Kneten un backen,
Rollen un hacken
Wiegen un waegen,
Spalten un legen,
Reiben un riehren,
Schmoren un schmieren,
Stampfen un schaelen,
Oelen un mehlen,
Putzen un zupfen,
Stotzen un rupfen,
Spicken un stopfen,
Schlagen un klopfen,
Schneiden un brechen,
Hauen un stechen,
Salzen un schmalzen,
Walzen un schmelzen,
Giessen un spiessen,
Wuerzen un stuerzen,
Trennen un brennen,
Binden un schinden,
Naessen un pressen,
Un messen un—essen.

Furnished by
Malara Herber, New Tripoli, Pa.

EN BUDDER DIEB G'FANGE

Doyetz hawwich im Pumpernickel seim Brief gelese, wie er an de Huffe Kaerrich Creamery waar. Des hot mich an ebbes denke mache, das 56 Yohr zerick g'happened iss.

Eb ich mit de Schtori aafang, muss ich saage, dass ich in der Gablestown Creamery g'schafft hab, die ge'runned' waar vumme Yank vumme ewwere County in Pennsylvania. Er hot Fred Tabor g'heesse. Wie ich Weil bei ihm waar, hot er un en Hockschter beim Naame Heinrich en Creamery schtarte wolle an New Jerusalem. Sie hen mich gedingt far die Creamery 'run'e. Net lang nochderhand hot der Mr. Tabor die Huffe Kaerrich Creamery iwwernumme. Der Schkweier Frank Benfield waar sei right hand Mann in der Creamery. 'S iss als en deitscher Mann bei Naame John Miller vun naegscht an Red Hill oft an de Huffe creamery verbei gange. Allemol dass die Fuhr verbei un darrich nuff iss, hot der Benfield ball g'heert, dass aryets dart im Land rum g'schtole iss warre.

Mol ee Daag iss die Fuhr widder am Benfield seim Haus verbei. Er waar sure, der Mann gengt widder far ebbes. Owets wie der Benfield ins Bett iss, hot er en Schtrick iwwer die Schtross g'schpannt un der Schtrick zum Fenschter nei an sei Aarm gebunne. Gege Marye hot er g'schpiert wie ebber iwwer der Schtrick faahrt. Der Benfield iss schnell uff un em Wagge nooch, am Wagge verbei, noch em Waertshaus un die Leit dart uffgerufe. Wie der Deitsch ans Waertshaus kumme iss, hen sie ihn g'frogt was er gelaade hett. "Budder", hot er g'saat. Sie hen g'frogt, wu er en grickt hett. Er hot gaendwart, er hett en kaaft an der New Jerusalem creamery. Sie hen graad gewisst, as sell net waahr iss. Der Hockschter, wu partner waar an meinre creamery, hot all der Budder noch Philadelphia genumme. Der Mr. Tabor hot gewisst, dass mei Budder g'schtole waar, eb ich's gewisst hab. Wie ich maryets in die creamery kumme bin, waare 300 Pund Budder un mei gum Schtiwwel fart.

Sie hen der Deitsch noch Reading in die jail gebrocht. Wie er var die court kumme iss, hot er 'guilty' ge'plead'. Well, der Tabor, der Benfield un ich hen en guti Zeit in Reading g'hatt. Ich hab mei 'gum' Schtiwwel widder grickt un der Budder iss noch Phliadelphia gange. Sell iss 56 Yohr zerick un die Leit sin all dot wie ich. Awwer verleicht lebt der Benfield noch.

—J. Y. SCHULTZ

Come, My Dear Children, Up With The Sun
Kummt, Kinner, schteht uff!
Die Sunn iss schunn haus.
Die Veggelcher singe,
So schee iss es draus.

Nau g'schwind aus em Bett,
Do dummelt mer sich!
Im Hof schteht en Geilche,
Fer eich un fer mich.

Here We Go Round The Jingo-Ring
De gehne mer um der Jingo-Ring,
Der Jingo-Ring, der Jingo-Ring.
De gehne mer um der Jingo-Ring;
Do misse mer, misse mer danze.

Zweemol rum un do falle mer um,
Falle mer um, falle mer um,
Zweemol rum un do falle mer um;
Do misse mer, misse mer danze.

En yeder sucht sei Meadelche raus,
Maedelche raus, Maedelche raus, ..
En yeder sucht sei Maedelche raus,
Do misse mer, misse mer danze.

—Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN
seim MAMMI GANS BUCH.

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

In further response to our inquiry in the ECK (Sept. 30, 1944) about the use of moldy cheese (penicillin!) in the curing of boils and carbuncles, we have received the following:

Dear Editor:

I found the following on page 37 of the Herbalist Almanac for 1945 of Hammond, Indiana, and thought you might be interested in it. Under "Cider Vinegar and Bread" by Geo. Starr White, M. D. we read: "Some of my 'old' writings on 'breadmold as a medicine' are being dusted off and I am hearing from old friends from far and near. You see, my grandmother was a Quaker and her parents before, and so on. They kept moldy bread in a stone crock so it would mold more. They put all pieces of bread from the table in that big stone jar. It would hold moisture and make more mould. When a cow or a horse, or other animal got a sore, or an injury, a moldy-bread poultice was put on it. Everybody in the family and on the farms did the same, for they believed in treating humans as well as their livestock on the farm. For all kinds of sore throat they soaked the moldy-bread in water as a gargle and it did the trick. This mold is known as PENICILLIUM GLAUCUM, or "common blue-green mold."

Sincerely yours,
RAYMOND E. KIEBACH

(Do any of our readers have knowledge of similar usage of mouldy bread as a home remedy for sores, injuries, inflamed throats, etc., among the Pennsylvania Germans?)

Eileschwamm an der Bisskatzegrick bei der Nuff-un-nunner Saegmiehl.

Liewer Editor:

Ich hab dei Brief, g'schriwwe am 20. Maerz, wu du saagscht, "Ich meen's waer ball Zeit, dass du widder schwengle daetscht — meenscht net aa?"

Well, was batt's Schwengle, wann der Brunne leer iss. Aus me druckne Brunne kann mer ken Wasser bumpe. 'S iss wull g'saat, "En leer Fass rappelt lauter, wann's rollt, as wie en volles." Doch aus me leere Fass zappt mer ken Seider.

Weil's mir leed dutt, dass ich dir nix schicke kann far in dei Zeiding, doch bin ich froh, dass'd letscht Mol net vergesse hoscht mei Maerrick an mei Naame drucke. Sell weist de Leser, dass ich net schreiwe kann. Wann's Maerrick net beim Naame iss, denke verleicht deel Leit, ich kennt schreiwe, un gewwe mir Gredit far ebbes, as ich net bin. Ich will liewer wennich unner-ge-eschtemiert sei, as wie iwwer-ge-eschtemiert. Besser Leit saage vun mir, "Du bischt net so dumm wie'd guckscht" as wann sie saage "Du guckscht net so dumm wie'd bischt."

Ich weess des iss en verhuddelter Brief, das haerli drei cent postage waert iss. Er ermaahnt mich am Parre Schlupploch sei Gebreddich, wu die Leit als devun g'saat hen, "Es iss es Eel net waert, das es nemmt far die Kaerrich leichte." Awwer waart mol e Weil—verleicht gebt's ball Regge. Noh laafe die Gwelle widder un noh kann mer widder bumpe. Noh watch dich—es gebt en Schtori, das die Leser uff der Kopp schtellt. Hab geduld—ball waerd's besser geh.

Wie immer,
sei
YOCKEL X BUMBESCHWENGEL
Maerrick

Deaths of a Day

RAYMOND W. KLEINSMITH

Raymond William Kleinsmith, 38, died at 3:15 a. m. yesterday at the home of an uncle, Floyd Barthol, Walnutport R. D. 2, where he had made his home for some time.

Mr. Kleinsmith was a son of the late William E. and Stella (Barthol) Kleinsmith. He is survived by the following stepsisters and stepbrothers: Mae, Gladys, Warren, James, Walter and Lester Bruch of near Hecktown; Howard Bruch, Bethlehem; Truman Bruch, address unknown; Willard Bruch of near Nazareth, and Grover Bruch, with the U. S. Army in Germany.

He was born in Lower Nazareth Township and spent his entire life in Northampton county.

Funeral services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Monday at the Schisler Funeral home, Northampton, with the Rev. F. D. Clauss, of the Moorestown Parish, in charge. Burial will be in the Belfast cemetery.

MRS. MARY A. MOLL

Mrs. Mary Agnes Moll, 71, of 722 Walnut St., Catasauqua, died yesterday at her home after a long illness. She had been bedfast for the past six weeks.

One of her sons, Private Paul R. Moll, is recovering from his second battle wound in a French hospital. He is the holder of the Purple Heart and Bronze Star medals.

Born in Hereford township, Berks county, she was a daughter of the late Franklin and Emma (Mensch) Fox. Her husband, John P. Moll, and a daughter, Bertha, preceded her in death. She was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Catasauqua.

Besides Paul, she is survived by six other children, Franklin S. of Catasauqua; John A. and Charles H. of Northampton, Alice I. at home, William G. of Emmaus, and Mary, wife of Thomas Longenhagen of Catasauqua.

Other survivors are 12 grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and three brothers, Oscar Fox of Northampton, Clinton Fox of Easton, and John Fox of Walnutport.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 3 p. m. from the Trexler Funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., Allentown. Interment in Fairview cemetery, Catasauqua.

HARRY A. NEFF

Harry A. Neff, 252 N. 4th St., Lehighton, died at 6:30 a. m. yesterday while on his way to work. He was employed as a trainman by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co.

The 67-year-old man was a member of Zion Reformed church, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, Eagles' club and Knights of Malta, Lehighton.

Surviving are his wife, the former Edna Xander, and the following children: Robert Sheckler, Lehighton R. 1; William Sheckler, Lehighton, and Norman Neff, Lehighton; nine grandchildren, three of whom are in the Navy, and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday with all services at his late home, with Rev. Carl S. Leinbach and Rev. Wilbur Noll officiating. Interment will be made in Gnaden Hutten cemetery, Lehighton.

KOSMAN DEUTSCH

Kosman Deutsch, 54, Nazareth, R. I (Penn Allen) died Thursday night in the Allentown hospital. He was born in Austria, Hungary, Sept. 27, 1890, and was employed as a laborer in the Dexter plant of the Pennsylvania Dixie Cement Corp. He was a member of Sacred Heart Catholic church, Bath.

Survivors are two sons, Joseph, U. S. Army, in Germany, Frank, at home; four daughters, Mrs. Anna Temos, Mrs. Agnes Namchik, Nazareth, R. 1; Julia and Hilda, at home; three grandchildren and a brother and one sister in Europe.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a. m. Monday from the late residence. Requiem mass at 9 a. m. in Sacred Heart church, Bath. Rev. Edward B. Burkhart, officiating. Interment in the parish cemetery.

MRS ANNA HANEY METZGER

Mrs. Anna Haney Metzger, wife of Israel Metzger, 1609 Broadway, Fountain Hill, died Friday night at the residence. Survivors are a son, Harold; a daughter, Anna and a grandson, Joseph Metzger, all of Fountain Hill. A brother Aaron Haney, of Upper Black Eddy, also survives. She was a member of St. Ursula's church. Francis J. Connell has charge of the funeral arrangements.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Ols Noch May Druvel

So wie die Fegelcher uns yusht gapifa hen, is der wert Jimmy Wenner fon Ledder Eck Poshda ols noch weit fon iwwer sei hunds druvel woh m'r doh weil tzurick fertzailt hen dawaiga. Der Jimmy wie n'r eich ferleicht erinnerra maiga, hut ferarnsht shtarta wolla so grossa Great Dane hund raisa. Mohl ae dawg is 'm ow'r sei yunger hund woh er gatzailt hut kot fer 'm der awfong bringa in da hunds bisnis, fert g'shprunga un hut sie nimmy fonga kenna. Weil danoh hut er k'hoert fon ma yunga Great Dane hund uf 'm Schnecksviller pike, un is nunner fer 'n fonga. Er hut der hund aw grick'd, ow'r 's wor net bis er 'n dahame kotta hut os er ous g'funna hut os es 'n hund fon da letza ort wor fer yunga raisa.

Wel aenicha waig, der Jimmy hut noh selar hund 'm August Werth fon da Sond Shpring ferhond'ld fer 'n silver nix'l unna golda wortaweilchie, un gadenk'd sel wears end fon seinra Ledder Eck Poshda hunds bisnis. Ow'r kayose wies sheina mawg, da onner dawg hut der Jimmy widder barichda grick'd der wert Fred Peters drunna on Kuhnsville het 'n grosser yunger Great Dane hund in da kosh'd os bei gadobt wear kumma, un der Jimmy is nunner fer sehna ebs net ferleicht seiner sei maich'd.

Der Jimmy hut etlicha freind mit fer der hund helfa iwwer gucka, un aw so os er hilf het fer 'n mit hame nemma won sie denka dada 's wear seiner wos 'm fert g'shprunga wear. Die weil os der Jimmy gadenk'd hut 's maich'd 'n ferleicht aw noch wenich ebbes koshda fer 'm bar beim Fred, hut er finf ae dahler noda in der hossa sock g'shteck'd fer tzare gelt, un sin noh ob unna nous noch Kuhnsville tzu.

War ol mit 'm Jimmy wor fer der hund iwwer gucka kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r aenicha waig sie hen ol rum g'shtim'd 's wear 'm Jimmy sei ferlorner "shofe" un der Jimmy hut g'sawt, "Ol recht boova, now wert gadrunka."

Wie der Jimmy g'shpiert hut os der Fred nix nembt fer board odder 'n reward fer 'm der hund tzurick gewwa, is der Jimmy recht freigavish werra, un hut ols g'sawt, "fill sie widder uf," bis er gadenk'd hut sie hetta die finf dahler bout fershpritzt os er mit ganumma hut kot. Allas wor ol recht bis er in der sock galong'd hut fer gelt griega, un worra naryads ken dahler noda mav tzu finna.

Jer Jimmy hut sich bol letz gamocht dawaig wie er shtarta hut weela in ol seina ruck un hossa seck, un hut ewwa yusht naryads ken gelt finna kenna fer die drink bill batzawla. Er wor shure er hets gelt mit ganumma, un endlich aw der druvel g'funna,—'n gross loch im hossa sock woh ers gelt nei g'shteck'd hut kot. Dadarrich wor der Jimmy noh net yusht die finf dahler ous ow'r aw so gore hut gelt laina missa fon ains fon seina freind, weil der Fred Peters 'n shtricktly kash bisnis dut on Kuhnsville.

Der hund hen sie hame ganumma in da aller graishda fraida os der Jimmy now shtarta kent yunga raisa. Ledder Eck Poshda is may odder wenicher fon da map tzitter os der Paul Held ous gabrent is mit seinra garage bisnis, un nunner noch Trexlershtedle gatzoga is fer wos ols die Hall garage wor, iwwer nemma. 'N hunds bisnis maina sie maich'd neia leit, un nei blute noch 'm shteddle bringa, un worra ol froh tzu hoerra os der Jimmy sei ferlorner hund widder tzurick het.

Ow'r die fraida fer der hund tzurick howwa hen net arrick long aw k'halta. 'S wor yusht bis 'm Jimmy sei fraw die Florence nous in der shub is fer der hund sehna, un g'sawt hut, "Huh, sel is net unser hund. Unser hund hut 'n hel g'sicht kot, un dar is yoh gons shwartz g'sichdich."

Noh hen die onnerra os dabei worra der hund aw nocha mohl iwwer guck'd, un endlich ous gamocht fer ol os es 'n Great

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.
Longfellow.

JAPS WARNED BY PRESIDENT

As American forces entered Germany it became possible for our air officials and others to learn more positively how damaging air attack had been for the leading cities, industries and transportation systems of that country. Prior to that we had had those rather vague and indistinct pictures, taken by army photographers from planes five or six miles above the earth and difficult for tyros to understand and analyze. The experts told us that one spot was a former gas works, that a tiny line represented a former railroad system, that some big black spots showed where a city or a great industry once had existed. We just took their word.

Now we know from first-hand reports how thoro a job was done in Germany wherever the American and British airmen decided to do it. If a city or a town had no war industries and was not in the line of military operations it remained as calm and unharmed as any hamlet in our Middle West to which no breath of war ever came except that young men and women went out of it to join the armed forces.

The story of German destruction is however no longer important to us. But it is important to the people of Japan. It is they who should be put in possession of the information for it is they who are going to suffer if they do not stop, look and listen to the portents that have come out of Germany since her unconditional surrender. If there be any Jap diplomats to Germany anywhere in Allied hands they should be exchanged as quickly as possible in order that they may go home and tell their government the unvarnished story of a military nation that they worshipped, now reduced to shambles and probably decades of poverty and suffering.

With this general idea in mind President Truman yesterday in an informal report to Congress announced that the present military unit in the Pacific will be doubled very soon and that a force mightier than that which crushed the mighty German Wehrmacht is going to be thrown against the Japs. And if the Japs think for one moment that they can tire America out and thereby secure a soft peace, President Truman sought immediately to disabuse their minds by saying: "They should know better. They should realize that this nation, now at the peak of its military strength, will not relax. We have the men, the material, the skill, the leadership, the fortitude to achieve total victory."

Once more he sought to assure the Japanese people that the United States has no desire to destroy or enslave the Japanese people. But he added: "Only surrender can prevent the kind of ruin that they have seen come to Germany as a result of continued, useless resistance."

All this was no idle threat. Already American airmen have destroyed much of Tokio in successive raids. Early in the week Yokohama took another severe beating and yesterday Osaka, the empire's second largest city, was left in smoke and flames after hundreds of Superfortresses had dropped thousands of tons of fire bombs upon the principal industrial sections.

As General Marshall has already promised, the air attack against Japan will be two and a half times as great as that which was hurled against Germany. After all, Germany was a proving ground. Our airmen had to find themselves and learn their power. Our plane designers also have been able to build more powerful bombers to carry on the job against Japan than those which leveled Germany.

The Japs can surrender now or be wiped out, piecemeal. And they will be wiped out by the mightiest concentrations of war machines that ever have been brought to bear against any military forces in world history. The Japs can expect to do nothing else but crumble under an even mightier attack.

ANOTHER 'ERA OF GOOD FEELING'

The administration of President James Monroe was known as the "era of good feeling" because the attitudes of that chief executive had so much to do with bringing about cessation of the political rancor that had run wild thru the country during preceding administrations.

The people of the United States during the past week have had reason to believe that President Truman is seeking to achieve another "era of good feeling." Millions of Americans undoubtedly experienced a glow of satisfaction when it became known that ex-President Herbert Hoover had been in conference in the White House upon the invitation of our new President and that Governor Thomas E. Dewey and ex-Governor Alfred M. Landon had been invited to come to the White House and will be there in due time.

There is no doubt that millions of people decried the fact that the services of Mr. Hoover were not made use of during the war, despite his known desire to give them to his country. The especial need for a man of Mr. Hoover's ability and experience came with the conquest of North Africa. It persists as our problems of seeing that Europe is fed multiply in numbers and increase in complexity. It must be true also that just as the country in war needs all its physical strength to win, so it should employ all its brain. Mr. Dewey and Mr. Landon, like Mr. Hoover, should have been employed long since. There must have been room for them somewhere long ago. Certainly men of far smaller calibre and more humble standing have been used while men esteemed big by millions were forced to stand idly by altho they were eager to work and serve.

Mr. Truman seems determined to correct these omissions. He appears to be determined to employ brains in the war wherever he can find them and no matter what political party they have represented. He is not afraid that Mr. Hoover is going to gain some prestige. He has revealed himself a bigger man than many had thought. He has further united public opinion for the completion of the war to victory.

WEREWOLVES IN BERLIN

Altho a heavy curtain seems to have been dropped around Europe to conceal the political events that are going on there, the curtain was lifted a bit yesterday when it was announced by the Russians in Berlin that the "werewolves" apparently have gone into action in that bedraggled city.

Disorders, including arson and attacks upon Russian soldiers in Berlin were reported but at the same time it was indicated that swift action is being taken. Fifty well-known former Nazis are to be tried for each incident and, presumably, executed at once while all others specifically guilty of any of the crimes are to be punished.

While for the time being it appears that civil authority, consisting of Germans, is going to mete out the justice, it can be expected that the Russians will use a strong hand. They are not likely to permit anything like this to get out of hand. They know their strength and they have no compunctions about using it.

Alibi for Russia

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 1.—Despite outer appearances which might indicate that Russia and the United States are at loggerheads, there are reasons for believing that the unity which characterized the military operations of the two countries in the war against Germany has not been disturbed and will not be.

Whatever differences have appeared are on the so-called political or policy-making level. But these reveal no unbending or unyielding position on the part of Russia. While the relations between the two governments at times are exasperating in their slowness of procedure and in their divergent approaches to common problems, there has appeared nothing to warrant any impression of an impaired friendship.

Candor and plain-speaking apparently is as much liked in Moscow as it is in the United States. Government spokesmen who do not beat around the bush but call a spade a spade evidently make more progress than do the diplomatic representatives who try the circuitous approaches to the solution of delicate problems.

A glance at the record at San Francisco shows that, despite differences of view, the Russians have done nothing to imperil the adoption of the charter along the lines of Dumbarton Oaks and Yalta. It will be observed that the real sore spots are due to episodes in the Balkans and in those areas where military control by the Russians has not yet given way to the program of inter-allied consultations as envisaged at Yalta.

There are two ways of analyzing the hesitation which Russia has exhibited toward carrying out the Yalta agreements. One is to assume that the pledges were disregarded. No one here would like to accept that explanation because it doesn't make any sense from Russia's standpoint in the long run. The other is to assume that some internal pressures are staying the hand of Marshal Stalin but he will endeavor in due time to fulfill his pledges.

It has been evident for some time that Russia after the war will not be the same as before 1939. Whenever there are millions of lives sacrificed and big military victories are won, it is natural to find large pressure blocs arising, especially from military groups. One well-informed European told the writer in San Francisco that he never believed that Marshal Stalin had deliberately ignored the Yalta formula for the creation of a new government in Poland. This same source insisted that there was no misunderstanding about a "new" government to be created and that the quibbling about the formula came some time after Yalta. Asked to explain it, he said that he believed there were elements in the Russian set-up which told Marshal Stalin flatly that the agreement he made at Yalta was impractical.

Thus, it is clear, if the Lublin government got the upper hand, it would make short shrift of the representatives of the exiled government of Poland in London, whereas the Lublin Poles were likely to be swept out if the London Poles came into power. The idea of a compromise that could hold two conflicting factions with such diametrically opposed viewpoints and backgrounds together was perhaps a solution of expediency which appealed to the Yalta conferees but which spelled friction inside the Russian government when Marshal Stalin got back from the conference.

Another point along the same line of reasoning relates to the Russian demand for two extra votes in the assembly of the United Nations for the Ukraine and White Russia. Obviously these two votes could not control or greatly influence the assembly. Then why did Marshal Stalin insist upon them? The only answer heard among those who know Russian affairs is that it was necessary for internal reasons for Marshal Stalin to recognize certain pressures inside Russia for autonomy. This might explain also Foreign Commissar Molotov's studied references in public to eventual independence among peoples in the mandated areas. Could he have been making a record with an eye to promising autonomy to certain Russian republics?

The Russian government's policies are inscrutable to the outsider. A heavy censorship prevents free expression or free observation inside Russia though in the last 24 hours it has been noted that Russia is agreeing to allow American and British correspondents into the Balkan areas under her military control. This is real progress. One is beginning to suspect that President Truman's readiness to utilize the services of two staunch American friends of Russia—Joseph E. Davies and Harry Hopkins—is getting results along with some realistic presentation here in Washington of the American interest in world unity.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE WICKEDNESS OF INCOMPETENCE

The control of the American food supply by WFA and OPA has been so downright incompetent that one naturally wonders why men are willing to accept public positions which they are neither by experience nor training capable of administering. The cause for the shortage of essential foods in every American household, in spite of our huge population of cattle and years of successive bumper crops is due to no other cause than maladministration. The geniuses put at the head of WFA and OPA simply did not know how to function, and those who are today attempting to straighten out their predecessor's errors, are to blame to the extent that they believe in patch work. They polluted their minds with twisted theories and phoney statistics and produced a hunger mid plenty. This is one of the most amazing achievements in history.

Lard for Soap

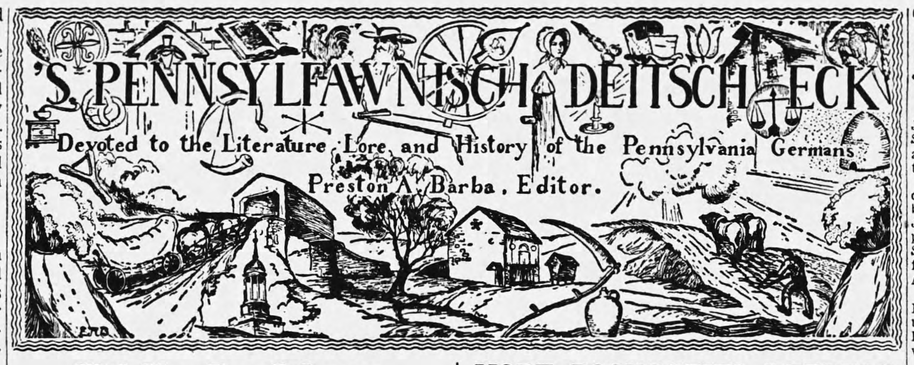
Representative Hook of Michigan recently raised in Congress the question of 20,000,000 pounds of lard that had spoiled waiting for points and which was grabbed by soap-makers aided by the military. That lard was withheld from the American people in spite of the fact that the WFA lacked proper storage facilities. As Representative Hook puts it:

". . . A year ago lard was being produced in great quantities. It was a banner year. The War Food Administration claimed it could not find storage space for all the lard. Lard was removed from the rationing list. And lard, edible lard, was released to soapmakers for manufacture into soap."

Well, the lard spoiled but by processing 98 percent of it might have been saved for human consumption as food instead of soap.

This instance might be multiplied a hundredfold. I have just been through Wisconsin and Minnesota, butter and cheese country, where butter goes for the asking but the people have no points. According to the Department of Agriculture, the average American person, prior to the OPA, consumed 30 pounds of food per week, including waste. That was regarded as producing the highest standard of living anywhere in the world. These were divided into the following food groups: milk, potatoes and sweet potatoes, dried beans, peas and nuts, green and yellow vetegtables, other vegetables and fruit, meat, poultry, fish, eggs, grain products, fats, oils, sugars and sweets.

The theory of a government food administration is to see to it that adequate foods in each of these 11 categories are made equably available to the American people. But the extraordinarily great brains in Washington played with two concepts: 1. They would use food as a weapon of psychological warfare to make the American people war conscious; secondly, they would use food as a bribe to keep allies and neutrals in line. Both methods failed to accomplish anything useful but they did succeed in producing a meat, egg, sugar and butter famine in the United States. All the excuses, alibis, explanations and tosh-toshes of the WFA and OPA are utterly meaningless in face of the facts. WFA is on the way out to become part of the Department of Agriculture; if only Mr. Truman would now kill off the crazy OPA. Certainly no administration has been less competent from start to finish.



With Mrs. Royall Among the Pennsylvania Germans

edited by **EUGENE E. DOLL**

(Research Fellow, Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation)

Few sources for the study of our past are more interesting, entertaining, or revealing than the accounts left us by those who travelled and tarried awhile among our ancestors. In these we catch the spirit of the time in a spontaneous and unabashed manner seldom, if ever, found in official chronicles and records. Through them we learn to know how the towns we inhabit and the personalities which have created the tradition in which we live appeared to the stranger in their midst. Coming from the outside, these travellers saw both scenes and persons with a perspective not vouchsafed to the local natives, who were themselves a part of the life described. The travel literature dealing with the Pennsylvania Germans is both rich and provocative; these sturdy forebears of ours, with their distinctive way of life, excited in the eyes of most travellers either lavish praise or contemptuous condemnation.

The writer now before us was a woman often given to violent opinions, strong prejudices, and censure so bitter as to approach invective. Between 1826 and 1831 she published five books dealing with her travels in the United States. The third of these, **Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania** (privately printed in Washington in 1829) offers copious examples of the lengths to which her harsh criticism could go even in a state which impressed her as definitely superior. One shudders to think how she may have written of states which excited her unmitigated scorn! All in all, her books constituted an indictment of the flaws and foibles of life in the United States, rather than a description of the even tenor of its way.

Yet Mrs. Royall's opinions were not mere caprice, nor were they often based upon arbitrary obstinancy. She was generally willing to learn—to "be shown"—as we would say today; and when occasion demanded she could graciously make an exception to even her most cherished aversions. With a few outstanding lapses, her opinions —when shorn of their emotional exaggeration — rest upon factual basis and keen observation. Moreover, even in her condemnation, she is generally motivated by a sense of injustice, either to others or to herself—aiming her barbs against what she considered an offense against good taste, gracious living, or the freedom of the human spirit. Her attitude never descends to carping, fault-finding or cold disdain.

The life of Anne Royall was hard—a series of frustrations and disappointments. It was probably these that turned what might have been a constructive critical sense into a touchy ill-humor at time provocative of tirades which might well pass as malicious invective. Her childhood was one of wandering. In 1797 she married William Royall, a gentleman farmer of Virginia, whose household she had entered some years earlier. When his death left her the bulk of his property his other heirs broke the will—cutting her off without a penny at the age of fifty-four. When she applied for a pension as the widow of a Revoluntionary veteran she was refused, despite the advocacy of her cause by John Quincy Adams. Already along in years, she finally set out to make her living by travelling and publishing her experiences in the series of books mentioned above. For her pains the Presbyterians—with understandable motive but questionable legality—successfully prosecuted her as a common scold. She spent her declining years as editor of a small newspaper in Washington, which waged many a bitter fight against graft and in the interest of public welfare.

Few accounts of the Pennsylvania Germans go more directly to the heart than do those of Mrs. Royall — to whom they appeared as an oasis of good living in the midst of a sordid world. Her affection and admiration for them are the more heart-warming, as she approached them with misgivings based upon unfavorable and unsympathetic accounts that had come to her ear. She found in their company happiness and peace of mind, as she shared with them the spontaneous joy of living that springs from their way of life. Here the earnestness that characterizes all of her writing was warmed by an exuberant enthusiasm that makes her joy our own. These sections of the book stand out in striking contrast to the bulk of her description—which too frequently consists of a succession of complaints and condemnations so unbroken as to be alternately tiresome and amusing. It was uncommon for Anne Royall not to be displeased—it was rare indeed for her to wax enthusiastic.

The following excerpts include the bulk of Mrs. Royall's comments upon the Pennsylvania Germans, their lands, and their towns. It is the editor's hope that the reader will find that familiar places gain new charm in her company and that the age of which she wrote lives again in both fact and feeling.

Royall, Ann (Newport). **Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels Continued in the United States.** Washington, Printed for the Author, 1829.

In the following excerpts the numerous errors in spelling and grammar in the original have been retained.

EASTON has every appearance of becoming one of the first commercial towns in the state, and bids fair to outstrip all her rivals. All the Lehigh coal must pass through Easton. The Lehigh canal, by which this coal is to be transported to Philadelphia and from thence to other places, begins at Easton and extends to the mines at Mauch Chunk, 36 miles from hence. This is called the Lehigh Canal, which, including the cost expended on the Lehigh river is rising $800,000! It has fifty locks! This was done by the enterprising Messrs. **White & Hazard**, of "The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company," at their private expense!! They have also nearly completed a canal from Easton to Bristol, 50 miles, down the Delaware. This, independently of the expense of the railroad, (also the work of the company,) is certainly without a parallel. And these are the ignorant Germans — something like the Yankees and their molasses. I begin to think these ignorant Germans have a little sound sense and a great deal of sound wealth and judgment with all their ignorance. This coal, called the Lehigh, has already been transported in large quantities to Philadelphia, by the means of boats adapted to the purpose. (p. 101)

* * * * *

(p. 102) There is a very striking difference in the manners and appearance of the people (so far) of Pennsylvania and those states I have passed through, but I ought not (were it not my practice) to draw a comparison till I had seen more of the state, as the best is yet to come. But for Easton and those I saw on the road, both men and women are much stouter, the females particularly, are tall and heavily made, with round and rather large faces, but good eyes and good complexions and very good features. The men are the same in appearance though rather darker than the women, and more, much more inteligent. This is not the case in the Eastern and Yankee States, the females are as well informed as the men. Both are entirely free from pride, rude curiosity or affectations, and are easy in their manners.

Easton is settled by Germans, though the most of them use the English language, and are well educated. The professional men, particularly, are greatly superior to those of New-York, and not inferior (if they do not excell) those of any other state or town. There is a plain unimproved, though intelligent independence about them, similar to the people of the western states.

* * * * *

(p. 103)—It would seem that good sense, good size, good manners and hospitality, which once distinguished Philadelphia, had fled for shelter to this part of the state; and nothing proves the truth of the remark more clearly than their freedom from priest-craft. I find no tracts nor pious education societies here. They all seem to be of the same stamp of the men I saw on the road, who disapproved of Sunday schools. These Germans I find are too wise for the priests. In religion, they are Lutherans, who do not suffer those religious pirates to come amongst them. They remind me of the French people, particularly the young men and women, being very sprightly and fond of music and dancing. You hear the violin or Piana Fort, of an evening, almost in every house. Very different from the dullness of Philadelphia. Easton is the residence of several eminent and scientific men. Rev. John P. Hecht, Hon. G. Wolf, member of Congress, Hon. Judge Waggoner, Hon. Judge Cooper, Gen. Rogers, Col. Porter, Col. Peter Enery, Col. Hutter and Dr. Swift. . . .

* * * * *

(p. 104)—Hon. G. Wolf, is a middle aged, stout, heavy made man, round face, dark complexion, and black eyes; he is a lawyer by profession, a sensible, shrewd German. I mean in descent; he has an open honest countenance, and the manners of a gentleman. In conversing with Mr. Wolf on the shameful popularity of tracts, and the religious frauds of the clergy, subsequently I observed "it was strange these priests had never wormed themselves into the pockets and confidence of the German population." I shall never forget his reply: "Why," he said, "we put no more confidence in religious lies than we do in other lies." A volume could not have expressed more, and certainly not more to the purpose. How often I have heard those Germans branded with the words ignorant and dull. But I find they are the stay of Pennsylvania.

(To be Continued)

MORE BOONASTIEL LETTERS

(From the Keystone Gazette (Bellefonte) and not published in the book)

Edited by RALPH CHARLES WOOD
Pennsylvania State College

BRIEF VUM HAASE-BAERRICK

Fri., April 27, 1894.

Liewer Kernel Harder:

Ich hab der anner Daag der Sam Hetzel ans Hullerhecker Waertshaus aag'droffe, un er waar aartlich im Tee. (1) Mer hen so vun allerlee Sache gehandelt, wie so alte Bekannte duhne un endlich sin mer an Politics kumme, un wie er alles g'saat hot g'hatt, as er gewisst hot, so wie en Babbegoi, dann hawwich ihn g'frogt, "Sam, weesscht du, ferwas ass du en Demegraad bischt, ennihau?"

"Wei, ferwas net?" hot er g'saat, "Bin ich net en Demegraad gebore, gedrenkt warre uff demegraadische Millich, un g'schockelt warre in ere demegraadische Wiek? Ich bin net meh zu bleeme, ass ich en Demegraad bin as 'm Dokter Siesshols sei Neger iss, ass er schwarz gebore iss. Ich denk wann ich gebore waer mit ere schwarze Haut uff mir dann waer ich ewwe aa en Neger."

"Halt mol, Sam," hawwich g'saat. "Du bischt letz. En Neger iss schwarz vun Nadur. En Demegraad iss so vun Brinsipel un kann sich wechsle, wann er will."

"Fiddelschticks, Kernel", (2) hot er g'saat. "En Demegraad iss en Demegraad—un iss en Demegraad gebore, er lebt en Demegraad un schtarrebt en Demegraad. Brinsipel hot nix mit zu duh. En guter Demegraad losst's sich seilewe net eikumme, ass der General Jackson dot iss, (3) awwer geht an die Lekschen alle Schpotyohr un vote der Jackson-Ticket. Wann er schtoppe daet un denke, dann mecht er ausaarde un sogaar en Republiken gewwe, awwer en guter Demegraad hot ken Recht zu denke fer sich selwer. Er hot ken Recht ebbes sunscht zu lese so lang as er ee guti demegraadische Zeidung hot, wie der **Haase-Baerrick Blatter** un die Biwel. Er iss der Schtamm. Die annere Pardies, so wie die Republikens, die "Green-Backers" un die Populists sin die suckers, wu newe am Schtamm uffwachse."

O Elend, was Dummheit, hawwich gedenkt. Un doch hot 'm Sam Hetzel sei Fillosofy Grund, wann mer recht draa denkt. Wie er saagt, en Demegraad iss so gebore. Er wachst vun sich selwer und brauch net getend sei. (4) So duhne Wollestengel. Dischtle un Bisskatzegraut, Weeze, Grummbiere un Welschkarn misse ge-'cultivate' sei. Mer muss mol's aerscht der Bodde in gut Trim griege, dernoh muss mer sie blanse; wann sie geblanst sin, muss mer es Graas um sie rum dot halte, un allegebott der Grund uffscharre um die Blanse rum, un wann sie faertich sin wachse, muss mer sie aernte un eifaahre.

So iss es mit me gute Republiken. Er muss Bicher, Zeidunge, Magazines, Schule, Colleges un Seminaries hawwe un regler ge-'cultivate' sei. Awwer wann er uff der top vum Hiwwel kummt un sett schtolbere un falle un aafange rolle, un rolle un rolle, bis er der Fuss vum Hiwwel schlaagt, dann tschumpt er uff un schiddelt sich, nemmt sei Hut ab un greischt, "Hurrah fer Grover Cleveland." (5)

Als widder,

GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

April 27, 1894

This letter is typical of Harter's style in political writing. It should be noticed that Harter criticizes unquestioning obedience to the principles of the Democratic party, while at the same time in practice he was an uncompromising Republican.

(1)—aartlich im Tee,—in his cups.

(2)—Harter here slips, in that he identifies himself with Boonastiel. It might be interesting to make a psychological study of the Boonastiel letters to see to what degree Boonastiel represents Harter's "other self" and Boonastiel's escapades are secret suppressed desires of the uncompromising editor.

(3)—This refers to the old jibe that Pennsylvania German Democrats (particularly in Berks County) are still voting for Andrew Jackson.

(4)—Here we see how Harter can use, for political purposes, his farm background. He is said to have been an excellent political speaker, both in English and in Pennsylvania German.

(5)—Just exactly what Harter means with his "Hurrah fer Grover Cleveland," is not quite clear. Why should Republicans, toppled from the top, yell "Hurrah fer Grover Cleveland"? Harter himself never did so, although he grudgingly admitted Grover Cleveland's honesty and efficiency. Did he mean that a Republican would have to fall on his head before approving of Cleveland?

* * * * *

BRIEF VUM HAASE-BAERRICK

July 13, 1894.

Die Hoyet iss schunt widder verbei, un's hot schier niemand's ausg'funne. Es waar als en grossi Blessier Yohre zurick un die Hoyet war als en rechti frolic, weil fremme Leit uff die Bauerei kumme sin un mer hot en chance g'hatt fer zu ebber schunscht zu schwetse anschtatts die Geil un Ochse. Do sin als die Leit beikumme mit ihre Sense un sin darrich der dick Klee g'baade ass en rechter Lusch (1) waar: Un was karyose Sache hot's doch als gewwe! Unnich'm grosse Schaddebaam am End vum Feld hot die Schtitz (2) g'schtanne un wann mer der Deckel uffg'macht hot, sin die Hoischrecke neigetschumpt, as wann sie aa drinke wette. Newe drah unnich me Wischli Hoy waar die Boddel mit'm gute alte Dramm. Un was waar sell aa Dramm! Whew! Es waar vum Schtoft, ass em in die Bee gange iss un hot em Schtaerrick gewwe, un kens vun dem forty-rod Rattegift was em alleweil die Schuhsohle abbrennt un die Zeheneggel abreisst as wie en Gwidderschtrahl (3). Un was hot mer schwitze kenne uff sell Schtoft. Ah! Alter Schpeck! Es zehe-Uhr-Schtick un es Middaagesse! Schwetz wege deine dausend-daaler Organs! Selli alt Dinner-Bell uff'm Weschhaus hot net iwwer en Daaler un e halwer gekoscht awwer es waar meh Musick in ihre, as in der ganse verdeihenkerte Schuttin-maetsch, as sie nau in ihre hei-falutin Kaerriche hen. (4) Un was hot met en Abbedit g'hatt. Alles hot gut g'schmackt, un ich daet nau en ganser Daag Fense mache fer yuscht noch en Schtick vun selle Kaerscheboi odder Lebkuche wu die Mammi als gebacke hot. Nachts hot mer en jolification g'hatt un haerlj ebbes g'schlofe, un maryets widder frieh an die Aerwet un der gans Daag fart g'schafft un haerli an Miedwaerre gedenkt. En halwer Daale, der Daag waar en guter Luh un die Leit hen besser gelebt as sie allewell duhne. Of course, es hot net yeder ebber en Piano odder en Organ g'hatt fer die Maed druff dromme, die Weil as die Mammi gemolke hot (5), awwer die Maed hen viel Sache g'hatt as sie nau net hen un sell waar Gesundheit und rote Backe. Sie waare dick un fett un hen die Gichtere net alle vierundzwansich Schtund grickt. Sie hen sellemols net sich mit Hoyschtrick abgebunne ass sie geguckt hen wie schwarze Weschpe. (6) Die Buwe waare zufridde uff der Bauerei un hen net all Dokter un Lawyer un Parre sei welle. Alleweil wann sie emol der Multiplication Table saage kenne, dann welle sie schunt nimmi uff der Bauerei bleiwe awwer welle ins Schtedtel fer Zucker wiege un uff 'm Kaunter rum graddle, un Kitt-Henseching (7) un Schtend-opp Collars weere.

Ya, die gute alte Zeide sin ferbei. Sie sin gange mit der Reffsens (8) un der Sichel. Nau dutt der Bauer un sei Knecht die Bisniss. Alles iss Machinery. Der reaper dutt's maehe, der Hoirechc dutt's uff-wind-roye un die Hoigawwel nemmt's uff der Schtall. Die Hoyet fangt aa Mundaagmaryets un bei Samschdaag-middaag iss alles feriwwer un am drei Uhr hockt der Bauer schunt uff der lange Bortsch ans Hullerheckers un waart fer ebber kumme un ihm heesse drinke.

Als widder,

GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL

NOTES AND COMMENTS

July 13, 1894.

The Boonastiel letters are rich in farm vocabulary. Only one who had actually experienced or seen the events in this letter could describe them so.

(1)—Luscht—this word is ordinarily feminine in Pennsylvania German.

(2)—Schtitz—a small wooden bucket for water.

(3)—Harter seems here to have modified his Prohibition sentiments sufficiently to praise the home-made dram.

(4)—Harter continually commented on what he considered lack of real Christian spirit in so many churches.

(5)—Boonastiel's oft repeated diatribes against the good-for-nothing younger generation.

(6)—Harter refers to the draw-strings on skirts which, when drawn tightly, gave women the wasp waist, in style at the time.

(7)—Bi-lingual puns of this sort occur only occasionally in Boonastiel, but are generally effective.

(8)—The Reffsens is the old cradle scythe.

Deaths of a Day

DOLORES SCHRAMAK

Dolores Schramak, 5, daughter of John and Anna, nee Kotzmarski, Schramak, of 158 Bridge St., died of a heart condition Thursday night at the Allentown hospital.

She was born in Allentown. In addition to her parents she is survived by a sister, Arlene, and two brothers, John and Edward, all at home; her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Anna Schramak, and her maternal grandfather, Charles Kotzmarski, both of Allentown.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 10 a. m. at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kabula, 140 Bridge St. Interment will be in Laurel cemetery.

MARY DUTT

Funeral services for Mary Dutt, 85, of 42 S. 4th St., who died Thursday night at the Sacred Heart hospital, will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Mrs. Ernest B. Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St. Interment will be made in the Trexlertown cemetery.

Miss Dutt was born in Wescosville, the daughter of the late Joseph and Angelina, nee Clauss, Dutt. A resident of Allentown for most of her life, she was of the Evangelical faith.

A sister, Mrs. Flora Freed, of Allentown, and several nieces and nephews survive.

OSWIN JACOB

Oswin Jacob, son of the late John and Elizabeth Renninger Jacob, died on Friday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin S. Christman, Pennsburg. He was born in Niantic in Montgomery county and was 72 years old.

He was a member of Christ Lutheran church in Niantic and is survived by nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 2 p. m. at the Hoffman funeral home, 221 Main St., East Greenville. Interment will be in the Christ Union cemetery in Niantic. Rev. George Fritch will officiate.

MRS. VIRGINIA MITCHELL

Mrs. Virginia Mitchell, 87, one of the oldest members of the Nazareth Moravian church, died yesterday at her home, the residence of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mitchell, 20 S. Whitfield St., Nazareth.

Born in Stillwater, N. J., she was the daughter of the late Andrew and Mary Ann (Hill) Newbaker. Her husband, Isaac D. Mitchell, died 28 years ago.

She was a resident of Nazareth for 52 years and was a member of the Eastern Star, Ladies of the Golden Eagle and the Kings Daughters, all of Nazareth.

Besides the son with whom she resided, three other children survive. They are Ed. Newbaker of Easton, Mrs. John Vannatta of Nazareth and Mrs. Floyd Keifer of Easton. Eight grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren also survive.

Rev. I. Giering will officiate at services to be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the Bartholomew funeral home, Nazareth. Burial in Cedar Ridge cemetery, Blairstown, N. J.

ADOLPH BERKOWITZ

Mrs. Mollie Berkowitz, of Bangor, has received word that her son, Adolph Berkowitz, died May 17 in Tucson, Ariz. He is the son of the late Philip Berkowitz.

Besides his mother, he is survived by two brothers, Jacob, of Bangor, and William in the armed service, and two sisters, Annie and Esther, of New York City.

MRS. ANNIE ZOLLER

Funeral services for Mrs. Annie M. Zoller, 78, who died at her home, Wassergas R. D. 1, Hellertown, Thursday night, will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the Templeton funeral home, 326 Main St., Hellertown, with Rev. Francis H. Fletcher, pastor of Salem Evangelical church, Bangor, officiating. Burial will be made in Hellertown Union cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S Fisha Batzawit Net

Aenich ebber os maint 's fisha dade batzawla, brouch numma mohl shwetza mit 'm Sid Achey fon nagshd om Highlanner shule hous in Lowhill township. Noh maich'ds ferleicht noch besser sei fer shwetza mit 'm Sid seinra fraw da Sadie woh die socha kartz is os 'm Sid weck gabutzt sin wera drunna on Long Branch, in Jersey.

'S wor so denna waig. Die rota flaish un budder points sin shun doh fer 'n weil gahairich rohr darta on da Moryalanner kerrich rum. Evens in Siegersville hen sie awfonga glawga won sie budder hetta, hetta sie ken flaish un won sie flaish kaa wotta, hetta sie ken points fer budder griega. Endlich hut 'n gang ous gamocht fer nunner noch Long Branch in Jersey gae fisha fon ma pier so os sie ihra rota points weiter nous shtracka kenta. Ihra maiming uf kours wor, allas tzu duh fer fish griega, wear darta nunner noch 'm pier gae os iwwer der sae nous gabout is, der deckle fon da shmaltz shtanner nemma, un die fish dada fon selwer in die shtanner groddla.

Mohl fers aller airsht hut der Sid Achey ken shmaltz shtanner finna kenna fer mit nemma fer die fish nei groddla lossa. Endlich hut sei Sadie sich ow'r erbarm'd, un 'm 'n funkle neier shtanner gewwa fer mit nemma, ow'r hut 'm yoh ei g'sharaf'd os er 'n net fergrotza odder ferdammerra sot. Der Sid hut noh aw sei aller beshd butcher messer mit fer die fish butza os er fonga dade, so wohl wie etlicha fish lina woh heit tzu dawg aw net aenich aryards tzu griega sin.

Onnerra os mit 'm Sid unna nous worra fisha fer ihra rota points shtracka, wor der John Snyder, der Mark Seibert, un der Frank Oswald, alla drei fon Siegersville. Wie sie noch Long Branch kumma sin hen sie mohl fer 'n gutie lang g'fish'd eb sie so fiel os 'n biss grick'd hen. Endlich hen ow'r mohl so glaina grutzicha, awfonga beissa, un der Sid hut endlich tzwae g'longa, un woh er in sei shmaltz shtanner gaduh hut tzu da fish lina, seim guta butcher messer, un ma pund sols wosser taffy os er seinra Sadie kauft hut weil sie 'n ihra guter shtanner yusa hut lossa. Endlich is der Sid shlaiferich werra un is ei g'shlofa mit 'm shmaltz shtanner navich sich.

Wie long os der Sid g'shlofa hut kenna m'r net sawga, g'shwela wissa m'r aw net woh die onnera drei worra die weil os er om shlofa wor—fermutlich om onnerra end fom pier om fisha. Aenicha waig, wie der Sid wocker is werra, ferhoftich sei won 'm net ebber sei neier shmaltz shtanner g'shtola hut kot mit tzomta fish, fish lina, messer, kondy un allas shunshd os drin wor. 'S airsht hut er gamaint die onnerra drei hetta, 's 'm fershteck'ld, ow'r hut wol noh ous g'funna wies tzeit wor fer hame gae un der shtanner wor naryads may tzu sehna, os dieb rum worra, un 'm sei gonsie fisherrei g'shtola hen—fish un allas. Wie shun g'sawt, war maint 's fisha dade batzawla, brouch numma mohl shwetza mit 'm Sid, odder so gore mit seinra Sadie.

Ken Bis Grick'd

Doh shwetza fon fisha, gaemohnt uns om gasolinemon Charlie Heilman doh fon da shtadt seinra fraw Mary, un ihra maud da Edna Held Mohr ihra erfohring. Die weil os 'm Charlie sei Mary shun weil net gute wor, hut er ihra, un da Edna da onner dawg yaders 'n fisher license grick'd so os sie ols nous gae kenta sich blessierra in da frisha luft. Sie worra now shun ol iwwer rum gakessl'd fisha, ow'r hen so weit noch naryads fiel ferrissa mit fish fonga. Da onner dawg wors ow'r gute wie sie 'n noshion grick'd hen fer fisha drous in da Dorney Park gagend.

Die Mary un die Edna sin der shwartz waig nuf gaiech 'm Ohrma Hous wie sie der Dorney Park boating laich g'sehna hen. Noh sin sie nochs Saegers welshinkle un anda bauerrei un hen g'frok'd eb sie fisha darfta in ihra'm grossa wosser loch, un woh nix mainer wor os wie der Dorney Park boating laich. Sie hens na erlawbt, un allas wor ol recht bis der "Chick" Hinkle fon Wescosville wenich danoh darrich der Park nuf is, un hut tzwae weibsleit sehna hucka fisha om Dorney Park shwim loch. Er hut noh ob g'shtopt ons Saegers un gawunnert eb sie wista war dart drunna wear fisha. Der Earl hut noh g'sawt 's hetta tzwae weibsleit g'frok'd eb sie fisha darfta, un is mohl 'n shtick die shtross nunner fer sehna wars sei maich'd os fisha dade imma shwim pool. Noh ferhoftich sei wons net die Mary un die Edna wor, ow'r woh die socha aw ferleicht net hous howwa wolla.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Julius Newhard in da R. A. Smith Milling offis in Northampton, unna bauer, hen nonner da

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Allentown's Slogan: "DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains,
Men with empires in their purpose,
And new eras in their brains. Foss.

A NOBLE BAND OF VOLUNTEERS

Congratulations and thanks must go out to the 1250 volunteers who during the past week contributed more than a thousand pints of blood to the American Red Cross on the occasion of the 12th visit of the Mobile Blood Donor unit to this city.

From all parts of the county these volunteers came, several hundred of them in response to last minute pleas when the registration quota had not been filled and it seemed that for the first time Lehigh county would not attain its quota.

A situation such as the community would have regretted has been saved. But far, far better than this face-saving, which we deride and make fun of when we observe it in Japanese behavior, is the fact that Lehigh has done its part to build up a blood bank for the days when American soldiers and sailors in the Far East are going to be needing it so acutely.

The great war against Japan is still ahead of us. The greatest losses are yet to be sustained in the contest that began at Pearl Harbor 3½ years ago. Among those grave losses will be wounded men by the tens of thousands. Among them will be many who will die unless blood or blood plasma can be poured into their veins with utmost speed.

The American people do not want a single man who could be saved by blood transfusion to die. Lehigh countians during the week showed that they understand this situation thoroly and desire patriotically to aid the men on the fighting fronts.

RAILROADS BUSY WITH TROOP MOVEMENTS

Ship after ship is coming back from Europe bearing officers and men of General Hodges' famous American First Army for the enjoyment of a 30-day furlough at home before departure for further service in the Pacific. According to experts it is going to take five or six months to move the hundreds of thousands of men in this command from Germany where they last saw action to islands in the Pacific from which they will move against the Jap islands or against the Japs on the eastern coast of China.

This is believed to be the greatest mass movement of a military organization over such a vast distance in history and can be accomplished only because of the vast resources of the United States. It is important to note that no matter what the arm-chair generals think about the length of the war in the Pacific, the generals in Washington and London who are running this show expect the war to last another year at least, and more likely a greater length of time.

Hodges and his army cannot begin action in the Pacific until about Thanksgiving time and after they and other forces have gone into action, the Japs can be expected to put up resistance for quite some time.

Another point is emphasized by the arrival home of so many troops and their movement to the Pacific. This is the fact that thruout the summer and autumn the trains on all roads moving westwardly across the United States are going to be taxed to capacity. Likewise the ability of the transcontinental railroads to handle all the troop movements together with their equipment and supplies will be strained. There is going to be little room for civilian traffic. There will be neither trains, for the Government has asked for more troop cars, nor will there be ability to handle much business other than that necessary for the movement of the First Army, plus all the other troops which are going to be in motion all over this country during the summer.

GETTING READY FOR WAR CRIMINALS

Fear has been widely expressed that as the day of German surrender fades in memory, American enthusiasm for punishment of war criminals would wane and the final result would be virtually nothing and all threats and promises during the war would burst like so many bubbles.

Considerable opinion has been expressed that, speaking in a strictly legal sense, there are not many war criminals in Germany. This contention is based on interpretation of international law which has recognized that soldiers fight under orders and it may be contended that they do many other things under orders. Inasmuch as so many high-ranking Nazis who gave out vicious orders have committed suicide the list of war-guilty has been shrinking. In fact it has appeared that the United States does not have a list of war-guilty after all the years of talk about the wicked Nazis.

Many persons have predicted that the United States again would become magnanimous. They have felt that such attitude is serious in that it constitutes invitation to international bullies and gangsters to conduct war again. The feeling has been that, without any spirit of revenge, those responsible for war and crimes conducted during war should be held strictly accountable.

Now hope is given by Justice Robert H. Jackson, chief American prosecutor of war crimes, that something will be done in this direction despite what international law apparently says about it.

In a recent report to President Truman he reveals that such vicious organizations as the Gestapo and S. S. (Elite Guard) are to be accused and that "findings in the main trial that an organization is criminal in nature will be conclusive in any subsequent proceedings against individual members."

Justice Jackson also indicates that a large number of government officials, members of the military, including the German General Staff and even representatives of the financial, industrial and economic life of Germany are to be tried because by "all civilized standards" they probably are common criminals. Justice Jackson says his body also proposes to establish the "criminal character of several voluntary organizations which have played a cruel and controlling part in subjugating first the German people then their neighbors."

All this is highly encouraging. It promises not the indictment of an entire nation but of a considerable part, the responsible part, thereof. It is in accord with promises and with many of the purposes of the war. It accords with the thought that war must be made so terrible and so blameworthy that no one individual and no nation ever will wish to plan for and initiate it.

Post-war Army, Navy

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Discussion in Congressional committee of the proposal to make all boys between 17 and 20 subject to universal military training in peacetime has become rather unrealistic. The advocates insist that the plan is necessary to enforce world peace. The opponents say the whole thing had better await the conclusion of the war against Japan.

But the truth is that nobody is telling the American people anything about their military commitments in the so-called post-war period. The debate might better be centered on what size army and navy will be needed as a whole to defend the United States and also to furnish such forces as will be necessary to fulfill American participation in the Security Council of the United Nations.

To train the youth for military service is desirable but it is only a fraction of the major plan. Until and unless the people are told how big the Army and Navy must be and what the size of the total personnel needs will be, it is natural for the opponents to argue that the issue can be discussed after the war as well as now.

How Big a Force?

How big a force will America need to protect her interests in the new world of nationalism and imperialism which has emerged so clearly since the Yalta conference? How big an army will the United States have to maintain permanently in Europe or near enough to Europe to take care of any military needs over there? What strategic bases overseas in both the Atlantic and the Pacific will be required so that our huge airpower can be employed at a moment's notice if the peace of the world is again disturbed? And how large a ground force of troops will be needed to care for the airplanes in those bases?

These are the vital questions and it would appear that the War Department has made a mistake in arousing unnecessary antagonisms over universal military training instead of outlining frankly in advance the whole military policy of the United States.

The Yalta conference committed the United States to guarantee the peace of Europe by force. The commitment to insist on a voice in any European questions and to do away with special spheres of influence is one that gained widespread approval from the American press at the time. Great Britain is powerless alone to assure the military protection of European countries that are in the peace-loving class. France is too weak to do the job. Germany has been eliminated as a military power. Only the forces of the United States and Russia are available for the major job of enforcing peace.

Even if the needs for an overseas army in Europe and the Far East are not to be long-lived and the forces inside Germany are to be withdrawn after five years, there remains the problem of personnel for the United States Navy. The American people will insist that seapower—which includes airpower and amphibious forces capable of taking and defending island bases—must be maintained at a strength as large as, if not larger than, any other nation or combination of nations which could be aligned against us.

Millions of Men

It may take at least 1,000,000 men to man the Navy for a long time after the war and at least 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 for the Army in post-war years. In addition to this a large reserve of possibly 3,000,000 more may be needed. This is where universal military training comes in—to provide the reserves. The regulars will have to be obtained on a volunteer basis. Doubtless many hundreds of thousands of young men between 20 and 30 will take a term of enlistment of five years, with a five-year period for call from reserve status. This plan of rotation will furnish much of the reserve strength needed.

The United Nations organization will be helpful in mobilizing moral force to prevent war, but physical force is to be the basis of the coming era of balanced power. The sooner the War and Navy Departments tell the public what is needed by way of personnel for our new military policy, the simpler will become the question of military training for our youth.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WATCH FOR SNOOPERS!

Whenever a private gang sets itself up as an organization of snoopers, spies, squealers, detectives and amateur F.B.I.'s, I hope to be able to report it to the citizens.

The American people pay hundreds of millions of dollars every year to professional cops, federal, state and municipal who do as good a job as can be expected in a free country. Every once-in-a-while, some citizens, displeased with the regular police, set up a pestiferous organization for disturbing the peace. There's money in it, too, for the nature of some men is such that they will fork up coin of the realm to bring misery to those whom they dislike. And the collectors have an uncanny ability to discover who has extra money and for what particular misery.

So, today, let me report that the Writers' War Board, a private organization having some nexus with the OWI, sent out Bulletin No. 26, dated June 1, 1945, which contains the following collector's gem of private gestapo items:

"THIS IS NOT A PRIVATE FIGHT: Anybody can join in. Referring not to the Japs, but to the Dollar That Makes a Noise Like a Dime. That's the kind of dollar we may actually get unless everybody does join in. One thing badly needed is facts—from everywhere. Get them and send them to us. While cussing out the OPA, are your neighbors themselves following the rules? Do they or do they not buy without points when they can, or pay above ceiling prices without protest or report, or use the latest private detour to avoid the annoyances of decent community cooperation" Will you find out and tell us and let us pass the information on? If you think that would be too much trouble, then heil the Dollar That Makes a Noise Like a Dime."

The Chairman of the Writers' War Board is Rex Stout, and he has associated with him some writers of distinction who, having developed a hate for Hitler, set up this show. Are we to believe that now that Hitler is dead, these gentlemen and ladies of the pen mean to ply their hate against decent Americans whose worst crime is that they hand their butcher a quarter tip?

I don't know whether my neighbors obey the rules of the OPA. If J. Edgar Hoover cannot catch a butcher who prefers to sell a steak to an old customer rather than to a drifter who goes from store to store shopping for what he can pick up, I'm all for the butcher. If I have given a man my trade for ten years unending, I expect better service than the drifter will get. That is good business, good neighborliness, and good public spirit. Besides, I am neither a cop nor a snooper. Let those who like that kind of work engage in it, wear a badge and proclaim themselves for what they are. But the secret ones are just plain squealers, and should be treated as such.

I would suggest that anybody who suffers from this kind of private snooping hire a lawyer and start a damage suit. That would bring the whole matter into the courts and settle it once and for all as to whether every citizen can be turned into a cop willy-nilly by a gang of writers who want to be snoopers.

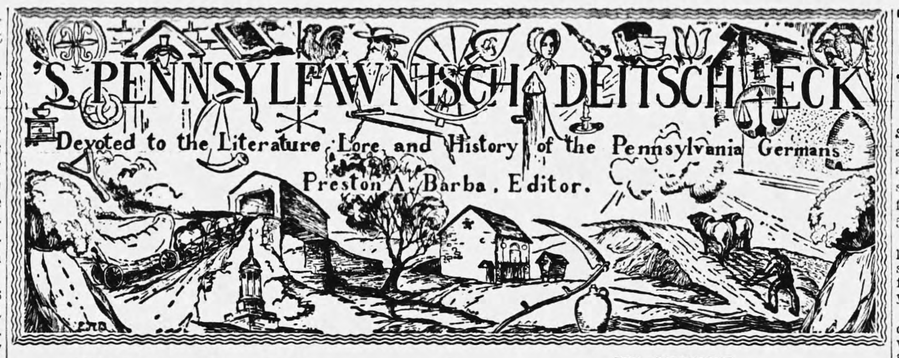
The apparent excuse for this particular annoyance is the fear of inflation which is, of course, here as a result of the altogether faulty economics of the recent New Deal administration which, while pretending to control prices at a specific ceiling, made no provision, in time and by law, to offset black-market operations and up-grading, both of which functioned freely until food disappeared from the markets and the country went into a famine mid plenty. It was usual for the New Deal, while still in power, to cover its worst errors, by blaming the people, when as a matter of fact, nobody was at fault but the incompetent and maladroit officials themselves. And again, the howl goes up that the people are to blame because government can do no wrong.

Don't tell the Writers' War Board anything. If you have something to tell, tell it to a cop.

(Copyright, 1945)

Over 300,000 yards of coarse standard cloth and 100,000 yards of lighter material recently were made into smocks for men and women workers in Denmark.

Restricted use of electricity and fuel during the fuel shortage in Buenos Aires, Argentina, forced the abandonment of night livestock and real estate auctions.



With Mrs. Royall Among the Pennsylvania Germans

edited by EUGENE E. DOLL

(Research Fellow, Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation)

(Excerpts from her book, Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels Continued in the United States. Washington, 1829. Errors in spelling and grammar have been retained.)

Continued

NAZARETH

(p. 107)—Is only about six miles from Easton, and a small carriage runs between it and Nazareth, with the mail, drove by a boy, and two horses who carries the mail to Wilkesbarre. I, therefore, took my departure alone, with the boy, drawn by two stout German horses. We were not long going to Nazareth.

The country becomes more fertile and beautiful, though uneven. The land takes a considerable rise upon leaving Easton, which affords an extensive view of the rivers, hills, and dales. The farms are very neat, fences good, and the ploughing very different from any I have ever seen, excepting a small part of Chester county. The Blue mountains are also seen peeping over the forest, they lie west.

Nazareth is a romantic stone village, combining the rural, the wild, and delightful. The town stands upon an elevation, with two principal streets, which crossing at right angles, forms a handsome square in the centre. Upon this square stands Nazareth Hall, a large elegant stone building, in which the celebrated academy is kept for young gentlemen. The square is three hundred and forty by two hundred feet. The hall is large, and contains a chapel, kitchen, dining room, and rooms for study and lodging. On the top is a cupola, from which you have a delightful view. In front you have an extensive plain of rich meadows. In rear you have the gardens of great beauty, and at a distance the Blue mountains.

(p. 108)—What is called the South Mountain in Maryland and the Blue Ridge in Virginia is seen from the top of the academy. If I were to judge of beauty this is about the right distance to place this famous mountain, and seems to have been designedly contrived. Then to the right, for the sake of variety, the land sinks into a modest vale. This vale is one of unequalled beauty. It is a narrow level strip thickly shaded—through it runs a stream, whether by art or nature I could not tell, as the hand of taste has so cunningly woven such a variety of images that one is puzzled to tell one from the other. Here the rambling fancy meets a summer house, and there a stately stage with rows of seats. These are mingled with smooth shorn box-hedges and grass plats and bowers. On the other side of the vale suddenly rises a steep hill. This has also been touched with a magic wand, being divided into regular gravel walks parallel to the vale. These walks, though on a sidelong hill, are perfectly level, and extend in succession to the top. Each walk is shaded and fringed and adorned with rows of box neatly shorn, and the whole has the appearance of magic. How the population ever managed to perform so much work is astonishing, as the town only contains between 4 and 500.

(p. 109)—I was told at Easton upon my arrival at Nazareth to call for Dr. **Steckle**, who would pay to me all possible attention. I was, however, at no trouble to find the Doctor. He was the first person I saw after the stage stopped at the door, and from the description I had had of his person and manners I knew it must be the Doctor. He attended me into a parlor, attended to my baggage, and deported himself with that ease and modesty which bespoke him of high birth and breeding. Dr. Steckle is a German by birth, advanced in life, rather low of stature and a man of highly polished manners, mild and pleasant in conversation, and speaks the English language well. He forwarded a note I had written to Rev. **Van Vleek**, the Principal of the academy, and which was a considerable walk from the inn; not long afterwards he brought in an answer from Mr. V. one of the politest I ever remember to have received—so much for the ignorant Germans. . . .

I had taken up the idea, from reading the tours of travellers and visitors, particularly the Duke of Rochefoucault, that those Moravians, though mild people, were oddly dressed, bigoted, distant and uncouth—that the men were like Roman Catholic friars, and the women like nuns, with round calico caps and calico aprons, and speaking barbarous German. Imagine my surprise to find Rev. V. fashionably dressed in fine broadcloth, in the style of our first gentlemen, and Mrs. V in a fashionable but neat lace-bordered cap, and both received me with the ease and elegance of people of the first fashion—addressed me in the language of the finest belles lettres scholars. I was thunderstruck, and mentioned my disappointment to Mr. V. and the Doctor. "Numbers, like yourself," said Mr. V., "are disappointed. They take us to be a gloomy, old fashioned people, with all the hypocritical sanctity of ignorance feigning religion. True religion has been so abused that because we profess it in its purity people think we have, like too many others, banished cheerfulness and common sense from our community. No such thing—we are a people who have cultivated every branch of science, and of course have no such thing as bigotry or gloomy priestcraft amongst us. We think it degrading to put on a long grim face and all the forms of hypocrisy. We are cheerful because we are innocent, and polite from the conviction that it is our duty to treat every person with kindness and respect, and of course we must be supposed to understand what we teach. We profess to teach and educate those youths designed for gentlemen, and it would be absurd to be one thing and teach another." "But how, where is the heavy German language, caps? &c." "The caps," he said had only been worn by those who came from Germany, and the whole of the system had undergone a change more consistent with the government and customs of America and the manners of the people they were among.

(p. 110)—After resting a few minutes, we walked into Nazareth Hall, where the celebrated academy is kept. It is doubtless understood that as that at Bethlehem is devoted to the instruction of young ladies, this is devoted to the instruction of young gentlemen, and I may as well remark in this place that every class, of which I think there are seven, are taught in separate rooms, all of whom have a preceptor or tutor. They are taught the English, German, Latin and French languages, history, mathematics, music, drawing and all the useful branches.

Dr. Van Vleek waited upon me himself into the academy, and beginning at the room of the first class took me through the whole building. If I was surprised and disappointed before I was now completely confounded. Having made the tour of all the universities, schools and colleges in the Atlantic States, and accustomed, at any time to see more or less rude, dull, stupid, impudent gawks, and not often a few that might be called civilized. Suppose me now actually spell-bound when the moment I entered the first room the whole class arose from their seats as if by inspiration. The tutor was on his feet when we entered the room, and Mr. V. introduced him to me in the first place, and then beginning at the head of the room he named each youth or boy (the first class being always the lowest in science) by name: "Mr. So and so, from—" always naming the residence. The moment the last word was pronounced the student bowed with unequalled grace. Every one waited till it came to his turn, and when we turned to come out, they bowed again, (a little different from the University.) This was the case through all the rooms. There certainly never was to me a more surprising or a more pleasing sight, so modest, so intelligent; all was one uniform representation of gentle impassioned sweetness. The picture of one was the picture of the whole, so much did they resemble.

Unlike all the seminaries I had visited, even Yale College, there was no silly grins, impudent stares, to say nothing of horse-laughs—not a smile disturbed their downcast modest blushes, while they evinced the meekness and easy grace of the most erudite gentlemen. In a word, these Moravians are a century ahead of any other people I have met with in the United States, in their system of education, and yet they are almost unknown.

There were only eighty students, perhaps as many as could be taught at the hall. But why these Moravians are not sought for, to place at the head of other universities, nothing but that stupid blindness to our vital interest can account for. Doubtless they being solely actuated by a desire of benefiting mankind would not object to leave their own establishments; and though I never inquired into their rules of civil or religious governments, I am induced to believe they would consent to so laudable a measure, as I understand there are several of them scattered about in the towns of Pennsylvania, engaged in commerce and other business.

From what I have seen of principal, teachers, and pupils, I would say this was one of the best conducted schools in the world, and in forming the manners and morals leaves all the seminaries I have seen in the United States a long way behind. I could not have thought it possible that the young mind could be brought to realize such a model of perfection.

What a contrast between this effusion of elegance and modesty, and those dens of orthodox seminaries. Whoever wishes his son to be respectable or happy, I would by any possible means recommend him to Nazareth Hall.

Dr. Steckle followed me through all my windings, from the chapel in the basement to the top of the building, and then walked with me over the pleasure grounds, gardens, and grass-plats. I was sensibly struck by one thing peculiar to this place. Though there is a tavern, several stores, and work-shops — a death-like silence reigned throughout the whole place, no whooping, rolling hoops, or noise of children in the streets or houses, a few people driving teams or walking through the streets. Nor in the hall was there the least noise or conversation, except when the boys in a short recess would run downstairs. Apropos—I forgot to notice the stairs which differ from all others, the acclivity being much less inclined than other stair-cases, and the steps very different. They are broad and but a few inches one from the other, being very easy to ascend.

In the evening several of the students come in, and some of the tutors. I have before remarked that every house in Pennsylvania has a piana forte. Every tavern has them generally through other states, but very few, (in fact none) private houses in Pa. is without a piana forte, particularly the Germans, as they all are fond of music. But to resume. The young gentlemen one after another, sat down to the piana. I never heard the keys touched with so much skill and sweetness; and it is universally admitted, as I have since learned, that no people in the world excel the young gentlemen of Nazareth and Bethlehem in the science of music. They spent all their evenings in improving themselves on different instruments, and have regular concerts once a week.

The Moravians, it appears, have always been famous for their skill and fondness for music. An anecdote is related of the effects of their perfection in music: shortly after Bethlehem was settled, they were frequently interrupted by the Indians. One night when the town of Bethlehem was invaded by a large body of Indians, a party of the Moravians ascended the balcony of one of their houses, about midnight, and began to play. The music, at that hour of the night, had such an effect on the Indians that they concluded it could be nothing less than the Great Spirit, and immediately withdrew, without offering any injury to the inhabitants.

At first, the Moravians observed some rules, with respect to matrimony, and keeping the single sisters and brethren apart. These lived in large houses, and were not allowed to meet, or marry, but under certain restrictions. But these rules are now no longer in force, and they marry and live in houses to themselves through the town, as others, and have also altered their mode of dressing. They are a sober, industrious, ingenious, economical, and benevolent people, and resemble the Episcopalians in their worship.

BETHLEHEM

Is 10 miles from Nazareth, and after spending one day at the latter, I proceeded to Bethlehem, through fertile, well cultivated country. Bethlehem is comparatively a large town, and though mostly built of stone, has some handsome brick buildings. It is regularly laid off into handsome streets, and like Nazareth, stands on a considerable eminence. It, however, sinks in some places, and rises in others. The new buildings are showy, and built in the modern style; but the original buildings are roughly built of stone, and those where the societies lived, are huge masses of great size, small windows, and stone or brick floors, on the lower stories. The church, however, and the young ladies' academy are two of the finest buildings in the United States.

Their grave yards are peculiar. Instead of putting the tombstone perpendicular it is laid horizontally loose on the top of the grave as an emblem of death, which levels all things.

They have a house where the dead are placed and locked up till they are interred, and the friends of the deceased proceed from this house to the grave yard with appropriate music.

The waterworks of Bethlehem, by which water is conveyed through the town, is a great curiosity. It forced from a spring 100 feet high into a deep well, and a number of pipes leading off from the well under ground conveys the water wherever it is wanted. They keep large cisterns full in case of fire.

The tavern, I was told, belonged to the society of Moravians, who hired this man too keep it. They could not hire one worse qualified, and had I known it, there was another tavern kept by a very clever man, whom I had seen in Philadelphia. It is very possible the proprietors are ignorant of the unfitness of the man; and from what I saw of them, I am very sure they would not allow strangers to be annoyed so . . . .

It is much to be deplored that they do not, either move the young ladies' academy to Philadelphia, or move Philadelphia to the academy of Bethlehem. This would be nothing for a "Peter the Great" to do. Wonder Walsh the Great, does not signalize his name at once, by a bold stroke of this sort, instead of piddling himself into immortality.

SEMINARY

Bethlehem, as well as Nazareth, has long been distinguished for the excellence of its schools. The Young Ladies' Academy at Bethlehem, is so well known throughout, not only this country, but the world, that nothing I could say would be of any advantage to the Institution, its fame having reached al' parts of the Union.

I have seen numbers who were educated at Bethlehem, and have often seen the work done by the pupils, which no doubt, has reached every part of the United States, and is doubtless, superior to any needle-work done in our country, at least.

I unfortunately called at Bethlehem on Saturday, and the first thing I did after my arrival, was to inform the Principal, Rev. Charles F. Seidel, of my presence. He very gentleman like waited on me in a few minutes; and after communicating my views, Mr. S. said he would rather I would postpone my visit to the academy till the next day, as the young ladies were always in an undress on Saturday, preparing themselves for the ensuing week. That Saturday was the usual day for cleaning up. This being the case, I had to submit, as I was resolved upon seeing the pupils and the interior of the academy. Mr. Seidel is a middle-aged man, heavy make, full round face and pleasing countenance. In his manners he excels, if possible, Rev. Van Vleek. He is a native of Germany, but has been in this country several years—no one, however, would perceive from his dialect that he was a foreigner.

I have never seen an American whose demeanour and manners possessed the same ease and grace of Dr. Seidel, and it would be mockery to attempt a description of the man. His conversation bespoke him a man of high attainments, and upon the whole he is one of the most fascinating men I ever met with.

The following day I went to church in the first place, as I wished to see their mode of worship, and when the sermon was over I was to be admitted to the academy, it having been so arranged. The church is very large and has a handsome organ. The men and women sit apart, the men taking off their hats. These sit on one side of the house and the ladies of the place on the other, face to face, and the pupils sit in the middle. The pupils, however, have a place of worship by themselves — their seats are at right angles with the others. The daughters of the citizens (single ones) sit with the pupils.

This was a good opportunity to see the costumes of the whole. Both men and women were fashionably dressed, excepting, as in other cases, the aged; but nothing could exceed the taste and neatness of the whole. They differ from all other people in countenance, manner, and dress. They all have a smile on their countenance, and none of that sameness of the Quakers or the Shakers in their dress, nor the sadness of the Methodists, or the fripping flounces of other sects, and still less that studied grimness of the Grey coats. Some of the citizen-ladies were dressed in white, some in lead-color, some in calico, some in bombazeen, and some in silk; their hats or bonnets (if you please) were neat, fine, and small, and those of the young ladies were trimmed with ribbon; but chiefly they excel in that art which conceals art. For although most of them are learned, the most learned amongst them approach nearest to nature. The congregation accompanied the organ in singing, and both men and women have books in their hands.

But nothing that has gone before can give any idea of the heavenly smile which sat upon the face of the preacher, and the beguiling ease of his gestures. If he is not perfection there is none on earth. Though I am strongly prejudiced against priests, I could almost be brought to believe this man was a christian—his face was never without a smile.

They have none of that silly getting up and getting down, and continual motion of other churches, and if I were to believe, what I do not, that there were any christianity in the United States, I would say it had fled to these Moravians for protection. . . . If there be any of the meek religion of the gospel in our land it is amongst those Moravians.

To Be Continued

IM GAARDE

Die Bohne blanst mer uff der Bonfazius (am 5. Juni), dann gebt's viel.
Der Buchweeze saet mer uff der Siwweschlaefer (am 27. Juni).
Uff der Siwweschlaefer legt mer die Zwiwwle um, dann warre sie dicker.
Wann die Lokesbaem arrick bliehe, geb'ts en gut Welschkarnyohr.
Welschkarn blanst mer im Grebs odder im Leeb.
Was mer in Schitz blanst, des schiesst.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. LILLIAN KOCHER

Mrs. Lillian Kocher, 1840 S. Wood St., widow of Walter Kocher, passed away yesterday morning at 4 o'clock at Hamburg where she had been residing for the past year. In ill health for the past two years, she was in her 57th year when she died.

Born in Slatington, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Rinker, she had been a resident of this city for 25 years. Her husband died two years ago.

Mrs. Kocher is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Reuben Dushman, Irvington, N. J.; Mrs. Clayton Bastian and Mrs. Paul Heimbach, both of Allentown; three sons, Raymond and Henry, Allentown; Private First Class Edward, with the Army in Germany; a brother, John Rinker, Walnutport; a step-brother, Walter Kiefer, Allentown and eight grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Paul J. Zimmerman Funeral home, 13th and Hamilton Sts. Interment in Greenwood cemetery. Rev. George A. Greiss will officiate.

CHARLES C. LOUX

Charles C. Loux, Dublin, husband of Maud, nee Arnold, Loux, died at the Grandview hospital, Sellersville, Thursday afternoon after an illness of 20 months. He was in his 68th year.

He was the son of the late Aaron and Leah, nee Crouthamel, Loux, and was a faithful member of St. Luke's Lutheran church, Bethlehem. Up until 1941 he was employed by the Dublin Pants Co., Dublin. Besides his widow he is survived by a sister, Mrs. Clarence Schmell, Dublin.

Private funeral services for Mr Loux will be conducted on Monday at 2 p. m. in the William H. Ahlum Funeral home, Dublin. Interment in the Dublin cemetery. Friends may call on Sunday from 7 to 9.30 p. m. Rev. John W. Houser will officiate.

MRS. HETTIE ZWOYER

Mrs. Hettie Zwoyer, born in Longswamp township, Berks county, died yesterday at her home in the township. She was 82 years old.

A daughter of the late John and Katie (Romig) Geist, she was the widow of Orlando Zwoyer who died 36 years ago. She was a member of Trinity Lutheran church of Bowers.

She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Harvey Frey of Kutztown; a son James at home, nine grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Rev. Wilson Hartzell and Dr. Clarence Keiser will officiate at services to be held at 2 p.m. Tuesday at the Schofer funeral home, Topton. Burial will be in Bowers cemetery.

MRS. MARGARET BOYLE

Mrs. Margaret Boyle, wife of the late James Boyle, Butztown, died at 10:50 a. m. Friday in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown, where she had been a medical patient for some time.

Born in Ireland she was a daughter of the late Edward and Anna Ferry and was a member of the Sacred Heart Catholic church, Middletown.

Six children survive: Patrick, Hyattsville, Md.; Edward, Middletown; John, U. S. Army; Francis, Bethlehem; Mrs. Michael J. White, with whom she resided, and Mrs. Arthur Schroeder, Ozone Park, L. I.

A sister, Mrs. Catherine Connell, Gloucester, N. J., also survives.

Undertaker Francis J. Connell has charge of the funeral arrangements which will be completed today.

Bumps Way Into $100

CHICAGO. (UP)—J. M. Peterson, 44, an employee of the Pullman Co. shops, bumped his way into $100. Peterson got tired of bumping his head against the free-swinging door of a medicine cabinet at the shop and finally devised a hinge on the automobile brake principle which held the cabinet door in a fixed position and eliminated the free-swinging which was cracking his fellow workers' skulls. He dropped his idea in the company suggestion box and the bosses thought so well of it they paid Peterson $100.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

War Is Uf 'M Porcha Doch?

Doh die onner woch nochts so uhra tzaea, wor 'n aryer uf ruhr ons Genie Hollenbachs nagshd on Fogelsville, uf wos ols die Harvey Wenners bauerrei wor. Der Genie un sei Alice sin owets tzeitlich ins bed wie leit ewwa ins bed gae sotta, un hen aw glei alla bait g'shlofa. 'S wohna noch tzwae onnerra familia im hous, 's Genies' in da mid, un allas wor ol recht bis der Genie nochts wocker werra is, un hut ebber hoerra outside ihr'm bed shtubba fenshter uf 'm porcha doch rum groddla.

Der Genie, so halver im shlofe wie m'r ewwa is won m'r unna badenk'd ous sel'm airshda shweara shlofe fershtair'd wert hut garufa, "Hey duh, war is drous uf 'm porcha doch?"

Die Alice hut 'n wunnerborie lot blumma heffa uf 'm bed shtubba fenshter shtae, un selar outside uf 'm doch hut g'saft, "Nem mohl die blumma fom fenshter os ich nei in die shtub kon."

"Yar wie hoy," odder ferleicht aw noch werta 'n lot grafticher wie sei, hut der Genie g'saft, "nem ich sellie blumma fom fenshter."

"Yoh nem sie runner so os ich nei kon," hut selar outside widder g'sawt, un is ols farna om bed shtubba fenshter uf 'm shebba doch rum gagrodd'ld.

Der Genie hut noh 'm kerl in siva unnershittlicha shprocha g'saft wos er ol dade won ers hartz het fer so fiel wie der kup tzum fenshter nei shtracka. Ains fon da socha wor, er dade 'm 'n shtuhl iwwer der kup nei shloga os es har rous kaimt, un aw noch dale onnerra socha 'm lot wieshder wie sel.

"Won duh mich sehna wit," hut der Genie ols iwwer un iwwer g'sawt, kum nunner uf die porch noh moch ich die dier uf fer blauderra."

"Nay," hut der onner ols g'sawt, dray yusht mohl 's licht aw so os duh senna konsh'd war ich bin."

"Huns drumbumbla os ich 's licht aw dray," hut der Genie widder g'sawt, un is ols frei fom budda in die hae gajump'd so arnsht un fershrocha wor er.

Endlich hut selar drous uf 'm fenshter doch gadenk'd er wist doch net fershure, der Genie mach'd ferleicht 'n flint howwa un 'm ains ous leichda. Un noh wor aw der g'fohr fon da tzwae onnerra familia im hous, un woh ferleicht die tzucht hoerra maichda, un bei kumma maichda mit shees gawaira. Aenicha waig, er hut ous gamocht 's wear hoch tzeit fer sich erkenna gewwa un hut g'sawt, "Hey, Pap, kensh'd mich net, ich bin der Forrest fon Texas."

Die Alice woh so weit sich unnich da deck uf k'halta hut kot huts noh aw mohl g'fander'd fer der kup drunner rous nemma un hut g'sawt, "Pap, Pap, des is yoh so wohr os allas unser Forrest."

Der Genie hut noh aw mohl gaguck'd, un shure ganunk wons net ains fon ihra kindskinner wor, der Forrest Hollenbach fon Texas, woh sie uf gatzoga hen drowwa on Bittners Korner, un wohs Genies' immer Mam un Pap hais'd, ferol os es sei gross elterra sin.

Sis leicht tzu denka os die blumma noh glei fom fenshter worra, un der Forrest, odder ewwa wie ers beshd gakent is unnich seina friend, "Der Abie," is noh nei in die bed shtub gagrodd'ld, uns wor harlichkate ol rum ons Genie Hollenbachs.'

'S Genies sin noh uf g'shtonna, un wie sie nunner kumma sin is noch 'n gonser hang'l onnerra nei ins hous kumma, un woh'ol die weil drous im hofe g'shtonna hen un hen sich bol gronk galocht wie arrick os der Genie sich gawairt hut fer der "Mon" uf 'm porcha doch ous ihra bed shtub halta.

Onnerra os dabei worra, wor 'm "Abie" sei fraw die Catherine, der Harold Hollenbach un sei Helen, die Edna Snyder, un die Stella Hollenbach Betz, ol doh fon da shtadt. Der Genie hut gore net fershtae kenna wie in da welt os der "Abie" ufs porcha doch kumma wear, un huts shier net glawwa kenna wie der Harold 'm fertzailt hut, er het der sharnshter uf 'm hous doch galasso'd, un wear noh om shtrick nuf ufs porcha doch gagrodd'ld.

Die Alice hut yushe so droshtmeedich g'sawt, "Wel, doh wil ich ow'r," un allas os der Genie gawist hut tzu sawga wor, "Ei, Ei, Ei, wos shtraich."

'S Genies' shure worra froh fer der "Abie" tzu sehna, uns same halt aw ous bei uns. Er un der Harold hen ob g'shtopt on unser'm Fegels Koshda on da 20d un Green, un missa sawga os der "Abie" wunnerbore gute guck'd in seim braid ranfdicha Texas hute, feinie suit glaider, un halb hocha shtivel shoe, wie sie ewwa weara in da shtadt fon Texas.

Die boova hen uns g'sawt sie weara uf 'm waig 's lond owwa nous noch ma dons, un wolla wetta os sie der shtawb fliega hen mocha. Bardich won sie halver so arrick gadonst hen, wie der Harold un die Helen ols donsa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Da oussicht noh alla weil sheinds, wie won die bauer 's shpote yohr louder laedich gail welshkern graichda-aenicha waig ol die welshkern felder os m'r so weit noch g'sehna hen guoka g'wida gail.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by REV R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

Acts 20:36-21:19

Farewells and leave-taking from friends are never pleasant experiences. Paul is quite certain that he will not see these devoted Christian friends again. So they accompany him to his ship which was to take him from Miletus by way of Rhodes and Cyprus to Tyre in Phenicia, an important seaport where the ship was to unload. Here he spends seven days with some believers. They warn him of impending trouble in Jerusalem, but he is not moved by forebodings, v. 13. A farewell service on the beach, v. 5, and he is off. Arriving in Caesarea, he stays some time, probably for a rest, in the home of Evangelist Philip, one of the seven deacons of chapter 6. (For 'carriages' in v. 15 read 'baggage'). He then proceeds to Jerusalem where he is kinldy received by the brethren and by James, v. 18, the head of the Church, who with all the elders present, gladly receive his report concerning the things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, June 9, 1920

Lieutenant Colonel Richard Slee, of Swiftwater, Pa., was elected president, Major W. M. Ireland, surgeon general, U. S. A., honorary president, and Rev. W. E. Brooks, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church, this city, chaplain, of the United States Army Ambulance Corps, during the afternoon session of the first convention and reunion of the Camp Craners. With the announcement of the formation of a permanent organization, it was also revealed that a ladies auxiliary had been organized with Mrs. S. W. Toms, of Nyack, N. Y., as its president. Chicago was t

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

When all at peace, two friends at ease alone
Talk out their hearts; yet still
Between the grace notes of
The voice of love
From each to each
Trembles a rarer speech
And with its presence every pause doth fill!

de La Mare.

HONEYMOONS IN EUROPE FOR MANY

Almost as many women in the United States as there are men in the 3rd, 7th and 15th Armies have been watching the news most closely since the ending of the war in order to gain some comfort and hope out of prospects of the return of husbands or fiances, as the case may be. In recent days their hopes have dropped because of announcement that these three units are to remain in Europe for occupation purposes, the first two for an indefinite period and the last until December at least.

Now however comes the best kind of news for all these women and it could come only from such a kindly and considerate government as Uncle Sam has been thruout this war. This news is to the effect that "when conditions permit," the families and fiancees of service men in the armies of occupation are to be permitted to join them.

The statement was made in response to the plea of a woman, Hon. Margaret Chase Smith, a congressman from Maine, who had asked the War Department to permit wives to join husbands assigned for an indefinite stay or a period of a year or more in Europe. She also asked that fiancees be permitted to go to Europe to become married and remain there with their husbands. To which the War Department replied: "You may be confident that the War Department is fully aware of the desirability of dependents and fiancees proceeding to Europe and will certainly relax the present restrictions when conditions permit."

Mrs. Smith says her proposal was prompted by a desire "to prevent further disintegration of the American home and American family life. The absence of these men has already placed a severe strain upon the preservation of American ideals."

So there is in prospect for many women a trip to Europe and domicile there for a number of years and for many of these a honeymoon trip in Europe is going to be in the order of things.

One wonders whether history anywhere can record a mass movement of wives and sweethearts to join an army of occupation. Armies of occupation there have been after thousands of wars but wives and sweethearts were found by the men in the occupied country. And one of the important effects thereof has been to mix races to the distraction of the anthropologists and other scientists.

The United States, which has been doing everything upon a grand and noble scale wherever possible, is going to establish a precedent and it appears that it will be a very good one in many ways for the American people.

RIBBENTROP IN BRITISH BAG

After having been in hiding in a cheap boarding house in Hamburg for about two months, Joachim von Ribbentrop was captured in bed during Thursday night by British sleuths who have been hunting him ever since it became evident that very few Nazis had been able to escape from Germany, probably because they had hardly any place to go.

One of the theories of the British was that Ribbentrop might have escaped to London and was in hiding in that vast city which had been the seat of some of his most audacious triumphs. But Ribbentrop apparently was not able to get out of the country and tried to be swallowed up in the population of a great city.

Thus the last of the top-ranking Nazis who, it is believed, still are alive has been caught and can be tried. In his capture and trial the British especially will be able to take a great deal of satisfaction inasmuch as Ribbentrop was their particular and perhaps most insolent enemy. As ambassador to Great Britain he insulted the king by giving him the Nazi salute and in various other ways while Germany's representative to England he indicated his contempt (based of course upon envy) for the English, their customs and their leaders.

It is believed that Ribbentrop encouraged Hitler to believe that Great Britain, following the servile capitulation by Chamberlain at Munich, would not go to war if Poland were invaded. And further, it was Ribbentrop who was in large degree if not wholly responsible for the Russo-German pact that shook the nations, later to become Allies, to their heels.

As foreign minister later on Ribbentrop must have learned a thousand and one valuable things that the Allies now should know. The former champagne salesman almost certainly now is being plied for the answers to a thousand and one questions. Upon being arrested he appeared to be willing to talk. The British say he was not "truculent," as so many of the top-ranking Nazis and even underlings have been. He was not disposed to commit suicide altho he had a supply of poison strapped to his person. He may be eager to talk after weeks of hiding. If so, he will be the most valuable prisoner yet taken. He can hardly talk himself to the gallows or a shooting at sunrise. His deeds already have accomplished that for him, but he may give information that will line a lot of the other Nazis—probably some of them as yet unknown and unindicted—up against the wall for the firing squads.

FLOATING CITY FOR PACIFIC FLEET

Because the distances to be traversed in the Pacific are so very great and therefore so time-consuming the United States Navy with extraordinary ingenuity has devised what D. G. Valens in the current Magazine Digest terms a "floating seaport" to bring all the comforts and necessities of a port right to the men of the fleet no matter where it may be.

This naval base is an amazing movable city composed of hundreds of floating units—hospital and repair ships, drydocks, floating cranes, warehouses, barracks, office quarters, barber shops and dental clinics. It is more important than half the permanent bases now established in the Pacific, says Valens.

One ship is a bakery. Another is staffed with mechanics who repair and tune electronic equipment. Fresh water for the floating city, about 120,000 gallons daily, is made on "evaporation ships." Each ship can store 1,000,000 gallons for emergency purposes.

Shangri-La, as Valens calls it, furnishes Navy fliers with chewing gum, ice cream sodas, gasoline, chicken dinners and movies. Many cargo vessels, shuttling back and forth from American and Australian ports, bring it shells, fleet mail, and other supplies from canned food to cabbages.

To keep this "secret weapon" in working order, there are hundreds of permanent stevedores, clerks, mechanics, bakers, cooks, doctors and sheet-metal workers. They get to various parts of the "city" by launches which race through the "streets."

Usually, Shangri-La is anchored away from islands or coral reefs so that it will be less of a potential target. Whenever the "seaport" is moved from one spot to another, a major attack is about to be made.

According to Valens, other floating bases are being "founded" to support further attacks on Japan by U. S. and British fleets.

The New Labor Secretary

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Lewis Schwellenbach, former United States Senator from the State of Washington and former federal judge, and soon to take office as Secretary of Labor in President Truman's cabinet, has made a brief but significant statement of the policy he intends to pursue.

Mr. Schwellenbach has declared that he will adopt a new approach toward the Department. Hitherto this Department has been considered by labor unions to be its own special pleader in the government. Management has been suspicious of the impartiality of agents or conciliators sent out by the Department of Labor because of the prevalent feeling that the Department was charged by its very name with the championship of labor's rights and causes as against management's point of view. So it is especially interesting to read the following from Mr. Schwellenbach in a statement at Yakima, Wash.:

"I am going to try an interesting experiment. I am going to see if a major department of the government cannot be operated on the same basis as a court. I don't see any reasons why the courts should have a monopoly on justice and I intend to see if the Labor Department cannot be based on the same principles of justice as is a court.

"A court hears the facts, checks up on the law, and then reaches a conclusion in harmony with the facts and the law. I see no reason why the government as a whole cannot be run on the same basis."

The Department of Labor might better be called the Department of Labor Relations or of Labor-Management Relations. Mr. Schwellenbach has emphasized a point that has long troubled students of employee-employer problems. There may also be a hint in his remarks of the possible inclusion of the National Labor Relations Board and the National War Labor Board within his department.

The problem of including all independent agencies within the ten regular departments of the government has arisen recently in connection with President Truman's proposal to Congress to give him authority to reorganize the executive establishment so that he can allocate agencies to particular departments.

The difficulty about such a course is that some of these independent agencies have become quasi-judicial tribunals. Some of their investigating and administrative machinery could be transferred to a regular government department. But would the cause of good government be served if an agency like the National Labor Relations Board is converted into a government bureau and its members have to take orders from a cabinet officer?

It may well be that what the President and Mr. Schwellenbach have in mind with reference to agencies like the National Labor Relations Board is that they may continue to exercise their judicial functions in the future as in the past but that for budget purposes and for administrative efficiency they would be included in a major department.

There would seem to be no need for curtailing or restricting the duties of the independent boards. The National Labor Relations Board in particular has the specific responsibility of interpreting and enforcing the Wagner Act. But, on the other hand, the machinery of supervising collective bargaining elections and investigating the appropriate unit and certifying to the same could well be done by the Department of Labor's administrative sections composed of the same personnel who now operate under the present board. There is an advantage in keeping the judicial duties absolutely separate from administrative investigations.

Apparently the identity and importance of the National Labor Relations Board, however, is not to be diminished. President Truman has just appointed Paul Herzog, one of the ablest labor relations men in the country, to the post of chairman. He had previously made a great reputation as chairman of the New York State Board of Labor Relations.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

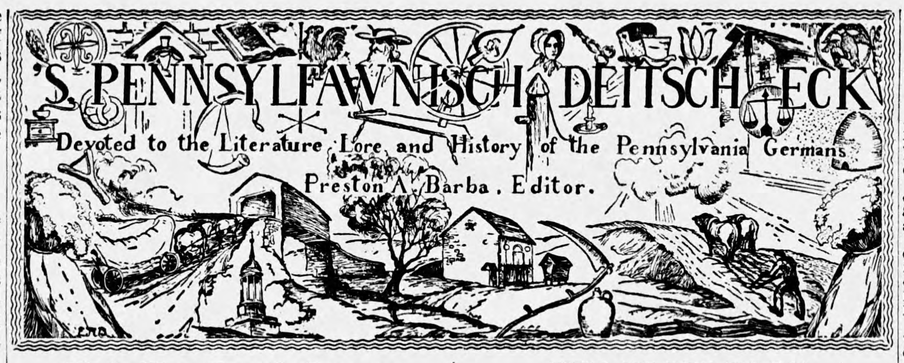
THE WILL TO PEACE

Two conflicting and contrary movements in international relations appear simultaneously: one is the strong effort to maintain the Triple Alliance, Russia, the United States and Great Britain, in peace as in war; the other, is the creation of a structure for an international parliament of nations. The idea of the Alliance assumes that without it there must be a war among its members; the idea of the parliament assumes that some medium must exist, no matter how inadequate, to prevent local disputes from enveloping the entire world in war.

The essential flaw in all efforts in this direction at this moment is that they are designed to prevent another war rather than to keep the peace. This may sound like much the same thing, but it is a difference in focus, in emphasis, in approach to the problem. For, as long as it is recognized that war is probable or even possible, the likelihood is that war is inevitable. As soon as we recognize that peace is objectively attainable, then war becomes repugnant to the degree of abhorrence.

After what Europe has been through since September 1939, it would seem that no one would ever want to hear the word, war, again. Yet, that is not the state of mind of those who are either insistent upon the Triple Alliance or those who are at work at San Francisco. They are not assured that we have learned anything from this experience. Many of the smaller nations are even fearful that the world has learned nothing in spite of the death, suffering and destruction this war has wrought.

The will to peace like any moral curb upon the appetites of man implies forbearance, forgiveness, inhibitions, control of temper—but most of all forbearance. It will be many years before all the consequences of this war will be known and visible and therefore there are likely to be many years during which every act of injustice will arouse violent distrust and suspicion whereas in a peaceful world such incidents are corrected by a diplomatic message. At this moment, the most violent suspicions are aimed at Soviet Russia; at another, they may be aimed at Great Britain or the United States, for these are the only nations which now possess the power and the force to act freely according to their choice and judgment. All other countries are more or less dependent upon them—and like all dependents, all other nations are resentful of the circumstances in which they find themselves. The defeated countries are prostrate; yet men speak already of preventing them from making another war.



With Mrs. Royall Among the Pennsylvania Germans

edited by **EUGENE M. DOLL**

(Research Fellow, Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation)

(Excerpts from her book, Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels Continued in the United States. Washington, 1829. Errors in spelling and grammar have been retained.)

Continued

BETHLEHEM

After church was out Mrs. Seidel accompanied me through the young ladies' academy, which, like that at Nazareth, does not consist of one entire large hall like high schools or some academies, but every class has a hall or class-room to themselves . . .

The cooking department is also in the same building; this is the best constructed, and in the neatest order of any I have visited in the Atlantic country, excepting that at the Hospital at Boston.

As it was Sunday I lost the pleasure of hearing the young ladies play, or of seeing them at work, though they were all in the rooms occupied in common for study.

This was certainly the capstone of the climax, and what I had for many years back ardently longed to see, and though fancy was raised to the highest stretch, it fell short of the ourst of innocence, beauty and elegance which met my eye at the opening of each door. The retiring modesty of some, the polished urbanity of others, the snowy arm, the delicate hand, the soft friendly smile, the spiritual ringlet, the dimpled cheek. I lingered at each door, lost in admiration. As at Nazareth, they severally arose from their seats and made a graceful curtsey as they were introduced. There were some from all parts of the United States, and some from the islands—some were small girls and some were grown. I was much pleased to find the Miss Bibbs there from Alabama, with whose parents I had formerly a slight acquaintance.

There was at this time a thin school, on account of a vacation from sickness, if I recollect—the first time the institution was visited from sickness. There are, however, more applicants than can be accommodated. This is much to be lamented, as it certainly is the best female seminary in the United States. It is wholly under the control of the United Brethren, of Germany, who it appears, do not seek to enlarge it, though the profits go to establish other seminaries somewhere else.

The young ladies showed me their frames with the unfinished work, which surpassed beauty.

They have introduced what is called ribbon-work, recently taught by a German lady. This is very ingenious and has still a richer appearance than the common way with floss silk. The ribbon work is shaded like the floss, very narrow and curiously worked into flowers and figures of all sorts and shapes—it is richer and much easier done. The ebony work is a very useful work and a great curiosity—every thing almost is made of it. The worsted work is also beautiful—hearth-rugs or any thing you fancy is made of it. But the literary part of the education is by far the most important. The following are the branches and the prices, viz:

Board and tuition, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, History, Geography, the use of the Globes, Botany, plain and ornamental needle-work, per quarter	$28.00
Entrance money	6.00
Instruction in Music, French, Drawing, Painting on Velvet, Ebony-work, Ribbon-work and Worsted-work, each per quarter	3.00
Washing per quarter	4.00
For the use of a Library	2.00

Age of admission, between eight and fifteen. Vacation, during the month of August.

Bethlehem is on the river Lehigh, and a small creek called Manakes, fifty-three miles from Philadelphia. The town begins on an eminence, and descends to the banks of the latter, a handsome stream. The prospect, however, iis not so handsome as that of Nazareth, as the Lehigh mountains approach too near the town and confines the view within too narrow limits. It is, however, a lively town, the people pursuing a variety of business, as in other towns. It owns a great number of mills, tanneries, and breweries, and contains about three thousand inhabitants.

There are also handsome flower gardens, shrubberies and pleasure grounds adjoining the academy, all of which, with pure air, fine water and a rich surrounding soil, but above all the refined and pleasing manners of the inhabitants, renders it a delightful summer retreat, and to which numbers of the southern gentry resort during the warm months. All those who travel for amusement or curiosity ought to visit those interesting towns.

I ought to have mentioned that Mrs. Siedel aids her husband in teaching the yound ladies: She is an American, and was educated at the Moravian schools in North Carolina. She is a female of rare and high accomplishments and has some of the most interesting children my eyes ever beheld. Of all places to rear children this must be the best.

Finally, how these people have managed, with so little noise, without tracts, and begging money, to advance so far beyond the rest of the United States in every social and mental virtue, is truly mysterious, surrounded as they are by those enemies to knowledge, the blackcoats, or black hearts rather.

MAUCH CHUNK

I found the landlord of the Gap tavern at home, a most interesting German, of mild, pleasant, and enticing manners, his fare good, and charges low. The German girls (his wife being dead) who performed the work of the tavern, were certainly the most innocent, modest, and obliging girls, to be found in any of the states—they are the most silent of women! Though all these spoke English well, such was their bashfulness, it was difficult to draw them into conversation; and, in neatness, they equal, but in industry, they leave the Yankees a long way behind. I admire these German girls for their silence, (though they find tongues, a gentleman informed me, when they marry,) and, above all, for their pure and primitive manners, in which they greatly excel.

ALLENTOWN

The stage-house is kept by a widow Stock, if I recollect; a bad house, disobliging, dishonest, smoky, dirty, stingy, and I might, with propriety, add more, but this is enough to warn travellers to avoid it. I found dinner on the table when I went in, which was set for an elderly, fine looking, tall, slender man, a Lutheran priest, and his young, beautiful, and accomplished wife. . . I obtained their consent to dine at the table with them, and ordering a cup of tea, made a tolerable dinner, though there was not enough on the table for one person.

Allentown is a very handsome town in Northampton county, near the Lehigh. It stands upon an elevated site, surrounded on all sides by a vale—this, again, is surrounded by mountains and hills, forming a romantic and picturesque appearance. It appears to be a flourishing town, and does much business—it contains between 2 and 3000 inhabitants. The houses on the principal streets are handsome showy buildings, but I learned little of the town, in consequence of the absence of Major Hutter.

I walked a little ways over the town, and stepped into a bookstore, the proprietor of which was an editor of a paper, but he as an ignorant, vulgar, unsociable man. He, and the people of the tavern where I stopped, were the first and the only mean Germans I met so far .

Being told Hon. King, Senator of the Pennsylvania Legislature lived in Allentown, (but was absent also,) I called a few minutes before my departure, and, much to my gratification, found him at home. Mr. King is an Attorney, and said to be a man of talents and extensive wealth. He is, however, very plain and simple in his manners and equipage. He is a tall slender made man, with a thin oval face, and keen black eyes and black hair. His manners are, as I said, perfectly divested of pride or ostentation, and very familiar.

Whilst I was waiting for Mr. King, Major Hutter, who had returned home the previous night, and having called at the tavern to see me, followed me to Mr. King's, and, without ceremony, introduced himself. This is what I like—plain honesty seeking to unite with its kindred feeling. The Major was a plain but warm-hearted man, who would go all lengths for his friend. He had been taking a frolic, he said, the night before, upon the success of his efforts to elect General Jackson, he also being an editor. I had merely time to exchange a few words with these gentlemen, when the Easton stage arrived, in which I was to take my seat to Reading.

The road from Allentown to Reading passes over some of the finest farming land in Pennsylvania. It must be understood that from the care and skill of the Pennsylvania farmers, the land is never suffered to lose in point of fertility. They have made farming a perfect science and pursue a regular routine in changing their crops from one thing to another, by which means land originally rich is still the same and produces as much as at first, and land originally poor (of which there appears to have been very little) has become fertilized. I have seen nothing in any of the Atlantic States, in the farming line, that has any semblance to the farming in Pennsylvania. Father and son, grandfather and so on, have become rich on the same tract of land. I see nothing like poverty in the country, whatever there may be in the towns. The great massy barns with elegant sash and glass windows, their overgrown horses and cattle, their smooth ploughed furrows, their haystacks and snug warm houses, with coffers full of specie, their thick serviceable cloths, the ease and contentment, and above all that noble independence which mark their steady looks and movements, prove them to be a wealthy and happy people, not a priest, or grey coat I mean, ever gets footing amongst them.

But to return, the land at first is uneven yet rich, and increases in fertility and beauty till we arrive at Reading, on the Schuylkill. Here again I must observe the fine roads and strong stone bridges, the great mills, &c.

I had an extensive and variegated view of those great German farms (no wonder Dr. Ely wanted to get hold of them) from the nature of the country itself—continually descending and ascending these eminences, I had a view of every alternate valley.

I ought to have remarked the Jackson poles every where to be seen on the road, with a green bough growing, as it were, out of the top, and the star spangled banner flying with "Jackson and Liberty."

The whole of these Germans appear to be for Jackson. If you happen to ask the smallest child its name, the word is not allowed to be finished before the little thing sings out "Jackson."

to be continued

UFF DAADI DAAG

Die Mammi hot ihr Daag schund g'hatt,
so hen die Kinner aa;
Nau gewwe mir em Paepp sei Daag;
kummen, mer fange aa;
Ach! der Daadi iss en guter Kaerl,
vun Aafang bis ans End;
Sell findt mer as die Waahret iss,
wann mer ihn mol laerne kennt.

Im Hoschpidaal laaft er im Gang,
un des geht hie un haer;
Er schwitzt un zittert, lammediert,
un schmokt en box Sigaer.
Was er muss ausschteh, weess ken Mensch,
bis der Dokter kummt un saagt:
"Hoscht Zwilling Buwe, mei liewer Mann,
nau guck net so verzaagt."

Uffkors er iss e wennich schtreng
un knellt eem an die Ohre,
Un warremt eem sei Hossesitz,
sell hen mir all erfaahre;
Ich denk er meent, mer hett's verdient,
Nau die Mammi schlaggt net hart,
Awwer die Schliwwere fliege draus im Holshaus,
wann der Daadi hebt die Gart.

Vun maryets frieh bis dunkel Nacht,
schafft er far uns ernaehre;
Der Grissel geht eem aus deel Zeit,
wann mir die Warte heere:
"Die Sallie hot ihr Gaund verrisse,
der Tscheki hot ken Schuh,
Der Kaerpet iss voll Lecher gedanst,
un mer hen en kranki Kuh."

Dann iss der Daadi hesslich bees,
un mer kann ihn gaar net dreeschde;
Denoh holt er die Boddel aus dem Schank,
sell iss net gut, sell weesscht du;
Un nemmt en Drink, en grosser langer,
denoh noch vier, fimf meh;
Er kann uns Yunge nimmi sehne,
un er schrankelt uff de Bee.

Un schpauzt sei Duwack newe draa,
die Schpaubox gans verfehlt,
Un Sache saagt er—ei, ei ei!—
dass mer gaar net heit verzaehlt.
Des waar in der Vergangeheit,
un iss schunn lengscht vergesse;
Far all des Gute, was er geduh,
sott mer's Schlechte gaar net messe.

Mer muss draa denke, dass es waar
die Daadi in de Welt,
Das die Luftschiffer g'flogge hen
darrich Schtarm un Kuggel un Kelt;
Es waare Daadi mit gleene Kinner—
sie hen sie noch net g'sehne—
Dass unser Flag gedraage hen
in Schwitz un Blut un Draene.

Un es waare Daadi mit groge Hohr,
wu ihr Buwe sehne hen geh,
Mit schwere Harzer un diefe Gedanke;
sie kennte net verschteh,
Ferwas ihr Suh genumme waare,
so wie en Aageblick,
Far nochemol fechte wie sie selwer hen—
so lang zerick, so lang zerick!

So saage mir zum Daadi,
"Ich lieb dich, liewer Mann;
Du bischt der bescht alt Kummeraad,
as mer vusscht hawwe kann.
Mer lowe dich un ehre dich,
un hoffe far en langi Zeit
Bleibscht du so freehlich bei uns, Daadi,
graad wie du bischt noch heit.

Reading, Pa. —MABEL G. SAYER.

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Aus'm Eileschwamm an der Bisskatzegrick bei der Nuff-un-nunner Saegmiehl

Liewer Editor:

Mei Yunger, der sich 'Calletsche' hot losse, lest mir sell Schtick im ECK, wu en Nei England Yankee g'schriwwe hot vun Dunnerwedder Kompounds. Ich hab allfert gemeent die Nei Englenner daete nix schtarriers vun Warte wisse wie "Pshaw," "Aw, the Deuce" un "Gosh all Hemlock! So denke ich, was weess dann so eener vun Dunnerwedder. Er saagt, sie daete yuscht ge-'used' warre as Eckschbleuffs un Intertscheckschens. Ich weess net, was sell meent, awwer im Eileschwamm, wann mir Donnerwedder 'use'-e, dann iss es bleen 'ordinary' (blo eckschteenich) verdammt g'flucht. Parre un Schulmeeschter schwetze immer gege's Fluche (un in sellem muss mer 'ne Recht gewwe).

Wie die Schpaltmanns Kaerrich gebaut iss warre drowwe im Beinddaal, hot der George Heckegrubber, der Haupt Schreiner, als immer so schaudbaarlich wiescht g'flucht. 'S letscht hot der Paare es nimmi schtende kenne un saagt zum George, er sott so gut sei un sott zehe zaehle, eb er fluche daet. Der George hot dezu g'agriet. 'N karzi Zeit denoch schlackt er sich uff der Daume mit em hatchet. Noh fangt er aa hartich zu zaehle, "Eens, zwee, drei—ich wott, dass en heilich Dunnerwedder neischlagge daet!"

Wie der George en alter Mann vun siwwezich Yohr waar, waar er mol ee Daag am Bluge far die Schpotyohr Soot. 'S Feld wu er am Bluge waar, hot in 're gleene Gluft am Fuss vum Baerrick gelegge. Middes im Nammidaag iss en Gewidderregge uff ihn hieg'schniekt. 'S aersecht, dass er devun gewisst hot, waar wie 's Gewidder in en Eechebaam g'schlagge hot am End vum Feld un naegscht wu er am Bluge waar. Wie er g'sehne hot, dass es in 're karze Zeit reggere daet, schpannt er g'schwind sei Esel aus, grickt 'm Saddel-Esel halt am Kummetschpaa un will uff ihn tschumbe un heem reide. 'N Esel iss immer ready far heem, wann ausg'schpannt iss, un wie der George getschumbt iss, schritt der Esel aus der Farricht un schtart far heem. Der George huppst e Weil newe nooch, halt fescht am Kummetschpaa un browiert paar mol far uff der Esel tschumbe. 'S letscht losst er geh, die Esel schpringe fart, noh saagt er, "'S Dunnerwedder sott so'n alter Mann verschlagge, wann er nimmi uff en Esel tschumbe kann!"

Der greftichscht Dunnerwedder das ich mei Lewe g'heert hab, waar wie der Hans Schteekauer sei Model T Ford graenke hot wolle ee Marye wie es zwansich degrees unnich zero waar. Er hot alles gebrowiert was er gewisst hot far sei alter G'widderswagge in der Gang zu schtelle. 'S letscht verliert er sei Gedult un saagt, "HEILICHHAAGELEWICHHIMMELMILLIONEHELL-SACKERMENTHERRGOTTDUNNERWEDDER" un yuscht wie er ans "Dunnerwedder" kummt, gebt er der Graenk en marrickwaerdicher Riss un der alt Ford schtart un iss fimf Meil g'schprunge mit 're leere gas tank.

Nau saag ich sellem Nei Englenner wann er den "Eckschbletiff" recht ausschpreche kann, dann iss er net so dumm wie er guckt. Geb awwer acht un sei net zu bees wann du so en "Interscheckshon" yuse duscht, sunscht sehnscht du blooer Schmok uffschteige un die Luft riecht noch verbrennter Schwewwel.

Genunk vun Eckschbletiffe!

sei
Yockel X Bumbeschwengel
Maerrick

Deaths of a Day

MRS. IDA BLEAM

Ida A. Bleam, wife of Howard Bleam, 350 W. Susquehanna St., died yesterday morning at the Sacred Heart hospital after being ill since Saturday. She was in her 57th year.

She was born in this city, daughter of the late William and Cora, nee Stephens, Hoffman, and resided here all her life.

Mrs. Bleam was a faithful member of St. Mark's Lutheran church, active in the Ladies Aid society of the church and was affiliated with the Mary Livingston chapter, Order of Eastern Star.

Besides her husband she is survived by three sisters, Mabel, wife of Adolph Grafelin; Gertie, wife of Charles Sponheimer, and Hilda, wife of Ralph Miller, all of this city.

Funeral services for Mrs. Bleam will be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the late home, 350 W. Susquehanna St., with continued services in St. Mark's Lutheran church, E. Susquehanna St. Interment in St. Mark's cemetery.

THOMAS D. SCHOLL

Thomas D. Scholl of Bethlehem, R. 3, died at the Allentown hospital yesterday. He was 79 years old.

His parents were the late David and Matilda, nee Geissinger, Scholl. Surviving are two daughters: Blanche, wife of Calvin Kern, Bethlehem R. 3 and Eva, wife of Warren Hunger, Wescosville R. 1; a brother, Harry Scholl, Bethlehem R. 3; six grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment will be in the Eastern Salisbury cemetery.

NELSON A. WAGNER

Nelson A. Wagner died at his home, Wolf St., Bath, at 1:45 a. m. yesterday.

Born in Chapman Quarries 75 years ago, he was the son of the late George and Sally (Gersbach) Wagner. Prior to his retirement three years ago, he was janitor of the Pennsylvania Dixie Cement Corp.'s main office building, Bath.

A member of Christ Reformed church, Bath, he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Charles Remaley, Bath; two brothers, George A., Nazareth, and Charles B., Bath R. 2. His wife and a son preceded him in death several years ago. Three grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. from the Bartholomew funeral home, S. Walnut St., Bath, the Rev. R. H. Helfferich officiating. Interment in family plot, Greenmount cemetery.

THOMAS J. YAREMA

Thomas J. Yarema of 534½ N. 2nd St. died yesterday at his home after an illness of eight years. He was 37 years old.

Born in Rome, N. Y., he was the son of Stephen and Victoria, nee Zaboy, Yarema. He had resided in Allentown since 1913. Before his illness he was a commercial artist and was last employed by the Boyd theatre. Mr. Yarema was a member of the Polish National Catholic church.

Surviving are his parents; a son, Neil Thomas Yarema, at home; three sisters, Mary, wife of Edward C. Snyder, at home; Joseph, wife of Henry Ruegg Jr., and Helen, wife of Fred Schmoyer, both of Allentown; four brothers, Frank Yarema, Allentown; Private First Class Walter Yarema, in England; Rudolph Yarema and Alexander Yarema, both of Detroit, Mich.

His wife, the late Emma, nee Hillegas, Yarema, and a sister, Stephanie, preceded him in death. Strictly private funeral services will be held at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St., on Tuesday at 8:45 a. m. Interment will be in the Polish Catholic cemetery.

MRS. MICHAEL SZAJKO

Mrs. Veronica Szopo Szajko, widow of Michael Szajko, died at midnight Thursday at the residence of her son, Julius Szajko, 908 Wood St., Bethlehem. She was born in Hungary and came to America in 1914. Her husband died two months ago.

Her survivors are two sons, Julius, with whom she resides, and John Szajko, on duty on the Pacific; three daughters, Mrs. Helen Yoo, Bethlehem; Sister Melvin, in the convent at Staten Island, N. Y., and Sister Bernice, in the convent in Toledo, O.; three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

She was affiliated with the First Hungarian Sick and Beneficial society and was a member of St. John Capistrano's church.

Funeral services will be held Monday, 9 a. m., from the Madden funeral home, 748 E. 4th St., and a high mass will be celebrated in St. John Capistrano's church at 9:30 a. m. Burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Hunnerd Yairich Fesht

So wie m'r yusht barich'd sin werra, sols morya 'n gross ordichie tzeit gewwa on da Peters kerrich in Karbon kounty, won sie ihra hunnerd yairich fesht fira. Der Will Miller, der Nei Mahoning shtorekipper hut gamaint won die helft leit kaimta os mohl om Hoover seinra 'noggeration gawest weara, dade die kerrich nagshd fol werra. Sei fraw die Edna hut noh ow'r gamaint, er sot mohl awenich driwwer denka iwwer wos er g'sawt het, won so fiel leit wie sel kaimta, weara ganunk leit doh fer ol die kerricha in Pennsylfawnia filla un gangda noh net ol nei. Der Will hut noh gamaint er dade glawwa sie wear recht, ow'r wear anyhow shure os es 'n boomerawlishie krowd gaibt, won halver ol kaimta os er shun hoerra het sawga os kumma wotta.

Der alt musigander Will Mantz wil 'n geik solo shpiela uf da peifa arigle in blotz fon uf ra dray arigle, wie er mohl hut omma arnfesht on da Longa Run. Tzitter selra tzeit is der Will weit rum bakont ols ainer fon da beshda shpieler hinnich 'm barrick. un gait yusht may noch grossa bletz fer shpiela, so wie noch Madison Shquare Garden, da Lehighton Fair, un noch 'm Peters kerricha hunnerd yairich fesht.

Wie der Ed Flexer k'hoert hut os der Will shpiela dade, hut er gamaint doh mist mohl gas g'shport werra so os er die gons familia onna nemma kent fer 'n hoerra. Tzitter os es so hase werra is, is gablawn'd der Will sot worta bis die kerrich ous wear fer shpiela, un sot noh nuf uf der kerricha tarn groddla un shpiela fon darta. Der Will huts airsht net fershtae kenna wie er die gloffa raicha kent fon so weit ob, ow'r der Will Miller hut g'sawt sie kenta ebbes fon ma "Remote" kontrol uf rigga, un sel maich'd 'm rous helfa. Der Will, woh ols besser uf gabugg'd wor wos tzae odder tzort flaish wear wie er der Summit Hill flaish marrick kotta hut, os wie er is mit so neia "Remote" gamoda, hut noh g'sawt, "Oh yar wel don, don werts ol recht sei."

Die Lercha Familia Reunion

Un wohrhoft won aw net die familia reunions shun in der gong kumma. Morya tzu unser'm gawissa is die airsht fer des yohr doh rum,—un des noch so gore de Lercha Familia ihra reunion, un woh k'halta wert morya nommy dawg om tzwae uhr, in da St. Peters Ludderisha kerrich, Hanover Ave., Allentown, odder ewwa driwwa in Rittersville. Sis die 25d yairlich reunion os die familia hut, un tzaila 'n gross ordichie tzeit tzu howwa. Die schreiver'n Camilla Heckman fon Shoenersville hut uns 'n shtick re g'shick'd fom Lercha familia history g'schriva hut, un woh ols noch etlicha tzu griega sin.

M'r hetta arrick gaglicha fer heit da Camilla ihra gons shtick drucka, ow'r die tzeit os tzu kartz fers in arder griega ols 'n kolumn, un sehna os es mohl shpaiter in druck kumt. Aenicha waig, sie fertzailt fon da Lercha familia tzurick in 1565 wie ainer bei sel'm nahma gadauft is werra in ra kerrich in Lonselbold, Deitschlond. In 1938 wors tzwae hunnerd yohr os die airshda Lercha noch dem lond kumma sin, un sin tzu finna 's lond iwwer. Die gons familia so tzu sawga is ous un ous Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, un is recht un gute os sie sich marya fersommla sotta un so ra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha gagend os wie Rittersville, un noch so gore, bei so ma guta Pennsylfawnish Deitcha porra os wie wer Warren Heinley.

Eb die Lercha familia so weit aenicha Porra hut kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r wissa os sie tzwae iwwerrousa guta kerricha fohrsinger un arigle shpieler hen, un woh gawainlich shpiela on da Lerch familia reunion. 'S aint is der Paul R. Lerch, fohrsinger un arigle shpieler on da Nider Saucon Refamierta kerrich, uns onner, die Elda Lerch Atherhold, 'm Frank sei dochter fon owwich Northampton, un woh shpielt on da Shtaina kerrich, Kreidersville. Der gons program sol morya nommy dawg iwwer ous gute werra, un hoffa die familia tarn'd reichlich ous fers 25d fesht fon da Lercha reunion.

GLAWW'S ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da erfohringa os der glae shtorekipper Charlie Dangler fon Shweitzer shun kotta hut, klaimt er, wear nix gawest os 'n aryer fershrack'd het, os wie er doh weil tzurick 'n rawd fom truck ferlora hut beim Alvin Hoffman on Hynemansville.

'S wor die tzeit wie der Charlie der ohr'm ferbrocha hut kot, un hut die Joyce Bittner kot fer fuhrmon.

"Gucka mohl Joyce, wos gait darta," hut der Charlie gagrisha wies rawd fer na nous g'shprunga is, un der Charlie huts yusht nimmy finna kenna.

Der Charlie is noh tzum Alvin Hoffman fer hilf, ow'r der Alvin wor net dahame un endlich is noh der Ralph Heilman datzu kumma un huts rawd g'such'd, uns widder nei gamocht.

"Golly," het der Charlie g'sawt, "so 'n tzeit, won numma der Pumpernickle die socha net ous fin'd."

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by
REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

Acts 26:24-27:26.

After Paul had completed his testimony concerning the sufferings, death and resurrection of Christ and the proclamation of the Gospel to the Gentiles, Festus paid him a high compliment, saying, Paul, you're crazy. This gave Paul occasion to declare that he was speaking forth words of truth and of soberness. The phrase 'speak forth' in this v.25 is an unusual word for the New Testament, found only in the Pentecost story of Acts 2 in vs. 4 and 14. The Spirit gave them utterance, is literally, the Spirit

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little, and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Stevenson.

ARE JAPS BECOMING DISILLUSIONED?

For the first time since the war began, Japanese soldiers have surrendered en masse the last two days upon the island of Okinawa. On Thursday, the bag of prisoners was reported to have been 1700. Yesterday the reports said the Japs were coming in by the "thousands."

There is evidence in this that upon Okinawa at least the Jap spirit has been completely broken and that while many of the Nipponese adhere to the ancient custom, hara kari or suicide in some other form, a goodly number have concluded to take a chance with the Americans and also with a life that is to be sullied forever by surrender in battle.

The breaking of the Japanese spirit follows almost three months of constant fighting, during which time the Japs should have been able to see that they had not the remotest chance for ultimate success. During these eighty-odd days the Japs were subjected to constant artillery fire from land-based guns and the great batteries of ships standing off-shore. Closer at hand were machine guns and the guns of tanks. When the Doughboys moved in close the Japs had to face not only bullets but also streams of flame which sought them out in fox-holes, caves or any retreat they might seek.

Perhaps Jap spirit is breaking at places other than upon Okinawa. While we can hope it is, we will not count upon it. But there are some signs that it may be so. Thus in recent days, the Japanese Diet gave over virtually all its powers to the Japanese cabinet for the conduct of the war. That step avowedly was taken to meet an emergency. Apparently the emergency was not successfully handled for yesterday came a radio report that it is highly possible the Japanese emperor will invoke "imperial supreme authority" to rule the empire personally should the emergency confronting Japan become more serious.

All of which is very odd, in fact amusing to our American way of thinking. The Japs believe in the infallibility of the deity of their emperor. But their government is operated by mortal men and therefore is fallible. If and when things go badly for the Japs all that is going to be necessary is to have the emperor invoke his "imperial supreme authority" and then all is going to be well. That seems to be the order of their thinking.

So the sooner that Hirohito takes over "absolute power" and like old King Canute strives to stop the rising tide of American military might that is sweeping against him by land and sea the better it will be for the disillusionment of the Japs. Those on Okinawa who are surrendering have become disillusioned by something or other. The tens of millions will or ought to become disillusioned when Hirohito commands the Superfortresses to stay away from the Jap islands or fall into the sea but the big planes keep coming right in to drop their bombs upon scores of Jap cities.

JUST A MATTER OF MONEY

Recommendation by the current Grand Jury that a new courthouse be built, presumably at the earliest possible time, conforms with recommendations by similar bodies in others years and with a considerable public opinion which has been growing for a long time.

Without any doubt the present building is outmoded and furthermore has been outgrown. This is evident from the fact that so many departments of county government are not in the present central buildings. Further emphasis is afforded in the fact that the recent purchase of the buildings of the defunct Allentown Trust Co. was made in order that some branches of government can be established in those buildings.

Obviously a building to house the entire county governmental system would be ideal. There is no dispute about that in any quarters that we know. The crux of the matter is financial.

If and when county officials can find the money for the job, a new and suitable courthouse will be built undoubtedly.

HIDING FOR A LITTLE MOMENT

When Joachim von Ribbentrop, former German foreign minister and arch Nazi, was captured recently in a rooming house in Hamburg he told British officers that he had determined to keep in hiding until anger against the Nazis had cooled off, after which he had expected to give himself up.

In that explanation was a statement of what appears to be the general German attitude as reported from a host of sources, including soldiers and officers from our own community who write home from Europe.

It was illustrated when the German officers who arranged the surrender offered to shake hands with Americans much as a college football team that has just lost a game may shake hands with the team that won, or as a fighter in a boxing match may advance to the corner of his victorious opponent after the last round to evidence his sportsmanship.

It has been illustrated by thousands of cases of Germans who profess to American troops that they never were Nazis, hated the Nazis and are glad that Hitler is dead. All these were confuted by a single statement of fact made by General Eisenhower just a few days ago when he said that the Allies received no help from the "underground" in Germany for the simple reason that there was no "underground." In other words, there were no anti-Nazis in Germany until it became politic to be such a strange brand of Germans.

In brief, the Germans are merely biding their time for another attempt at revenge. They have learned a lot of lessons from the successful "undergrounds" in the countries that they had conquered only a few years ago. They seem to think they can improve upon them.

Ribbentrop and the rest are saying to themselves, in Biblical phrase: "Hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast."

Navy Losses at Okinawa

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 22.—Eleven destroyers and 20 other warships sunk, 54 warships damaged, of which four were "major units," namely battleships or large aircraft carriers—this is the announced loss which the United States Navy suffered at Okinawa as taken from the official figures.

No naval battle in the Pacific, even including the attack on Pearl Harbor, compares with it when personnel losses are counted. Only one of the 19 warships listed as sunk or damaged at Pearl Harbor was announced as totally lost. Even the three destroyers were salvaged.

As for the losses in personnel at Pearl Harbor, there were 3,303 officers and enlisted men of the Army and Navy killed or missing. The wounded of both services numbered 1,272.

At Okinawa, up to May 29th the Navy and Coast Guard lost 4,729 aboard ships and 4,640 were wounded.

Navy's Biggest Loss

In no single naval battle of surface ships in the Pacific has the American Navy suffered as big a loss as 31 warships sunk and 54 damaged. Thus the Japanese without mustering a fleet delivered a powerful blow by airplanes against the American Naval units stationed off Okinawa.

If the warfare had been confined to a single engagement from the air in two or three days, Japan could not have inflicted such serious losses. The losses came because the United States Navy found it necessary to provide air cover and supply ships for nearly three months while the ground forces battled it out on Okinawa. The Navy stood by off shore waiting for the Army air forces to set up their own airplane defense of the island against a flow of suicide bombers.

On the ground, the casualties of the United States Army up to June 19th were 4,417 killed and missing, while the Marines lost 2,573 in killed and missing. The wounded on Okinawa itself numbered 29,598.

No other naval operation in this whole war in connection with landings either in Sicily, Normandy or anywhere else in the Pacific resulted in such heavy losses in personnel aboard ships for the American or British navies.

But the losses in time as well as damage to ships must be included. The B-29's were called off their most important mission of bombing the heart of Japan so as to get at the air bases from which the Japanese were reinforcing their air operations against Okinawa. Likewise the damage done to the American warships required repairs which took out of active service for an undisclosed length of time a large number of vessels, including the four major units.

Military men here in Washington have been discussing the Okinawa operation for several weeks now. They are not armchair strategists. Some of them actually saw the operations in Okinawa. Reports have been coming back from the scene to all the armed services—Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Military critics may speculate from their arm chairs but reporters talk with persons who know what has happened and if these reporters are conscientious, they tell the public about it and do not worry much as to whose feelings are hurt.

To Be Discussed for Years

It is safe to say that what happened at Okinawa will be discussed in the Army and Navy war colleges for years to come. There will be such questions asked as these: Did the ground commanders utilize their forces to the best advantage? Should landings have been made on the south or southeast coast behind the Japanese lines? Could air cover have been provided for the protection of the ground forces without requiring the Navy to wait it out for nearly three months and thus subject its ships to suicide bombing for that length of time? Should the responsibility for providing air cover have been an Army instead of a Navy function? Were enough forces committed to the Okinawa operation in the first instance so that the operation might have moved more quickly? Could any faster method of building airfields have been devised?

All these questions will be answered by an official inquiry in due time. Probably all the facts will not be disclosed right away, as that would be giving information that is covered under military security.

Meanwhile, it would be most unfortunate if the issues were treated as if they were merely personal controversies between civilian observers and commanders. The parents of the 45,000 boys killed or wounded both ashore and afloat in connection with the whole Okinawa operation have a right to insist that criticism be not suppressed but that there be a healthy discussion of the whole episode at least for the benefit of future operations in the Pacific.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE RUSSIA HATERS

It is unfortunate that a free and frank discussion of Soviet Russia and its relations with other countries always arouses the cry of "Russia Hater." It is possible to discuss favorably or unfavorably Great Britain, France, Poland, the United States, the Pope, anybody and everything without fear or favor. But once the periphery of Russian affairs is reached, an atmosphere of the sacrosanct is apparently invaded. From now on, the Communists will, according to their new program, attack President Truman and they already denounce Secretary Stettinius and Under-Secretary Grew; yet, when an anti-Communist questions the perfections of Stalin or the sincerity of Molotov, he is immediately attacked as a Russia hater.

Actually, few Americans love or hate Russia. They may disapprove of the Russian economic and political system, but for most Americans that only means that they do not want it applied here in the United States. They are not deeply concerned as to how the Russians choose to live. There may be other Americans who feel that Poland got a raw deal at the hands of Russia but they have no particular desire to go to war over that. There are other Americans who are certain, as I am, that the Russian chip-on-the-shoulder attitude is bad both for Russia and America but they prefer to answer back in straight talk rather than by pussyfooting, because they believe that our relations with that country will improve as we cut out the appeasements. After all, it is obvious that Soviet Russia needs our friendship more than we need hers, and we ought to be willing to be friends—but on a decent, straight-from-the-shoulder basis. There is no hating Russia in that.

War Cost to Russia

This war cost Soviet Russia perhaps as much as $50,000,000,000, in capital values, and about 20,000,000 people. Certainly, the sympathies of the American people are with Russia in her losses and for Russia, there is greater advantage and security in that sympathy than in all the political shenanigans in the Balkans and at San Francisco.

In the "New Masses," the Communist weekly, it is possible to read an article by Senator Claude Pepper, in which he asks:

". . . Yet, have you heard Russia questioning Britain's concern for friendly states across the channel or what Britain has done in infested Portugal and Spain or Italy or in any other area adjacent to her lifeline or territory? Have you heard Russia say anything about our relations with Mexico or Central and South America or Canada or even about our having bases in the Pacific?"

What is so astonishing is that Senator Pepper seems to have forgotten all about Toledano and his vast Communist network branching into North and South America out of Mexico City. He seems to know nothing of Russia's revolutionary activities in every country of Asia from 1920 until the present day. I lived in Asia for nearly 14 years and closely witnessed these revolutions and as a reporter wrote about them day by day as they occurred. And even in western Europe, the Communists, operating through the Comintern which exists so obviously that only a blind man cannot see it, in Italy under Togliatti, in France under Thorez, in the United States, in the outburst over Earl Browder's "Americanism"—the game goes on.

It strikes me that all this is a useless game for Russia because if it is true that all that Soviet Russia wishes is security so that she can rebuild, her prospects are spoiled by this political activity. The United States surely would like to aid Russia in her rebuilding program. This country, on a straight business basis, would enjoy the trade that would result from such an interchange of goods and services. It would, in the end, be profitable for both countries. But all that is being spoiled by the external politics of Soviet Russia which no propaganda or intimidation can cover up. The truth will out, no matter how many letters are written to the editor requesting that the truth be suppressed. The real "Russia Haters" are those who, as Communists, make Russia suspect everywhere.

(Copyright, 1945)



With Mrs. Royall Among the Pennsylvania Germans

edited by **EUGENE M. DOLL**

(Research Fellow, Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation)

(Excerpts from her book, Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels Continued in the United States, Washington, 1829. Errors in spelling and grammar have been retained.)

Continued

READING

Is one of the large towns of Pennsylvania. It is situated on the banks of the Schuylkill, in a rich alluvial soil. It is the capital of Berks county, is regularly laid off, and occupies a fine situation, both for beauty and trade.

It contains a court-house, a town-house, a jail, a market house, four churches, an alms-house, and about 5,000 inhabitants. It has, also, one of the finest bridges in the United States. It appears, that whatever these people lay their hand to, or undertake, is better done than things of the same nature are done in other places. There certainly is more taste, talent, and enterprise displayed in this bridge, than I have witnessed in whole towns in some other States—it unites beauty and strength in an uncommon proportion — it is built on piers of great strength, handsomely cornered, and cost $30,000. But the ornamental figures on the pediments, at each end, might convince any one these Pennsylvania Germans are not that **ignorant** dull people they are represented. The figures (I presume) are designed to represent commerce and agriculture—a female is represented, reclining upon a wagon laden with yellow wheat just reaped; the wagon, or cart, is drawn by oxen, and the wheat is hanging down upon the heads of the oxen, and the whole displays the hand of a master.

The alms-house is also a grand establishments, superior to any thing of the kind, excepting the Philadelphia hospital, and it equals that in neatness and comfort, and exceeds it in convenience. It is built upon an entire new and improved plan; the store-rooms and offices, particularly, are a model for imitation. Instead of a single room, or dark passage, a circular passage runs quite round the building, by which means the windows on one side of the passage give light to every room or division on the other, the whole mass forming one circular figure closely united, and yet each apartment is as private, airy and distinct, as though it formed a separate building. The rooms of the paupers are less crowded, and the whole exhibits an air of neatness and elegance unrivalled. The main building is cut into four quarters, by two deep transverse entries, which affords a free circulation of air, and ready access to any part you wish to visit. There is also an hospital attached to the same institution, where I was sorry to find a number confined, it having been sickly on the Schuylkill for some months preceding my visit. This poor-house owns a great fund, and one of the handsomest farms in Pennsylvania! It is a treat to see the pure spring water spouting up in the air, and then falling into a cistern about three feet from the door.

But the junction of the Pennsylvania and Schuylkill canal is the most interesting object we meet at Reading. The Schuylkill canal unites with the Pennsylvania canal at this town; it then proceeds to Middletown, and takes the name of the **Union** canal. The Schuylkill canal has been completed some time to Mount Carbon, the extensive coal mines, and from this place to Philadelphia, 110 miles in all. The Pennsylvania canal, when finished, is to extend to Pittsburg—a great part of this last is finished, and the State is now actively engaged in the enterprize. The object of the Union canal is to unite the navigation of the Schuylkill and Susquehanna at Middletown, (in Dauphin county,) by the Swatara river.

Besides these, a canal of eighteen miles is to open a navigation between the city of **Lancaster** and the Susquehanna; and again, a rail-road is to unite the Susquehanna and Philadelphia, by Lancaster, at Columbia—so say the people of Reading. But this is not all—a canal is to extend from Pittsburg to the Lakes, and Heaven knows where; and another, called the Susquehanna canal, is to unite the State of New York with the Pennsylvania canal, so that the whole State will be canalled. All these canals are in progress, and some completed.

Reading is principally settled by Germans—of course I was delighted with them. The sole and all-weighing cause of my partiality for the Germans, is their aversion to the grey coats, or as they are called in Pennsylvania, **blue stockings.** They have, however, many qualities which I admire, besides this—they are lively, charitable, hospitable, kind, and unaffected. The Pennsylvania ladies, generally, have none of the **deep flounced, big bonnet, long-feathered** pride, found in other States, much less that mock modesty and abominable affectation. They are nature without art, beauty without paint, and religion without hypocrisy; but mind ye, I do not include Philadelphia—too many Tract and Sunday School people there for virture and humility to find room—too many old Father **Smith** and his **sons.**

These Germans, as I observed before, are Lutherans, and the only sect that have nothing to do with tracts. With this exception, they resemble the Unitarians and Universalists—I mean in their deportment, for I know nothing of any of their tenets. The two latter sects do have counteracting tracts. The Lutheran's tracts are his charity, **independence,** and good sense, ignorant and **dull** as he is represented—like his great leader, let the priests deceive him if they can. There are, however, a few blueskins here, but their number is small. I was much gratified with the manners of the people of Reading, and particularly the descendants of the **French** Hugunots, with one of whom I put up, Mr. Levan, a most amiable man. The Messrs. Keimes, an extensive and wealthy family, are also amongst the descendants of the Hugunots. All these families consisted of the nobility of France, and flew, for their liberty and lives, to this country. The ancestor of Mr. Levan settled the place where Reading now stands. From those I have met of those people, they appear to be the flower of our country.

Mr. Levan, who keeps the stage-house, is married to a German lady, and speaks French, English, and German. He is a middle age man, with strong features, open countenance, and nearly as heavy as Auditor Lee, of Washington, but unlike him—his soul is larger than his body. He is as generous as a prince, and a man of princely manners—refused any compensation for my board, (nearly a week,) and drove me in his carriage wherever I wished to go. He is very popular, and no man is more deserving. His wife (he has no children, cruel death deprived him of his only child) and domestics were also kind and accomodating.

Of the Keim's, there are Messrs. G. Keim and son, and V. Keim, President of the Bank, a sister, and the mother, are all I saw. To attempt to draw a picture of these people would be as vain as to attempt to paint the sun, nor would it be at all pleasing to them—modest as they are amiable, they shrink from applause. Bound as I am to hold up virtue and excellence as examples in any event, they would command my admiration and respect; revered and beloved by all who has the pleasure of their acquaintance; conscious of their own worth, they seek no praise but that of an approving conscience. The gentlemen have an ingenuousness of feeling and manliness of deportment unrivalled, and the females possess, at once, every virtue that adorn the sex! There is a heavenly benignity of countenance in them, which would unlock the heart of a Shylock. I never saw a similitude of Mrs. Keim, the mother—she is quite an aged female, but so kind, so pleasant, and so lively, it is no wonder her children excel—such a face is not in being. These remarks, however, in some measure, may be applied to many of the citizens; a most amiable people.

Reading is the residence of some of the first men in Pennsylvania—Hon. Judge Smith, of the Supreme Court, (and now) Hon. Muhlenberg, the Ex-Governor, Gen. Jos. Heister, Hon. Judge Porter, and many others. Judge Smith was absent upon his duties, which I lament, as he was highly spoken of. I called at his house without knowing he was absent, which, had I known, I certainly would not have intruded. The occasion, however, led to an interview with a daughter of the Judge's,a very interesting and accomplished, though very young lady; also his son, the Recorder, a very gentlemanly plain man.

Rev. or Hon. (which you please) Muhlenberg, recently elected to Congress, will doubtless bring ability and talents with him. He is said to be a man of superior natural and acquired endowments, which his appearance and manners would confirm. He is under middle age, tall and slender, thin oval face, dark complexion, and blue eyes, and a countenance of uncommon expression. His manners are mild and natural; he has been a preacher of the Lutheran church some years, and some objected to him on the sole principle of his being a parson; but I would risk him with my slender judgment—no danger of a Lutheran—I wish we had a few more of them in Congress. Their genuine honesty and freedom from bigotry, and every thing of a despotic tendency, is the best and the only pledge we ask—as a sect, they are the best republicans we have. Mr. Muhlenberg preaches in the German and English language. I heard him deliver a sermon, but it was his turn to preach in the German language—of course I did not understand him; but from the action which accompanied the words, I would take him to be a fine orator. He was free from that aukward bobbing up and down, so common and so disgusting in most Atlantic preachers. Governor Heister is an elderly plain man, of very easy manners; but it was nearly dark when we met. He seemed to be a lusty man, of good appearance, and is highly esteemed in Reading. He pressed me to spend some time with him, but it was not possible. Judge Porter is no great things, and his son-in-law, a true blue, is a great deal less—they are alike despised in the place. The latter looked like death on the pale horse.

A Mr. Getz, my bookseller—must not forget him. He called on me in a few minutes after my arrival, and was not often out of my company. He is a warm-hearted intelligent man—the milk and honey of human kindness. He is a young looking man, of great size, good figure, fine features, and a countenance that breathes benevolence and charity. He is the editor and proprietor of a paper, and has a most amiable family. . . .

THE FAIR

The Germans in Pennsylvania have a custom amongst them, which they observe with religious care—this is called a **Fair,** which they hold twice a year. These are distinct from the fairs for selling wares and cattle, and are something like the Thanksgiving in New England, that is, a kind of merry-making. It differs, however, from the Thanksgiving in this—the people make pies, cake, &c. and remain at home, or go to church. The Germans all (that is the young people) repair from the country to the nearest town, and, instead of going to church, go to balls and dance, sometimes two or three days and nights. The wicked creatures—let Dr. Ely get his religion once fixed, and there is an end to dancing and fairs.

But to go on with the fairs. One of these took place at Reading while I was there. The first thing I heard in the morning was music in the bar-room; being informed of the occasion, I stepped to the bar-room door, and there sat two young men playing on violins, and two or three young men and women sitting on a long bench, and three or four others dancing to the music. Being partial to the violin, and fond of seeing young people happy, I stood some time in the door to indulge my feelings.

While I remained there, the young men and women **poured** into the bar-room—the men threw off their cloaks, the ladies (yes, Mr. Bull, we have ladies in America too, virtuous, beautiful, and happy,) threw off their shawls and bonnets, and to dancing they went. This was continued till night set in—the bar-room! See what custom does! In some parts of the United States a lady would think herself disgraced forever, were she to sit down for a minute in a bar-room. This is all affectation, as virtue sanctifies every place it honors with its presence, as our Saviour did the manger; and very possible these same finnicken ladies might do a worse thing in a better place. Nothing, however, could exceed the ease and grace of the females. The men did not dance so well, yet they danced well for people who worked, as doubtless they were all farmers' sons; but the females hopped as light as a feather; they were mostly fair, round faced, and rather low, and far from being squeezed to death in the waist. The day being unfavorable, they were mostly dressed in calico—the young men were better dressed and better shaped; and both were small to what I would have expected; nor did they possess that glow of health which I witnessed in many parts of the State; but the downcast modest blush and innocence of the young women was ravishing—such a picture of innocence never fell in my way. They danced two, three, and four couple; the women, as in olden times, would cut out and fairly dance the men down. The girls conversed little or none, and very few, I was told, could speak English—the young men were more gay and lively; but the room, at length, became so full, that they had scarcely room for more than one or two to dance at a time.

Meantime there is market at the market-house, and every thing that can be mentioned, either to eat or to drink, can be found there; and there the parties hie, and the sweetheart treats his fair one to the best. Here are the finest cut glass, wines, oranges, fruit, and confectionary of all sorts. Every young lady has the privilege (as in the Christmas and New Year presents) to ask the young man to give her a "Fairing," meaning a present—this is pronounced in the German language. The whole is a scene of throng, mirth, and gaiety, and the most appropriate for youth and innocence—shoals of these were coming and going all the day.

At night, after supper, the party adjourned to the dining room, which being very large, they were better accommodated. They danced nearly all night, and renewed it again next day and night. This was the case at all the taverns, and many parties were at private houses: meantime every thing in the streets and shops wears a face of gaiety—the children dressed up, and groups of boys, with cheery faces, all seem to bring happiness to the air, instead of the fair bringing happiness to them.

Many, in fact, most of these, when they marry, receive from 10 to $30,000 (and in many instances more) from their parents—not in cash—the German, dull and ignorant as he is, takes care of that; he never trusts wife nor child with money—they might give it to the missionaries; but he purchases a good tract of land, generally limestone, as it is known to be good. He then builds a barn, which, in worth, is a handsome fortune of itself. If there be no house, a small one is erected next, and the son goes into it, and he and his wife go to work furnished with stock and every thing to his hand for farming or housekeeping; he lays up his money, too; as his father did, so does he, taking care of every cent, and lays it out for his children in like manner.

To Be Continued

DIE ALT HEEMET

Ich waar schunn oft ordlich weid vun heem,
Wie manche Leit in de Weld rum gehn,
Un alsmol weid fart
In de grosse Schdadt,
(O, mei, was iss es so yachtich dart!)
Awwer noch allemol waar ich mechtich froh
Far zurick zu de alde Heemet do,
Wu die beschte Freind in de Weld sin mei,
Un die Luft iss siess un die Koscht iss fei,
Uff de Bauerei.

Die Schdadt iss reich un die Schdadt iss schee,
Awwer yuscht so aarm un aa schlecht, verschteh;
Un do im Land
Sin mer nix bekannd.
Wie de Schdadt ihre gottlos Sind un Schand.
Far do iss en Breddich in alle Schdee,
Un die Hummler singe en Lied im Glee,
Un die beschte Bicher in all de Weld
Macht Gott do uff im Dimmedi Feld,
Uff de Bauerei.

Ya, es macht nix aus wie weid mer gehd,
Mer fiehld am bescht, wann mer heemwegs dred
Zum alde Blatz
Wu sogaar die Katz
Un der Hund em willkumme graad zu Harz,
Un die Fraa, unser Engel, losst alles graad dart
Un kummt mit me Boss vun de alt-'fashioned' Sart;
Un die Kinner rings rum so harrlich un froh.
Was will mer dann fart? 'S iss yo viel besser do
Uff de Bauerei.

Do rugt mer gut, far die Nacht iss schdill,
Un schafft vum Larch zum Wipperwill,
Mit sauwer Blut
Un Abbedit gut,
Un en uffrichtich Harn graad unnich em Hut.
Wer will, kann suche uff weid un breed,
Ich bleib graad do in de alde Weed;
Far ich bin's gewiss, des bleibt immer's bescht,
Un 's iss nix draus rum wie mei alt Heem Nescht
Uff de Bauerei.

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

IWWERG'SCHEID

Heit findt mer Leit, die wisse viel,
Verleicht zu viel far eege Gut!
Erfaahring hot uns des gelaernt:
Wann's windich iss, dann heb dei Hut!

'S iss wunnervoll far g'scheid zu sei,
Der Welt zu saage was zu duh,
Un meene, "ich un ich allee
Bin far die Zeit der g'scheidschte Bu!"

Der Aesop hot vum Bullfrog g'schwetzt,
Der blost sich uff so weit er kann;
Uff eemol iss ken Bullfrog meh—
Dart leid im Dreck der Bullfrog John!

Dief Wasser laaft so samft un schtill,
Der Sunneschtraahl danst schee druff rum;
Der Himmel aa sei G'sicht sehnt drin,
Wer des net weess, gewiss iss dumm!

Denk immer noch, 's hot annre Leit,
Die Ebbes hen, doch boche nie;
Ihrs wachst deweil, un deins nemmt ab;
Mit blose iss glei alles hie!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ. (1874—1945)

Deaths of a Day

JOSEPH L. YOUNG

Joseph L. Young, an inspector for the Bethlehem Steel Co., died suddenly Thursday night from a heart attack in his home, 2061 Glendale Ave., Bethlehem, in his 52nd year. Although he had been in failing health for the past two years he was at work as usual on Thursday.

Mr. Young was born at Nanticoke March 10, 1893, a son of James and the late Sarah, nee Moharter, Young. He resided at Dickson City until a number of years ago, when the family moved to Bethlehem. In his earlier life he was a plumber and later became an inspector at open hearth furnace 3 of the Bethlehem Steel Co. He was a member of the Primitive Methodist church at Dickson City.

There survive his wife, Clara J., nee Hawkins; two daughters, Pearl, wife of Robert C. Young, Bethlehem, and Verna, wife of George M. Couzens, West Catasauqua; his father; one brother, Frank, Harrisburg; one sister, Daisy, wife of Carl Young, Pittsburgh; two grandchildren, and two nephews, Frank Reis, Dickson City, and William Reis, Bethlehem, whom he raised. He was preceded in death by his mother; a daughter, Bertha, and a brother, Arthur.

Rev. Paul M. Harris, pastor of Grace Methodist church, Catasauqua, will officiate at funeral services at the home of a son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Couzens, 214 1st Ave., West Catasauqua, on Monday at 10 a. m. Interment will be made in Priceburg cemetery at Dickson City. The committal service will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Walters of that city.

MRS. MAMIE E. STEIGERWALT

Mrs. Mamie E. Steigerwalt, wife of Claude Steigerwalt, Allentown, died Thursday at her home, 1837 Green St., Reading. She was 50 years old and had been an invalid for the past two years.

She was born and raised in Lenhartsville, and was the daughter of the late Fred and Susan (Zettlemoyer) Reinhart.

Besides her husband there survive two daughters.

Funeral services will be held Sunday from the Nestor Funeral home, Jacksonville, at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the New Bethel cemetery, Albany township. Rev. Ira Klick, Kutztown, will officiate at the services.

MRS. MAIZIE KREIGER

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Bell of Wind Gap received word yesterday of the death of Mrs. Bell's sister, Mrs. Maizie Kreiger, on Sunday at her home in Burlingame, Calif. The body will be brought East for burial. Services will be held at Port Carbon and interment made in Shenandoah.

WENONAH E. A. HOFFMAN

Wenonah E. A. Hoffman, 34, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen B. Hoffman, 1432 Gordon St., died yesterday at the Allentown hospital after a month's illness.

A graduate of Liberty High school, Bethlehem, she had been employed for the past two years as a proofreader at the George P. Schlicher and Son printing house, Allentown. She was a member of St. Michael's Lutheran church.

Besides her parents she is survived by two brothers, Donald B. of Washington, D. C., and Allen W., a Marine corporal stationed in the Pacific area.

Services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Mrs. Paul B. Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St. Burial in Grandview cemetery.

MRS. ALICE H. WALBERT

Mrs. Alice H. Walbert, 52, of 131 W. 21st St., Northampton, wife of Erwin J. Walbert, died last night at her home after a short illness.

She was a daughter of the late Peter and Mary (Newhard) Wentling, and was born and raised in Lehigh county. She had resided in Northampton for the last 30 years, and was a member of the Daughters of America, Council 77. She was of the Lutheran faith.

Besides her husband, she is survived by a son, Seaman Erwin P., Navy, Georgia, and a sister, Mrs. Jerome Deily of Fullerton.

Rev. Sidney Smith will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the late home. Burial at convenience of family.

MRS. HENRY H. ARNDT

Mrs. Verna M. Arndt, 23, wife of Henry H. Arndt, of 151 S. Broad St., Nazareth, died Thursday afternoon in Hamburg sanatorium, where she had been a patient since June 7, 1944. She was born in Plainfield township Aug. 13, 1921, daughter of Mrs. Mabel Brodt Kunsman and the late Victor Stackhouse.

Mrs. Arndt spent all her life until last June in Nazareth and vicinity. She had been employed by the Kraemer Hosiery Co., Nazareth, and was a member of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church Nazareth.

She is survived by her husband and a son, Drew H. Arndt, at home; her mother, Mrs. Mabel Kunsman, of Bangor R. 3; a brother, Russell of Nazareth R. 3, and a sister, Mrs. Clara Kessler, of Bangor R. 3.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2:30 p. m. from the Schmidt mortuary, 357 Belvidere St., Nazareth, Rev. Walter H. Diehl officiating. Interment in Greenwood cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Mackrel Fisher

Won m'r mohl shwetza wil fon ra drup guta mackrel fisher, doh uf kours is 'm mailmon fon Northampton Sammy Gougher sei fisher gang hard tzu beata. Yusht won m'r shwetza fon "Mackrel Fisher," don hen m'r net g'sawt os sie aw mackrel fonger sin, weil 'n grosser unnershit is g'shwishich ma fisher un ma fonger, Tzwae fon da gang worra fonger, un sei wor niemond shunshd os wie Porra. Ralph Hartzel fom hivel, im unnerra dale fon Northampton, un der Sammy selwar. Ol die onnerra os mit worra hen radder in da waiga kot, un may fon da tzeit on da railing tzu gabrocht ous laira, os wie sie hen fisha. Die onnerra in da gang worra niemond shunshd os wie 'm Sammy sei boo der Richard, un drei butcher, der Henry Milander fon Northampton un sei bruder Martin fon Nazareth, un der butcher Paul Biery doh fon da shtadt.

Die butcher hen all'm noh ous gamocht die weil os es onner flaish so rohr wear, kenta sie ferleight 'n lot fish fonga, un shtarta fish ferkaufa in ihra butcher shop, in blotz fom flaish os sie net hen. Ow'r wie g'sawt, sie hen glei alla, drei shtarta farva wexla, —'s airsht sin sie blaich werra, un moh so gail-greelich wie m'r ewwa dut won der sae shtart 's beshd griega fon em seim mauga. Der Richard hut noch so gore so'n lot grossa rote sees kerscha gessa kot, un woh die mackrel druppa weis 'm boat noh kumma sin un hen sie g'fressa so shtarrick os er sie uf gewwa hut.

Mackrel tzu uner'm gawissa sin ungrout fom sae. Sie travla in druppa os mr nix shunshd sehnt wie fish won sie om gae sin, un shwimma so tzu sawga shier owwa uf 'm wosser rum. So weit os bait aw gait, fressa sie aenich ebbes os ins wosser fall'd, un kenna uns noch gute erinnerra wie m'r aw on Briella drous worra, un hen shtickker weissa lumba on die ongla k'hank'd in blotz fon grabs un klams, un hen grawd so fiel fish g'fonga wie won m'r aw fom aller beshda bait gayus'd hetta. 'Tzeita weiss dades shier note m'r dade sich fershteckla uf 'm deck fer bait on die ongla mocha-die mackrel beissa so garn os sie bol ufs boat grodda fer ems bait ous da hand nemma.

Wel aenicha waig, die mackrel party wor aw drous on Briella, un hais'd der Porra un der Sammy hetta laenich 60 grossa mackrel g'fonga fer mit hame nemma. Won die onnerra fierra aw noch fonga hetta kenna, is es leicht tzu sehna wie der mackrel marrick all'm noh gross ordich g'falla wear won sie ol rum so gute gaduh hetta wie der Porra un der Sammy. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wolla die onnerra fisher aw net howwa os es rous kumt os sie yusht fisher worra un net fish fonger, wie sie k'hoff'd hen kot tzu sei eb sie dahame fert sin.

Geils Druvel

Der Bobby Lohrman fon Macungie shure hut shun druvel kotta mit seim shaina ride goul os er doh in kartz 'm so gute ferkaufa het kenna. Der goul is 'n recht picter fer aw gucka, un aw grawd so ferstannich os er shae is. 'S sin yusht tzwae failer os er hut, der aint os er net gleich'd fer 'n tzawn aw howwa fer graws fressa, uns onner, er gleich'd net fer ei g'shpont tzu sei inna gig odder wogga.

'M Bobby sei airshder druvel hut g'shtart wie er da onner dawg der barrick nuf garridda wor gaeich de Siesholtzville shtross tzu, un hut 'n noshion grick'd fer blumma rubba im bush. Die weil os er der goul net mit nei in die hecka nemma hut wolla, hut er 'n outside onna shtumba gabunna. 'S graws hut tzu gute gaguck'd tzum goul fer so darta shtae, noh wos hut er gaduh, os wie hut gatzoga om awbin rema bis der tzawn noh gewwa hut, un noh shtarta graws fressa. Der goul het gute fert shpringa kenna won er gawolt het, ow'r hut tzu fiel fershtond kot fer sel tzu duh, un der Bobby hut 'n noh g'fonga, die ferrissa holfter tzomma gagnibb'd, un der goul hame g'fiehrt.

Da onner dawg hut der Bobby un der Porra Amstutzt dart fom town noh 'n noshion grick'd sie wotta mohl sehna eb sie der goul net inna wogga shponna kenta. Die barichda sin, 's het gore mechdich g'shtawgt wie sie kumme weara mit 'm wogga, un wear hard tzu sawga, war sich 's arrickshd gabloak'd het. Der Bobby un der Por

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I pitied him in his blindness;
But can I boast, "I see?"
Perhaps there walks a spirit
Close by, who pities me. Kemp

TO EXTERMINATE LOCAL DEER

Pennsylvania repeatedly provides surprises as to the wild life that is to be found within her confines. The latest such surprise will come with the announcement from the State Game Commission that during the next hunting season gunners will be permitted to shoot buck deer (except spike-bucks), does and fawns in any part of the State south of Highway 22.

Inasmuch as this important highway cuts thru the territory with which local persons are most familiar this game policy becomes highly interesting. It is made known very plainly by this action that the State wishes to clear the territory lying south of a line passing thru Allentown from east to west as to deer. This clearance is desirable because of the large and valuable orchard properties which are to be found in this area and which have suffered from the depredations of these wild animals. As all who interest themselves in deer and their habits know the deer is a browsing animal and is very fond of the buds and young branches of trees, particularly apple trees.

If the general public gets an idea that deer are scarce in this section from which they are to be eliminated, then consider the reports which show that during 1944 more than 300 deer were killed on highways in the area south of Highway 22. Of this number several were destroyed very close to Allentown. One even found its way into Philadelphia.

It is logical to assume that if more than 300 animals were killed on the highways that a considerably larger number escaped harm. At any rate the State Game Commission expects that hunters in the area described are going to bag anywhere from 1000 to 1500 animals.

AGAIN ALARM ABOUT POLIO

Alarm again has seized the hearts of thousands of local parents who have read about the discovery of a probable case of infantile paralysis, which if genuine will be the first of the current season.

Altho the little victim comes from so distant a rural section as Silver Creek, Schuylkill county, he has been brought to the Allentown hospital because the facilities of this institution are so widely known for their effectiveness in the treatment of this disease.

It is to be hoped of course that the case will prove to be something more simple and curable or that it will be a mild and remediable case of polio. Furthermore it is to be hoped that, if a case of polio, it does not presage another epidemic such as that of 1944 when more than fifty local cases became known.

But it is a bit distracting to hear of a probable case so early in the summer. Usually the cases develop in greater numbers during the later part of the summer, which has led to belief on the part of some that flies have something to do with the transmitting of the disease germs.

At any rate it will be the part of wisdom on the part of parents to watch the condition of their children and to be suspicious of illnesses that may occur to them during the summer. The so-called "summer cold" may be the innocent-looking harbinger of the dread disease.

SECRECY ON SHIPPING ENDS

The giantess of the seas, the Queen Elizabeth, pulled into New York harbor yesterday, emerging from the early morning mists as she came in from the North Atlantic while overhead a gleaming dirigible balloon floated and nearby tugs and other vessels opened up their raucous whistles to salute nearly 15,000 American troops which were returning home from Europe.

Of course a lot of other ships, as we know, have been arriving in New York during recent days and weeks with conquering heroes but the arrival yesterday of the Queen Elizabeth marked the raising of the curtain which has screened publicity about shipping ever since the war began in Europe in 1939.

For more than five years the Queen Elizabeth has been moving in and out of New York harbor with troops and supplies. But for five years all her moves have been shrouded with as much secrecy as can be put around an 84,000-ton ship. Altho German submarines at times lay in the vicinity of New York harbor and wolf-packs were spread across the North Atlantic lanes, the Queen Elizabeth as well as her sister ship, the Queen Mary, eluded all prowlers and by dint of their great speed—30 knots or better—escaped all attack. It is entirely probable that not a single German sub even dispatched a "fish" against either one of them because of their great speed.

In the course of the war the two big ships transported more than a million American soldiers to Europe and now that the war is over they can be expected to make frequent runs, always loaded to the rails with American warriors.

In the days of peace the big ships were the Atlantic's leading luxury liners. The war has made the two ships the "world's most useful transports" inasmuch as they can carry the equivalent of a great fleet and they can do the job in anywhere from a half to a third of the time required by average passenger ships.

WE HAD MANY NARROW ESCAPES

Before the war there were a great many persons of the "it can't happen here" class. Their numbers were reduced when the war was entered and as it proceeded. Since the war has ended and nothing serious has occurred to the stay-at-homes in the United States, the old sense of security may rebuild the serried ranks.

To maintain the proper degree of humility and encourage the thankfulness that Americans should feel for having been spared the terrors of bombings and invasion it is good to learn how close was American escape from all these things. We know a lot of matters that might have happened but did not, just by a hair, and daily are informed as to more.

Thus airmen who have gone into Norway report that the Germans had built a colossal airfield near Oslo just before the war ended. And they had almost completed preparations for bombing New York from this base. When Norway was surrendered, forty gigantic bombers, capable of carrying fuel for a 7000 mile trip, were found at the base. The planes were of a new type and had been built especially for a trip to and attack upon New York City.

If the war had gone on a little longer, we'd have had interesting but unwelcome visitors from Europe. And if they had missed New York or been driven away who can say they might not have struck out for Bethlehem and Bethlehem Steel? That was a big enough target to intrigue the Nazis.

Truman's Tactful Move

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The full story of the Okinawa campaign remains to be told but there are segments of it becoming available now which reflect great credit on the soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen who fought the battle ashore and from the deck of ships.

The latest disclosure, for instance, of the part played by the Naval Air Forces in operating virtually as a tactical air force in support of ground troops for nearly three months reveals an amazing achievement. It has never been intended that airplanes flying from the decks of ships should be able for so long a time to support ground troops—firing away at communications on shore, artillery emplacements and other enemy installations.

"It was the kind of a job we didn't know we could do," said Admiral C. T. Durgin, commander of escort carrier forces at Okinawa. This is but another way of saying that the Naval Air Forces never expected to be called upon to do it. It has always been the primary job of the Navy, of course, to protect the Army and Marine Corps troops until such time as they can provide their own air cover from conquered air fields, but it never has been believed that the Navy could be required to provide air protection for a land base for three months.

It has been made known from Guam also that more than 35,000 sorties were flown by the escort carrier planes—more than at any other time in the present war by this type of aircraft. But 35,000 sorties were not all. The combat air patrols from the larger aircraft carriers must be added so that the number of sorties must have been many thousands larger in number for the whole three months campaign.

Pilots flew as many as four missions every day which, Admiral Durgin said, meant nine hours in the air of constant fighting and he added, "That's too much."

The fact that the naval air forces accomplished this feat of tactical air support is evidence, however, of the wisdom of the United States Navy leaders in past years who insisted that the air arm must be trained to work with the fleet rather than separately. It is evidence also that in areas where shore-based aircraft cannot be used because airfields haven't been built or because our available shore bases are out of range, the Navy must provide the floating bases for an indefinite period of time. It is confirmation, too, of the foresight of the Marine Corps in this war in training their own air wing in support of ground-troop operations.

The astonishing thing about the Okinawa operation is that when the landings were made the tactical air force was actually directed and commanded from the shore by naval officers who cooperated on the ground with army commanders. The team worked daily to bring in from the fleet constantly from dawn to dusk the necessary air strength to assist the movement of troops on the ground.

This is entirely apart from the activities of the Naval Air Forces in what are known as strategic operations, that is, in neutralizing bases several miles distant from which shore-based planes of the enemy could come in to harass our troops on Okinawa.

Altogether, the operation of the Naval and Marine Air Forces in close conjunction with ground commanders shows the versatility of the modern aircraft carrier which at the start of this war was expected to be used chiefly as a weapon of offense to strike at or neutralize enemy bases and not so much to provide air cover against shore-based planes for long periods of time.

The next lengthy record which the Naval Air Forces have made in this war in a similar operation was at Leyte where they protected General MacArthur's troops for nearly five weeks and saved the MacArthur divisions from heavy losses from enemy bombers, and especially covered the supply ships which had to stand by for a long time till coral could be found with which to construct the air fields.

The importance of the use of tactical air forces from the decks of warships to support ground troops is that it illustrates concretely how army and navy units can be integrated effectively when their operations are well planned and when specialists are assigned to the task in hand.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE OPA

No matter what politics ultimately does to the OPA, this much is clear: the OPA has lost the confidence of enough of the American people to require that a new agency of government handle the food of the nation. Congress might pass and the President might sign the Bill extending the life of OPA but that will not restore confidence in an agency which the people are daily learning to distrust. Shortages not only in meat and sugar but in articles of clothing are irking a nation which has had no other explanation than that the Black Market is more powerful than the government. A people whose sons have defeated Hitler's army and are defeating the Japanese, cannot accept the impotence of a government agency at home with equanimity.

The Hoover Amendment is sound to the extent that it places responsibility for the food of the people in the Department of Agriculture where it belongs. The American people want to eat the food they raise and it is the obligation of government to eliminate waste, hoarding, corruption, abuse of authority and any other impediment to a proper distribution of food.

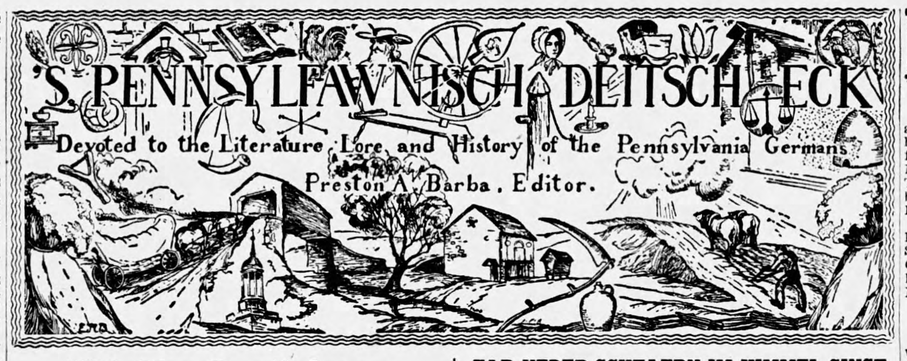
Were we a nation like England that had to import much of its food, we would have to face the consequences of geography. Were we a nation like Germany that had been defeated in war, we would have to face the consequences of failure. But we are the granary of the world. We possess an enormous population of cattle. We are rich beyond the dreams of most of the human race. We dare not admit that under our form of government it is impossible to devise a system of distribution of commodities that actually exist, adequate to the needs of the people. If this is an exhibition of the ability of the welfare state, it is to our advantage to know now how incompetent such a state is as compared with the normal operations of enterprise unfettered by state control.

In Truman's Lap

President Truman has inherited the OPA, the WFA and all the agencies which inhibit the movement of food. He continues to take the position that he will sustain the Roosevelt policies. Nevertheless, one of his earliest acts of departure of a new Secretary of Agriculture who will, when he takes office, have expanded powers over food. The House of Representatives has already increased those powers. The House responded to the will of the country.

The OPA is unfortunate because it was conceived in error and perpetuated by incompetence. Before it came into existence both Herbert Hoover and Bernard Baruch advised the necessity of dealing with food as an overall proposition, not to be segmented into several differing and conflicting agencies. This advice was rejected. Instead, under Leon Henderson, a complicated bureaucracy was erected which became so elephantine that, as much as Mr. Roosevelt liked Henderson, a change in the leadership of that administration had to be made. The present incumbent, Chester Bowles, inherited a faulty law, an incompetent administration, and an unfocussed program. He has not been able to save the situation and it has degenerated until now even the Democrats in the House of Representatives rebel against its continuance in its present form.

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With Mrs. Royall Among the Pennsylvania Germans

edited by EUGENE M. DOLL

(Research Fellow, Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation)

(Excerpts from her book, Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels Continued in the United States, Washington, 1829. Errors in spelling and grammar have been retained.)

Continued

I passed several farms, (or principalities rather,) the owners of which were said to have then in the house large chests of specie, which nothing would induce them to lend at any interest, or trust inside of any bank, with the whole United States for security! I like them. If every one had as much sense, the missionaries would not be as they are, in possession of so large a revenue. A German, I find, is always on the safe side.

One lady and two gentlemen took seats with me in the Lancaster stage, and though Moravians, were not very sociable—they belonged to another settlement of Moravians, called Litiz, near Lancaster, where it appears they have a very flourishing school, at which I did not stop.

The beauty of Pennsylvania appears just to burst upon the traveler as he proceeds to Lancaster from Reading, and becomes more beautiful every miles of the distance. Two things suggested themselves to me as I drove over this fertile State, viz that neither the inhabitants themselves, nor the inhabitants of other States, have any idea of the superiority of Pennsylvania over other States, it being almost out of the common routine of fashionable tours; and no writer has, or perhaps can, do justice to Pennsylvania.

The country is visible to a great extent, the road sometimes rising upon gentle swells; the land then suddenly changes to a rich level soil, the whole chequered with fields, meadows, orchards, and adorned with alternate patches of lofty timber, surpassing any forest trees in height and symmetry on this side of the Ohio river.

As you draw near Lancaster, it still grows more beautiful—level as far as the eye can see, and as rich as any bottom land on the western waters, and in such beautiful order—the ploughing, the fences, (post and railing,) exact and regular to a mathematical nicety—not a particle to mar the beauty of the prospect.

We passed Litiz, eight miles from Lancaster, a flourishing village, and here two of my fellow travellers got out of the stage. The Academy is a handsome building, and about the door I saw a number of handsome intelligent youths—the students, as I suspected. We also passed by Dunkardtown, all in ruins—the houses were unlike any thing in the shape of a house, though something like the old Dutch house in Albany. There are but few living of the Society, and those few are very poor, not being able to work their land, which they cannot, from the nature of their charter, dispose of.

LANCASTER CITY

Is the largest inland town in the United States, and is surrounded by a large unbroken body of the richest land in Pennsylvania, or in any other of the Atlantic States. It is handsomely laid off, all the streets crossing at right angles; but the houses are low, excepting a few in the centre of the city, and a few scattering ones here and there.

As I drove into the principal street, I was no little amused at a large body of men singing Jackson's march, and dragging a great hickory tree large enough for a mast for a 74 gun frigate. I waved my handkerchief to a uniform company, and was cheered down the street to the tavern. In the evening several called to see and learn who I was. We passed several of these trees on the way, with green boughs on the top, as though it were growing.

There are two principal streets in Lancaster which diverge from a large square in the centre of the city; at the extremity of these streets, all of which ascend from the centre square, were to be seen, at once, four of these lofty trees, decorated with flags and green boughs.

It would be very reasonable to suppose that I had seen enough of the world, by this time at least, to be cured of prejudice, that bane of human intelligence and philanthropy—no such thing. Notwithstanding my disappointment in every town, in every part of the Atlantic country, and in every inch of ground I had travelled, I entered Lancaster with the grossest prejudice.

I strove to gain some opinion of the actual character of the place as I came on—all I could obtain was, that "it was principally settled by Germans." Some few were clever; but, upon the whole, I had little encouragement to change an opinion I had imbibed many years' since. (In the original Mrs. Royall here relates an anecdote concerning the inhabitants of Lancaster which she heard as a child. In it they are described as boorish "Conestoga Dutchmen" of gigantic size. It is here omitted both on account of its great length and because it does not reflect the impressions and opinions of Mrs. Royall herself.)

Though I did expect to see good land about Lancaster, I expected to be run over or swallowed up by some great Conestoga Black Dutchman.

Had I reflected I might have supposed that Lancaster, like the rest of the United States, had improved, and that it must differ greatly from what it was 40 years since. No,—the Conestoga Dutchmen, big stoves and sour crout bar-rooms were too firmly fixed to be removed. I might have supposed, from what I had seen of the size of the men at Reading and on the road that the men of Lancaster would not be giants, and I might, and certainly ought to have supposed that they had something like other people about them. No such thing. The anecdote settled the business. Now, so far from being Dutchmen, there is not a Dutchman in Lancaster, and so far from being as big as Goliah, they are hardly common size, and so far from being vulgar, ignorant, uncouth and inhospitable people, Lancaster is the garden spot of Pennsylvania, take it on every ground, and not only of Pennsylvania, but of the whole Atlantic country. There is not a more kind, generous and hospitable people in the Union, so far as I have travelled. There is certainly more learning in Boston, but more hospitality no where, nor more good sense—nor did I hear one German word pronounced in the place.

In the course of the evening a number of gentlemen called; in short, my parlor was seldom empty of noble hearts during my visit, and the society equal, in many instances superior, to any I met with of all the cities and towns I have visited. When I speak of society, I mean refinement and the common courtesies of gentlemen; but these people do not stop here—they take you to their bosoms. Thus much for the Conestogas.

I was much hurt to find from Mrs. Dickson, there was but one small library in Lancaster, and that kept by a lady. Well done my sex! But my Conestogas must do better than this. If they leave literature to women, and them unsupported, I am afraid they will lose it altogether.

They were going on here very well until the missionaries slipped in, the sly traitors, all good is sure to fly before them; their name is terror and destruction. When Mrs. Dickson heard me speak so sharp to that old black coat, she turned pale from fright, so tyrannical do they rule—more shame to the people. I am astonished the Germans did not keep a better look out. These missionaries have a strong fortification here too, and not far from the state-house.

I walked from Mrs. Dickson's to the library, and found two very pleasant ladies there also. I asked them if they did not want the 2d volume of the Black Book? (1 Mrs. Royall's second book of travels in the United States) presuming they had the 1st. "Yes, madam, and glad to get it—no books are so much called for as the Black Book." They were quite liberal, joined me in laughing at the long faces, and made a similar declaration to Mrs. D., that is, a right down shameful complaint of want of patronage. I comforted the ladies, by telling them I should touch up the Conestogas.

This is the very reason the grey-backs have got amongst them; they ought to have more Moravian schools; more well conducted schools of any sort. After chatting and resting a few minutes, I happened to look across the street, and saw a tall officer-like elderly looking man; and though he was dressed in red flannel, it could not disguise his noble mien. He was a fine figure for his age, six feet three inches it is said, and as straight as an Indian. The ladies seeing I admired him, said, "That is General **Mosier!** a soldier of the revolution; fought at the battle of Bunker's Hill; was born and reared in Boston, though long a resident of Pennsylvania." I stepped over to speak to him, and found him quite a Chesterfield in his manners, and (stare not reader) a blacksmith—his face one of the finest in nature, and as active as a boy.

A little after I seated myself at the window, the Sheriff made proclamation that the polls were open. There was but very few round the court-house, which surprised me. They do not go into the court-house to vote; none but the judges go in, and the door is kept shut. The voters walk up to a window, and slip in the ticket through a pane. But never, of all the elections I have witnessed, did I see one conducted with less eclat! The voters walked up one by one, slow and solemn; not a word escaped them; each man put in his ticket, and then walked off; no crowding; no taking aside, as they do in the western States; no whispering; no drinking; no swearing; all was silence and deliberate decorum; and this, I was told, is the manner in which elections are always conducted throughout the State. It would be difficult to enslave Pennsylvania—they are too determined, and value their safety too high. Every thing was as still as a funeral till the election was over, which was about sundown. But then the city rang with acclamations and huzzas for Jackson, the hero of Orleans, &c. The band struck up, (a very full one) and a large party marched through the streets, preceded by the music.

At length, as I sat listening, through the window, with the sash up, I saw several large lights approaching, of a deep red. The sight startled me no little—several moving fiery machines, high in the air! At first I took it to be a supernatural appearance: in short, I could not tell what to think of it—there were six moving figures in all, of different size. The music kept with it, and they kept drawing me—they were transparencies! the first I ever saw, excepting a small one at a theatre. At length they came under my window—I was about to run, when I was told the name and nature of the phenomenon — they began to turn round, as if were by magic—I could see no person, as they were stuck on the end of long poles—the machines shaded the persons who carried them. They had several sentences, in large letters printed; and the light within was so bright, the figures and lines could be distinguished with ease.

General Jackson was visible, arrayed in a rich suit—his sword, epaulets, &c. shone like the sun; Binn's coffin handbills, &c. &c.

They paraded through the streets for some hours, and then dispersed. Next day I was told the drawing and whole project was executed by a youth about fifteen years of age.

I was introduced to him in the course of the day, and he furnished me with the size of the transparencies, as follows: a large transparency 3 feet 6 inches square, with a large pyramid on the top—Pennsylvania, and 48,000 majority. The second transparency was nearly three feet square; the other two were something less. Besides these, there were two or three small ones, merely as ornaments. General Jackson was represented in various attitudes, sometimes drawn in a triumphant car, in a splendid dress; on another side, in a cloud of glory; and again, at the head of his army, and then eating acorns, and as a stripling in the American army; Binns and his coffin handbills, &c. &c. The drawing was admirably done — the name of the young artist was Julius A. **Keffer** — he designed and conjured up the whole of it. This was the greatest display of beauty and ingenuity I ever expect to see. Thus ended the election of Lancaster—I do not recollect the majority, but it must have been considerable.

The court-house is a very handsome building, and stands in the centre of the city—the market is near to it. The banks and most of the churches are costly elegant buildings, (particularly the churches have, by far, too much show and expense,) also the academy. The poor house is near the Conestoga, a very improper place by the bye, as the paupers have been very sickly since the canal was cut. The poor-house, one mile from the city, is very large, but not so neatly kept, or so convenient as that at Reading. It owns a fine farm, and gardens, and the whole revenue is between 6 and 7000 dollars, and generally about 300 paupers, many of whom were in the hospital attached to the poor-house when I called.

On the banks of the beautiful Conestoga, (if I were them I would alter the name,) on a rich alluvial soil, surrounded with weeping willows, gardens of the richest flowers, neat white gravel walks, trimmed with green edging, delightful hedges, smooth neat fields, orchards, squares, and meadows stands the alms-house of Lancaster, with dams and bridges, canals and manufactures, in full view!! The college I did not visit.

To be concluded

FAR YEDER SCHTAERN IM HIMMEL SINGT

Melody: Faith of Our Fathers

Mit dem des Schtaerne yede Nacht
Der Himmel blo uffleichte so,
Vun Haerze froh wisse mer noh
Dass Gott regiert als noch un wacht—
Far yeder Schtaern im Himmel singt
Vun Gottes Lieb, un zu uns bringt.

Ken Grick ihr Yubel schtoppe kann,
Ken Blutvergiess bringt Finschdernis;
Ihr Psalter iss en Sach gewiss,
Das nix uff Aerd vernichte kann—
Far yeder Schtaern im Himmel singt
Vun Gottes Lieb, un zu uns bringt.

Wann Druwwel do dich iwwernemmt,
Schau in die Heeh, die Schtaerne seh;
Del Druwwel glee dutt schnell vergeh,
Un du singscht aa—un unverschemmt—
Far yeder Schtaern im Himmel singt
Vun Gottes Lieb, un zu uns bringt.

Bischt schwarz, bischt weiss, es macht nix aus,
Die Schtaerne hoch sie gehn dir nooch
Mit Liebesschproch, un finne doch,
Vun Berg zu Daal, vun Haus zu Haus—
Far yeder Schtaern im Himmel singt
Vun Gottes Lieb, un zu uns bringt.

Schteh bei! Wer hot es so erdenkt!
Net alles Geld uff daere Welt—
'S iss Lieb's gemeldt in Busch un Feld,
Un wu's gebraucht, beim Haerzvoll g'schenkt—
Far yeder Schtaern im Himmel singt
Vun Gottes Lieb, un zu uns bringt.

—DIE BUSCH AMSCHEL.

DIE BOI SCHIPP

(Die Britsch)

Die Mammi waar ee Daag am Backe
O, so scheene, gute Sache.
Sie glaagt es gingt re awwer net recht,
Ebber hett die Boi Schipp weck.

Der Johnny hot die Kieh solle hiete,
Dass sie net ins Welschkaern gingte;
Ums Krautschtick iss ken Fens gebaut.
Geb acht, schunscht gebt's ken Sauerkraut.

Er hot die Mammi heere saage,
Sie misst sich unni Boi Schipp bloge;
En Kaerli iss er, as recht gaern helft,
Er iss net faul, der kleene Schelm.

O, was hawwich misse lache,
Der Johnny iss ans Boi Schipp mache;
En Schindel hot er beigeholt,
Drowwe beim alte Wetherholt.

Aerscht sie schee glatt mache vanne,
Ei, was kann mer vun ihm laerne;
Wann sie net recht leicht neigeht,
Die Mammi sich verzaerne daet.

En Handle hot er draa gemacht—
Geb yuscht uff die Schliwwer acht;
Er hot sie hardich neigenumme,
Iss dann widder weckgeschprunge.

Die Mammi will es Feier fixe,
Far der Offe recht uffhitze,
Ei, was waerd re 's Gesicht so rot!
Es iss gewiss ken Holz meh do.

Der Johnny hot schier gaar vergesse,
Das die Kich gaern Kraut un Welschkaern fresse.
Nau schpringt er schier gaar aus der Haut,
Sie sin in der Mammi ihrem Kraut.

Die Mammi hot ihn heere schelte,
Un's waar doch noch net Zeit far Melke;
Sie hot die Boi Schipp beigeholt,
Un hot der Johnny gut versohlt.

Nau, kleene Buwe, gewwen acht,
Dass ihr's net wie der Johnny macht;
Duhn der Mammi ken Boi Schipp bringe—
Sie gebraucht sie verleicht far annere Dinge.

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

Deaths of a Day

ELIZABETH GRAHAM

Brief services will be held at 10:30 a. m., Monday at the Grim funeral home, 817 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, for Elizabeth Graham, of 136 E. Market St., Bethlehem, who died Thursday night in St. Luke's. Private burial will be made in the family plot, Nisky Hill.

Miss Graham was a daughter of the late James and Eliza Farris Graham. She is survived by a sister, Mildred Graham, with whom she made her home. She was a member of the First Presbyterian church.

DANIEL J. DESMOND

Daniel James Desmond, seven-week-old son of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Desmond, 28 N. 15th St., died yesterday afternoon at the Sacred Heart hospital. Besides his parents he is survived by a brother, Parry, and a sister, Ann.

MRS. WILLIAM O. McDONALD

Alice Mildred McDonald, wife of William O. McDonald, of 323 Erie Ave., Quakertown, passed away at the late home Wednesday night. Born in Ellsworth, Me., she was the daughter of William and Sarah H. Pettingill Spelman.

Surviving are the husband, a son, Lieutenant Donald V. McDonald, of the 14th Rescue Boat squadron, stationed in Manila; a sister, Mrs. Frank Holstrom, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia; and one brother, Dr. Harry T. Spelman, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Services will be held at the Trefinger funeral home, N. Ambler St., Quakertown, at the convenience of the family. Interment in the Quakertown Union cemetery.

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

Q. How many ships took part in the Iwo Jima invasion? V.C.S.

A. In the two landings approximately 800 naval vessels took part with a personnel of more than 220,000.

Q. Are members of the Women's Reserve of the Coast Guard serving overseas? V.B.A.

A. Spars are authorized to serve overseas. The local headquarters says that there are 19 serving in Alaska with more on the way, and 130 in Hawaii.

Q. How many national cemeteries are there in the United States? E.R.

A. There are approximately 81 national cemeteries in the United States.

Q. Could a man who has been placed in Class 1-A join the Merchant Marine? D.N.M.

A. The Selective Service System says that the registrant should discuss the matter with his local board.

Q. How thick is the armored deck on a large United States battleship like the Iowa? S.H.A.

A. The thickness of the armored deck on the Iowa as not less than six inches anywhere.

Q. Who is the champion wrestler? D.K.

A. The present champion is Steve "Crusher" Casey.

Q. Has there been a recent change in the age limit requirements for admission to the U. S. Naval Academy? D.S.A.

A. By an Act of Congress approved September 24, 1940, all candidates for entrance to the United States Naval Academy must be not less than 17 years of age nor more than 21 years of age on April 1 of the calendar year in which they enter the Naval Academy. Previously candidates could not be less than 16 nor more than 20 years of age on April 1 of the year of entrance.

Q. How many persons in the armed forces cast absentee ballots in the November 1944 presidential election? I.A.R.

A. According to a report of the Census Bureau, 2,691,160 persons of voting age in the armed forces out of an estimated total of 9,000,000 voted by means of absentee ballot.

Q. Are passenger airplanes equipped with parachutes? N.I.B.

A. The Civil Aeronautics Administration says there is no regulation requiring passenger planes to carry parachutes.

Q. What countries never belonged to the League of Nations? N.L.F.

A. The United States and Saudi Arabia are the only nations which have never been members.

Q. Why were the artificial harbors used by the Allies to invade Normandy called mulberries? C.L.S.

A. The term "mulberry" originated as a code word used by the Allies to refer to these harbors.

Q. What is the proportion of women to men in the aircraft industry? C.L.G.

A. It is estimated that women comprise half of all aircraft builders in the United States.

Q. What American college has a Walk of Fame? V.E.B.

A. Rollins college in Florida. The Walk of Fame consists of 450 stepping stones taken from the birthplaces of distinguished men and women.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Bisnis Is Bisnis

Won ebber is os wase wie bisnis tzu duh, don is es der shtorekipper, wert, postmaishder un bauer Earl H. Reichert fon Londis Shtore. 'S mocht nix ous wos er dut, beer tzoppa, shtore socha odder shtamps ferkaufa, odder shoff leit uf 'm lond hut, arwet os gaduh sei mus wert gaduh,—un des gore sonderbore shnell. Un war sel net glawbt, het da onner dawg numma dabei sei solla wie sei shwover Webster Kemp ferwish'd is wera im hoy feld mit ma gawitter raya un wor wesh puddle nos bis er nei noch 'm hous kumma is.

Now 'n monicher onnerer bauer het g'sawt, "Webster, huck dich hee bis'd gadrick'ld bish'd, noh gae widder deinra arwet noh." Ow'r net so der Earl. Wos hut er gaduh die weil os er etlicha weibsleit om ob worta wor im shtore wie der Webster nei kumma is, os wie er hut der Webster yusht so shy aw gaguck'd un g'sawt, "g'shwind tzieg dei nos hem ous, ich geb d'r 'n drucknas."

Un sel is aw grawd wos der Earl gaduh hut, ow'r hut doch net gaduh wos der "Web" gamaint hut os er dade. Der "Web" wor shure er gaibt ihm 'n funkle nei hem fom shelf, ow'r inshtadts fon sel duh, hut der Earl sei aigna hem ous uns 'm "Web" onna k'hova fer aw duh. Un so wie m'r fershtain, hut ers hem aw ganumma un aw, un is now hous ferwos der Earl immer awenich ocht gebt wen er frok'd fer shoffa uf 'm lond. Er dade net denka fer so'n glainer krutzer dinga wie der bicher binner Charlie Lenkel fon iwwer 'm hivel driwwa, aw'r gleich'd immer shoff leit tzu howwa seinra aigna pushture noh, so won sie in der raya kumma un werra nos, os er na fon seina glaider laina kon, un ken tzeit ferlora gait fer hame gae sich rum shtrippa.

Shier Ken Musick Gewwa

So wie die barichda yusht rei kumma sin, het der Harry Boyer fon Long Swamp da onner owet in aim hoar net arrick fiel ferrissa wie er nous noch Reading wor fer shpiela mit da Ringgold band. 'S hut yusht 'n practice sei solla, ow'r practice odder net, niemond ken shpiela won er ken harn hut, un grawd so is es 'm Harry gonga. Er wor shure er hets harn uf da mashine wie er dahame fert is, ow'r so wohr os allas wie er gonga is fers harn friega wons net g'fail'd hut, un huts yusht naryads finna kenna. Die shracka worra gross, un arbadich noch so, die weil os er wase wie hard os harner alla weil tzu griega sin, un hut net onnishder os wie gadenk'd er hets aryads fertzott'ld.

Die weil os der Harry noh gadenk'd hut der band leader maich'ds ferleicht net gleicha won er sella owet darrich die finger peifa dade, is er ains gongs nous uf sei mashine, un tzurick hame noch Long Swamp fer sehna eb ers harn doch ferleicht net dahame leia het lossa. Un grawd so wors aw wie er hame kumma is, 's harn hut dahame in da shtub galaiga woh ers owets dafor onna galaig'd hut kot. Die barichda sin, der Harry het gore ken tzeit ferlora fer widder tzurick nous noch Reading gae, un wear ols noch in tzeit gawest fer die tzwae ledshda shticker fom owet helfa darrich blosa. 'N aryer Harry, net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis ken onnerer waig, won der Harvey Conrad fon g'shwishich Long Swamp un Alburtis 'm becker Louie Shoemaker fert geil laina wil fer rida gae, mus er 'n waig finna fer der Louie uf 'm goul halta.

Der Louie hut da onner dawg 'n goul galain'd fer rida gae, un allas wor ol recht bis der goul unna badenk'd g'shtopt hut drous uf 'm grossa waig, un der Louie is bartzelbaum farna owwa iwwer 'm goul sei kup nous in die shtross g'floga.

Wos tzu duh is die froke, dale hen shun bahabt der Harvey sot 'n soddle fixa mit hoka fer der Louie fosht hanka mit da hossa sitz, un onnerra maina, abissel bech odder malosich uf 'm soddle, maich'd aw ken shawda duh.

Acnicha waig, 's mus ebbes gaduh sei weil der Louie klaimt, won er rida wot, wot er rida un net der goul fierhra, un won er ebbes fierhra wot, wot er 'n hund omma bend'l howwa, un net so'n grosser dobbicher goul.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

This day gives self-reliance, sympathy, a strong will and refined artistic tastes. You are cool and practical careless of the opinion others may have of you, and absorb knowledge easily. Be warmer in your affections. Today you should graciously accept the gifts if fate should swing things your way. No particular initiative may be necessary, but you need not doze on the job of watchful waiting, either. You may find a pleasing solution to a home problem.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, June 30, 1920

Bids for alterations of the Herbst and Sheridan school buildings, the first two schools of this district to undergo remodeling in the extensive building program of the Allentown school district, were opened at a meeting of the school board.

Fred L. Shankweiler, advertising manager of H. Leh and Co., and Esther L. Smith, daughter of Mrs. Anna and the late Charles W. Smith, of this city, were married in the Linden St. M.E. church, by Rev. J. T. Satchell D.D.

At the meeting of the Jordan Council, No. 746, Junior Order United American Mechanics, who have their rooms in the Allentown Crockery hall, St. 7th St., held their regular weekly meeting and election. Those who were elected were: Councilor, Preston Weinsheimer; vice councilor, George E. Fogel, and secretary, H. A. Shover.

The funeral of William L. Hartman, day city editor of the Morning Call and one of the best known newspapermen in the Lehigh Valley, was held from his home at 33 N. 13th St. The services were conducted by Rev. A. O. Reiter, pastor of St. John's Reformed church and Rev. Dr. William F. Curtis, president of the Allentown College for Women.

Household Pests

Even the most careful of housewives may find to her horror that some obnoxious pest has invaded her home—an uninvited guest which will do untold damage if it gains a foothold. The booklet, COMMON HOUSEHOLD PESTS, tells you how to wage war successfully on these intruders; how to eliminate moths, ants, mosquitoes, flies, termites, fleas, silverfish, rats, and mice. Get to work before the harm is done. Order this booklet today. 10 cents postpaid.

USE THIS COUPON

The Allentown Morning Call
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Washington 2, D. C.

I enclose herewith TEN CENTS in coin (carefully wrapped in paper) for a copy of the booklet COMMON HOUSEHOLD PESTS.

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State .....
(Mail to Washington, D. C.)

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by
REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

2 Samuel 19:16-43

After the death of Absalom, David was eager to return to his office as king in Jerusalem. In v. 15 he returns in what might be called a triumphal procession. Those who were his enemies while in temporary exile came to confess their wrong and to pledge allegiance. We may consider this as a type of the return of our Lord Jesus in glory to the land which saw His humiliation, when the nations shall appear before Him and offer gifts, Isaiah 60:3-6. Shimei, who had thrown stones at David and cursed him, probably fearing what David might well do to him, appears at the ford of the Jordan as David's family was crossing on a ferryboat, v. 18. David spares his life, does not forgive him, and shows his real feeling toward him in 1 Kings 2:8, 9. Barzillai, an octogenarian, who had supplied David with necessities during his exile, feels too old to return with David, so after a brief stay with him, he returns, leaving Chimham, perhaps his son, whom David honors, perhaps by building for him a home. Note Jeremiah 41:17, "the habitation of inn, of Chimham" at Bethlehem. Was this the inn which welcomed Jesus at His birth?

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only. Ruskin.

PULLMAN CARS FOR THE ARMY

When a lot of American soldiers, en route from Europe to the Pacific war area, passed thru Kansas City recently in antiquated day coaches that were about as uncomfortable in every respect as dirty old cars can be, their tempers boiled as they saw a lot of Italian prisoners being herded aboard Pullman sleeping cars.

Then they started something. They let the wide world know that they resented the discrimination in favor of men who only two years ago were fighting our troops bitterly after all the earnest appeals of President Roosevelt to their leader, Mussolini, to remain out of the war had been scorned.

For themselves there was early action. When they got to Salt Lake City the railroad authorities saw to it that sleeping cars were ready for them. For the many thousands who are going to cross the United States during the summer and autumn on their way from Atlantic to Pacific ports they also got action. Within ten days there will be no accomodations for civilians on Pullman cars for trips shorter than 450 miles. In other words, there are going to be no Pullmans for the general public on the short runs. Something like 5,000, or more than two thirds of the Pullman sleeping cars will be used by the Army exclusively for the movement of troops.

So thruout the summer and for the duration of the war probably, Pullman service will be greatly reduced for the general public. With that decision there will be no quarrel. The best is none too good for the men who are going out into tropical island hell-holes and probably into China and Japan as well.

INVASION OF JAPAN NEAR

On the assumption that General Joe Stilwell is acquainted with the overall strategy in the Pacific and that General Chiang Kai-shek likewise knows all the plans we can take their recent statements and know well in advance what some of the next moves will be in the Pacific.

We know that the Air Force is stepping up its destruction of Japanese mainland cities. "Vinegar Joe" reports that many Japanese cities have been destroyed and that the second-rate ones now are being worked on. But the general does not expect that the Japs will surrender even when all the cities have been wiped out. He says "it will take invasion to defeat them. We must meet them personally and kill them. We will have to get in there and really give the Japs a beating on their home ground."

So it would appear that invasion of the main islands is in the very near future. It would appear that if there be invasion also of China it will follow, not precede, the attack upon the islands.

Supporting this thought is the statement of the Chinese generalissimo to the effect that he regards the beating of the Japs on the mainland as a Chinese job, and voices his confidence that the Chinese can do that job.

General Roy S. Geiger, new commanding general of the marines in that area, believes that our invasion can be conducted at any time that it is decided to mass forces. And he believes that the invasion can be conducted with complete success and with not too great trouble.

QUIT A FOOLISH STRIKE

Somewhere, somebody is very far wrong about this entire war situation.

All the military heads and responsible authorities in government state repeatedly that a long, hard war is ahead of the American forces in the Pacific and that huge production of war equipment and materials as rapidly as possible is essential to more rapid winning of the war. They say saving of many American lives will be achieved by speedy victory.

The American public in general has believed that the military men who are on the ground and who are in the fighting know what they are talking about. They won the European war, didn't they?

Without disputing the military position with verbal argument, many thousands of American workers dispute it with more potent and eloquent action. These thousands (and unfortunately among them are many Allentonians) by going upon strike—especially upon unauthorized strike—say in effect: "The men in the Pacific have enough guns and ships, and tanks and trucks, and tires and tubes. They can get along without us. Or at least they can get along without us until we make up our mind again to help them."

Now obviously one or the other group is wrong. We believe the American people is more wont to believe the military men, in a military matter, than the workers. They are more apt to believe the Army when it says that it needs trucks badly than the workers when they say in effect: "We can quit production for two weeks and the war effort will be none the worse for it ever."

Now we believe that men wish to enjoy the good opinion of their fellows, and in this particular case the opinion of the men in the armed services. Certainly favorable opinion cannot be formed when production is halted for reasons that the men themselves cannot defend and which their leaders cannot defend for they term the strike "unauthorized."

Two weeks of such folly have already passed. Tomorrow a meeting is to be held to take action upon the matter of returning to work and thereby avoiding governmental action that can be humiliating and in fact costly to the men. Steps should be taken tomorrow to bring an end to all this folly of quitting production of vital war materials just about any and every time that some one or some group finds a grievance.

Today there is ample organization and machinery to secure rights and advantages for workers without recourse to strike. Very great advantages never before available to labor are labor's for the asking. The strike is an outmoded weapon in times of peace. That it is almost criminal in total war goes without saying. Labor is pledged not to strike during the war. Therefore it is not only harming the war effort but it is breaking its word.

Tomorrow an end can be put to this business. Wipe the old slate clean of the mistakes which have been made during the past fortnight and start a new period of hearty, vigorous support for the war effort by that production program which will be the home front's contribution to the speedy defeat of Japan.

Changes in Cabinet

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Slowly but surely the reorganization of the administration goes on. Cabinet resignations, withdrawal of subordinate officials, and a general shifting seems to be in progress. More than ever it may be said that April 12, when President Roosevelt died, was the end of one epoch and the beginning of another.

Of the original Roosevelt cabinet of 1933 only the Secretary of the Interior remains, and his tenure is said to be doubtful.

President Truman makes the changes tactfully and without hurting anyone's feelings. In every case he writes a warm letter of approval with the first name technique which was introduced so euphemistically by Mr. Roosevelt. Everybody's departure is pictured as a loss to the public service, yet the urge to go into private practice or business is recognized as inevitable.

There is something healthy about the transformation now going on. The idea that a cabinet position was a life job or that one party or administration would continue indefinitely in office appears to have obsessed some officials to the point where they forgot to think of cultivating the ground for their own withdrawal.

Many Reasons for Changes

There are, of course, many reasons for the changes in personnel. Every new President wants his own cabinet and his own entourage of loyal friends whose personal equation he knows. But there is something more fundamental in the changes which now are being made. It is that the New Deal as such cannot remain as an issue in the 1948 campaign without hurting Mr. Truman's chances of reelection. The country has long ago turned from radical reform to a desire to make the reforms effective. The Truman administration can do a great deal for the cause of liberalism by consolidating the gains which liberalism has to its credit.

This will not be an easy task, for there are still elements of reform in the administration which will insist on favoritism and prejudice in government as well as special privilege. The labor politicians have taken a leaf out of the book of the reactionaries and now oppose any changes, for instance, in the Wagner Labor Relations Act. This can only intensify the bitterness between labor and management and redound to the disadvantage of the Truman administration. For in the end, industrial strife will compel the President to insist on an impartial law and if he does not handle labor relations on a basis of objectivity and fairness, the result can be political opposition from the big middle class in America. Misuse of power by labor unions was never intended to be licensed under the Wagner law and that is one of the defects of the present situation.

Mr. Truman will find that in the period of reconversion and reconstruction he will have to take a firm stand on labor issues. Otherwise the 1946 Congressional campaign may reveal an undercurrent of opposition that will be troublesome for the incumbent party in 1948.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CENTER OF POWER

Great historical acts, affecting mankind for centuries, look very different in perspective than they do currently when hundreds of agencies of pressure and propaganda are brought to bear upon the mind of each individual. No one can escape these pressures. In other centuries, those who could read, and they were few, could ponder events and problems in the quiet of their studies, forming conclusions out of their knowledge, experience and wisdom. Today, every possible means to force conclusions function to make all people think alike and in unison. It is like the precision dancing of the Rockettes who turn this way and that with nary a toe out of step.

We shall confirm the San Francisco Charter. No one, certainly no one in politics will assume responsibility for not giving this plan a chance to succeed. And no one wants it not to succeed, for the alternative to any scheme, any plan for peace, any effort to put an end to the self-destruction of the human race, is war.

Study Charter Vigilantly

Nevertheless, the San Francisco Charter needs to be studied vigilantly. It is a curious jigsaw of compromises and as one reads, he sees the withered bones of great ideals. Yet, into those bones, by some miracle, may be breathed the life of civilization. And no one can say that a miracle may not happen.

The heart of the Charter is Chapter V, the Security Council. This is the center of power of the new world. And although the Council is to consist of 11 members, only three of them dominate the world. The Council's permanent members are the United States, Great Britain, Soviet Russia, China and France, but the two latter countries cannot fight the Big Three. Six additional states are to be elected as non-permanent members for two-year terms without the right of succession by re-election. This choice will in time give every country a chance, perhaps once in twenty years or so, to have a seat on the Council.

Main Business War Prevention

The main business of the Security Council is to prevent and stop wars. As things are today no single country or combination of countries can fight the Big Three singly or collectively. Therefore, as long as the United States, Great Britain and Soviet Russia do not fight each other, no war is possible. What the Security Council amounts to is the definition of the Triple Alliance within the family of nations; it is a device to keep these three Powers in a cooperative alliance.

Each member of the Council has one vote, but each permanent member has a final veto upon the business of the world. This is put into the Charter in this sharp language:

"Decisions of the Security Council on all other matters shall be made by an affirmative vote of seven members including the concurring votes of the permanent members . . ."

As a matter of fact, what this veto means is that if one of the permanent members—that is, one of the Big Three—decided obdurately to oppose some act of the Council, it might mean war. For instance, if the Council voted to give Poland her 1939 boundaries and Soviet Russia said, No! What would the alternative be?

Practically speaking, the Security Council can do anything it pleases. The clauses concerning it in the Charter are an acknowledgment of who won the war—and there is no mistaking that. It is a conqueror's organization with the further warning to the rest of the world that the conquerors have no intention of putting up with any monkey business anywhere by anybody—so long as the Big Three stand together. As it will take seven votes to carry a measure through the Council, it will be very unfortunate indeed, if any one of the Big Three fixed the vote, but that is anticipating evil.

The fact of the matter is that nobody, not even the United States, can afford another war like this one. As long as the fear of war dominates the thinking and scheming of politicians in the three principal countries, we can have peace under this Charter. It is a Three Power control of the agencies of war.

(Copyright, 1945)

John McNamee was fined $80 in District Court in Clones, Eire, for assaulting Customs officials and rescuing three-quarters of a pound of tea which had been seized by Customs officers

Roberto V. Fernandez, a Chilean lawyer, was arrested in Argentina with 111 fountain pens, a gold pencil and leather case hidden in his clothing, and was charged with smuggling.

In California oil heaters are placed at regular intervals throughout fruit groves to diffuse heat when frost threatens. Many crops are saved in this way.



DIE SCHWOWE BEIM BRUNNE GRAAWE

Sie saage dass die Schwowe
waern net so g'scheit wie mir,
Doch hen sie'n luschdich Lewe
un viele meh Blessier.
Was immer as sie mache,
des waerd ne gaern verdreht;
Un wann's aa noch so letz iss,
do hen sie doch ihr Freed.

Sie wolle 'n Brunne graawe,
un denke, ass verleicht
Waer 'n neier Weg fer aageh,
un net hart schaffe breicht.
Mer wees yo ass beim Graawe,
de diefer ass es geht,
De mehner Schtrick am Kiwwel,
de haerter ass sich's dreht.

So gehne siwwe Schwowe
mit Pick un Schippe draa;
Am Schwowebaergli newe,
dart fange sie mol aa.
's waar yuscht um neizupicke,
do rollt der Grund yo raus;
Sie brauche gaar ken Schippe,
sie kenne duh mitaus.

Des hot ne awwer g'falle,
's kennt gaar net besser sei!
So graawe sie dann weiter,
so schepp dart newe nei.
Un immer schepp un schepper,
un schraegs noch in die Heh;
Do iss der Grund am rolle
un baerzle aa die Schtee.

Uff eemol schpritze Funke,
es glingelt wie en Glock;
Do hot aa schunn gewackelt
en grosser Felseblock;
Un "Rupsch!" Do heert mer's rausche!
Gerappel un Gebraus!
Do rolle siwwe Schwowe
am Schwowebaergli raus.

Noh sin sie uffgegraddelt
un hen dezu gelacht;
Sie hen ken Wasser g'funne,
des hot nix ausgemacht.
Ich denk die dumme Schwowe
sin g'scheiter as wie mir;
Wer will dann Wasser hawwe?
Mer drinkt yo liewer Bier!

JOHN BIRMELIN amme heesse Daag im Juni, 1945

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Liewer Freind:

Mir Veggel hen all unser "Folklore," graad wie ihr Mensche aa—Haerz Gleeder, das unser Voreltre ihre Kinner g'schenkt hen, un sie widder ihre Kinner, un so weider bis runner zu unsre Zeit sie die reichschte Liebesgeweb sin, die an unserm Haerz henke. Un so schick ich dir heit (anschtatts en Fedder) en Haerz Gleed g'schpunne vun me Buchele Blaad.

Es muss dich schunn oft gewunnert hawwe, ferwas mir alsfart unser Wieg far unser Bewis mit Buchele Bletter vum Varmyohr "decorate-e." Ich will dir saage ferwas: Es waerd g'saat vun unserm Heiland, wann all die gute Sache, was Er geduh hot uff Aerd far uns Menschevolk uffg'schriwwe waere, dann daet's so viel Bicher nemme, dass die gans Welt net gross genunk waer far sie halte—un so geht's aa mit uns. Wann mir babble kennte wie die Schpatze, dann daet's zehe Ewichkeite nemme far die Helft zu verzaehle, was Er schunn geduh hot far uns. Doch sin far uns Veggel (wie far eich Mensche) deel Haabtwunnertaate, far welche mir Ihn yohrei un yohraus lowe— un des do iss eens vun ne:

Wie die gross Iwwerschwemmung waar zu Noahs Zeit, hot Gott uns Veggel net vergesse. Regge un Schtarm—un abaddich G'widderschtarm—waare alsfart furchtbaar far uns. Sell waar en Schreckyohr, das alle Busch Amschel gekoscht hot, except die siwwe was der Noah un sei Kinner uff sei Arrich gelosst hen un g'fiedert. Wie die Wassere dann widder vun Ararat fart waare, der Berg drucke, un der Schtarm schtill—dart sehne mir der gross Reggeboge! Un unnich em Reggeboge schteht en batzicher gleener Buchele Baam, schtols un voll griene Bletter; un aus em Reggeboge kummt en Schtimm in unsere Veggelschproch: "So wie ich Mei Boge in re Wolk setz far en Zeeche vum Bindniss g'schwische Mensch un Mir, so soll vun nau ab der Buchele Baam en Beweis sei zu eich Veggel, dass ken Schreckyohr eich widder wedderfaahre soll—un ken G'widderschtreech soll noochdem in en Buchele Baam schlagge. Sei Warzle solle sich vermehre un naus fiehre, glenne, un glenner in die Bruscht vun der Aerd, un sei Podde solle schpriesse un sich zugleich vermehre un verschpitziche owwich der Aerd. Un far eich zu beweise, dass Ich mei Verschpreche halt, soll ken Schtarm im Winter en Buchele Baam gans beraawe un nackich mache. Alsfart soll er genunk Bletter hawwe far en Zeeche un weiss solle sie sei wie Babier."

Un far sell gewwe mir Busch Amschle ihm all Lob un Dank—so wie yetz, yeder Maye un yeder Owet—un verschpreche Ihm, dass mir alle Yohr, wann der Moi kummt, in unser Bewis ihre Schockelcher die Buchele Bletter Babierli neibaue, so dass sie Sei Verschpreche zu Haerz nemme kenne, un 's ihre Kinner widder verzaehle!

Auf Wiedersinge
Die Busch Amschel

(The facts in the above are these: The Beech Tree (Fagus Grandifolia) is apt to keep a cluster of leaves throughout winter and well into the following spring, some of them turning almost white like paper. The writer does not recall ever having seen a wood thrush's nest which did not contain the well-bleached leaf of a beech tree. And the lightning very seldom "blitzes" a beech tree. The writer does not claim that it never does, but he has never seen one that was struck. The Indians well knew that the beech was pretty safe from lightning and sought it during a thunder storm. The tree has no deep roots. All are distributed well and finely and so are the buds. Thus it becomes a poor conductor.)

DIE VIELE LIEGNER

Die Welt is voll Liegner un es gebt alle Daag meh. Sie sin wie Kanada Dischtle. Wann mer meent, mer hett sie all verdilcht, dann kumme sie uff so dick, as die Hohr uff me Hund. Es hot viel Sarte Liegner. Deel liege far G'schpass, deel far Geld un deel, weil sie nimmi wisse, was die Waahrheit iss. Ich denk die Drucker un die lawyer kumme unnich die ledscht Klass, un die Schuld iss, weil die Leit en viel greesserer Preis bezaahle far gedruckde Liege, as wie far eenich ebbes schunscht. Viel Polidischoner kumme aa unnich die Klass, as liege weil sie es net helfe kenne. Wann en Mann rauskummt far office un verzaehlt dir, ass er der censichscht ehrlich Mann im Feld iss un die annere waere all Liegner un Dieb, un ass sei party all die gute points hett un die anner all die schlechte, dann helf du ihn aus em court house halde, schunscht schtehlt er die eisene Henke vun der Diere.

Dernoh sin die Leit, wu far Geld liege. Wann en Schtorkipper sich verschweert er daet sei goods far wennicher Geld verkaafe, as er bezaahlt hot, dann halt die Hand uff deim Geldsack, so lang as du in seim Schtor bischt un mach ihn yo net uff. Odder wann en Mann zu dir kummt far en G'widderrut uff dei Haus duh un saagt, ass du hettscht die schenscht Fraa un die schmaertschte Kinner im county, dann laad die alt Flint mit Fischsals un halt sie ihm about en Fuss unnich der jacket Buckel, wann er zum gate naus geht.

Deel Kaerl liege dernoh far G'schpass. Selli Sart Liege duhne verleicht es wennischt Schaade vun all. Viel Kaerl verzaehle die Sart Liege in G'schpass un in Bissniss iss ihre Wart so gut as ihre note. Ee Mann findt Blessier in Schtories verzaehle un der anner am zuharriche. Es dutt niemand ken particular Schaade un macht mannichmol en schwer Haerz leicht.

'S Liege g'heert net zu Mannsleit allee. Weibsleit duhne aa alsemol die Waahrheit schtrecke, ass sie yammert. Wann sie zammekumme, dann tschumpe sie uff un bosse nanner wie en Drupp Dauwe. In finf Minutte wann sie ausenanner sin, iss alle Schtick Gleed, as die anner aahot g'hatt ausgelegt un vun enanner gedrennt, bis der feinscht Seide net besser geguckt hot in ihre Aage as en alder Hauslumbe. Ich weess net, eb mer des liege heesse kann, awwer es iss bei ginerosity hart uff die Waahrheit.

All die annere Liege kumme unnich die line vun Fisch Liegner. Yeder ebber liegt, as fischt. Dohaer sin yuscht so Leit waahrhaft, wu zu faul sin far Warrem graawe.

DER BOONASTIEL.

With Mrs. Royall Among the Pennsylvania Germans

edited by EUGENE M. DOLL

(Research Fellow, Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation)

(Excerpts from her book, Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels Continued in the United States. Washington, 1829. Errors in spelling and grammar have been retained).

Conclusion

It is rare to see children so much delighted with learning as the German children. I perceived that the Germans, who were just commencing the English language, were by far the most attentive, and quite transported at the facility with which they acquired a knowledge of the language. The girls were very pretty, modest, and attentive.

The Museum

Of Lancaster, recently established, contains a handsome collection for the time. The proprietor, Mr. John A. Landis, is a very amiable and ingenious man. He manufactures most of the artificial specimens himself, and arranges the whole collection with great taste and elegance. In this museum I saw, for the first time, a representation of the Bastile of France.

The Market

Of Lancaster is, so far as it goes, in every respect equal to that of Philadelphia. Every article for the table abounds in the Lancaster market, and brought in neat order.

While standing in the market, I saw a great curiosity, called Dutch cheese. I did not like it, however, either the appearance or smell—it is made from curds of skimmed milk, and is not very tempting. There is a dish, common amongst the Germans, of which I am very fond—this is curds and cream. It is very palatable, and called by the Germans **smearcase**—it is superior to the best butter. Here I saw, too, for the first time, what I should call mammoth umbrellas, about 10 feet in diameter—six or seven, perhaps 12 persons, may stand under them—doubtless they are designed to keep the rain from carts and small wagons.

For the length of time I spent in the city, five days, I formed a very extensive acquaintance. No people in the United States are more disposed to friendship and hospitality than the people of Lancaster. They vie with each other in paying respect to, and lavishing kindness upon, strangers. Hon. James Buchanan I have mentioned in the 3d vol. of the Black-book; his honor, the Mayor of the city, was almost the first man who paid his respects—his name is Nathaniel Lightner, a very gentlemanly man, of middle age, and stout robust make, good height, fair complexion, round face, and open benign countenance, and no man more bountiful or liberal to the poor. George Louis Mayer, Esq., also paid me unremitting attention. Mr. M. is alderman of the city, rather small, and lame, from being afflicted with the rheumatism many years, though still in the prime of life. He is a merchant of considerable wealth, and a man of princely virtues—his hand is ever spread in distributing relief to the needy widow, the sick, and the friendless orphan. While I was in Lancaster, he found a poor invalid somewhere in the city, and had him removed to his own house, and nursed him with his own hands! Mrs. M. is also a pattern of kindness and humanity. Their whole business seems to be that of hunting up the friendless and distressed, and relieving their wants. Few relieve distress, in these days, when it comes to their doors, much less do they seek after it. But this is the true Catholic spirit. I being a stranger, Mr. M. never missed a day, often two or three times in the same day, but he called to see if he could render me any service. . . .

The Moravian gentlemen, if possible, outwent all the rest, in kindness and hospitality; they certainly, as a sect and as gentlemen, stand unrivalled, wherever they are found. There are a number of them in Lancaster, who are largely engaged in the mercantile business. I find them all men of learning and unbounded benevolence, and an honor to human nature on every account. There never was a breach of faith or fair dealing, or a stain of dishonor, I am told, alleged against one of the sect. Of these, I became acquainted with Messrs. John F. **Steinman,** and **three** of the Reigarts. Mr. S. is a young man, a tall noble figure, dark complexion, and dark eyes, and as amiable as virtue can make him. Mr. E. C. **Reigart** is likewise a tall fine figure, full face, fair complexion, and mild blue eye, and one of the most polished gentlemen in his manners; and alike amiable is P. W. **Reigart**—humane, affable, kindness, and benignity itself. The third gentleman of that name I regret to find deficient of the first name, in my notes; he is described as a young man, fair complexion, with a deep black eye, open bright countenance, and genteel manners.

I had the address of several other Moravians, and lament the want of time to call on them, which alone deprived me of that pleasure.

Columbia

These were all **English** people and all missionaries, and the most ignorant of all the towns I passed through in Pennsylvania

Harrisburg

Being desirous of seeing his excellency Governor Shulze, Mr. W. said he would attend me to his house next day. I had more than common curiosity to see Governor Shulze, hearing, as I had, a thousand remarks and anecdotes of the man. My visit to Lancaster, to say nothing of the rest of Pa. had effectually cured me of prejudice, and I set off next day to see the governor, perfectly convinced that I had never heard a word of truth respecting him. Such as "great awkward Dutchman, biggoted priest—Federalist, Jew, a Gentile, did not know a spit box from a tea-pot; and again, a good natured fool, a tory, a whig, a gentleman, a clown; but tongues, like wheels, were made to run.

The governor lives in the town, on the river bank, in a very plain common brick house, and the door being opened by the governor himself, Mr. W. introduced me, and withdrew; I walked before the governor into his parlor. It was just the kind of parlor I like, and just in my favorite point, on the north of the building. I do not like a parlor or chamber on the south, east, or west, give me the north at all seasons. A small, simple furnished parlor, and a large chamber; I detest a pigeon box to sleep in. But you all want to hear about Governor Shulze. Then you shall hear. I said I had discarded that fiend prejudice—not exactly as I expected to find G. S. a rough black faced old man at least. But to return, Governor S. is about 45 or 50 years of age, though he might pass well for 40, and in a southern climate for 30. He is over six feet in height, remarkable straight and erect. He is athletic, with muscular handsome limbs, and rather of the two, inclined to corpulency. Now if you can imagine as much ease of manner and grace as not to spoil the thing—just as much as you would incorporate were you to mix the ingredients yourself, and one of the fairest faces in nature, with fine features, and a lively black eye, you have the exact portrait of G.S. His face could not be altered for the better, if any thing it is too fair and smooth for a man—rather too effeminate, otherwise it is without a fault. His countenance is open and gay; and though he does not wear a barbarous brogue you might perceive by a certain lisp, that he was a German—so much for his person and manners. Nor is G. S. at all that ignorant man he is represented by some; he is a man not only of a good mind, but well informed on the common affairs of life, and gave me some very judicious instruction on the subject of my tour; and pointed out the objects most worthy of notice. He was very affable and conversed freely on various topics, and laughed at the description I had received of him. He was a Lutheran preacher it is said, but this ought rather to enhance his character, as it will be seen they are the most honest upright men we have. Such is Governor Shulze, a good honest German, who doubtless, like all public men, has his friends and his enemies.

York

Mr. Barnetz, lives about a mile from York, and is one of the most useful men in the State. He is one of the best farmers in the first place, and in the second place, he employs a larger capital in the improvement of stock of all sorts, from the horse down to the goose. He is said to have the best breed of cattle in Pennsylvania; he has sold $4,000 worth of cattle in one year, of his own raising! independently of other stock. John Bull may boast as he pleases about his fine farms—Germany may boast of her princes and Scotland of her lairds and her kail; but give me a Pennsylvania German farmer.

Deaths of a Day

HERBERT O. HEIMBACH

Herbert O. Heimbach, a native of East Greenville, died on Thursday at his late home, 2119 E. 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., at the age of 57. He was married to Seville K., nee Schultz, Heimbach. He had been employed as a clerk in the Navy office in Brooklyn for the last 30 years.

Son of the late O. Frank and Mary L. Oberholtzer Heimbach of East Greenville, he is a member of the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

He is survived by his wife; three sons, Herbert, of California, Allen, serving with the United States Navy in California and Rev. Ernest Heimbach, of Philadelphia; a daughter, Ruth, wife of Stewart Barnum, of Brooklyn; a brother Paul O., of East Greenville; a sister, Mabel, wife of Rev. William A. Cassel, of Kutztown, and two grandchildren.

All funeral services will be held in the Hoffman Funeral home, 221 Main St., East Greenville, on Monday at 2 p. m. with Rev. H. L. H. Lehman, officiating. Interment will be in St. Mark's Union cemetery.

MRS. DANIEL LYNCH

Mrs. Daniel Lynch, the former Bert Breslin of this city, died suddenly at 1:30 a. m. yesterday at her home in Joliet, Ill., it was learned by her sister, Nellie Breslin, 344 Ridge Ave.

Mrs. Lynch is survived by her husband, seven children, Sister Margaret Helen of the Dominican Order, Adrian, Mich.; John, Cincinnati; Mary Rose, Genevieve, Helen, Raymond, at home, and Joseph, who returned from Germany this week, and two sisters, Miss Breslin and Mrs. Joseph Karch, of Atlantic City.

Funeral services will be held in Joliet.

MRS. AMANDA CORRELL

Mrs. Amanda Correll, 736 Third Ave., Bethlehem, died Friday morning at St. Luke's hospital, where she was a surgical patient.

Born in Williams township, March 31, 1867, she was a daughter of the late Levi and Maria Nuebol Reis. She was a member of Bethany Evangelical Reformed church.

She is survived by a son, S. N. Correll, Bethlehem; two daughters, Mrs. Howard Smith, Bethlehem, and Mrs. Raymond Shoeneberger, Miller Heights, and a brother, Dorsey Reis, Bethlehem; also by 15 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

The funeral will be held Monday at 2 p. m., from the Harry Dillinger funeral home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Burial will be made in the family plot in Freemansburg cemetery.

ANNA W. BURWELL

Anna W. Burwell of the Lehnert Apartments, 112 2nd St., Catasauqua, died yesterday in the Chestnut Hill hospital, Philadelphia. She had gone to Philadelphia in the latter part of June to visit her sister, Mrs. John Warrington. Miss Burwell, who was 75 years old, was stricken ill yesterday.

Born in St. Clair on April 19, 1868, she was the daughter of the late William and Elizabeth, nee Price, Burwell. Miss Burwell moved to Catasauqua to care for the late Mrs. John Glick. She was a member of St. Stephen's Episcopal church in Catasauqua, and the Women's Guild and the Ladies' auxiliary of the church.

Surviving are two sisters: Mrs. Warrington of Philadelphia and Mrs. E. B. Atkin of Knoxville, Tenn. A sister and two brothers preceded Miss Burwell in death.

Rev. W. F. Colclough will officiate at funeral services on Saturday at 2 p. m. at the Oliver S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua. Interment will be made on Monday at Knoxville, Tenn.

CATHERINE R. CHIZ

Funeral services for Catharine Rose Chiz, 22, who died July 5th, will be held Monday, July 9, at 9 a. m., from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bishop, 954 Hilton St., Bethlehem, followed by solemn requiem mass at 9:30 a. m. in St. John Capistrano church in Williams township. Rev. Francis Gilley will officiate. Interment will be in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Wase Wie Dut M'r's

'M Willie Knappenberger seinra fraw da Annie fon 333 Nord Franklin shtross doh in da shtadt, gaits fiel mit 'm painta, wie der fendu groyer "Scheidy" Fritzinger fon Slatington ols secht won er fendu hut, un ebber shtart unna badenk'd aw beata. Wos der "Scheidy" ols secht is, "Er wase wie dut m'r's." Un grawd so gaits da Annie so weit os paint awriehra, painta, un paint barshda butza aw gait.

Now ferol os 'm Willie un seinra Annie ihra nochber der Allie Stauffer 'n painter is bei hondwarick, gebt die Annie ihm 'n lot pointers so weit os die painterrei aw gait. Tzum bei shpiel, der Allie hut doh net long tzurick sei hous aw g'shtricha, un wunners gamaint wie shae os es wear. Die Annie hut ow'r yusht ae blick nemma breicha fer sehna os der hoch poshda uf 'm tzweta shtuck yoh fergessa gonga is, un woh nix mainer is os wie 'n recht shoffender rote, weis un bloe shtraimicher barber poshda.

Der Allie kon heit noch net sehna wie selar poshda onna kumma is woh er is, un hut 'm all'm noh gagriss'd fer so pinklichie arwet duh wie er shure wor os es nemma dade fer ol sellie shtraima widder tzurick uf der pushda mocha. Noh wos hut die Annie gaduh, os wie g'sawt er wear yusht tzu dum fer so arwet tzu duh, un hut 'm g'sawt er sot ihra die paint bringa, noh wot sie sie darrich nonner riehra os er der poshda rote, weiss un bloe awshtreicha kent unna druvel.

Wie in da welt os die Annie 's gaduh hut wase ken saelicher mensch. Ow'r die barichda sin, wie die paint ready gawest wear ol in aim kessel, allas os der Allie duh het breicha wear gawest fer der poshda awshtreicha, uns het die aller shanshda rote, weiss, un bloe shtraima gewwa os yusht tzu sehna sei maichda. Der Allie, woh dafor so socha sei lava net erlaibt hut kotta fer drei waiga painta uf ae mohl, hut noh g'farrich'd so'n ferdraydie painterrei maich'd ferleicht 'n lot druvel mocha fer die paint barshd butza. Ow'r 'm Willie sei Annie hut booms widder gawist "Wie dut m'r's," fer sei tzu duh, un die barshd in wenicher os ken tzeit gareinich'd os wie shier widder wor os wie fon nei'm.

Die leit kenna now shier net fartich werra gucka won sie ols 'm Allie sei poshda sehna drowwa uf 'm doch, un shtella sich ols bol uf die kep fer der aewich wunner, won sie hoerra os 'm Willie sei Annie die paint darrich nonner gamacht hut fer die drei farva uf ae mohl uf der poshda duh. Wos 'n lot leit now wunnert is ferwos net ebber 'n checker board facktory shtart, un die Annie ding'd fer sie awshtreicha. Won sie paint tzomma riehra kon fer 'n barber poshda awshtreicha, sot sie 's aw duh kenna fer eckshtaenichie paint tzomma riehra, un die checker boards weara glei gamocht. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil die Annie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Grundsi Aeland

Won ebber sei share grundsi druvel hut, don is es der schmidt un welder Victor Miller fon Guthsville. Der Victor hut so'n glaenie bauerrei hinna drous in da Ledder Eck Poshda gagend woh er fiel fon seinra meesicha tzeit tzu bring'd. So weit hut er des yohr ow'r noch wenich tzeit, kotta fer in seinra bauerra hamet sei, er is bol dawga nocht bisy bauer ihra ferbrocha bauerra garaitshoft fixa so gute os wie fon nei'm, un won er sei net dut, is er un sei hilf der Sam Heffner bisy, om see-saws, gorda hocka un fire shibba mocha. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, der Victor hut 'n rechdie facktory darta om eck, un is leicht tzu sehna ferwos er net fiel tzeit hut fer on Ledder Eck Poshda rum hucka.

Wel aenichea waig, 'm Sundawg wor er un die fraw un dochter nuf noch da bauerrei, un der fershtond is na bol shtae gabliva wie sie hee kumma sin. Mohl fers aller airsht, wor may wenich iwwerich fon sel'm glaina gabei die lut drous mit ma halb mond uf da dier. Wie der Victor die socha iwwer guck'd hut kot, hut er tzae marricker g'funna un grawd g'sawt, "Thems groundhog teeth marks. I'll go and see my lawyer Dan Garrahan what to do."

Ow'r eb der Victor, un woh ken Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shwetzt, gae hut kenna fer sei lawyer sehna, sin sie nei ins hous, un der fershtond hut na widder olrum shtill g'shtonna. Der fliegel dish hut ken fliegel may kotta, tzu dum fer so arwet tzu duh, un hut 'm g'sawt er sot ihra die paint bringa, noh wot sie sie darrich nonner riehra os er der poshda rote, weiss un bloe awshtreicha kent unna druvel.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Three things never come again——
Never to the bow that bends
Comes the arrow that it sends.
Never comes the chance that passed,
That one moment was its last.
Never shall thy spoken word
Be again unsaid, unheard. Cooke.

SAIL ON, OH MUHLENBERG

There is something so vital and human about a ship that the matter of its naming takes on high significance. The simplest sailor with the smallest and cheapest boat fondly and importantly attaches a feminine name to his craft. A great nation like the United States attaches such names as Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia to its mightiest ships while a nation such as England, which is devoted to its monarchy, can find no finer names for its greatest ships than "Queen Mary" and "Queen Elizabeth."

So we can appreciate the honor which was done by the U. S. Government to our Muhlenberg college by naming the latest Victory ship to be launched the "Muhlenberg Victory." In according that honor the United States is saying to our local institution of learning: "You have performed a very great and a very satisfactory piece of work during the war. That work has been appreciated by your government. That appreciation will be put into tangible form. A beautiful, a graceful, a fast and very useful ship that is to carry the Stars and Stripes is to bear your name. It shall be your namesake. You shall be its sponsor."

Now we all know the glow of happiness that is felt when the honor of sponsorship and of giving one's name to a child is tendered. That is the emotion that the officials of Muhlenberg college must be feeling today as a great ship bearing the college's name rides smoothly on the waters of the Chesapeake today. It is the kind of feeling that must permeate Muhlenberg's student body. It is the feeling that must warm the hearts of Muhlenberg men wherever they may be and every resident of Allentown who is proud of this splendid educational institution.

CHALLENGE TO COUNTY OFFICIALS

The Pennsylvania Economy League has given our County Commissioners and the taxpayers something to think about very seriously in the League's recent criticism of the county project under which the former buildings of the Allentown Trust Co. were purchased and are to be altered to provide office space for county officials.

The League, which devotes its work and study to public affairs in an effort to maintain the best government possible at minimum cost, cannot be said to have any axes to grind. It approaches problems from strictly non-political viewpoints and its information and counsel are for the public weal solely.

What the League says in effect is that the county, in spending more than $60,000 to date on buildings ill adapted to county office purposes, made a mistake. It would not appear to be a big mistake inasmuch as the properties should be marketable at what they cost. But the League appears to be more concerned about a bigger mistake—the prospect of throwing good money after bad. Nothing is to be done about the purchase. That all is water over the dam. But everything can be done about the matter of further expenditures. There can be a reexamination of the project. There can be reappraisement of the benefits to be gained by alterations to the recently secured buildings and a comparison made with the cost thereof.

At any rate, the Economy League has issued a challenge to the County Commissioners. They will be expected to answer it.

TYPHOON WORSE ENEMY THAN JAPS

More than a month ago, according to information just released by the Navy, a typhoon smote the American battle fleet and damaged battleships and a couple of carriers. Inasmuch as all but one have been completely repaired and are back in service, it becomes safe to give Japan the news at the same time that the American people are getting it.

Thus a great storm harmed more ships within a few minutes than the Japs have been able to hit in any one battle. Our losses could have been equivalent to a major defeat at sea. Fortunately, except for one cruiser, damages were readily repairable.

IN THE SPIRIT OF THE MASTER

St. John's Lutheran church will observe its 90th anniversary tomorrow and the community which it has served so long and so faithfully in the spirit of Christian love will mutually rejoice with its congregation.

Inasmuch as church institutions are human institutions in such considerable part, they only too often are subject to all human frailties. In their youth all are extremely vigorous. They are earnest and enthusiastic. In age all too often the fire of their religious and humanitarian zeal cools and many congregations die like old trees.

But St. John's church at 90 is as vigorous, perhaps even more vigorous, more youthful, more enthusiastic than it was in its early days when it was the first congregation in the city to have English services exclusively.

It is a congregation which has grown not merely in numbers but in the scope of its work. It is a congregation which has defied the operation of changing factors in its environment, factors which could have been operated to its detriment or even decay. Shepherded by that ideal pastor, Rev. Dr. William C. Schaeffer, here is a congregation that has seen and seized opportunities for doing good. It has grown physically but, what is more important, it has grown spiritually thruout the years. It is living a life and serving a purpose in the spirit and teachings of the Master who must look down upon this congregation with the approving words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The Labor Situation

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 13—Labor strife is increasing. Every day there are indications that when the mantle of war necessity is thrown off, there will be an economic war or unprecedented violence.

Congress is doing nothing about it. The President is busy with foreign policy and war measures. Labor and management groups have been meeting from time to time to write charters and codes but the situation grows no better.

Basically the trouble is that both labor and management have forgotten the public interest. Neither one is apparently agreeable to the idea of a permanent agency of the Government to compel settlement by peaceful means. Few employers can be found who want to see the National War Labor Board continued as a permanent agency. Few labor groups want it continued. The reason is that each side wants to be free to decide questions in its own selfish way. More strikes, therefore, are inevitable.

Labor union leaders have educated their rank and file to the belief that whenever a contract is up for renewal there must be an increase in wages. Unable to get beyond the "Little Steel" formula because wage increases require approval by the wage and salary units of the War Labor Board, the unions have endeavored to secure indirectly the same thing. They have introduced new issues involving benefits that really mean increased compensation and have asked for employer contributions to welfare funds which presumably will be distributed after the wage and salary limitations have been removed or which will be used to finance strikes.

Employers, on the other hand, knowing that wartime strikes will be handled by War Labor Board intervention, often have allowed matters to drift which could be settled either by collective bargaining or by arbitration.

No Post-war Plans

Unfortunately no governmental plans have been developed yet for post-war handling of labor disputes. Much ado is being made about the United Nations Charter and the need for governmental cooperation in the public interest to save lives. Yet inside this country and other countries the principle of economic war is legalized by legislation which does not in any way limit the right to strike. At present, no matter whether the public interest is impaired, any union can order a walkout on the slightest pretext. If the reason is subsequently found by some tribunal to be wrong or if the public interest has been damaged, there is no penalty for having abused the right to strike.

The right to quit work is, of course, inherent in any democracy but the right of an organized leadership to send men away from their jobs on any pretext or to prevent others from working by threatening violence is not inherent in democracy but is a characteristic of anarchy.

The United States is drifting into a state of labor anarchy because the public interest is not being reflected by either labor or management or the Government. The Railway Mediation Act passed about twenty years ago is a restraint and limitation on the right to strike at any time on the railroads. It has worked. The Wagner Labor Relations Act was passed in 1935 but, although admittedly not a perfect instrument, every attempt even to improve it by amendment has been fought successfully by a coalition of labor union groups and legislative leaders. Not a single recommendation for an amendment to the Wagner law to make it two-sided, as is the Railway Mediation Act, has come from either major political party as such or from the administration in power.

Some Agency Necessary

Some agency like the National War Labor Board is absolutely prerequisite to labor peace in America. The Board has been divided into twelve regional tribunals which have on them some fine men from labor and management who sit as panels to decide disputes. A constructive job on the whole has been done. Shall all this experience be lost to the country and when the war ends the signal be given for a resumption of economic war?

This is the question which Congress thus far has evaded. The appointment of a new Secretary of Labor, Judge Schwellenbach, has encouraged hopes that he will have a constructive program to lay before Congress and the country which will consolidate or retain the gains that have been made during the war in adjusting labor-management difficulties.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

PATHS TO PEACE

Teheran, Yalta, San Francisco were paths to peace. In themselves they produced neither peace nor a completed mechanism of preparing for peace. Teheran and Yalta were, in fact, confusing meetings from which it may take years to recover an international comity, for they established an alliance and a balance of power. In fact, Yalta represented not cooperation but appeasement, not international justice but hopeless weariness with the problems of war and peace. Yalta was the finale of Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy and undoubtedly was the lowest point in American diplomacy.

Mr. Truman was able to halt the Yalta process of appeasement. He brought a fresh personality to the international scene, but a personality that Europeans cannot readily grasp. Missourians are queer folk, stubborn, aggressive, yet giving the appearance of Southern softness of manner and speech. They think of themselves as horse-traders; actually they are mule-traders. Mr. Truman is not likely to wear his policy on his sleeve and even Americans will long wonder at his moves. Certainly the Europeans will find him very different from Mr. Roosevelt. He will listen more, talk less. He will have fewer anecdotes, fewer personal reminiscences. But he is likely to stand more firm, to be more positive, to be more sure. And he is not likely to become mentally or spiritually tired.

San Francisco was not a peace conference in any sense. It was such a meeting as might more opportunely have been held after the peace conference. It was called too early and in the wrong place. But out of it has come a preliminary document which may actually function effectively because it still can be strengthened by the type of reservations and amendments that can be made in the course of ratification.

At any rate, San Francisco developed some interesting facts. First, it showed the world that the Big Three are in a Triple Alliance from which they are not lightly to be budged. Secondly, it indicated that the American nations are standing as a unit with the Act of Chapultepec as the binder. Thirdly, it proved that the British Empire had not only survived the war but that the Dominions were asserting leadership not only within the British Commonwealth of Nations but in world affairs. Finally, San Francisco proved beyond doubt that while war is hated, it is not yet outlawed.

Now we face Potsdam. There the really effective controllers of policy, Truman, Churchill and Stalin, will establish the preliminaries for a peace conference; that is, for the European not the Asiatic peace. World peace will have to wait until the war in Asia is over.

The principal difficulty that these gentlemen will face will be boundaries. Europe today has no positive boundaries; Europe is confused, frightened, hungry, even hopeless. The task is to establish boundaries that will hold, to rescue the European population from fear, to find a way of feeding European peoples and rehabilitating their industries.

The real difficulty is that this country cannot stand much more siphoning off of its possessions, the greatest of which are management, inventiveness, knowhow in the production of goods. America faces the danger of becoming a capitalistic island in a totalitarian world, of being a rare democracy in an age of Statism. We can help, but we cannot maintain the world. We can assist but we cannot support indefinitely. The question is where and how to draw the line.

Mr. Truman will have to deal with these problems specifically. He will be asked for post-war credits amounting to many billions of dollars, even as high as $20,000,000,000 or more. He will be asked for ships, ships that we built for war purposes but which every country needs for commerce. He will be asked for planes, and he may be refused air bases that American men and American money built. It is not going to be easy to say yes or no in precisely the right places and at the right time. Mr. Truman faces the crucial test of his presidency. The American people expect him to hand out bacon, but to leave enough over so that they, themselves, will not go hungry. And they don't want war again.

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Before leaving Britain for Southeast Asia, members of the Woman's Auxiliary Air Force will be issued slouch hats, Australian pattern with a turn-up on the left.

Twenty thousand tons of seed supplied by the United States for Russia's spring planting will enable the Soviet to increase its production of essential foods this year.

South Africa's cattle population has increased only 1,289,086 since 1939 and now is only about 13,000,000 head, about half of which are cows and heifers one year old or older.



DER JURYMANN

vum JOHN BIRMELIN

Our beloved dialect poet John Birmelin has recently had his first experience as a juryman in the Lehigh County Courts. The following ballad sets forth his impressions and reactions in his own inimitable way.—ED.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!
Es faahrt mer in die Bee!
Gezogge fer en Jurymann;
Ass des eem noch bassiere kann!

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!
An's Court House muss ich geh;
Die schaaudrich Bell, "Geling-gelang!"
Do waerd's de aarme Sinder bang.

Im Court House wimmelt's recht mit Leit;
Ich hab geguckt as wie net g'scheit.
Do gloppt der Groiyer uff der Schtee,
Un greischt emol, "Oyez! Oyez!"

Des iss die Court vun Common Pleas
Un Quarter Sessions of de Peace,
Vun Oyer un vun Terminer—
Un wer net kummt den hole mer!"

Der Judge kummt rei, du meiner Gnaad!
Hot net mol "Gude Maerrye" g'saat!
'S hot alles vanne hie geguckt
Un kenner hot sich meh gemuckt.

Ich denk der nemmt sei eege Bart,
Uff sellre hoche Kanzel dart;
Un geht's eem aa net wie mer's will,
Do iss mer ewwe besser schtill.

Der 'Schtrict Attorney schteht mol uff —
En schtrenger Mann, mit Kniff un Knuff—
Er ruft en aarmer Deiwel bei,
Noh geht der Schrief un holt ihn rei;

Er hot ihn fescht am Aermel g'hatt,
Des waar en schlaui aldi Ratt;
Waar in de Jail gut uffbewaahrt,
Un hot sich widder rausgebohrt.

Sie hen ihn awwer g'fange glei,
Muss widder in der Kewwich nei;
Nau gebt der Judge ihm siwwe Yaahr,
Un sell iss mehner wie devor.

Die naegschte kumme, 's waare drei,
Schpitzbuwe, do iss nix debei!
Hen fett gelebt, grossaardich g'haust,
Un annre 's Geld yuscht abgelaust.

Sie hen gewichste Lawyer g'hatt,
Des hot ne waerklich aa nix g'schatt;
Un was mer alles hot bezeigt,
Do hen sie yuscht draa rum gegeigt.

Der 'Schtrict Attorney hot 'object,'
Doch waar der Anner net verschreckt,
Sin alle beed vum Disch uffg'schnellt
Un hen sich var die Kanzel g'schtellt.

En yeder meent er waer im Recht,
Wie Baendihaahne imme G'fecht;
Der Judge, der hot sie abgekiehlt,
Noh hen sie widder besser g'fiehlt.

Sie gehne an ihr Blatz zurick,
Browiere widder ihre Glick;
Hen an de Zeige rumgezoppt
Un widder bissel rausgelockt.

Die Haahne schpringe widder uff
Un gucke an der Kanzel nuff;
Un wie der Judge so runner guckt,
Do hen sie glei der Zarn verschluckt.

Noh hen sie g'frogt un widder g'frogt,
Die aarme Zeige yuscht geblogt;
Ya, wann do eener schtutzich iss,
Der waerd verhuddelt, ganz gewiss.

Iss eener mol verkollebiert,
Dann iss er nix ge'eschtimiert;
Der Lawyer greischt mit aller Graft
Un hot ihn yuscht so aageblafft.

Bei daere Zeit sin Juryleit
Sich selwer nimmi ganz recht g'scheit;
Ya, eener schloft noch schier gaar ei,
Un draamt vun seinre Bauerei.

Die Lawyer bettle dann am End,
Ass sich der Himmel biege kennt;
Noh schickt der Judge die Jury naus:
"Nau macht's mit eierm Gewisse aus!"

Noh heert mer ass en Beewi greischt,
Es zittert mit de gleene Feischt;
Ich wunner nau eb's Bauchweh hot,
Un, odder, eb's ken Daadi hot.

Sie rufe'n aarmes Maedel vor,
Gewiss net meh wie neinzeh Yaahr;
Sie nemmt des Bobbel vanne hie,
'S hot ebber g'saat, 's waer F. un B.

Sie rufe aa so'n Schlingel bei,
Des meecht verleicht der Daadi sei!
En grosser Rilps, un ken Mannler,
Net meh Verschtand as wie en Schtier.

Des Maedel heilt, un geht noch aa,
Sie wedde sei wie Mann un Fraa;
Un wann er sie net nemme wott,
Dann hett sie nix wie Schand un Schpott.

Er saagt emol er heiert net,
Wann's noch so viel ihm koschde sett.
Ya, koschde dutt's ihm blendi dann,
Schier meh wie er bezaahle kann.

Er hot sich vun 're weckgewend
As wann er sie net hett gekennt.
Sie geht ihr Weg mit schwere Schritt—
En aarmes Kind, des nemmt sie mit.

Dann waar en Fall vun 'Non Support';
's waar Schpeck un Schwaart vun eenre Aart.
Er iss im Waertshaus rumgeritscht,
Un sie iss owets draus rumg'flitscht.

Ya, wann en Fraa bis Middaag schloft,
Dann iss der Mann aa waerklich g'schtroft.
Sie kocht net ball; verloss dich druff,
Sie macht yuscht blechne Kanne uff.

Un iss nix G'scheites dart im Haus,
Ya well! Dann esst mer ewwe draus.
Versauft aa oft sei ganzer 'Pay',
Un saagt sie sott zum Deiwel geh.

Do saagt der Judge, "Geduld, Geduld!
Ihr seid yo alle beed die Schuld.
So'n yunger Mann, so'n scheeni Fraa!
Nau fangt en annres Lewe aa!

Du bleibscht mer aus em Waertshaus haus!
Un du gehscht owets nimmi naus!
Paar Kinner, sell iss was eich fehlt;
Der Iwwermut hot eich gequaelt."

Noh kummt der naegscht, en Hinkeldieb.
Ihm waar die Aerwet net so lieb.
Mer sehnt's ihm aa, an seine Hend,
Ass er im Dunkle fischble kennt.

Ya, dunkel waar's im Hinkelschtall,
Uff eemol gebt's en lauter Knall,
Der Bauer schiesst, un schiesst net fehl,
Verpeffert ihm sei Hinnerdeel.

"Gerechtichkeet-Gerechtichkeet!"
So hen die Haahne laut gegraeht;
Die Hinkel gachse noch dezu;
"De-gaa-gak-gak! Nau hen mer Ruh!"

Der Hinkeldieb schteht var'm Gericht,
Drum macht er aa so'n scheckich G'sicht;
Der kummt mol in die Jail fer'n Yaahr,
So lang sin Hinkel aus der G'faahr.

Noh kummt en Kerl, des waar'n D. D.—
Ken Dokter der Divinity—
En Drunken Driver, meiner Seel!
Er will, un will net in die Jail!

Ya, well! Dart wott ich aa net nei;
So lang dart uffgeboddelt sei;
Die Zeige waerre all verheert,
Der Lawyer hot sich gut gewehrt.

Noh kummt der Drunken Driver vor;
Er saagt ass er net g'soffe waar,
Waer iwwerhaapt en soberer Mann.
Yuscht bissel daermlich, dann un wann.

Im Waertshaus waar er, legelt's net,
Un siwwe Schnaps gedrunke hett;
Der Dokter hett ihm selwer g'saat,
'S waer gut fer'n Mann dart hinnerm Raad.

Doch sei Maschien, des gebt er zu,
Hett dessemol net gut geduh;
Waer graad druff los un iwwer's Eck,
Im Gringel rum un in der Dreck.

Noh saagt der Judge, "Ich weess wie's iss,
Wann so'n Maschien mol g'soffe iss.
Des hen mer all schunn g'hatt devor,
Un macht uns nau ken grohe Haar.

Maschien iss schuld—Ya, unne fehl,
Sott die Maschien nau in die Jail.
Doch die Maschien hot ken Verschtand,
So hen mer dich noch an der Hand.

Ya, die Maschien, die schprecht mer frei,
Un du gehscht in der Kewwich nei;
Paar Munet, bischt yo widder haus,
Noh faahrscht du widder freehlich naus."

O Yeh! O Yeh! O Yeh!
Mei Buckel dutt mer weh,
Mei linker Fuss, der schloft mer ei,
Ich wott die G'schicht waer ball verbei!

Der Glaerrik macht die Bicher zu,
Ich sehn der Judge brauch aa sei Ruh,
Er hot schunn bissel 's Maul uffg'schpaerrt,
Hot sich bedankt un schickt uns faert.

Nau kann ich's doch verschteh,
Fer was mer saagt, "Oyez!"
Wer sich verfehlt in daere Welt,
Den koscht's en grosser Haufe Geld.

Un kummt mer in die Ewichkeet,
Wer weess wie's unsereem noch geht;
Mer besser halt sich zimmlich graad,
Schunscht iss es eem dart iwwel g'saat.

Ken Jury un ken Lawyer dart,
En yeder nemmt sei eege Bart;
Drum saag ich um so meh:
O Yeh! O Yeh! O Yeh!

Die weisse Schof, uff eenre Seit,
Die hen en frohi Ewichkeit.
Die anner Seit? So schwarze Beck—
Der Deiwel kummt un holt sie weck.

June, 1945

SCHLANGEWARZEL

In a case tried some time ago before Judge H. Robert Mays in the criminal court of Berks County, a jury ruled that one Leon S. Weisner of Kempton was not guilty of violating liquor laws by mixing legal liquor and the juices of a weed known as **Schlangewarzel**, or snake root. The case hinged upon the question whether or not the concoction was a medicine and a wise jury and judge, knowing their Pennsylvania German folklore, ruled that the mixture had medicinal properties for some persons.

Snake root, known as Aristolochia Serpentaria, was highly esteemed by the Indians as a medicinal herb. In their work "Plant Names and Plant Lore Among the Pennsylvania Germans", Proceedings of the Penna. German Society, Vol. XXXIII, 1922, the authors, Lick and Brendle, have the following to say about snake root, also known in the dialect as **Geeli Schlangewarzel, Gleeni Schlangewarzel, Nidderi Schlangewarzel,** or **Rodi Schlangewarzel:**

"The plant is not indigenous to Europe. The root is regarded as highly medicinal. It was usually put into brandy. Used in colds, low fevers and like complaints. An aged person stated to us that he could cure anybody in the first stages of consumption with a "Bidders" of brandy, snakeroot, and the corm of the Indian turnip—Those who search for the plant suppose that the tip of the uppermost leaf points to the next plant."

Medicinal properties are also claimed for the Black Cohosh, Cimicifuga racemosa, the black snake root known variously as **grossi,** or **hochi** or **schwarzi Schlangewarzel,** used in treating sick horses and cattle and in "Bidders" for rheumatism.—

From "Scholla" (Reading Times), edited by Arthur D. Graeff (der ewich Yaeger).

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Fon Fish Un Flaish

Die Annie Christman fon da Franklin shtross Palmerton wor die fish doh kartzlich so laedich wie won sie sie mit leffel gesa het. Da Annie ihra John gait bol alla owet fisha, un is wunnerbore wos 'n lot fish os er shun g'fonga hut. Aenicha waig, sie hut da onner dawn 'm John g'sawt, sie wot mohl wenich ebbes shunshd howwa tzu essa os wie yusht fish, sie gang'd noch 'm shtore fer 'n shainer shtake.

Sie hut noh ihra grosser shtore karrab on der ohr'm k'hank'd, un is ob die shtross nunner g'shtiv'ld wie won sie gons Palmerton aigna dade. Un ferwos het sie aw net gute fiela solla weil sie 's gelt un ol die rota pointa kotta hut os es nemma dade fer aenicher shtakes griega os sie finna kent. Unner waigs hut die Annie noh 'n guter freind aw gadroffa, un woh gawunnert hut wos sie wot mit ihr'm grossa shtore karrab. Wie die Annie g'sawt hut sie wear uf da flaish yocht, is die fraw ra bol in ihra weissa hoar g'shlupt, hnt die hond nava ons moul un da Annie ins ohr gapishbert, won sie sich on da heck halta dade, kent sie flaish griega on "So un So" ma shtore.

Noh ow'r hetta n'r die Annie sehna solla ob fert noch se'lm "So un So," ma shtore hupsa, sie is gonga wie won sie uf shprings wear. 'S wor 'n ordlich shtick waigs, ow'r die Annie hut ken graws woxa lossa unnch da fees, un hut sich so arrick gadumm'ld fer onna, os ra der shwitz om board ob gadrupst is bis sie hee kumma is wohs flaish sei hut solla. Wie sie in der shtore kumma is hut 'n gonsie roy weibsleit drei dief fe'm kounter nous g'shtonha, un die Annie hut sich hinna in roy g'shteld, ferol os 'n lot fon da weibsleit sie folsh aw gaguck'd hen. Eb sie folsh worra weil die Annie aw kumma is fer flaish, odder weil sie so fiel blotz uf ganumma hut kenna m'r net sawga—die Annie weig'd in da nochbershoft fon twae hunnerd pund un is glei 'n krowd won sie rum is.

Der Butcher wor yusht omma grossa shtakes ob schneida fer 'n fraw in do fedderra roy wie die Annie in der shtore kumma is. Noh hut sit ous da hinnershda roy fohr gagrisha, "Ich wil aw 'n shtakes fon sel'm shtick flaish." Der Butcher hut sie ow'r net k'hoert, odder hoerra wolla, un is seinra bisnis noh wie won niemond nix ga'sawt het. Noh hut die Annie 's widder iwwer hol'd er sot ra 'n shtakes halta, ow'r het grawd so fiel gabot won sit tzu ihr'm shodda g'schwetzt het, der Butcher hut sie yusht net aw k'hoerich'd.

'S nagsh hut der Butcher 'n shtick si flaish rous g'rick'd fer ra fraw 'n shtick ob schneida. Booms hut die Annie widder nous gayohl'd sie wot aw 'n shtick fon sel'm howwa. Ow'r wie m'r ol wissa, die Butcher sin heit tzu dawg ol awenich hard hoericha, un er hut sie widder net k'hoert. Noh wie er ols onnerra socha grick'd hut fer weibsleit fer ra, hut sie ols fert gragrisha, "geb m'r aw 'n pund lever, geb m'r twzae pund wersht," un so fert.

Ow'r der Butcher hut sie yusht net aw k'hoerich'd, noh is die Annie base werra un hut sich rum gadray'd mit ihr'm lara karrab, un is ob tzu da dier nous wie 'n recht shoffender windwarvel. Eb die farblae dahame wor hut sie shun ihr'm John gagrisha, "John gae un grawb waram un grick'd die gart, mier gain fisha." Sie hut noh ihra ration point bicher in die alt taepot garent woh sie sie halt, is in die garage un hut der DeSota rous gaback'd os es bol die dierra mit ganumma hut, un hut 'm John gagrisha, "Jump druf, now gain m'r fisha."

Un sie sin aw fisha gonga ferol os die Annie die fish sonderbore laedich wor. Un m'r kon sit aw uf aina waig net blaima, weil war wil doh alla eems hee hucka grawna petza, ow'r war wil a. 'n gonser halva dawg im flaish marrick shtae worta in roy fer flaish kaufa. Uh wos noch mainer is, sis 'n altie sawg war fiel fish essa dade graich'd dunkla hoar, un woh is 'n weibsmensch os net gleich 'd fer alsa mohl die farab fon ihra hoar wexla.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Die rohrichkate fon tzugar maint may wenich tzu fiel fon da bauers leit doh im Lecha Dahl woh der shlossa shtorm yush darrick is—sis may wenich socha uf da bame un in da garda, fer tzuracht mocha.

—PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

Q. What makes the emerald so costly? W.S.

A. Flawless emeralds are extremely rare and it is this rarity of first quality stones which makes emeralds the most costly of precious stones. The best gems are worth between three and four times as much as diamonds of equal weight.

Q. What was the noon-mark? P. L.

A. It was a line drawn on the cabin floor in pioneer days to mark one edge of the patch of light that came through door or window when the sun was due south. It told the noon hour and clocks were set by it.

Q. What are the duties of the co-pilot, bombardier and navigator of a bomber? F.R.F.

A. In the make-up of a typical heavy bomber crew in the Army Air Forces, the co-pilot assists the pilot in flying the plane and operates fire control. The bombardier locates, identifies and bombs the target and directs the plane while over the target. The navigator navigates the plane to the target and home.

Q. Are the members of a soldier's family entitled to burial with him in a national cemetery? W.R.

A. Where an officer or enlisted man is eligible for burial in a national cemetery, arrangements may be made under certain circumstances for the burial with him of his wife or widow, and in some of these cemeteries, for the burial of minor children and unmarried adult daughters.

Q. What is the distinction between the terms cross and hybrid in relation to plants? A.W.M.

A. The terms are not always carefully distinguished. Strictly speaking, fertilization between two varieties results in a cross, and fertilization between two distinct species results in a hybrid.

Q. Please explain what is meant by the so-called "balling" of honeybees. L.L.T.

A. Natural History says that honeybees keep warm in winter by clinging together in a great ball. The bees at the center perform a sort of dance whereby they generate heat, and at intervals change places with those exposed to the cold. The temperature at the center of the ball may be as much as 65 degrees above that of the air.

Q. What is the perfume that is used to catch coyotes? M. I. M.

A. The Fish and Wildlife Service says that scent made from the blubber of hair seals is quite effective for the taking of coyotes. However, the supply of this material is very limited.

Q. Why is De Witt Clinton's picture used on the seal of a package of cigarettes? J. C. R.

A. Although definite information is not available, it is presumed that De Witt Clinton's picture was placed on the cigarette tax stamps because the year 1876, in which the Internal Revenue regulations required the issuance of the cigarette stamp, was the 50th anniversary of the opening of the Erie Canal of which De Witt Clinton was the chief promoter.

Q. Are there any show boats in operation at the present time? D.M.S.

A. Only one is operating at present. That is Captain J. W. Menke's Hollywood Show Boat, formerly the Cotton Blossom, which is now in its seventh consecutive season on the river front of St. Louis.

Q. Is it possible to travel by automobile all the way from North America to South America? K.E.L.

A. The Public Roads Administration says it is not possible to travel by automobile all the way from the United States to points in South America. There are unimproved sections in the recognized route to South America, a number of them more than 100 miles long, in Mexico, Costa Rica, Panama, and Colombia. Several of these are in jungle country through which there is not even a pack trail.

Q. Why is a black cat associated with bad luck? E.C.O.

A. According to an old legend Satan's favorite form of disguise was a black cat and this probably gave rise to the superstition.

Q. Are raindrops round? S.McD.

A. The Weather Bureau says that small drops of rain are practically spherical. Large ones are somewhat turnip-shaped, and oscillate to some extent as they fall.

Q. Is the information obtained by the local board about a registrant confidential? D. D.

A. The Selective Service System says that a local board does not divulge information on a registrant's financial or physical condition. The following information is public: His classification, his classification record (all classes in which he has been placed), his reasons for asking deferment and the board's actions.

Q. What kind of ship is the LSV? M. R.

A. The Navy department says that the abbreviation LSV stands for landing ship, vehicle. Ships of this type are named after old monitors.

Q. Can a young woman, 19 years of age, with high school education, enlist in any of the armed forces? D. R.

A. She cannot. The minimum age for enlistment in the women's organizations of the armed forces is 20.

Q. Is German money used by the American soldiers now in German territory? W. N. D.

A. Military forces under General Eisenhower are using Allied military marks in German territory. Allied military marks circulate at par with Reichmarks. No general rate of exchange between the Allied military mark or Reichsmark and the dollar has been established. For purposes of computing the pay of troops, however, a provisional basis of ten marks to the dollar is being used.

Q. If two veterans plan to establish a point business and wish to obtain a loan guaranty under the terms of the GI Bill, must they apply separately or can both obtain guarantyon the one loan? F.R.E.

A. When planning a joint enterprise, the two veterans may apply for guaranty of the same loan. However, the amount of guaranty may not be more then $2,000 for each borrower, or a maximum of $4,000 for the two.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, July 14, 1920 ..

The Advertising club of Allentown held a luncheon meeting at the Hotel Allen. The meeting was featured by an address by Arthur N. Edrop, director of production of the Associated Artists of Philadelphia.

Approximately 85 per cent of the trolleymen of the Allentown and Slatington divisions of the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. at a meeting of the Owls' Home became emembers of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Employees of the United States and Canada, an organization comprising more than 200,000 members.

Ruth Sipple, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. S. Sipple, of 41 N. 8th St., received word of her election as a member of the National Association of Harpists.

The annual picnic and outing of the agents, solicitors and canvassers of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. in the district comprising Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton was held at Dorney Park.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by
REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

I KINGS 18:1-24

It was at the close of the period of drought prophecied by Elijah, three and half years, with famine conditions in Samaria, that Elijah on his return from Zarephath met Obadiah, a servant of King Ahab, who had done all he could to spare the lives of Jehovah's prophets from the hand of wicked Jezebel. Thus did Obadiah live up to the meaning of his name, a servant of Jehovah. Elijah told Obadiah to announce to Ahab that he was back again on his territory and that he would appear before Ahab to declare the end of the drought. When Ahab met Elijah, he asked him, "Are you the man that is troubling Israel?" Elijah at once replied, "You are the man that is troubling Israel, because you have been following the Baalim. He then issues a challange, culminating in the famous scene on Mt. Carmel. A bullock was to be placed on wood upon an altar, with no fire to ignite it. Whichever god should answer prayer by sending fire upon the sacrifice, he was to be declared the true God. The result tomorrow.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There is a homely adage which runs, "Speak softly, and carry a big stick; you will go far." If the American nation will speak softly and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroly efficient navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far. T. Roosevelt.

U. S. BACKS WORLD COOPERATION

Congress has enacted legislation to put the Bretton Woods international monetary program into action and when President Truman signs it, as he undoubtedly will, the United States will be the first of all the United Nations to put its approval upon this highly important economic measure.

Inasmuch as the United Stataes will be the biggest backer and stockholder in the huge concern that is expected to stabilize money thruout the world and be the biggest of all banking institutions, it is important that our Congress was the first to approve. Herein is assurance from the United States that it stands back of the plan to help the world's economic ills. Such assurance from the biggest and most important nation, economically, should have most important effect upon the smaller and poorer nations, all of which will be contributing to the pool of money and credit in amounts which have been worked out by international financial experts.

Inasmuch as Congress also is likely to ratify the Charter of the San Francisco Conference at an early day, the people of the world are being told that this time the people of the United States are wholeheartedly in favor of the universal peace plan which was worked out at San Francisco and its supporting agency, the Bretton Woods agreement. There are to be no hedgings and no doubts. We are ready with all our might and means to cooperate with all the peoples of the world in their professed desires for peace.

President Truman in Potsdam yesterday forcefully and tersely put these desires into words. He also gave a sincere promise of the people of the United States to the people of the world. He announced that this country does not wish to acquire a single piece of territory anywhere. All that it desires is peace and prosperity for the world as a whole.

The United States is "looking forward to a better world, a peaceful world, a world in which all the people will have an opportunity to enjoy the good things in life and not just a few at the top. Let's not forget that we are fighting for peace and for the welfare of mankind. We are not fighting for conquest," he said. And then he added, "We want to see the time come when we can do the things in peace that we have been able to do in war. If we can put this tremendous machine of ours, which has made this victory possible, to work for peace, we could look forward to the greatest age in the history of mankind. That is what we propose to do."

Therein, succinctly, the President of the United States expressed American public opinion. We believe the world will believe the sincerity of those statements and the deep desire of the American people to fulfill those promises.

MUSIC AT POTSDAM CONFERENCE

It has not been indicated how it has come about that a famous American pianist now a soldier in the American Army, has been included in President Truman's party in Potsdam but certainly it seems to show the fine hand of the President himself who loves music and plays the great instrument itself with considerable ability.

At any rate the reports out of the Big Three conference indicate that music already has done something very important for the tone and spirit of the conference. At a dinner given by the President to the British and Russian delegations Sergeant Eugene List played works by Russian composers and upon the insistence of Premier Stalin for encores played American and Russian folk music with such effectiveness that it brought Stalin to his feet in hearty toasts.

All this fitted exactly into the Russian mood and likewise into that of Mr. President Truman who probably did not have to be coaxed overly long to play "Missouri Waltz," then giving Beethoven's "Minuet in G" as an encore number.

President Roosevelt was noted for his charm and for his ability thereby to win friends and influence people. President Truman with his love and talent for music may have exactly what is needed in the present and future relations of the great countries which are presently committed to restoring enduring peace to the world. Certainly the world needs music, the music of peace and joy.

EVEN FORD HAD PLANE TROUBLES

Allentown continues to experience the regret that manufacture of war planes in this city is to be discontinued at an early day as more and more hundreds of workers in the local Vultee plant return to other work or leave the community because of the termination of their contracts.

The situation is of course not unique. Consider, for example, the discontinuance of manufacture of planes at Henry Ford's celebrated Willow Run bomber plant. That industry is said to have cost over a hundred million dollars, and employed approximately 42,000 persons. With the end of the European phase of the war, the army air forces announced it had all the Liberators it needed; other types of bombers would take over the job in the Pacific.

The final bomber was the 8,685th made in the plant by the Ford Motor company. The first one was assembled in September, 1942.

Now there are less than 2,000 persons around the huge buildings. Both the Ford Motor company and the army air forces have announced they have no plans for future use of the factory, which covers about 63 acres. The big air field that edges up to the final assembly line, however, already has become storage space for hundreds of Liberator bombers that have seen service in the European theatre.

Henry Ford once planned to retain the big plant after the war and devote it to the production of cargo planes and farm implements. Later, however, it was announced he had abandoned these plans.

Willow Run, symbol of war production on the grand scale, was begun early in 1941, with an initial order for 800 completed bombers and complete sub-assemblies and parts for another 1,200. It was the subject of considerable criticism when plans for early production failed to materialize.

It got into the production stride in 1943, however, and in November of that year was able to announce that more than 1,000 bombers and substantial numbers in knock-down sets had been produced.

Highest production level reached was one completed bomber every working hour. In March, 1944, the assembly lines turned out 462 of the big planes.

It is to be noted that even Ford, with all his genius for mass production, had troubles and long delays when it came to building airplanes, especially because he was building planes for a war that changed almost by the day and hour whereas when he was building motor cars, he set his sights and then kept on making the same kind of a car for months and even years.

No Longer "Big Three"

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 20—They call it the "Big Three" conference because that's the name it was given when the late President Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill used to meet together to outline global strategy. But it's a far different conference today. It is more a conference of three governments at Potsdam than of three personalities.

This is because President Truman believes these international meetings should not be personal affairs. He agrees that much can be done by conversation in person that could not be done by letter or telegram or telephone, but he does not like to rely on any three-man agreements as such. He has at his elbow at all times advisers from the large delegation that accompanied him to Europe.

Mr. Truman's way is good because it enables more persons to know of the conversations and enables the President each night to get advice from those who listened as he did to the requests or suggestions or ideas of the other conferees. Without in the slightest degree disparaging Mr. Roosevelt's method, it may be said that he relied a great deal on personality and amiability. This can be of tremendous help in keeping conferences on a plane of friendship and cordiality but bargaining and trading is too often a business which is necessarily impersonal because the money or property or decisions involved are not those of the individual but of a nation.

The three leaders, therefore, meet really not as personal conferees on private business but as trustees of public businss of the utmost importance. Hence preparedness for such meetings is of prime importance. It is a sad fact that some of the Americans who attended conferences at Casablanca, Cairo, Teheran and Yalta felt that the President did not insist on enough preparation beforehand and did not take with him more men who could assist him, whereas there were always complimentary comments on how well the British prepared and documented their case whether it was for an economic or political objective.

The controversy which is going on as to the secrecy of the "Big Three" meeting is by no means unprecedented. The press complained at Paris in 1919 that the "Big Four"—Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando—maintained secrecy. But the news did leak out because certain members of the French press, for instance, had access to records of the minutes made at the foreign office, where many of the conferences were held. President Wilson felt this was a breach of the secrecy agreement but he was unable to do anything about it.

The secrecy imposed at Potsdam, where reporters are actually excluded from the zone where the conference is being held, is justifiable only on the theory that provision for such a large press as attended the San Francisco conference or even the Paris conference is not practicable. But there is no reason why someone cannot be authorized each day or every few days to act as spokesman for each of the three governments.

There is some reason for believing that the Soviet authorities would prefer to have no announcements made till the end of the conference because they have a way of controlling what is printed in their own press, and if the British and Aemrican papers were given piecemeal announcements the Russians might feel compelled to do likewise. The Russians, moreover, do not consider any decisions to be final until all questions are disposed of and naturally would prefer to await the ending of a conference.

No harm is done by waiting till the conference has adjourned. But once the meeting is over, there should be a complete report of what has happened and the Congress and the American people should be given the facts and background. For it can remain a secret conference only insofar as military subjects relating to the Far East are concerned. Otherwise the public is entitled to a full report of what their representatives have agreed upon and what subjects have been deferred for future conferences.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

MEN OF TRADITION

I have long been a Patton fan—even when he was being persecuted by the so-called liberals whose hearts usually bleat with joy when someone slips on a banana peel. At that time, this column was one of the few that stood by Patton instinctively.

I was never quite sure that I understood Eisenhower. So many queer and incomprehensible things happened in the political phases of this war, that I could not help but wonder whether he had something to do with them. But today there can be no doubt in my mind, at any rate, as to the nobility of his character and the breadth of his vision. He presents a fascinating personality that will be as attractive in peace as in war.

Somehow small things matter. Patton burst into tears at the reception in Boston and flew to pray in the church of his baptism. Eisenhower did not forget Abilene, Kansas, in his triumph. Men who love their mothers, no matter how old or how old-fashioned, appeal to me. The heroes of our war, when they return, go back to their mothers, their small-town neighbors. Ours is a truly democratic army that recruits not only its soldiers but its generals from among the simple people of the land.

The Erudite Gentry

It is a relief from the ostentatiously erudite gentry who, coming down to New York from Washington, played at being celebrities in night clubs and hoped for mention by the peep-hole columnists who measured their worth against movie stars. Our authentic heroes need no such publicity. Their battle ribbons tell their merit.

I don't know why it should be so, not being a profound psychologist, but the fact stands out like a beacon, that these simple people, from what New Yorkers like to call the backwoods, compare favorably with the intellectual liberals who infest this city and over-awe its din with their reptitious platitudes. President Truman who farmed not so many years ago and sold haberdashery which in his town was called gent's furnishings, behaves with extraordinary dignity and his lady, who I am sure without looking, has not graced the Social Register, has restored the White House tone to its true quality of being the First Home in the Land. For that act alone, I who have most often voted Republican, would vote for Truman were there an election today.

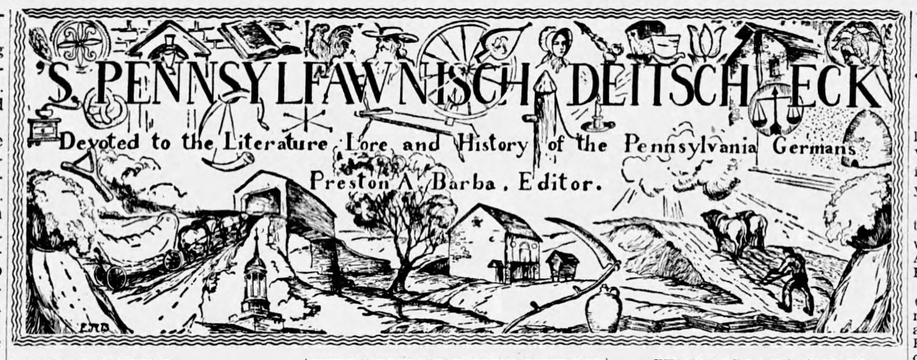
The Word, Celebrity

The word, celebrity, is foul. It is generic to the breed that hires press agents to make themselves known. Gangsters are celebrities as much as saints; divorcees as much as clergymen. The word refers mostly to those who get their names before their neighbors no matter how they do it. The word, celebrity, deals with silly people who send out notices about themselves as though anyone really is interested in their private lives, particularly their shameless and tempestuous marital relations. It includes those horrors who are pleased to be mentioned even if the notice should bring to their cheeks the blush of humiliation. It is used for actors and radio stars who hire swooners and autograph hunters to dog their steps.

Our authentic heroes are not of this breed. They are photographed with their mothers and wives and children and grandchildren. They are simple men who live within the gentleness of the family and who find comfort not in the smoke-filled sweatbaths of reconstructed speakeasies, but in their homes among those who grew up with them in the cozy atmosphere of the American small town. Generation after generation, it is these small towns that produce the leaders of American life—the men whose personalities, often less dramatic than those who live in the canyons of big cities, are truer to the type that is called American. So is it in this war.

It is curious how rapidly "times change." For years, Park Avenue in New York seemed to overwhelm the United States. The Stork Club seemed to be an annex of the Capitol. That is all over now. The fact that the summer capitol is in the middle country, in Kansas which used to be so far away, is exciting. Far away from what?

(Copyright, 1945)



DER HEESS WASSER GRIEG

vum O. P. KNAUSS

The following is a metrical narrative in our dialect of the uprising that raged in Millerstown (known since 1875 as Macungie Borough) and vicinity in the spring of 1799, because Congress had levied a tax upon houses, according to the number of window-panes, which was very obnoxious to the German inhabitants of Northampton, Lehigh, Bucks, Berks and Montgomery Counties. Locally known as the Hot Water Rebellion because of the episode set forth in the following verses, it is more widely known as Fries' Rebellion, so named for John Fries, who led a mob to Bethlehem and forced the government officials to release the objecting farmers who were being held imprisoned there. Fries was found guilty of treason and sentenced to be hanged, but was later pardoned by President Adams. For further details see History of the Counties of Lehigh and Carbon, Philadelphia, 1884.

In Millerschtedtel lang zurick,
Do fangt en Uffruhr aa,
As weider geht un zum Unglick
Bringt Druwwel mit der law.

Ee Yohr var achtzeh hunnert schunn
Iss die G'schicht vorgefalle,
Un die as mitgemacht aa duhn
Net viel devun noh bralle.

En neier Blaan waar rausgeduh
Fer Fenschterscheiwe taxe;
Do kann mer denke was dezu
Iss hinnenoh gewachse.

Der President John Adams dann
Geht eifrich an der job
Fer Geld zu griege wie er kann
Un gebt die orders ab.

Sell waar de Leit net aagenehm,
Die Zeite waar'n zu hart;
Es Geld waar raar un do deheem
Sie schteibern sich nau dart.

Assessors un collectors noh,
Die kumme schpeddlich bei;
Sie griegen gaar ken willkumm do,
Yüscht Hass un Schelterei.

So nemmt die law der Vorzug draa
Un sucht uff all die Naame
Vun de Schtreiter un will aa
Sie schtreng dezu gemaahne.

Die "Grandy" Miller, bees debei,
Vum Kindbett geht sie raus,
Helft Wasser schitte uff sie nei
Un yaagt sie so dann naus.

Vun Lengeschder en Kumpni aa
Soldaate schtehn do rum;
Sie suchen die as gege die law
Haerzhaftich schtreite duhn.

Sie gehn zu Haus un Scheier dann
Un schteche mit de Dege
In Better, Schtroh un Heu as wann
Verschteggelt drin sei meege.

Zwee Menner vun dem Schtedtel dart,
Wu hitzich waar'n im Schtreit,
Sin faschtgenumme un mit fart
Noch Bethlehem fer'n Zeit.

Dann geht en Zaahl Mann hitzich fart,
Ziegt annere un waerd gross,
Ass Bethlehem vergelschtert waerd
Un gebt die Pressners los.

John Fries hen sie fer'n leader g'hatt,
Der waar aa net verzaagt;
Vun Milford drunne un wu aa
Waar Fenschtertax verglaagt.

Nau awwer iss die Owrichkeit
Als ernschter uffgeweckt;
Noch Phildelphi fer en Zeit
Die Pressners eigeschteckt.

Fer monetlang geht des Verheer
In court un law derwege;
Es waar Gewiss en grossi Lehr
Fer die wu waar'n degege.

Die court noh gebt Urteil dezu,
Un Fries der soll dann henke;
Die ann're wu aa mitzuduh,
Hen Zeit un Geld zu schpende.

Geel Flewer brecht noh heftich aus
In Pressen un der Schtadt;
Die G'fangne hen geschwind sie nau
Noch Norristown dann g'hatt.

Eens vun de Menner schtarrebt dart—
En Millerschtedtel Schtreiter;
Die ann're sin noh schpaeter fart
Un heemkumme viele g'scheiter.

Dann iss ee Daag em Fries sei Fraa
Mit zehe Kinner gange
Noch Philadelphi un hofft aa
En pardon zu erlange.

Zum President iss sie noh hie:
Er guckt sie aa mit Schmaerz,
Mit nasse Aage denkt an sie
Un Kinner in seim Haerz.

En Befehl macht er 're noh dann aus,
Gebt ihn der Mutter hie;
Wer waar noh froh un geht vum Haus
Mit dankbaar Haerz waar sie.

Die annere wu aa en Deel
Im Schtreit un G'fecht hen g'hatt,
Die gehne heem nooch gud Befehl,
Ass ihne lang nix schatt.

So kann mer sehne wie die Leit
Waar'n lang zurick aa b'sunne;
Mit Gleenichkeite un im Schtreit
Hen sie sich drin befunne.

Mer meege wunn're driwwer heit,
Wann uns so laws wie die
Waer'n uffgelegt un aa wie weit—
Mer daeten graad wie sie!

Zu viel so Taxe blogen aa
Un duhn die Leit verzaerne;
Un wie verzaehlt do owwedraa,
Erfaahrung dutt em laerne.

Macungie, Pa.

WUNNERLICHE WEGE

Heit iss es Samschdaag un weil yuscht fimf Daag die Woch g'schafft waerd, hock ich do deheem an meim Desk un schreib Brief. Es kummt mir in mei Sinn aa en Brief ans ECK zu schreiwe. Awwer iwwer was soll ich schreiwe? Ich hab mol der Kopp gegratzt, awwer die Fingerneggel hen nix rausgratze kenne. Wie ich nix vorbringe hab kenne, kummt's mir in die Gedanke, wann ich doch yuscht ans Hollerhecke Waertshaus am Haasebaerrick waer, wu die schwarz Boddel als 'm Gottlieb Boonastiel die wunderbaare kluge un g'scheite Gedanke vum Bleipencil laafe hot mache. Graad bin ich in die Kich un hab mei Fraa g'frogt ob Schnaps im Haus waer. Sie hot mir net geantwart, awwer hot mich g'frogt was ich mit Schnaps wott. Ich hab gsaat, ich wott ebbes schreiwe un ich hett gaern Schnaps far mir die Gedanke losweeche. Weil sie ken Freind vum Schnapsdrinke iss saagt sie, sie daet mir die Gedanke losweeche mit 'm Besemschtiel un ich sott mich vun so Dummheete abschele. So weil ich ken Lebenswasser zu Hilf rufe kann, muss ich's vollbringe mit kalt Wasser.

Endlich hawwich mich erinnert an Dinge, die in vergangene Yohre stattg'funne hen.

Vor etliche Yohre iss unser Schul Superintendent zu seinere ewich Ruh gange. So hot en annerer in sei Schtell g'setzt sei misse. All die Schulmeeschter vum mennliche un vum weibliche G'schlecht sin zum Gedanke kumme far unserm nele Superintendent en gross Fescht mache um ihn schee zu willkumme. Die Schulmeeschter waare ee hunnert pro cent eenich. Weil ich eener vun ihne waar, hawwich aa mei paar Daaler gaern neig'schmisse.

En schee un haerrlich Fescht iss g'halte waare in unserm Temple. Des waar der bescht Blatz far so'n Mahl. Mer hen die beschte Mittel gebraucht far alles zum Beschte zu bringe. Der Temple iss himmlisch schee un mir Schulmeeschter hen uns uffg'fiehrt wie's recht schicklich iss. Mannsleit un Weibsleit hen all ihre beschte Sunndaagsgleeder aagezogge. Die Weibsleit hen sich schee gepulfert, ge'lipstick't un behenkt mit 'm beschte jewelry, das zu kaafe waar in Woolworths. Wunderbaar schee hot ihrer keschtlicher Schmuck geglanst. Alles waar hibsch. Die Mannsleit sin all zum barber die Hohr schneide losse un die Baert rasiere losse.

Weil die Weibsleit en grossi Mehrheit sin, waar's geblaant far ee Mann unnich Schticker vier odder fimf Weibsleit zu verdeele. Ich hab's gut Glick g'hatt far mich an 'n Disch setze mit fimf recht scheene Damen vun unerschtlicher Elt.

Des Mahl waar nau en Sach vun hochbeenicher Ort. Wann so 'n G'schicht awwer zu hochbeenich hergeht, kann's so 'me Bauerknippel wie ich unheemlich warre. Dass mer sich abquaele muss mit Gleeder iss doch dumm in dem Yohrhunnert. Mir Mannsleit hen collars gewore, das uns die Hels schier abg'schnitte hen un sie waare so hoch dass mer uns uff die Zehe schtelle hen misse far owwe iwwer sie nausgucke.

Wie mer um der Disch rum sin, bin ich verschrocke wege de viele Messere. Gawwele un Leffel die bei de Deller waare. Ich hab mir net vorschtelle kenne wie mer so viel G'scharr brauche kann far sich satt esse un ich hab gewinscht wann ich doch yuscht en Bauer gebliwwe waer. Liewer wott ich de Kieh 's Hoi ins Reff schtecke, bluge, eege, Geil schtriggle, odder Hols hacke am Breede Baerrick. Un die scheene Damen hen mich aa geaergert. Mit ihne hawwich gedenkt misst mer so fein un pinktlich haergeh, dass es eem der Kopp schwimme macht. Awwer do waar ich, un ich bin zum Schluss kumme, dass wann annere 's darrich mache kennte, kennt ich aa.

Die Disch waare schicklich g'schmickt mit Blumme un Kreiter. Wie g'saat, es waar viel G'scharr bei vedem Deller. Aerscht 'n grosser Leffel, gross wie Scheppleffel. Ee Schtick nooch em annere waar glenner bis zum letschte. Des waar 'n winsicher gleener Leffel, ball so gross wie'n zehe Cent Schtick. Des gans Wese hot mir schlecht aag'schtanne. Ich hab gedenkt mit denne hocigelaerute Weibsleit misst mer 'n hochortich G'schpraech fiehre, un sich recht heeflich beweise. Es waar verschtanne, die Menner sollte die Leithammel sei im G'schpraech. So hawwich gemeent, wott ich mit em beschte Fuss schritte. Fer en Zeitlang hen mer nanner unnerhalte iwwer literary Dinge, iwwer philosophy Einstein, Lord Byron un Angora Katze. Awwer 's hot net recht abrutsche welle. Dann hawwich gedenkt ferwas des heilich Dunnerwetter mir uns so schaendlich bloge daete, weil mer doch all menschlich waere un kennte all besser schwetze iwwer 'commone'e Sache as wie vum Goldsmith un annere grosse Dinteschlecker. Vun dem Punkt sin mer nausg'schritt uff me annere Weg. Uff eemol hot sich niemand meh fremm g'fiehlt.

Awwer zerick zu de Messere un 's anner G'scharr, das mir all en Raetsel waar. Ich habt geglaabt die Freilein uff der Gegeseit vun mir, waer doch gewiss in hoche Sphere umgange un kennt uns 's Muschter schneide wie die Waffe zu brauche. Schunn lang zerick hawwich g'heert, mer daet immer aafange mit 'm aerschte Schtick uff der rechte Seit, un dann immer vun rechts noch links. Graad wie der fruit salad, so uffgemetzelte grapefruit, oranges un bananas, uffgedraage waar, langt sie far der aersch un glennscht Leffel, 's aersch Schtick 's weitscht vum Deller. Mer hen all ihre noochgemacht un wie mer all ausg'funne hen eb lang, sin mer all vum Aafange lets gange. Der glee Leffel waar gezaehlt fer der Zucker uffriehre in de gleene demi Tasse Koppcher. Der Kaffee iss am Letsche uffgedraage warre. Un nau hen mer nix meh iwwrich g'hatt als wie der gross Riehrleffel un mit sellem hen mer der Kaffe uffg'schtarrt! Des waar lecherlich. Un daere Zeit hot sich kens meh bekimmert um was G'scharr zu brauche fers Essse zu verschlinge. Mer hen ausg'funne eens waar graad so dumm wie's anner. Am Aerschte hen mer's zo zimberlich aagepackt awwer 's waar nau glaar, dass mer uns unneedich bemieht hen. Un wie die Abwaarter die 'fricasseed chicken', schwarz verbrennte Hinkel, vorg'schtellt hen, hen mer ausgemacht, es misst im 'me annere Weg geh. Ich hab beschlosse, die Zeit waer nau reif fer's Eis breche. Ich hab de Maed weise wolle wie Hinkel zu esse. 'S aersch hawwich sie g'frogt ob sie seilewe 'n Hund sehne hette en guter Knoche abfresse. Des hen sie all g'sehne. Dann hawwich g'saat, die Mensche sotte sich g'scheiter weise wie die Hund. En Hund hebt en Knoche fescht mit de veddere Fiess. So saag ich, nemmt en Mann mit 'me Haern im Kopp en Hinkelbee in sei zwee Brodhoke un zehrt's Fleesch vum Knoche, was er net devun schneide kann mit 'm Messer. Ich hab der Aafang gemacht un die scheene Maed sin g'schwind noochg'folcht mit grosse Freede. Die an de annere Disch hen's g'sehne un hen aa noochgemacht. Yedes hot g'fiehlt, wie wann mer all aus 'me grosse Elend kumme waere. Mer waare eenich, dass wann crullers beikaemte, daete mer sie duuke.

Es End vum Mahl iss kumme. Die demi-tasse sin vorg'schtellt warre. Wie vorhaer g'saat, die Dame uff der annere Seit vun mir hot uns uff der letz Weg g'fiehrt, g'hatt mit 'm gleene Leffel. Un nau hen sie nix meh iwwrich g'hatt, as wie der gross Scheppleffel fern Fingerhutvoll Kaffee riehre. Mer hen g'saat, sie misst uns nau aus daere Gelegeheit fiehre. Sie hot uns gewisse, dass sie en Meeschter in so Umschtende waar. Sie nemmt die Tasse, leert der Kaffee in der gross Leffel un drinkt 'n aus 'm Leffel. Un mer hen 're all noochgemacht.

So iss der Owet zum End kumme. Mer hen all gewinscht, mer kennte noch efter so haerrliche Zeite feiere.

Weil mer uns nimmi bloge hen losse vun etiquette, waare mer leichtsinnich odder waare mer unmanierlich? Icn-glaab net!

Scranton, Pa. —WILLIAM F. YODER

GEBURTSDAAG GRUSS

On July 26th SCHOLLA, the well-known Pennsylvania German column appearing thrice weekly in the Reading Times, and edited by Der Ewich Yaeger (Dr. Arthur D. Graeff) will have appeared for seven consecutive years. We join in the sentiments expressed in the following congratulatory verses.—ECK.

Geburtsdaag Gruss un Winsche reich
Zum "Yaeger" un zu "Scholle" gleich;
Wu duhn en wertvoll Arwet heit,
Fer unser Deitsche Schproch un Leit.

Geburtsdaag—kann's dann meeglich sei?
Sinn dann schunn siwwe Yohr ferbei?
En Woch, en Monat—meent nix meh—
So schtarrick duhn die Yohre geh.

Ya, siwwe Yohr, dreimol die Woch,
Hen mir geguckt fer "Scholle" doch—
Un des iss wahr, gewiss ich saag—
Mer kennte 's lese **alle Daag.**

Net yuscht ee Kollum, doch sowohl,
En ganze Zeitung allemol,
In Sache Deitsch iss so viel draus,
In ee glee Kollum kann's net raus.

Doch duht der **"Yaeger"** gut sei Pflicht
In Schtori un alsmol Gedicht;
En bissel alt—en bissel nei—
Von Sach wu unser Arbschafft sei.

Von Leit schun fort, un ewwe die,
Wu halten Mutterschproch noch grie—
Die Ursach v'leicht, fer dess un sell—
Des macht blessierlich Leses—gell?

En bissel G'schpass, wu geht's wie's kann,
Aus Lechaa, Barricks, Lebanon—
En bissel Rot noch owwe druff—
All zamme halt Indresse uff.

So freindlichweis drick ich die Hand
Vum "Yaeger" iwwer die Meile vom Land,
Un "Scholle" winsch ich Glick sogar,
Fer noch en mannich, mannich Yohr.

Allentown, Pa. —RALPH S. FUNK

DER DEIWEL

Die Welt iss gross,
Der Deiwel los,
Sei G'walt extreme;
Schpiel net mit ihm,
'N Feiers Quell
Un liegt wie Hell.

Hot viel verfiehrt
Un ruiniert;
Nemmt Yung un Alt
Un mechtich brallt;
Bringt nix was Gut,
Vergiesst viel Blut;

Un was er saagt,
Acht nix wie Schtaab;
Verschtellt sich oft,
Iss uffge'puffed';
Wie'n Engel scheint,
Doch greeschter Feind.

So dreibt er's nau,
Wie'n alti Sau;
So lang er kann;
Doch endlich dann
Nemmt Gott sei Halt
An ihm mit G'walt
Un endt sei Schul—
Werft ihn in Pfuhl.
Der Alt dart bleibt
In Ewichkeit!

10. July, 1945 —H. HORACE ROMIG

Needles and Pins

Nodel un Neez, Nodel un Neez!
Wer heiert hot Druwwel
Un selle Weg geht's.

I had a little hobby-horse

Mei scheener, gleener Schockelgaul,
Der waar so dipplich groh;
Sei Kopp, der waar vun Welschkarnlaab,
Der Schwanz, gemacht vun Schtroh.

Ich hab en dann re Fraa verkaaft,
Die gebt mer'n roder Cent;
O wann ich yuscht mei Schockelgaul
Nau widder hawwe kennt!

My little old man and I fell out
Der Ald un ich, mer falle aus,
So geht's halt in de Welt:
Er waar so aarm wie'n Kaerrichemaus,
Bei mir waar blendi Geld.

Wash on Friday

Wescht mer amme Freidaag,
Des guckt mer so dabbich.
Wescht mer amme Samschdaag,
Dann iss mer aa schlappich.

Here's Sulky Sue

Die brutzich Sue,
Was soll mer duh?
Mer schtellt sie weck
Ins Schpeichereck,
Noh hot sie Ruh,
Die brutzich Sue.

I HAVE SEEN YOU, LITTLE MOUSE

Hab dich g'sehne, gleeni Maus!
Schpringschte rum im ganze Haus,
Guckscht mol aus em gleene Loch;
Was de witt, des weess mer doch.
Witt gewiss paar Grimmle schtehle,
Duh dich awwer net verfehle!
Bussi iss verleicht noch do,
Geb yuscht acht, sie geht dir noh!
Iss sie fart, dann kummschte glei,
Schpringschte emol zum Brotschank nei,
Schleichschte dart ums Esse rum,
Dappschte nei un gebscht nix drum,
Nemmscht vum Allerbeschte mit
Un verdaerbscht noch was d'net witt.

—Aus'm John Birmelin
seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

Deaths of a Day

WILLIAM J. SECHLER

William J. Sechler, 61, died at his late home at Andreas R. 1, Mahoning Valley, early yesterday. He had been in failing health for the past seven years.

He operated a farm at the site of the late home for almost 35 years. He was the son of the late Joseph and Amanda (nee Siert) Sechler, both of Berks county.

He is survived by his wife, Emma (nee Arner); a daughter, Mrs. Raymond Wehr, of South Tamaqua; an adopted daughter, Mrs. Theodore Promp, of Allentown; five grandchildren; a brother, Edwin S. Sechler, of Kempton, and a sister, Mrs. Ida Snyder of Kutztown.

Mr. Sechler was a member of the Reformed wing of St. Peter's church, Mantzville, and the church council until a few years ago. He was also a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Andreas.

Private funeral services will be held at the George E. Snyder Funeral home, Snyders, on Monday at 1:30 p. m., with Rev. W. W. Moyer of New Mahoning officiating.

ANDREW VOYTKO

Andrew Voytko, husband of Anna (Fenstermacher) Voytko, 108 Grube's Court, died at 1:05 a.m. Friday in Sacred Heart hospital, where he was a surgical patient. Born in Bethlehem, February 5, 1892, he was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Voytko.

He is survived by his wife, three sons, Charles, Joseph and Donald, and five daughters, Mrs. Andrew Docer, Mrs. Henry Wildgen, Mrs. Edward Hanssen, Mrs. Roy Applegate and Mrs. Warren Bauder, all of Bethlehem. Two brothers, Charles, U. S. Army; Stephen, Bethlehem, and two sisters, Mrs. John Shivok and Mrs. Michael De Bellis and 12 grandchildren, all of Bethlehem.

Funeral will be held at 9 a.m. Monday from the funeral home of Harry Dillinger, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem. Solemn requiem mass will be celebrated at 9:30 o'clock in SS. Simon and Jude church, followed by burial in Holy Saviour cemetery.

CHARLES H. FORBACH

Charles H. Forbach, a resident of Scranton, died in the Allentown hospital early yesterday, having been admitted to that institution four days ago. He was in his 78th year.

He had been in the painting and decorating business in Scranton for 40 years. He was born there Jan. 1, 1868, the son of Frederick and Henrietta (Hausman) Forbach. His wife, the former Anna Huber, preceded him in death 18 years ago.

He was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Scranton, and a member of the brotherhood of the church.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 11 a. m. at the D. D. Jones Funeral home, Scranton, with Rev. Jacoby, supply pastor at St. Peter's Lutheran church, officiating. Interment will be made in Dunmore cemetery.

MRS. HARRISON TROXELL

Mrs. Cecilia, nee Rice, Troxell, wife of Harrison T. Troxell, 641 Fiot Ave., Bethlehem, died at 8:20 a. m. Friday at her late residence. She was born in Bethlehem March 18, 1870, a daughter of the late H. M. and Mary, nee Schaffer, Rice.

She was a member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Bethlehem, where she was baptized and confirmed by the late Rev. Cooper. She was married by the late Rev. Schoener, of the same church, Aug. 29, 1895.

A member of the Ladies Aid and Missionary societies, she is survived by her husband; one daughter, Mrs. John Ladriere, at home; two brothers, William H. and Albert, of Bethlehem. One grandchild also survives.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the Miller funeral home, 529 Wyandotte St., Bethlehem. Interment in Nisky Hill cemetery.

MRS. MARY PFEIFFER

Survivors of the late Mrs. Mary Pfeiffer, 88, widow of Andrew Pfeiffer, who d[illegible] Thursday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Madison, 528 E. Laurel St., Bethlehem, are a son, M. Harold Pfeiffer, of Nutley, N. J., and two daughters, Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Jerry Kotkin, both of Bethlehem. Five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held at 4 p. m. Monday in the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, with Rev. William C. Berkemeyer officiating. Burial in Memorial Park.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Shlonga Shracka

Won ebber mohl shwetza wil fon "Shlonga Shracka," don uf kours kon 'm radio un refrigeratormon George O'Niell sei fraw die Helen fon Kutztown ous erfohring shwetza. S O'Niell's hen 'n summer hamet drunna navich da Bind Run g'shwishich Kempton un Lenhartsville. Die ledshd woch wie sie darta worra is es wosser hoch werra, un hen ous gamocht sie dada besser ous tziega. Die grick lawft g'shwishich ihra kottage un da shtross, un hen 'n brick fer riwwer unniver gae. 'S airsht hen sie mohl ihra mashine iwwer die brick niver, un noh shtarta ready mocha fer ous tziega.

'S worra ow'r 'n lot socha tzu fersarva eb sie fert sin, un bis sie ready worra fer nous uf die mashine gae, wors wosser shun awenich iwwer da brick. Die Helen hut ous gamocht sie hetta 'n paar gum shtivel drous in ra glaina shanty leia, 's wear net dawert fer nossa fees ungnaedich griega, sie gang'd un dade die shtivel aw tziega fer noch da mashine gae. Un sie hut die shtivel aw grick'd un mohl ainer aw gatzoga, un noh gabroviert fer der onner aw duh. Der airsht is gute gonga, ow'r der tzwet hut net recht shluppa wolla, noh hut sie der shtivel ous un mohl nei galong'd, un ebbes drin g'shpiert ow'r net gawist wos. Noh hut sie der shtivel sunnersht saversht k'hova, un ferhoftich sei won net 'n grossie shwartzie shlong rous uf der budda g'falla is.

Sis leicht tzu denka os die Helen noh fershrucka wor, un bis die shracka feriwwer worra, wor die shlong fert gagrodd'id in da da kottage, un hen sie net grick'd. Noh hut sie der shtivel nocha mohl aw duh wolla, un ols noch g'shpiert os ebbes drin is. Noh hut sie 'n nocha mohl g'shitt'id, un miner sivatzae won net etlicha gons glaina shwartza shlang'cher rous g'falla sin, un woh sie un der George dote gadraida hen. Noh sin sie nous fer hame gae, un wohrhoft won sie net 'n grossie shwartzie shlong schna hen im Hofe leia, un woh sie aw dote g'shloga hen. Sellie shlong worra sie shure wear ihra onnerrie "Shtivel" shlong gawest, un hen noh ous g'shtart fer hame gae.

'S Herman Longa wohna grawd unna draw, un wohs George g'shtopt hen uf 'm hame waig fer ihra shlonga aeland fertzaila. Die weil os sie awenich imma huddle on da kottage fert sin, hen sie der Herman g'frok'd fer da nagshda morya nuf noch da kottage gae fer sehna os sie yo

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Bridges.

ENEMY GIVEN CHANCE TO SAVE LIFE

On Thursday President Truman, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and then Prime Minister Churchill delivered an ultimatum to the Japanese government as to unconditional surrender. Yesterday afternoon the Japanese cabinet met in special session and according to a later radio broadcast rejected the ultimatum.

Now the process of complete destruction which was the alternative to acceptance is about to begin, or rather to continue. Immediately the American 20th Air Force left the Japanese know what they are to expect and in an unprecedented announcement, broadcast throuout Japan with thousands of leaflets dropped upon the Japanese people by Superfortresses, the promise was made that eleven important cities are next upon the program of destruction.

Like the pool players, the Americans now are "calling their shots." In warfare such tactics usually are avoided inasmuch as the element of surprise is sought in military attacks. In this case the American airmen have told the Japanese people: "We do not wish to kill you. Our fight is against the Japanese military establishment. That establishment is located in large part in your communities, in your factories and in your home work-shops. We must destroy every root and branch and if you are in the way when the destruction begins, you are apt to lose your lives. So quit your homes at once and make for places of safety."

The Americans thereupon have named eleven cities whose size is similar to the cities of the Lehigh Valley. Just when the attacks will be made was not announced but it is presumed that a few days will be afforded the Japanese people to escape in answer to the warning.

The effect of this warning will be watched with interest altho we probably will get little if any report about it. But it is an evidence of American confidence in the superiority of American arms that there is readiness to tell exactly where attack is going to be made. That should make Japanese do some thinking as to the weakness of their own forces and of their own general position in the war.

After the eleven cities have been cleaned up, (which should be possible in just a few high-power raids) then more conviction should come to the Japanese people as to the surety of threats to destroy other cities.

Of this the Japanese government and people can be sure: A plea has been made to them. That plea has been rejected. A counter promise has been made. That promise most surely will be fulfilled. Since Japan demands complete destruction, she will unfortunately have to be accommodated. She is dealing with an enemy of her own choosing and making. She will have to bear the consequences of her early infamies and her present obstinacy and purported determination to "prosecute the war to the bitter end." There is nothing else for the Allied Nations to do under the circumstances.

WHAT JAPAN EXPECTED TO DO TO U. S.

If there has been any thought in Japan that terms of the ultimatum delivered to that country in recent days were harsh, a review of the terms which Japan had planned to accord the United States in the war after anticipated Japanese victory is well in order.

As late in the war as 14 months ago, a spokesman for the Japanese navy declared that America would be granted peace on condition that all U. S. naval vessels should be delivered to Japan and all expenses incurred in sailing them to and delivering them to Japan should be borne by the United States. All ocean liners were to be disposed of in the same way and all naval arms and ammunition were to be confiscated by Japan. All naval stations, naval yards, arsenals and naval training schools and establishments were to be abolished, together with all private ship-building facilities. In addition all naval aircraft and facilities were to be destroyed except those which Japan decided to make use of herself.

Then the Japs proposed to keep the United States and all Americans under strict surveillance for at least ten years and perhaps indefinitely.

The Japs even proposed to take charge of American affairs beyond the point of military surveillance. They planned and announced a determination to reorganize our economic system and impose upon our people, our government and all our business enterprise a system of political authority similar to that of Japan.

When the Japs announced that program they were cocky and confident of victory. They apparently did not consider that the shoe might be put upon the other foot.

CHARTER READY FOR SENATE VOTE

A vote on the United Nations Charter is probable in the United States Senate late today and if such vote can be achieved and if the vote be favorable, as it ultimately is expected to be, there will be another cause for national thanksgiving when the people of America meet tomorrow in their churches for the worship of Almighty God.

An early goal of the Christian church is universal peace. The Charter is a serious attempt and the expression of the desire of half a hundred nations to attain such peace.

Every branch of the church is committed to peace and it has been largely thru God-fearing men and women that the Charter was conceived and formed. It only remains for the United States Senate to approve this high ideal and thus make it workable inasmuch as American example is going to be of the greatest world-wide influence.

Nothing will be better for the sessions of the leaders of the Allied Nations now in Potsdam than the ability of President Truman to announce to their sessions: "The United States of America stands back of the Charter."

The End In Sight

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 27—The end of the war against Japan is in sight. The moves that precede a termination of hostilities are being made. Japan may delay a few days or a few months but the outcome will be the same—she will surrender.

The ultimatum sent by the governments of the United States, Great Britain and China carries greater significance than appears in its phrases. For it was issued from Potsdam where the whole world knows Generalissimo Stalin is attending a conference at which it is admitted the far eastern situation has been discussed.

Japan is being told, in effect, that any lingering hope she may have had of dividing the Allies must vanish. She is also being told by inference that if she doesn't accept this ultimatum, Russia will feel it her duty to enter the war.

What it all adds up to is a threat of military might that can mean the destruction of Japan. The Tokyo radio has been boldly asking for terms. Those terms are now available. They mean, in a nutshell, that if Japan surrenders now, she may have something out of the wreckage. If she waits and forces a last-ditch fight, she will be completely destroyed as a nation.

Psychological Warfare Bears Fruit

America's psychological warfare has borne fruit. The Japanese have come to take our broadcasts seriously and have actually asked for an explanation of "unconditional surrender." The debate in the American press recently over the need for amplifying the phrase has been recognized by President Truman. The ultimatum's phrases read, however, more like the vocabulary and style of Winston Churchill than those of any American official.

The ultimatum sounds strong in its wording but upon analysis it really is the kind of a proposal the Japanese may accept. It is far different from and much more lenient than anything communicated to Germany before the surrender. It makes one wonder whether the European war might have been terminated sooner if the same kind of constructive statesmanship had been exercised in the months before V-E Day; though, to be sure, Hitler's hold on the German people is by no means paralleled in Japan, where a group rather than any individual really dominates.

The ultimatum should be acceptable to Japan because she will be spared an invasion, and if she surrenders now she will save her industrial plants from complete destruction. A significant distinction is made between war plants and industrial facilities needed for economic life.

The document is refreshing, too, in that it perceives inside Japan the possibility of an uprising of liberals who have fought the militarists for a generation, only to have their cabinet ministers and leaders assassinated. There has been a misunderstanding inside America for some time about the Japanese people, the usual propaganda line being that there are no decent Japanese. Americans who have ventured to make that distinction have been called "appeasers." Yet the OWI and the psychological broadcast units here have in recent weeks wisely sought to recognize and encourage the liberals so that a new government could be established, by revolution if necessary.

The decision to occupy strategic points in Japan is a wise one because in no other way could the terms of the surrender be enforced. It will be humiliating for the Japanese but they have no choice. It is for them the lesser of two evils—more bombs and shells from the air and the sea, a terrific pounding and invasion in the next few months, or a chance to rebuild Japan as a peaceful entity in the Far East.

Last-Ditch Fight To Be Urged

Last-ditch resistance will doubtless be urged by the militarists and war criminals in Japan who know they will be executed when surrender comes, but the chance is given for the Japanese populace to side with the liberal groups and their industrialist supporters in overthrowing these militarists who caused the war.

There may be a revolution before the surrender terms are accepted. Also some of the ministers of the present Tokyo government who accept it may commit hara-kiri as a symbol of their humiliation. But by whatever device or means the surrender is worked out, it is coming. The only important point from the Allied standpoint is to make sure that the Japanese people know they have been completely defeated. Japan must, therefore, be deprived of all the territories she has taken by force in Manchuria, Korea, Formosa and the mandated islands of the Pacific. That's what the Cairo declaration—now reiterated—told the world. By whatever phrase this is characterized when the Japanese are disarmed, the result is the same—it means complete defeat. If Japan balks, there must inevitably be renewed determination on all sides in the Allied world to carry on till Japan is finally crushed.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE RENO DIVORCE SPECIAL

I see that plans are being made for Reno to overcome the difficulties of travel on the railroad. The business of Reno is of tremendous importance to this country. Apparently, it is too important to wait until the railroads are free to carry civilians again without restriction. For this business an airplane is being chartered—and gasoline withheld from Americans tending to their proper business is to be used in this extraordinarily pressing and urgent trade. They must have some kind of priority for all this. Yes, Reno is a top-flight priority. Its business is divorce.

According to an Associated Press dispatch from Reno, A. R. Schindler, secretary of the State bar of Nevada and general manager of the Reno Sky Ranch said that this special airplane service would start on August 1. His ranch had purchased one twin-motored six passenger plane and expects to buy two more. These planes are needed for the divorce business which has become national in its scope—perhaps even international. People who cannot get divorces in their own states rush to Reno where everything can be arranged. It is too bad that the railroads can no longer provide ample de luxe transportation for those who come to Reno for this divorce business. The railroads, unfortunately, are providing transportation for our troops deployed from Europe to Asia—also for wounded troops being sent to hospitals and home. So Reno takes to the air.

Of course, a Reno divorce is only good if the collusion is complete. If one of the parties objects, the divorce will not stand in any state where it would be illegal if the parties had tried to get it at home. This was settled by the United States Supreme Court in the case of Williams vs. North Carolina, Justice Felix Frankfurter handing down the decision. He said:

". . . No State Court can assume comprehensive attention to the various and potentially conflicting interests that several States may have in the institutional aspects of marriage."

Discussing what happens in Reno, Justice Frankfurter said:

". . . The conclusion it reached turns on its finding that the spouses who obtained the Nevada decrees were not domiciled there. The fact that the Nevada court found that they were domiciled there is entitled to respect, and more. The burden of undermining the verity which the Nevada decrees import rests heavily upon the assailant. But simply because the Nevada court found that it had power to award a divorce decree cannot, we have seen, foreclose reexamination by another State. . ."

That ought to spoil Reno's divorce business somewhat. The party desiring the divorce must be sure that the party of the second part will not ask that the proceeding be re-examined. Such a request, if it comes after the divorcee got a new spouse, might lead to a legally bigamous marriage. Reno divorces are not as safe as they used to be even if the parties go there by Mr. Schindler's airplane.

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Yesterday's column by Mr. Sokolsky, thru some typographical error, broke off at a quotation attributed to ex-President Hoover. Several phone calls have indicated that there was considerable interest in this concluding paragraph which read as follows:

Said Mr. Hoover to Mr. Willkie: "His father is your opponent. I have two sons. I do not believe that I should like to see my son in the camp of the enemy at such a time."

Mr. Sokolsky's comment was, "That is fine Quaker morality. It is fine American morality."

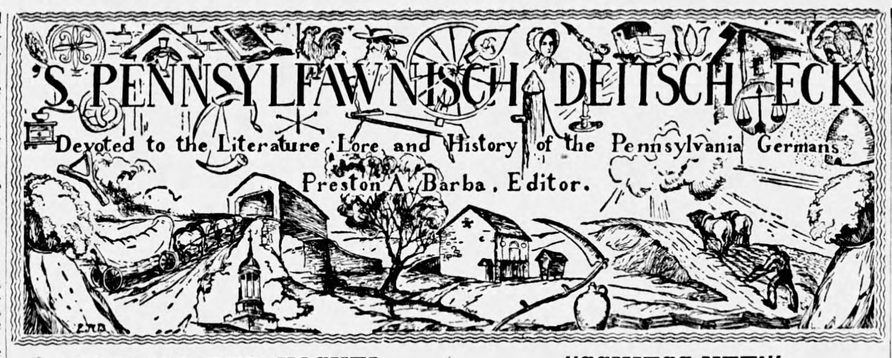
It was the habit of Henrik Ibsen to make complete histories of the lives of his stage characters up to the moment of the opening of the first act.

In World War I, 18 per cent of the wounded taken to evacuation hospitals died; in World War II, only three per cent.

The first local society of the Red Cross in America was organized at a Lutheran church in Danville, N. Y., in 1881.

The lowest annual fire loss in the U. S. fire history for the past 25 years was $235,263,000 in 1935. The 1943 loss was $380,235,000.

Samuel T. Coleridge's reputation as a poet hangs chiefly on three poems: "The Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and "Christable." The last two are unfinished.



WER ISS DER YOCKEL BUMBESCHWENGEL?

Seit dass en paar vun meine Briefe in de Zeiting gedruckt sin warre, froge die Leit, "Wer iss der Yockel Bumbeschwengel?".—'S iss schunt oft g'saat warre, dass wann mer 'me Mann sei Lewe un Karakter uffsuche wott, sott mer en hunnert Yohr zerick geh vun de Zeit, das er gebore waer. Ich bin bang sell zu duh. Mer weess net wieviel Geilsdieb, halb Narrische odder verleicht gans Narrische, das mer finne daet. Sell iss mir allwann, es nemmt aa zu viel Aerwet. 'S Bescht iss, wann mer mit sich selwert aafangt.

Am Owet vum fufzehnte Harning 1883 waar es blobitter kalt. Die Aerd waar dief mit Schnee zugedeckt. De Elle ihre Zunge waare fescht g'frore, so dass sie ken "Hoot Hoot" mache hen kenne im Eileschwamm. Baut nein Uhr owets saagt der Daadi, "Yockel, nemm der alt Ford un geh fer der Dokter Kebo. Die Maemm iss schtaerwesgrank. Geh darrich die Felder—die 'lane' iss zugeblose bis an der fimft Fenseriggel—ken Mensch kann darrich der Weg geh. Geb acht, dass der alt Ford dich net kickt."

Ich hab mich naus an die Scheier g'schtiwwelt. 'M alte Ford waare die Leefer fescht uff der Grund geroscht. Die Hinkel hen aa uff 'm Sitz un uff der Deichsel g'sotze. Ich weess wull, dass wann mer die Hinkel aus 'm Schlof verschteert, lege sie ken Oier der naegscht Daag. Do denk ich, dass ich besser der alt Micke-Schimmel reide duh. Der alt Schimmel waar zu yung geridde gewest un hot's Kreiz eigebroche g'hatt. Sell hot 'n besserer Sitz gemacht. Wann mer sich bissel zerick gelehnt hot, dann hot mer 'n "Lazyback" g'hatt. Wann mer mied waar, hot mer sich varschich gelegt un die Elboge uff sei Hump gerugt.

Der alt Schimmel hot awwer net vum Drog weg gewott. Er waer viel liewer im Schtall gebliwwe. Endlich hawwich ihn uffgezaamt un zu der Dier nausg'fiehrt. Am Falder bin ich uff sei eigebrochner Buckel gegraddelt. Saddel hot mer net gebraucht. Sei Rick waar so weit eigeridde, dass so en Wese net notwennich waar. Ich reit ihn schraegs iwwer der Hiwwel nuff. Langsam—ya, langsam geht's! Drowwe uff em Ewene im ledscht Yohrs Welschkarn Schtick browier ich mei Beschtes ihn aus em Schritt geh mache. 'S ledscht geht er in en gleener "Hunsdroll", awwer mer meent er geht meh vun Seit zu Seit, as wie varschich. An allem Schritt greckst er im Maage un sei Gegrecks un sei grosse Fiess in der Schneegrusch 'sound'e as wann er langsam saage daet:

Ten—mills—one—cent,
Ten—cents—one—dime,
Ten—dimes—one—dollar.

Dann bumps! schtoppt er un blost wie en Riggelweg Inschein wann sie die Schparr aaziegt. Wann er Schpied uffgrickt g'hatt hett, dann waer ich kopps varschich iwwer ihn nausg'schtarzt. Ich bin awwer yuschf uff sei vedderschter Hump g'falle. Weiter hot er net schpringe kenne. Am Daaler hot er g'schtoppt.

Selli Zeit hot mer ken greesser Geld g'hatt wie en Daaler. Ya, mer hot froh sei kenne, wann mer en Daaler g'hatt hot. Selli Zeit waar en Daaler en hunnert Cent waert in Gold—net sechsunneinzich Cent in Babier wie heitzedaags. 'N Daaler hot viel g'kaaft selli Zeit. 'N Daaler hot eem en gans Yohr in Duwack g'halte. Fer'n Daaler hot der alt Eli Schwoddo eem en Paar Schuh gemacht, wann mer ihm 's Ledder g'funne hot. Wer'n Daaler der Daag verdiene hot kenne, waar reich gewest.

Well, ich muss der alt Schimmel widder in der Gang schtelle. 'S ledscht grick ich ihn widder ins Geh un reit graad gegich der Schtross hie. Dart sehn ich Licht im alte Henner Hundsnickel seinere Hitt. Es schteht en Gaul un 'n gleener Yacht Schlitte an der Fens im Feld aagebunne. Als ich naecher kumm, do sehn ich, dass es em Dokter Kebo sei Fuhrwese iss. In karzer Zeit kummt der Dokter aus em Haus mit seim Pille Satchel un baad iwwer der Weg darrich die Schneebank noch seim Schlitte zu. Ich saag ihm, er sott zu uns kumme unni 'fail'. Noh saagt er, dass er hett geblaant g'hat zu kumme—er hett geglaabt, er waer verleicht gebraucht. Er saagt aa er hett yuscht en glee Bindelche beim alte Henner un seinre Fraa Mande gelosst. En glee Maedeli, die sie Fraenie g'heesse hen. Er saagt weiter, er hett aa en Bindli fer uns.

Der alt Schimmel hot viel besser laafe kenne heemwegs. Ich hab ihn glei an seim Drog aagebunne. Wie ich aus em Schtall schritt, kummt der Daadi mit me Eemervoll aagrebriehte Gleie, macht die Kieschtall Dier uff un schtellt es der schreckiche Kuh hie, die yuscht en glee Hammli grickt hot. In paar Schluck hot sie der gans Eemervoll g'soffe g'hatt. Sie schleckt der Eemer sauwer aus, als wann er g'sandbabiert waer, noh gebt sie ihm en Schneller, ass er hinne an die Schtallwand g'floge iss. Noh guckt sie ihr Kalb aa, das schunt heftich am Millich suckle waar, un mer meent, sie daet saage, "Sell iss es schensche Kalb, das seilewe uff die Welt kumme iss."

Die Schtalldier zugemacht un gut verwaahrt, dass der kalt Wind net neiblose kann, sin mer uff der Weg noch em Haus. Ich hab heftich schritte misse fer im Daadi seine Dreppe zu drete. Doch iss es en gut Ding, wann en Yunger in seim Daadi seine Fussdreppe geht—abaddich wann mer so en guter Daadi hot, wie ich eener g'hatt hab.

Ich hock mich an der Hitzoffe, der rot heess waar, mei schier gaar verfrorne Zehe widder uffzuschleffle. Der Daadi geht graad in die Kammer mit em Dokter.

So weit dass ich weess bin ich, denk ich, e wennich eig'schlofe. In re karze Zeit kummt der Daadi aus der Kammer un iss schier gaar aus de Schtiwwel getschumpt fer Freede un saagt, 'S iss—der Yockli—". 'S naegscht das ich weess, hebt der Dokter Kebo mich am linke Bee uff, mei Kopp henkt unnerschich—er gloppt mir uff der Buckel un saagt, "Schnauf, Yockli." Ich geb ihm awwer en Maulvoll un saagt, "Dokter, sell is awwer mol G—— er scheener Verschtand, mich 's unnerscht 's ewwerscht hewe—ken Schtick Gleed aa—yuscht aus re Schtubb kumme wu es achtunneinzich in Schatte iss un nau mich nackich in so re kalte Schtubb nemme. Hoscht du dann gaar ken Verschtandt? Loss mich doch net verfriere." 'S ledscht erbarmt sich dann der Dokter un losst die Savilla Heckegruber, die deheem g'holfe hot, weil die Maemm grank waar, mich in acht nemme. Sie grickt en glee weiss Duch, baut vierunzwansich Zoll schquaer, macht en Dreieck draus un schbellt 's mir aa, dass es mei Bee schier gaar schquaer mit meim Leib links un rechts naus uff en Seit schtreckt. 'S hot mich schier gaar vergraddelt. Sie dutt aa en glee bloolich Frockli aa mit me rote Schtreefe drin, das die lieb Mammi mir g'schtrickt hot, eb sie gewisst hot, eb ich aa fer schur kumme daet—aa en glee waarm Kappli un waarme deheem g'schtrickte wolliche Schtrimp. Sell hot mich uffgewarremt, awwer ich waar Gott erbaermlich hungerich. Ich hab mir gaar net eibilde kenne, wann ich 's ledscht gesse hab. Oi! was hett Sauergraut un Schpeck so gut g'schmackt! 'S Naegscht, das ich awwer weess, hawwich ebbes Weeches im Maul—un O! wie hawwich awwer g'suckelt un g'schmatzt un O! was siess Himmelswasser iss do kumme! 'S waar yuscht was ich gebraucht hab—'s hot mich recht g'satisfied'. 'S ledscht kummt awwer nix meh un ich greisch "Mardio!" Noh hebt mich ebbes wennich uff en Seit un gebt mir widder ebbes ins Maul—dart bin ich awwer satt warre.

Die gross Uhr im Gang schlaggt zwee—die Saville singt schtill,

Schlof, Yockeli, schlof—
Der Daadi hiet die Schof;
Die Mammi hiet die Lemmer,
Des Yockeli schloft de lenger,
Schlof, Yockeli, Schlof!

Noh bin ich, denk ich, eig'schlofe.

Der naegscht Marye waar grosst Jollification im Eileschwamm. Die gans Nadur hot sich bewegt. Der Wind iss schtill darrich die Beindbaem g'schliche. Die Schnee

"SCHIESS NET!"

It was his knowledge of Pennsylvania German, coupled with his "for others" spirit, that saved the life of Private Robert Greenawalt, Kutztown, and his buddies, who recently returned from Stalag VII A, a prison camp at Moosburg, Germany. And during his eight months' imprisonment, it was his rugged life on his father's Berks farm that stood him in good stead, with the help of a generous Red Cross.

When captured, he was with Company A of the 314th Infantry, 79th Division, on a combat patrol, at Fountenay, across the Seine, twenty-five miles from Paris. "The Germans counter-attacked and moved in on us during the night," he reports, "and we crawled into the woods, eleven of us, our Lieutenant, a Medic and we bazooka men. Learning that we were in the enemy's bivouac area and that it would be suicide to resist, our superior officer ordered us to surrender, but not until discovered.

"Because I could speak Pennsylvania German, I took the last place in the group—nearest that portion of the woods into which the Germans were certain to come, for though we couldn't see them, we could hear them.

"The German Infantryman, who was young, and I must say, a brave one, appeared the next morning. He didn't see me at first, but after what seemed a long while, he came toward me, and I couldn't help but wonder how 'trigger happy' he might be, and how soon he'd shoot. But I decided to watch myself getting it, though my Buddy was so scared he hid his face in the ground.

"As the German pointed his burp (Tommy gun) at me, I said, 'Schiess net! Mer gewwe uff!' He froze for a minute and then said, 'How about your comrade?' And my Buddy, not understanding a word, was getting even more frightened. Nor did he jump up until I explained that he wanted us to surrender. 'Sure!' he said, and we both put up our hands . . . the lieutenant too, when discovered, and the others.

"We were taken to Stalag VII at Moosburg, where we slept on excelsior ticks covered with burlap, and where the body lice multiplied so rapidly they almost ate us alive. At night we'd get up and stand near the light and fling off as many as we could. When spring came, the fleas came too, and they ate the lice, but we still had the fleas.

"We had but one suit of clothing, which we didn't take off because it was so cold, but in February, when the GI soap came through, we sure went to work on them. I got a coat from the Red Cross, but I appreciated the heavy underwear more, for though it didn't fit at all, yet it clung. In fact, it meant so much to me, I almost cried.

"They used me as an interpreter to groups of fifty, and I'd counsel our boys as best I could, on what to do to avoid having 'Arbeit! Arbeit!' yelled at them constantly.

"I was glad I was a Private, for officers and noncoms didn't have to work. We were taken out in groups of 20 or 25, to repair railroads shot down by our fliers; some of us cleaned buildings; but only a few were sent to farms, for the Germans had plenty of slave labor from Russia and France.

"Though it was 'verboten' I kept a Log of my experiences, the scrapbook a gift from the YMCA. A Russian comrade painted this portrait of my wife, here on the first page, from a photograph. I did a lot of writing during the diphtheria epidemic, never knowing, however, whether I'd ever get it out or not.

"Now and then, among ourselves, we'd have a quiz: a University man would conduct a discussion group; and we'd have other Nationals talk to us.

"We would have starved if it hadn't been for the Red Cross, whose parcels came through regularly except for three weeks in November. If we worked all day, we got tea in the morning; our allotment of black bread was a loaf for six men per day; at noon a litre (1¾ pints) of watery soup; and in the evening, three or four medium-sized potatoes. Many a time I wished for the rugged diet on my father's farm.

"When the guards weren't too strict, with the cooperation of railroad men, we did the bartering that saved us from starving. The two-ounce Red Cross chocolate bar we traded with civilians for two or three loaves of black bread; tea for four or five loaves; sometimes as high as eight; and a small cake of soap was good for a loaf or two. Of course we didn't trade in the other nourishing food. From the men we got bread in exchange for cigarettes, and the women were especially grateful for the soap.

"The civilians in our area, the Bavarian district, were on the whole, quite decent, particularly when they discovered I could speak German. I remember one girl, about twenty, with whom I sat riding to work, who asked me if I was a prisoner, and when I nodded, she added, 'But not for long.'

"No one will ever know what it meant to us to see the American flag flown from the tower prison, and the best ride I ever had was when a C-47 flew me from Landshut to LeHavre, headed for home. There we were processed: deloused, given hospital rations and clothing and those needing medical attention were taken to hospitals. We were cautioned not to eat more than they gave us, but if we got hungry in between, they let us have eggnog. Can't feed starved stomaches too much all at once.

"We pulled out May 16th, picked up wounded in England, and landed in New York on the 29th—ready to live like human beings once again."

Right now the "Schiess Net" bazooka man is content to sleep late; to spend afternoons and evenings greeting loved ones; to let his wife continue to write the checks, and cook "everything;" and to endear himself to Karen, his eighteen-months-old curly, red-haired daughter whom he hasn't seen for a year. She follows him about, seeming to sense that it's quite wonderful to have him home, safe and sound.

Kutztown, Pa. —ALLIENE S. DeCHANT.

Schpaetzlicher sin luschtich uff der Schneegrusch am Fenschder rum g'huppst un Grimmle uffgepickt. Die Buschamschle hen lieblich g'sunge. 'N Harsch mit nein Zackle an de Harner kummt aus em Busch, guckt rum als wann er "Gude Marye, Yockli" saage daet, un geht widder zerick hinner die Baem. Der Hund, der Wasser, iss schier aus der Haut g'schprunge wie er der Daadi sehnt aus 'm Haus kumme. Der Daadi peift luschtich wie er noch der Scheier geht, sei Vieh fiedere. Alles lebt un was singe hot kenne, hot g'sunge. Un was net singe hot kenne, hot's Bescht geduh, was es gekennt hot. Der Daadi hot sich viel eigebildt uff sei gleener Bu. Er denkt wann seller glee Tschaepp recht uffwachst, dann kann er mir rechtschaffich uff der alte Saegmiehl helfe.

Wie mei eldschter Bruder, der Rollie, die Samschdaags Aerwet selle Marye an der Scheier schafft, kummt eens vun seine 'Buddies', der Wellie Waggeschpaecht, un fangt aa zu blaudere. Wie er sei Rick an der Schtalldier dreht, schpringt sell noch kee Daag alt Kalb zu der Dier raus un wedder meim Bruder hie, dass es ihn schier gaar uff der Kopp schtaerzt. Es schpringt im Mischthof rum un kickt hinnenaus, als wann es sell schunt lang geduh hett. Noh saagt der Rollie zum Wellie, "Wann mei gleener Bruder im Haus, wu yuscht about so alt iss, wie des yung Kalb, schunt so heftich rumtschumpe kennt, dann daet ich ihn an die Aerwet un ich daet's Lewe vun me Tschendelmann dreiwe.

Weil mei Bruder em Wellie verzaehlt wie ich so unverhofft beikumme waer die ledscht Nacht, saagt er, er daet besser en record vun meinre Aakunft mache. Do nemmt er en Schtick "Lumberman's lead" un schreibt in runde Buchsschtaawe uff die Kiehschtalldier:

Gebore im Eileschwamm
am Vaerdel bis zwee,
den 16. Harning 1883
der Yockel Bumbeschwengel,
bezeichnet meine hand un Siegel
am half elf Uhr den 16. Harning 1883
ROLLIE BUMBESCHWENGEL

Zeignis:
WELLIE WAGGESCHPAECHT

Un so schteht's heit noch g'schriwwe wie selle Daag. Wann ich seilewe en Tschapp in de Griegswaerke griege will un muss mei Gebottsdaag brufe, dann brauch ich yuscht selli Kiehschtalldier zu denne lausiche bureaucrats nemme un ihne sell Schreiwes unnich ihre lange Naes schiewe. Seller Rekord sott blendi Bruf sei dass ich gebore waar. Der gut Geruch vum Kiehmischt sott helfe sie widder uff die Aerd zerickzubringe.

Well, wann mer noch kee eensicher Daag alt iss, dann kann mer noch net viel duh, doch waar ich schunt heftich am Bauere—melke un Mischt schpredde. Awwer des muss es duh, bis ich wennich elder bin un meh Erfaahrung hab un meh vum Yockel verzaehle kann.

sei
YOCKEL X BUMBESCHWENGEL
Maerrick

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELLEN E. LANDIS

Mrs. Ellen E., nee Fry, Landis, widow of Stephen Landis, died at 1:15 a. m. yesterday at her late residence, the home of her son Howard Landis, at 722 N. 5th St. She had lived there for the past 17 years.

She was born in Ironton, the daughter of the late Dennis and Mary, nee Newhard, Fry, on Oct. 9, 1857.

She is survived by three sons, Howard, Erwin, of Allentown, and Robert, of East Greenville; nine grandchildren including Rev. Herbert Rice, a Navy chaplain, and 22 great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by a daughter, Mabel, wife of Louis Rice of Cementon, a brother, Joseph P. Fry, Allentown postmaster, and a sister, Emma Reinert.

Funeral services will be held at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Monday at 1:30 p. m. Interment will be made in Mickleys cemetery.

MRS. VIOLET GRAY

Mrs. Violet Gray, widow of Dr. John M. Gray, 1941 Cedar St., died yesterday morning at 7 o'clock at the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient since Tuesday. She was in her 70th year.

Born in Pine Grove, Pa., daughter of the late George W. and Leah, nee Felty, Moose, she had been a resident of this city for the past four years. Prior to that she resided in Port Carbon, Pa. She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, this city.

Mrs. Gray, whose husband died in 1914, is survived by two daughters, Mrs. John Diehl, with whom she resided, and Ruth A. Gray, Hawley, Pa.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 10:30 a. m. from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment in Cressona, Pa., cemetery.

JACOB M. DERHAMMER

Jacob M. Derhammer, 80, of 615 Monroe St., Easton, died Thursday at his home after an illness of one week.

A member of the Easton Fire department for 20 years, he was born in Forks township, May 14, 1865, a son of Jacob and Eva Hahn Derhammer. A resident of Easton all of his life, he was a member of Grace Evangelical Reformed church, Easton.

His wife, Mrs. Emma J. Derhammer, died 15 months ago. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. George C. Souders of Westfield, N. J.; a granddaughter, Jane Louise Souders, and a nephew, George Derhammer of Bushkill Park.

HERMAN C. KECHER

Herman C. Kecher, 75, of 632 N. Howard St., died yesterday afternoon at the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient five weeks. He had been ill almost a year.

A native and life long resident of Allentown, he was a son of the late Herman W. and Christianna (Hager) Kecher. He was a member of the Lutheran faith.

Mr. Kecher retired 15 years ago after 13 years of service as a watchman for the H. Leh and Co. store. During his earlier years he was a salesman for various Allentown bakeries.

He is survived by his wife, Florence A. (Jordan) Kecher, three sons, Earle W., Edward G. and Warren G. Kecher, all of Allentown; three grandsons, and a brother, Edward Kecher of Mickleys. His parents and a brother, Ernest G., preceded him in death.

LOUIE P. POZZI

Louis P. Pozzi, 69, died in the Allentown hospital yesterday morning. He had been admitted to the hospital Monday.

Mr. Pozzi was born Nov. 8, 1876, in Italy, but has lived in this country most of his life. His last residence was at 339 E. Hovse St., and he was formerly employed as a janitor at the Kleckner apartments. He had been ill for the past six years.

Survivors include a son, Paul C., and a daughter, Mrs. Marie Canfield, of Allentown, and seven grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at the Trexler Funeral home Tuesday at 11 a. m. Interment will be made in Arlington Memorial park.

MRS. EMMA C. KRAUSE

Emma C. Krause, widow of Frank Krause, Macungie, died yesterday morning at 5:50 o'clock at the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient the past two weeks. She was in her 75th year.

Born in Stoney Run, Berks county, daughter of the late Jonas and Caroline, nee Hammerly, Fritz, she had been a resident of Macungie for the past three years. Prior to that she lived in Emmaus, where she had resided practically all her life.

Mrs. Krause is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Howard Funk, Macungie, with whom she resided; two sons, Raymond and Fred, Emmaus; a sister, Mrs. Ida Kline, Emmaus; eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Her husband passed away 12 years ago.

Rev. Neitz Dissinger, pastor of St. Matthew's Evangelical church, Emmaus, will officiate at services to be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from the Reinsmith Funeral home, 32 N. 4th St., Emmaus. Interment in Lutheran and Reformed cemetery, Emmaus.

PETER WODZICKI

Peter Wodzicki, a resident of Bethlehem for the last 30 years, died Thursday at the St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem. He was 56 years old, and had resided at 1503 Spring St., Bethlehem.

He was born in Poland, the son of the late Walter and Julia (Powlowska) Wodzicki, and came to this country 37 years ago.

He is survived by his wife, Anna (Hewko) Wodzicki, and the following children: Mrs. George Geyer, Bethlehem; Joseph, at home, and Edward, U. S. N., at Pearl Harbor.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 8:30 a. m., at 153 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, continued at 9 o'clock in the Polish National Catholic church, 5th and William Sts., Bethlehem. Rev. Jan Piotrowski, rector, will officiate. Interment will be in Nisky Hill cemetery. x

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Guter Rhumadis Docktor

So wie die barichda yusht rei kumma sin, sol der Dr. A. G. Kriebel fon Lynnville net tzu beata sei fer menscha die rhumadis ferdriva. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er sol net tzu beata sei wons mohl on rhumadis docktorra gait. Monicha hen shun gawunnert wies miglich sei kent os ae mensch so fiel leit linnering gewwa kent, un now is es hous. Der Dr. Kriebel docktor'd leit ihra rhumadis net yusht mit medatzine, ow'r lust aw die nadure helfa darrich 'n shwarm eema imma baum farna on seim hous, un woh ol die leit os kumma fer der Docktor sehna, draw ferbei gae missa.

Wie bol ol wissa, eema shtich solla so gute, un won net besser sei fer rhumadis ferdriva os wie awnichie medatzine os noch gamocht wor. 'S hut shun Docktor kot, -so gore doh in da shtadt, os immer eema uf hond k'halta hen fer leit shtecka os gabloak'd worra mit rhumadis. Sellie docktor hen noh so fiel der shtick gacharg'd, un is 'n leichter waig fer gelt mocha darrich da eema ihra larning. Ow'r der Dr. Kriebel is ken kerl wie sel, er charg'd yusht fer die medatzine os er da leit gebt, die eema shtich sin frei un gain ufs hous.

'S shoft wie des: 'm Docktor sei emma baum is farna im hole woh die leit ei un ous gain fer noch seinra offis gae. Gawainlich won sie 'n freier fluck hen bodderra sie niemond, uns same halt aw ous won sie net fershtair'd werra. Ow'r so g'shwind os ebber na ins neshd'd shtar'd, noh gait die g'shpass ob. Wos der Docktor gaduh hut, er hut 'n drode g'shpont fom eema baum nei in sei offis. Drous om baum hut er 'n shtecka g'fix'd os unna darrich der baum nuf shtar'd won er der drode tzieg'd. Sel fertzarnt net yusht die emma gaharich, ow'r kumma aw shwarm weiss tzum baum rous un shtecha aenich ebber os rum is.

Won der Docktor now ols potzienna hut mit rhumadis, gebt er na die gawainlich medatzine os es nembt fer sellie socha kura,

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The flower that smiles today
Tomorrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright!

Shelley.

GERMANY GETS HER PEACE TERMS

If there had been any thought that with the coming of peace, much would be overlooked and forgotten in Europe, the accord which was reached in Potsdam during the nine meetings of President Truman, Premier Stalin and Prime Minister Attlee following Prime Minister Churchill serves to show that the three great powers among the United Nations continue just as firmly to carry out peace terms as they were united to win the war.

This is especially shown in the severe terms which have been imposed upon Germany for her part in instigating a great war and in waging that war with unusual ferocity and destructiveness. Probably never in modern history has it been planned to punish an aggressor nation so completely as Germany is to be punished for her second outbreak against world peace in little more than quarter of a century. The entire German people is to be punished as atonement for "the terrible crimes committed under the leadership of those whom, in the hour of their success, they openly approved and blindly obeyed." The myth of the "good Germans" in this particular matter thus is disposed of in the very preamble of the section of the report devoted to that country and the terms of unconditional surrender.

Germany is to be kept under rigid controls but she is to be given opportunity to govern herself largely as to internal affairs. She is to be stripped of all war-making power and to the degree that it is possible to have her mind shaped toward ways of peace. If the Germans can be satisfied to be an agricultural people and forget ambitions for world conquest, world domination and hegemony over any and all who have the slightest share or participation in things Germanic, there is the chance ahead to build up a nation for an undisturbed existence. Perhaps great people can demonstrate an ability to be happy without the incubus of military ambition.

Far differently from the days of 1919, the Germans are not going to be permitted to start where they left off when they went on the march in 1914. Then in 1919 they retained their industrial organization so potent for reconversion into a war machine, their world-wide business and industrial assets and associations, their merchant shipping and their traditions for carrying on a military policy to the end that ultimately world domination might be achieved. This time they are to be stripped of anything and everything that promises to have any potentiality for the carrying on of warfare.

It will all be a bitter blow to German military pride but the Germans asked for it. They expected to give a great deal. They now will have to take a great deal.

Many other agreements remain to be reached by the great Powers but these are to come later on and from time to time as a newly-created group consisting of the foreign ministers of the Big Five meet.

Many matters upon which the world was awaiting word either were not discussed in the secrecy of the sessions or were not agreed upon. Thus there was some hope in the United States that there would be some pronouncement as to the war with Japan. That may have been discussed for the report announces (perhaps significantly) in its very last Article, namely No. XIV, that there were meetings "between the chiefs of staff of the three governments on military matters of common interest."

It is easy to understand why General George C. Marshall and Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King who wish to confer with Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooks and the First Sea Lord, Sir Andrew Cunningham of Great Britain. The two countries they represent are engaged in bitter war with Japan. But Russia, tho not at war with Japan, is indicated to have been represented at these conferences by General A. I. Antonov, chief of staff of the Red Army, and Fleet Admiral N. G. Kuznesov, of the Russian Navy. If Japan can take comfort that she was not mentioned by name in the report of the Big Three she can take little comfort in the great probability that powerful medicine is being concocted to handle her case in due time and season. Furthermore she can ruminate upon the statement from President Truman, after the Conference, that the chiefs of staff had discussed the war with Japan and nothing else. And the Russian leaders sat in on the discussions.

ANOTHER BOON FOR AILING MANKIND

We believe that one of the most significant and useful steps for the improvement of the general health of this community will have been taken when the Sacred Heart hospital can build and operate a Cancer Institute, as announced in plans made public yesterday by Monsignor Leo G. Fink.

Cancer today is one of the leaders if not in fact the leader among the causes of death in America. The disease is one of the great puzzles which still confront the medical and surgical fraternity. As the span of life expectancy increases for the American people, the disease comes into greater importance as humanity's foe inasmuch as it is a disease associated with later years in life and with the deterioration of the human body as age advances.

Physicians and surgeons have no specific for the disease but they can assert without fear of successful contradiction that cases of cancer caught in time can be eradicated while the incipiency of cancer can be prevented by early attention to well-known danger signs.

But in all this prevention and cure of incipient cases of cancer, the hospital looms large as an important if not almost indispensable factor. All the hospitals of the country are doing noble work along the intelligent lines that modern scientific discoveries have indicated. But it must be the wish of just about all managerial organizations of hospitals and the medical and surgical staffs thereof to have opportunity for wider employment of their abilities and skills in institutions designed especially and operated entirely in the interest of patients afflicted with, or threatened by, this dangerous disease.

It is an institution to answer all these desires on the part of the sufferers and also on the part of the philanthropists and scientists who wish to benefit their fellow-men which is being planned by Monsignor Fink and his co-workers in this great field of helpfulness for mankind.

Big Three Progress

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—Great Britain, the United States and Russia have gone forward in some respects toward stabilizing post-war Europe and have gone backward in others.

Definite progress has been made toward lifting some of the smaller countries out of their hazy status and particularly toward restoring France and Italy to their rightful places in the family of nations. Likewise, a distinct advance has been made in setting up a council of foreign ministers to deal with the preliminaries of the eventually-to-be-made peace settlements involving territories.

On the whole, the work done at Potsdam is to be commended but it would be a mistake to assume that the measures outlined with respect to the future of Germany will necessarily bring an era of peace in Europe.

The treatment of Germany is in the main what had been promised at Yalta and is in line with the spirit of revenge that today dominates the thinking of the Allied governments. Whether a peaceful or an embittered Germany will ensue cannot be proved at this time. But human nature being what it is, it may be expected that unless the allied governments intend to maintain occupying armies and coercive measures for a long, long time, the German population will not accept the program over the years without repeated protests and efforts to have the severity of it modified.

The handling of reparations especially presents an almost impossible task for the allies or the experts they put in charge. Here for instance is a paragraph from the communique which it would take the wisdom of a thousand Solomons to fulfill!

"Payment of reparations should leave enough resources to enable the German people to subsist without external assistance. In working out the economic balance of Germany the necessary means must be provided to pay for imports approved by the control council in Germany. The proceeds of exports from current production and stocks shall be available in the first place for payment for such imports."

This is a very large order and will require more alphabetical agencies to manage German's economic system and more personnel than the United States has found necessary to run our wartime economy from Washington. For Germany has to be completely rebuilt while her industrial system is torn apart. This means a breakup, the far-reaching effects of which cannot be foreseen.

No surer way to promote anarchy and to produce a spirit of underground resistance can be found than to put a nation's economy completely in foreign control with the rights of the victors in the war to take what resources or equipment they please subject only to the vague limitation that there must remain "enough resources to enable the German people to subsist without external assistance."

The 60,000,000 Germans who have fought a war against almost the whole world have exhibited an ingenuity and a capacity for production which will not be erased by commanding them now to become an agricultural people. Armies can be conquered but peoples are not as readily subjugated. For the next few years the program, of course, will be accepted. In time armies of occupation will be withdrawn. No German government which can call itself liberal or anti-Nazi will stay in power very long against a political minority that constantly calls for the removal of the foreign yoke of economic control. If added to this is economic distress, unemployment and other ills that flow from a managed economy or an economy mismanaged by three different sets of managers, there will be serious trouble inside Germany within five years.

The comunique pledges that there is no intention "to enslave the German people" but the reparation clauses of the same communique contradict that purpose. In a sense history is repeating itself.

The Allies had a severe reparation program after World War I, and though they encouraged the formation of the Weimar Republic they did not support it as against the malcontents within Germany. In 1923 came the first economic earthquake when inflation destroyed the savings of the middle class. After that the German militarists began planning for a second world war as the only way out. In the end Hitler arose to take advantage of the economic distress to foist his propaganda, and the German people, in desperation, rallied behind the first leader who dared to point out the inquities of the Versailles Treaty.

Germany can be made a peaceful member of the Society of Nations but essential to such an evolution is the maintenance of a sound economy and a chance for the German people to get full employment and an adequate standard of living. It is economic distress that is the basic cause of the unrest that finally leads to war.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

65 CENTS AN HOUR

A group of "liberal" members of the United States Senate has introduced a measure to amend the Fair Labor Standards Act to provide a minimum wage of 65 cents an hour. They would also provide for a 44-hour week. The minimum would in several years go up to 75 cents an hour.

I suppose that this bill will receive wide acclaim as wonderful evidence of liberalism and it will help those who come up for re-election in the near future to establish the bona fides of their pro-labor avocations. Yet, it would be wise for labor to inquire what kind of dollars these gentlemen expect to use in making these payments.

It is possible to pay 65 cents an hour or $65 or $650 an hour, but it all depends on what kind of money is used and what the purchasing power of the dollar is. Many American families now possess German marks consisting of what looks like aluminum discs but are really plastics. Some of these discs read 5,000,000 marks and I have seen even higher ones. Actually, they are worthless. Their purchasing power is nil. They are token money.

If the years 1935-1939 are averaged to equal 100 as an index number, retail food prices in May, 1945, had risen to 139 which means that the purchasing power of the American dollar, so far as food is concerned, was down 39 per cent. From the standpoint of his ability to purchase food for his family, the American worker has to earn more now. In fact, the cost of living in May, 1945, was up 28 per cent. Translated into strictly economic terms, the American dollar was worth in May 1945, 28 cents less than in the 1935-1939 period — and it will be worth still less when the June and July figures are finally available.

It is not the dollar per se that matters; it is the purchasing power, the amount of goods and services that the worker can get for his money, that is important to him. And wages have to be calculated not from figures on the payroll, which are fictitious, but from the "take-home" wage, which is a reality. Increases in wages are important if they remain with the recipient; they are a delusion if an unduly increased share goes to taxes.

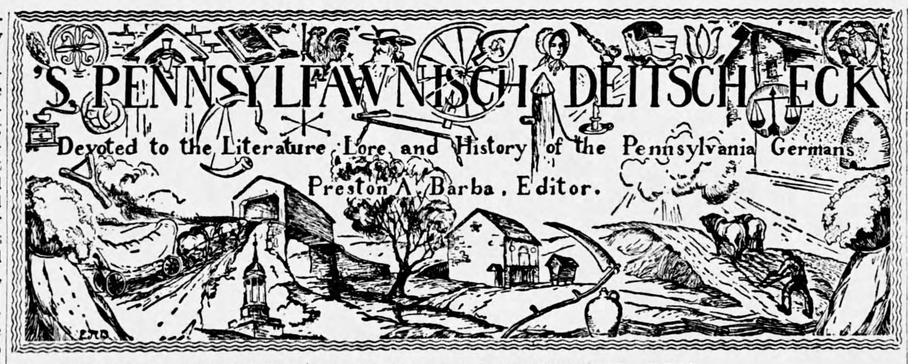
As a matter of fact, it is one of the oldest tricks of politicians to create the illusion of large incomes when actually the net is a decreased income. The politician's sleight-of-hand here is not to pull the rabbit out of the hat but to make the rabbit disappear into the hat. The wages appear to be higher when actually it is the income of the Treasury that is higher, including what is often dubbed social security taxes.

Other factors that the worker has to consider are, first that increased costs of production, the principal of which in this country is wages, leads to increased costs of commodities. Secondly, that to attain full employment in the United States, that is, to employ 46,000,000 workers, it will be necessary to increase our foreign trade which means that we shall be competing against totalitarian countries paying from 20 to 50 cents an hour for the same work for which we pay a minimum of 65 cents an hour that will probably average out at $1.25 an hour or higher.

Then it must be noted that the same "liberals" are opposed to a high tariff and generally advocate that we shall rescue all the world from incompetence, indolence, and a low standard of living by permitting them to dump their cheaply manufactured goods in our markets in competition with American high-wage production.

There is no objection to high wages. There can be no objection to any figure, if we know precisely what that figure means. The politicians, however, always dodge definitions and precise figures, particularly in election years.

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EN G'SCHPASSICHI LEICHT

A LATE FLOWERING OF CLOISTER FRAKTUR

Geschter waar's Sunndaag. Am Sunndaag geht mer in die Kaerrich. Wie der Parre aernschtlich am Breddige waar, hawwich noch der ceiling geguckt un mei G'sicht hot gewisse, dass mei Gedanke weit weck waare. Mei Fraa hot's g'sehne un sie hot mir en hefticher Rippeschtoss gewwe mit ihrem Ellboge. Wie mer heem kumme sin, hot sie mich g'frogt, was mir mol widder im Kopp rum gewarrewelt waer. Ich hab ihre g'saat vun 're Leicht lange Yohre zerick drunne in de alt Heemet. Sie hot awwer g'saat, sie kennt net verschteh, dass en Leicht ebbes lecherlich waer. Es waare awwer Dinge verbunne mit daere Leicht, wuvun ich verzaehle will, die lecherlich waare.

Die Zeit vergeht un mit der Zeit verschwinde aa viel Gewehnheite, gute un schlechte. In unsere yunge Daage, wann ebber g'schtarwe iss, hen die Parre als en lange Leichtbreddich geduh. Die Leit vun der Nochberschaft sin schier all an die Leicht gange, abaddich wann's ebber waar, das hoch g'schtanne hot. Wann's en Vier-geils-Bauerei waar, hot's en grossi Leicht gewwe un der Parre hot en Vier-Geils-Breddich gemacht. Die Kaerrich waar immer voll vun de Nochbere un Freind. Die menschte Bauer waare vun de Zwee-Geils-Sart. En Leicht fer en Vier-Geils-Bauer waar net so common.

Die Parre hen verkammen lang gebreddicht. Des waar als en Zeit wu sie de Lewendiche 's Lewe wichtich mache hen kenne. Was sie g'halte hen fer die Waarheit, hen sie kreftich nunnergelegt. Wann's en gottloser Mann waar, hen sie de Leit zu verschteh gewwe, dass der dot Mann waer keplumpt in die Hell gange. Waar's en guter Mann, dann hen sie gewisse wie schee un gettlich sei Lewe waar. Mit grossem Aernscht hen sie der Naggel neig'schlagge, un wann er drin waar, hen sie als noch paar extra Schtreech druff fer guti Mos. Die Zuheerer sin als heem un hen die Breddich iwwer-g'schwetzt. Die Breddiche sin net g'schwindt vergesse gange.

Es waar in unserm Township en G'schlecht, Kocher bei Naame. (Kocher waar nau net der Naame, awwer fer unser Zweck heess ich die Leit Kocher). Es greesscht Deel vun de Kocher waare gute Leit, so gut wie mer Leit finne kann un winsche maag. In alle gute Dinge, das aagange sin, waare sie net hinnedraa. Eener, der Abe, un sei Glieder, odder die vun seim Schtamm, waare 'n frechi, gottlosi lot. Etliche vun ihne waare Kaerricheglieder, awwer sie sin niemols in die Kaerrich. Effentlich hen sie die Kaerrich veracht. Sie hen awwer doch genung Glaawe odder vergleicht besser g'saat, Awwerglaawe, g'hat fer'n Vaerdel Daaler's Yohr bezaahle fer die Kaerrich unnerschtitze. Sie hen geglaabt en Vaerdel Daaler so bezaahlt, daet ihne 's Gewitter weghalte un net in ihre Gebeier schlagge. Mer kennt saage, wann sell der Fall waer, waer'n Vaerdel Daaler wolfell insurance. Fer so viel Geld in die Kaerrich bezaahle, waar ihne en schmaerzlichi Sache. Der alt Abe un sei Schtamm waare Sunndaags-Schender un -Schpetter. Sie hen Kaerricheleit verlacht. Sunndaags hen sie Geil un Esel gebroche, Kaarde g'schpielt, Dauwe g'schosse, un Schtechseider, Bier un Whiskey g'soffe. Bei Sunneunnergang waare sie als schteif, eckschteenich g'soffe. Debei hen sie viel vun Gott g'schwetzt, awwer immer iwwer die links Hand.

Wie g'saat voerhaer, sie sin nie in die Kaerrich, awwer iss eener vun ihne grank warre, dann iss es ihne aengschtlich warre, wann's wennich mehner als Koppweh waar. Zu so Zeite hen sie als g'schickt fer der Parre. Der alt Abe hot sich awwer ken Aengschte gemacht wege so ebbes. Er waar 'n zaeher Klotz. Mol ee Daag iss er grank warre, iss uff's Bett g'sunke un iss aa nimmi uffg'schtanne. Wie der Parre vun der Kaerrich wu der Abe en Glied waar, darrich der Vaerdel Daaler, wu er 's Yohr bezaahlt hot, g'heert hot, wie die Sache schtehne beim alte Abe, iss er gange fer 'm granke Mann Vergniege in seine letschte Schtunne beischaffe. Der Parre waar net gerufe; er iss gange un hot sich aagebotte, wie es ihm recht g'scheint hot. Der Abe hot's schlecht aagenumme un hot em Parre zu verschteh gewwe, dass er nix zu duh hawwe will mit Parre un Kaerriche. Alle gute Eiwende vum Paare hot er geandwart mit insult. Der Parre hot beschlosse, dass er nix zuweg bringe kann mit dem alte Ketzer. Er iss heem un hot sich vorgenumme, sich nimmi um der alt Abe zu bekimmere.

Eener vum Parre seine Eldeschter hot ausg'funne wie der alt Abe der Parre so wiescht nunnerg'schtellt hot. Er iss gange der Abe b'suche un fer browiere der rotbaertich alt Kaerl uff der recht Weg zu griege. Der Eldeschter waar'n guter, frommer Mann. Er hot em Abe die Umschtende wichtich gemacht un der alt Ketzer iss waerklich rumgedreht un hot 'religion embraced'. Des waar zo zimmlich naegscht an der elft Schtunn. Vun daere Minutt hot er sich die Biwel lese losse un in de vaerzeh Daag wu er noch bei Lewe waar, hot er sich sei Text gewaehlt.

Es waar im Yohr 1896, wie der Free Silver Campaign im Gang waar. Mer waare am Welschkarn baschde. Uff eemol fangt die Kaerriche Bell aa klinge. Langsam fangt sie aa die Elt schlagge. Er waar baut achtzich Yohr alt. Yeder ebber hot gewisst, dass der Abe nau ausg'schpannt hot. Paar Daag schpaeter iss die Leicht g'halte warre. Die Schtross geht darrich zwischem Kaerrichhof un was unser Bauerei waar. Mei Eltere sin an die Leicht. Der Abe waar'n Vier-Geils-Bauer. Vun weitem hen mer die Leit sehne kumme. Der Kaerrichhof un die Schtross waar schwarz mit Leit. Mei Brieder un ich waare am Welschkarn baschde. Die Graabmacher hen die Laad nunnergelosst un der Grund uff der alt Abe g'scheppt. Bis dohaer iss alles gange uff gewehnlicher Weis. Die Leit sin in die Kaerrich fer's iwwerich Deel vum Diensche heere.

Awwer an dem Punkt fangt der G'schpass aa. Der Parre iss in die Kanzel g'schtiege, die Biwel uffgemacht un hot der Text gelese:

"Ich habe einen guten Kampf gekaempfet, ich habe den Lauf vollendet, ich habe Glaube gehalten; hinfort ist mir beigelegt die Krone" un so weiter.

Eener vun de Zuheerer hot schier laut g'saat—Dunnerwetter! Der Parre iss wennich ruhich schteh bliwwe, awwer er hot en schwarz G'sicht gemacht. Dann saagt er, "Das ist ein sehr schoener und schicklicher Text (Do hot er wennich schtill g'halte) fuer den Sankt Paulus aber nicht fuer den alten Abe Kocher." Vun do aa hot er losgelosst wie en schwarzi Gewitterwolk die Dunnerknalle. Es hot de Leit schier der Ochtem genumme. Awwer in dem Graad iss der Parre fartg'faahre un er hot ken Zweifel gelosst, dass der alt Abe waer im alte Schwewwelbrenner seine Hend.

Die Leit sin heem wie verschrocke. Sie hen geglaabt die Waarheit waer vun der Kanzel kumme. Doch hen sie's wennich bedauert, dass der Parre der alt Abe so unbarmhaerzich g'schtrigelt hot. Mit Seifzer hen sie g'saat, "Was wohr iss, iss wohr!"

Die Breddich hot die Familie awwer uffg'schtarrt. Die Buwe hen sich verschwore, sie daete der Parre lewendich abziege. Sie hen ihn awwer gaar net verletzt. Er hot noch bis ganz karzlich gebreddicht un er lebt heit noch.

Die Kocher hen en anneri Kaerrich aagenumme, wu sie ihre Vaerdel Daaler's Yohr bezaahle. Sie hen sich net viel verbessert in denne Yohre.

Scranton, Pa. —WILLIAM F. YODER

A fugitive piece, an Ephrata type of **fraktur**, plain, without any embellishments, came to our attention. Heinrich Bauman, a descendant of the printing Baumans of Ephrata, took occasion to write a letter to Hannah, whom he addresses "Dear Sister in the Lord." The original, of course, is in German. He wrote it on a folded letter sheet of four pages, which is blind-stamped with an oval die, a dove in the center, surrounded by the words "George King, York, Pa." The pages are 6¼ inches high and 8 inches wide, and are closely covered with writing in **fraktur** in a blue-black ink.

As a preamble there is a prayer: "Glory and praise be to the Lord, Father of heaven and earth, who has sent his beloved Son for all believers, who shall soon come again in a cloud from heaven to deal with all according to their deeds. Praise to Him who shall come and not delay, in a cloud from heaven, Jesus Christ, King of all kings, and Lord of all lords, to whom is due the honor of majesty, glory, praise, thanks, power, strength and might from eternity to eternity, Amen."

Then follows the letter proper, with the heading: To Sister Hannah. "Dear Sister Hannah in the Lord. I cannot pass the opportunity to write you in regard to your position which often seems onerous and your spirits fag. I do not marvel at it, seeing how many trials and adversities those have to suffer who serve in like places. But, do not think that others could better serve your task. I believe that the Lord has willed it that people have set you to your task in which you should continue to your blessed end. Believe me, Dear Sister, he who has imposed the task, has the power to give you strength and endurance."

The letter continues in this vein, with pious exhortations and ends properly with the word: Amen, followed in cursive hand: "written by your humble Brother Heinrich Bauman, the fourth month, 1842, the thirtieth day."

Reverting again to **fraktur**, follows a remarkable prose poem in the spirit of the eighteenth century cloister life, full of beautiful symbolisms. It is a refined lament, evoked perhaps, by the contemplation of the gloomy, wellnigh deserted halls and cells of the cloisters where only a few anachronistic members shy back into their loneliness upon approach by the curious, partisans of another world.

Only the original, which here follows, can convey the beauty of the poem: "So gehe denn hin, meine Seele, sey betruebt and trage Leid dein lebenlang; dass der schoene Rosen und Blumen Garten, den die Mutter der Ewigkeit vor denen Zeiten und Tagen unter uns gepflanzet, so verwuestet ist; denn die schoenen Blumen sind abgefallen, die Rosen stehen welck, selbsten um die Lilien sind so viele Straeuche und Dornen, dass man ohne Dornstich kaum dazu kommen kann um eine zum noetigen Gebrauch abzubrechen; so ist auch von wilden Thieren der Zaun oder Haag zerbrochen, und die Mutter der Ewigkeit ist mit ihrem treuen Pflanzgaertner wie verwiesen; weilen die wilden Thiere weder Zaeune noch Haagmacher mehr leiden koennen. Und weilen dieser schoene Rosen und Blumen Garten in solche Wilderniss verwandelt, so haben auch etlicher Art feindseliger Voegel ihre Nester dahinein gebauet, als Atzeln, Huhu und dergleichen und hecken ihre Jungen da aus. Auch ist der Vogel Gugug dahinein kommen als welcher andern unschuldigen Voegeln die Eier austrincket, und denen gar einfaeltigen Voegelein die Jungen aus dem Nest wirfet; hat sich deswegen das schoene Gepflaentz der Lilien und Rosen, wie auch der lieblich Gesang der Paradies Voegelein, verlohren, weilen die wilden Thiere weder Zaun noch Haag mehr leiden koennen, wesswegen eine solche Wilderniss aus dem schoenen Rosen und Blumen Garten worden."

(Translation: Proceed, then my soul, lament and mourn, the beautiful rose and flower garden, which the Mother of Eternity has planted among us, before these times and days, has been despoiled. For the beautiful flowers are fallen off and the roses are withered, even around the lilies are so many bushes and thorns, to hinder plucking one for needed use. Wild animals also have broken the hedges or enclosures, and the Mother of Eternity with her trusty gardener are as if disowned, since the wild animals have no regard for hedges or hedge-tender. And since this beautiful rose and flower garden has been turned into a wilderness various kinds of hostile birds have built their nests therein, as magpies, owls and the like and hatch their young therein. Even the bird Cuckoo has come there, who sucks the eggs of other innocent birds and throws the young of other unsuspecting ones from their nests. For all this the beauteous growth of lilies and roses, and the lovely song of the birds of paradise is lost; the wild animals having no regard for hedge nor enclosure, have turned the beautiful rose and flower garden into such a wilderness.)

Naturally we would like to know who Heinrich Bauman was and Sister Hannah, whom he tries to cheer in her adversity. Search into the annals of Ephrata and its offspring, the Snow Hill Community on the Antietam in Franklin county, Pa., brought to light that Heinrich Bauman of Ephrata was a Brother of the Snow Hill Community for 48 years, where he died in his 75th year, on March 20, 1878. The adversity of Sister Hannah must have been concrete, for she survived the receipt of Brother Bauman's pious missive by only a little more than eighteen months. Her full name was Hannah Meinzer, and she died in her 32nd year, on October 16, 1843.

This letter written in **fraktur** was found among old papers in Snow Hill and is treasured today by a descendant of the Baumans of Ephrata.

—RUDOLF HOMMEL

The Historical Society of Montgomery Co. Norristown, Pa.

Hickory is Boss

Despite the turmoil of the times, Harvey E. Long, who was 82 the other day, continues to saw wood at his mill that sprawls along the tracks opposite the Fleetwood railroad station.

The majority of his customers are the farmers of the East Penn Valley, "and when I can git gas, I deliver as many orders as I kin; otherwise they must fetch it."

Short of stature and quick of wit, amateur dramatists would be tempted to cast him in the role of Foxy Grandpa. Beneath his apparent frailty, however, is a strong arm; 140 pounds of lean meat, no fat; and his customers know he's a square shooter, and will tolerate no monkey business.

That "lean meat—no fat" is achieved by a meatless diet, "for I don't eat a pound of meat a year. Plenty of vegetables and anything in the fruit line. I eat my eight to ten apples a day and plenty of water. And for me breakfast, coffee and butter bread." Rest is also one of his longevity musts. "for I figure me rest at nine or ten hours, and nobody need call me when I'm through."

Octogenarian Long is a square shooter in more ways than one, for once he shot a 425-pound bear, and until recently "got me deer every year." He possesses more than half a hundred antique and modern guns, including Kentucky rifles, powder horns and shot bags, some of them a century old.

The perky little fellow has had but one accident during his thirty-three years of saw-milling, the time "a log cracked me left ankle." And there has been but one job that he detested—when he was a rigger at a mill along the Juniata, and had to stand strapped to a post, doing the same operation for ten hours a day, with respite only "for me dinner."

"It got on me nerves," he confesses. "But it was a wonderful mill! The logs came down from the mountains and we got 'em from the river. Had day and night shifts and sawed as high as 20,000 feet a day. Some days we were so cold our clothes could stand alone in a corner. I didn't mind the cold then—wore no coat and no gloves. But I do mind it now."

"Hickory is boss," he will tell you. "Nothing over hickory for heat and good clean smell!" And he identifies wood, "any wood that grows," by its bark. "Got it in me head," he adds with a twinkle, "like reporter fellers got it in their pencil!"

A Dapper Dan when he's "fixed up" for Sunday, his caps on week-days are the bane of his housekeeper's existence, for he almost never invests in a new one. Nor is the cap-wearing entirely a notion, for his small head and its fringe of hair, seemingly cries out, "Thumbs down on hats!" "Can't keep 'em on me head!" he admits.

When next you "bus" it, these gas-rationing days, to the East Penn Valley, be certain to crane your neck for a glimpse of Foxy Grandpa and his truck piled high with lumber for his farmers. There will be an age-old cap on his head, and mayhap he'll be munching the apple he's been harboring in the left hip pocket of his patched pants.

"Yes, hickory is boss. Nothing over hickory for heat and good, clean smell!"

—ALLIENE SAEGER DE CHANT

Deaths of a Day

JOHN E. FAIRCHILD

John E. Fairchild passed away at 11:15 a. m. yesterday at his late home at 1034 Tilghman St. He had been ill for the past three months.

Mr. Fairchild was born at White Haven on Nov. 28, 1862, the son of the late Ziba and Mary, nee Meixell, Fairchild. He had resided in Allentown for the last 30 years, before which time he was employed as assistant supervisor in cement mills at Nazareth and later at St. Louis, Mo. Since returning to this locality, he was engaged in the carpenter contracting business.

Survivors are his wife, Sarah, nee Krommes, Fairchild; four daughters, Erma, at home; Thelma, wife of William Voth of Roslyn, Pa.; Lee, wife of Ercal Kaiser of Louisville, Ky., and Vera, wife of Harry Clymer of this city; a son, John A., of Bonner Springs, Kan.; 16 grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren, a brother, Arthur Fairchild of Alburtis; two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Williams of this city, and Elizabeth, wife of Aaron Weaver of Freeland.

He was preceded in death by three daughters, Clara, Mary and Bernida, and by one son, Byron.

Mr. Fairchild was of the Lutheran faith.

Services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Burial will be in Grandview cemetery.

ELIZABETH D. KRIPS

Elizabeth D. Krips, 90, of 1514 S. 54th St., Philadelphia, died Thursday morning at her home. Born Aug. 17, 1854, she was the daughter of the late William and Catherine Krips, formerly residents of Rich Hill, near Quakertown. She was a sister of the late Mrs. Frank Reiter, of Rich Hill.

Miss Krips enjoyed excellent health, maintaining her own apartment until her last illness, which followed a fall on June 13 this year, at which time she fractured her foot.

Funeral services will be held at 2:30 p. m. Monday in the Oliver H. Blair funeral home, Philadelphia. Interment in Laurel Hill cemetery, Philadelphia.

THOMAS SEWELL JR.

Thomas, two-month-old son of Thomas and Mary, nee Latsch, Sewell, of 127 N. Penn St., died Thursday night at the Sacred Heart hospital after an illness of two weeks.

In addition to the parents, the child is survived by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Latsch and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sewell Sr., all of Allentown.

Funeral services are scheduled for 9 a. m. Monday at the Weber funeral home, with burial in the Sacred Heart cemetery.

ESTELLA M. WAGNER

Estella M. Wagner, wife of Winfield Wagner, died at her home in Lower Macungie township, near East Texas, early Friday morning.

She was born in Slatington, June 1, 1887, daughter of Charles and Catherine, nee Miller, Kistler. She was a resident of Lower Macungie township for the past 25 years.

Mrs. Wagner is survived by her husband; a son, Winfield Wagner Jr., serving with the Army overseas; two sisters, Ella, wife of Robert Hamersly of this city, and Lillie, wife of Ervin P. Snyder of Cherryville.

She was a member of the Trexlertown Reformed church and the Sunday school of that church.

Funeral arrangements are pending word from her son.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Alta G'shpichta

Wen sotta m'r da onner dawg aw dreffa on da Evelyn Bauder ihra fendu in Hellertown, os wie der Elmer Eisenhart fon Shpring Valley. So weit os die fendu aw gonga is, huts der groyer Alton Knerr tzwae nommy dawg fon bout siva shtun 's shtick ganumma, fer die socha ferkaufa os da Evelyn ihra antie, un woh doh weil tzurick noch ihra ruh is, im unnershda shtuck fom 'm hous kotta hut. Un der Alton hut aw net shlow ferkauft, un die socha aeletzich ganumma. Da airshda dawg hut er weit iwwer siva hunnerd ob shlock gamocht, odder ewwa weit iwwer 'n hunnerd die shtun, un da tzweta dawg, 'm Dunnershdawg, is es airer shtaryer gonga os wie shlower. Aenicha waig, 's wor net fiel tzeit fer hee shtae blauderra won m'r aenicha indressa kotta hut im fendu socha, un wie m'r hen in dem fol weil so sonderbore fiel frock un onner gadich socha ferkauft sin werra woh unser Katerinah indressa drin ganumma hut. Un sie hut uns aw dale kaufa mocha, un so gore aw etlicha grossa boxa feinie safe-noch fon da guta alta ort os aw shaum'd. Doch bei all'm watcha os nix ferbei gang'd os ferleicht 'n barya wear, hen der Elmer un ich tzeit g'funna fer etlicha alta g'shpichta iwwer shwetza. Un doh is aenie dafon.

Tzwae Glaina Maid

Drunna aryads in da Trumbauershteddle gagend wear 'n bauerra familia free yohrs uf 'n bauerrei gatzoga wohs k'haisa het 's dade g'shpucka. Niemond wear long im hous wohna gabliva, un niemond het aw gadenk'd os die gawissa familia arrick long drin bleiva dade. Ow'r die socha hets g'sheind weara dessa mohl onnishder gawest. Ferol os es ols glei nochts garobb'ld het bei da onnerra, wear doh allas ruich un shtil gabliva bis mohl ae shpote yohr owet.

Wie sel tzeit der gabrouch gawest wear drous im lond bei da bauers leit, wie die arwet owets g'shoft gawest wear, wear der mon wenich nous noch 'm wertshous galoffa fer blauderra mit seinra nochberra os sich aw darta fersomm'ld hen kotta. Die wertsheiser sel tzeit worra da monsleit ihra tzomma lawf bletz, un net wie heit tzu dawg, woh mainer weibsleit on sella bletz rum hanka soufa, os wie monsleit. Aenicha waig, wie der mon owets so on da bed tzeit hame kumma is, hut sei gonsie familia im summer hous k'huck'd woh sie gawohn'd hen, un worra fergelshter'd os sie net recht shwetza hen kenna. Ol worra noch so tzitterich wie lawb bladder, un dale so weissa wie kride in da g'sishder.

Wie der mon gawunnert hut wos g'shaina wear, hetta sie 'm g'sawt sie hetta yusht ebbes arvas g'sehna, un dada wotta er wear darta gawest fers aw schna. Noh hen sie 'm g'sawt 's weara tzwae shaina glaina maid die kaller shtake ruf kumma un hetta tzu dier rous gaguck'd, un weara noh widder tzurick nunner. Kens hut sawga kenna wie shouderlich os es gaguck'd het, un weara ol ready gawest fer grawd sella owet ous tziega. Ow'r der mon het sie fershwetzt fer bleiva, un g'sawt er dade mohl weil owets fom wertshous dahame bleiva fer schna eb er net aw die maid sehna kent.

Un er is aw dahame gabliva, un hut yusht worta missa bis da tzweta owet danoh fer aw die maid sehna. 'S airsht hets garobb'ld drunna im kaller, noh die kaller shtake ruf, un endlich wear die kaller dier uf gonga, un darta hetta die tzwae glaina maid g'shtonna. Der mon het sie noh g'frok'd wos sie wotta, un sie hetta 'm tzurick gaontwert drunna unnich da kaller shtake im eck, dade 'n grosser shtae leia, selar sot er nous uf der kerrich hofe nemma woh er onna kaira dade. Noh hetta die maid shtarta die kaller shtake nunner gae, un der mon woh on da tzeiting laisa gawest wear wie sie kumma weara, wear niver gaeich na galoffa fer na die hond gewwa. Eb er sel ow'r gaduh het wears 'm bei g'falla os er mohl alta leit hoerra het sawga niemond sot ma geisht die hond gewwa, odder won m'r dade, dade die hond em ob falla. Noh het er na die tzeiting onna garaich'd, un woh bletzlich kola shwartz yerra wear wie sie sie aw galong'd hetta. Mit sel'm hetta sie sich noh rum gadray'd, yaderrie het 'n buss iwwer die oxel tzurich nous ins summer hous g'shmissa, un weara ob die shtake nunner. Drunna hets noh widder awenich garobb'ld, noh wear allas ruich un shtil gawest os wie 'm bauer un seinra familia ihra hartzer net, un woh leit bol drous uf da shtross hoerra hetta kenna glubba.

Der bauer het sella owet ken eifer may kot fer nunner in der kaller gae gucka noch ma grossa shtae, g'shweia aw net g'field'd fer 'n shtae nous uf der kerrich hofe nemma. Ow'r da nagshda morya wear er mohl nunner in der kaller, un shure ganunk wie er recht gaguck'd het, won net 'n olmechdicher grosser shtae unnich da kaller shtake galaiga het, un woh er etlicha nochberra grick'd hut fer 'm helfa rous grawwa. Un wie sie 'n endlich uf grick'd hen, hetta sie ihra aigna auga shier net glawwa kenna wos sie darta g'schna

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Allentown's Slogan: "DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign;
And after dreams of horror, comes again
The welcome morning with its rays of peace.
—Bryant.

ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTING

The American people yesterday passed through one of their most exciting days and yet at the close of the day they were highly uncertain in that they did not know whether to laugh and cheer, to eat, drink and be merry or whether they would have to withhold celebrations and festivities over the ending of the war with Japan.

It all came about because the Domei news agency, very frequently the mouthpiece of the Japanese government, announced early in the day that Japan was ready to accept the Three-Power proclamation issued from Potsdam on July 26 and announcements came from Moscow that the Russian Ambassador in Tokio had been informed similarly by the premier of Japan. Attached however to the expression of willingness to surrender according to the Potsdam terms was an important "condition" and "if." That condition, according to the broadcast that came from Russia was included in a paragraph which read: "The Japanese government understands that this (Potsdam) declaration does not comprise any demand which prejudices the prerogative of the Japanese emperor as sovereign of Japan. The Japanese government asks for definite information with regard to this matter."

Nothing in all this was official. At the White House President Truman was said to have reported that the proffer of peace had not been received by him. That was easy to be understood because it had been made known by the Japanese agencies that the proffer of peace, subject to the important condition, was being made through Sweden and Switzerland, two neutral nations. It also could be known that language difficulties and differences were going to bring about delay in getting Japan's official proffer to the Big Four.

So the early reaction to report of a peace bid was one of great joy, tempered almost immediately by recollection that Japan has been ordered to surrender unconditionally, whereas that country now imposes a condition. It is a very important condition when it is recalled that in the Potsdam ultimatum were the words: "The Japanese government shall remove all obstacles to the revival and strengthening of democratic tendencies among the Japanese people. Freedom of speech, of religion and of thought, as well as respect for the fundamental human rights shall be established."

Then followed considerable scepticism as to the sincerity of the proffer for peace or doubt as to acceptance of it. Always among Americans recurred the thought that Japan throughout the years has been a slimy, slithering snake that wriggled and squirmed and could not exactly be pmned down anywhere or as to anything.

Could there be a trick in the offer and perhaps a thought that by offering peace conditionally, squabble could be produced among the nations which have demanded unconditional surrender.

Japs know Americans do not want to lose a single life unnecessarily. The sentimentalists and especially the politicians know very thoroughly how to play effectively upon that string. So it might be reasoned that the Japs sought to get the Big Four to quarreling or the peoples of the United Nations to disputing among themselves. Then the Japs would get off with easy terms and perhaps with enough foundation, resources and experience to renew the war at some future and more propitious time.

A great deal of this may be true and much else that has not been learned may be part of a subtle Japanese plan to save face and to creep out of the war and say to themselves and to the yellow races of the world especially: "Ha, ha. They couldn't get us to surrender unconditionally, even though Germany and all the rest did."

But no matter how all yesterday's developments may have affected American thinking and acting, the truth appears inescapably to be that Japan has cast the die and crossed the Rubicon. Never in all her many centuries of history has she yielded in defeat to a foe. She did not know the language nor the mood of defeat. She has had to learn both most bitterly and reluctantly, it can be believed, but now she has become convinced.

The difficult thing was to take that first, (and to them highly disgraceful and humiliating) step. After that the rest should be far easier for them. But in taking that first step Japan has revealed herself. She would not have taken it unless she was at the end of her resources and wits. That we can firmly believe. She does not have the power to continue the war seriously on land, air or on the sea. Her industry and transportation have been wrecked. Her cities to the number of nearly a hundred have been seared or even wiped off the map. Her population in large numbers has been made homeless and is wandering about the islands. Her outlying empire has virtually been snatched from her hands.

So while end of the war has not been achieved officially, the American people can be as certain of its very early ending as they are certain that night will follow day. The Japs may squirm and complain. They may seek a multitude of subterfuges to confuse the issues which they themselves shaped so largely by beginning war against China 14 years ago and then by attacking the United States and Great Britain on December 7, 1941. But their end is in sight. Their doom is sounded and that they have heard it is evidenced by a desire for peace.

The Japanese offer of yesterday may be refused as they refused the Potsdam ultimatum just two weeks ago. But that will only delay the ultimate and foreseeable result—complete and unconditional surrender. The sands in the Japanese hour-glass have just about run out. The finish of an empire is at hand.

Surrender Reaction

By DAVID LAWRENCE

EDITOR'S NOTE: This column was prepared and written prior to the Japanese announcement of its acceptance of the Potsdam ultimatum.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—When Japan's surrender does come, how will American Forces accept it? Will there have to be an Armistice and cessation of hostilities and then an occupation or will an invasion force be sent in before any agreement is made to cease firing?

It is known that the complications arising out of a sudden surrender have been fully considered by our high command but details of the plan have not been revealed to anyone outside the U. S. joint chiefs of staff.

Naturally any contingency that may arise is planned for in advance and the possibility of an early surrender has been in the minds of our military chieftains ever since the first intimation came over the Japanese radio that there was a desire for a statement of terms. This has since been answered by the Potsdam Ultimatum but it is confidently believed now that the Atomic Bomb and Russian entry into the war have precipitated some decision at Tokyo soon to be announced.

Until Russia entered the war, the problem was even more difficult. Thus the commanders of the Japanese Army in China could well have refrained from joining in the surrender and it would have been difficult for the United States to have accepted the capitulation in Japan itself without knowing to what extent the fight might be continued on the mainland of Asia.

The entry of Russia into the war simplifies the situation somewhat. In the event of an early surrender, the Russian Forces can move down through Manchuria and Korea and meet there American Naval Forces which can join in the occupation of Korea. The latter country is to be placed under a joint trusteeship anyway of Russia, China and the United States.

As for the occupation of Japan itself, the Potsdam Ultimatum states that strategic points will be taken. This means that American doughboys will be transported to Japan to constitute a small occupying army. But this is a movement which would take many days to execute. What would be done in the meantime?

In all probability the United States Navy will arrange the immediate Armistice because the ships of Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet are at the doorstep of Japan. Arrangements probably would be made for the top officers of the Japanese Army and Navy to come to the deck of Admiral Halsey's warship to arrange terms and they probably would send their orders back to shore instructing all Japanese Commanders to cease hostilities.

Admiral Nimitz and General Spaatz would fly from Guam and General MacArthur would fly from Manila to Admiral Halsey's flagship, which is one of our new battleships. These leaders would work out the details of the Armistice arrangements. As an assurance of good faith, the Japanese Emperor might be invited to come aboard the flagship and remain there while the terms of the Armistice and the immediate occupation were being worked out.

If surrender should come within the next few days, it might take several days thereafter before actual occupation of any of the Japanese main islands and the raising of the American flag in Tokyo would be consummated.

Curiously enough, as this is written, there is not a single piece of official information as yet indicating definitely just when surrender will occur but officials from the top down in the military as well as the civilian branches of the Government expect the news of the capitulation any minute. They just think it would be incredible if Japan fought on until all her cities were destroyed and compelled the Americans to land Invasion Forces and ferret out the remnants of the Army in the mountains and hills.

Okinawa, of course, is only a few miles away from Japan—just an overnight and a day's journey but it would be necessary to mount an expedition and arm it fully before it could be landed and it is no secret that the invasion operations are not ready yet. Hence the American Naval Fleet will have to accept the surrender and protect any troops which may subsequently be landed at coastal ports where initial headquarters would be set up. The end of the war appears to be in clear sight.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

EDITOR'S NOTE: This column was prepared and written prior to the Japanese announcement of its acceptance of the Potsdam ultimatum.

THE ATOMIC BOMB

Great rejoicing greeted the announcement that the atom had been sufficiently harnessed to provide this country with another means of destroying its enemies. The reaction was natural in time of war when our only concern can be to bring the fighting to a close as soon as possible that our sons and daughters in uniform may return to their normal vocations and their families.

It is because of this insistent desire to bring the war to an end that some advocate the use of gas and that the United States initiate its use. The fact remains, however, that as most of the physical damage in Europe has been the product of American bombings, this country will for years—after the other outrages of war are perhaps forgotten—be remembered for its ruthless fighting. Maybe this is the way it should be, for it might discourage even our present allies from ever trying to test our strength, determination or ingenuity.

The potentialities of the atomic bomb are too horrible to conceive even in an age when destruction has ceased to horrify and death has become a statistical reference. The scientist will glory in his knowledge; the moralist must humbly ask why these wonders of science come to us only as agencies of obliteration. Why is Man so actively and fiercely engaged in his own destruction?

And that question must be asked all the time now even if it causes annoyance to those who glory in death, who feel that nothing is too horrible for the enemy as long as the enemy is unable to use the same hellish instruments on us. Too few are saddened by the fact that every death, of friend and foe, of our people and their people, is to be regretted.

Such generals as Eisenhower and Patton do not love war even though they have made war their business. But so many who sit at home listening of the battle, sort of round by round, think of war merely as something to be won or lost. They never count the innocent dead—for all the dead in war are innocent—nor do they ever consider the destruction not only of the monuments of great civilizations, but of the civilizations themselves. It may be easy for Henry Morgenthau Jr. to work at a plan to reduce such a people as the Germans to peons and serfs, to destroy their industries and to transform their laboratories into prisons. Yet, there is cause for grief and even mourning in all this, for here is a notable people who permitted themselves, for a false promise of undignified security, to become a wolfish race. What madness enters the minds of nations that causes them to forget all the that centuries of history and moral teachings have brought to them?

Even if we accept what the pessimists assure us is inevitable, that war always was and always will be, can it not be asked, is there no limit to its destructiveness? Must we not take pride in the fact that no country resorted to gas in this war? If it is possible to agree, by contract or tacitly, not to employ gas, why cannot the nations eliminate other agencies that have made this war so terrible, beyond even the ravages of Genghis Khan?

Somebody will ask why this question is raised at the moment when this country launched the atomic bomb? Why was it not asked, they will say, when Hitler attacked Poland and the war started? This column has been asking such questions for many years, for it recognized that war is a defeat of civilization; it is a negation of the gentle teachings of religion; it is an admission that in spite of all the knowledge of science and the wisdom of philosophy, Man has not yet learned really to understand that it is only in peace and love that the human race finds its noblest expression. We shall bomb the life out of our enemies; but will we then learn to keep the peace?

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Great interest is being shown in South Africa over recently-found gold fields which are estimated to be 90 by 30 miles in size.

Surplus war stores in South Africa alone are estimated to total property of various types which originally cost $200,000,000.

Construction of a large hydro-electric power station on the Kola Peninsula, Russia, beyond the Arctic Circle, has been resumed.

Dublin women are paying up to 200 per cent more for fur coats than in pre-war days despite that most of the coats are made in Eire.



MORE BOONASTIEL LETTERS

(From the Keystone Gazette (Bellefonte) and not published in the book)
Edited by RALPH CHARLES WOOD
Pennsylvania State College

BRIEF VUM HAASE-BAERRICK

Fri., Aug. 10, 1894.

Liewer Kernel Harder:

Der alt Grover Cleveland iss heit im Blatz vum alte Bauer in der unnere End (1) vun Penn's Valley, wu viele Yohr zurick gebrowiert hot e paar Filler zu breche mit 're Zopplein. Er hot die box vun seim Zweegeilswagge un hot sei Buwe grickt fer die Filler hewe, bis er uff die Langwitt gegraddelt iss. "Loss sie los," hot er g'saat, un die Filler sin darrich der Busch nunner g'schtart iwwer Schtumbe un Felse, iwwer Hecke un Nescht, bis endlich sin sie in en grosser Beindgibbel kumme un dart hen sie der alt Mann hocke losse mit der Zopplein in der Hand, awwer die Geil waare fart. Der aarm alt Kaerl waar so vergelschtert, ass er sich net verregt hot bis eens vun de Nochbere zuschpringe iss kumme un ihn g'frogt, ferwas der Deihenker ass er so do im Busch rumyaage daet.

"Ah," hot der alt Kaerl g'saat, "du kannscht net alsfart annefaahre wu du witt, wann du am Fillerbreche bischt."

Drum saag ich, des iss der Fall mit 'm Grover. Er hot en lot Filler in seinere Fuhr un sie sin darrichgange mit ihm un nau hockt er uff der Langwitt vun seim Wagge mit der Zopplein in der Hand, awwer die Geil sin fart. Ich glaab, ass er en guter Fuhrmann iss un hot gewisst wu er hie will, awwer wie er g'schtart hot, sin sie emol's aerscht iwwer's free-trade Falder (2) naus, ass die Riggel g'flogge sin, un es naegscht sin sie iwwer die free-silver Schtumbe, ass es Feier g'flogge iss, un wie er sie widder endlich uff der graad Weg grickt hot, iss der Hoke Schmidt raus kumme fer sie schtoppe un hot sei Pension Policy in der Weg g'schmisse un sell hot sie recht vergelschtert, un sie sin in der Busch gedreht un 's aerscht, ass sie gewisst hen, sin sie im income-tax Beindgibbel ge'land'. Die Geil sin so deihenkerisch g'schprunge, ass es der alt Grover busy g'halte hot fer sich uff 'm Wagge halte. Die Filler hen die Wipphand g'hatt vun ihm un der alt Mann hot ausg'funne, ass mer net annefaahre kann, wu mer will, wann mer am Fillerbreche iss.

Die 'fact' iss, Kernel, des iss all en Schtori, awwer es iss der bescht Weg, ass ich dir auslege kann, wie die Sache really sin. Die Demegraade vun der Nort (3) sin net darrichgange mit 'm alte Mann. Es sin die Brigadiers vun der Saut (south), wu fer dreissich Yohr net viel aus zu deele hen g'hatt in unserem Government un wie sie emol der Cleveland 'elect' hen g'hatt, hen sie ihre Mind uffgemacht, ass sie hie gingte, wu sie wette, un wann der alt Mann net mit wett, daetę sie ihn absaddle un ihrer Weg geh unni ihn. Sie gewwe nix um der Bauer in der Nort, wu aa helfe hot der Cleveland 'elect'e. Sie welle der tariff so arranged hawwe, ass sie alle ge'benefit' sin, un weil die Demegraade in der Nort yuscht der Schwanz sin, ferwas waer die Hand gut, wann er net sei Schwanz schittle kennt wie er wett?

Ich hab der anner Daag en Maschien g'sehne, as en alter demegraadischer Bauer ge'patent' will griege. Die Maschien iss en Raad wie en Haschpel un ausse uff 'm Haschpel sin sechs grosse Schtiwwel. Des Raad will er an die demegraadisch convention nemme, so ass yeder alter wu fer der Cleveland ge'vote' hot, sich uff-back'e kann, es Raad drehe un sei eegni Hosse kicke an fimf Cent der Kick. Der Billy Bixler will die Maschien 'run'e un er hot grossi Hoffning fer blendi Geld 'raise'e fer demegraadische Kefferbrie kaafe.

Als widder

GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Harter, writing during Grover Cleveland's administration, uses this letter for a political sermon, and ends up with the kind of comment that Boonastiel might make at any Hullerhecke Waertshaus.

tration, uses it for a political sermon, and ends up with the kind of comment that the real-life Boonastiel might make at any Hullerhecke Waertshaus.

(1)—**End** is ordinarily neuter gender in Pennsylvania German

(2)—**Falder**—bars at the edge of the field.

(3)—Harter in his letters shows the customary gender for the points of the compass (masculine), but uses "die" when referring to the north and south as sections.

* * * * *

BRIEF VUM HAASE-BAERRICK

Fri., Oct. 18, 1895.

Liewer Kernel Harder:

Ich hab dir schunt so lang ken Brief meh g'schriwwe, ass ich schier nimmi weess wie mer vorgeht. Es iss net, ass ich dich vergesse hab, weil du vum Haase-Baerrick fartgezogge bischt, awwer ich hab, by chucks, ken Geld g'hatt fer die Poscht bezaahle.

Nee, Kernel, ich hab dich gewiss net vergesse, un es sin noch viel annere do am Baerrick, as dich sei Lewe net vergesse, un wann sie en hunnert dausend Yohr all waerre. Die Polly dutt dich aa net vergesse, un allemol, ass eens ebbes saagt gege dich, dann fliegt sie raus wie en Harnesel, un "wupsch" hoscht's uff der Schtaern. Der anner Daag hot die Betsy Kissinger uns helfe Ladwaerrick koche un owets iss der Bill aa kumme. Noch supper waare mer in der Kich g'hockt un unser Peife g'schmokt, dann hot eens dei Naame genennt.

"Ich wunner," hot der Bill g'saat, "eb der Kernel Harder noch so Schtories verzaehle kann, sidder ass er em Dan Hastings sei Grabbe fresse hot misse?" Wupsch, waar die Polly var ihm.

"Denkscht du," hot sie g'saat, "der Kernel Harder daet Grabbe fresse so lang as es Badderieslin (1) hot. Hoscht du ihn sei Lewe sehne Grabbe fresse? No, sir; un niemand schunscht. Sell dutt's in meim Haus."

Der Bill hot nix meh zu saage g'hatt un hot 'suggest' mer daete nunner ans Hullerhecker geh, wu mer net unnich me Unnerrock rausschwetze brauch. Ich bin mit ihm un wie mer in die Barschtubb kumme sin, do waar der Mike Blotner, der Sam Siesshols, Jaky Haahneyaerrick, Billy Bixler, Sammy Sensewetzer un Bill Biffelmoyer. Sie waare all in me Ring g'hockt un hen Duwacksbrieh uff der 'same' Blacke g'schpautzt. Allemol ass die Dier uffgange iss, hen sie all geguckt eb's net en Kandidaat iss, far sie waare all darschtich. Wie mer neikumme sin, hot der Sam Siesshols der Bill g'frogt wie er aakumme daet.

"O," hot der Bill g'saat, "ich waar als ewennich besser ab, un wann die Zeite noch ewennich aahalde, dann bin ich, beim Dunner, gans ab."

"Aha," hot der Sam g'saat, "des sin ewwe die gute demegraadische Zeite, wu mer hawwe hen solle, wann der Cleveland 'elect' waerd. Weeze en Daaler un e Vaerdel, Woll fufzich Cent un Gleeder so wolfel as mer . . ."

"Halt emol," hawwich g'saat, "ich hab en idea . . ."

"Schtopp, Gottlieb," saagt der Jaky Haahneyaerrick, "geb dei idea zu de Demegraade. Sie sin yuscht about aus."

"Well," saagt der Billy Bixler, "es sin aryets faule Fisch. Drei Yohr zurick waar ich an all de demegraadische meetings, bin ganse Nachte uff der Schtross rumgedrollt mit 're alte Fettlamp (2) uff der Achsel un Geilsgnoddle gekickt fer der Cleveland in office duh, un es aersecht ass mir g'happen't iss wie er 'elect' waar, hen sie mei pension vun mir genumme un nau muss ich Hols saege un Rinne schaele far Geld griege fer liquor kaafe. Eb der Cleveland in office kumme iss, waar's Geld blendi un yeder ebber hot gute Gleeder gewore un blendi zu esse g'hatt.

"Ya yo," saagt der Mike Blotner, "was waare doch sell Zeite." Sellemols waar's ken Druwwel drei Daaler griege fer sei Schtimm, un nau wu sin mer? Die Seibengel vun Demegraade hen all die office-e un halde aa all's Geld."

"Biame uns net," hot der Billy Bixler g'saat, "Mer waare vierunzwansich Yohr aus office un der Weg, ass es nau guckt, geht's noch emol vierunzwansich Yohr eb mer widder neikumme. Die Buwe miss Hoi mache weil die Sunn scheint."

"Dihr hen recht, all recht," hawwich g'saat, fer nau waar mei Zeit "Buwe," hawwich g'saat, "hot eenich eens vun eich in eirem Lewe uffgewwe Grass maehe, weil der Kalenner saagt es gaebt Regge?" (Nee, nee, vun alle Ecke.) "Well, en demegraadische Zeidung iss deel Leit ihre Kalenner. Wann die Graehaage em baddere, die Rummadis em ins Knie fliegt, der Pohaahne greischt uff em Kaerschebaam, die Sei Wischlin Schtroh im Maul rumdraage un die Sunn owets hinnich en Wolk schluppt, dann maehe mer ken Graas fer iwwer Sunndaag leie?"—"Gewiss net," vun e halb Dutzend.

"Well, uff der Owet wie der Cleveland elect iss warre, hawwich die Republican Sunn sehne hinnich en Wolk schluppe. Ich bin net an die demegraadische Kalenner gange far sehne, was es gebt. Ich hab's geroche in der Luft, g'schpiert in meine Bee. Drei Yohr Regge! Es hot 's Brot aus unsere Kinner ihre Meiler gewesche un 's Geld aus unsere Seck, un alles vun unsere Bauerele gewesche except der mortgage un seller wachst wie Fleehgraut (3) Wolleschtengel, Schpitzewedderich (4) un Kanadaadischtle. Buwe, ich bin en Filosofer. Wann ich en halwer Daaler hett, daet ich mir en Zuwwer kaafe un draewwle wie der alt Diogenes (5), awwer ich hab ken "fiip penny bit" g'sehne, sidder ass der Cleveland sei drei hunnert Million Daaler bonds raus grickt hot fer em Uncle Sam sei Graab zudecke, so ass er net neifallt. Loss uns bede fer bessere Zeite."

"Hunsbohne mit deim Bede," hot der Billy Bixler g'saat, "des nemmt votes."

Als widder,

GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL

Notes and Comments

For us moderns the country atmosphere in this letter is more interesting than the partisan politics.

1.—Also found as **Badriesel**—quail or partridge. This is not originally a German word. Its origin is not satisfactorily explained, whether from the English word partridge plus the German diminutive suffix, **el**, or from the French **perdrix**. See Lambert: A dictionary of the non-English words of the Pennsylvania German dialect.

2.—**Fettlamp**—Lambert says that a **Fettlicht** is the **same as a Fettamschel**, the pride of antique collectors, and described as a "lard-burning lamp." Did Harter really mean this old-fashioned lamp? Perhaps it is an anachronism, used humorously, for it is not likely that a **Fettlamp, Fettlicht** or **Fettamschel** was still used in the 1890's.

3.—**Fleehgraut**—smartweed

4.—**Schpitzewedderich**—ribgrass

5.—"Diogenes" is a little out of character for Boonastiel who generally states that he has no "book learning."

JUST COMMON THINGS

Ever since I tasted their shoo-flies and raised cake, I've wanted to see how they do it. And so I chose Friday, for that is their baking day, which begins long before sunrise.

Their kitchen is a sizeable one. A "Kitchen Sunshine" stove, a gas-coal combination is in a triangular alcove fitted with doors. Their work-table is between the side windows; an antique sideboard graces another wall; and against the wall opposite, an old chest.

"Just sit down anywhere you like," Mrs. Jennie Schappell said, and her partner, Mrs. Mary Alice Adams, who has also passed the alloted three-score-year-and-ten, added, "Try the rocker, there by the window."

"Smells good in here," I began, and Jennie, as her customers call her, said matter-of-factly, "Ought to. Everything's fresh" to which Mary Alice replied, "But we ain't fancy cooks. We're just common, plain bakers. And we make just common things."

"Have you ever had any baking accidents?" I ventured.

"More than one! And once a pie fell upside down!" answered Mary elbow-deep in the mixing bowl.

"Anything ever ourn?"

"Yes, more than once, too. But I guess everybody makes mistakes sometimes. We're not perfect. By far not!" said Jennie, as she made another trip to the oven.

"It looks like you divide your work."

"Yes, Mary makes the pie dough and rolls it out." Jennie explained, "and I prepare the things. We help each other. And we don't go to bed the night before until we have our mixing done . . . about nine or half-past, and then get up very early.

"How early?"

"To get our doughnuts to Harvey Dietrich's store by the time he opens up, we have to start on them at three. Sometimes it's even earlier. It all depends. And we're done about three in the afternoon."

"How much do you usually bake?"

"Well," Mary explained, "Harvey takes from eight to ten dozen doughnuts, and our other customers about six to eight shoo-flies; as many pies; two or three apple-tarts, some weeks, more; and as high as twenty-six raised cakes. That's the way it is. Whatever they order."

"What kind of pies?"

"Oh, cherry, peach, raisin, pumpkin, plum—whatever the people want. This one's grape tart, from our own grapes—something new again," she said, as she deftly filled the pie tin, and added a dot of butter here and there, and an extra "spray" of sugar, and with a practised hand, "pinched" a border around it, "just for fancy."

Among their mixing bowls I noticed a large, white one. "That's an old one, isn't it?"

"Yes, it belonged to Grandma Schappell. And so did this mixing board. It was made from a wind mill that used to separate chaff from grain; and this hole in the middle is to hang it up by."

Spying pie tins with fluted edges, I ventured once again, "Those are old-timers, too, I know." And Jennie nodded. "Wouldn't part with any of them. Nowadays the tins wear out so fast, and cost too much."

A neighbor came down the garden path, then, and Jennie said, "Here comes Mr. Hamme. See if her corn pie's ready."

"Corn pie?" I asked.

"Yes, we use our own corn and eggs and things, and we let her take it along in the iron skillet." Mrs. Hamme took a shoo-fly too, and Jennie went to the chest and got out waxed paper and brown bags. And when the neighbor paid her, she opened the lower right drawer of the cupboard and put the money in an out-sized cup, handle-less, and gay with patterns done in delicate pink. "That's a beautiful cup," I said, as Jennie pointed out the Old English rural scenes on it.

"It's Staffordshire," she explained. "Very old. And you know of course, that in the old days they drank their coffee out of the saucer."

"You keep your money in it because it's so big?" I answered, at which the Friday bakers chuckled.

"We used to bake our own bread," Mary said. "But it doesn't pay now, when you can get it every-day fresh, and so nice."

"Remember how we used to spend two long days getting food ready for funerals?" Jennie asked her.

"For funerals?" I interrupted.

"Yes, sometimes there were eight of us at it. I can remember how Mrs. Schaeffer came into the kitchen with a whole wash-basktful of groceries. We made twenty-seven high cakes that day too, and used every recipe we knew of. Put them on stands, and did they look pretty!"

"Farm dining rooms are big," Mary remembered, "and we could take care of everybody. But I'm glad that funeral custom died out, for it's not necessary to make such a fuss when there's a corpse in the house. Of course folks traveled by horse and buggy, and came from far off; but some weren't even related to the corpse."

"Raisin pie was the funeral pie," she continued, "and sometimes we served before and after the funeral, whatever the people wanted."

"My mother and I," Jennie kept on reminiscing, "used to bake as high as thirty-two pies a day at Hotel Fleetwood, when the Fle ood Body Works was running full. We made sixteen of a kind, mince, apples, whatever Mrs. Sadie Herbein needed; buns for breakfast, too."

"I was no big thing in baking," Mary confessed, "for you must tell the truth. But I've baked from little, on."

"How did you two happen to get together?"

"When we were girls we lived three doors apart in Virginville, and after our husbands died, we decided to live together in Kutztown. Later we made up our minds to do a little baking. Folks found out about it, and now we have so many customers that we don't want any more."

"We have enough work," Jennie said, and her partner added, "It's a hard job standing a whole day and baking. It's something!"

The decorating of the raised cake was fascinating to watch, and the shoo-fly making. "I just squeeze the dough together on top of the raised cake," Mary demonstrated, "brush it with butter, and sprinkle with sugar." "And this gives a shoo-fly," she said later, as she laid a layer of crumbs (sugar, flour, baking powder, butter and water) in each of the dough-lined pans; poured a mixture of steaming hot molasses and water on them; a second layer of crumbs, and a round spot in the center, "for fancy," into which she poured more liquid.

As soon as the "pieces" were baked and browned, the Friday Bakers took them out of the oven with a small, black shovel, and transferred them to cloth-covered boards, laid across lard cans. When they cooled they took them out of the pans—all with the greatest care.

Mary is the out-of-doors member of the Friday Bakers firm, and Jennie the indoors one. That's why it is Jennie who lingers the longer over "redding up," after the baking is completed, before she goes upstairs to change her dress. And that is why Mary is apt to putter around her herb garden or strawberry patch, or to pick a bouquet for the now-empty kitchen table.

"I have around a hundred chickens," Mary said, "and about forty young ones," as she took me on a tour of her garden, and the hennery in the orchard. When a small rooster strutted up to claim his share of the corn she threw from her apron, she said. "He's a proud little fellow!" And pointing to a Rhode Island Red pullet she said, "Raised that one in the kitchen, and now she's always the first to taste the food, spoiled thing."

"I planted every one of these trees," she said, "except the walnut." In the garden were potatoes, corn and other vegetables, and her flower garden was gay with winter poppies and other blooms.

The Friday Bakers are loyal Church folks. Jennie having been a member of Grace Evangelical Congregational Church for more than thirty-six years. They entertain the Preacher and his large family, now and again, and one of Jennie's nieces is a missionary in Africa.

The old-fashioned clock was about to strike the noonday hour, when Mary and I got back to the kitchen. And scarcely had I said, "It's high time I'm leaving," than Miss Jennie replied, "There's no rush. We won't be through for a while, anyway."

As I climbed up College Hill, fortified with a corn pie hot from the oven, and a shoo-fly, I could not help but call to mind Mary's words, "But we ain't no fancy cooks. We're just common, plain bakers. We're not perfect, by far not!"

"And we make just common things."

Kutztown, Pa. —ALLIENE SAEGER DeCHANT

Deaths of a Day

GEORGE S. BOWER

George S. Bower, 29, husband of Georgia, nee Carey, Bower, and son of Mrs. Kate Bower, 202 S. 13th St., Allentown, died Friday morning in the University of Pennsylvania hospital, Philadelphia, where he had been a patient four weeks.

Born in Boyertown, son of Mrs. Kate, nee Wimmer, and the late Harvey J. Bower, he had been a resident of this city most of his life.

Mr. Bower, prior to his recent illness, was employed as a forester by the TPA in Norris, Tenn., where his wife and son, David, are at present residing.

He was graduated from Allentown High school in 1934 and received his degree in forestry from Penn State college in 1938. Fraternally he was a member of several forestry lodges and organizations.

Besides his wife, son and mother, he is survived by six sisters: Mrs. John Johnson, Pottstown; Mrs. Edward Price, Fellows, Calif.; Mrs. Lee Hill, Ardmore; Mrs. Edward Lehman, Sayre and Laura and Elda, this city.

Funeral services will be held from the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Monday at 1 p. m. Interment in Fairview cemetery, Macungie.

OWEN G. PRITCHARD

Owen G. Pritchard, 75, a life-long resident of Slatington, died yesterday at his late home, 637 W. Franklin St., Slatington, after an illness of several weeks. He was the husband of the former Ella Hartline.

Born in Slatington, he was the son of the late Griffith and Margaret (Williams) Pritchard. He was employed as a slater most of his life. He belonged to the Baptist church, Slatington, and Star Lodge, Council 68, Slatington.

Besides his wife there survive a daughter, Mrs. Hattie Griffith, a brother, Griffith Pritchard, and two sisters, Mrs. Harriet Jones and Mrs. Martha Roberts, all of Slatington. Four grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Hartwig funeral home, 1002 Main St., Slatington, with Rev. Mark Lauchnor officiating. Interment will be in the Union cemetery, Slatington.

MRS. JANE A. SCHNECK

Mrs. Jane A. Schneck, 82, widow of Walter S. Schneck, died at the home of her daughter and son-in-law, at 1631 N. 21st St. early yesterday.

She was born in South Whitehall township, the daughter of the late Eli Kuhns and Esther Roth. Mrs. Schneck had resided with her daughter for the past 11 months, and had been confined to her room ill since June 12.

She was a member of Jordan Lutheran church and the Ladies Aid of that congregation.

Survivors are two daughters, Mrs. Robert W. Roth, with whom she lived, and Mrs. Frank V. Fenstermaker, of Allentown R. 1. There are seven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held from her late home, Tuesday at 1:30 p. m., with further services in Jordan Lutheran church. Rev. Wesley Wenner will officiate. Interment will be made in the church cemetery.

GLENWOOD E. JONES

Glenwood E. Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glenwood Jones Sr., 315 N. 5th St., Bangor, died early Friday morning in Easton hospital, aged two weeks.

Survivors are the parents, a sister, Virginia, at home; paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones, Pen Argyl; maternal grandfather, Elwood Werkheiser, Nazareth, and maternal great-grandmother, Mrs. Laura Werkheiser, Nazareth. The funeral will be at the convenience of the family.

MRS. ANNA KRASSNER

Mrs. Anna Krassner, 6 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, widow of Peter Krassner, was found dead in bed at her home Friday morning. Her husband died April 27, 1943.

Dr. D. F. Bachman, Northampton county coroner, after an official investigation, said she died between 6 and 8 a. m. of a heart condition.

Surviving is a daughter, Lucille, a former secretary at the Community Center, presently stationed in California.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Drei Hungericha, Shichdericha Boova

Sis wol shun weil tzurick g'shaina, die woch fom Fiert July, ow'r die socha sin ferhoftich sei tzu gute fer so fergessa gae lossa die g'shicht fon da drei hungericha, schichdericha boova os kampa sin gonga drunna in da Kraussa Dahl gagend. 'S wor so denna waig: Der Alvin Krauss fon Milford Shquare hut 'n wochs vakation kot, un so hut aw der Howard Walker fon Palm. Die weil os g'sawt is 's sot niemond den summer ungnadich uf da shtross rum kessla, un aw net fert gae mit traina odder bussa, hen sie ous gamocht fer ihra vakation tzu bringa in ra glaina shack im Wallace Krauss seim bush.

Fermuthlich hen die boova shun k'hoert kot os es net gute wear fer tzwae leit laenich fert ga kampa—'s sotta nee net wenicher wie drei sei, so won tzwae dafon nimmy wissa fon wos tzu shwetza, odder ungaenich werra, os noch ebber shunshd dabei is fer sie widder ous shtarta uf 'n onnerer shlouder. Wel aenicha waig, der Alvin un der Howard hen noh noch der James Krauss darta fom Kraussa Dahl grick'd fer mit na gae, un hen wunners gamaint wie arrick os sie ei galaig'd hetta mit alla orta ess socha. Die boova hen sich garish'd kotta fer 'n woch bleiva, un wie sie aw sin, ow'r net die gons tzeit drous im bush, -'s wor tzu g'shpuckich.

Un noh hen die boova aw awenich ess socha druvel kotta. Ferol os sie gamaint hen wie sie dahame fert sin, sie hetta ganunk laves middle fer 'n woch bleiva, hen sie sich shun bis da tzweta dawg ous hous un gute gessa kotta. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie sin Somshdawg farmie dawgs nous in der bush un bis Sundawg moryets worra sie shun ous gessa, un het all'm noh grawd aweck hungersnote gewwa wons net gawest wear fers Wallace Kraussa. So ow'r is der Alvin shun free Sundawg moryets tzu da "Mom" un hut gawunnert wies wear fer awenich ebbes tzu essa griega, ihras wear ol. Sie hut 'm noh oyer, tzwivla, grumbierra un brode gewwa, -fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie hut 'm 'n grosser karrab fol socha ready gamocht, un die kamper hen widder frisher mood g'foss'd sie kenta 's now fer 'n woch mocha. Ow'r wohrhoft bis die sun owets ready wor fer unner gae, wor der karrab widder lare, un die boova hen die kep tzomma k'hank'd blawna wie aw tzu gae.

Die weil os sie ihra ess socha aeland iwwer shwetzt hen, hen sie aw ahtarta blauderra fon onnerra socha, ungfare da fiela unnershittlicha tzuchta os sie nochts dafor k'hoert hen drous im bush. Ainer wor shure 's weara bardser, 'n on

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
Longfellow.

MORE LIGHT FROM MR. CHURCHILL

Altho Winston Churchill no longer is prime minister of Great Britain much of the world continues to enjoy his pungent speeches and to anticipate without disappointment the revelations that he is certain to make as to questions in the public mind.

Thruout the war we became trained to wait for Mr. Churchill's speeches and statements and knew that even more than might have been expected would be released by him as to the conduct and progress of the war. Now that the war is over and the necessity for military secrecy has ended, Mr. Churchill continues as the fountainhead of some of the most interesting information.

In his speech to the House of Commons on Thursday he revealed that Russia entered the war, not because of the success of the atomic bomb that hit Hiroshima with an energy that shook the world, but because Premier Stalin had agreed with Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill to enter the war against Japan three months after the capitulation of Germany. Mr. Churchill noted that this promise was fulfilled to the letter. He also notes that Premier Stalin fixed the time at three months because that was how much time would be required to move his fighting forces from the European front to Asia. (Paranthetically, it may be noted that Stalin did very well with only one railroad at hand to move troops five thousand or more miles.)

Mr. Churchill also reveals that word as to the perfection of the atomic bomb reached the Big Three in Potsdam and that both he and Mr. Truman found themselves bound by their conscience to warn the Japanese fully before unloosing the bomb's might against them. So the people of the great cities were given a chance to leave and save their lives and the Japanese emperor was given opportunity to effect surrender and save all Japan. The emperor repulsed the Potsdam ultimatum, the bomb was released and then came offer to surrender in short order.

He was unstinting in his praise for the work of the scientists and approved Mr. Truman's stand that the secret of the bomb must be held inviolate by countries which have no desire to employ it aggressively. He suspects however that research will proceed in many places, but he believes that "the construction of the immense plants necessary to transform theory into action cannot be improvised in any country." For this reason, he says that the United States "at this minute stand at the top summit of the world," and he adds: "I rejoice that this is so."

But we are not eternally secure, for Mr. Churchill says: "So far as we know, there are perhaps three or four years before the great progress in the United States can be overtaken. In these three years we must remodel our relations with other men, wherever they dwell, in such a way that those men do not wish or dare to fall upon each other for the sake of vulgar or outdated ambition or for passionate differences in ideologies, and that international bodies, by a supreme authority, may give peace on earth and justice among men."

A PRECIOUS RASCAL NEW JAP PREMIER

"With faltering steps and slow" the Japanese proceed toward the time when the signature of their emperor will be attained to documents making surrender of Japan and everything Japanese to the United Nations. Some of the earliest steps are to be taken over the weekend unless the Japs do some more gum-shoeing to evade the commands of General MacArthur and violate the spirit and letter their own promises to their conquerors.

In the meantime however the emperor has named a new premier who is setting up a cabinet to take the place of the body which resigned in humiliation and disgrace because of defeat. The new head is Prince Higashi-kuni who aroused American indignation after the first American air raids over Japan when he was credited with having urged prosecution and probable death for our airmen who had been made prisoners-of-war.

It may prove quite a shock to Japan if, in short order after MacArthur takes command over Japan, Prince Hagashi-kuni is snatched right out of his high seat in office and put on trial as a war criminal. And it will be still more shocking for them if the emperor, who signed all the decrees before and during the war, be brought before the bar of justice like any other criminal. The British are said to be all for such a program and certainly the temper of much public opinion in America is to the same effect.

Former Ambassador Joseph Grew now is out of the positions in which he was able so powerfully to shape official opinion and decision as to what to do with Hirohito. With his departure from the State department change may come in that attitude, not only in the Department of State but also in the military branches.

BOUNCING BACK TO NORMAL RAPIDLY

Close of the war is bringing about many changes and returns to former conditions with such speed that once more in peace, (as we often were able to do during the war), there must be comment upon the vast resources of this country, the splendid business organizations which develop and make them available to the people and the resiliency of our entire system that makes possible speedy return to many pre-war conditions.

Almost instantaneously upon declaration of Japan's surrender and the end of the war, all restrictions upon the sale of gasoline and tires were lifted. The A, B, C and all other fuel books in a twinkling of an eye became just so much waste paper or souvenirs of a great war. Fuel oil likewise was removed from restrictions. Furthermore there is reported abundance of everything except tires awaiting the unrestricted demand by Americans.

It is safe to predict that nothing like this exists anywhere in the Eastern hemisphere even though the war in Europe ended three months ago.

Likewise ration points upon all foods except meats, butter, fats and sugar have been removed. As to human attire it is to be noted that it never became necessary to ration clothing and the rationing of shoes is expected to end in a few months for a people who for the most part have enough shoes on hand to get along for a year if they were compelled to do so.

Suicide Fitting

By JAMES D. WHITE
Associated Press Staff Writer

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17. (AP)—Vice Admiral Onishi, founder of Japan's suicide corps, has now committed suicide himself "in atonement for" the failure of the mass madness he unleased.

If this seems ridiculous here, it is not so to the Japanese.

It satisfies a very real awareness among Japanese of the relationship between officers and their men. Onishi had sent loyal young men to their death in a campaign which failed. It was his decision; he now accepts that responsibility and destroys himself to show his remorse.

If Americans are inclined to giggle at the concept of Onishi's spirit now cruising in formation with those of his boys over some national shrine, nothing could be more fitting according to Japanese ideas.

Onishi may or may not have believed the myth he helped perpetuate, but the effect is that in the minds of living Japanese their way of doing things is still right.

It is safe to think that many more military suicides would be reported if the throne and the new cabinet were not leaning over backward to handle the military with kid gloves.

The emperor's second rescript praises and thanks Japanese armed forces for their efforts and tells them in effect that their cause was no less righteous because the world rose up and smote them in its wrath.

". . . We believe the loyalty and achievements of you officers and men of the imperial forces will for all time be the quintessence of our nation. . . . We trust that you . . . will comply with our intention (to make peace) and will maintain a solid unity and strict discipline in your movements and that you will bear the hardest (of) all difficulties, bear the unbearable and leave an everlasting foundation of the nation."

Emperor Merely "Trusts"

Hirohito does not order his troops, but "trusts" that they will comply with his "intention." He does not use that unpleasant word, surrender.

The new premier and war minister, Prince Higashi-Kuni, also has high praise and sympathy for Japanese troops who are about to "lay down their arms" but does "order" them "to refrain from any outbursts of emotion at the sacrifice of their sentiment, face stark reality calmly and squarely, and maintain solid unity and strict discipline in order to carry out the imperial instructions to the letter."

If it seems strange that Higashi-Kuni's order is more outspoken than the emperor's rescript, it may be that the emperor cannot risk facing possible disobedience, and so speaks softly. And it may be also that Higashi-Kuni, being an imperial prince, is not as liable to assassination as a commoner in his spot would be.

As Japanese troops continue fighting in several areas, there's every indication that Tokyo is striving desperately to keep the military in line, but at the same time it cannot be doubted that every word uttered is scanned for its effect on listening Allied capitals.

Sudden Interest

There is a sudden interest in democratic practice. The emperor trots out the somewhat cobwebby Japanese constitution to be "respected," and Higashi-Kuni discovers a long-buried affection for free speech and assembly.

Domei chimes in with an assurance to the American office of war information that it will relay OWI newscasts to Japanese listeners.

Americans may be forgiven, eventually, if they feel curiosity as to what OWI's stories look like after Domei editors get through with them.

Domei also notes proudly that the new cabinet is largely "civilian."

Much Talk of Welfare

There is much talk about the people's welfare, the food situation, and the possibility of public disturbances. Domei admits "there is fear of demoralization among the people" and reports that travel into big cities has been suspended "to cope with the food situation and maintain order."

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE APPROACH TO NORMAL

This war did not end suddenly or surprisingly. We have been looking toward the end of the war since the start of it. We knew that it would have to end at some time. We knew that sooner or later we would be faced by the problems of reconversion, of the disposal of surplus goods, of the demobilization of our military forces, of unemployment by the millions. We are as unprepared for peace as we were unprepared for war. We have performed miracles in meeting by improvisations the pressing necessities of the war; cannot the same minds and wills perform miracles in peace?

War is assisted by emotionalism, by the dramatization of personal participation, by skillful propaganda, often emphasizing the half-truth or even the untruth. All this is, in my opinion, unnecessary in war; it is downright wicked and impossible in peace. The American people will have to face cold facts. They must meet the future as it is and none of the monkeyshines of the past ten years will do.

300 Billion of Public Debt

What are those facts? This country carries a burden of close to $300,000,000,000 of public debt which must be serviced or our currency will be of no value. We have obligations to veterans that will run to many billions each year. The cost of government therefore will cost the American people annually between $20,000,000,000 and $30,000,000,000 annually in dollars of current value and purchasing power. The American dollar is at this moment inflated at about 29 percent. That inflation will increase slightly but need produce no fear if our economy remains as sound as it is and the Administration under Mr. Truman continues as competent as it has been. Nevertheless, it would be stupid to believe that there is any possibility in the near future of reduced prices, particularly food prices.

Nor is it possible that shortages in meats and such products will immediately be relieved. In the first place, a cow or a pig is not produced in a day and in the second place, the demobilization of our military forces will not be accomplished overnight. We shall have to continue to feed our troops wherever they may be with continued spoilage and waste inevitable in that process. And we shall have to participate in the feeding of Europeans and Asiatics for whose welfare we, in the enthusiasms and politics of war, have assumed huge, and in some respects impossible, responsibilities. It would be tragic if we welched on our commitments—perhaps we should not have made them.

Unemployment Is Back

Thomas E. Dewey was completely correct during the 1944 campaign when he said that Mr. Roosevelt never solved the problem of unemployment until the war came. The war is ended and unemployment is back. Already the experts blithely speak of 7,000,000 unemployed by Christmas.

The problem of unemployment cannot be without solution. If it is, the United States is already a bankrupt nation. It is not admissable that a nation that can produce the miracles of war cannot meet the necessities of employment for its people. But there must be no lies. The figure of 60,000,000 as the current work force of the United States is a political lie unrelated to the facts of our situation. Furthermore, it must be established by law and rigidly enforced that no American can be excluded from a job for any reason other than incapacity and incompetence.

Employment or unemployment should be taken out of politics. I offer as a constructive formula that a Commission presided over by Bernard Baruch and including Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach be appointed by President Truman with the directive to report publicly in the shortest possible time. This Commission should make a factual report on the situation with recommendations not for relief but for full employment. The American people do not wisn to be cursed by another WPA; they want jobs.

This is the situation generalized and simply stated. In particular it is much more complicated. Solutions will not be accomplished by clever slogans or by ghost-written speeches full of bluff and silly phrases. It requires thought and statesmanship. And we can solve the problems of peace if we have the manhood, the courage, the will to be truthful.

(Copyright, 1945)



Her Friday's Work

A Story of the Pennsylvania Dutch

By EDNA GROFF DEIHL

Lizzie Brunner threw herself with despair into the wooden rocker in her kitchen. A letter fell from her knotted hands into the lap of her clean gingham apron and grinned up into her face. Tragedy had lurked in that page. Slowly she picked up the envelope and read again the name printed in the upper left hand corner:

H. D. LINE, DENTIST
Lebanon, Pa.

Laying that down she lifted more slowly the letter with its mocking type.

Mrs. John Brunner
Avon, Penna.

You have asked for time to pull your teeth. I can give you only Friday morning at nine o'clock. Please be on time as I am greatly rushed.

Respectfully,
H. D. LINE

There, it was true, every word of it. Was there ever anyone who had the trouble that she had? To get to Lebanon on Friday morning at nine o'clock meant that she must leave the house at eight. Even if she arose at four, it would be impossible for her to do what she had to do. There was the breakfast to be prepared for her husband. He had to have fried potatoes and mush and coffee, every morning, and he would not eat breakfast without fresh sugar cakes or shoofly pie. Then she would have to bake raisin or apple pies for lunch, for if he had to eat a piece he couldn't do without pie. She might get all that done between four and eight, but how could she ever get done with her Friday's work? Lizzie Brunner's wrinkles deepened, and she sighed hopelessly as she set about doing her Tuesday's work—the ironing.

John came in for a moment. He was preparing the garden for the summer vegetables.

"Vell, Lizzie, how goes? You look dumpish."

"Ach, vell, Chohn, I'm near crazy. Read that letter, vill you?"

John took the letter from the table and read it slowly.

"What's wrong with that?" he said, as he threw it down. "It's a nice letter. Are you gettin' afraid now, vonce he vill do it? I'll bet on that's it, ain't?" And he gave his wife a sly punch.

"Chohn Brunner, sometimes I think you're the dumbest man I ever knew. Sometimes I'm sorry I ever married you. Sometimes I think I'll never yet bake you another shoo-fly pie as long as I live. What's wrong with Friday morning at nine o'clock. Why, folks would say I was crazy, and I guess I would be, leavin' all my Friday's work to go to a dentist."

"Vell, Lizzie," said John, with a never-argue-with-a-woman air, "I can't see but what you got to go. Those dentist fellows write down in a book when they give some one time, and they charge you whether you come or not."

With that parting thrust, John disappeared.

"I got to go," she determined grimly. "I'll do my Friday's work on Thursday, if I have to work up into the night. Then I can hold up my head in front of anyone."

Thursday afternoon found Lizzie Brunner making a spotless kitchen more spotless. All the other women of the neighborhood sat on their spotless porches, rocking and sewing and gossiping.

"Vat ails Lizzie Brunner anyhow?" asked one. "Vy she's blacking her stove on Thursday. Who ever heard of such a thing? And she's usually so regular in her work."

"Didn't you know?" answered another, "vy she goes tomorrow morning to Lebanon, over, at nine o'clock to have her teeth pulled out."

"Nine o'clock Friday morning," exclaimed the other. "Vell did you ever hear of such a dumb time to ask a woman to come to the dentist. It's a wonder Lizzie goes."

"Vell, you see, she chust wrote for time, and she never dreamed any man would be dumb enough to ask a woman to come Friday morning. Brunner he told Lizzie, as how those dentist fellows write it in a book, when they tell you to come, and then charge whether you come or not. Lizzie chust must go. So she's doin' her Friday's work today."

"Poor soul, she'll be all tuckered out having her both day's work in one," said another, sympathetically.

That night when Lizzie Brunner went to bed she sighed with satisfaction. Her kitchen stove shone in its sinister blackness, the oil-cloth sparkled, the strips of home-made carpet in front of the stove and sink, smiled across their red stripes because they felt so clean. There was nothing left undone. One familiar with Lizzie's kitchen could not have told whether the place had been cleaned or not, for before she had started her arduous task of scouring, the same cleanliness existed as existed now.

When Friday morning dawned everything outside looked as bright and sparkling as Lizzie's kitchen.

John jumped from his bed as the cock crowed in the barnyard behind the house. He flung open the shutter. "Get up, Lizzie, it gives a beautiful day for you to go to Lebanon. You'll have to hurry if you want to do your baking before you leave."

Lizzie turned her weary head on the pillow and tried to lift it. "Ach, Chohn, I'm so sick," she moaned, "I can't lift my head."

"Sick," gasped John. "Why, Lizzie, you must go to Lebanon today, don't you know?"

"Yes, yes, I know—I'll get up then, but my head beats so and I feel like to womit. Let me lay awhile. You must do without pie today I guess, Chohn. Will you bring me a cup of black coffee yet?"

John started slowly downstairs. This was something new. Lizzie had never been sick. He had never had to get his own breakfast since he had brought her to this prim little house as his bride five years ago. Everything had always moved along like clockwork. Each day had brought its work and each day had seen it finished. Lizzie had never been too sick to get up.

"I believe, yit, she's half scared to have her teeth out," he said, as he carried the cup of poorly-made, muddy coffee up to her, but when he entered the bedroom and saw her roll her eyes in misery as she tried to drink the coffee, and saw her holding her head with both hands, he knew she was sick. "Maybe I'd better go for the doctor," he suggested.

"Ach, no, Chohn, don't spend your money. I'll be all right if I can chust be quiet. I guess I have one of Pop's sick headaches. He always got them now and then. Mom always said I'd get them when I got older. I'm so like Pop in everything. The doctor never did Pop no good. All I need is rest—but, Chohn, I chust can't go to the dentist today, couldn't you get Mr. Egolt to 'phone from the store and tell him I'm sick. If he knows that, maybe he won't charge us."

"All right, Lizzie, I'll have the grocery store 'phone. Now don't you worry, Chust take it easy." John stooped awkwardly and kissed Lizzie's brow, and added, "Now chust take it easy."

Wearily Lizzie rolled over on her side. "Ach, I'm so sick," she moaned. She closed her eyes, and to the martial beating of her head she fell into a dull sleep.

When she opened her eyes, the sun was creeping warmer through the half-closed blinds. In a dull way she looked about her. What was the matter? She heard a foot-step outside her door. A kind-faced old lady in a gingham dress entered.

"Vell now, Lizzie, this is too bad, ain't it? Here you sick in bed, and the dentist waitin' for you, and Friday morning at that yit, and so much to be done. I always said when you got older, those headaches of your Pop's would git you. Chohn met Pop downtown and told him how you was sick, and Pop he come right home and said 'now you go right down and see what you can do for Lizzie,' so I chust hurried up with my work, so I'm all het up. But here I am, do you want anything to eat?"

At the word eat, Lizzie paled. "Chust let me rest, Mom," she said, "you know how Pop wants to rest when he has his sick headaches."

"Sure, you chust rest. I'll be down around the house if you want anything." Once again Lizzie's eyes closed and a stupor came over her. When she opened them again the air felt like noon-day and there above her bed stood her mother.

"I hope I didn't go and wake you up, Lizzie, but I chust must go home," she said. "They'll think I'm lost, but I stopped up to tell you not to worry about your Friday's work—it's too bad to worry when you're sick. I knowed your Friday's work must be worrying you, so I chust went ahead and did it for you. I blacked the stove and scrubbed the oil-cloth and cleaned out the cupboards and everything's spinky-span. Now don't you worry any more."

Lizzie tried to raise her head to say something, but with the first words the awful sickness overcame her, and for ten minutes her mother administered to her without ceasing. At last, exhausted, Lizzie sank back among the pillows.

"Now I guess you can sleep again," said her mother. "I know how Pop is, after he womits good he chust lies back and rests a long time. Now don't worry and I'll stop at Chohn's Mom's on my way down town and tell her to come up. I'd stay but I chust must get home and finish up my work. I shustled everything through so this morning. Chohn's Mom will be through her work by this time and can watch you. Now chust lie still and Chohn's Mom'll be here when you git awake."

With an exhausted sigh, Lizzie sank back among the pillows. She didn't care how often the work was done. She was too tired to think. Once more she fell into a dull stupor. The sun was on the other side of the house when she again opened her eyes. She could hear the birds twittering in the cherry tree outside her window. Somehow or other the air felt cooler, and things seemed to be taking their proper places in the room.

"It's nearly sundown," she said with a pleased smile and sigh. "I feel better. Pop's headaches always went at sundown. I wonder whether Chohn's Mom's here." Weakly she called, "Who's down?"

A heavy, capable step was on the stairs and then in the hall. Into the room stepped a stout woman about fifty.

"Vell, vell, vell, Lizzie, this is too bad, now; your Mom stopped and told me how sick you was and this dentist wanting you today and it's Friday and all. Ev-yey-ye-y, I chust could not get over it. I hurried right up to stay with you, and ven I got here, you were asleep—so I chust went down stairs and beings I knowed you'd be worried sick about your Friday's work I chust did it for you. I blacked the stove and wiped up the oil-cloth and cleaned out the cup-boards and everything's spinky-span—vy, Lizzie, what's the matter, is you sick again, your eyes are as big as saucers. What are you laughing at? Anyhow.

"Oh, Mom Brunner, that'd make anyone laugh, if they was dyin'. That Friday's work has been done three times already. I done it yesterday, because I knowed I couldn't do it today and go to Lebanon, and Mom come up this morning and done it and now you done it."

"Vell, vell, vell," Mom Brunner wiped a tear from her eye with the corner of her gingham apron. "I thought that stove was pretty shiny, and the cup-boards did look clean, and the first strip of oil-cloth I scrubbed didn't look any brighter than the parts that wasn't scrubbed, but then I knowed it was Friday, and I know how I'd feel no matter how things looked if my Friday's work wasn't done. Ach, that's a good choke. I'll tell it to Pop right away when I get home. Think you're better now? Vell, I'm glad of that, for here comes Chohn. I set a cold supper down stairs for him. Anyhow he's got a clean place to eat.

By Courtesy of Mrs. Curtis Crump and of STORY ART, published by The National Story League.

AMERIKA

In unser Mudderschproch iwwersetzt vum JOHN BIRMELIN

Mei Land, ich sing vun dir,
Siess iss die Freiheit mir,
Do will ich sei;
So wie die alde Leit,
So fiehl ich aa noch heit;
Bin dir zu yedre Zeit
Immer gedrei.

An Felsebaerrye naus,
Iwwer die Wolke drauss,
Ring Freiheitsklang!
Winders im diefe Schnee,
Summers wann's Feld mit Glee,
O Land, wie bischt du schee,
Kling Freiheits G'sang!

O lieblich rauscht, ihr Wind,
In hoche Baem un singt
Siess Freiheitsg'sang!
O wie die Bruscht sich hebt,
Frei Lied sich schwingt un schwebt,
Kraftvoll an Felse bebt,
Ewicher Klang!

Unsrer Voreldre Gott,
Fiehr uns in yedre Not
An deinre Hand!
So lang mir dir gedrei,
Bleibt des Land gross un frei;
Do sollscht uns Keenich sei,
Schutz unserm Land!

For a number of years John Birmelin's translation of "America" has been widely sung at Pennsylvania German assemblies. For some reason however the third stanza had been left untranslated. Today we are able to offer to our Pennsylvania German readers the anthem in its entirety for the first time.—ED.

DER DECORATION DAAG

The following sentiments, written for Memorial Day, just as fitting now as then, appeared in the Lebanon Daily News for June 15, 1945.

WELL, geschter waare mer uff der Kaerrichhof am Graewer decoratet'e—die Graewer vun unsere Soldaate. Viel vun ihne leie do deheem in ihre siesse Ruh.

VIEL schlofe in fremme Lenner, weit, weit vun do. Viel sin versenkt im diefe See. Awwer wu'ever' as sie ruge, eb mer wisse wer odder wu as sie sin, sin sie doch net vergesse.

MER ehre sie mechdich hoch, un halte sie lieb in unsere Haerzer. Dieer as der See wu sie vergraabt, iss unser Lieb fer die, wu ihre Lewe gewwe hen so as mer in Friede do wuhne kenne.

MER welle net Druwwel suche wege eb so ebbes recht iss; mer welle dankbaar sei as mer net mehner Druwwel hen.

DIE Blumme gucke schee un rieche gut. Der Flag der schwebt so schtill in der Luft; die band schpielt un die Kinner singe.

MER hen viel uffenthaltich Wetter g'hatt so weit des Friehyohr; viel leit sin hinnedraa mit ihre Aerwet uff de Felder.

YUSCHT wer net bissel abnemme hot kenne fer unser Soldaate zu ehre un zu beweise as er ihre Aerwet un ihre Opfer zu Haerze nemmt, fer seller sett net viel wachse.

'S iss net eb sie gaern gange sin; 'S iss net eb sie's gleiche; 'S iss es Menscht, as SIE GANGE SIN UN MER SIN NOCH DO.

UN wer'ever' as sie sin un wu'ever' as sie sin—sie fiehle besser wann sie heere as mer sie net vergesse hen—as en lot vun ihne ihre Lewe net fer nix gewwe hen.

SCHLOFT ruhich un siess un in Friede. Eiere Lewe waar net fer nix un ihr seid net vergesse.

—DER ALT BAUER.

LOSS DIE SHOWERS KUMME

Loss die showers kumme
Un uff Busch un Feld vum
Himmel schitte;
Sie duhne yo der Ieme
Hunnich fitte
In iwwermarves Blumme—
Un guck yuscht mol!
Wie die luschtiche Regedroppe
Danze—danze—danze
Uff Hausdach un uff Schtross!
Guck noch emol!
Wie wunnerschee un wie karyos
Sie sich henke
Vun yedem Blatt, vun yedem Baam!
Un wie gleene Schtaerne dart
Sie glenze—glenze—glenze!
Un harrich, Haerz,
Wie sie gloppe—gloppe—gloppe!
Un rufe—singe fart
Un fart an deinre Dier,
Fer in de diefschter Brunne,
Dich zu drenke un dir zu schenke
Ihr siesser, heelender Raahm
Fer dei Druwwel un dei Schmaerz.
Wer hot sie so gelaerht
Un vun de Wolke g'schtaert?
Wer hot es all so g'schpunne
Un g'schickt dohaer?
Der "Gross Ich Bin—
Dei keesscht Gewinn—
Un doch so wiescht vun dir verschpott—
Der liewe Gott!

—DIE BUSCH AMSCHEL.

Deaths of a Day

FREDERICK E. KOCH

Frederick E. Koch of 635 Main St., Egypt, husband of Ellen, nee Weaver, Koch, died Friday a.m. at 12:27 o'clock at his late home after an illness of two weeks. He was in his 57th year.

Born in Hokendauqua, son of the late Edwin and Mary Ann, nee Smith, Koch, he had been a resident of Egypt for the past 34 years. He was a former employe of the Whitehall Cement Co., and up until the time of his illness he was employed by the Phoenix Mfg. Co., Catasauqua. Fraternally he was a member of the Cohota tribe of Redmen, No. 97, and was also a member of the Egypt Union church, Lutheran wing.

Besides his wife, Mr. Koch is survived by a daughter, Alice, wife of William Bond, Egypt; two grandchildren, three sisters, Mrs. Alice Weaver, West Catasauqua; Mrs. Wesley Tucker, Lewisburg, and Mrs. Allen Dankel, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Interment in Egypt cemetery. Rev. Joseph Mohr will officiate.

LLEWELLYN R. SCHAEFFER

Llewellyn R. Schaeffer, 55, husband of Maude, nee Seidel, Schaeffer, of Fleetwood R. 2, near Maiden Creek, passed away at his late home Thursday night after a short illness.

Born in Richland township, son of Hettie, nee Rothermel, Schaeffer and the late Levi B. Schaeffer, he resided at Fleetwood R. 2, most of his life, where he operated a farm.

Mr. Schaeffer was a member of Zion Moselem Lutheran church and for 10 years served on the church council. He was affiliated with the Blandon Fire Co., and its Beneficial Assn.

Besides his wife and mother, he is survived by one son, Harry L., Fleetwood R. 2; two daughters, Elsie, wife of Stanley Adams and Ruth, both at home; two grandchildren; four brothers, Lewis R., Mount Penn; Harvey, Blandon; Herbert, Temple and Edgar, Temple; four sisters, Alice, wife of Harvey Moll, Fleetwood R. 2; Stella wife of John Trexler, Virginsville; Edna, wife of Samuel Moll, Fleetwood R. 2, and Esther, wife of William Burgert, Fleetwood R. 2.

Rev. Carlton Heckman of Kutztown will officiate at funeral services on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the late home followed by further services in Zion Moselem Lutheran church. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Bei Da Towamensing Grangers

'S hut uns shun long gawunnert woh m'r onna ganga mit 'm airshda shtamp freia gas os m'r kaufa dada noch 'm griek, un now wissa m'r 's, —m'r worra gonga die Towamensing grange p'sucha, wie sie sich da onner owet fersomm'ld hen in da Lechaw Koft. Un los mich eich fertzaila os die Katerinah un ich aw net wista woh m'r hee gae hetta wolla woh m'r uns besser blessierra hetta kenna mit sel'm airshda shtamp fgia gas, os wie bei da Towamensing Grangers.

Die Towamensing Grange hut ihra aignie shaenie hamet drowwa owwich Palmerton, un woh sie sich fersommla tzwae mohls da mohnet, un oft tzeita aw efter won bardicha socha om gae sin. Ow'r tzu hoerra os sie sich fersommla dada hunna in da Lechaw Koft ins Leon Germans' hall, wor ganunk fer uns tzu sawga os doh ebbes gons arbadiches om aw gae wear. Yusht sis nix unbakontas fer gons arbadicha socha om aw gae howwa woh Grangers sin. Sie hen immer neia socha om gae, un won sie sel nimmy hen, don sin sie aw nimmy long Grangers. Grangers gucka fohraw, sin immer om shoffa fer ihra gagend ferbesserra, un ihra gleader, un freind 's lava awganaimer un blessierlicher mocha. Un grawd so wors mit darra Towamensing Grange fersommling in da Lechaw Koft.

Der Leon German un sei fraw, die Annie, sin shun fer yohra gleader fon da Towamensing Grange, un hen nee ken fersommling ferseim'd. Wos ken fer sommling ferseim'd. Wos noch mainer is, 's Leons' hen aw fiel Lechaw kounty grange fersommlinga ei ganumma — Pomona so wohl wie ragler grange, un sin immer ol iwwer gross wilkum. Ow'r shun fer weil sins Leons' nimmy kumma, un ol weil die Annie hard unnich 'm wedder wor. 'S wor hinna fom ledshda yohr os sie fers ledshd mohl on ra Grange fersommling wor im Towamensing grange hall, un hut aw nimmy rum gakent onnerra granges p'sucha. 'S wor der Ralph C. Schaffer, Master fon da Washington Grange woh, aw mit onnerra fon seinra familia on da fersommling wor, os g'sawt hut, 's Leons hetta so fiel g'fail'd on da Washington grange, os sie ous gamocht hetta fer mohl rum kumma sehna wohs faila dade os sie nimmy rum kaimta. Die Annie sehna uf ihr'm radder shtuhl hucka wor ow'r allas os aenich ebber gabreich'd hut fer wissa, ferwos sie nimmy rum kumma sin, un aw ferwos die Towamensing Grange sich fersomm'ld hut in da Lechaw Koft, in Lechaw kounty.

Die weil os die Annie immer grossa ferlonga kotta hut fer noch da Grange fersommlinga gae, hen die Towamensinger ous gamocht won die Annie don net tzu ihna kumma kent, don dada sie ihra fersommling tzu ihra nemma. Un sel is grawd wos sie gaduh hen. Die Grange wor shun aw wie m'r hee kumma sin, ow'r hut gore ken lang ganumma fer der yung dierra heeder rous kumma uns sawga won m'r die rechta werta wista, un wista wie tzu globba, don kenta m'r aw inside nei gae. Tzu all'm guta glick hen m'r allas gawist os m'r wissa hen breicha, un aw gawist wie uns tzu shicka fer noch ra Grange fersommling gae os shun om gae wor, un hut gore ken lang ganumma bis m'r drin in hall worra bei da harlichda, uf galaibta drup Grangers, os m'r aenich aryada hoffa kon tzu finna.

Sis wor, 's Leons hall is net tzu iwwer maesich gross, ow'r er wor g'shtopta fol, un het nimmy long ganumma hetta dale outside bleiva missa fer tzu da fenshterra nei gucka. Die glaeder worra ous gatarn'd—alt un yung, un ol rum hen sich gore mechdich blessiert. So'n fersommling wie sel wolla m'r wetta os da Annie German may gute gaduh hut wie siva beck pilla, unna gons barl docktors bree. Un wos ous halt bei da Annie, sin m'r aw shure os ous k'halta hut beim Charlie Kern fon owwich Palmerton, un woh shun shwearer druvel darrich gamocht hut, tzitter os 'n grosser aicha baum 'm ledshd yohr uf 'n g'falla is. Der Charlie wor aw on da fersommling—'s Bill Snyders' hen sich erbarm'd, un 'n mit runner gabrocht.

Die gons Grange fersommling wor iavendich un fol lava, 'n yaders hut sei maining g'sawt, un ol hen galocht wie der Steward fergessa hut die balla in die shtim box duh, wie sie shtimma hen wolla fer 'n gonser hang'l neia gleader aw nemma. Evens der Steward hut galocht, un wie er un der Master Alex Billig die balla nei kot hen, hen sie g'shtim'd wie won nix g'shaina gawest wear. Un wie die ragler bisnis fersommling feriwwer wor, hut der Alex die fersommling iwwer gadray'd tzum Lecturer Walter Gougher un die g'shpass is ferarnsht ob gonga. Sie hen speeches kot in English un Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, hen g'sunga, g'shpielt, —un wos 'n shpielerrei? Tzwae maid hen ihra guitars kotta, 'n maid'l un der Jim Serfass yaders 'n kordion, die Frantz familia moul arigla, un golly reich wos hen sie net der shtawb fliega mocha. Evens die "Glae" Helen "Yennie Yensen" Fogel Eckhart hut 'n shtick g'sunga, un aw so gore 'n shtick g'sunga os sie selwar gschriva hut, fer da Mary Strohl, woh sella dawg ihra 79d gabutzdawg g'fir'd hut, 'n karrab blumma gewwa.

Wie 'm Walter sei program shier feriwwer wor, un noch dem os er uf uns garufa hut kot fer shwetza ols sei dale fom "Surprise" program, hen sie garufa fer gabutzdawga, un shure hut garobb'ld bis sie fartich worra "Happy Birthday" singa fer boi 'n dudsend fon ihra gleader os sich doh in kartz'm gayair'd hen. Un oh yar, darrich die bisnis fersommling hen sie aw ebbes wunnerbore shaines gaduh, un woh sie duhn on yaderra fersommling tzitter os sie gleader hen os fert im griek sin. Sie hen so fiel gleader nahma gatzoga os sie gleader fert im griek hen, un hinna noh hen sellie gleader da boova ihra nahma gatzoga. 'N yaders os gatzoga is werra mus 'n brief schreiva tzum boo wohs sei nahma gatzoga hut. Shae, net wohr?

Wie sie fartich worra mit da gabutzdawga, hen sie essa un drinka rum gewwa, un noh die weil os 'n lot rum sin blauderra mit nonner, hen die onnerra sich ferwell'd donsa. Die Grange wor net recht ous bis sie shtarta hen alla orta inshtrumenter ous pocka, un hen glei 'n orchestra fon bout tzaea shtick kotta, un noh is der shtawb g'floga. Sie hen gewaltz'd un gadonst, evens die Annie German hut tzeit k'halta mit da fees hinna uf ihr'm radder shtuhl. Alt un young hut mit nonner gadonst, un wie sie fartich worra mit da setta, hut der John Fogel, 76 yohr yung, un der moul arigle shpieler Al Frantz, net fiela yinger, 's in die kep grick'd fer jigga. Die hen gajigg'd os es recht gaglobber'd hut, die weil os der glae Larry Kemmerer, 5 yohr alt, hinnich 'm schreib desk k'huck'd hut, un hut galocht os er gawogg'ld hut.

Yar, 's 'n wunnerborer owet 'm Dunnershdawg owet in da Lechaw Koft wie die Towamensing Grange ihra fersommling k'halta hut ons Leon Germans'—'n owet os uns un ol os darta worra, fer 'n longie tzeit net fergess'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won 'n lot may leit, 'n lot may tzomma kaimta wie die Towamensing Grangers 'm Dunnershdawg owet tzomma kumma sin ons Leon Germans' wear die welt iwwer, oft tzeita, 'n lot may blessier fer drin lava, wie m'r alsa mohl maint os es wear.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by

REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

2 Corinthians 1:1-2:4

Note the usual introduction to Paul's Epistles; his name, the persons addressed and the benediction of grace and peace from God and the Lord Jesus.

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets. Meredith.

P. P. & L.'s BIG POST-WAR PROGRAM

It has long been known that the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co., whose center of operations for 28 Pennsylvania counties is in this city, is one of the best public utility corporations of its kind in the country in respect to compactness of territory, proximity to fuel, number of customers and variety of industry and business served, the general excellence of service and the profitableness of the enterprise to those who invested their money in it.

Announcement of plans during recent days as to refinancing measures and as to post-war construction projects indicates that it is the ambition of the company's management to make the corporation even more nearly ideal as to its service to the community. At the same time it expects to make it attractive to Capital to provide the cash which is necessary to carry out the enterprise.

While more and more of the public is getting interested in profitable investments, particularly investments in property and services which they can observe and study first-hand, the general public will at this time be particularly interested in the plans of the company for expansion. Thru it there is assured much employment for many persons in a period when private business and industry will have to provide work to take the place of the many now non-existent war jobs.

In this matter the company talks of spending $65,000,000 for building a new power plant near Sunbury, making additions to existing power plants, building new substations, improving transmission lines and extending service thruout rural areas to thousands of prospective customers. Inasmuch as half the cost of these projects will go to labor, the P. P. & L. program means steady employment for a large number of persons over a considerable number of years.

In the financial matters of the corporation very great changes are to be made with indications that to a far greater degree than in the past ownership of the company will be centered in the people who live in the company's territory. In the past they have been very large holders of preferred stock, which thru all the years was just about the finest bit of paper in the portfolios of the holders. In the future, it is indicated, very much of the common stock also will be held in this Lehigh Valley and the adjacent areas that make up P. P. & L. Co. territory.

Such a condition will be healthy for the company and for the community. It is a condition which has earnestly been desired for a long time. It is a condition which appears likely to be consummated.

FOR EVEN BETTER TRANSPORTATION SERVICE

The magnificent manner in which the Lehigh Valley Transit Co., its management and employes, rose to the challenge presented by war conditions in this city and surrounding area has been greatly appreciated by the public. The people have been able to judge for themselves the value of the transportation service which was provided for them during difficult times.

Any one can well remember when the public, riding in its own private cars to work, had left the public transportation companies to worry about keeping elaborate schedules with empty cars and buses. The public also knew that with the outbreak of war, it not only became difficult or impossible to secure new or even second-hand equipment, but even the hands to man it if it could be secured. Furthermore it was difficult even to hold the hands to man existing equipment.

Men and women of this community who had occasion to do much traveling during the war came home to make the most favorable comparisons between transportation service as provided in this community with that provided in many communities which they had visited.

What they and the general public saw was a company and its employes which buckled down to the task of getting additional cars and buses, of keeping old ones constantly in operating conditions and of manning them for enlarged schedules and for operation upon the many new routes that the movement of war workers demanded.

It can safely be said that one of the finest records of service in this community during the war was provided by the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. It not only took on the added business provided by the ingress of thousands of new workers but it also provided for the transportation of thousands who, because of severe rationing of gasoline, no longer were able to use their private cars. The job they performed was tremendous. The community was served by men in both management and labor who were untiring in their efforts.

Now that the war has ended further improvements are to be made to the service. During the war there were conditions that were unalterable. Many makeshifts had to be adopted. The people of Lehigh Valley Transit themselves best knew at the time where improvements could have been made. They were even more desirous than the public to make them. Now, with war-time restrictions about to be eased, they are making plans for improvements that promise to give us one of the most comfortable, reliable and universal transportation systems in the country.

STROUDSBURG'S SERIOUS LOSS

The accidental death at sea of Dr. Carl B. Rosenkrans removes a benefactor and philanthropist from the community of Monroe county which was served by his private hospital in East Stroudsburg.

For more than thirty years he maintained the institution which gained such high repute for service and otherwise in many ways he endeared himself to the people of the city in which he was born and to whose welfare he devoted his life.

Stroudsburg has lost a splendid citizen, an able practitioner and a public benefactor.

When Will It Be Official?

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—When will the war end "officially"? This is likely to become the most controversial question before the country very soon. Many a statute has in it a provision which terminates wartime powers or appropriations whenever the President by proclamation declares the state of war to have ended. Some of the statutes specifically stipulate that hostilities may be considered as officially ended if Congress passes a "concurrent resolution" earlier than the President's proclamation.

Inasmuch as a "concurrent resolution" does not require a Presidential signature and hence cannot be vetoed, it could mean that Congress, if it desired, might terminate hostilities officially and thus require the President to issue his proclamation even if he were disinclined to do so. But this is entirely different from a formal declaration of "the end of the war."

A difference of opinion between the President and Congress on this point occurred after the last war. Due to the failure of the Senate to ratify the Versailles peace treaty in 1920, the Congress which was Republican, passed a "joint resolution" declaring a state of peace. This required a Presidential signature to be effective. But President Wilson, Democrat, vetoed the resolution. Only when President Harding, Republican, came into power in 1921 was a "joint resolution" declaring a separate peace with Germany passed by Congress and signed at the White House on July 2, 1921. This was two and a half years after the cessation of hostilities.

Similar delay this time would not necessarily be due to a difference over ratification of a treaty but might result from the delays in writing any peace treaties. Thus, until Germany has reformed and established a government satisfactory to the Allies, there can be no peace treaty with Germany. This is one of the reasons why Russia is having her own way about using German prisoners of war for forced labor. The American point of view expressed at the time of the Yalta conference was against forced labor but since no treaty of peace or state of peace has been proclaimed, the German troops now in Russia's hands can be compelled to work just as the prisoners were used elsewhere during the period of hostilities.

A state of peace cannot be proclaimed with respect to the war against Japan either, until a treaty has been signed with some recognized government in Tokyo. Just when this will be is anybody's guess, but it might be two or three years.

Hence the law which requires American soldiers and sailors to be discharged six months after a state of peace is officially proclaimed can continue to be effective until such time as Congress decides to repeal it and the President approves or until such time as the Congress and the President wish to supersede this with some legislation covering the draft of troops for the American armies occupying Germany and Japan.

If Congress repealed the present law and passed it over a Presidential veto, the Army and Navy would have to demobilize before the job of policing Japan and Germany was completed. There has been much talk about "winning the peace" but the persons who are demanding that the draft cease and that no provision be made for replacing the discharged service men do not realize that they would compel our troops to be withdrawn from Japan and Germany long before a peace treaty is signed or the task of enforcing the terms of unconditional surrender has been consummated.

Some interim legislation will have to be provided. There will either have to be a volunteer army or a modified form of the draft tied up with universal military training or some plan to delay discharges over a period of 18 months so as to retain enough men in the occupying armies if the volunteer system does not provide enough replacements.

But the official state of peace by proclamation will not be forthcoming until Congress has passed legislation satisfactory to the President to cover the transition period between the cessation of hostilities and the final proclamation of a state of peace.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

KOREA

The Koreans are not Japanese or Russians or Chinese. They are a people by their own right, with their own traditions, history and language. They were not synthetically formed by a peace conference or an agreement among politicians; theirs has been a natural growth over the centuries. The fact that they were conquered and held by the Japanese does not make them subject to conquest by the Russians, the Chinese or anyone else. The Chinese have some historic claim to suzerainty; the Japanese may claim racial kinship and one-time possession. The Russians have no claim whatsoever.

At the Cairo Conference, the Koreans got a raw deal. Mr. Roosevelt, who in his Atlantic Charter spoke so touchingly of the rights of a people to choose their own government, let the Koreans down with this:

". . . The aforesaid three great powers, (United States, Great Britain and China) mindful of the enslavement of the people of Korea, are determined that in due course Korea shall become free and independent."

What did he mean by "in due course?" That time has obviously come now when American bombs defeated Japan. That is "in due course." Korea should now be free to establish a government of its own. But Korea is not free. Russia, which came into the war a few days before Japan surrendered is making a grab for Korea. And Russia is in no manner entitled to an inch of Korean territory any more than Russia is entitled to an inch of Chinese territory. There can be no more justification for Russia to hold other countries in thrall than it was for Japan. If any moral law follows the sacrifices of this war, then Russia should abide by that law as much as Germany and Japan have been made to abide by it. There can be no exceptions to that law.

Unfortunate to Have Russians in War

It is unfortunate that the Russians got into this Far Eastern war at all. Their aid was not needed. Their participation made no difference as to the final result. They came in too late and are assuming too much. If they apply to Korea the procedures they have followed in Burgaria, Rumania and Jugoslavia, they will set up a government in that country, headed by a few Korean Communists; they will establish it as a "democratic" Korean government supported by Russian troops and political agents; the Koreans who have been laboring for the independence of their country will be smeared as "fascists" and collaborationists; intellectual Koreans will be shipped to Siberia; Korean patriots will be suppressed as anti-democratic; and the country, while giving the appearance of independence, will become a Russian enclave.

Not one American life was lost in this war to achieve such a purpose. Not a dollar of American money was expended for this. And I say now that were I a Korean, I should sooner be under Japanese domination than Russian—certainly Chinese would be preferable to Russian or Japanese—but independence and liberty preferable to all.

The United States cannot be a party to the trickeries of oblique conquest. Korea, free from Japan, should be liberated. There are enough Koreans in the world to form as competent a government as many in Europe that have already been recognized as among the United Nations. Some of those Koreans are graduates of American universities and have been influenced by American ideals and methods. This country ought to stand by them in this year of their opportunity for liberty. Certainly, the Bulgarization of Korea is not a suitable conclusion to this war.

Truman Should Reveal Truth

If it is true that some secret pact was made at Yalta by which Manchuria and Korea or any parts of them were given to Russia, President Truman, not having been a party to the infamy, should at once make public all the details, including whatever documentation exists. This country has no need to double-cross anybody. If the reports and rumors concerning such secret deals at Yalta or anywhere else are untrue, it would clear the atmosphere if the President said precisely what the truth is. Mr. Truman will be believed by the American people and he will be supported as long as he pursues a moral course.

(Copyright, 1945)

American cigarettes have been very popular in Jamaica due to the presence of Uncle Sam's troops.



DER BAUER HOT'S BLENDI

Es hot deel Leit, die meene woll,
"Der Bauer kann gut lache;
Sei Haus un Scheier, die sin voll
Vun Frucht un annere Sache."

Well, ya, 's iss waahr, er hot sei Deel—
Viel meh wie annere Leit;
Of course er schickt sich aa dernoh,
Verschleudert net sei Zeit.

Er blogt sich ab des ganze Yohr,
Vun frieh bis zur Owetsonne;
Un hot er dann sei Loh defor,
Sett mer's ihm net vergunne.

Ich iwwertreib's net, wann ich saag,
Kee Schklav schafft meh wie er;
Bei ihm heerscht du net viel Geklaag,
Iss die Aerwet noch so schwer.

Bischur, es lohnt sich all sei Mieh,
Er hot en gutes Lewe;
Doch annere hetten's aa, wann sie
Noch Aerwet daete schtrewe.

Mer brauch net yuscht en Bauer sei,
Fer zu esse, was mer will;
Wer schafft un fleissich schpaart debei,
Hot alle Zeit sei Fill.

Die gebrodene Dauwe fliege net
Eem uff der Deller druff;
Wann so en Zeit mol kumme daet,
Waere all die Meiler uff.

Du, Kicker, schaff, dann hoscht du's gut,
Weit besser als der Bauer;
Ee Ding, das dir kee Sege bringt—
Du schpendscht zu viel beim Brauer.

Wer faulenzt, der hot nie ken Geld,
Un muss oft Hungers leide;
Es gebt nix Dummers uff der Welt,
Als mit der Aerwet schtreite.

Bischt du en Schtadtmann odder Bauer,
Bleibt des waahr uff alle Zeit;
"Alles Schaffe helft dir wennich,
Iebscht du net die Schpaarsamkeit."

"Schaff un schpaar", iss guter Rot
Fer die Mensche uff der Welt;
Wer ihn befolgt, der kennt kee Not—
Bei dem iss Alles gut beschtellt.

—PETER F. EISENBROWN

Aus'm Eileschwamm an der Bisskatzegrick bei der Nuff-un-nunner-saegmiehl.

Liewer Editor:

Am zwette Juni hoscht du em Boonastiel sei Brief gedruckt, wu er verzaehlt vun de aldfrenkische Demegraade, das es am Haase-baerrick gebt. Well, im Eileschwamm sehnt mer dann un wann en Demegraad, awwer es hot aa gute Republikaaner dart un an annere Bletz.

Es iss als en Geils-jockey noch Renntown, naegscht am Eileschwamm, kumme. Sei Naame waar Bordner un er waar en ehrlicher Jockey. Du glaabscht's verleicht net, awwer es iss waar. Alle Yohr hot er en grossi Geils-vendue g'halde an Renntown, un niemols hot er genunk Geil g'hatt.

Eemol wie sei Vendue faerdich waar frieh im Nammidaag, ruft er die Leit zamme un saagt: "'S naegscht Yohr, am 25. Juni, gebt's die greesscht Geils-vendue, das dihr sei Lewe g'sehne hett. Ich fang marye schunt aa rischde defor. Dihr kennt eich druff verlosse, dass ich blendi vun de beschde Geil bring. Ich will eich mol satt fiedere.

Frieh im Winder hot schunt alle Barschtubb imme Greis vun fimfunzwansich Meil sei Vendue-bills gewisse. Beim aerschte Juni waar en Vendue-bill an allre Scheier in der Gegend. Drei Daag vor der Zeit hot er schunt die Geil in der shed am Renntower Waertshaus g'hatt. In fact, er hot deel bei de Bauere schtalle misse, so viel hot er g'hatt. Sei Mann hen die Geil g'schtriggelt, gebaersecht un ge-solished. Wann er sie naus in die Sunn genumme hot, hen sie geglitzert wie amme verschprochene Maedel ihre diamond.

Am Marye vum fimfunzwansichschte Juni schteht der Bordner frieh uff un sehnt dass sei Mann die Geil in Adder hen fer die Vendue. Sie hen sie uffge'dolled' g'hatte, as wie en yung Maedel, das aus me beauty shop kummt. Am sechs Uhr ruft der Waert, der Harry Wagner, 's Breckfescht waer ready. Es waar aa en abaddich gut Breckfescht — Schunkefleesch un Oyer, gebrodne Grumbiere, Boi un alles, as mer winsche kennt. Em Wagner sei Weibsleit waare all gute Kech un hen nix zu weg gelosst fer alles blendi un vum Beschde zu hawwe. (Der Harry hot aa en extraa Waggeload Bier im Keller g'hatt, so dass niemand Darscht leide misst.) Wie der Bordner ins Haus iss, sin paar Droppe Regge uff ihn g'falle. Noch Breckfescht hot's wennich gereggert. Bis siwwe Uhr iss es zimmlich schtarrick runner kumme. Am acht Uhr iss es graad owwe runner kumme in Eemervoll, un bis nein Uhr waar en rechti lake im Shed-hof. Ken Mensch iss kumme. Der Bordner hockt sich uff en Schtuhl amme gleene Disch in der Barschtubb un guckt naus in des hesslich Reggewedder. Er schlaggt als ee Bee iwwers anner, ass der Schtuhl recht greckst. Der Harry Wagner hot sich verweilt mit em Bar-abbutze. Baut zehe Uhr (es hot immer schtarricker gereggert) hockt er sich aa an seller glee Disch. Kens hot nix g'saat. 'S Istscht will der Harry es mol browiere en G'schpraech in der Gang schtelle. (Der Harry waar eens vum Boonastiel seine Demegraade un es waar im Bryan un McKinley Campaign.) Nau der Harry hot so wennich en laerbsiche Schproch g'hatt. Iwwer e wennich nochdem ass er oft g'schluckt hot g'hatt un viel annere unneediche Sache geduh, fasst der Harry endlich der G'schpanck, guckt der Bordner aa un frogt so laerbsich: "Misther Bordner, wann's net zu viel g'foddert issth, wasth issth dei Boldicks?" Wie en Wedderleech bringt der Bordner sei Fauscht, die ball so gross, waar wie en Schunke Fleesch, in die Heeh un noh schlaggt er uff der Disch, dass en Pack Kaarde, die druffgelegge hen, bis nuff an die ceiling g'flogge sin un iwwer die gans Barschtubb rumg'schtreet—un saagt wie en Dunnerschtraahl: "En Republican bin ich un en Republican bleib ich un wann's Dunnerwedder mir die Neggel aus de Schuhsohle schlaggt."

Der Harry iss schtill uffg'schtanne, iss sachtich aus der Barschtubb un der Bordner hot gans allee der Regge zum Fenschder naus gewatched'.

Yo, liewer Editor, es hot aa noch gute Republikaaner.

Wie immer,

YOCKEL X BUMBESCHWENGEL
sei
Maerrick

Echoes From the Past

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

THE BLACKSMITH ASTRONOMER

As a result of the painstaking work of Miss Esther Furry of Newmanstown we are able to present to our readers the first biography of Lawrence Ibach, the blacksmith who calculated eclipses, who was at home among all constellations and who prepared almanacs in four languages and on three continents.

Lawrence Ibach, a native of Allentown, a resident of Seidel's Forge (now Carsonia) in Berks and of Newmanstown in Lebanon County, was born January 17, 1816, and died at Newmanstown, October 9, 1888. He was a unique character, such as the air of free enterprise and rugged individualism of America could produce.

As a lad in Allentown, Lorenz, as he was known at that time, was fond of sports. He was an expert swimmer and skater. On one occasion he swam to rescue the lives of three men who were drowning in the Lehigh River. Physical prowess was held in high regard during the first half of the 19th century. Young Lorenz learned the art of wrestling and this skill enabled him to triumph over a would-be holdup man during the adult years of his life.

When Lorenz was 19 years old, in 1835, his family moved in a covered wagon to Neumannstedtel, or Newmanstown, in Lebanon County. According to family tradition young Lorenz espied a young girl seated upon the doorstep of her home as the wagon passed through the village. He turned to his mother and said: "Some day I'll marry her," and he did. For, in 1837, after a courtship which began at a husking bee, Lorenz Ibach and Leah Matthew were married.

The Lawrence Ibach family settled first at Cherington Forge near Newmannstown. There young Lorenz worked at forging iron utensils which the forge company sold to butchers and housewives.

Lorenz and Leah lived at Cherington Forge until 1849. During those years four children were born to them. In 1849 the family moved to Seidel's Forge in Berks County. There Lorenz met the famous Berks astronomer and penman, Carl Engleman. Engleman taught Ibach astronomy and almanac calculations during the hours when the blacksmith rested from his toil. Many hours were spent by candlelight porng over books which Engleman had lent the ambitious blacksmith.

In 1852 Lawrence Ibach and his family moved from Seidel's Forge (Carsonia) to Newmanstown where Ibach opened his own blacksmith shop. From this time forward he became a man of affairs. For a time he taught in the village school and then he became a manufacturer of hardware materials which he sold to the hardware stores in Reading and Philadelphia.

Ibach made his first calculations for almanacs in 1863 when he succeeded Engleman as the compiler of Der Neue Reading Kalender. From that time until 1885, when he suffered a paralytic stroke he was the chief calculator for all American almanacs published in the German language. In the meantime he studied the French and Spanish languages, qualifying himself for the tasks of preparing the almanacs issued in Latin America in the Spanish tongue and a Roman Church almanac issued in the French language.

During the years 1870-77 a German immigrant named Bernstein attached himself to the Ibach family and cut some curious capers about Newmanstown and throughout the entire Lebanon Valley. This Bernstein was well educated and helped Ibach a great deal in the mastery of the foreign languages which the astronomer needed to carry on correspondence with the publishers of South American and European almanacs. But this same Bernstein had some queer notions about dress. He preferred feminine attre, appearing frequently in ladies' hats, laced gaiters, bracelets, earrings and necklaces. On one occasion this Bernstein filched some of Ibach's private papers and passed on secrets to a rival astronomer in Sinking Spring. He later repented and pleaded for Ibach's forgiveness. Bernstein came to an untimely end in 1877 while swimming in a creek near Wernersville.

Lawrence Ibach lived for three years after he had suffered the paralytic stroke which incapacitated him. He died in 1888. The work of calculating almanacs was then taken up by his son, William, who made the calculations for Reading almanacs until 1914.

One of the children of Lawrence Ibach is still living. She is Mrs. Daniel Furry of Newmanstown, born in 1863 and the last of his 12 children. Miss Esther Furry, who helped us materially in compiling this biographical sketch, is the daughter of Mrs. Furry and therefore the granddaughter of the blacksmith astronomer.

In Mrs. Furry we have the only living descendant of an 18th century German immigrant whose grandfather is listed in the work of Hinke and Strassberger, The Pennsylvania German Pioneers. At least she is the only one known to us; there may be others, and if there are we should like to be informed. Duesseldorf, the home of the Ibach family, is still a very definite name in the mind of Mrs. Furry, for she remembers hearing the city mentioned in the family circle during her childhood.

Here is a portion of the Ibach family record as it was presented to William R. Ibach by Justus Epstein of Reading in 1892:

Luther Ibach, born in Herzogtum Berg in Westphalia in 1650. His wife was named Sebold and was born in Eberfeld, a Catholic. To this union were born 12 children. In 1680 the family joined the Lutheran Church. Of these 12 children one John Caspar married Catharine Pass and their son, the emigrant to America, was born in 1746.

This Frederick Ibach was married to Maria Magdalena Jaeger. During the period of the French Revolution, in 1795, Frederick and Maria Ibach brought their family to America and settled at Birdsboro, Berks County. Gustav, the son of Frederick and the father of Lorenz, the astronomer, was born in Dusseldorf in 1788 and was eight years old when he came to America with his parents.

Gustav Ibach married Elizabeth Houck. There were five children, and Lorenz was the eldest son. Lorenz married Leah Matthews of Newmanstown and the couple had 12 children of whom only Mrs. Furry, the youngest, survives.

CHRISTIAN LAUER'S STORE

As early as 1744 Christian Lauer operated a dry goods store near present day Womelsdorf. His customers, as shown by his account books, were the earliest settlers of Western Berks. These accounts now form a part of Volume IX of a collection known as the Potts papers, now on deposit in the vaults of the Historical Society of Pennsylvana.

Many people living in Berks County today would find a record of some of the business transactons of their immigrant ancestors. The list is too lengthy to reproduce in its entirety here; therefore we select only the accounts which came to the attention of Conrad Weiser.

Conrad Weiser as local justice of the peace was charged with the collection of past due bills and it appears that Lauer employed his services frequently. In the great majority of cases Weiser succeeded in having the accounts settled, but occasionally there is the statement—"Gone to Virginia"—the favorite escape for those who wished to avoid responsibilities of various kinds during early colonial days.

The following debtors settled with Weiser:

George Michael Ritner, ancestor of a Pennsylvania governor.

Bastian Brosius, first settler of western Schuylkill.

Ludwig Born, later helped to found Graceham, Maryland.

John Brown—bill paid to Weiser by Peter Loch in 1745.

Hannah Zeller of Zeller's Fort.

John Graft—a bad bill.

Jacob Perfinger—for rum.

Wilhelm Huber—never collected.

Nicholas Deck—for nails. Paid to Conrad Weiser.

John George Bergenstine—for a hat for his wife. And also: Michael Spangler, Nicholas Gelbert, Abraham Lebo, Jacob Kuser, George Lorman, Adam Walborn, Jonas Lerch, Jacob Dubbs, Peter Knopf, Tobias Bickel, Nicholas Bollman, Thomas Krauss, Jacob Adam Sunday, John Stain, Henry Schmidt, Martin Schell, Matthias Schmidt, Conrad Goldman, Jacob Deter, Wilhelm Hoster, Michael Kirnagle, John Karsnitz, Caspar Durst, Leonard Miller, John Hollenbach.

THE BROKEN TOMBSTONE

The Reverend John Waldschmied was one of the early Reformed clergymen of western Berks and northeastern Lancaster Counties. In 1752 he assumed the duties of the Lancaster charge which included congregations at the Swamp, Weisseichenland (White Oak, near Denver) and Modecreek (Muddy Creek). The Swamp Church was originally known as the Cocalico congregation and the White Oak appears in the early records as Sebastian Reicher's. One unique feature of Waldschmied's services at White Oak was the establishment of one of the first Sunday schools, an institution which has served continuously at the White Oak church from that early day to this.

Dr. William Stoy, the learned pastor at Host and Tulpehocken in Berks County was not constant in the service of the church, alternating between preaching and practicing medicine. During one of the periods of Stoy's absence Waldschmied served these Berks congregations, but it appears that his performance of the pastoral duties was not always in accord with the wishes of the Berks congregations. In 1760 the members of his Berks churches asked Coetus to have him removed. Dr. Harbaugh in his "Fathers of the Reformed Church" hints somewhat navely at other reasons for Waldschmied's delinquences in Berks, when he writes that Waldschmied "may have needed, at times, the impulse of a special stimulus, to keep him moving with freshness, ministerial dignity and pastoral earnestness." (Vol. II, pp. 88-92.)

Waldschmied died in September, 1786, and was buried in the churchyard at Swamp Church, Cocalico Township, Lancaster County. The Rev. Mr. Boas, pastor of First Church, Reading, preached the funeral sermon. A tombstone was erected one year later at a cost of approximately thirty-five dollars.

The Reverend John Waldschmied's wife, nee Mary Elizabeth Grub, had the misfortune to lose some of her senses later in life. She survived her husband by many years. Many believed her to be demented. One evidence of her state of mind was that she never utterd a word from the time of her husband's death until June 2, 1793. On that date a strange thing happened. There is more to support the following story than mere tradition. It is recorded in the Church Book of the Cocalico congregation.

On Sunday, June 2, 1793, the worshippers at Swamp were listening to a fine sermon by Reverend John Waldschmied's successor. There was no storm, not even a breeze blowing when Waldschmied's tombstone broke at its base and fell to the ground. "Many saw it," says the record, "and all heard it fall."

By a strange coincidence the mute Mrs. Waldschmied regained the power of speech on that same day!

Today a very fine, tall monument stands in the Swamp churchyard in honor of that early pastor, the Reverend John Waldschmied.

AMERIKA! SO LIEB BISCHT DU

Amerika! So lieb bischt du—
Unser Gebet un G'sang!
Dei Pilgerreis' fiehrt uns Gott zu,
Fruchtbaar un ewich lang!

Amerika! Denkt mer an dich,
Hot's Haerz en Melodie!
Wie'n Iwwerfluss zaahschlipperlich
Vun Freiheits Yubilie!

Dei Blum—die Wildros siess un sanft,
Lechelt vun Berg un Daal—
Dei Aadler fliegelt hoch dei Ranft
Vun Festung iwweraal.

Guck yuscht mol hie—die Maryeschtund!
Wie freehlich un gelindt!
Schritt raus—schritt fart—bis yeder Mund
Der Raahm vun Friede findt!
Chorus:
Amerika! Amerika!
Unser Verlange un Gewinn!
Gaarde wu gute Waerricke
Die Frucht vun Freiheit sin!

—DIE BUSCH AMSCHEL.

(This patriotic anthem is sung to the tune "Lead Me to Calvary", the chorus to be repeated after each stanza.)

Deaths of a Day

AMBROSE L. BARTO

Funeral services for Ambrose L. Barto, husband of Ida J., nee Kriebel, Barto, 324 S. 22nd St., who died Thursday night at the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient since Wednesday, will be held on Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the Trexler Funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment in Grandview cemetery, Macungie. He had been in ill health for the past 18 months and seriously ill for the past six months. He was 62 years old.

Born in Topton a son of Jonathan and Lucillia nee Long, Barto, he was a joiner by trade and worked at the Yeager Furniture Co. for 32 years. He came to Allentown 26 years ago. He was a member of Grace Lutheran church.

Survivors are his wife and six children. Willard J. Doney of Emmaus, Elizabeth, wife of Purl Gackenbach, Lucille, wife of James E. McFetridge, Charles D. Barto, all of this city; Mabel wife of William Powers, Syracuse, N. Y., and Clara M., wife of John Kavas, Bethlehem; two sisters, Mrs. Ella Stauffer, Topton, and Mrs. Katie Knerr, Reading; two brothers, Wallace and Calvin Barto, Topton. There are eight grandchildren.

MRS. EDWIN H. YOUNG SR.

Private funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday in the Harry L. Dillinger Funeral home, 413 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, for Mrs. Estella R. Young, wife of Pharmacist Edwin H. Young, S. 732 Seneca St., Bethlehem, who died suddenly Thursday at their summer home 225 W. Lavender road, Wildwood Crest, N. J. Interment in Memorial park.

A daughter of the late Ausin A. and Catherine Croll Fisher, she was born in Topton, Pa., and was a member of the First Evangelical and Reformed church.

Four sisters, Mrs. Cora Myers, Philadelphia; Clemma M. and Ella M. Fisher and Mrs. Beulah E. Barker, Allentown and three brothers, Harry and Cyrus Fisher, Allentown, and Grover W. Fisher, Bethlehem and five grandchildren are among survivors. A daughter Evelyn H. preceded her in death.

AMANDA S. STADIGER

Amanda S. Stadiger, 91, daughter of the late Herman L. and Sophia Shelly Stadiger, died Thursday evening at the residence 81 E. Broad St., Bethlehem.

Born in Friedensville, Dec. 20, 1853 she was a lifelong member of Central Moravian church. A niece, Mrs. Archibald Johnston, survives.

Funeral services will be held this afternoon at the late home. Interment in Nisky Hill.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Yusht 'n Railroader

"Mary wos fail'd d'r, duh 'n shulemaishder'n, un der John yusht 'n railroader, duh konsh'd ebbes bessers fon ma mon griega wie er."

Mary un John worra net die rechda nahma fon da leit os m'r fertzaila wolla, ow'r die g'shicht is wohr, un ol os tzu duh hen kot mit sin now in ihra ruh.

Aenicha waig, 's maid'l wos m'r Mary haisa wolla, wor 'n Porras dochter, un gute gaglicha bei ol os sie gakent hen. Der John wor yusht 'n bauers boo fon da gagend woh da Mary ihra fodder gabreddich'd hut, un die Mary un der John sin free in lieb g'falla, un fer etlicha yohr mit nonner gonga eb sie ihra familia un freind g'sawt hen sie wotta heirra.

Die Mary hut larna shule halta, un der John wohs bauerra net gaglicha hut, is fert noch ma town woh rigelwaigs arwet tzu griega wor, un is 'n railroader werra. Ferol os da Mary ihra elterra nee net tzu arrick worra fer der John, hen sie bardich ken lieb kot fer 'n wie sie gawist hen os die Mary tzum fershprocha wor, un hens ra alla dawg fohr k'halta fer-wos sie der John net uf gaibt, weil sie fiela besser duh kent os wie fer 'n rigelwaigs mon heirra. 'S airsht hut sie die socha tzu aim ohr nei gae lossa, un tzum onnerra nous. Sie hen ra aw ols g'sawt der John dade sei lava nix maina, un kent ra nee mohls 's lava gewwa os sie shuldich wear tzu howwa. Os sie 'n Porras dochter wear hut 'n lot gagild bei da elterra, un endlich hut die Mary aw shtarta kunsiderra, un ous gamocht, die weil os der Pap un die Mam shun langer galaibt hetta wie sie, sotta sie 's beshd wissa, un hut der John fliega lossa.

'S hut 'm John 's hartz shier ferbrocha wie die Mary g'sawt hut sie kent 'n net heirra, un er hut ains gongs die gagend ferlossa woh er g'shoft hut, un is fert noch ma fiela graiserra rigelwaig woh er gore ken druvel kotta hut far arwet griega. Die Mary woh gatzailt hut kot fer uf gewwa shule halta, hut widder frish nei shtarta kinner lehra, un endlich aw 'n boo g'funna woh sie so halver gaglicha hut, un woh ihra elterra uf alla waiga g'falla hut. Der John woh niemond kotta hut fer 'm tzu rota fer 'n maid'l griega wie die Mary kotta hut for ihra role gewwa fer sich 'n mon sucha hut sich nee nix bakimmert um maid. Da Mary ihra g'sicht hut 'm immer fer da auga g'shtonna, un hut aw gawist os ihra elterra 'n net howwa hen wolla weil er yusht 'n "railroader" wear.

Fer siva yohr worra sie ousa nonner un hen nonner net g'sehna. Die Mary wor in Reading dahame, un der John in Allentown. Die Mary unna 'm John sei wissa, wor fershprocha fer ihra onnerra freind heirra, ebbes os ihra elterra arrick gaglicha hetta tzu sehna. Ow'r eb selar hochtsich dawg kumma is, hut da Mary ihra Sundawg shule 'n picknik kotta on Dorney Park, un woh sie un der John unna badenk'd tzomma kumma sin. Die alt lieb woh ol die yohra in ihra hartzer galaiga hut wie 'n fershtickdie flom, is in die hae g'shossa wie 'n wild fire, un ihra tzwae kep hen yusht ae sinn kot, —un sel wor fer widder mit nonner gae.

Die Mary is hame un hut net yusht ihra elterra g'sawt wos g'shaina wear, ow'r aw so gore ihr'm fershprochna freind g'sawt sie kent 'n net heirra, sie het ihra hartz widder tzurick gewwa tzu ihra airshda lieb—'m John. Wos selar freind g'sawt hut kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r wie ihra elterra shtarta hen wolla ra 'n ferhare gewwa, hut sie g'sawt sie wear shun welt iwwer drei mohl siva yohr alt, un dadе heirra wen os sie wot. Die alterra hen ols noch gatzong'd, un endlich g'sawt sie sot duh wie sie wot, wie sie ihra bed mochda dade mist sie drin leia.

Ferol os da Mary ihra Fodder 's net gaglicha hut zu duh, un ferol os der John aw liever shunshd hee wear fer heirra, hut der Fodder sie gadraut, un hen ains gongs ihra aignie houshalting g'shtart imma onnerra town.

Sis leicht tzu denka os der John allas gaduh hut fer die Mary os er ra on da auga aw sehna hut kenna—un aw noch abissel may. Darrich ol die yohra hut er 'n guter ferdinsht kot, sei gelt g'shport, uns tzu guter yuse gamocht ihra neiie hamet ous shteirra uf die aller feddershd mainer. So'n shaenie hamet tzu howwa mit feina rugs, shae housrote socha un g'shar fom alla beshda, wor 'n lot may os 'n londs Porra wie da Mary ihra elterra hoffa hen kenna tzu howwa.

Yohra sin fergonga, un da Mary un 'm John ihra graish'd awleias wor os sie ken kinner hetta. Da Mary ihra elterra sin alt un shwecherlich werra, un wie der Porra endlich noch seinra ruh is, hut die Mutter ous ferkauft un is tzu da Mary un 'm John gatzoga. Der John, inshtadts fon tzurick denka on die tzeit woh er net die Mary wert sei hut solla, hut gadenk'd er wot da Mutter weissa wos er nadierlich wear. Won ebber 's himmelreich ferdiehnt fer gute sei tzu ma mensch, don hut der John 's ferdiehnt dawaig wie er seinra shweiga Mutter ob gawort hut darrich ol die yohra is sie bei inna dahame wor. Ken Mutter kent duh fer 'n kind wos der John gaduh hut fer seinra Mary ihra Mutter. Wie sie nimmy lawfa hut kenna hut er sie gadrawga, un allas os sie ferlonga hut kot dafor des hut sie grick'd wons tzu griega wor.

Der John un die Mary worra net mohls wos m

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

For still the ancient riddles mar
Our joy in man, in leaf, in star.
The Whence and Whither give no rest,
And Wherefore is a hopeless quest.

Watson.

DRIVE FOR UNIFIED MILITARY FORCE

One of the almost certain effects of the war upon our domestic military establishment promises to be a merger of the armed services as against the present command which is divided between the land and the sea and with the air somewhat in between both.

Immediately after Pearl Harbor when Mr. Truman himself as a senator made criticisms of the lack of cooperation between Army and Navy there was considerable demand thruout the country for fuller coordination of war efforts than is possible under our system of having the President be the commander-in-chief of all services.

An effect of the recent reports on Pearl Harbor is likely to be a considerable effort in Congress to put Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and any and all other fighting units under a single command that shall have no barriers separating army from navy and air and so on all around the circle.

Congressional leaders now are saying that the Pearl Harbor could not have occurred, or would have been unlikely to occur, had there been a single command in Hawaii as against the dual command by Admiral Kimmel and General Short.

Today we have a Navy Department and an Army Department. In the Navy also are the Marines who are almost as separate and distinct from the Navy as soldiers are different from sailors. Then to add to the division of command and distribution of responsibility over wide area comes the training and operation of air forces by Army, Navy and Marines. The whole arrangement makes for variety and for rivalry that for the most part is highly healthful and beneficial to the country as a whole and to the services in particular. But it does not make for cooperation in such emergencies as Pearl Harbor brought about.

There are arguments for both sides of the question. Certainly it will be difficult or impossible to say truthfully that, after Pearl Harbor, our various services did not fight together like a well-trained and loyal football team. That is the way Americans are trained as to thinking in sport. That is the way they play any game. And that is the way they fought the war. But up to Pearl Harbor it is possible to say that teamwork was not of the best. However the important point is that the teamwork was there when it counted. And if we are not going to have any more wars, battle team-work need not have to be such an important element in peacetime training.

POST-WAR USE FOR VULTEE HANGAR

Cessation of operations at the local branch of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation prompts much speculation as to what post-war use is to be made of the large flying field with its wide and well-built runways and its hangar whose reputed cost is more than $300,000.

There has been some thought that Allentown in the future can make use of two air fields and that there could be distribution of business, the passenger trade being handled upon one field and freight business upon the other.

There is also the thought that the hangar could be converted into an indoor sports arena, but with the general experience that buildings constructed for special purpose rarely are adapted to conversion for other highly specialized purposes there cannot be too much hope on the part of the sporting folks in that direction.

Undoubtedly the building will be put to some good use. Plenty of smart heads must be figuring upon what to do with the structure if it can be purchased at a price within the capacity of the community to provide the business and income necessary for a new enterprise.

TO CLOSE LEND-LEASE BOOKS

There is no doubt that when President Roosevelt conceived the idea of Lend-Lease and that when Congress and the American people approved it, there was little thought or expectation that the Allied Nations which were to benefit ever would be able to repay dollar balances or that they would be expected to do so.

From the chief executive of this country on down there was realization that the British, French, Russians and Chinese especially were fighting an American battle while we were getting ready for the war. Land-Lease therefore in a large sense was a means of employing great armies to do bitter fighting for us. The United States did not plan to lend money to people so that they might shed their blood in our defense and later on ask for return of that money, with interest.

True it is that the Allied Nations technically owe the United States large sums of money for they did not turn over to this country goods and services of value as great as the goods and services supplied to them. True it also is that some of the Allies still owe money to the United States from the prosecution of World War No. 1 and that there has been considerable acrimony in the past about the unpaid debts. But it also can be said that rash indeed were any Americans who believed that it was likely our Allies could ever repay the balances owed.

So President Truman proposes that this entire matter of Lend-Lease be disposed of quickly and in practical, matter-of-fact manner. In brief, he proposes that the slates be wiped clean and that our Allies should not be held as debtors or considered in default because of non-payment of the balances in bookkeeping which favor the United States. President Truman says that the United States got three things which are more important than any settlelemt upon a dollar basis: 1, Victory over Germany and Japan; 2, goods and services in excess of five billion dollars, received from the Allies; 3, agreement by all nations which benefitted from Lend-Lease to organize post-war international trade upon cooperative and intelligent basis.

Lend-Lease was adopted to achieve victory over Germany principally and Japan. It was put into effect with little expectation of repayment. The major objectives have been attained. The debt, if it can be called such after the shedding of blood and treasure in our behalf, is uncollectible in all likelihood. President Truman suggests therefore that we forgive our debtors. It would seem to be the fairest and the most practical thing to do.

Blame Placed on Congress

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—Any conclusions that the Pearl Harbor report indicates the need for a single department of national defense might be characterized as hasty. For the very opposite conclusion may also be reached, namely that the War Department and the Navy Department are each so big that what was apparently everybody's business in the week preceding Dec. 7, 1941, was nobody's business.

Mergers and consolidations in private industry are not as popular as they were a couple decades ago. For it has been proved that efficiency can usually be better achieved when each organization is self-contained and is not dependent too much on other units.

If General Short had been in over-all command at Hawaii, he would not have known Admiral Kimmel's job and the same would have been true in reverse. To assume that by creation of a national department of defense Army men can become thoroughly familiar with Navy operations or vice versa is to assume that mere merging of functions also means a merging of experience and specialized abilities.

Some day when Army officers graduate from West Point and after ten years in the Army transfer to the Navy and spend ten years or more learning how to operate ships and weapons of the sea, maybe an all-around individual will be turned out who is the ideal now sought with the paper plan of a national department of defense.

In a sense, the Navy has a better plan nowadays than the Army because a Naval officer may start with submarine duty, then go to aviation and perhaps later to gunnery on a destroyer, cruiser and battleship. Indeed the Navy men go from one specialty to another until they are ready for high commands. If the Army did the same thing and allowed its officers to become conversant with infantry, artillery, aviation, and all the other branches of the service and insisted that a certain number of years be spent in each field of military activity, it would tend toward the same result the Navy has achieved.

The theory that the single department of defense and the wearing of the same uniform will create competence and ability where the separate branches have lacked it heretofore is, of course, fallacious. It is just one of those easy solutions which the American people are frequently asked to accept when a complex subject arises and someone comes along with a slogan or a pattern that does not require too much mental energy to understand or penetrate.

The relations between Admiral Kimmel and General Short were intimate. Reports of their conferences show they thoroughly understood what they had to do. But while in one breath they were told to be alert to any possible attack, they were told in the next not to commit any overt act which might give the Japanese an excuse to declare war on us. It was an impossible instruction to follow. So the two commanders erred on the side of doing nothing.

It is well worth conjecturing what would have happened to any Naval commander if he had put out to sea, encountered the Japanese fleet, opened fire and told the Navy Department he had a hunch the Japanese were coming to Pearl Harbor to attack. The overt act had to be committed by the enemy first.

As for possible resistance against attack once the enemy swooped down on Hawaii, the land defenses were inadequate. There were not enough land-based planes or carrier planes available to meet effectively the Japanese expedition. About 400 planes were launched from the Japanese carriers. More than 300 were in the air at one time. The United States had in the Pacific two carriers which could muster a total of 180 planes. Our battleships were prey for the carriers of the enemy whether the big ships were in port or at sea. America simply hadn't developed her Naval or land aviation by December 7, 1941 to the point where we could put 300 planes in the air and go scouting for enemy carriers prowling around Hawaii. We had built a few thousand planes in 1940 and 1941 but they were sent to Europe.

It is unfortunate that so many mistakes were made both at Washington and at Pearl Harbor, but the biggest mistake was the failure of this great industrial nation—which had billions to spend on leaf-raking between 1933 and 1939—to build an adequate Navy or a big enough force of land-based planes to protect the territories of the United States in the Pacific. And the responsibility for that rests squarely on the men in Congress in those years as well as on the American people who listened to the misguided orators who assured us we were protected by two oceans and couldn't be attacked.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

IT IS NOT FAIR

Mothers write me complaining of what has happened to their sons in this war. "It is not fair," they cry. "My daughter is a childless widow," one writes, "and she tears her heart resenting the millions of boys who walked Broadway night after night while her boy fought."

War is never fair. War is never just. War is never right. Why, one may ask, does one mother, and not another, lose her son?

Job asked questions long ago:

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul;

"Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures;

"Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?

"Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?"

Who can answer such questions? War deals only with death. Men are but lots cast to win or to lose as though they were the chips in a game. Some find berths that are smooth and easy, but most face death and privation and, worst of all, boredom and hopelessness. There is no triumph in war, no glory—only blood and mud and the distortion of human values.

I recently spoke to some who are soon to be veterans and told them that civilians suffered as much as they did, but they laughed and even booed. It seemed so funny to them. Yet, if they read such a letter as now lies on my desk, from a stranger, a mother, who joins her young and widowed child in the anguish of losing a young, boyish husband on the eve of peace, after he had been at war nearly four years—they would know that the suffering, the pain, the permanent heartache is just as deep among the women who feared and whose fears are realized.

One bitter mother, whose ancestors were in our Revolutionary War, writes that she is no longer proud to be an American. But it is not America that is at fault. This war was a product of unwholesome thinking, of a reversion to the bestiality of the cave. It was sired by envy out of hate. Who started this war? Hitler? Stalin? Roosevelt? These men were themselves products of an anti-moral age, of the rejection of God. A world that lives by things alone, that rejects the dignity of Man and the moral guidance of God can only end in destructiveness.

The tragedy of it all is that this war has accomplished nothing beneficial to mankind. Look at the map. What the Nazi sought, the Communist seeks; what Hitler conquered, Stalin holds. Japan has been defeated, but Stalin moves into Manchuria. Before the war, China was at civil war with Chinese Communists; the war has ended and China is at civil war with the Chinese Communists. Where is the gain? What has been accomplished?

Even if hate were to disappear, it would be enough. Even if no one were persecuted, it would be enough. Even if peasant and landlord, worker and employer, Jew and Arab, Communist and capitalist, could live together, it would be enough.

The war is hardly over; the soldiers have not come home yet; the boundaries of nations are not yet fixed and already we are quarrelling in a thousand corners over the crumbs of spoils. And no one says with Elihu the son of Barachel:

"But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.

"Great men are not always wise; neither do the aged understand judgment."

No, it is not America that brought grief to these mothers; it was faulty lies, deceits, fraudulent slogans, promises unfulfillable, politicians' paradise held before unthinking men and women as devil's mirages. Yet men believe these lies, but shun the truth that hate begets hate, envy begets envy that Man lives not by statistics, nor for things alone, but by the moral law of God, the law of universal brotherhood of the good and evil, the right and the wrong, the white and black and yellow, the victor and the vanquished—the Brotherhood of Man in the Fatherhood of God.

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MACKUNSCHY

vum

JOHN BIRMELIN

Un des waar in Mackunschy,
so heesst mer's Baeredaal;
Un siwwezeh neinunvaerzich,
des waar die Yaahreszaahl.
Dart waare gude Grischte,
so wie mer uns verzaehlt;
Sie hen sich gut bedraage,
doch hie un do verfehlt.

Es waare schtramme Deitsche,
noch vun de alde Sart;
Waar immer noch Verdraue,
noch immer'n Ehrewart.
Dart waare scheene Felder,
die Frucht in Halme schteht,
Mer heert die Sense rausche
un 's Vieh iss in der Weed.

Bei aller Mieh un Aerwet
waar doch des Lewe siess;
Dart an der Gleene Lecha
waar'n gleenes Paradies.
Doch amme scheene Sunndaag,
am Gottesdaag der Ruh,
Do schwewe die Gedanke
der alde Heemet zu.

Im ganze Daal Mackunschy
waar noch ken Gotteshaus;
Ach, des waar viele schenner
im alde Land dart draus!
Dart waar, bei aller Aarmut,
so haerrlich scheener G'sang;
Un schwingt sich nuff zum Himmel
en froher Glockeklang.

Ya, des muss annerscht waerre,
so denke sich die Leit;
Verliert mer schunscht der Glaawe
un aa die Selichkeit.
Charaktervolle Maenner,
die nemme's in die Hand;
Un glei hen sich versammelt
die gude Leit vum Land.

En Kaerrich uffzubaue,
nau frogt sich's awwer wu?
Do brauch mer mol zum Erschte
En schee Schtick Grund dezu.
Un dann noch fer der Parre,
so's gleeni Bauerei;
Fer'n scheener Gottesacker
muss aa noch g'saerrigt sei.

Ya, so viel muss mer hawwe,
doch saag, wu nemmt mer's haer?
'S waerd hie un haer gerode,
wu Land zu hawwe waer;
Saagt eener vun de Alde:
"Do leicht mer ebbes ei,
'Sin meh wie hunnert Acker
in unserm Daal noch frei.

Un die Proprietaries,
die gewwe Land eweck;
Abaddich wann sie wisse,
es iss fer'n guder Zweck.
Browiert mol in Phildelphi,
schickt gude Maenner hie!
Ich denk der Land Commissioner
belohnt eich schunn die Mieh."

Noh hen sie graad die Maenner
gewaehlt fer uff die Rees;
Des waar die Zeit fer schmidte,
es Eise waar noch heess.
Es waare viere darde,
die hen die beschte Geil;
Un waare gut im Sattel
fer'n manchi langi Meil.

Zum Erschte, mol der Eichner—
en Mann recht hoch begaabt—
Un dann, der Knappenberger,
waar'n Ludrisch iwwerhaapt.
Un dann, zum Dritt un Vierte,
der Butz un aa der Lang;
Die waare Reformierte
ihr ganzes Lewe lang.

Der dreiunzwanzichscht Harning,
do hen sie fart gewott;
So bissel gege Owet,
wann's Wetter halde sott.
Es waar aa so verschtanne,
die Kaerrich sott beschteh
Fer Reformiert un Ludrisch
mitnanner nei zu geh.

O ya, sie waare eenich
mit all dem Kaercheland.
Un hen gemeent, sie hette's
so zimmlich in der Hand.
Ya well! So lang nix do iss,
frogt niemand viel dernoh;
Doch, gebt's en guder Brocke,
dann iss der Deiwel do.

Er hot die gude Brieder,
der Butz un Lang verfiehrt;
Sie waar'n ken schlechte Grischte,
doch gaar zu Reformiert.
Sie griege der Gedanke,
was waer des doch so schee,
Wann mir des Land nau hette
fer unser Kaerrich allee!

"Un des iss leicht zu mache,"
so hen sie zamme g'saat,
"S iss graad wie imme Aernfeld,
mer macht die erscht Gemaad.
Mir waarde net bis owets,
mir reite frieher fart;
Un bis die Annre kumme,
dann waare mir schunn dart.

Der dreiunzwanzichscht Harning,
's waar um die Middaagschtunn,
Do waar'n sie schunn im Sattel
un reite weck devun.
Doch ebber hot sie g'sehne,
Schtick weiter draus im Daal,
"Was hot des zu bedeide?"
so frogt mer iwweraal.

Un wie's emol der Eichner,
der Knappenberger weess,
Waerd's dene Lutheraner
im middel Harning heess.
Der Knappenberger gnottert,
"Des heess ich awwer'n Schand!"
Der Eichner, der verwinscht sie
"in's unnerscht Pefferland!"

Do hen sie g'schwind uffg'sattelt
un reite frisch druff los;
Die Geil waar'n scharfe Deiwel,
es glappert uff der Schtross.
Sie yaage daerrich die Daehler
un an de Baerye naus;
Un an de Perkiomen,
dart schnauft mer wennich aus.

Sie waade daerrich's Wasser,
die Geil e wennich g'schont;
Es glitzert uff de Welle,
es leicht en yunger Mond;
Dann geht's bis an die Schibbach,
un dart e bissel Ruh;
Dann immer widder weiter,
der Wissahickon zu.

Die Reformierte denke,
wie's mol recht dunkel waar,
Sie breichte net so eile,
sie waere aus der G'faahr.
Do blinkt aa schunn en Waertshaus,
was scheint des Licht so schee!
Dart iss es so gemietlich,
dark schtreckt mer mol die Bee.

Sie hocke sich ans Feier
un waerme sich e Weil,
En gleener Beiss zum Esse,
en Glaas voll Seidereil.
Was waar der Waert so freindlich,
er frogt, "Wu soll's dann naus?"
"Mir gehne nooch Phildelphi,
mir mache dart gut aus!"

"Ei, ei! Des losst sich heere!
Do, schenkt eich noch eens ei!"
Der Waert waar graad so schnufflich
wie'n Ketzel um der Brei.
Nau waerr'n die Buwe blaudrich,
die Zunge waerre los;
Im Dusel un im Fusel,
do schwetzt mer ewwe gross.

"Un iss der Grund mol unser—
so hen mer's ausg'schtudiert—
Dann baue mir en Kaerrich,
un die iss Reformiert.
Un kumme dann die Dickkepp,
die meege Ludrisch sei;
Doch schwetze sie mol gaar net
in unsre Sache nei.

Nau geb uns noch en Glaesche
vum gude Seidereil!
En gudes Bett for schlofe—
versaerrig uns die Geil!"
Noh hen sie ausgedrunke
un saage "Gude Nacht!"
Sie schwewe uff der Schpeicher
un hen dezu gelacht.

Dann in die Fedderdecke,
glei sin sie in der Ruh.
Noh schliesst der Waert die Diere
un macht die Laede zu.
Do sehnt er graad zwee Reiter,
die gaellope verbei;
Ken Zeit fer reizuschtoppe?
des muss im Huddel sei!

Des waar'n die Lutheraner.
Ei, sin die schunn so weit?—
Die Reformierte schlofe
un nemme sich die Zeit.
Ya, weit un immer weiter,
sie reite immer zu;
Dart drunne in Phildelphi,
dart gunnt mer sich die Ruh.

Un waerklich, in Phildelphi,
es waar noch maerryets frieh,
Zwee miede Geil un Reiter,
die kumme darde hie.
Die Reiter gehn ins Waertshaus,
der Schtallgnecht nemmt die Geil;
Dann waerd zu Maerrye g'esse
un ruhgt mer noch e Weil;

Noh gehn sie nei ans State House,
so midde in der Schtadt;
Dart hot der Governier
aa graad sei Office g'hatt.
Der Governier waar freindlich,
sie mache sich bekannt;
Un saagen ihm sie kaemde
fer freies Kaercheland.

Der Governier bedenkt sich
un frogt wie alles waer;
Noh saagt er mol so ruhich:
"Des iss zu Gottes Ehr.
Un hett mer net die Kaerrich,
do waer's uns iwwel g'saat;
Do waer yo niemand sicher
in unserm ganze Schtaat!"

Er unnerschreibt en Warrant;
des gild fer alle Zeit,
Fer so un so viel Acker,
as in Mackunschy leit.
Mit dem Babier im Rocksack,
do gehn sie freehlich naus;
Sie waere schier verschrocke—
wen sehne sie dart draus?

Dart waar'n die Reformierte,
die hen graad rei gewott;
Do saagt der Knappenberger:
"Gude Maerrye! Griess eich Gott!
En Vogel wott ihr fange?
Ei, ei! Des iss zu schlimm!
Den hen mir schunn e Weilche
in unserm Kewwich drin."

Die aarme Reformierte—
do sin sie awwer baff!
Es faahrt ne in die Glieder,
die Ohre henke schlaff.
"Do waerd mer ganz kadollisch!"
so grummelt dann der Butz;
Der Lang waar ganz verhuddelt
un weess nix uff der Schtutz.

Noh sin die Lutheraner
dann widder uff die Geil;
Die Reformierte folye
ersteht nooch 're gleene Weil.
Die Lutheraner lache
un hewe schtolz die Kepp;
Die gude Reformierte,
die schmunzle yuscht so schepp.

Do waar in alt Mackunschy
en grossi Haerrlichkeet;
Doch waar's de Reformierte
e bisselche verleed.
Sie schtelle dann en Kaerrich
so breed un Ludrisch hie;
Iss ebber der net nei will,
der schpaart sich yuscht die Mieh.

Nau hen die Reformierte
sich wull en Weil geduckt.
Noh waerr'n sie awwer wacker
un hen mol rum geguckt;
Sie wolle aa en Kaerrich,—
do meent der Butz un Lang:
"En guder Blatz fer baue
waer graad in Lange Schwamm.

Dart iss net alles sumpich,
wie an der Grotte Grick;
Es hot aa scheene Hiwwel,
un sell iss unser Glick."
So bau'n die Reformierte
am Hiwwel in die Heh;
Iss ebber gaar zu Ludrisch,
der brauch net nei zu geh.

Nau hen die Reformierte
aa waerklich besser g'fiehlt.
Doch hen sie nooch Mackunschy
so schpeitlich niwwer g'schielt.
Un driwwe in Mackunschy
hot's ewwe aa so Leit,
Die biete Reformierte
yusch gnapser Not die Zeit.

Die Yaahre, die vergehne,
die Haerzer waerre mild;
Do sehnt mer in Mackunschy
doch ganz en anner Bild.
Die Reformierte Buwe
hen Ludrisch karessiert,
Die yunge Lutheraner,
die heire Reformiert.

Sie gehne in die Kaerrich
un helfe mit im G'sang;
Deel schlofe in de Breddich,
die waar aa schier zu lang.
Doch eemol waerr'n sie wacker;
der Parre macht bekannt,
Sie greechte nau en Argel,
's waer blendi Geld uff Hand.

Un iss die Argel kumme,
was hen sie'n Wese g'hatt!
Nau kann mer Kaerrich halde
wie in de grosse Schtadt!
Des waar en Peifekaschde
gebaut vum Tannenberg;
Un wie sie uns verzaehle,
waar des en Meeschderwerk.

Do waar'n die Lange Schwammer
schunn widder uffgeregt;
Mer hot 'ne doch, bei Leiwe,
nix in der Weg gelegt!
Sie hen en Argel g'hatte
en gudi Weil devor;
Un wie mer heere saage,
en schtevens guder Chor.

Dart hot der Schkweier Schubert
aa lang die Argel g'schpielt;
Mer meent mer hett am Sunndaag
der Odem Gottes g'fiehlt:
Do bin ich selwer Zeige,
ich hab ihn efders g'heert;
Er waar yo doch mei Graemmpaepp,
un hoch vun mir ge-ehrt.

(Ya, eemol waar ich selwer
dart uff der Argelbank;
'S waar niemand schunscht fer schpiele,
der Graemmpaepp, der waar grank.
Ich waar so'n gleener Schpringer,
so 'baut im Elfde Yaahr;
Un so waar ich der Meeschder
dart uff em Kaerrichechor.

Es waar mer bissel doddlich,
doch hawwich mich gewehrt;
Verleicht paar gleene Fehler—
die hot yo niemand g'heert.
Die Waahret nau zu saage,
ich hab net schlimm gedobt;
Doch hot der Parre Helffrich
mich nooch der Hand gelobt.)

John Birmelin's Ballad

On May 20th of this year the Lutheran congregation of Zion Lehigh Church celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. For that occasion the Reverend Mr. Melville Schmoyer, a son of the congregation, had prepared a condensed history which brought to the present generation an old but most interesting story concerning the origin and founding of this church. The same story was told at considerable length in that little German book, so rich and valuable for our local lore and history, Ben Trexler's "Skizzen aus dem Lecha Thal" (1880-86.)

The first settlers in the region formerly known as Mackunschy (Macungie), an Indian name denoting the feeding place of the bears, were the Trexlers (Drechsler), who came here from the Oley Valley as early as 1719. The first highway to the valley of the Lehigh was constructed "from Philadelphia to Trexler's Tavern in Macungie" in 1732. In 1743 this entire area became Macungie Township and numbered then about 650 inhabitants.

The early Lutheran and Reformed pioneers in that region labored hard and prospered. Thirty years had passed and still they were without a church, which they could now no longer justify before God and their consciences. Representative men of both faiths assembled and decided to rear a "gemeinschaftliche Kirche", a union church, as had been done in other parts either because of the scarcity of preachers in those early times or for economic reasons. Two Lutheran and two Reformed delegates were appointed to ride to Philadelphia and to obtain from the proprietaries there the necessary land warrant.

But here the guile of the human heart began to manifest itself. The Reformed delegates concluded to acquire the land for church and parsonage for their own congregation. The plot was discovered by the Lutherans who outwitted them and a Lutheran church was erected along the Little Lehigh, known today as the Zion Lehigh Church. But the Reformed pioneers not intending to be outdone secured a pleasant hillside overlooking the Baeredaal (Macungie Valley) and there erected their own church, known far and wide as the Lang Schwammer, or Long Swamp Church.

It is this interesting episode that John Birmelin has used in the ballad which we offer to our readers today. The poet has not hesitated to adhere to the names of places and persons as found in the old German narrative. We are grateful to John Birmelin. Unlike so many writers who have preferred to go to distant places for their material John Birmelin has seen beauty and significance in that which lies at our very doors.

The ballad "Mackunschy" is a literary achievement of the first order. What other of our dialect writers could unfold a narrative so skillfully, with such metrical perfection and graceful rhymes; with such melody of phrasing; with such artful simplicity and economy? It is the product of a discriminating taste and a practiced hand.—P.A.B.

Nau hot mer in Mackunschy
schunn mechdich gross gebrallt,
Un singt zur Ehre Gottes—
ich wunner eb's Ihm g'fallt?
Un guck emol dart niwwer,
wie's iss in Lange Schwamm;
Dart schpreize sie die Fliggel
un hewe schtolz der Kamm.

Mer wunnert welli Argel
dernoh am beschte schpielt;
Die Leit sin dischbedierich
un aerrig uffgewiehlt.
Sogaar die alde Weiwer,
die schtehne an der Fens;
Noh gachse aa die Hinkel
un greische noch die Gens.

Der Parre, der hot g'schmunzelt
un saagt mol nix dezu;
Der Organischt iss ruhich,
hot so genunk zu duh.
Noh hot mer dann die Faxe
so nooch un nooch verschwitzt;
Doch hot mer aa noch immer
die Ohre bissel g'schpitzt.

Do waar emol der Jakey—
der schtammt vum alde Lang—
Sei guder Freind, der Gottlieb,
vun dart in Lange Schwamm;
Die gehne nooch Mackunschy
ee Sunndaag Nammidaag;
Die Ketzer hen schunn Weilche
die scheene Maed im Aag;

Sie gehne in die Kaerrich,
weil's dart am menschte hot;
Sie heere net die Breddich,
sie denke net an Gott.
Nau schpielt emol die Argel,
do hen sie rum geguckt;
Die grosse Peife brumme,
do hen sie 'nanner g'schtuppt:

Noh schpielt's aa widder annerscht,
so sachde un so siess;
Des waar en leicht Gewewwer,
wie aus em Paradies;
Do saagt der Jakey, "Gottlieb!"
ganz laut, un denkt net draa—
"Die Argel schpielt net besser
wie ewwe unsri aa!"

Ei ya! Der Schkweier Schubert
hot selle Sunndaag g'schpielt;
Der hot aa in Mackunschy
die Glaffe rumgewiehlt;
Mit Reformierte Note,
do bringt er'n Melodie.
Die schmeechelt sich so Ludrisch
Bis an die Kanzel hie.

Der Parre schprecht der Sege,
noh geht die Kaerrich aus;
Dann schteht mer noch un blaudert
im Schadde vanne draus,
Die Lange Schwammer Buwe
un die Mackunschy Maed
Hen nanner gut verschtanne,
so hot's sich ausgedreht.

Es schtreicht der Wind so sachde
un pischbert in de Baem;
Verliebte Maed un Buwe
gehn mit enanner heem.
Do hen sogaar die Alde
verschtohle hiegeblickt;
Un immer noch so zaertlich
sich an de Hend gedrickt.

Im Baeredaal Mackunschy
waar doch des Lewe siess;
Un an de Gleene Lecha,
en gleenes Paradies!
Un so vergehn die Yaahre,
wie Graas verwelkt, vergeht;
Un dann so leicht vergesse,
as wie im Wind verweht.

Ya, siwwezeh neinunvaerzich,
en langi Zeit zurick,
Do fliesst so schtill die Lecha
un aa die Grotte Grick.
So fliesse aa die Yaahre
bis in die ewich Ruh—
E bissel griener Waasem
deckt mancher Fehler zu.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. IRWIN L. SCHLEPPY

Funeral services for Mrs. Hannah E. Schleppy, 68, of Leithsville, Hellertown R. 1, who died Thursday afternoon in the Quakertown Community hospital, will be held on Sunday at 1:30 p. m. in the Templeton funeral home, 326 Main St., Hellertown. Continued services will be held in the New Jerusalem church, Leithsville, with Rev. Daniel D. Kistler of Coopersburg, officiating. Interment will be made in New Jerusalem cemetery.

MRS. ALFRED M. HUNTER

Mrs. Emily M. Hunter, 53, wife of Alfred M. Hunter, 1527 Linden St., Bethlehem, died at 3 a. m. Friday in St. Luke's hospital. Born in Philadelphia April 27, 1892, she was the former Emily Toomey of that place.

She is survived by her husband, one son, Alfred W. Hunter, of Pen Argyl, and three grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday in the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. Burial will be made in Snyders church cemetery.

CLARENCE FREY

Clarence Frey, 40, of Zionsville R. 1, died yesterday at his home after a lengthy illness. The son of the late Clinton and Jennie, nee Wieand, Frey, he was born near Zionsville and had been employed for 20 years by the Sanitary Co. of America, East Greenville. He was a member of the Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, near Zionsville.

Besides his wife, Vivian, nee Kern, Frey, the following survive: one daughter, Margaret, wife of Joseph Leshko, at home; one son, Earl, U. S. N.; one grandchild and two sisters, Mrs. Llewellyn Stoudt and Mrs. Harold Strunk, both of Zionsville R. 1.

Rev. Frank Hertzog, pastor of the Mennonite Brethren in Christ church, will conduct brief services at the late home on Monday at 1:30 p. m. with continued services at the church. Burial will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

MRS. FANNIE FUJS

Mrs. Fannie Fujs, widow of John Fujs, died at her home yesterday in Nazareth. She was a former resident of Miller Heights.

A native of Austria-Hungary, she is survived by two cousins, Helen Berkes of Philadelphia and Kalman Berkes of Bethlehem.

Funeral services will be conducted by Rev. E. A. Stiegler on Monday at 2 p.m. from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kalman Berkes, 1113 Calypso Ave., Bethlehem. Interment will be made at the family plot in the Leithsville cemetery. Friends may call at the Berkes home Sunday afternoon and evening.

MRS. JOSEPH H. ECKERT

Services for Mrs. Maggie E. Eckert, 73, wife of Joseph H. Eckert of 434 Willow St., who died Thursday in the Allentown hospital, will be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Continued services will be conducted in the Eastern Salisbury church with burial in the adjoining cemetery.

JESSIE A. MISHEY

Jessie A. Mishey, 87, a guest of the Phoebe home, 1901 Turner St., since March 11, 1930, died in the Allentown hospital early yesterday. She was born at Mount Joy, Pa., the daughter of the late Benjamin and Elizabeth Mishey, on April 18, 1858.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 9 a.m. at the Phoebe home, 1901 Turner St., with Rev. Franklin Moyer officiating. Burial will be made in Mount Joy cemetery.

MRS. CLEMENT HOYLER

Mrs. Mary Caroline Gerdsen Hoyler, 75, wife of Rev. Clement Hoyler, bishop of the Moravian church, died at 2:30 a. m. Friday at the residence, Green Bay, Wis. She was born in Laketown, Minn., May 12, 1872 and married Rev. Hoyler Aug. 20, 1902.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at Green Bay. Interment at Laketown Monday afternoon. She assisted her husband in the work of the church in Canada from the time of her marriage until 1925, when he assumed charge in Ephriam, Wis., for one year.

Since 1926 they were in charge of the West Side Moravian church in Green Bay.

The husband and two children survive: Cyril N. Hoyler, former professor of physics at Moravian College for Men, Bethlehem, and now at the Research Institute at Princeton, N. J., and Mabel Hoyler, at home.

A sister-in-law, Mrs. William Strohmeier; a nephew, Roland W. Strohmeier, and a niece, Clara Strohmeier, 627 Center St., Bethlehem, also survive.

JOHN BETZE

The funeral of John Betze, who died suddenly Thursday night of a heart condition, will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the late home, 1249 E. 3rd St., Bethlehem. Requiem mass will be celebrated at 9:30 a. m. in St. John Capistrano's church. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

MRS. WILLIAM ROBERTS

The funeral of Mrs. Marylyn Roberts, wife of William Roberts, 1458 Iron St., Bethlehem, who died Thursday, will be held on Monday with services at 2 p. m. in St. John's A. M. E. Zion church. Interment in Fairview cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

All Aboard Fer Dorney Park

Yar, morya un iwwer morya hais'ds widder in alla ecka, "All aboard fer Dorney Park!" Morya un iwwer morya sin widder die tzwae grossa dawga on Dorneys, die Schnitzer un die Lodwarick parties. Fon ol da bletz uf weit un braid woh leit onna gain fer sich blessierra is naryads ken blotz tzu finna os uf aenicha waig Dorneys Park 's wosser raicha kon. In rides is allas darta os is fer blessier, un mocht nix ous ebs uf 'm grond is, in da luft, odder uf 'm wosser. Un shows sin aw darta fon da aller beshda os tzu finna sin, un so gore automobile race fohrer.

Ow'r sis net fon Dorneys os m'r doh shwetza wolla, un ol da fiela, fiela dish os sie hen in ihra unnershittlicha picknick bletz fer druf essa. Wos m'r blauderra wolla dafon is fon da Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties woh shun tzitter os sie k'halta werra, alla yohr graiser un besser werra. Sundawgs wie immer der gabrouch hen m'r 'n nommy dawg unna owet program die weil os die ebbel g'schnitzt werra, un Mondawgs bei da lodwarick kocherrei gebts aw nommy dawgs un owets gons arbadicha guta programs.

Sundawgs wie shun free'r in da woch g'sawt, hen m'r die Barricks kounty Wunnernaus fer shwetza, so wohl wie aw der Granger Bill Snyder fon Palmerton fer fon seina aigna g'schrivna gadichda gewwa,—ungfare so os wie "'S Kee Heeda," un noh hut er aw ains fon "Shliverra." Harmony Grangers hen aw 'n gons arbadich g'shpiel uf grick'd fer nommy dawgs un owets gewwa, uns same halt aw ous mit 'm Irvie Frantz un seinra Verna fon Scheidys. Eb der Graimer widder kumt kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r wissa so fiel, os fon da Fink Familia aw widder dabei sin fer dale fon ihra alta lieder singa. Un noh is aw g'sawt 's kaimt 'n kordio.. shpieler rum, un woh alla hond Pennsylfawnish Deitscha lieder sing'd.

Un Mondawg nommy dawgs,—wel sel is noh die tzeit woh 'm Phaon Gehringer fon Kutztown sei shpieler shpiela fer der dons, un aw die tzeit woh die Sarah Heiney fon Pennsville, odder ewwa fon da Harmony Grange broviert fer 'n maud dinga. Sel is aw 'n g'shpiel ferparbas uf grick'd fer die Lodwarick party, un wert nommy dawgs un owets gewwa, so wohl wie aw die onnerra Sundawgs g'shpieler Noh kumt aw der grubschmidt George

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear—the thoughts you bring—
The heart may heal or break. Colesworthy

MacARTHUR IN TOKIO

While the people on this side of the world were asleep during the past night American troops with General MacArthur at their head were parading thru Tokio and within three days the entire huge area of the Japanese capital will be in complete charge of our forces and the mightiest symbol of defeat for the Japanese will be presented to their eyes. Their capital occupied, their emperor under the orders of a foreign military man and their military and naval forces disarmed and disbanded make a picture whose complete significance cannot possibly escape any of the sons of Nippon.

Upwards of seven million men still are under arms, but the force that held them together is gone. As rapidly as possible in such a gigantic task these men are being received for surrender at a thousand and one places,—on the Japanese islands, on the mainland of Asia and upon the many hundreds of islands where the Japs had taken over since Pearl Harbor with the intention of remaining there forever and making them Japanese islands.

General MacArthur expects to complete the demobilization of these vast armies by October 15 which will be a vast accomplishment and achieve a record as to time. To return the vast forces to their home islands will be another tremendous job. It is to be presumed that nobody on islands formerly held by the Japs will want to have any of the vicious little fellows around to domineer them in the future and to continue and develop the traditions which they brought with them when they were proud and insolent in the military uniforms of the land of the rising sun.

The Japs did not get their forces to these islands in a day and they are not going to get them home in a day. Moreover when they sent their armies hurrying to all parts of the Pacific they had a huge merchant fleet, one of the greatest and finest in the world. Long since that fleet was sent to the bottom and to join it went just about all the ships they could build during the war.

But millions of men are going back. They are going to go back when we have the time and the means to cram them into ships and haul them back. They are going to be wanted nowhere else. The place for them is on their islands where they can sit and think about the mad adventure upon which they entered with such confidence and out of which they have emerged in such complete desolation.

'AS ITHERS SEE US'

The thousands of Allentown people who thruout the summer have enjoyed the many band concerts given in West Park will note the fact that the Allentown Band is to give its final outdoor program at that resort on Sunday afternoon.

While enjoying the concert they may also ponder the thought that their interest in and support for such events may serve their city and community as well as serve themselves.

Here is the story to illustrate this point: Recently trained investigators for a big corporation which is or was thinking of establishing a large branch plant in this city spent many days, incognito, in Allentown. They investigated our schools and colleges, our hospitals and such welfare institutions as the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Jewish Community Center, Family Welfare Organization, Child Care centers, Boy and Girl Scouts activities and their organizations; such cultural institutions as the Allentown Free Library, Art Museum, classes in art, the Civic Little Theater and a host of others; the park and playgrounds and just about everything that Allentown has done to make life happier and richer for its people.

One evening these investigators at a late hour saw throngs of happy people coming from some point or other. In curiosity they inquired where they had been and were informed they had been to a band concert in West Park.

The next day they investigated the program which Mayor Diefenderfer has promoted as to open-air band concerts and then got into the whole situation as to music in this community.

Their report in a general way has become known to some Allentonians and we can tell you that it is enough to make an Allentonian's heart swell with pride to know that absolute strangers in the community went back home to report a community of happy people, possessed of a well-balanced and efficiently functioning welfare and cultural program.

Some day, we hope, these people will themselves tell Allentonians how much they thought of Allentown and her fine institutions.

MURKY PEARL HARBOR REPORTS

At long last the reports of the Army and the Navy relative to Pearl Harbor have been issued and out of the immense texts, running into tens of thousands words, has come conclusion none too clear in itself while supplementary statements by President Truman and other government officials further serve to muddy the story and make it difficult for the American people to shape a clear opinion.

Certainly the question is far from closed and the halls of Congress are going to resound with debate upon the matter and determination to punish any and all who were responsible for the Pearl Harbor debacle, if responsibility can be determined.

But in a general way it does appear from the reports that there was negligence all around and that perhaps most to blame were the American people themselves. We insisted upon maintaining century-old traditions of isolation and detachment from world affairs and in the feeling that we were too big, too strong and too remote became convinced that we need not be alert as to any dangers.

The truth would seem to be that nobody in the United States, whether in the cross-roads store, the city barber shop, the State Department in Washington, President Roosevelt in the White House or the military men in Hawaii thought that the Japanese could be crazy enough to commit an overt act against the United States.

We have learned better. But whether we shall continue to bear the hard lesson in mind still is a matter for the future to reveal. Perhaps we learned a lesson that will stick. We think so now. But we have a way of forgetting and we again may do just that.

The President's Message

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7—Planned economy is nowhere mentioned in President Truman's message proclaiming his concept of national policy during the coming period of transition from war to peace. But that is what the President in essence recommends as inevitable.

A nation which has gone to an extraordinary high level of production making war goods and weapons cannot overnight go back to peacetime habits or customs either in business, labor or agriculture. Mr. Truman, moreover, thinks such a transition cannot be accomplished without the teamwork of all forces and especially the guiding hand of the government itself.

So while the President promises the relinquishment of all controls eventually, he asks that certain ones be retained until an equilibrium can be attained. In effect he is asking for a vote of confidence and the Nation's trust in him to terminate all controls occasioned by wartime necessity when the need really is ended. He promises that there will be no abuse of delegated power.

Mr. Truman was confronted with a complex legal situation as he wrote his message. Many of the statutes expire when the war is officially declared to have ended and yet certain powers must be continued or else economic anarchy might result. So he is asking for a continuation of some wartime powers and Congress has the final say about that request.

As for governmental subsidies and governmental "pump priming" through public works, it is too early to forecast that this implies a sure return to the New Deal policies of deficit spending as a means of curing unemployment. All that Mr. Truman has said in effect is that the government cannot sit idly by and wait for natural forces to produce the desired readjustments. The principle of governmental intervention into the economic life of the Nation was accepted by both presidential candidates in the last campaign. It is, however, differently interpreted and the impact of unemployment on the Nation is so difficult to forecast that what Mr. Truman indicates as a possible means of government support of the economic structure will be utilized only in the event that private enterprise cannot sustain the full burden.

Mr. Truman has given evidence of his instinctive desire to rid the people of unnecessary controls. He has relaxed since V-J Day many of the more severe regulations. But the President, on the other hand, cannot face the 1946 Congressional elections or his own campaign for reelection by a program that merely says "let nature take its course." He feels that he must outline certain preventative measures and let Congress share the responsibility of accepting or rejecting the recommendations made.

The message is not sensational or surprising. It accords with what has been predicted right along by those whose judgment has not been swept away by the sudden ending of hostilities. A transition period has long been forecast as the sequel to the signing of surrender papers by Germany and Japan. After that transition period something approximating normalcy may be expected if, indeed, any postwar era can ever resemble a pre-war epoch.

The President's program can be summed up as a cautious venture into governmental support of the economic system in the event that convulsions due to war-contract cancellations, reduction or elimination of overtime payments, and exhaustion of unemployment insurance benefits tend to subtract materially from the purchasing power of the American people six to nine months hence. For it seems to be more and more apparent that the climax in an economic sense will not come for several months and that the first real shock of postwar readjustment will not come until sometime during 1946.

The purpose of the Truman policy, of course, is to cushion the shock or mitigate its effects. A far-reaching readjustment may not come for several years. After World War I the first depression was short-lived and the next blow came nearly ten years after the armistice. With the added experience which the government has had since 1929 in dealing with unemployment crises, the chances of a prolonged depression would seem to be less, though sooner or later the problem of dealing with a $275,000,000,000 debt will require a far more realistic tax program than is indicated by the Truman message, which, in the main, side-steps the use of tax reduction as an incentive to reemployment and the creation of jobs.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE MYSTERY OF SURVIVAL

The project undoubtedly dearest to the heart of Adolph Hitler was the destruction of the Jews. It was a curious obsession, for in his Germany dwelt only 600,000 of these people and most of them were rapidly passing from their religious identity.

How many Jews remain in Europe today, nobody knows. The Nazi plan of total extirpation continued up to the moment of defeat and it is estimated that perhaps 4,000,000 men, women and children have been killed. The object was to kill them all.

The mystery of Jewish survival is not to be found in any material facts. On the whole, they are mostly workers and small shopkeepers. A few European Jews were bankers who, in recent years, intermarried, went social, and often deserted their people. The Jews have no army to protect them. They are among the world's worst politicians, as their prolonged negotiations over Palestine prove. They are divided into sects, groups, factions. Even in countries, such as the United States and Great Britain, they are without distinguished communal leadership.

Yet they survive. Today, on their 5706th New Year day, after 13 years of unequalled treachery and sorrow, the centers of their unique culture destroyed, their religion made a crime, their language a felony, their most sacred traditions a shame and a scourge, they survive. Hitler is dead, but the Jews survive.

True, a few changed their names, a few denied their affiliation, but generally, Jewish men and women who had never entered a synagogue, whose parents and grandparents had deserted the ranks, returned to their ancient people, proud of their heritage, proud even to be counted among the persecuted. It was an amazing spectacle of the superiority of the human spirit over the comforts of the flesh.

I cannot hope to grasp the mystery of this strength or this survival. In the Twelfth Century, the most glorious poet of Israel, Jehuda Halevi, sang even as though it were today:

"Raise up Thy salvation like a banner,
And round it gather Thy people.
Work a miracle as aforetime in Egypt;
Blind the eyes of the enemy,
And bring Thy people to Thy holy mount."

And again, he wrote:

"If it be your pleasure to satisfy my desire,
Send me away that I may go unto my Lord;
For I shall find no more rest for my foot
Until I establish in His dwelling place my abode.
Do not delay my footsteps from journeying,
For I fear lest a mishap overtake me.
My request is to find refuge under the wings of God's glory,
And that I camp in the camping place of my fathers."

The persecutors of God and of God's children appear often in the pages of human history and they have their day. They grow full with wealth and power. Their science and logic carry them far until youth asks, "What is this thing called faith that brings only suffering and torture?" And men turn to their own strength, to movements and legislation to save them. But nothing happens except increased misery and deepened umbrage. And in the end, the puffed-up materialist bursts as a bubble, leaving nothing behind but a scratch upon the surface of history. The man of faith survives. The belief in God survives. The spirit of God survives. It is an unchallengeable fact.

And the Jew on this day, as he enters the synagogue, as he stands before his Torah and his Eternal Light, has 5706 years of gruesome history to prove that, as Jehuda Halevi said eight centuries ago: "In the service of God there is no arguing, reasoning, and debating. Had this been possible, philosophers with their wisdom and acumen would have achieved even more than Israel."

And the most significant achievement of the Jew, the only one that really makes him a figure in the human story, is his unerring and unending devotion to his God. For whether as Saul, he becomes the Christian Paul, or whether as the assimilated Theodor Herzl, he becomes the leader of the redemption of his people, he remains everlastingly the servant of God's Will.

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MORE BOONASTIEL LETTERS

(From the Keystone Gazette (Bellefonte) and not published in the book)

Edited by RALPH CHARLES WOOD
Pennsylvania State College

BRIEF VUM HAASE-BAERRICK

Liewer Kernel Harder: Fri., Jan. 17, 1896.

Die ledscht Woch iss der Grover Cleveland un der Bensch (1) Harrison gange Elbedritsche fange. Sie sin donewe am Baerrick naus bis sie am Mike Haahneyaerrick sei Middelfens kumme sin un dernoh hot der Bensch g'saat, "Nau, Grover, du gehscht donewe an der Fens naus, bis du an der Grundeeche kummscht, un dernoh heb der Sack nunner gege em schwarze Deich un ich geh nei un yaag sie raus." Der Grover iss gange wie er gebitt waar, sich en waarmer Blatz im Schnee g'sucht in me Fenseck un sich hiegekniet, mit em Sack die voll Leng uff em Bodde anneg'schtreckt. Der Bensch iss darrich der Busch nunner un glei hot der Grover ihn heere marderlich greische un wedder die Baem globbe mit Hewwel. Es hot net lang genumme, bis er ebbes sehne hot an der Fens ruffkumme. Es waar verhaftich en Grundsau un die hot en Messichband um der Hals. Er hot sie am Schwanz grickt un uffg'howe, dann hot er bei Tschudas g'sehne, as es die "Queen Lill" (2) iss, wu er un der Gresham widder uff ihre Keenichreich duh hen welle. Er hot sie dabber in der Sack g'schowe, so ass er sie nimmi sehne brauch. Es waar aa yuscht Zeit, far newe an der Fens hot ebbes g'hockt, as es aerscht geguckt hot wie en Schillgrott, awwer yuscht so g'schwind, ass er der Sack uffgrickt hot, iss ese derzu nei as wie en Wedderleech. Es waar sei income-tax Rackguhn (3) wu die Supreme Court g'schwenzt hot g'hatt. Ee Elbedritsch nooch der annere iss kumme un zu em Sack nei, bis er gemeent hot, er misst ball voll sei, dann seht er ebbes kumme as ihn schier in die Gichtere geyaagt hot. Es waar en lang schwarz Ding. Es iss net so schtarrick kumme as wie die annere Elbedritsche, un er hot sei Meind uffgemacht es waer en Schlang. Glei hot er awwer g'sehne ass es Bee hot un laaft wie en Katz. Bei dies Zeit waar sie schier wedder ihm un er hot der Sack recht weit uffgemacht so as sie net wedder ihn kummt—fer es waar verhaftich em Wilson sei Free Trade Bisskatz! Awwer was meent der lang Schwanz! Un noch grie an sellem. Der Sack waar yuscht ebaut voll. Un er hot sei Meind uffgemacht fer ausfinne, was der grie Schwanz (4) meent, wu ken End hot. Er hot en 'match' aagerisse, dann findt er, ass der lang Schwanz, wu die 'free trade' Bisskatz noochschleeft. all 'government bonds' sin, wu er ge'issued' hot fer de Demegraade ihre Schulde bezaahle, awwer yuscht ebaut selli Zeit iss der Schwanz abgerisse un es Gedier waar gans im Sack. Der Grover hot sich uffg'schtreckt fer heem geh, weil sei Sack ennihau yuscht ebaut voll waar, dann seht er ebber newe an der Fens ruffkumme. Er hot 's aerscht gemeent, es waer der Bensch, as kumme daet fer heem geh. Es waar ihn awwer nett, un wie der Grover g'sehne hot, ass es net der Bensch iss, hot er dabber der Sack nunner fer die Elbedritsch neilosse. "Nee," hot die Elbedritsch g'saat, "Ich bin Yung America un represent die Venezuelan policy. (5) Dei Sack iss voll mistakes. Ich bin kenner. Kumm, ich helf dir heem." Der Grover waar gaulisch verschrocke. Sei Knie hen wedder nanner geploppt un der Schpeck an seim fette Hals hot g'schiddelt wie en Haufe Zidderli. Der Bu hot ihm heem g'holfe un wie sie ans Hullerhecke Waertshaus kumme sin, waar der Bensch schunt hinnich em Offe g'hockt un Duwacksbrieh darrich en Gnarreloch g'schpauzt. "Was meent des?" hot der Grover g'saat wie er emol widder schwetze hot kenne. "Des meent," hot die Elbedritsch g'saat, "as siwwezich Million Leit in dem Land dir beischtehne, wann's Grieg gebt mit England."

Die grosse Droppe Schweess hen nau aafange hinner nanner nooch Schlidde faahre iwwer em Grover sei fette Backe nunner, un mir hen all g'sehne, ass er gaar bummeraalisch verschrocke iss.

"Was iss letz, Grover?" hot der Bensch g'frogt. "Iss es dir bang dei Elbedritsche kumme dir aus em Sack?"

"Nee, nee; leider Gott, wann ich sie yuscht mei Lewe net g'sehne hett. Un der Bu do wege Grieg schwetze, dutt mir's Schiddle gewwe."

Der Bensch hot seim Grossdaadi sei Hut uff der Kopp g'setzt, (6) en hilsener Dege vun der Wand runner genumme un uffg'schteppt zum Grover. "Heil net," hot der Bensch g'saat, wie er ihn um der Hals grickt hot. "Wann's ebbes gebt, dann maagscht du geh Ende schiesse un ich geh in der Grieg als dei substitute."

Als widder,
GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL.

* * * * *

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The above and other political letters Harter did not include in the editions of his popular book "Boonastiel", perhaps because he believed them to have value only for the moment, but for us of today they have some historical significance. The above fantasy was written toward the end of Cleveland's second term. It sums up what Harter thought Cleveland's mistaken had been. The writer was well-informed but always strictly partisan.

1—"Bensch", Benjamin Harrison, was President from 1889 through 1892, between Cleveland's first and second terms. Although considered by the Republicans as too cold a personality for renomination, he took active part in the campaign of 1896 to help defeat William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate, who had a platform of "easy money", through more coinage of silver unsupported by gold.

2—"Queen Lil" was Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, who was deposed in January, 1893, by a revolution alleged to have been fostered by American sugar growers on the island. The Republican administration had rather favored an "aggressive" attitude toward annexing the islands, but Cleveland, as a result of a report by Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of State, thought that we had interfered in the rights of the island people. "Queen Lil's" announced intentions, however, of beheading the revolutionists had lost her friends among the anti-imperialists. Cleveland's enemies charged that he and Gresham wanted to put "Queen Lil" back on her throne by force.

3—The income tax "racoon", which now seems an irritating common-place, was attached to the Wilson bill in 1894 through the maneuvering of the Populists, a new party with its program of hitting the rich by direct taxation and helping the poor by inflationary measures. Some critics of the present "New Deal" charge there is an unbroken line from "New Deal" policies over William Jennings Bryan back to those of the Populists. Cleveland himself was cool toward the income tax which in May, 1895, was declared by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional. The Wilson bill, the "free trade Bisskatz" was an attempt to amend the tariff for revenue rather than restriction, but by the time members of both parties had put through exceptions which the special interests in their sections wanted, there was little left of the original bill.

4—"Der lang grie Schwanz" is used by Boonastiel to denote the government bonds. They were criticized by his political enemies and by the Populists in his own party. Cleveland had a hard time peddling them among his own people in spite of the fact that big business and foreign governments thought them good investments.

5—"Venezuelan policy" refers to the hostile feeling of the country at large toward England in a boundary dispute with the South American country. This incident, in which Cleveland behaved in an extremely naive fashion from the point of view of the rules of international diplomacy, got him support that was failing in many worth-while projects for the good of the country. People at that time were willing to put up with indescribable internal corruption, but through a minor dispute which did not concern our country, they could nevertheless be so inflamed that the "Elbedritsch" could say: "Des meent, ass siwwezich Million Leit in dem Land dir beischtehne, wann's Grieg gebt mit England."

6—Harter's political satire is unfair here where he accuses Cleveland of cowardice. "Seim Grossdaadi sei Hut" refers to an anti-Harrison cartoon which made the rounds of the country and showed Harrison covered by the too ' "ge hat of his grandfather, William Henry Harrison, former President and hero of Tippecanoe. As can be read between the lines, "Bensch" Harrison was not liked, even if respected, by many of his own party.

* * * * *

BRIEF VUM HAASE-BAERRICK

Liewer Kernel Harder: Fri., July 17, 1896.

Ich hab die anner Nacht en wunnerbaarer Draam g'hatt. Ich hab en halwer Schnitzboi gesse eb ich ins Bett bin un ebaut halb Nacht bin ich wacker warre un hab der Polly g'saat, ich daet glaawe, ass die Radde widder am fechte waer'n in meim Maage. Sie iss uffg'schtanne un hot die Goldendur Boddel grickt un ewennich uff en Gnoddel Zucker g'schitt un mir en ins Maul g'schteckt. Ich hab mich dernoh annegelegt un bin widder eig'schlofe. Dernoh iss es Draame aagange.

Ich hab gedraamt, ich waer annere Kaerriche fair—eens vun selle Bletz wu die Weipsleit Kuche backe far Geld 'raise'e far aarme gleene Heide wolliche Debbich gaafe far drunner schlofe in Afrikaa, wu die Sunn em Lecher in die Hosse brennt. Awwer die Fair waar uff e wennich en annerer Blaan. Sie hen en Vendue g'hatt un hen die Mannsleit verkaaft. Des hettscht du sehne solle. Dart waar die Sally Dubrigle. Die hot uff alles gebotte as Hosse gewore hot. Nau mind you, sie waar awwer uffg'fixed'. Sie hot drei Grolle uff yedere Seid vum Kopp g'hatt, die inside vun ihre Backe waare ausg'schtoppt mit Lumbe far sie vollg'sichtich gucke mache, un die outside waare aag'schtriche mit rodriewe Brieh. Sie hot en silwerner Fingerring aag'hatt, awwer ihre Fingernegel hen gegukt, as wann sie sie g'schaabt hett. Sie hot en schtreefiche Polly Ann aag'hatt un en frill um der Hals. Sie waar gleiichi Dicking vun de Fiess bis an der Kopp. Wu sie leer waar hot sie sich ausg'schtoppt g'hatt mit Baamwoll wie en Kummet, bis sie ball geguckt hot wie en yung Maedel. In fact, es hot niemand gedenkt, ass sie es schunt dreiunvaerzich Yohr heere hett dunnere, un ich glaab net, dass sie selwer meh gewisst hot, wie alt as sie iss, weil sie schunt far die ledschte fufzeh Yohr behaabt hot, sie waer yuscht neinunzwansich.

Besides derf Sally waare edliche annere as gebodde hen, bis ball ken Mannskerl meh safe waar unnich ihne rumlaafe, mitaus er hot sei Fraa am Aarm g'hatt un sie hot en Briggel gedraage.

Ich hab mich uff en Schockelschtuhl g'hockt in en Eck un glei sin diefe Gedanke iwwer mich kumme. Ferwas hen die Weipsleit ken Menner grickt? Ich hab sie all gekennt, wie sie yung waare un deel vun ihne waare real-down schee. Dernoh iss es mir eikumme, ass ich der Sall Dubrigle ihre beau waar. Ich hab sie far zwee Munet schier alle Nacht in der Woch gekaressiert un zweemol Sundaags. Ich hab sie waerklich gegliche. Un ich glaab verhafdich, ass sie mich aa hot, awwer sie waar zu independent fer mich's wisse losse, un allemol ass en fremmer Mann in die Nochberschaft kumme iss, hot sie ihn 's aersche g'fange un iss mit ihm in der Nochberschaft rumg'faahre. Endlich iss es mir eikumme, ass unser Lieb all uff eenere Seit iss, un die match iss abgebroche. Ich denk, Kernel sie iss glicklich darrich well sie mich net grickt hot, awwer wann sie all die annere Buwe getreat hot wie sie mich hot, dann iss es ken Wunner ass sie nau rumgeh muss un biede far en Mann as wie mer Esel kaaft ann're Vendue.

Iwwerdem bin ich wacker warre. Die Polly hot mir gerufe fer uff schteh fer Breckfescht. Es waar heller Daag. Ich hab mei Draam net vergesse kenne. Es waar so viel Waahrheit drin. Es iss mir eikumme, dass es Haabtding in me Weipsmensch seim Lewe iss en guder Mann griege, un die Helft vun ihne verfehle's, weil sie zu independent sin aazulosse, ass sie aus em 'same'e Dreck gemacht sin, as mer aarme dumme Buwe aa. Deel vun ihne welle sehne wie viel Buwe as sie der Hensching gewwe kenne, eb's ihne aakummt fer heiere. Deelmols hen sie en halb Dutzend as sie gleiche uff eemol, un Kernel, ich hab in meim Lewe noch ken Weipsmensch gekennt as genunk Lieb hot fer zwee Menner uff eemol lang narrisch halte iwwer sich.

En ehrlich Aag un en waarm Haerz iss meh wert as der feinscht Seide. Yunge Leit sette alsfart ehrlich sei mit enanner. Wn en Bu tschaat odder schmokt, dann sett er 's seim Maedel saage; wann er drinkt odder flucht sett er 's ihre saage un's schtoppe. Wann deel vun seinre Freindschaft uff em Galge g'schtarwe sin odder deel nadierlich g'schtarwe, wu g'henkt sei hette solle, sett er's saage, un wann sie ihn dernoh will, dann hot er sell Weipsmensch wu die Woll karz iss so lang as sie lebt.

Ich hab dir schunt eweil nimmi g'schriwwe, Kernel. Ich hab gedenkt, du waerscht zu busy fische un hunde fer mei Brief uffsetze, awwer die Polly hot mir die Ruh nimmi gelosst, bis ich widder g'schriwwe hab, weil sie dich so bummeraalisch gleicht. Es iss alles geduldich am Haase-Baerrick. Sidder der demegraadische nomination in Chicago dutt der rod Kaddun (calico) an zehe cent die yard verkaafe fer Anarchist flags mache.

Als widder,
GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL.

SCHPOTTVEGGEL

En Sach net schee iss, dass viel Leit
Nix liewer duhn wie schpotte;
Sie hen fer uns ken Lob—yuscht Neid,
Un duhn uns yuscht verroppe.

So Leit, die hen en saurer Gejscht;
Hen wennich Lieb fer schwetze,
As wie vun dem, was allermeischt
Yuscht schafft fer Leit verletze.

Un wann en Mensch hot Gall zu viel,
Un yuscht raus bringt was bitter,
Der waer viel besser schur gans schtill
Un waer ken Haerzeschplitter.

Mei liewer Mensch, lob doch was recht,
Un ehr die Leit fer Werke gut;
Un wann en Mann sei Glaas verbrecht,
Dann lach net yuscht, wann Finger blut.

Duscht lache iwwer 'n grummi Naas
Un bischt du selwer grumm im Kopp;
Un bischt verleicht en Schlang im Graas,
Dann mach net fart, un pletzlich schtopp.

Leit verschpotte, Leit verlache,
Iss net menschlich—ebbes schunscht!
Sei net immer mit deim Rache
Ready fer so'n schwarzi Kunscht.

Guthaerzich, frei un freindlich sei,
Iss lowenswert un menschlich;
En Maul mit Schpott un Deiwlerei,
Des liegt, hot Gift, iss schendlich.

G'nunk Traurichkeit in daerer Welt
Mitaus noch Hass un schpotte.
Viel Leit die sin im Gnowwloch Feld,
Die im Zucker Daal sei sotte.

Nau wann en Mensch ken Lieb meh hot,
Iss bees un dutt yuscht prutze,
Der besser geht zu seinem Gott
Un losst sei Haerz ausbutze.

10. July, 1945. —H. HORACE ROMIG

EN BULLY GELEDDERT

Sechsunachtzig Yohr zerick iss en G'schicht vorg'falle in alt Emmaus, as wennich Leit noch g'heert hen devun, un sie froh sin wammer's ihne verzaehlt, sowohl as zu Leit as net dart deheem sin odder waaren.

Es waar im Yohr 1858 wie der East Penn Riggelwek gebaut iss warre. Der Wek geht vun Allentown noch Reading. Der contractor hot lauder Eirische Menner gedingt g'hatt, weil die contractors un Riggelwek Leit hen ausg'funne g'hatt, ass selli die beschte Schaffleit sin im ganse Land fer selli Sart Aerwet.

Zwee Meil west vun Emmaus hen zimmlich grosse banks un cuts gemacht sei misse un des hot paar Monet genumme.

Eens vun de Schaffleit waar en grosser Mann, wu bank boss waar un hot sich viel g'freet iwwer seller glee job. Er waar awwer en wieschter Rilps zu de annere, adaddich denne as glenner waare as er. Eens vun seinere gang waar en gleener, aarmer Mann. Der boss waar arrick wiescht zu ihm un hot ihn oft beleidicht un beyused. Die annere hen sich nix bekimmert derwege so lang as er net hinnich ihne waar, awwer der anner glee Schlucker hot's schtende misse, weil er zu leicht un glee waar fer Wedderbatt zu nemme.

Dann awwer ee Daag hot der glee Mann en neier Kummeraad grickt un der schwetzt nei wie der bully widder der glee Kerl beyused hot. Noh secht der nei Mann zu ihm: "Sell iss nau genunk. Du schtoppscht des Beyuse vun meim Freind. Vun heit aa nemm's aus mir, wann de kannscht."

Sell hot der Rilps awwer uffgezogge un er hot g'saat: "Ya well! Kumm raus un grickt deins!"—"Nee", secht der nei Mann, wu aa yuscht en gleener Kerl waar, "mer wolle des settle nooch der Schaffschtunne—mer sin gedingt."

Well, der bully hot's aersche net duh wolle, awwer glei hen die zwee ausgemacht, sie wetten des Ding settle imme public G'fecht, un des sott fair un square ausg'fochte sei Sie hen noh die Blaans gemacht.

All die Riggelweger hen am Eagle House ge'board'. Sell hot g'schtanne, wu nau em Dokter Wickert sei gleener dreieckicher Park leit, am westliche End vun de Main Schtross. Der Blatz as sie ausg'sucht hen fer der fight, waar imme Hof newich 'm Haus uff de lot wu die Security Trust Bank ihre schee Gebei nau schteht. Naegscht am Haus waar en Bump. Es waar en scheener, blodder Hof.

Dart, ee Owet, iss der fight vorg'falle. Es waaren en grossi crowd Leit darte versammelt, zu sehne wie es haergingt.

An re gesetzte Zeit sin die zwee Menner rausg'schteppt. Sie hen nix aa g'hatt as Hosse. En annerer hot Zeit un Adder g'halte. Die crowd as drum rum g'schtanne hot, iss glei ge'pleased' warre.

Es hot net lang genumme bis der gross bully geleddert waar. Sie hen ihn ins Waertshaus gedraage un dart waar er paar Woche lang im Bett. Der glee Fechter wu der gross bully geleddert hot, iss noch der Bump un hot 's Blut vum annere vun sich gewesche un nix viel derwege g'saat. Es iss noh aerscht ausg'funne warre, as der glee Kerl en guder professional boxer waar un des hot der gross bully net ausg'funne in Zeit, schunscht waer er schur net so g'schwind gewest fer so'n fight aazunemme. Er hot sei lesson gelaernt g'hatt.

Macungie, Pa. —O. P. KNAUSS

(odder ewwe der Hiram Hullerheck)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELLEN L. WEAVER

Mrs. Ellen Louise Weaver of 1161 West Emaus Ave., widow of Martin Weaver, died Thursday at the Allentown hospital. She was 77 years old.

Born in Berks county, Mrs. Weaver was a daughter of the late Joseph and Fannie, nee Gehringer, Tyson.

She is survived by one daughter, Eva L., wife of Clayton Hausman, with whom she resided, and by six grandchildren. Her husband died 25 years ago.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Derr funeral home, 46 E. Susquehanna St. Interment will be in the Grimsville cemetery. Rev. Victor Kroninger of Shillington will officiate. Friends may call Monday from 7 to 9 p. m.

MRS. EMMA WIEDER

Mrs. Emma, nee Schmoyer, Wieder, widow of Henry A. Wieder, one of the oldest residents of Emmaus, passed away yesterday morning at her home, 4th and Chestnut Sts., after an illness of several months. She was in her 90th year.

Born in Mountainville, daughter of the late Thomas and Sallie, nee Kocher, Schmoyer, she was a resident of Emmaus most of her life. After the death of her husband 14 years ago, she, with the help of her brother, John, continued her husband's hardware business in Emmaus. She was an active member of St. John's Reformed church, Emmaus.

Besides her brother, Mrs. Wieder is survived by two sisters, Eva Smith, Emmaus and Mrs. Gertrude Rohr, Allentown; another brother, Charles, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2 p. m. from the Reinsmith funeral home, 32 N. 4th St., Emmaus. Interment in Moravian cemetery. Rev. Royce Schaeffer will officiate.

EDWARD CULLIGAN

Edward Culligan, a resident of Bethlehem for the past 50 years, died at St. Luke's hospital Friday at 4 a. m., of complications. He resided with his daughter, Mrs. Terrance F. Fagan at 937 E. Fourth St., Bethlehem.

A native of Ireland, he served as patrolman for the Bethlehem Steel Co., until his retirement five years ago. He was a member of Holy Infancy church and the Holy Name society.

Surviving him are his daughter and four sons, Leo Culligan, of Fountain Hill, James Culligan, Thomas Culligan and Ross Culligan, all of Bethlehem, 12 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 9 a. m. from the late home with requiem high mass in Holy Infancy church at 9:30 a. m. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

RICHARD O. CHRISTMAN

Funeral service for Richard O. Christman, husband of Susanna E. A. (Dorney) Christman, who died suddenly Thursday morning at his home, 949 Front St., will be held at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at the Trexler funeral home, 118 S. 8th St. Interment in Greenwood cemetery. He had been in ill health for several years but had not been bedfast.

Born in Allentown, he was the son of the late Allen and Mary (Fallstich) Christman. He had been employed as a janitor for the Miller Underwear Co. for a number of years.

Besides his wife he is survived by two daughters, Mildred, wife of Ralph Hillegass of Allentown; Alta, wife of Harry Weil Jr., of Allentown; one son, Corporal Richard A. Christman, serving with the Army in China; six brothers, Harry, William, Charles, Raymond, all of Allentown; Robert, Catasauqua; Fred, Friedensville, and four grandchildren. A grandson, Seaman First Class Robert Hillegass, is serving in the South Pacific. Mr. Christman was preceded in death by three brothers and a sister.

MRS. MATHIAS FRITZ

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary, nee Zartler, widow of Mathias Fritz, who died Thursday night at her late home, 715½ Greenleaf St., the residence of her granddaughter, Mrs. John Farnslader, will be held from the William J. Weber Funeral home, 502 Ridge Ave., on Monday at 8:30 a. m., followed by solemn requiem high mass in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi at 9 a. m. Interment in Sacred Heart cemetery. She was in her 85th year.

MRS. EMMA T. HUNSICKER

Mrs. Emma T. Bennighoff Hunsicker, 11 Lincoln Ave., Walnutport, died yesterday morning after an illness of a year.

Born in Lowhill township she was a daughter of the late William and Adelina nee Hoffman Bennighoff. She has been a resident of Walnutport for the past 24 years and previous to that time lived in Saegersville.

Mrs. Hunsicker was a member of the Reformed congregation of Heidelberg church and of Shepherd of Bethlehem lodge, No. 129, Slatington.

She is survived by her husband and the following children: Mrs. Oliver Harter, Germansville; Mrs. Oliver Zellner, Slatington R. 2; Mrs. Clarence Harter, Germansville; Mrs. Zeno Snyder, Walnutport R. 2 and Norman J. Hunsicker, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from her late home. Continued services will be held at Heidelberg church with Rev. Thomas Bachman officiating. Interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Guter Barya

'M Mondawg is 'n freind kumma on Dorney Park un hut gawunnert eb m'r net 'n bauer wista os om gucka wear fer 'n guter chob. Nadierlich hen m'r gawunnert wos fer 'n chob os es wear, noh hut er g'sawt, 'n freind fon seina het 'n 460 ocker bauerrei drunna in Marylond, un het garn ebber fer sie iwwer nemma,—'s liebsht 'n Pennsylfawnish Deitschie familia. Er hut noh welter fertzailt, der mon os der blotz het wear willins fer $80 da mohnet loo batzawla, der bauer kent sich ol sei aiga ess socha raisa, un gaibt 'm die helft gelt fom broft os gamocht dade werra uf da bauerrei, un gaibt aw 'n finf yohr kontract.

So weit os gabeier aw gangda wear allas notewennich darta, ow'r wear willins fers hous rum annerra grawd wie die leit 's howwa wotta os nei tziega dada. Die same tz

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Aye, wisest he is in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away. Miller.

ARE WE ON 'ROAD TO SERFDOM?'

Two wars have come to an end and there is peace between the American people and their former enemies upon the field of battle. But in America yesterday another war was begun that may have even more potent effects upon the American people than anything which occurred upon the battle fields of Europe and Asia, in the air over those lands or upon the seas adjacent to them.

Yesterday that dreaded clash upon the home-front between Labor and Industry was opened when wage increases were asked by labor organizations in the steel and automobile industries and the UAW announced it was ready to apply its secret weapon—a systemwide strike of a single company—in order to enforce its demands for a 30 per cent wage increase thruout the automobile industry, while at the same time the United Steel Workers of America made a demand upon the United States Steel Corporation for a $2 per day wage increase.

Just a few hours before these demands were made and while 50,000 men were being sent home from the Ford plant because it could not get brake drums and wheels from a specialty company whose workers already have been on strike nearly a month, Stewart S. Fish, speaking before the Rotary club in this city, was prophetically telling leading Allentonians: "From the war-time clashes on the home front it is clear that Labor and Management never buried the hatchet, but fretted under a peace they never made." And he continued: "Peace abroad means war at home; war on the far-flung industrial front."

Immediate reaction by the big industries which have been selected as targets for tactics which, if successful, will drive all other industry along with the big fellows, was summed up by the president of United States Steel. He said that his company cannot agree to wage increases unless there be increase likewise in the cost of the finished product, "that is, we can't if we are to stay in business, because staying in business means staying out of the red."

He went on to say that the steel business is now right up against government policy for if government policy involves wage increases it must also involve necessary price increases. This policy is one which decrees that wage increases may not be made voluntarily by a company if increased labor costs bring price increase. So to hold out any hope to employes and the public that the wage issue can be settled by "sitting down around a table" while the parties and the matters in controversy are affected by government controls would not be honest.

What is probably most disturbing is the thinking in terms of business violence which the promoters of the wage increases have already voiced. Thus Walter Reuther, vice president of UAW who is director of the organization of General Motors workers, termed the action a "blockade." He promised that it would not only use strikes but boycotts and would affect every department and every product of General Motors. And he went on to say that the action could and would "wreck the business of any industry" while permitting operation by its competitors. This is announced, premeditated murder in business and is bad.

This is a highly disturbing note at a time when several million men already are out of work and more than a half million men will be returning monthly from the armed forces.

Is it the intention of those who control the actions of the workers in General Motors and the automobile industry in general and the basic steel industry to drive this country into the socialization of the heavy industries as the Labor Government in England is pledged to do? Is it their purpose to go even farther along the road that must lead to a communism such as Russia developed but modified extensively when it was found impractical?

All is occurring at a time when industry is well on the road to reconversion for peace time production and when the hope of the country was that peace time demands and buying power would bring about renewed large-scale, if not in fact full employment for the workers of the country.

The entire situation may well prompt the American people to ask: What is this road which we are asked to travel, upon which we are being forced to go? May it not in fact be what an eminent economist in a recent book termed "The Road to Serfdom?"

MacARTHUR CAN STAND CRITICISM

General MacArthur has become nettled by that large element of the American press which has been clamoring for the "mailed fist" in his treatment of Japan and conversely has been criticising what they term his "soft peace" for our former enemy.

So the general has replied to his critics and also has taken some actions which almost certainly must have been upon his agenda long before the criticism developed.

What of course must, or should, be evident is that to tear down an enormous military structure such as Japan made of every element of her life for total war and which took years to build cannot be accomplished in a few days. If it is realized that it will take a generation or more to replace the military viewpoint of Japan with an attitude of peace, then it can be realized that it is going to take quite some time to handle other propositions.

General MacArthur, if he has gone slowly and easily, has nevertheless proceeded directly and firmly. After all neither he nor anybody else, as far as is known and admitted, expected such early and complete collapse of Japan. Just as we were not prepared for the war, so we were not prepared for the peace. The disarming and remodeling of a people for peace also requires preparation. For one thing, you can't learn Japanese in a few days or a few weeks. If there be any doubt on that score, just try it. And there has to be acquirement of the language of the conquered by a considerable number of the conquerors before the big job can be done widely and well. We can't expect the conquered to flock to the English courses in school.

But General MacArthur can afford to proceed wisely, even if slowly. He is working with a people who only a few months ago still firmly believed in victory for themselves. They must be a highly confused people as they face a completely altered situation from what they had expected and what they had been experiencing.

MacArthur was criticised when he was not advancing rapidly in the war. That must have been stinging for a military man who stands among the highest in his knowledge and skill as to that profession. But he endured it and went on to historic fame and glory. Now he is being criticised for lack of speed and toughness in carrying out the peace terms. He also should be able to endure this and from his constructive achievements in the Philippines during years of peace there can be confidence that his peace record will prove as constructive as his war record proved destructive for his foes.

The Point Systems

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14—Although the authors of the various point systems used for discharges from the Army, Navy and Marine Corps may wish to conceal their identity for a while, judging by the rumpus that has developed throughout the armed services, the fact of the matter is that there is much to be said in behalf of each system.

What the average service man who is restlessly waiting discharge doesn't know is that none of the point systems devised was designed to allow everybody to go home at once or in a few months. It was developed primarily to enable a certain outflow of veterans and the retention of enough personnel to do the necessary jobs of occupation and patrol in enemy countries.

It takes time to broadcast information in explanation of any public policy and there just hasn't been time enough since V-J Day to disseminate through the armed services all the reasons why the point system has to be carried out in the manner specified.

Take, for instance, the Navy. There has been a wide clamor to the effect that credits should have been given for overseas service. But it so happens that 97 per cent of the total Naval personnel are classed as having performed overseas duty. There wouldn't be much sense in adding overseas credits and then increasing the total score, for if that had been done, the result would not have caused the earlier discharge of many more Navy men, though it might have removed one source of protest.

Battle Stars and Credits

Then there is the claim that battle star credits should be given for the Navy personnel just as is the case with the Army. But the Navy doesn't have a record here of all the individuals who would be entitled to battle stars. In fact only now are the records being received as to what ships participated in which battles. The Navy high command and area commanders have been too busy fighting the war to write an individual history of the achievements of each man. The Army could keep such records because its personnel were in fixed positions for longer intervals.

But if battle stars were to be counted, is it fair to give credits to a man who wears a battle star just because his ship happened to be in the vicinity of an engagement but many hundreds of miles away? And if this is a proper award, what shall be said of the men on the supply ships back of the fighting zones without whom the battles could not have been won? And what of the pilots in the Navy transport services who flew tens of thousands of miles back and forth across the Pacific but never engaged in combat? They don't wear battle stars but they played a vital role in the communications system that made victory possible.

The more the question of battle stars and credits for them is studied, the more complex the problem becomes especially for the Navy. The Marine Corps for once pulled itself quietly out of the Navy family and decided to use the Army system of 85 points.

Doubtless experts among the personnel of all armed services could have devised a better system but such experts might never have realized the responsibility, for instance, that the captain of a cruiser or a battleship would have if he suddenly had to release his chief engineer and assistants, his navigating officer and all his cooks just because someone back in Washington devised a point system that required their immediate release.

There has to be a transition period and it takes time to work out individual cases. There will be isolated instances of hardship due to delays that might have been avoided but with nearly 12,000,000 men in the armed services and with a volunteer system for replacements and training not yet fully in operation, patience is more than ever needed by the parents of service men as well as the veterans themselves.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

VETERANS AND JOBS

Congress ought to insist that no American boy be kept in the Army one day longer than is absolutely necessary, and necessity should be proved. The Army is not a CCC project. It is not a means for controlling the labor market by limiting the supply of manpower. The Army and Navy are an emotional expression of the citizen's sacrifice for his country. It should ever remain a sacrifice; it should never become a prison for his hopes and ambitions.

The returning veteran finds himself in the difficulty that while he was in foxholes, other Americans were in mills and factories; that the worker whom he may dispossess from a job is a veteran of World War I who claims that he also has made sacrifices; the veteran of this war enters a declining labor market in which seniority is an important, if not crucial, factor. On the other hand, if organized labor fights the veteran for a job, this country will be faced by a major class conflict.

General Hershey's interpretation of the G.I.'s rights, based upon the law, is that the veteran is entitled to "absolute" seniority rights, restoration to his old job or its equivalent even if that might mean bumping off a present employee of greater seniority, acquired since September, 1940. The A. F. of L., C.I.O. and Railroad Brotherhoods disagree.

Their position is that a veteran should be credited with cumulative seniority equal to time spent in uniform, but that such seniority should not be employed "to bump" a present employee of greater seniority. This does not help the veteran at all, particularly in the current dwindling labor market, for what it amounts to is that the veteran gets his seniority credit after he finds a job.

Some unions have been meeting this difficulty by offers of waived initiation fees, of widened apprenticeship arrangements, etc., but none of this involves jobs immediately and that is what the veteran needs and requires. Then again, the question arises, what about the serviceman who has never held a job before, who is just out of high school or college? Nobody seems to be paying too much attention to that boy. I have seen an estimate to the effect that 9,000,000 servicemen are of this type; it may be high or low—but it is a gauge. That boy wants to work and he wants no arguments about it.

This is no simple problem that can be smacked around in the purlieus of party and demagogic politics. Bernard Baruch, in his letter to General Omar Bradley, Director of the Veterans Administration, stressed the social and economic significance of the fact that, with their families, the 12,000,000 veterans constitute a quarter of the population. He said:

". . . Unless there is prompt, corrective action, the disillusionment and bitterness that have spread among some veterans and their kin will steadily worsen. Aggravating your difficulties is the fact that the human side of demobilization is being neglected tragically."

But this country dare not neglect the human side of separation. Already too many of our boys are telling stories of haughty colonels in the Army, of power drunk "chiefs" in the Navy, of bad rations, of a thousand and one dissatisfactions. If these boys get jobs, they will forget their gripes and return to the citizenry, to march in uniform each year on Memorial Day. If they do not get jobs, these gripes will become accentuated. To them will be added an antagonism to those who "stole" their opportunities while they were away. It is a menacing mood and must be arrested before it becomes a devastating movement.

Baruch said:

"There now prevails a 'no man's land' of neglect of the human problems of the change-over from war to peace. The very first need in the present situation is:

"A vigorous, imaginative 'Work Director,' to vitalize the post of Administrator of Retraining and Reemployment, to accomplish its original purpose of making certain the human side of demobilization is not forgotten."

But the ultimate goal of that human side is a job. The veteran wants to get married, he wants a home of his own, he wants acceptability in his home community.



DIE MENNISCHTE KERCH

(naegscht an Coopersburg, Penna.)

Drunne im Saucona Daal,
Net weit vun Coopersburg,
Hen die Mennischte en Kerch gebaut
Klee wennich an en Berg.

Schunn fimfunsiwwezich Yohr
Es Versammlinghaus dart schteht;
Mer meent net ass es sei kennt,
Wie die Zeit so schnell vergeht.

Es waar yuscht en kleenj Schar,
Wu die Gemee hot aagefange;
Es hot en langi Zeit genumme,
Sin noch meh dezu gegange.

Sie hen alsfert so schee g'sunge,
Gebeter waare lang un viel;
Wann ebber dart hie iss kumme,
Hot's glei sich g'fiehlt deheem.

Die Leit hen sie browiert
Unserm Herr Gott zuzudrehe;
Er hot ihne aa recht g'holfe
Un es waare alle Yohr meh.

Ihre Sinde hen sie bekennet
Un Fiesswesche hen sie g'hatt;
In der Saucona Grick hen sie gedaaft,
Alsemol waar'n 's en gansi lot.

Sie hen gebet un g'sunge,
Alsemol hot's eens iwwernumme;
Es iss noh "happy" warre,
Es Haerz waar yo so froh.

En Amen Eck hen sie g'hatte,
'S waar eens uff yedere Seid;
Sie sin alsemol verzickt warre,
Geriehrt vum Heiliche Geischt.

Campmeetings hen sie als g'halte
Dart driwwe uff em Keschteberg;
Viel Leit sin dart hiekumme
Aus de Daeler un vun de Berg.

'S Meetinghaus schteht bissel hinne,
Net weit vun de grosse Schtross;
Newe draa ruhe viel Mitlieder
Sanft in Mutter Erde's Schoss.

Mer duhn 'ne viel Glick winsche
Zum Fimfunsiwwezichschte Yubelie,
Un bete, dass Gott ihne beischteh,
Dass die Gemee soll wachse viel.

(Read at the Mennonite Meeting House near Coopersburg on the occasion of the 75th anniversary.)

—ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

AN OLD LETTER

The following letter, written more than a century ago, was mailed from West Greenville (now Greenville), Mercer Co., Pa., on May 20, 1841. Catharina and Isaac Kohler, who wrote the letter, were among the many who migrated from Lehigh to Mercer, Crawford, and other northwestern counties of Pennsylvania, a long way from the relatives in the eastern counties. The letter was addressed to Daniel Coaler (Kohler), Lehigh County, Allentown, Pa.—Written at a time when our Pennsylvania Germans looked upon their dialect as a convenient vehicle of speech but hardly for expression in written form, the writer felt it necessary to try to adhere, however imperfectly, to that Schriftdeutsch that he heard occasionally at church and which was soon to become for his descendants a lost legacy. Professor Ralph C. Wood of The Pennsylvania State College has for some time been engaged in the study of such Pennsylvania High German and the place it occupies in the evaluation of our dialect of today.

West Selem Taunschip
May den 16ten 1841.

Meinen Geliebten Freinte Alle

Ich lassen euch wissen das ich euren brief gegriegt haben den 17ten April aber es war mir nicht eher Geschickt zu schreiben als bis Diesen tag da Sind alle meine umstaende fertig geworten da zu Nun Will ich euch wissen lassen Alle meine Freinte undbekante Dass das mir Noch Alle Gesunt suent so lang das Gott will und ich lasse euch auch wissen das ich den Hares zu Caspar Meyer verdingt habe nur fuer 35 Thaler fuer 8 Monat und aber heit hatte er das heilige Abentmahl Emphangen und is frisch und gesund

2tens Jeremias ist 17 Meilen vun uns bey gans englischen leiten und redet besser englisch das theitsch angefer in 15 Monat wird er frey und ist gesunt so lang das Gott wil und Carolus ist bey Peter Biewer bey der Henne Wasser wie lang weis ich nicht und Efriam den koennen mir auch naus thun wan mir wollen und ich denk mir thun auch und was es mit Wiliam gibt das weis ich Nicht ich glaub das er nich recht ist wie er sein Soll Allem ausschen nach er ist sehr schlecht in seinem Gehoer das verderbt sein Verstant und Vernunft.

Ich benachrichte mich mit dem Markbreis weitzen das buschel 50 Cent Korn und Welshkorn 25 Cent das buschel buchweitzen kein breis und kein Gelt fer Nichts. Aber Arbeit have ich genung so viel das ich immer thun kan Schumachen un mit Zimmern Aber kein Gelt dass ist das uebel von allem uebel und mir haben ein Sehr hart Friejahr mir haben Mehr als die haelft morgen reifen im gansen May gehabt bis daher und nichts kan wachsen bis daher so kalt und rau ist es, es scheint als wan es nicht warm werten wolte

und nun wolte mir wissen wie es mith unsern Schwieger Mutter aus sueth wo sie wohnt und wie sie ihre Sach gemacht hat fuer ihre leben zu erhalten mir wilten wissen wo Sauerwein wohnt und wo William Scheurer sein loth gekauft hat

noch eins Butter ist 6 cent das punt Eyer das Dutzen 4 cent Schinken fleish 5 cent Mir Wolte auch gern wissen wo Carolus Scheurer war wie er so gefallen ist und an was er gearbeitet hat Un meine frau wolte auch gern wissen was Paulus Scheurer fuer ein mensh hat wofuer er in der Bressent ist

und ihr haben uns Benachrichtig es wehre ein frau Schneckin gestorben aber mir koennen es nicht aus machen wer es ist ob es meine Schwester ist oder immand sonst

Ich hab vor hin gesagt das mir Alle gesunt weren aber Meine Frau Catrina hatte den Husten schon seit Neujahr Aber das ist kein Krankheit nicht

Ich wolte doch winschen das sich einer meiner Freunden unter so vielen die ihr sind Auf machen und so uns zukommen es macht uns nichts aus were es ist und also hab ich geglaubt dass das mein Bruder Abraham so geschwint thun koennt als einer wan er wolte

Machen sich doch einer auf den weg bis Spatjahr und kommen zu uns was werden mir doch so Froh seyn wan mir wieder einer von unsern freund sehen werden kommen mit Freiten werden mir ihn Aufnehmen und Beherbergen so gut das mir vermegent suent

Ich habe im Suen das ich mir ein Stick Land kaufen wil bis Frichjahr wann ich gesunt and meinen Leben gesunt Bleiben und Ein Hauss darauf bauen und wan es nur 6 oder 10 Acker suend. Ich weis nicht ob mir so viel gelt resen koennen fuer das Land zu bezahlen und das Haus Bauen wan mir eben nicht koennen so missen mir es sein lasen Das Land ist nicht so theuer wie es war es ist von 5 bis 8 bis 10und 15 thaler der Acker und wan mir das nicht thun koennen dann wollen mir Browieren um ein bauer rey anzufangen bis ein Ander Jahr

Noch eins mechte ich gern wissen ich glaub das ihr es wuessen Lasen mich wissen wo der Joseph Kohler und John Kohler wohnen.

Ich mus euch noch ein wenig Sagen wie es uns gegangen ist fuer 2 und 3 u 4 Jahren zurick da haben wir $1.50 das buschel weitzen bezahlte und $1.00 fuer Korn und Welshkorn und fuer Buchweitzen fuer ein inter Sorth(?) Da koennt ihr denken das es zimlich Schmahl her gegangen ist das ich manchen Abend nicht gewist hab wo ich den Naechten Thag Brod griegen will Aber ich hab Alle mahl gekriegt Aber nun gets etwas beser und Alle tage gearbeitet Siehe ich muss alles Kaufen was mir brauchen die Gleider und das merste von der Kost

Das ist alles was ich weis fuer des mahl
So viel von Freunten

CATHARINA KOHLER u ISAAC KOHLER

und Schreiben mir so geschwint das moechlich ist wider.

(The editor is indebted for this letter to Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach of Royersford, Pa., who has carefully transcribed it from the original. The curious "Henne Wasser" mentioned in the letter Mr. Hollenbach believes may be a reference to the Neshhannock Creek only about 17 miles from Greenville.—We shall let the economist decide whether 1841 was a time of prosperity with wheat at 50 cents a bushel and rye and corn at 25 cents a bushel; butter at 6 cents a pound, eggs only 4 cents a dozen and ham at 5 cents a pound.)

PLAYER OF CHORALES

To me, nonogenarian Charles Jacob Rhode, one of Topton's best loved citizens, symbolizes a country Church set high on a hill—a bulwark of the Pennsylvania Germans from pioneer days until now.

His many years of painstaking bricklaying symbolize the solid foundations of the age-old edifices; his simplicity of dress and deportment match the modesty of its exterior and interior; and the deep bass of the beloved Chorales he plays on his organ and the filigree turns and trills in the treble, symbolize its spire, strong and sturdy, pointing skyward.

It was his pastor, the Rev. Franklin D. Slifer, who told me about him, and I found him at the home he shares with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bumowsky. He rose when I came in—tall, stately, white-haired and Van Dyke-bearded—and with an Old-World bow he shook hands, with the firm handshake of the builder.

"It is good of you to come," he said simply.

Modest and immaculate in dress, he prefers black or gray suits, is most meticulous in his choice of neckties, and wears perhaps the only white vest in Berks county. "Preacher George B. Smith, Kutztown, used to wear white vests," he said, and his daughter added, "Yes, but I can't find white vests in the stores anymore, and I have an awful time weaning him away from gates-ajar collars, they're hard to find, too."

We talked leisurely then, and I did not have to raise my voice. His daughter prodded him with questions now and again, "You remember this, don't you, father?" and never once did I detect any nervous mannerisms like twirling his watch-chain or turning his ring again and again.

Brick-laying, I discovered, had been his trade, which he learned from his farmer-bricklayer father, a Civil War veteran. As an apprentice, his wages were seventy-five cents for a ten-hour day. "Some of our bricklaying was on farms," he explained, "and we often arrived for work before breakfast. My bosses stopped the trade two weeks before harvest, and I helped Hummel at Macungie with his wheat. He was a great smoker and gave us free cigars."

When advanced to contractor, Mr. Rhode never wanted for jobs, and did not solicit any. "They always came to me. I had workmen from Topton, Kutztown, Mertztown and Alburtis. Some Irish too, who made good tenders."

He built many Topton homes, factory stacks, and mills, and the brickwork of the Lutheran Home for Orphans. He was often absent more than a week, working at points between Allentown and Reading, Bethlehem, Hellertown, and Hazleton—"all over."

Scarcely ever hurt, he was laid up for six months "when a third-floor scaffold broke and I landed on a pile of stones. But I broke no bones. Another time, a brick hit me on the head."

It was his father who donated the ground for the Grimville school-house where he had his schooling. He took advanced courses there during winter months, until twenty-one, some of his teachers having been from Reading. In his early years some of the classes were conducted in German, and he was always a wizard at mental arithmetic. To this day he reads newspapers and "serious books." He voted for "about half a dozen Republican Presidents;" and enjoys chatting with his pastor on topics of the day. The seven-thirty factory whistle is his alarm clock; he drinks coffee twice a day and relishes sauer kraut; and goes to bed "betimes."

"I want you to see our outdoor fireplace," his daughter said, and the three of us went out through the second parlor, the "organ room," and the dining room and kitchen, to the garden. And soon I spied the fireplace at the end of the deep lot—well-proportioned, sturdy. "My husband attempted to build it," Mrs. Bumowsky explained, "but scarcely had he started when father, with a polite, "You're too slow at it!" took over. We looked at the garden too, and the morning glories, and the pigeons his great-grandchildren gave him on a recent birthday. But he sadly misses "Lady," the family dog that died several years ago.

They let me peep into the tool-shop, and scarcely had we entered when Mr. Rhode quietly shoved open a lid, and revealed the keyboard of an organ smaller than the ornate one in the house. "Here I sit and play while Alec works," he said simply.

We returned to the second parlor and while my courtly host rested, he told me about his organ. It is forty years old, has five octaves with no less than thirteen reeds in the bass. "I had it made to order," he explained.

His pastor had said, "Be sure to have him play a Chorale for you" and so I asked him to play. When he sat down and his long, sensitive fingers began to wander over the yellowed keys, I wondered how they could have been strong enough to lay brick upon brick.

I couldn't detect the tune until he had played several modulations, his fingers seemingly caressing the stops and keys. And I wished I possessed the talent to sketch his stately figure seated tall at the instrument, head up, shoulders back, his feet busy with pumping, his knees with the swells. But his eyes were not on the keys, nor on his book of Chorales, but gazing upward—lost in reverie—his abundant white hair framing, in the twilight, a patriarchal face not unlike those of the prohphets in stained glass windows in country Churches.

He found the tune then, another and another: "Conscience," "Judgment," "Redemption"—stern tunes, but strangely sweet with the cave-deep tones in the bass, and the occasional trills and rich embroideries in the treble, as he pulled out the diapason, the flute, the tremolo.

When I asked how he manages to play without music he replied, "I've got the chords in my head." And even a brief perusal of "Die Pennsylvanische Chorale Harmonie" (1875, with some notes triangular in shape) reveals that he has to improvise chords, for only the melody is in the text.

"Do you sing?" I asked.

"No, but I'm a good bass man. An organist," he added, "shouldn't sing along with his choir, for he has his job to keep."

He began music lessons at the age of fifteen, one every two weeks from Mr. Unger, of Reading, who led the Grimville Band. He started on the melodeon, graduated to the organ, and later tuned organs and sold them. For seven years he was organist at St. Peter's Reformed Church, Topton, where he had a choir of fifteen, and occasionally the singers journeyed to Bowers for special services. He also helped to organize the Topton Band, which he later led.

The Player of Chorales modulated into his favorite hymn, "Ich armer Mensch, O Herr, ich Suender."

"But you're not a sinner," I said.

"Oh! I guess all of us have a little sin in us," he replied simply.

Immaculate in dress, courtly in manner but not ostentatious, painstaking in his bricklaying, an inspired Player of Chorales, Nonogenarian Charles Jacob Rhode truly symbolizes the bulwark of the Pennsylvania Germans—the country Church set high on a hill, its foundation firm, its spire pointing skyward.

—ALLIENE SAEGER DeCHANT.

Aus'm John Birmelin seim Mammi Gans Buch

Peter White

Der Pitter Knecht geht nie net recht,
Mer meent der Pitt waer dumm.
Ya, well! Er folgt yuscht seinre Naas,
Un selli Naas iss grumm.

I HAD A LITTLE DOG

Ich hab en Hund, den heess ich Dack;
Ich schick en fart fer Schnuppduwack,
Un der verliert en ganzer Pack;
Ass ich ihn net noch daerrich schlack!

JACK, BE NIMBLE, JACK BE QUICK

Yockel, sei flink, do kummt der Bock!
Yockel, tschump iwwer der Lichterschtock!

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO RODE A BROOM

En aldi Grossmammi, die waar net so dumm;
Sie reit uff me Besem, geht iwwerall rum.

Sie faahrt in die Heh, in die Wolke geht's nuff;
Die Bussi geht mit, un sie hockt hinne druff.

Sie gehne mol fart fer en Daag un e Nacht,
Un's reite, des hot sie recht hungrich gemacht.

Die Bussi beglaagt sich un saagt re, "Ich meen,
Es waer doch viel besser, mer mache uns heem.

Die Mammi faahrt weiter, sie will emol nuff
Zum Mann dart im Mond, yuscht bissel uff B'such.

"Nau gehn ich zurick," saagt die Bussi, "ins Haus;
Dart fang ich mer widder en Ratt odder'n Maus."

Deaths of a Day

JOHN McDADE

Funeral services for John McDade, who died at the Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown on Thursday, will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the Laughlin home, 18 E. Phillips St., Coaldale, with a requiem high mass at 9:30 a. m. in St. Mary's Catholic church, Coaldale. Interment in St. Patrick's cemetery, McAdoo.

Mr. McDade was a former resident of McAdoo His wife the former Margaret Laughlin, of Coaldale, died 30 years ago.

He is survived by two sons, Francis, Llanerch, and James, Newark, N. J.; two daughters, Mrs. Vincent Frascino, Newark, N. J., and Mrs. C. J. Yurchak, Coaldale.

Five grandchildren; a brother, Patrick McDade, Hazleton, and five sisters, Mrs. William Griffith, Mrs. Thomas McGlynn, Mrs. William Early, Mrs. John Thomas, and Mrs. Agnes German, all of Wilkes-Barre, also survive.

NICHOLAS BALLAT

Nicholas Ballat, 58, Tamaqua grocer, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 300 Biddle St. He had been bedfast for the past three months.

Born in Italy, Mr. Ballat came to this country in 1905 and settled in Tamaqua. He conducted a grocery store on E. Broad St., for the past 15 years and previously worked at the Tamaqua colliery of the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co.

He was a member of St. Jerome's church, Tamaqua, the Holy Name society and the Christopher Columbus society. He and his wife observed their 25th wedding anniversary on Thursday.

Surviving are his wife; a son, Sergeant Joseph J. Ballat, Belgium; and two daughters, Mary Rose Ballat, Pottsville, a medical technician, and Lena Dolores Ballat, at home. Three sisters in Messina, Italy, also survive.

CHARLES M. STYER

Charles M. Styer, 205 Main St., E. Greenville, died yesterday at the Allentown hospital, aged 66 years.

He was born in Pennsburg, a son of the late Edwin and Sarah, nee Hunsberger, Styer. Surviving are his wife, Annie M., nee Dimmig, Styer and these children: Edwin, E. Greenville; Carl, at home and Private Roy Styer, with the army in the South Pacific; Verna, wife of Marshal Studenroth, E. Greenville; Sallie, wife of Ray Frederici, Selersville; Eva, wife of Chester Reifinger, E. Greenville, and Amy Styer, with the WAVES in California.

Also surviving are five grandchildren, a brother, Harry Styer, Pennsburg and a sister, Mrs. Sadie Gerhart, Allentown.

Services will be held at 2 p. m. Tuesday at the Hoffman funeral home, 221 Main St., E. Greenville, with continued services in the New Goshenhoppen Reformed church, of which he was a member. Dr. C. M. DeLong, assisted by Rev. G. W. P. Oplinger, will officiate. Interment will b ein the church cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

On Da Twin Kounty Fair

'M Dunnershdawg nommy dawg worra m'r fer paar shtun on da Twin Kounty Fair, un wos huts gawiv'ld mit menscha. Bakonta leit huts kot os m'r alsa mohl shier net gawist hut wie sie ol tzu bagreesa, —won m'r aenicha iwwerhupt hen, wolla m'r hoffa fergewwa sie uns. Etlicha hen m'r aw g'sehna hen sich fershlupt wie sie uns sehna hen kumma, un kenna gore net denka ferwos. Ainer uf kours hut uhrsoch kot, mit ous sei fraw hut doh in kartz'm gore mechdich ferlora im gawicht. Ferleicht hut sei fraw aw net noch da Fair gawolt un hut sich g'farrich'd fer laenich gae—war wase?

Die tzwae airshda bakonta os m'r awgadroffa hen uf 'm Fair Grund, worra niemond shunshd os wie die tzwae Harmony Grange Lloyds—der Lloyd Hower, un so gore der Lloyd Lerch woh doh airsht widder Pap werra is. Un grawd hinnich ihna war sot uf 'm bumber fon ra mashine hucka wie won sie reserved sitza hetta, os wie der Eugene Frantz fon Laurys, un der Tom Weitknecht fon Northampton. All'm noh worra sie om blauderra fon da alta tzeita wie der Tom der Laurys shtore kotta hut, un der "Genie" wor ainer fon sein beshda chawduwock kustomers.

War sot noh aw noch darta datzu gadobt kumma os wie der Charlie Unangst fon driwwa nagshd on Bath, un woh widder om lawfa is fer 'n kounty offis. Wie m'r wenich gablauder'd hen kotta mit 'm Charlie fon da alta tzeita wie m'r ols bei nonner g'shlofa hen in da sama klassa in da Kutztown Normal shule, war sot noch dawaig kumma un shtoppa blauderra os wie der Joe Goesitz un sei fraw die Agnes, fon Seemsville. 'S wor shure 'n blessier tzu sehna wie shae os der Joe sei Agnes on da Fair rum ganumma hut. Der Joe hut grawd g'shteer'd fer unna nous wohs fee wor, un aw onnerra yohra der beer shtand. 'S hoch wosser hut doh im summer ow'r selar ledshd blotz weck gawesha, uns gait des yohr 'n lot druckner har wie onnerra yohra. 'S aintsich'd beer uf 'm blotz is drin im klub hous, un woh yusht uf is tzu gleader fon da Lappowinso Klub.

'S shure wor 'n blessier der Tom Anthony fon da Glaina Moore townshipper kerricha gagend sehna sei geil rida. 'S mocht nix ous wie wiesh'd un holshtarrich os geil sei maiga, die barichda sin, der Tom het sie tzawm in ra gons kartza tzeit, un kent mit na grawd wos er wot. Er hut evens 'n rind darta kot os sie sawga er dades fohra in ra gig, un hut die si dahame gatrainid'd os sie kumma un donsa 'n jig, eb er sie feeder'd. Er hut aw 'n arrick gute geils show gewwa, ow'r sel hen m'r ferfail'd,—'s gait so fiel aw on da Fair os m'r yusht net allas ei nemma kon.

'S obsht is shwock, ow'r wos die Fair darta mit kartz fall'd, mocht sie siva mohl uf in onnerra waiga. Die blummasa sin iwwerous shae, un so sin aw da Harmony un da Hanover granges ihra exhibits. Gabocka un gadich socha is aw darta bei da hilly un filly, uns fail'd na aw net on alta relicks, un so aenich ebbes un allas os es nembt fer 'n Fair fartich mocha.

Drous uf 'm grund hen sie aw so gore wohret saiger, ow'r woh 'n lot tzawmer sin wie sellie os m'r g'sehna hen on da Kutztown Fair. Darta hut 'n mensch sich mit hand un fees waira missa os sie em net kup un hols tzu ma tzelt nei garissa hen, ow'r net so on da Twin Kounty Fair. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r hen net ae wohret saiger'n g'sehna—yusht die tzelter, un woh m'r der Milt Cole fom Cola Dahl etlicha mohl sehna hen draw hee lawfa. Sis uns shier fohr kumma wie won der Milt sich garn die wohret sawga het lossa.—all'm noh het er garn ous g'funna eb er da onner dawg fire g'fonga hut iwwer 'm hecka brenna im shwom, odder ebs hem 'm airsht aw gonga is wie er sich uf der buckle in der shwom galaig'd hut fer ruga. Aenicha waig, bis er hame kumma is hut er 'n loch ous 'm hem gabrent kot so gross wie 'n hond.

Die weibsleit fon da shtaina Kerrich on Kreidersville hen widder ihra gawainlicher ess shtand om gae, un duhna 'n iwwerousle bisnis. Darta hen m'r uns gons arbadich dahame g'field, 's same wie aw drowwa in da helser, un im Fair Bresident John Borger seinra offis. Sellie gons gang hut yusht iwwer Labor Dawg helfa lodwarick kocha on Dorney Park, un sin net tzu beata fer shoffa un g'shpass mocha, maiga sie duh wos sie wolla. Evens die Pomona Grange Lecturer'n Jennie Bartholmew wor hinnich 'm kerricha shtand, un hut g'shoft grawd wie aw ol die onnerra—os die shworta recht gagroch'd hen. 'S worra ol iwwer so fiel Grangers rum os m'r waricklich net sehna kon wie sie so'n Fair halta kenta wons net wear fer die Grangers woh ol darta helfa. Ungfare so wie aw der Pomona Master Mandus Borger, der Roy Frack, Master fon da Harmony grange, der Bill Haas, Master fon da Laurys grange, un aw noch dudsenda fon dudsenda onnerra. Un oh yar, shwetza fon Grangers, wen sotta m'r aw noch awdreffa darrich der Lloyd Lerch, os wie der Ted Lewis un sei fraw un boo fon da Kellers Kerricha grange, ow'r woh now in Easton wohna.

Der midway nuf hen m'r 'n aryie tzucht un yocht k'hoert, un wie m'r gaguck'd hen wos lose gabrocha wear, ferhoftich sei won, der Ramie Wert fon Egypt net 'n cigarett game darta kotta hut, un sei bruder, der hoarschnidder Charlie fom Dan Reily seim hoarschnidder shop uf da Nord 7d shtross, wor om broiverra fer 'n pock cigaretts gawinna fer 'n cent. So arrick os der Charlie un der Ramie gayohl'd hen wors nadierlich os glei die halb Fair uns sie rum g'shtonna hut fer sehna wos om aw gae wear. Onnerra hen noh aw shtarta centa shmeissa, un wie m'r fert sin hut der Ramie shun im gelt g'shtonna bis on die gnee, un wor ols noch eiferich die centa fon da cigaretts wisha mit seina hame gamochda shofe beltz barsh'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da shaina brief os m'r shun fer long grick'd hen, wissa m'r net won m'r 'n shanner grick'd hen os wie wos der William Shoemaker fon Maple Grove uns da onner dawg g'shick'd hut.

Sis 'n brief os m'r hoch in ehra halta,—ol hond g'frockdur'd in farva, so gore mit ma fogel uf ma nosh'd unna grossie rotie rose danava.

Der William secht uns

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Allentown's Slogan: "DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Said one among them: "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure molded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Khayyam.

INSPECT ALL HEATING SYSTEMS

Seriousness illness for a Lyons preacher and his wife due to breathing carbon monoxide while asleep calls attention to the dangers that may face many other families who at this time of the year are suddenly called upon to put their central heating systems to use and who do not know that dangerous faults have developed in them during the summer season.

Every heating system will bear inspection, especially as to its piping for the removal of the waste gases that result from the combustion of the coal. Inasmuch as there is sulfur in our coal and sulfur plus water, which is condensed in piping during the summer months when the furnace is idle, make sulfuric acid, one can know the destructive agency which has been at work corroding metal piping and joints. Flues of heaters can be like sieves, permitting the escape of dangerous lethal monoxide gas into the rooms of a dwelling.

So it will be wise for householders to examine speedily the condition of their heating systems and to do it thoroly inasmuch as it does not require a very extensive leak to enable gas to escape into the dwelling. Such examination may prevent serious illness and incapacitation and it may even prevent death.

NO SYMPATHY FOR HAW HAW

There was not a ripple of excitement apparently anywhere in this country over the trial of the English renegade who paraded under the name of "Lord Haw Haw" on the German radio system during the war and derided everything for which the Allied nations stood. And now there appears to be little if any concern that he has been found guilty upon the charges which the British brought against him after they had captured him in Germany after the war and returned him to London.

Lord Haw Haw based his defense not upon his actions but upon his claim of American citizenship. He averred, and it was not disproved, that his father had been an American citizen and that he had been born in Brooklyn. But it could not be denied that he had lived in England for years, had taken advantage of the privileges and protection afforded by that country and had gone to Germany upon a visa issued by the British.

He might have gotten off more easily if he had been ordered deported to the United States following his claims, but it would have been pretty much like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire for the American people also had no use for the despicable actions of the man and his vicious venting of spleen and spite against the democracies. If Britain had not prosecuted him, then the Allied Commission for the trial of War Criminals almost certainly would have done so for in almost all certainty, if he had been turned over to the United States authorities, they in turn would not have permitted his deportation but would have turned him over pronto to the commission.

WAR PRISONERS TRAINED TO HELP GERMANY

Now it is revealed that the United States Government long ago had a vision of the ultimate defeat of Germany and the necessity for handling social and economic problems after the defeat. It also had the vision that young Germans, who had been in the armed forces and had been taken prisoner, could be educated in our democratic principles and trained to carry them out in their native Germany at the end of the war.

To this end the Army organized a Prisoner of War School in Rhode Island to which were sent men who appeared most likely to adopt the ideas and receive the desired training. Many men were found who had been anti-Nazi before the war. All went thru successive screenings to weed out the undesirable and unpromising. Earliest graduates became instructors of classes and the objective was to educate and train several thousand men.

These are to be sent back to Germany where they will be placed in positions where they can make use of their knowledge and training and engage in the work of developing democratic ideas in their country.

Here should be the best sort of leaven for Germany. All these men fought for their country. They were not slackers. That they have had a change of heart about an ideology should be well received in a country which has laid down its arms and is proclaiming its dislike for the forces that brought them to ruin. In a country where suddenly there are no Nazis the voice of young Germans who want to help to restore their country to a wholesome state of thinking and living should be highly welcome. And it is one of the great advantages possessed by these prisoners of war that they speak the language of their people fluently and that they are of them and understand them and must sympathize with them.

HURRY HOME FOR NAVY DAY

Navy Day on October 27 promises to provide some of the biggest celebrations of the ending of the war that we have seen to date, for steaming across the Pacific from Japan are many ships of Admiral Halsey's fleet which are bound for San Francisco and New York City, determined to get to those ports well in time for the triumphal observance of the Navy's very own day.

Taking up the cue there should be observances in every city and town in the land upon that day, for whatever we may say about the atomic bomb, the participation of Russia in the Japanese war and other factors in the winning of the war in the Pacific, it is never going to be forgotten that for more than three years the Navy whittled at Japan's pillars of maritime strength and had already cut out almost the complete foundation of the Japanese war structure to produce a tottering empire. The Navy did a big advance job. The atomic bomb served to topple it and spare costly invasion of a blockaded and starved people who were bereft of their outlying empire and had little left with which to fight except their fanatical courage.

Post-war Jitters

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21—High officers of the Army and Navy are beginning to wish in a way that the war had never ended—everything seems by contrast to have been so orderly, systematic and effective during the war as compared with what it is today in Washington.

Officers who were accustomed to planning each move carefully and getting everybody's cooperation now find the National Capital a maelstrom of cross currents ranging from irritability and sensitiveness to fantastic insistence on the impossible.

Members of Congress are, of course, the principal thorn in the side of the Army and Navy. Scarcely an hour passes that the telephone isn't ringing asking for this or that piece of information or else trying to find out where some constituent is located or when he or she will be released from service.

The public, to be sure, is responsible for the heavy mail that is flowing into Capitol Hill these days. It isn't all about service men and the point system either. It concerns reconversion and the disposal of government property. It concerns also the future of Army camps, air fields, airports and countless other things which can become part of the economic life of the country or part of somebody's business if the government will sell it for next to nothing.

Inasmuch as the War and Navy departments have been responsible for the letting of contracts for billions of dollars worth of war goods, they are naturally feeling today the pressure for prompt decisions on the manifold legal and financial questions that are arising.

The National Capital outwardly is calm and peaceful but actually it is in some respects busier than it was in wartime. The problems are bewildering and confusing.

A visit to the offices of the military services finds the top commanders worrying about how to satisfy the numerous requests from Capitol Hill and the administrative departments. Congress was so insistent on information about demobilization that General Marshall had to address a special meeting of Senators and Representatives. The Navy is being pressed for demobilization and if some of the bills pending which would discharge all persons with a certain length of service were passed, the ships would have to be manned by enlisted men because most of the officers would be released overnight.

The Navy still has a job to do. It must transport the men from overseas. It must maintain patrols in Japanese and Chinese waters. Supplies of food and clothing must be carried to the bases overseas. Air forces must be maintained and supplied. It is impossible to dismantle the armed services, and that is about what would happen if all the various demands for changes in the point system were to be given serious consideration.

The high officers of the armed services recognize that the pressure is on and they are trying desperately to meet it, but their military sense tells them there is a limit to what they can do and still maintain particular objectives.

Probably the most disappointed, if not disillusioned, department of the government is the Department of State. Although its high policies have not been revealed to the public, it is no secret that the presence or absence of a large occupying army in enemy territory is one of the "determinants" of foreign policy these days.

For a long time before the war ended, the size of the Army had been discussed in diplomatic quarters and more than once it has been suggested that the United States should keep hundreds of thousands of men in Europe. Now when it is apparent that the country wants demobilization, it is difficult for the Army to satisfy what the State Department and the Congress, respectively, want at the same time.

Somewhat the same point of view has prevailed about the Far East. The Department of State would have liked to see a huge army maintained there as a demonstration of potential force. The military men wouldn't object to it either, as it fits in with their philosophy. But they are being pressed by Congress to demobilize.

It wasn't, therefore, what General MacArthur said about being able to keep an occupying army of 200,000 that caused a flurry here so much as it was the fact that he said anything at a time when the War Department and the State Department in Washington were trying to keep Congress from demobilizing the entire Army in a few weeks. But maybe the Supreme Commander in the Far East was just answering questions on the military force needed. Whether he thought about the situation in Washington or was merely satisfying the press correspondents in Tokyo hasn't been explained. Anyway, General MacArthur knows by this time that Washington has the post-war jitters and that it is dangerous to say anything in Tokyo lest it be out of tune with what post-war Washington is trying to do.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE AVENGERS

The task today is not vengeance; it is peace. The critics of General MacArthur's handling of the Japanese and of our policy in Germany disregard the essential fact that the United States does not seek vengeance but peace—permanent peace. The United States has no desire to destroy any nation; it seeks only to convince all nations that it is more profitable, as it is right, to live at peace with all the world.

Were our task vengeance, the United States would have smashed both Germany and Japan to smithereens, and Italy, too. Instead, it is the obvious policy of this country to seize the land of no people, to restore the areas we hold to self-government as readily as possible, to heal the wounds of war, to feed the hungry and to succor the sick, to rehabilitate industry that men may again become independent upon their own labor for their own livelihoods. This has been American policy, stated and restated from the Atlantic Charter until this day. Vengeance has no place in such a policy.

That does not mean that we shall forget our 300,000 dead or our $336,000,000,000 of costs. Nor does it mean that we shall abjectly forgive the individuals who we insist are responsible for the war, although history may differ with current judgments as to where that responsibility lies. Nor does it mean that we shall not show preferences to our allies over our erstwhile enemies. It does mean that in those areas that we hold we shall seek to establish law, order, industry and self-government, so that we shall be able, as soon as possible, to get out.

American Policy the Same

The foundation of American policy is the same today as it was when the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed, as it was when John Hay enunciated the "Open Door Policy" in China. It is incorporated in numerous treaties. It may be stated simply that each people has a right to choose its own government, both as to form and personnel, that the administrative and territorial integrity of each country is to be respected, and that the United States will not recognize territorial changes effected by force. The only possible excuse for our participation in the European War on the side of Great Britain was that Germany did not accept that creed. We entered that war factually long before Pearl Harbor, through Lend-Lease, the Atlantic Charter, the joint occupation of Iceland, and similar acts of disapproval.

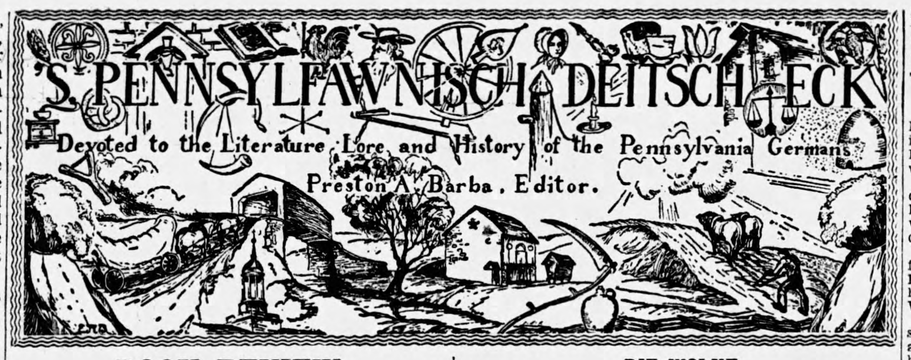
During the politics of the peace, particularly at Teheran and Yalta, we deviated from our permanent policy. We compromised on Poland. We compromised on Hongkong. We compromised on Manchuria. We may have compromised on Korea. We compromised on the restoration of "white" imperialism in Asia. Certainly, we have imperiled ourselves in the Kuriles settlement but not seriously if the world is at peace. Our problem then is peace, but a peace of good-will, not a bought peace.

We Assumed Too Much

One of the weaknesses of our war policy was that we assumed too much until even our allies came to believe that it was really our war in which they were helpful participants. Actually it was their war which we underwrote. We paid the largest share of the bill. In the peace the same process seems to continue. We are paying more than 70 percent of the expenses of UNNRA, which really is an American Relief Administration. We are being asked to provide the funds for the rehabilitation of Great Britain and practically every participant in this war in Europe and Asia. If we have all that to put up, another $30 or $40 billions, we ought to have more to say about a just peace than we had either at Teheran or Yalta. It looked for a moment as though our voice was loud at Potsdam, but it was only loud, not just.

Now the United States needs to become a just nation, using its strength not for vengeance but for justice, not to perpetuate hatred but in the interest of permanent peace. Civilization need never again witness a war, if the power of the United States is rigidly and constantly employed for peace.

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BOOK REVIEW

CONRAD WEISER, Pennsylvania Peacemaker. By Arthur D. Graeff. With an Introduction by Donald Radcliffe Shenton. — Published by The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. Volume VIII. Schlechter's Press, Allentown, Pa.—$3.50.

The 1943 Year Book of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society opportunely presents to the students of history and to the general reader, the biography of a stalwart, whose services in colonial times were invaluable and whose irreproachable conduct under trying circumstances merits the emulation of all mankind. Conrad Weiser was a modest man, quite conscious of his educational short-comings and correspondingly conscious of rare natural talents and sterling character traits which warrant the accolades so belatedly accorded. Undeterred by handicaps which would have stifled the accomplishments of an ordinary being, he played his leading part with noble purpose, unfailing integrity and self-effacing humility. Slowly he emerges from a beclouded past and with the quiet dignity of the truly worthy, assumes the role of greatness which modern historians now assign him.

The past was clouded indeed when C. Z. Weiser, a direct descendant, published his "Life of Conrad Weiser" in 1876. His several chapters devoted to family relations and public services, scant in material though they are, and the helpful translations of many letters and journals, however incomplete the list may be, nevertheless comprises the first attempt to reanimate the almost forgotten moderator of Indian affairs and counselor of colonial governors. Then, a quarters of a century was to elapse before the appearance in 1900 of Joseph S. Walton's, "Conrad Weiser and the Indian Policy of Colonial Pennsylvania." Historians may differ in their appraisal of the work, but unquestionably it represents an earnest effort to extend the knowledge of Weiser and at least an intent to untangle the hopeless mazes of early Indian relations. The book is indexed and will be consulted by students and scholars throughout the years to come.

The present biography reflects the accumulated information of an added forty-five years, compiled and richly enhanced by Doctor Graeff whose merits as historian and scholar are well known to readers of the "Eck." The narrative, which of necessity embraces the entire colonial period throughout which Conrad Weiser lived and served, had its initial introduction as a serial, in which form it held the interest of "Eck" subscribers over a period extending from October, 1940 to January, 1943. If it was the author's intent, by virtue of simple, direct style, attractive headings and chapter by chapter presentation, to impart knowledge of Pennsylvania colonial times, and intensify awareness of Conrad Weiser in a large group of readers, he must have accomplished his purpose to a very gratifying degree.

The difficult undertaking of converting the serial into a well orgafized book was urged by many who wanted the information in more permanent and usable form. Doctor Preston A. Barba suggested that it be made the Year Book of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. In respects other than its wealth of material the book falls somewhat short of expectations. There are noticable imperfections traceable to the very nature of serials. Only rewriting from start to finish, in the interest of continuity and avoidance of repetitions, suffices to eliminate the dislocations of serial influence. It is understandable that such drastic revision may have been impracticable. However, many of the serial chapters reappear unchanged, in too many cases perpetuating misstatements and minor errors that otherwise might have been corrected. The addition of copious notes and documentary sources throughout is a feature concerning which many students will be grateful; the omission of requisite indexing leaves gems of comment and discovery quite inaccessible for reference. But there is ample compensation for minor defects and inconveniences. The story is there, and the man who dominates it, stands forth; the author's enthusiasm for his subject permeates the pages and stirs the reader to new conceptions of the historic past. The moving narrative served to inspire Elsie Singmaster's "A High Wind Rising", the most authentic portrayal of the times of Conrad Weiser thus far presented in story form. Could greater tribute be paid the author of the underlying historical background?

Readers of the serial will need no preview as inducement to possess the book. In fact it cannot be reduced readily to an outline, so intertwined are the many threads involving dispossessed Indians and over aggressive white men; unprincipled traders and warring governments. We find the Iroquois Nation occupying the Mohawk Valley and the regions westward to Lake Erie. Appreciating their strategic position between the French of Canada and the English colonies, they have the wisdom to pursue the advantages of neutrality. Though ostensibly aligned with the English, they never quite sever relations with the French. They "hang up the kettle" and keep it boiling, but avoid "cooking". Thy "bury the hatchet" and "dig it up" repeatedly, but withhold the actual hurling, except against their ancient enemy, the southern Catawbas. Therein sufficient trouble resided to engage the tact and energy of Conrad Weiser, but trouble knows no end. Years previously the six Nations had reduced the eastern tribes of the Lenni-Lenape (real men) to a state of subjection summarized in the term "women" applied to them. To maintain over-sight of the conquered clans, known collectively as Delawares, a vice-regency was established on the Susquehanna in the heart of the Delaware country. There Shikellimy, the renowned Oneida, takes up his abode and supervises Indian relations with skill and diplomacy until his death in 1748. Weiser, reared among the Mohawks, was well known to Shikellimy. The need of an interpreter and intermediary being apparent, the old chief introduces his friend, "Ziguras" to Governor Gordon of Pennsylvania. The momentous result of that meeting was the alignment of Pennsylvania with the existing sovereignty of the Iroquois Nation, an anomalous position attributable to Weiser's background and influence. Historians still argue the point; but in retrospect, as the author explains, Weiser's course was a farsighted one in that it postponed the "Red Fury" until 1755.

Following the many-stemmed narrative, we note the growing bitterness due to frontier encroachments of the white settlers. With consequent resentment eased by gifts and promises, the young warriors of the Six Nations follow war-paths leading southward where Catawba scalps may be lifted. Again trouble looms, the outgrowth of embroilments with Virginia frontiersmen, whose cabins and pigsties suggest shelter and food to the wandering red men. Conrad is called upon to effect peace between the warring factions, and we see him faring waste deep in snow, on his way to Onondaga in February, 1737. Doctor Graeff has added valuable new material to the Catawba episode. Under the heading "King Narskeekee," he describes the meeting of Weiser and the king of the Catawbas at New York City in June, 1751. The southern Indian delegates are at last to attend a peace conference at Albany and have gathered at New York accompanied by William Bull, Commissioner of South Carolina, who confides to Weiser that his government is far more interested in peace proposals than are the Catawbas. The peace envoys sail up the Hudson in sloops, but at Albany fail to accomplish their half-hearted mission.

Appreciation of the author's task grows as we contemplate the seemingly endless under-currents confusing and imperiling the main issues confronting the colonial governments and their agents. The boundary dispute between Maryland and Pennsylvania flares up. The debatable land is claimed by the Iroquois and it becomes expedient for Pennsylvania, through the offices of Conrad Weiser, to maneuver secretly in checking any moves toward land grants to Maryland. Purchases of lands held sacred by the Delawares are negotiated with their "uncles", the Six Nations; the Ohio Company is formed, adding more journeys and burdens of responsibility for the now somewhat enfeebled Weiser to sustain; the Connecticut Invasion of the Wyoming region adds its complex problems and eventual bloodshed; these and many other snarled threads need untangling and only Weiser has the patience and the faculty of knowing how. The narration reaches its climax in the French and Indian war. In the chapter headed "The Storm" the author vividly describes the uncertainties of life on the frontier, with the "Red Fury" ever present at the threshold. The many-sided Weiser now serves in new guise, as Colonel of Militia in charge of frontier forts. Finally, the Easton Treaty Conferences close the episode and Weiser's public activities approach their end.

Doctor Graeff's book provides enlightening personal glimpses of Conrad Weiser. We see the inner man through his strange religious perplexities. At the Lancaster Conference his presence is made tangible; the man Weiser, suppressing lingering illness, pursues his decisive course amidst the noisy confusion and many critical issues arising. Again, we sense unlimited resourcefulness in the Tulpehocken scene depicting one hundred and ten ill-assorted Indian guests straggling in and about the little stone house, lingering for days, consuming precious food and straining hospitality which, however, proves boundless. Weiser's wisdom and justice in Indian dealings are disclosed by the incident of his "running the line" from Penn's Creek, "two miles Northwest by west". He abandoned the survey because the extended line would have crossed the West Branch of the Susquehanna and thus robbed the Indians of their prized "Big Island". He would not be a party to another iniquitous land grab, such as the earlier Walking Purchase, with which we learn he had no connection.

The Journey to Onondaga in 1750 is ably recited by the author, yet warrants comment in one particular. Weiser did not travel alone. He was accompanied by his protege, young Daniel Claus. At Bethlehem they were joined by the Rev. Henry Melchior Muhenberg and Mr. Schrenck who were on their way to visit Lutheran congregations east of the Hudson. At Bethehem Weiser conferred with Bishop Cammerhoff who had just returned from Onondaga. A notation of the Bethlehem Diary for the date of meeting indicates that matters pertaining to the Ohio Company may have been uppermost in Weiser's mind. The repetition of the over-drawn Zinzendorf rattle snake story is unfortunate. Martin Mack who accompanied Zinzendorf gave an umbellished account of the affair. The snakes were harmless "blowing adders". There are noticeable confusions of Indian tribe names with their localities; also unfamiliar spellings of the names of well known Indian chiefs, such as "Allumpees" for Allumapees, and "Scarrody" for Scarouady. These and other minor imperfections have negligible effect on the sweep of the great issues presented. For the previlege of now having a more intimate acquaintance with Conrad Weiser and a much improved understanding of his indispensable services many of us owe gratitude to the author.

Conrad Weiser died July 13, 1760. An Iroquois chieftain, Seneca George, adequately pronounced the obituary tribute: "We . . . are at a great Loss and sit in darkness. . . . By this Belt we cover his body". As Doctor Graeff avers, Conrad Weiser had paid in full the Palatine debt.

Stowe, Vermont — FRANK E. LICHTENTHAELER.

(A few days after the appearance of Dr. Graeff's volume on Conrad Weiser the University of Pennsylvania Press published CONRAD WEISER. Friend of Colonist and Mohawk by Paul A. W. Wallace. Mr. Lichtenthaeler wrote the above review without having seen Wallace's work.—ED.

DIE WOLKE

**Wie uff em Meer die Welle gehn,
Am Himmel hoch die Wolke stehn;
Der Wind, der dreibt sie schnell dehie,
Wie Schiff, die segle uff em See.**

**Wie gleich ich sie zu sehne dort,
Sie folge nanner fort un fort.
So hoch, so frei, so schee sin sie,
Wie guckt mer doch mit Luste hie.**

**Wie hab ich sie doch als beguckt,
Als wie en Schiff mit Gold gedruckt,
In lang vergang'ne Kindheitsyohr,
So wie en Draam kummt's mir nau vor.**

**Ich hab sie g'sehne maryets frieh,
Wie Blut so rot gege Oste hie;
Glei waar der Himmel gans bedeckt,
Die Sunn die waar dehinner versteckt.**

**Wie hen sie owets als geglaenzt,
Mit goldne Raenft ringsrum gegraenzt,
In Farwe viel em aagelacht,
En lieblich Bild hen sie gemacht.**

**Ich hab sie g'sehne in yeder G'stalt,
Im Summer heess, im Winter kalt;
In Farwe schee, groo, geel un rod,
Im Silverglanz, schwarz wie der Dod.**

**Wie en Schtadt gebaut vun Gold so glor,
Mit Dorn un Dom, so kummt mer's vor,
So hen sie g'schtanne manchmol lang,
'S hot yuscht noch g'fehlt der Engelg'sang.**

**Doch hen sie nie ken Bleiwes g'hatt,
Es waar ken dauerhafte Schtadt,
Verdriwwe als vun Wind un Sunn,
Dann waar aa nichs meh do devun.**

**So hab ich aa im Kindheitsyohr,
In Luefte frei un schee un glor,
En manches Schloss vun Gold gebaut,
'S waar schee genung fer'n Koenigsbraut.**

**'S waar aa nichs Dauerhaftes draa,
Gans schnell iss es vergange aa;
So wie der Wind die Wolke dreibt,
So nichs vun Kindheitsplaene bleibt.**

**Weht immer fort, ihr Wind so lau,
Vertreibt de Wolke ihre Bau;
Du Lewenstrom, rinn fort un fort,
Un bring uns in der Himmel dort.**

**Dort iss die Schtadt vun Gold gebaut,
Die Heemet fer em Lamm sei Braut
Dort herrscht die Unvergaenglichkeit,
Wer dort iss, bleibt in Ewigkeit.**

—ISAAC SUMMERS STAHR.

YEDER FOGGEL HOT SEI FUN

**Yeder Foggel hot sei Fun,
Graad so wohl wie yedermann;
Un oftmols sehnt er Sache was
Mensche duhne, unser Schpass.
So, liewe Leit, lest mol heit,
Was uns lechelt vun Dummheit
Uff eens vun eire Brieder.
Ihr waerdt debei net mieder
Un findt verleicht ebbes drin,
Des eich helft daerrich dick un dinn.**

**Freidaag nummidaags doyetz
Kummt en Bruder in die Petz
(En alter Nemmenmit sogaar)
Vun me rotgefliegelde Schtaar*—
Es waar der Mose Minhinnger,
En guter Mann—un Singer—
Duht sei Dienscht mit alle Kraft;
Liebt un lobt un schloft un schafft—
Maeht's Graas uff'm Gottesacker—
Ruhich all, yuscht er wacker—
Drunne an der Ohle Wies—
Un en Schtaar ruft numme siess
Vun me Poschte newe draa:
"Oquellie!" zu seinre Fraa,
"Seller Mann mit breedem Hut—
Will mol sehne was er duht.
Guck! Wie friedlich—freindlich! Er
Draagt ken Hass, ken Schiessgewehr;
Sell waer gee'ch sei Principle
(Wer Grieg macht, geht in die Hell).**

**Will mol iwwer'n fliege—so—
Un ihn bombe—was geht's noh?—
Mit em beschte Bomb ich hab—
Warrembrieh un Kefferschtaab—
Schatt ihm nix un duht net weh—
Uff sei Hand un Hut un Bee—
Finn noh aus, iss er en Grischt—
Zieh noh aus, warr net verwischt!"**

**Der Mose singt: "Ich kumm in der
Gaarde allee!" So singt er—
Puff un Schuss! Gezielt—gelandt!
Puff un Schuss! Uff Bee—uff Hand!
Hot guckt hibsch wie'n Ord Kaddu.
Schwarz un weiss, wie'n Holschtee Kuh—
Nix vun Gaarde singe meh—
Schwenkt sei Hut—bet in die Heeh:
"Heilich! Heilich!" zweemol un
Noch en Wart fangt aa mit "Dun"—
"Schtaerneriesel!—grosse Grott!
Der Deiwel mich verdroddelt hot!"—
Schriftmeesich iss er warre,
Grefticher wie unser Parre!**

**"Oquellie!—Guck!—Harrich!—
Wie seller Mann sei Kaerrich
Aawendt an mich—gliedich heess!
Hett er'n Flint, wer wees! Wer wees!
Oquellie! Mer wolle fart!
Geht yo heem! Was will er dart?"**

—DIE BUSCH AMSCHEL.

* Der rotgefliegelde Schtaar is the red-winged blackbird (agelaius phoeniceus)—truly a favorite of all bird-lovers, but no respecter of persons!

Deaths of a Day

MRS. FLORENCE J. FREY

Mrs. Florence J. Frey, 39, wife of Martin Frey, 215 Chestnut St., Slatington, died yesterday morning in the Haff hospital, Northampton, after a week's illness.

Born in Slatington, she was a daughter of Eugene Blose, and the late Daisey (Handwerk) Blose. She was a member of St. John's Reformed church, Slatington.

She is survived by her husband and father, two sisters, Mrs. Griffith Roberts of Walnutport, Mae Blose at home, and one brother, Allen Blose, Walnutport.

Rev. R. M. Paine will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the David Heintzelman funeral home, Slatington. Burial in Union cemetery, Slatington.

LARRY P. HAGLEY

Funeral services will be held today for the family and immediate friends in the Schmidt mortuary, Nazareth, for Larry Paul Hagley, infant son of Staff Sergeant Paul J. Hagley Jr. and Arlene Fabian Hagley, who died Monday in St. Mary's hospital, Roswell, N. J., after an illness of four days.

Rev. Robert L. Herman, pastor of Trinity Lutheran church, Hecktown, will officiate. Interment in Hope cemetery. The child was born Aug. 27, this year.

Besides his parents, he is survived by his paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Hagley, of Nazareth, and the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Fabian, Bethlehem, R. D.

BURTON J. HEATER

Burton J. Heater, resident of this section for more than 30 years, died Friday morning at the residence, Steel City, Bethlehem, R. 4. He was born at Pequest, N. J., a son of the late Elias and Louis Tice Heater and engaged in painting and railroading.

Survivors are a son, Leroy, Steel City; three daughters, Barbara, Bethlehem; Mrs. Blanche Stemplinger, Kearney, N. J. and Mrs. Edith Smith, Quakertown.

A sister, Mrs. Carrie Folkner, Buttsville, N. J., 12 grandchildren and one great-grandchild also survive.

ROBERT QUINN

Robert Quinn, 76, for many years a resident of Slatington, died yesterday in the Allentown hospital after a week's illness.

A native of Cherryville, he was the son of the late Lewis and Sarah (Kester) Quinn.

He is survived by one son, Allen Quinn of Allentown, five daughters, Carrie, wife of Stanley Williams, Cicero, Ill.; Sallie, wife of Norwood Hankee, Slatington; Elsie Quinn, Slatington; Helen Quinn, Chicago; Hilda, wife of Thomas Schmidt, Allentown; 13 grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren.

Private services will be held Sunday at 1:30 p. m. at the David Heintzelman funeral home, Slatington. Burial in Union cemetery, Slatington.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Tzu Da Maid Un Boova Fon Hame

Wie alla yohr unser gabrouch tzitter os der grick om gae wor, wolla m'r nocha mohl der heits brief schreiva tzu da maid un boova os fert fon hame sin, odder wie m'r onnerra yohra g'sawt hen,—fert im grick sin. Der grick uf kours is feriwwer un woh alla menscha donkbore sin wie ferleicht soicha net, woh guta chobs ferlora hen — chobs fershmiert mit blute. Ow'r sis net fon socha wie sel os m'r heit shwetza wolla, ow'r so gore awenich fertzaila wie die socha tzu uns g'sheind hen on da Fair.

Mohl fers aller airsht, hut die Fair 'n shlechter awfong kot—'m Mondawg wohs socha bei gabrocht is werra, un 'm Dinshdawg kinner dawg, wor nix wie louder laedich raya. Un won ebbes iwwel ous sehnt un unwillkum is, don is es 'n raya dawg tzu Fair tzeit, un noh mawg die Fair sei woh sie wil. Ow'r 'm Midwoch hen die socha shtarta annerra, der gross flag uf 'm hocha poshda nagshd om Ritz seim ess shtand is shtarta fon west tzu east fliega, un Midwoch un Dunnershdawg is ob galoffa unna raya, uns sheind wie won der iwwerreshd fon da woch aw noch shae sei mach'd. Un besser wie sel kent aw nix g'shaina, bardich net so dreckich os die fiela grossa show tracktors der grund on fiel bletz uf gaweal'd hen. Evens inside fom race track woh die mashina gapark'd worra, wors waich on fiel bletz, un monicha sin die airshda dawgs shtecka gabliva, un der tunnel unnich 'm track darrich wor ols so fol wosser bis moryets os sies rous drawga un bumba hen missa.

So weit os exhibits aw gonga sin, wor 'n lot may bauerra g'shar doh wie onnerra yohra, ow'r die socha os doh worra worra yusht galain'd, un die dealers hen arders ganumma fer die tzeit tzu kumma. 'S graish'd shtich g'shar os tzu sehna wor, wor 'n grosser frucht kombine mit ra ei gaboutie inshein. Noh wor aw 'n hoy drickler darta fer inna hoy borer duh fers hoy haita fon hase werra mawg m'r 's so gree weck duh os m'r wil. Un noh uf kours hen sie aw die grossa neia g'friehr boxa gawissa on unnershittlicha bletz, un ainer hut grawd so arrick iwwer 'm onnerra sei "box" nous gamocht, os er sei aignie uf galoabt hut. Shunshd wor wenich neias doh wie etlicha trucks, un paar aeletzicha mashina, un woh m'r ols noch net gons shure sin ebs alla 1942 models worra, odder so gore models fer 1945.

Der gons grund wor ow'r feller shtands fon alla orta os m'r 'n shun fer long g'sehna hen. Sie hen evens jewelry unna wohret saiger shtand im grossa gong unnich 'm grandshtand kot, ferol os etlicha grossa bletz om ewwerra end lare worra. 'S Blumma hous hut aw awenich mauger gaguck'd ow'r die Casa dahlia leit, un der Phoebe blumma shop grawd so sheb iwwer 'm waig driwwa, hens dawert gamocht fer darrich gae die socha sehna. Im Industrial gabei, 's tzwet owwa on da fens nous, wor der blotz woh die unnershittlicha Vocational shule exhibits tzu sehna worra, so wohl wie aw housrote socha unna g'friehr box waisa. Die Call-Chronicle tzeitinga hen aw ihra uffend halt darta drin kot, ow'r 's wor in die welt net tzu fiel ooving fer shoffa dabei.

Ess shtander huts aw blenty kot mit hinkle, rins un si flaish, un on etlicha bletz gut gapefferda eishter middawg. 'N friend hut g'sawt er het fier g'fri'd eishters grick, mit abissel sour krout, paar gabrodna grumbierra, 'n glae shtick'l boy, unna kupchie shwocher koffie, ol fer 'n dahler unna halb. Sourkrout wor ow'r ordlich tzu grieg on fon drei fartel bis 'n dahler der eems, un wos mier g'sehna hen, hen sie aw net shwoch gamessa. Die kerricha un hospital shtander wie gawainlich hen 'n grossie bisnis gaduh, un hen middawgs un owets immer longa lina om shtae kot worta bei sich bei hucka essa.

Doggies un hamburers worra blenty on tzaea un fuftzae cent 's shtick, un pops worra aw blenty rum on finf un tzaea cent die buddle. So weit os die gammel shtander aw gonga sin, wor bingo des yohr skilo, un der aintsich'd unnershirt wor, os sie glaina fedder shpies inna nummerra board g'shmissa hen in blotz fon nummerra uf balla ous ra wind mashine fonga. Der alt fake fer 'n hoch shpitzich shtick huls um renna mit ma shweara hiltzna balla omma band'l wor aw widder doh, un monicha maid un boova hen batzawlt fer duh wos niemond duh kon—'s huls um renna dawaig os wie sies onna shtella. Noh hen sie aw pock cigaretts fon lodda g'shussa mit luft flinta un balla in blechna ponna g'shmissa, un woh sie die os g'shmissa hen glei ferhudd'ld hen kot in da tzifferra os sie net gawinna hetta kenna won sie gawolt hetta. Noh worra aw blenty shtander rum fer bensa uf pock cigaretts shmeissa so os der bens in gons'm im rota ring wor, un on onnerra bletz hen sie die bensa in shissla wosser g'shmissa—aw shier 'n umiglichkeit. O! in el worra ganunk socha dart fer ols lose wex'l weck nemma os monicha bong worra 's dade na lecher in der hossa sock brenna. Un bei fiel is es aw net gabliva beim wex'l, paar yunga maid hen m'r watcha etlicha dahler fershmeissa imma balla game, un hen blose nix gawunna.

'S worra sare fiel "gift" shtander on da Fair, un woh sie alla hond dreck ferkauft hen os tzu denka is. Ow'r da prica noh hetta sie 'n lot guta socha howwa solla—un wie sie aw ferleicht kotta hen, yusht os mier sie net g'sehna hen. Ebbes os 'n lot indressa gamocht hut, wor 'n buddel blosa wosser, odder ewwa ebbes fon ma safe un glycerine bree, woh won m'r 'n glainer drode nei k'hova hut, un 'n noh rous gatzoga un g'shlanker'd hut, is 'n gonsle roy wosser blosa fert g'floga in da luft.

Die raca uf 'm race track worra gute, un so wor aw 's show. So weit os die side shows aw gonga sin, worra sie so tzimlich nagshd wie ol fon eich os onnerra yohra on da Fair worra, sie g'sehna hen. Om ewwerra end fom midway wors neager maid'l show, noh die onnerra dons shows, shows yusht fer monsleit un weibsleit iwwer 16, 'n gadierra show, der shpiegel blotz, un die kayosa, unglawblicha socha, un da glaina leit ihra show, odder ewwa "The Midgets." In kartz, 's wor "The World of Mirth" show, un woh awfongs alt un lebbish wert, on da Allentown Fair.

'S alt relick dale fom Main gabel wor widder gute galawda, ow'r 's obsht gabel wor shwoch un din im tzettle os wie woh die Granges ihra exhibits kotta hen. Un darta sin yusht fierra dafon tzu aenich ma druvel gonga fer 'n shainer hinner grund uf duh. Dale wolla bahabta 's wear tzu g'fairlich fer so hoch nuf deckorata, onnerra sawga grawd rous 's wear tzu fiel arwet, ow'r so weit os uns aw gait, geb uns 'n hinnergrund, odder geb uns nix. Sis uf kours fershtonna os es 'n lot arwet nembt, un die Granges os tzu ol sel'm druvel gain ferdiehna 'n lot may os sie griega fer ihra arwet.

So weit os Soldawdta, Shifferboova un onnera grieks maid un boova aw gonga is, worra des yohr may on da Fair os m'r shun fer yohra g'sehna hen. Noh worra aw

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

O sweet September, thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool fresh air whence health and vigor spring
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter. Arnold

AROUND WORLD IN 151 HOURS

Little more than half a century ago a writer of popular fiction pleased his readers' fancy with the story of a trip "Around the World in Eighty Days." The adventures of the mythical Phileas Fogg upon that trip made a delightful narrative. It resulted in efforts by a number of travelers to develop so well-coordinated a time-table of travel by railroad lines, steamships and more primitive modes of conveyance in far-off parts of the world that a globe-girdling trip could be compressed into less than twelve weeks.

For a number of years around the close of the century some of these trips became notable publicity stunts, especially that of the woman journalist, Nelly Bly. This young woman, by some mighty scampering out of railroad trains to the waiting gangplanks of steamers just about to sail, managed to do even better than Jules Verne's hero.

But with the advent of the airplane, all the frantic speed of travelers like Fogg and Bly came to look ridiculous. Those who have taken a sporting interest in the romantic four-century-old idea of getting around the earth and arriving at the place of beginning in high spirits, and with a sense of unusual achievement, have looked forward to an early day when they would be able to do exactly this.

So the American people will not be amazed, altho they will be intrigued with the story of the opening yesterday of a weekly round-the-world service by the U. S. Army's Transport Command. In this the public can foresee the early day when there will be round-the-world service not alone for the Army and its business which now is global, but also for the general public.

As the situation now is, it is proposed to start and continue this service, leaving the United States every Friday. The 23,000 mile route which has been surveyed for the course will be covered by the following Thursday at midnight, or 151 hours later. Whereupon another plane will take off next day for another-globe-girdling flight.

So it is to be seen that the flight is not a stunt but a practical enterprise. Significantly it was begun yesterday upon the 21st anniversary of the Army's first round-the-world flight, which indicates that progress after all has not been so speedy as we had expected a score of years ago. But now, as one of the results of the war, aviation development has been stimulated to such extent that the dream of years is to be realized.

Of course in the operation of this Army and the future public service, it is not to be expected that passengers are going to get into a plane and in a little more than six days step out of it at the place where they boarded it. Travelers upon a railroad train may board a Lehigh Valley train in New York which is bound for Buffalo and Chicago, but get off in Allentown. Later on they may pursue their trip to Chicago or San Francisco.

So it will be with businessmen and travelers in the world's future. They will plan a trip to girdle the globe, but they will stop here and there, make their sidetrips, then board the round-the-world express plane to another stop, disembark there and ultimately return home. To make a trip around the world simply with the idea of achieving a feat may be done by a few in the beginning but the novelty of that will wear off. This type of service soon will be employed in little more than a practical way.

TO HALT DEFICIT SPENDING

Efforts of our statesmen to enact legislation designed to promote "full employment" steadily in this country and sustain the national economy against the shocks incident to an era of business depression brought about passage in the U. S. Senate yesterday of the so-called "Full Employment Bill." Incidentally the bill passed the Senate unanimously, and it now goes to the House of Representatives for consideration there.

It is important to note that in the bill, as amended after coming from committee, there is a provision that if and when the Government has to adopt policies to create jobs and sustain employment at desired levels, the cost of such Government policy is to be covered by concurrent taxation. In other words, any plan for Federal spending to create jobs must be accompanied by a plan to raise adequate tax money.

Henceforth, if the House approves the idea and the bill be enacted into law by President Truman's signature, there will be no deficit spending. For this determination we will have to thank Senator Walter George, of Georgia, who virtually clubbed the Senate into adoption of this provision with the sound reasoning that unless taxes cover costs of Government plans for employment, the country will not achieve full employment but bankruptcy instead. In short, no individual, no group, no country can get ahead by continually going into debt and there are many Americans indeed who believe that we have already piled up a greater debt than is comfortable if in fact it shall not prove to be insupportable.

CLOSING OF A GREAT PUBLIC CAREER

Departure of Hon. Henry L. Stimson from his post as Secretary of War has called attention to the contributions of this able man to three national administrations. Nearing the ripe old age of 80 years he returns to private life rich with the encomiums of a grateful people whom he ably served.

Like Elihu Root, his law partner, Mr. Stimson served both in the Department of State and War When President Hoover went into office he named Mr. Stimson to preside over American diplomacy after he had proven his worth as the governor general of the Philippines and had performed other distinguished service abroad in both hemispheres. When President Roosevelt in 1940 foresaw the prospect of involvement in the war and realized the need for men of opposite political color in his cabinet, his choice for the Department of War was Mr. Stimson who had already shown his administrative capacity in that department during two years of President Taft's administration.

Thus few men have had so much and such varied experience in the role of an adviser to Presidents of the United States. It is happy to be able to say that this distinguished career was rounded out and completed by one of the greatest jobs that any American ever has done for his country, inasmuch as Mr. Stimson was at the head of the department which organized, trained and equipped the greatest army which ever left American shores and distinguished itself in some of the most brilliant and successful campaigns in the history of warfare.

Soldiers on the field of battle have a more spectacular role to fill but Henry L. Stimson back at home was the exemplar of the great role which the official and civilian forces must fill in order that the army on the front may be prepared.

Economic Anarchy Rife

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28—The Nation is being given some dramatic examples of the effects of economic anarchy in various parts of the country.

The right of workers to strike and the right of employers to refuse to grant workers a wage demand are apparently inviolate. The government, whether it be federal or state or city, stands by and allows millions of dollars of production to be wasted, millions of dollars of demand to go unsatisfied, and millions of dollars of purchasing power in the form of unpaid wages to be destroyed.

The public stands by, too, patiently awaiting the economic forces to right themselves and exercising little pressure upon government to speak in behalf of the public interest and furnish some constructive machinery for settlement.

No distinction apparently is made between work stoppages on certain services involving public safety and health and those which merely delay production in non-essential commodities or services.

Prejudices are expressed against the workers on the ground that they are causing inconvenience to the community, but little by little the public is beginning to understand that, while some strikes are the result of arbitrary action by union leaders, other strikes are the direct consequences of arbitrary acts or selfishness on the part of employers.

Who or What Is Right

Yet the public has no way of knowing who is right or what is right. Despite all the professions of virtue about our democratic system and despite the pride the American people take in their willingness to accept the judgment of courts in private lawsuits, no machinery representing the public interest exists to proclaim who is right or what is right in a labor-management dispute.

The answer does not lie in a prohibition of the right to strike nor in compulsory arbitration nor in simply limiting the right to strike. It lies first in the creation of federal, state and even city tribunals consisting of fair-minded citizens who are willing to examine the facts and who shall have the power of subpoena so that no facts—not even the employe's own figures and accounts—shall be immune from investigation.

Once a fact-finding body is established that can tell whether a wage demand means an irreparable hardship or a reasonable reduction of total profits or whether it means a necessary increase in price to the consumer, the facts obtained and conclusions reached can be made public. A time limit on the length of such inquiries can be imposed and both sides can be required to withhold strike or lockout action until the judgment is rendered. A penalty for an authorized strike or walkout or lockout in the interim can be imposed. A financial penalty, permitting damages to be recovered for losses sustained, would be the most powerful deterrent to any individuals who flout the orders of the fact-finding body.

Public Opinion Potent Force

If, after the judgment was proclaimed, either party refused to accept it, the right to strike or to reject worker's demands should be recognized. But it is doubtful whether any union or group of employers would venture to stand before the public and stubbornly refuse to agree when facts that could be relied upon to be facts had been published. Public opinion would force a settlement in those extreme cases.

What the Nation lacks is the obvious—the machinery for finding out the merits of labor-management controversies. More than a quarter of century ago Congress discovered this to be the answer in the transportation field and such machinery does exist now and is known as the National Mediation Board, established under the Railway-Labor Act. But it applies only to railroads and common carriers. It can be applied within states and within cities by local authorities and throughout the country by Congress through adoption of a simple amendment to include all forms of interstate business.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

OUR BRITISH POLICY

Great Britain has always suffered in this country from a chronic and apparently congenital inability to present her attitudes in a manner that will not irritate a people who have extended to the British unmistakable and valuable friendship. It is as impossible to make an American believe that the British won this war as it is to make a Russian believe that the United States won the war. Lord Keynes' memorandum on British sacrifices was touching but ridiculous because it dealt principally in uncomparable comparisons. Shall we blow up New York to make our damages equal to London? For instance, in his recital of percentages, does he include the total population of the entire British Empire? How would those percentages of losses be shifted if India, for instance, were included in these comparisons?

But my criticism of Lord Keynes' memorandum is as unimportant and insignificant as the memorandum itself. The American policy toward Britain cannot and need not be based upon the extent of British losses, nor on a comparison between their losses and ours. It must be based on this formula: It is or it is not to American interest and advantage to support the economic and political position of Great Britain in the world.

Simplifying the Problem

If it is to our interest and advantage to support Great Britain, then the problem ought to be simple. A joint American-British Commission, not of propagandists and special pleaders, but of competent students of our and their financial positions, could work out, in some detail, a process of cooperation.

But it cannot be one-sided cooperation. For instance, the countries within the British Commonwealth of Nations cannot use our money to support Empire Preference against American goods and services. If we put up cash, we must have equal treatment. Furthermore, the British must not employ exchange operations to lessen the purchasing power of the American dollar abroad or to increase the price of American commodities. We could probably lick them in an exchange war today, but if there is to be cooperation, there ought not to be exchange wars. By the way, while we are discussing exchange, what happened to the flaunted and touted Bretton Woods—did it die aborning?

Furthermore, if the United States is to rehabilitate British finances, restore British shipping, give Great Britain a stake to reconstruct her industries and trade, the British have to come clean on policy. When the British Dominions support Russia's policy vis-a-vis Japan and against us, who did the bulk of the fighting in Asia and defeated Japan by our industrial production, naval prowess and military skill, this country would like to know whether it is cooperating with the British Empire, the British Commonwealth of Nations or only with England, Scotland and Wales. If it is only the latter, it may not be worthwhile.

"Economic Isolationism"

The point has been made that "British depletion" justifies American credits. On the radio, the other night, I heard a new phrase, "economic isolationism." These phrases mean nothing, because the United States has not yet determined its long-term economic policies and the current improvisations can lead only to increased confusions. Until we fix on a policy, we have nothing to go by but private opinion and conversation.

(Copyright, 1945)

When flood waters recently destroyed the Samara river dam at the government-owned electric power plant, 26 cities in Guatemala were without electric current for more than a month.

British East Africa, Belgian Congo and Brazil are among areas now producing pyrethrum, daisy-like plant from which is produced insecticide of the same name.

People of Compass, tiny English hamlet, turned out at 2 a.m. to welcome Gerald Mounce, local football player, who had been a prisoner of war for three years.



MORE BOONASTIEL LETTERS

(From the Keystone Gazette (Bellefonte) and not published in the book)

Edited by RALPH CHARLES WOOD
Pennsylvania State College

BRIEF VUM HAASE-BAERRICK

Liewer Kernel Harder: Friday, July 31, 1896

Ich waar der anner Owet drunne ans Hullerhecke in der Barschtupp un do iss en Kerl nei kumme, as niemand gekennt hot. Er hot en langer, schwarzer Fliggelrock gewore un en grosser Sandschtee diamond uff em Hemm gedraage. Er hot die jiggers uffg'setzt fer die gans crowd un dernoh hot er aafange politics schwetze, un so en Yacht wie der Kerl gemacht hot, hawwich in meim Lewe net g'heert. Er iss iwwer alle Mann losgange, as Geld uff Indresse hot un wie er eweil losgerisse hot g'hatt, hen mer uns ball g'schemmt zu 'admit'-e ass mer eenich ebbes eegene, as mer net aahen. Endlich hot er g'schtoppt fer Ochdem saufe un ich hab neigeblafft:

"Wer bischt du?"

"Ich bin en Populist."

"So—un was bischt noch?"

"Ich will de Leit do am Haase-Baerrick zu verschteh gewwe, ass ich alles weess wege frei Silwer un dass ich opposed bin zu dem verflammte government, wu die Reiche alles eegene un die Aarme nix hen."

"Un wie wettscht du's hawwe?" hawwich g'frogt.

"Es Sach sett verdeelt sei."

"Sell suit mich," hot der Billy Bixler g'saat.

"Un was dernoh?" hawwich g'frogt.

"Well, dernoh sin mir all gleich."

"Wie lang bleiwe mer gleich," hawwich g'frogt.

"Bis die Reiche widder alles hen."

"Un was dernoh?"

"Widder verdeele."

"Sell iss communism," hawwich g'saat.

"Well," hot er g'saat, "es macht en d— aus, was es iss. Die banks un die Riggelwege sin en nuisance un sette 'abolish't sei. Mer kenne along kumme unne sie."

"Uh hu," hawwich g'saat. "Un was bischt du waert. Des iss, wie viel property hoscht du zammeg'sammelt, sidder ass du in Bissniss bischt?"

"Nix as mei gepitschte Hosse un mei grosser diamond uff meim gekochte Hemm. Ich bin en orator un all mei Reichdum iss in meim Maul."

"Un witt uns auslege was Geld iss?"

"Yuscht so."

"Well, sell gemaahnt mich an der Sammy Sensewetzer. Er sitzt der lieb lang Daag un schwetzt vun nix as gude Geil, un wann du in sei Schtall gehscht, dann sehnscht du nix as en langhoricher, lausicher, gleener Esel, as im Mischt schteht bis an die Hifte. Niemand daet denke zu ihm zu geh fer die points griege vun me gude Gaul, wann er mit ebber schwetze kann, as Geil selwer eegent. Nau, mei Freind, loss mich dir saage, du bischt en guder Schwetzer, awwer du gemaahnscht mich viel an en Katzefisch. Wammer dich butze daet, waer nix as Maul an dir."

Des Baerschtli iss uff un zu der Dier naus, as wann der Hund ihn gebisse hett. Der Billy Bixler hot g'saat, ich hett net so hart sei solle uff ihn, weil er verleicht die jiggers nochemol uffg'setzt hett.

"Hunsbohne," hawwich g'saat. "An so Zeide muss mer sei Verschtand bei sich halde. Wann so Kerl rumkumme un breddiche communism, dann iss es Zeit fer druffschlagge. Ich hab net viel, awwer Gott soll mei Zeige sei, ass ich in meim Lewe net zurickgange bin uff en ehrlichi Schuld, un wie er g'schwetzt hot wege fufzich cent Silwer hot er uns zu verschteh gewwe welle, ass mer yuscht meh die Helft vun unsere Schulde bezaahle misse un es anner muss der Mann verliere, wu uns gut Geld gelehnt hot. Iss sell die Ehrlichkeit as mir Pennsylfaanische Bauere breddiche sette? Mir sin gekennt iwwer die gans Welt fer unser Ehrlichkeit. Solle mer nau all rascals drehe un unser Schulde bezaahle wie der Mike Hetzel sei Grumbeere hot?"

"Wie waar sell?"

"Er hot zwee bushel Grumbeere vun meim Daadi gelehnt im Friehyohr, wie die Grumbiere en Daaler 's bushel waare. Wie die neie Grumbeere eikumme sin un waare yuscht zwansich cent 's bushel, iss er kumme mit me Seckli voll, hot sie in die Kich g'schtellt un hot g'saat: "Do, Billy, sin die Grumbeere. Ich bedank mich aa." Nau waar sell ehrlich? Denkt dihr der Mike hot noch meh Grumbeere gelehnt? Un graad so iss es mit dem freie Silwer Gegrisch, wu mer so viel dervun heert. Die wu die Sache unnerschtitze, sin alsfert eens vun drei Sache: Sie wisse net besser, sin net ehrlich, odder welle en office. Des Rotznaesli, wu ich yuscht do abgedechselt hab, denk ich, wees net was er will, un wann er widder do reikummt, dann renn ich ihm mei Fauscht der Hals nunner un dreh ihn rum wie en alder Schtrump.

Als widder

GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The campaign of 1896 was a contest between the Populists, who had gained control or influence in the west and south. William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate of 1896 ran on a platform which was almost entirely Populist. The Populists wanted fiat paper and silved in unlimited quantity to create an inflation which would enable mortgages to be wiped out, would increase farm prices, and "soak the rich." The struggle was so intense that party lines were cut through and even a staunch Democrat like Grover Cleveland, still President of the United States while the campaign was going on, was so little in sympathy with Bryan that after Bryan's defeat many citizens telegraphed Cleveland congratulating him. It is interesting to note that the Pennsylvania German country-side has ever since, as a general rule, had little sympathy with agitators who say: "Ich will de Leit do am Haase-Baerrick zu verschteh gewwe, ass ich alles weess wege frei Silwer un dass ich opposed bin zu dem verflammte government wu die Reiche alles eegene un die Aarme nix hen."

* * * * *

BRIEF VUM HAASE-BAERRICK

Liewer Kernel Harder: Fri., Mar. 5, 1897

Ich hab dir schunt eweil ken Brief meh g'schriwwe. Ich hab g'heert, ass deel vun deine Englischleser, wu in 're deitsche Nochberschaft uffgebrocht sin warre un waare zu dumm die Schproch zu laerne, daete es gaar net gleiche, wann sie mei Brief net lese kennte. Ich daet dir nau net schreiwe, awwer ich bin yuscht vum McKinley seinre inauguration kumme un ich hab dart Sache g'sehne, das mich so erschtaunt hen, ass ich mei Maul net zuhalde kann.

Ich un die Polly hen der Hockelbiere-Breetgeetsch-Riggelwek genumme do am Haase-Baerrick em Midwochmarye. Bis owets so an Sunnunner waare mir in Washington. Mir sin graad nuff noch em Capitol. Wie mir naegscht kumme sin, hawwich g'sehne, ass es Gebei net nadierlich guckt, un wie mir gans naegscht warre, hawwich sehne ebbes uff em Dach rumgraddle. Ich hab de Polly g'saat, sie sett emol ihre dobbelte Brille aaduh fer weit sehne un sett mir saage, was es iss. "El. Gottlieb," hot sie g'saat, "es sin verhaftich-un-Gott office-seekers." Un so waar's. Sie hen an de grosse Poschte g'hanke, wie dote Hoischreck uff re Schtickelfens, un's hot gewiwwelt mit 'ne wie Hinkelleis uff 're alte Gluck.

So viel Mensche hawwich in meim Lewe net uff eemol bei enanner g'sehne—Demegraade, Republicans, Prohibitionists, Populists un Mugwumps. Ich un die Polly sin der lieb lang Daag rumgeloffe fer ebber sehne, as mir kenne duhne, bis ich so mied waar, as wann ich en Daag Hawwer gerefft hett.

Der naegscht Daag sin mer naus fer die inauguration recht begucke. Ebaut Middaag hen mer en wunnerbaarer Uffruhr die Schtross drumne g'heert un glei hen mer 's parade sehne kumme. Vorne haer iss der Bresident McKinley un der Grover Cleveland kumme in me drotting buggy un banners bis mer ball nix meh heere un sehne hot kenne. Mir hen uns so zimmlich vorne am parade g'halde un hen alles g'sehne as aagange iss. Der Cleveland hot bedriebt geguckt. Un ken Wunner. Es waar en demegraadischi Leicht un er waar der eensichscht Drauermann in der procession. Der Billy Bryan waar uff der Fens g'hockt newe am Weg un hot Rotz un Wasser g'heilt. Wie mir an ihm verbei sin hot er uffgeguckt un hot g'saat: "Liewer Gott, wann ich yuscht fimfunzwansich Dausend meh votes hett g'hatt, dann waer ich heit Bresident!"—"Ya, hawwich g'saat, "wann der Hund net g'schtoppt hett fer gratze, dann hett er der Haas g'fange." Wie mir am Bensch Harrison seim Haus verbei sin, waar der Bensch uff der Bortsch g'hockt un hot seim neie Bobbli Brei g'fiedert. Es hot lang genumme bis die procession an der Capitol kumme iss, un dernoh waar's glei iwwer—der nei Bresident waar eig'schwore.

Owets sin ich un die Polly uff der 'nauguration Ball. Es waar viel gewest wie em Harrison sei 'nauguration Ball acht Yohr zurick. Die Weibsleit sin rumgeloffe unni Galles un hen Druwwel g'hatt fer ihre Dresse drowwe halde. Sie hen gedanst, ass es g'schmokt hot bis ball Daag un dernoh sin sie heem mit dicke Kepp un schwere Haerzer.

Ich duh mich alsfert 'enjoy'e an denne 'naugurations. Wann net viel zu esse iss, hot mer doch alsfert genunk zu drinke, un wann mer draa denkt, ass es yuscht alle vier Yohr kummt, dann wunnert's em net, ass yeder ebber geh will.

DIE ALT BLO KERCH

The Blue Church of Upper Saucon Township, Lehigh County, so called because of its color at an earlier time, is one of the earliest churches in the county. The region of Upper Saucon was settled largely by poor immigrants of the Reformed and Lutheran faiths from the Palatinate, many of whom were redemptioners. The oldest church records show that children were baptized here as early as 1739. In 1745 men from Upper Saucon came to Henry Melchior Muhlenberg at Providence, 25 miles away, and begged him to come and minister to them. Muhlenberg in his report to Halle for 1746 wrote: "Diese Gemeinde in Saccum hat nicht nachgelassen, uns zu bitten, dass wir alle vier Wochen auf einen Werktag bei ihnen Gottesdienst halten . . . Wir haben sie nun schon ein Jahr lang bedient, ob es wohl ein muehsamer Weg dahin ist. Die Leute dauern uns, weil sie meistens arm sind, daselbst so abgesondert wohnen und gleichsam wie verlassen sind."—ED.

Sie schteht dart newe am Hiwwel,
Die alt Blo Kerch so heemlich.
'S alt Schulhaus iss net weit devun,
So schteht sie net alleenich.

Schunn viele Yohre schteht sie dart,
In Wind un Schtarm un Sunneschein.
Die Kerch iss solid, schee un fei,
Schunn 's dritt Gebei in daere line.

Der Gottesacker iss newe draa,
Dart leie die alte Leit,
Wu hen die Kerch uffgebaut
In de gute alte Zeit.

Drin schteht so en scheener Aldar;
Im Kercheschiff sin viel Schtiehl;
Bordkerch geht hinne un newe hie,
Die Orgel waerd drowwe g'schpielt.

Un wann der Parre breddiche dutt,
So schallt sei Schtimm so schee;
Mer kann ihn heere iwwerall,
Es macht nix wu mer schteht.

Der Vorsinger verschteht sei Sach,
Die Orgel schpielt so gut;
Der Chor der singt so allerhand
Vun Gott un Grischti Blut.

Sie kumme noch der Kerch vun weit,
Gott zu diene dutt sie plessiere;
Die alte un die junge Leit,
'S will niemand sei Seel verliere.

Mer wolle froh un dankbaar sei
Fer des schee alt Gotteshaus.
As die alte Leit hen hiegebaut
Dart newe am Hiwwel naus.

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

DIE SCHWOWEZAEHLEREI

(widder so'n dumme Schwoweg'schicht)

Was hen die Schwowe dumm geguckt
Un hen sich uff die Schtaern geduppt.

Ya, so viel leicht em Dummschte ei,
Es sotte siwwe Schwowe sei.

Sie hen gezaehlt un hen gezaehlt;
Un immer hot noch eener g'fehlt.

Doch nau browiert's der Schpiggelschwob—
Sei G'schicklichkeet iss ihm zum Lob;

Er brauch ken Schnuppduch, dutt mit aus,
Un schtreicht die Naas am Aermel naus—

So zaehlt er dann, "Ya, ich bin ich—
Un du bischt Eens—nau sel iss dich;

Un dart iss Zwee un Drei un Vier—
Des geht so glatt wie Waggeschmier—

Do hiwwe sin noch Fimf un Sechs?
Varhafdich, wann net eener fehlt!

Ich meen ich hett doch recht gezaehlt?
Ya, well! 'S iss aeryets ebbes letz.

Un dann browiert's der Oiyerschwob—
Sei Witzichkeet iss ihm zum Lob;

Sei geele Fiess hen nix verfehlt,
Wie er die Oiyer hot gezachlt—

So zaehlt er dann, "Ya, ich bin ich—
Verschteht sich yo, der Erscht iss dich;

Der Zwett iss Zwee, der Dritt is Drei—
Des geht so glatt wie Oiyerbrei—

Un nau noch Vier un Fimf un Sechs?
— — — —! 's iss ebbes letz!

Nau kummt aa der Geduldich Schwob—
Sei gut Gemiet iss ihm zum Lob;

Er hett sich liewer hiegelegt,
Doch waar er nau mol uffgeregt—

Er nemmt die Buwe in der Schwamm;
Un gaar net weit vum Miehledamm

Waar'n Haerd vun scheene rode Kieh;
Un fresse Graas vum schenschte Grie.

Do laaft der Schwob mol hie un haer,
Wu'n guder Blatz zu finne waer

Fer'n scheeni Schwowezaehlerei;
Un waerklich hot er'n zimmlich glei—

En brauner Blacke, rund un weech,
So graad gebaut fer'n Schwoweschtreech;

Er winkt die Annre newe hie,
Sie gehne nunner uff die Gnie,

Den scheene Blacke mol bedracht,
Un immer noch debei gelacht,

Die Naes mol hardich neigeduppt,
Un dabber widder rausgezuppt.

Un siwwe gleene Lecher sin
In sellem runde Blaschder drin.

Die Schwowe hen geguckt, gezaehlt;
Die Kepp genuckt: "Ya, kenner fehlt!"

En Yeder hot en g'scheiti Naas
Un legt sich hie uff's griene Graas;

Die Luft iss kiehl, sie schlofe ei;
Die Kieh, die schwenzle draa verbei.

im September, 1945. —JOHN BIRMELIN.

Un nau iss der Bill McKinley em Uncle Sam sei neier Lehnsmann uff der grosse Bauerei. Der Billy Bryan hot der alt Mann verblaudere welle, ass er ihn druff losst, awwer er hot sich wiescht newe ans Nescht g'setzt wie er frei Silwer gebreddicht hot. Der Uncle Sam hot g'saat:

"En Daaler iss en Daaler—zweemol fufzich cent odder eemol ee hunnert; en Dann Mischt iss en Dann Mischt, eb du's uff ee load faahrscht odder gehscht zweemol derfor, un der Mann wu agreed waer, sei Schulde bezaahle mit dreiunfufzich Cent uff der Daaler, daet aa sei Halbbuschel net abschtreiche, wann er sei eegner Scheierweeze uffmesst. Du bischt ennihau noch zu grubbich un musscht noch eweil Ditz drinke."

Als widder

GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Of special note is Boonastiel's complaint back in the nineties that some of the "Englischleser" were protesting about newspaper articles written in a language that they could not read. Have we Americans at large, since that time, learned more tolerance toward non-English writings in America?

Deaths of a Day

MRS. WILLIAM McCLOSKEY

Mrs. Margaret McCloskey, 76, widow of William McCloskey, died Thursday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Fetherolf, 2022 Livingston St., where she had been residing for the past year.

She was born in Catasauqua, daughter of the late James and Margaret, nee Smith, Mitchell, and resided in that borough most of her life. She was a faithful member of the Presbyterian church, Catasauqua and was affiliated with the Ladies' Aid and Missionary societies of the church.

Besides her daughter, Mrs. McCloskey is survived by two other daughters, Sarah McCloskey, Allentown, and Mrs. Emil Mesics, East Orange, N. J.; a son, George E. McCloskey, chief of police at Kennett Square; three sisters, Sarah, Mattie and Anna; 11 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Rev. Gorman Roof will officiate at funeral services on Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. in the Oliver S. Burkholder Funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua. Interment will be made in Fairview cemetery, W. Catasauqua.

MRS. JANE A. BIRD

Mrs. Jane Alsover Bird, 83, widow of George W. Bird, died at 5 p.m. Thursday in Dufor hospital, Ambler.

Mrs. Bird was a lifelong resident of Easton, and for 20 years served as court matron in the Northampton county court house. She was the first woman to serve in that capacity and was appointed when the position was created Jan. 1, 1922. She retired Oct. 1, 1942.

She was born in Easton and was an active member of First Presbyterian church until becoming ill. Her husband died many years ago.

Survivors include these sisters and brothers: Mrs. Edward Hartshorn, of Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. J. Ray Able, of Dover, Del.; Mrs. Jacob Abel and Mrs. Henry F. Marx, both of Easton, and Raymond Alsover, of East Orange, N. J.

FRED B. ROONEY SR.

The funeral of Fred B. Rooney Sr., former president of the Jacksonian Democratic club, will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the late residence, 422 Carlton Ave., Bethlehem. Solemn requiem mass will be celebrated at 9:30 a. m. in Holy Infancy church. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery.

MRS. DANIEL VASVARI

The funeral of Mrs. Julia Vasvari, wife of Daniel Vasvari, will be held at 9 a. m. Saturday from the late home, 422 E. Garrison St., Bethlehem. Requiem mass at 9:30 a. m. in SS. Peter and Paul church. Burial in Holy Ghost cemetery, West Easton.

MRS. EDWIN N. STEINER

In ill health for four years, Mrs. Cora N. Steiner, wife of Edwin Steiner, 29 S. 14th St., passed away yesterday at the Allentown hospital where she had been a patient since Saturday. She was in her 79th year.

Born in Stouchsburg, Berks county, daughter of the late Peter and Harriet, nee Zellner, Urich, she was a resident of this city most of her life. Before her marriage she was an instructor in music for several terms in the Micheal, Ind., schools.

Mrs. Steiner was a faithful member of St. Michael's Lutheran church and was affiliated with the Missionary society, the Sewing Circle, the auxiliary and the Adult Bible class of the church. She was also a member of the Muhlenberg College auxiliary and the Good Shepherd Home auxiliary.

Besides her husband she is survived by three sisters, Mrs. John Zeller and Clara Urich, Meyerstown, and Mrs. Agnes Gerky, Reading.

Rev. Arthur Grammes will officiate at funeral services at 1 p. m. Tuesday in St. Michael's Lutheran church. Interment will be made in Meyerstown cemetery.

For Servicemen

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Allentown Morning Call Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N. E., Washington 2, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage.

Q. Is the recipient of a Silver Star Medal entitled to discharge from the Navy? R. F. S.

A. The Navy Department has stated that regardless of his critical score, a member of the Navy who has received the Silver Star Medal since September 1, 1939, is entitled to release on his own request.

Q. What is the strength of the Army Air forces? O. L. R.

A. The War department stated in August, 1945 that the strength of the AAF was 2,300,000.

Q. Are soldiers discharged under the point system likely to be recalled to active service? H. R.

A. They will not be recalled unless they volunteer for further service.

Q. Is duty on an ammunition ship volunteered? K. C. Y.

A. The Navy department says that it is not. Men are assigned to such a ship.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Sie Wissa Wie

Won aenich ebber im marrick is fer tzwae guta bame um hocker dinga, 'm Paul Keiser sei fraw die Mamie, un 'm Benj. Harpel sei fraw die Sophie fon Shamrock, sin hard tzu beata wons mohl hais'd bame um hocka. Wos noch mainer is, die Mamie un die Sophie wissa net yusht wie aw tzu gae fer 'n baum shnell um hocka, ow'r hen doh net long tzurick aw gawissa os sie die arwet duh kenna.

So wie m'r fershtain, wohna sie shier bei nonner, un hut na aryads 'n baum im waig g'shtonna os sie garn weck kotta hetta. Noh liever wie worta bis es der Paul un der Benj. gabos'd het fer 'n um mocha, sin sie mohl free moryets selwar dahinner mit hius ox un sake. Bame hen alsa mohl 'n gabrouch fer die sake glamma, ow'r die weibsleit sin sella socha glei fohr kumma, un woh 'n lot leit maina os 'n gons neier waig wear fer bame um mocha.

Die Mamie is nuf in der dibble fom baum gagrodd'ld, hut halt gagrabb'd om dibble, un is runner gajump'd. Sella waig hut sie der baum sheb nava nous gatzoga, un die Sophie is uf der chob mit da huls sake. Die barichda sin 'n lot fon da nochberra hetta gamaint 's dade shnaea so arrick wear 's sake-meal g'floga, ow'r net fer arrick long. In ra gons kartza tzeit wear der baum g'falla, un hetta sich so arrick blessiert os sie im sin hetta fer ferarnsht ons bame um mocha gae, won sie aryads 'n chob griega kenta.

Is Ra Ferlaid

So wie 'n Fegelchie uns yusht gapifa hut, is es da Senia Walbert fon drous in Long Swamp alla weil shun ferlaid ufs kalt wedder os widder om kumma is. Die Senia gaibt so weiters net fiel ums wedder, wos sie uf 'm shtrich hut is der sharaf wind os winders ols so bahoft is fer die hinkleshtol driller tzu blosa won sie om oyer ous hava is. 'M ledshda winder hut sie so'n aryie erfohring kot, un des wor wos g'shaina wor.

Die Senia wor drous im hinkle shtol fer die oyer ous hava, un allas wor ol recht bis sie ous 'm shtol gae hut wolla, un der wind hut der driller tzu gablosa kot, un sie hut net gawist wie uf tzu mocha. 'S airsht hut sie mohl der gons hinkel shtol un die welt fol gagrisha, ow'r 's hut sie niemond k'hoert, uns sis niemond kumma fer sie rous lossa. Noh hut sie 'n fenshter sheib nous garent mit ra maining sie kent sella waig nous longa un der driller on da dier uf mocha, un sich nous shoffa. 'S fenshter sheib wor glei drous, ow'r hut noh doch net noch 'm driller kumma kenna fer 'n uf mocha, un hut ous gamocht won sies fenshter rawm hous het, kent sie tgum fenshter nous groddla.

'S wor 'n bidderlicher kalter dawg un hut ken handshing bei sich kotta, un ihra hand sin so kalt werra wie ice shivel. Iwwel odder wohl hut sie 'n altie bree gluck sehna uf 'm neshd hucka breea, un hut ihra hand fer 'n weil unnich die gluck k'hova fer sie warma. Endlich hut die gluck awfonga friehra os sie gatzitter'd hut, un is fom neshd gajump'd. Noh hut die Senia nocha mohl shtarta shoffa om fenshter, uns gons g'shtel waisa ousa nonner garissa fer die fenshter rawm rous griega.

Der hinkle shtol hut awenich omma hivel g'shtonna, un wos die Senia noh howwa het solla fer nous, wear 'n laider gawest, odder 'n parachute fer jumpa. Ow'r sie hut kens kot, un noh ous gamocht fer so jumpa, ow'r is banka gabliva mit da farshda on da fenshter sitz, un is raups fedderash'd tzum shtol nous in die hinkle ben garoll'd. Nochberra os sie sehna hen rolla, hen gamaint ihra hinkle hetta bardich gute galaig'd, un sie wear om bartzel baum shloga fer glora fraida. Sel wor ow'r letz, die Senia hut net gatzailt kot sellie socha tzu duh, un is leicht tzu sehna os es ra laid dut fers kalt wed

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—Webster.

WORLD-GIRDLING FLIGHT NOW COMMONPLACE

A week ago it was sensational, today the beginning of a commercial flight around the world has already become the commonplace. So rapidly do events move in this modern world.

Just a week ago on Thursday a gigantic plane thundered away from the United States eastbound on a trip that was scheduled to take 151 hours and complete its world-girdling by Thursday night. Inauguration of the flight was accompanied by historic ceremony.

Promptly on Thursday night a little more than an hour ahead of scheduled time the big plane taxied over the Washington airport to discharge the passenger list that had been gone less than a week and had been flying for 116 hours and 23 minutes of that time. They had covered 23,279 miles.

Yesterday afternoon another plane took off from Washington for the second round trip, but with practically no ceremonies. Henceforth every Friday a plane will leave the United States for a commercial trip around the world and there will be no fanfare. And just as soon as business—mail and express—warrants it, there will also be a weekly Globester service westwardly out of the United States.

PROPER TRIBUTE TO ADMIRAL NIMITZ

Admiral Nimitz, whose native modesty and positive declination of publicity during the war, came into his own yesterday when Washington gave him one of the greatest parades and receptions in the history of that city.

Unlike many other fighting men, Nimitz shunned publicity. It was not that he wished to conceal anything from the American people but that he did not wish a single inkling about his work and himself as to his manner of thinking to become known to the Japanese. He was so intent upon beating the little yellow tricksters that he was determined to reveal none of his own tricks to them or give them the key by which they might anticipate his plans.

Thus American strategy in the Pacific, after Pearl Harbor, resulted in repeated surprises for the Japs. When they came in for surprise attacks, they found that their moves had been anticipated and that overwhelming foes were awaiting to crush them. When surprise attacks were worked upon the Japs, they were found unprepared for them.

But yesterday Nimitz became fully revealed. There was no necessity for secrecy any longer. He stood forth in Washington as the leading man in the recent Pacific campaigns that brought the annihilation of the world's third largest navy and the reduction of one of the greatest maritime nations in the course of only three years to the standing of a fifth or sixth rate power.

MORE SHAKE-UP FOR JAPAN

General MacArthur has given the Jap leaders another jolt in that he has ordered removal by the Japanese government of all barriers to freedom of speech, religion and public assembly. He has ordered the Japanese Gestapo curbed and removed the minister who was in charge of that organization which had continued its campaign against communists, liberals and anybody who was supposed to harbor any opinion contrary to the old order of things.

The American commander has ordered all political prisoners released and largely because of this the Japanese cabinet is expected to resign.

So Japan is being given the opportunity to think and act along any lines that she desires but in which she has been repressed by the fetich of emperor worship. She had been given freedom of the press almost immediately after the Hirohito call upon MacArthur and largely because the press at that time played down the visit or gave it the old-time Japanese slant. Now the Japs can exercise freedom of speech, they can exercise freedom in religious thinking and they can meet together anywhere to discuss any hitherto moot subjects without being jailed by a vicious Gestapo organization.

If all this should lead to revolution in Japan, there will be no great surprise because the old order is stubborn, deeply rooted and undoubtedly has a very great following. But if the Japanese are to undergo great changes in their institutions and more particularly in their way of thinking upon many subjects, it will be better that they evolve and develop those changes themselves thru revolution—bloodless, it is to be hoped—than that it be imposed upon them by outsiders. An imposed system will always have the disadvantage of being termed unpatriotic by those who will find their greatest argument in waving the national flag and singing the national anthem. Patriotism in Japan, as well as in other countries, can be "the last refuge of scoundrels."

THAT PERSISTENT LAW OF SUPPLY-DEMAND

Remember the days when only those in queues could get cigarettes and even those at the end of the line could get none? And remember when cigarettes were hidden beneath the counter and passed out sparingly and furtively only to regular customers?

That was but a short time ago. Now the situation has completely changed. Not only are cigarettes on display and sold freely but many times and in many places salesmanship urge buyers to take not one pack but a carton. In other words cigarette scarcity has ended completely, there is evidence of great abundance even of the standard and most popular brands and there are reports of price reductions where competition has become keen.

We thus have had a striking illustration of the immutable economic law of supply and demand. The story and priciple can be applied to anything which men make and sell and which the public desires or finds it necessary to secure for the sustaining of life.

CHINESE TROOPS FOR JAPAN

With all speed possible Japanese troops are being moved out of China to their home islands not only because as soldiers these men made themselves hated but because the Chinese feel thy have no room for people of their kind even if they were to become speedily assimilated with the native stock, which undoubtedly would quickly absorb them.

Following the Japanese it appears likely will be several hundred thousand Chinese troops which will be assigned duty as occupation forces. While the prospect of such a plan has not been given wide publicity it would appear that if a large Chinese occupation army be located in Japan the need for very large American forces will vanish. So the statements that came out of Japan some days ago relative to a force of 200,000 American troops, stationed in Japan for a considerable time, may prove to be correct very soon.

It almost certainly is true that Americans are by no means eager to be in Japan. It can be believed that China, with its vast population and its low living standards, can very well and will be glad to supply all the necessary troops.

Outlawing the Bomb

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5—President Truman has, with commendable courage, asked the world to outlaw the atomic bomb as a weapon of warfare.

This position, which might be interpreted as an acknowledgement that the bomb should not have been used to kill non-combatants, is significant of a more humane approach to the subject than evidently was the case during the war that has just ended.

The President's exact words are worth reproducing:

"The hope of civilization lies in international arrangements looking, if possible, to the renunciation of the use and development of the atomic bomb, and directing and encouraging the use of atomic energy and all future scientific information toward peaceful and humanitarian ends."

Mr. Truman invites discussion with other governments to see what arrangements can be worked out. He does not say the United States will share the secret with other powers. He takes it for granted that other nations will, of their own accord, discover the ways and means of using atomic power. He declares:

"Scientific opinion appears to be practically unanimous that the essential theoretical knowledge upon which the discovery is based is already widely known. There is also substantial agreement that foreign research can come abreast of our present theoretical knowledge in time."

There would appear to be, therefore, no question about sharing the secret or accelerating the misuse of atomic power but rather a question of what nations shall do with atomic power once they find the way to produce it.

Mr. Truman's forthright declaration in which he uses the phrase "renunciation of the use and development of the atomic bomb" is a hopeful sign that official Washington realizes the spot in which the United States has been placed by the use of the bomb to kill noncombatants in Japan.

The traditional position of the United States has long been opposed to the bombing of non-combatant men, women and children. The recent declarations by military men that almost as much destruction was caused by our superfortresses is an indication that, while military targets were aimed at, there was none too careful consideration given to what was or what was not a military installation. Precision bombing, which early in the war was proclaimed as humane because it was accomplished with pin-point accuracy, was supplemented in the case of Japan by warning as to the cities that were to be bombed. But no warning was given the non-combatants in Hiroshima or Nagasaki that atomic bombs were to be used.

The President has been advised that the decision as to international control of the bomb cannot be long postponed. He says:

"Discussion of the international problem cannot be safely delayed until the United Nations organization is functioning and in a position adequately to deal with it."

This is a significant confession. It could mean that the secret might be discovered by some small nation which might wish to us it against neighbors. It could mean that some nations among the major group might discover the secret and begin to use it as a force behind its diplomacy. It could mean also that the United Nations organization may be a long time getting started or getting the prestige and influence necessary to persuade all its members to refrain from using the atomic bomb.

What it surely means, however, in any event is that the President feels the United States, having used the bomb, cannot afford to wait any longer before getting a solemn pledge from all nations that the bomb will be outlawed. Apparently the United States is ready to make such a commitment and give up any possible use of the weapon if others will do likewise. This question completely overshadows the sharing of the secret with other powers. Once all nations have given satisfactory guarantees against the use of the atomic bomb as a weapon, there is no good reason for giving the information. For then atomic power becomes a matter of commercial usage and presumably each nation will spend its own funds for the development of the sources from which atomic power is to be obtained and manufactured.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THAT NEW YORK ELECTION

I know men who contribute money and time to organizations designed to fight the advance of Communism in the United States. They rise in meeting to denounce the godless "Reds" and they attack the impudences of Soviet Russia. They call Sidney Hillman every wicked name and they grow purple with rage at the mere mention of Earl Browder or William Z. Foster or Mike Quill.

But when Election Day comes along, they vote to strengthen the power and influence of the Communists by casting their ballots in favor of candidates who have been indorsed by the Communist party and whose election is dependent upon Communist support. The explanation lies in simple arithmetic. A Democrat, for instance, can usually calculate the number of votes that the Democrats will give him. That he feels he can take for granted. If he can arrange, in a city like New York, for Communist support, that plus, he assumes, will put him over. This gives the Communists the balance of power and makes them infinitely more important than they numerically are. The candidate himself may be a violent anti-Communist, but he wants to be elected. He sells himself and his country down the Red stream in pursuit of ambition.

It has been done so often hereabouts that it has become a pattern. Even the thoughtful and patriotic have become accustomed to it. They assume that after Election Day, the candidate will tell the Commies to go places, but it never happens that way because there is always another election in view. In New York, for instance, a handful of Communists and their Left-Wing adherents have the most powerful voice in the school system. They utilize their organs of publicity to frighten decent principals and teachers, who, once they take a stand for American ideals, are denounced as "Fascists," "Anti-Negro," "Anti-Semites." It is easier to go along with the loud-mouthed agents of Russian imperialism than to love America and its traditions. And many go the easiest way.

In the current election for Mayor of New York, the three candidates, Jonah Goldstein, William O'Dwyer and Newbold Morris, are much the same kind of folks. But that is not the issue. The Communists have indorsed O'Dwyer not by resolution but by coalition. The Daily Worker fights hard for him. At their great meeting at Madison Square Garden, at which they booed and hissed General MacArthur and denounced American imperialism, they demonstrated their desire to have O'Dwyer Mayor of New York. All the Red agencies are laboring for him and the P. A. C. is at its old stand, following the Communist party line as closely as Sidney Hillman did at the recent world labor conference.

It seems to me that it ought to be obvious to Americans by now that whatever and whomever the Communists support, patriotic Americans ought to oppose. This Communist party is an alien conspiracy to corrupt the American way of life. It is a design to weaken us by confusions, to lessen our power by involving this country in constant internal crises. No more did the actual fighting of the war end than three years of phoney patriotism disappeared and the Communists by official resolution and proclamation declared themselves again a revolutionary party, existing for the sole purpose of altering by violent methods the political, economic and social institutions of this country.



FRAKTUR—SCHRIFTEN

A Brief History and Interpretation of Pennsylvania German Illuminated Writings

by

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PENNSYLVANIA German Illuminated Writings offer fascinating material to the student and the scholar. Few subjects could be of greater cultural and religious interest and none has received greater abuse from writers and speakers. To understand properly the subject to be treated in this article we shall do well to define Illuminated Writings or **Fraktur-Schriften.**

Definition

Any book, document or page in writing as distinguished from print may be classified as a manuscript or "writing". The term "illuminated writing" as applied to hand-colored manuscripts may refer to the ornamentation of the text, such as the decoration of an initial letter or word in the manuscript, with gold or silver, or in brilliant colors. This art may extend farther to miniature designs on the margin of the page, or a form of elaborate tracery and embellished borders.

The German word "Fraktur" refers to a certain type of design of Gothic letters done in "broken" lines by a quill (compare the Latin noun **fractura**, a break or breach). This form of writing and the accompanying illumination applies then to ornaments and other details adapted from the Gothic style and applied to manuscript pages. Thus our subject, Pennsylvania German **Fraktur,** represents nothing less than the preservation in the modern age, and the further development of the ancient and medieval art of illuminated writing.

This art of illumination in Western Europe has its origin among the Celtic peoples in Ireland about A. D. 521. Thence it reached the Scottish coast through Irish missionaries, from here on to England, and finally to Germany through the great Christian pioneer, St. Boniface of Devonshire, England (A. D. 680-754). He carried with him a highly ornamented book of the Gospels, probably remnants or influences of the Celtic art, made and preserved by zealous missionaries. In Germany the particular type of **Fraktur** design was created and perfected by Leonhard Wagner (A. D. 1500). He had been a Benedictine Monk in Augsburg about A. D. 1507 and was employed by King Maximilian, who fostered the preparation of beautiful manuscripts of the old epics of knighthood.

For centuries the manuscripts of Western Europe had their origin and development in the West. However, Oriental designs did creep in at various times, but only through a period of filtration and assimilation.

Extent

A prevalent use of, and interest in, this art throughout Europe extended during the "Middle Ages" and the Renaissance. Monasteries were the repositories of this beautiful and interesting work fostered and perpetuated by the Monks. Bibles, devotional books, and kindred literature were favorite subjects for marginal and interlinear decoration and embellishments. Only recently has the writer seen a beautiful specimen of such an illuminated New Testament prepared by French Monks during the Middle Ages, on exhibition in the William Randolph Hearst Art Collection in New York City. In Germany the art expanded into the more practical, domestic life of the people and found expression in common household objects.

As Edwin Lefevre explained in the **Saturday Evening Post,** houses during A. D. 1500-1600 were dark and gloomy because windows were few and small. Often these were dimmed by parchment and shutters. Hence these color-loving people painted their homes, furniture, and various domestic objects in gay bright colors to bring cheer and beauty into their daily life. Later when sheet glass was commonly used and homes were better lighted, even a greater interest was manifest in decoration and color. If homes could not be sumptuous they could at least be colorful. Moreover, this art in the home of the simple Protestant folk took the place of the gorgeous decoration of the Catholic Church established for the enjoyment of its people.

Probably two factors largely contributed to the decline of the art of illuminated writing; First, the prevalent work and interest of the ecclesiastics during the Reformation detracted from this work. Second, the invention and extensive use of printing replaced the manuscripts with their beautiful hand work. Hence this fine art ended approximately at the beginning of the German emigration to America, about 1680. As Henry Borneman so aptly states in his book, **Pennsylvania German Illuminated Manuscripts,** it enjoyed a period of more than a thousand years during which more than thirty generations enjoyed this grand movement. It took several centuries before the art had spent itself.

Its last notable use and practice was made by the Pennsylvania Germans in this country covering a period of about a hundred years, 1750-1850, and, probably attained its best expression between 1795-1820. It occupied a conspicuous place in the religious, educational and social life of the people as we shall see in subsequent chapters.

Use

The illuminated writing or **Fraktur** in this country was characteristically Pennsylvania German. Its best examples came from the period when there had been little or no assimilation of the environment in America on the part of the pioneers.

The beauty was generally limited to objects of utility. Useful things of the household were decorated. These included such objects as chests, barns, butter-molds, waffle-irons, baptismal and marriage certificates, house-blessings, hymn-books, etc.

Motifs and Devices Employed

The designs employed for decorative purposes in the Pennsylvania German **Fraktur** work were all symbolic types for the purpose of teaching some religious truth or lesson. Naturally the artist would use the symbols with which he and his readers were best acquainted. The literature most familiar to them was the Bible. Moreover, its symbols afforded an excellent opportunity to teach fundamental truths as well as to beautify the home. So the artist used the symbols found in the Holy Scripture, and particularly those in the Song of Solomon and in the New Testament. One must remember that early Christianity was very congenial to religious symbolism. The primitive Christian art found in the catacombs near Rome is but one verification of this fact. The Old Testament fairly sparkles with its mystic imagery, and the New Testament affords an indescribable beauty through the lofty lessons of the fascinating parables given by the master teacher. The most common and outstanding of the symbols employed are: the lily, rose, pearl of great price, corner stone (which the builders rejected; diamond), Virgin Sophia (wisdom), stem of Jesse's rod, turtle-doves, pomegranates, tulip, circle, stars, peacocks, formal geometric designs, etc.

Interpretation

Thus for the most part the Pennsylvania German **Fraktur** was symbolic or interpretive. The purpose of illumination was to beautify the object of devotion and to clarify its meaning. The design or symbol used was distinctly religious in character. And the purpose of the symbol was to teach, through a visible sign, something that was invisible. The truth intended to be taught through these manuscripts was to be found in the Bible and not in the occult. The symbols that were used typify Christianity and do not have a magical or pagan meaning.

The pictures and designs which were drawn and painted suggest some fact, idea or truth. The aim of the artist was not to produce some pictorial likeness, but some form which would suggest the thought and teaching in his mind. The artist sought a realism of the heart. Instead of picturing nature and the world of sense he employed images to describe the quest of the soul for the ineffable. By an underlying faith he raised and sublimated his objects, giving them a new meaning and an abiding value. For him nature became a gate-way to the garden of God. It was through these means the teacher sought a way back to the heart of God. To the artist, nature did not become an intrinsic, beautiful object. He used it for a much deeper and more significant purpose. Nature became a revelation of the deeper qualities of life, a symbol of things beyond herself. By thus using nature as a medium he energized her, and at the same time pointed to the deep realities of another world.

This ingenious work had a peculiar effect upon the uninformed of a later day. It resulted in the obscurity of design and not a photographic reproduction. Hence, it became difficult to identify the meaning and source of the designs and symbols employed by the teacher artists. Consequently the ignorant frequently miss the mark as to the interpretation and source of the material employed. Indeed, some even go so far as to claim that the ingenious religious symbols on the beautiful, Pennsylvania German, red barns are "Hex" marks to drive or keep away witches and evil spirits, because of the superstitious beliefs of the Pennsylvania German people. Nothing could be more remote from the truth concerning the original purpose of these interesting symbols employed to speak a devout and meaningful language. The Pennsylvania German loved color. He used it richly, painting practically all of his barns and stables bright red. So he was compelled to decorate his buildings with designs in beautiful and contrasting colors. He did the natural thing, namely, use the designs and symbols which he knew best and which had an intrinsic value and meaning. The very ones he had on his household utensils and manuscripts he employed as decorative barn designs. And, even if the second or third generation had forgotten the significance of these designs, one may rightfully maintain that the main motive of these nature and art loving people is a sincere desire for ornamentation.

Two factors led to the encouragement of the religious symbols in Pennsylvania German **Fraktur** work. First was the famous theological tradition in which the language, figures of speech and images used from the Scriptures easily adapted themselves to the interpretative art found in the **Fraktur.** Second, a prevalent flower hymnology in a large measure explained the designs employed in the illuminated writings. Numerous lengthy hymns had been written by pious, didactic poets emulating the beauty and virtue of flowers such as the rose, lily, the blossoming stem of Jesse's rod, etc. In the latter half of the hymn Christ was likened to, or substituted for, the flowers and their beauty and the virtues applied to Him as the Saviour and Redeemer of the world. This prevalent flower hymnology stimulated many curious, interesting and fascinating designs on the part of artists in **Fraktur** work.

To be concluded

AUS'M MAMMI GANS BUCH

Here am I

Do bin ich, do schpring ich,
Mir fliegt's in die Bee;
Wann niemand bei mir iss,
Dann bin ich allee.

Dickery-Dickery-Dock

Dickeri-dickeri-dack!
Gebambel un Gegnack!
Es schpringt die Maus
Ins Uhrehaus;
Un schlackt die Uhr,
Do schpringt sie raus,
Dickeri-dickeri-dack!

There was a man in Newington

Es waar en Mann im Eiledaal,
En g'scheiter Mann daerrichaus.
Der tschumpt mol in en Heckebusch,
Gratzt sich die Aage raus.
Un ass er nau ken Aaage hot,
Des sehnt er awwer glei;
Do tschumpt er in en annrer Busch
Un gratzt sie widder nei.

TOLLY-WOLLY TAD-POLE

Tolly-wolly-Mullikopp,
Insche-wuschel-frei,
Hot en Hund un Schiessgewehr
Un siwwe Kugel Blei;
Tolly-wolly-Mullikopp,
Insche-wuschel-frei,
Verkaaft sich zumme Weisse Mann
Fer'n Boddel Brandewei.

Two Deaf Men

Zwee Daawe gehne 'n ganzi Meil
Fer'n Schtummer heere schwetze;
En Grippel graddelt uff en Baam
Fer'n Gluck mit Oiyer setze.

REVIEWS

HOME CRAFT COURSES.—Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser. Volume VII. Home Craft Course in Pennsylvania German Manuscripts. By M. Louise Edye. Schlechter's, Printers, Allentown, Pa. 1945. $1.00.

Listed as Volume VII among the many booklets planned by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser the one on Pennsylvania German Illuminated Manuscripts is really the eleventh to be published in her series of Home Craft Courses.

M. Louise Edye, who prepared the booklet, informs us in her Foreword that as a mere appreciator of the art of illumination she has endeavored to keep the text merely informative and general.

The novice, who has been bitten by the bug of Pennsylvania German folkart and who wishes to create birth and wedding certificates, or house blessings, as further adjuncts of decoration for rooms furnished with native antiques, will find in this booklet simple instructions for procedure, and an enumeration of the materials and tools required.

Miss Edye admits that in her search for information she has discovered that there is not a great deal of authoritative material available on the subject of Pennsylvania German Illuminated Manuscripts. While it is true that there is not an abundance of written matter about our **Fraktur** writings, she seems nowhere to have resorted to Henry S. Borneman's handsome work **Pennsylvania German Illuminated Manuscripts. A Classification of Fraktur-Schriften and An Inquiry into their History and Art** (Vol. 46. Proceedings of the Penn. German Society, 1937) with its informative introduction. Also she has apparently not consulted such authorities as the Rev. Mr. Lester K. Kriebel and Mr. I. P. Mensch. The novice would have welcomed more definite instruction in the art of the calligraphy peculiar to these illuminated writings, the technique of the broken line, the very reason for the name **Fraktur.**

There are fifteen full-page illustrations, two of which are color reproductions. In her selection the author drew entirely from the notable collection of her aunt, Mrs. Albert K. Hostetter of Lancaster, Pa. Of these full-page ilustrations five belong to the eighteenth century. One is a baptismal certificate for Johan Philip, son of Adam Heilman and his spouse Catharina, of Lebanon Township, Lancaster County. It bears the date of 1701. This is a very early date indeed and one wonders whether it was correctly copied in the preparation of the drawing, since the migrations into Lancaster County only began after 1710.

* * *

HEX SIGNS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—Published by R. W. Cummings, Inc., Lancaster, Pa. 1945. $1.00. With decals. $2.00.

This booklet serves a two-fold purpose. Here the lover of our barn signs will find a collection of 24 different designs, beautifully reproduced in color, incorporated in the text of the booklet. In order that these designs may be useful to those who wish to use them in interior decorations or for needle and patch work, it includes two large folded sheets of black-line drawings meant to serve as patterns, in addition to a double set of 24 different barn signs in color prepared for use as decalcomanias, with full directions for applying the same.

Those who are interested in barn signs solely for their beauty and symbolism will find here a refreshingly logical interpretation. Those who seek hidden and sinister meanings, signs of magic "to drive away the Devil" or to prevent an evil spell upon farm and cattle, will, despite the title of the book, find themselves disappointed.

* * *

That inveterate, uninhibited and unabashed publisher of books about the Pennsylvania Germans and their ways of life, A. Monroe Aurand Jr., of Harrisburg, Pa., has found it desirable to revise completely some of his earlier publications and to publish them in small pocket pamphlet form, somewhat after the fashion of the Little Blue Books of J. Haldeman-Julius. It may be true that these convenient forms are in great demand by a public who does not insist upon accuracies, for the publisher does not hesitate to collect and publish truths, half-truths and less. Among these pamphlets are **Stories and Poems in the Pennsylvania German Dialect,** the choice of which is hardly representative; **The Realness of Witchcraft,** an interesting though incoherent hodge-podge of material, some of which is related to the Pennsylvania Germans; **Popular Home Remedies and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans,** with a Foreword by Logan Clendening, M.D.; and **Quaint Idioms and Expressions of the Pennsylvania Germans,** which is one of Mr. Aurand's nobler efforts.

Among these "Pocket Pamphlets" are two new ones: **Home Life, or Good Old Times with the Pennsylvania "Dutch"** and **Social Life, or, Good Old Times with the Pennsylvania "Dutch",** both of which, says the publisher, are "A delight to the Antiquarian and Folklorist." These two booklets are built up on the interesting old illustrations found in H. L. Fischer's books "'S Alt Marik-Haus Mittes in Der Schtadt un die Alte Zeite" (York, 1879) and "Kurzweil un Zeitvertreib" (1896). Mr. Aurand was fortunate in securing the original line cuts used in the Fischer books. He essayed to accompany these quaint old pictures with verses of his own. Unfortunately the writing of verse is not Mr. Aurand's forte. In these last mentioned pamphlets Mr. Aurand has nevertheless rendered the public a service, for in them he has rescued the cuts used in H. L. Fischers books which are now very rare collector's items. They are the only contemporaneous illustrations of the pageantry of rural Pennsylvania German life of an earlier day.—ED.

The Winds they did blow

Die Wind, die hen geblose,
Die Bletter hen ken Ruh;
En Bettler hot mich g'fange
Un in en Sack geduh.

Er nemmt mich nooch em Schtedtel,
Dart waar en reichi Fraa;
Sie dutt mich in en Kewwich,
Des schteht 're mechtich aa.

Sie fiedert mich mit Ebbel
Un alle Sarde Niss;
Un gebt mer noch en Fedderdeck,
Wann's Wedder frierich iss.

TERENCE McDIDDLER

Der Salamon Sittler,
Drei-seedicher Fiddler,
Er fiddelt so fleissich,
Er fiddelt so schee.
Er fiddelt die Fischelcher
Graad aus em See.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

UP FRONT - - - -

Text and Pictures

By BILL MAULDIN

INSTALMENT VI

(Editor's Note: This is one of a series of 16 articles taken from Sergeant Mauldin's best-selling book and illustrated with some of the famous wartime cartoons he drew while at the front in Europe).

Those of us who spent a long time in Sicily and Italy were amazed that such a run-down country could have had the audacity to declare war on anyone, even with the backing of the krauts.

The dogfaces had pretty mixed feelings as far as Italy was concerned. A lot of them remembered that some of their best friends were killed by Italians. I didn't belong to that group, even though the first enemies I saw were Italians. You couldn't work up a good hate against soldiers who were surrendering to you so fast you had to take them by appointment. The average dogface felt dreadfully sorry for these poor trampled wretches, and wanted to beat his brains out doing something for them. I didn't belong too strongly to that group, either.

Soldiers' Pity Aroused

The doggies became accustomed to the abject poverty and hunger of the Italian refugees who streamed out of towns which were being fought over, and who hung around bivouac areas, but no dogface ever became hardened to it. Their pity was often strained by the way the Italians seemed to

Continued on Page 12, Column 1

Deaths of a Day

JEAN E. LOBACH

Funeral services for Jean E. Laubach, two year-old daughter of Albert G. and Emma E., nee Rieger, Lobach, 2009 Washington St., who died at her home Thursday, will be conducted at 3 p. m. Monday at the J. S. Burkholder Funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Burial will be in Greenwood cemetery.

Born in Allentown, she was a member of the cradle roll of St. Andrew's Reformed Sunday school.

Survivors are her parents, a sister Lois and two brothers, Donald and Charles, all at home; and the paternal grandfather, Charles F. Lobach.

JOHN R. SCHEETZ

John R. Scheetz, husband of the late Lucinda, nee Richards, Scheetz, died at his home, 117 S. Main St., Telford, Thursday, at the age of 85.

Well known among a large number of friends in Lehigh county, Mr. Scheetz was an active member of St. John's Lutheran church, Ridge Valley.

A retired farmer, Mr. Scheetz was born in Finland, Montgomery county, and for many years was a farmer in Macungie and Emmaus before moving to Telford. Surviving are 7 children, 12 grandchildren, 2 great grandchildren, one sister, and 2 brothers.

Funeral services will be conducted on Monday at 2:30 p. m. in St. John's Lutheran church, Ridge Valley, with interment in the adjoining cemetery.

ANDREW ERIAS

The funeral of Andrew Erias, who died Thursday night in St. Lpke's hospital, will be held at 2 p. m. Monday from the home of his cousin, John Darreiro, 741 Evans St., Bethlehem. Interment in Hellertown Union cemetery.

Employed by the Bethlehem Steel Co. until his illness, he was a native of Spain and is survived by his mother and sister in Spain.

MRS. THERESA DEL GROSSO

Mrs. Theresa Del Grosso, 222 W. 3rd St., Bethlehem, died Friday afternoon in St. Luke's hospital where she was a patient for medical treatment.

Six children survive: Joseph, Fountain Hill; Angelo and Anthony, at home; Mrs. Pasquale DeStazio, Bethlehem; Mrs. Michael Facchiano and Mrs. John Di Trola, Gauffs Hill.

The widow of Innocent Del Grosso, and a resident of Bethlehem since 1914, Mrs. Del Grosso was a member of Holy Rosary church and Mother of Sorrows society.

SANDER SEDORA

Funeral services for Sander Sedora, 62, of 530 N. St. George St., who died at 6:30 a. m. yesterday of a heart attack while waiting for a bus at 7th and Allen Sts., will be held from his late home Monday at 9 a. m. High mass will be offered at 9:30 o'clock in St. John the Baptist Greek Catholic church. Burial in parish cemetery.

Sedora, was enroute to his place of employment, the Whitehall Cement Co., Cementon, and had just stepped off one bus and crossed 7th St. to board another one, when he was stricken.

Allentown police responded to a call and they in turn notified Coroner Alexander Peters, who pronounced death due to coronary occlusion.

Mr. Sedora, husband of Mary, nee Macko, Sedora, had been employed as a drill operator at the Whitehall Cement plant for the past 38 years. He was born in Austria, son of the late Michael and Susie Sedora, and came to this country 42 years ago, first residing in Cementon. Seventeen years ago he became a resident of Allentown. He was affiliated with several Slovak organizations in Egypt and Northampton, and was a member of St. John the Baptist Greek Catholic church.

Besides his wife, he is survived by the following children: Mary, wife of Frank Zimmerman, Egg Harbor, N. J.; Michael, this city; Corporal Andrew with the Army in Japan; Julia, wife of George Snyder, Allentown; John, at home; Sergeant Stephen with the Marines at Quantico, Va., and Susan, at home; four grandchildren and four sisters: Mrs. Anna Bondira, Philadelphia; Mrs. Susan Micklus, Philadelphia; Mrs. Mary Lappakuska, Philadelphia and Mrs. Julia Gladis, Philadelphia.

MRS. AGNES KUTZLER

Mrs. Agnes Kutzler of 431 Allen St., died yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital where she was a patient since last Tuesday. She was 73 years old.

A giant civil aircraft being constructed in Britain for the first regular non-stop service between London and New York will weigh 240,000 pounds and carry 70 passengers.

A bottle of champagne, carried through France, Belgium and Holland into Germany, was used at the wedding of Lance Corporal W. J. Whittaker at Canterbury, England.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Alta Porras' G'shichta

Da onner owet wie m'r drowwa on Person's Grove worra fon Palmerton drows fer 'm Homer Person sei fendu uf schreiva, hen m'r 'm Homer sei Pap, der fendu groyer Benj. Person g'frok'd eb er net paar guta lata shtories wist. Noh hut er mohl awenich gablins'ld, 's moul abissel g'shpitzt un g'sawt, "Wel, doh sin paar Porras shtories os my Pap woh aw ols 'n fendu groyer wor, fiel fertzailt hut."

Der Porra un Der Lawyer

'N Perra unna Lawyer sin mohl so ins gablauder kumma, noh hut der Porra der Lawyer g'frok'd, eb sie net alsa mohl failer mocha dada in ihra arwet, un wos sie dada tzu tzeita wie sel.

Noh het der Lawyer galocht un g'sawt, sel dade oft mohls g'shaina, un wons grossa mistakes, odder ewwa failer weara dada sie kollecta dafor, un wons yusht glaina weara, dada sie sie fergessa.

'S nagshd het der Lawyer der Porra g'frok'd, wies wear in ihr'm g'sheft, eb sie net aw alas mohl letza socha sawga dada, odder ewwa failer mocha dada.

Der Porra het noh g'sawt sel dade ihna aw alsa mohl g'shaina, un het yusht 'm onnerra Sundawg letza socha g'sawt iwwer 'm breddicha.

Der Lawyer het wissa wolla wos es gawest wear, noh het der Porra g'sawt, er het sawga wolla "Der Divel wear der fodder fon ol da liegner," ow'r hets letz wert grick'd, un g'sawt, "Der Divel wear der fodder fon ol da Lawyer."

"Wel, wos hosh'd noh gaduh," het der Lawyer gawunnert.

"Ei nix," het der Porra g'sawt, "der mistake wos so glae, ich hob 'n fergessa 's same wie ihr Lawyer aw duhn."

Der Porra un Die Kinner

'N Porra mit goul un wogga het mohl g'shtopt fer blauderra mit paar kinner os om shpiela gawest weara im dreck, nava om waig.

Der Porra het noh gawunnert wos sie om duh weara, un sie hetta g'sawt, sie weara on ra kerrich baua.

"Ei sel is shae," het der Porra gamaint," un is sel wos sel sei sol darta im grawwa, 'n kerrich?"

"Yar," hetta die kinner g'sawt, "sel is wos es sei sol," un hetta 'm shtarta ous laiga woh die monsleit un weibsleit ous un ei gangda, woh sie ol hucka dada, un hetta aw gawissa wel os die konsel wear, un wel der tarn fon da kerrich.

Noh het der Porra sich widder ershtoun'd wie shae os es wear, ow'r eb er fiela may sawga het kenna, het 'n glainer shtruvel kup fon ma boo in die hae gaguck'd un g'sawt, "Yar, un won m'r noch awenich may dreck kotta hetta, hetta m'r aw noch 'n shmarter Porra mocha kenna.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

'S sin noch 'n wunnerborie lot so alta g'shpichta rum har won m'r numma die rechda leit aw dreffa kon fer sie fertzaila.

M'r sin immer om sucha fer sellie leit finna, un shure worra froh die tzwae g'shichta tzu griega fom Benj., un woh m'r shure sin os ols noch mainer hut fer uns bis m'r 'n mohl widder sehna.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by

REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

HEBREWS 8:1-9:10

The word "better" is the key-word of this Epistle. We find a better hope in 7:19, a better covenant and better promises in 8:6. The contrast lies between the Old Testament rites and ceremonies which centered in an earthly tabernacle made by human hands and the spiritual service of the new dispensation which was yet to come. The tabernacle was but a temporary replica of the true tabernacle in heaven, the pattern of which was given to Moses in the Mount, v. 5. But associated with this was a promise of a new covenant, v. 8, a spiritual one, after the old should have passed away, 8:13, with its carnal rites and ceremonies, 9:10. Then, says God of His people, I will put my laws in their mind, and write them upon their hearts (not on a tablet of stone), and they shall not teach every man his brother, Know the Lord, for all shall know Me, from the least unto the greatest. And as the old covenant centered around a human priest, Aaron, the new was to center in, Christ, our perfect High Priest.

25 Years Ago Today

October 6, 1920—Wednesday

With one of largest enrollments in its history, Cedar Crest college opened. Colonel E. M. Young made the opening address, a number of parents of the students being present.

The firemen's ball, always one of the colorful events of a state convention, was held in Mealey's auditorium. The big auditorium was crowded and throughout the evening of dance numbers, the entire program was enjoyed by all.

With De

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.
—Tennyson.

CHARITY THAT PAYS DIVIDENDS

The annual Community Chest campaign is now in progress and it is in the city's best interest that it be completed promptly and with the highest possible success.

While Allentown did not know it at the time, the fact is that we have been on trial in the course of every Community Chest campaign in the past. If any Allentonian thinks that it was not important that Allentown came out of all those trials with flying colors, let him go back again and reread the story of how Western Electric examined Allentown as to its sociological aspects before deciding to put a highly desirable manufacturing enterprise employing 1500 hands in this city.

Let it be put upon the record that one of the very first questions, perhaps the first, that was asked by the investigators who came to this city last June was: "How does the community respond to Community Chest campaigns and other drives?" The good answer that all the records could give helped Allentown. It was one of the important factors in determining the officials of Western Electric to come to this city when scores of cities were just as eager as Allentown to get a valuable post-war industry, one which has such a promising place in future business and industrial production.

So Allentown, while not knowing it, did better than it knew in other years. Allentown's liberal givers were building for a greater and a better Allentown thru their determination to sustain and promote the welfare and social institutions of the city.

In like manner we now can believe that any and all effort to promote all the institutions that are members of the Community Chest and all the other splendid social institutions which, while not elements of the Community Chest, require our support and enrich the welfare and the social and cultural life of the community, is going to pay more dividends such as Western Electric promises to pay.

No wideawake business concern in these days will take the risk of locating in a city that is a physical and spiritual "dump." It is very necessary in our day for industries to be located in communities where their people can be happy and can advance themselves. Otherwise their most desirable help will be dissatisfied. That dissatisfaction will also be promoted within their families who likewise are dissatisfied, want to get out and shake the dust of the undesirable city from their feet.

Very few of the many war-workers who came into Allentown willingly left here when industries closed. Many have remained because they like the cleanliness and the comforts of this city and its manifold and excellent institutions. Some of the finest tributes to Allentown that we have heard in years have come from these very people who came here with critical eye and the ability to make comparisons because they had lived in other communities.

So every Allentonian should be able to see how important it is that he contribute thru money, effort and friendly opinion to the maintenance, growth and progress of all our splendid institutions.

The immediate opportunity to do all this is by liberal support for the Allentown Community Chest. Do not wait for the solicitors if you have not already been approached. Do not make others perform a task, for which they get no pay nor thanks, if you can do it yourself. Send or take your contribution to the Community Chest and take no chances that you may be missed in the general solicitation that is in progress. Or if a solicitor does call upon you, then make your gift liberally, cheerfully and speedily and certainly without any of the haggling that should never accompany a contribution.

A STRIKE WITH CRUEL EFFECTS

While hundreds of thousands of soldiers who have served their country well in Europe are clamoring to return home, a 12-day strike of longshoremen in New York and a suspiciously coincident strike by similar workmen in British ports is bringing about inexcusable delay.

When troopships arrived in New York during the week, the soldiers themselves had to unload the ships while the longshoremen booed them. And when the ships finally set sail, after futile effort to put aboard needed supplies for forces overseas and relief supplies for the starving people of Europe, they did so minus the cargoes that were ready for them. The ships left in ballast. Think of that!

Not only does this strike for causes that could be arbitrated appear to be very foolish but it is all so cruel to so many people who have not the slightest knowledge of or interest in the matter. It is cruel and unjust to the soldiers who want to get home. It is cruel to the people of Europe who are hungry and cold and who now must wait longer to get food and used clothing and shoes.

The action of the strikers was the height of discourtesy and ingratitude to the soldiers—men who fought that the longshoremen might live and that they could have any jobs and strike or do anything they desire to do.

SIX MONTHS OF PRESIDENT TRUMAN

Yesterday President Truman ended his first half year in that office and it is general opinion that he did a good war-time job and promises to keep on going with a satisfactory peace-time program.

Without any doubt the American people have been pleased with his direct and natural approach to many problems. In the American tradition of "log-cabin presidents" he has pleased the masses with his qualities that men sum up when they call a man a "straight-shooter."

The next six months and following years promise to be harder. Now we have domestic problems upon which it is more difficult to secure anything approaching unanimity both in public opinion and in the halls of Congress. United we stand in a war, but too often "divided we fall" in peace.

But the President has been known as a stickler for economy and for efficient organization governmental. He is committed to putting government upon a pay-as-you-go program. He will be supported in this by the American people and in any and all efforts to promote a general welfare.

Always in our history the American people have believed in Divine guidance. Always they have believed that God has given this country the right man at the right time. It is with this belief that many have regarded the surprising turn of events during the summer of 1944 when Mr. Truman unexpectedly was named by the Democratic convention as the party's candidate for vice president. No one then, it would seem, expected he ever would fill the position of chief executive. Perhaps he would not have been chosen, by men, if they had so known. Many Americans believe the choice was by a Power greater than man's.

The Labor Situation

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12—There is as yet no realism here on the labor situation. The tendency is to drift and hope that, somehow or other, things will right themselves.

Yet Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach admits he is growing exhausted over the ordeal. He said to reporters apropos of the coal strike negotiations: "I am getting awfully tired—I was up late last night and the night before."

Here is one man in the cabinet saddled with the task of mediating major labor disputes. He cannot mediate them all. It is a sad commentary on the lack of federal machinery to handle labor controversies that affect the public interest.

It would appear also that efforts are being made to drag President Truman into the labor disputes as a mediator or negotiator of a settlement. If he agrees, he will find it necessary to sidetrack other important national business, just as Mr. Schwellenbach must give his time to particular disputes to the exclusion of other matters so vital to the administration of his department these days.

The President isn't apparently as much disturbed, on the other hand, as is the country over the labor problem. He said in a public speech the other day that the labor disputes were "just a blow-up after a letdown from war" and added: "We still have a few selfish men who think more of their personal interests than they do of the public welfare but they are not going to prevail because you are not going to let them prevail."

Statement Not Explicit

The foregoing is not sufficiently explicit to know just what persons or groups the President had in mind. It isn't too important either to identify them because basically the President is much mistaken if he thinks the present wave of labor troubles can be blamed on a few individuals.

The present labor problem is due primarily to the failure of timid politicians in government who may or may not be selfish in thinking about their own reelections and hence of their fear of political reprisals from either management or labor groups.

The failure of the administration to evolve a constructive program for the settlement of labor disputes and to postpone until some time in November consideration of such a program at the labor-management conference indicates a lack of awareness of what is going on in America today.

Guidance Needed

The labor controversies arise primarily because, despite a seeming wave of high profits, "take-home" pay to the worker is being cut. The 48-hour week permitted workers to get higher incomes than ever before but prices are higher too. Likewise, it is not easy to take away a 30 per cent increase on pre-war scales in basic wages by removing suddenly all the income from overtime. Management is aware of this difficulty in many instances, and there have been proposals to split the difference or otherwise to adjust the wage scales. But this is a major operation. It affects the whole army of workers in America. Only governmental guidance can help solve it.

Clearly when wage and salary stabilization was completely in the hands of governmental agencies the problem could be dealt with in an orderly fashion. Lifting the controls without a substitute program is what has caused the present labor unrest and, while there are undoubtedly selfish men in the picture both on the side of labor unions and management, the problem is obviously a product of war conditions. Hence in the absence of a clear-cut transition policy by government the labor crisis can hardly be dismissed as the mischief of a few individuals on either side.

Congress has played a rather curious role, too. It pays little attention to the labor disputes and prefers to let nature take its course—which is one way to accelerate economic anarchy. The administration can still save its prestige with both management and labor by bringing out at once a simple proposal to establish a national mediation agency before which all disputes must be submitted and all strikes can be ordered postponed at least until decisions or recommendations of such an agency are made.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

REPARATIONS

Behind the collapse of the London Conference is the question of reparations. Who is to pay whom and with what? Italy cannot pay any reparations because she has nothing to pay with. If payment depends upon credits or loans from the United States, then Italy will not be paying the reparations, but the United States will be providing the funds. It is an indirect method of obtaining credits from the United States for our allies. But suppose the United States declines to provide such credits, what can Italy do about it? That was one of the most vexing problems at London.

The situation with Germany is different. It is possible to take reparations in kind, to remove from Germany plant and equipment, blueprints and formulae. The Russians have been promised more than 40 plants in the American and British zones. It is possible to remove physical things of great value. Little that Germany possessed would be of value to the United States because we already have an overexpanded plant and are capable of producing all the equipment we need. In fact, it is more important for us not to take physical things from Germany than to take them, because our first essential is to find employment for our people. We need to make things, not to take them.

The Russians and the French are differently situated. They can use what they take out of Germany in the development of their own industries. The Russians have already helped themselves to whatever was movable in their area and are irked because deliveries from the American and British areas have been so slow. It is difficult to evaluate equipment of this nature—much of it is, from our standpoint, obsolete; some of it is in the nature of a stockpile; much is damaged; some is good.

Money, There Is None

Money, there is none. And if UNRRA or the United States has to feed, clothe and heat Germany, that actually involves a money contribution to Germany rather than reparations from Germany. In fact, it is illogical to pour millions into Germany in some form of relief and then to take billions out in reparations. That is crazy bookkeeping.

Japan possesses some wealth. How much is not yet known. General MacArthur is apparently taking inventory. Much of Japan's industrial wealth was outside Japan—in China, Manchuria, Korea and elsewhere in Asia. Some of it is now in China's possession; some in Russia's; some in American hands; some in British hands. For instance, Japan's tremendous expansion in the textile industry was principally on Chinese soil. The Chinese will take those mills and keep them. The Chinese need those mills to make cloth and also to forward the process of industrialization. It is ridiculous to believe that the Chinese would be willing to divide that booty with anyone.

Russia Gets Largest Share

The allied powers have agreed that Russia is to have the largest share of German reparations, but if they have an agreement on Japanese reparations, they have not disclosed it. I doubt that there is such an agreement. Even with regard to German reparations, there are difficulties. For instance, is the General Motors plant in Germany, German or American?

If all countries were equally rich, such problems as these would not arise. It is the inequalities about nations, as among men, that stimulate envy and greed. It comes down to a question of "The Haves" and "The Have-Nots." Russia, industrially, is a "Have-Not" nation. The United States is a "Have" nation. Therefore, their views on questions of this nature are very different.

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FRAKTUR—SCHRIFTEN

A Brief History and Interpretation of Pennsylvania German Illuminated Writings

by

THE REV. LESTER K. KRIEBEL
Assistant Custodian, Schwenkfelder Historical Library, Pennsburg, Pa.
Pastor of the Palm Schwenkfelder Church, Palm, Pa.

CONCLUSION

CHARACTERISTICS

The Medieval Art had grown out of an age captivated by symbolism and allegory. The early Pennsylvania German Art revealed abstract ideas through primitive technique. That is, the designs employed were primitive ones, but they were not executed in a primitive way, indeed quite the contrary. The painters exhibited great artistic taste and an equal intellectual ability. An intelligent study of only a few original examples will reveal this fact in a remarkable degree.

As a rule the artist used little or no perspective in his designs and paintings. At once this gave the impression of a primitive and ancient, but not crude, work. Moreover, he was dominated by a geometrical balance which was quite in harmony with good design. Thus he acquired a directness and simplicity, not unlike the early masters, which is peculiar to all primitively executed arts. The general atmosphere of this work breathed forth a definite character and personality possessing great depth and spiritual meaning. In many respects the designs were symbolic of the struggle of the early Pennsylvania German settlers to a slowly surrendering nature. Consequently, one must not forget that this art had a vital message for the people of its day.

The Pennsylvania German decorators employed an effective use of shadow behind the designs. This was accomplished by two methods. One method was by graduation of color with the brush. The other was by effective use of "cut-outs" frequently pasted on backgrounds of varying shades. This usage of shadow behind the designs was employed extensively by European decorators. The shadow scheme is lacking entirely in all Oriental influences.

The artists were conscious of the effective use of the balancing of opposites. The effect was striking and pleasing. Hence light and shadow as well as color were employed to balance each other. This fact becomes very obvious in the construction of formal geometric designs, decorative borders, etc., as well as in the symbols and religious characters themselves. The rule of balancing of opposites was well studied in the use of color, design and light.

The decorators also had a thorough knowledge of the use of the primary colors, red, yellow and blue, which they employed to great advantage. They never used the solid red and black colors which clash. Invariably they toned these colors into a beautiful shade of old rose, a mellow gold, and a dark blue. They also employed a fine use of the complimentary colors of red and green.

In composition and construction of the decorative elements the artist had a unique way of avoiding monotony. This applies both to color and design. Large open spaces on the manuscript were avoided. Where small designs were employed to fill these spaces a large variety was introduced. Broader constructions varied greatly in color and composition. It is safe to state that there is absolutely no monotony.

Characteristic Symbols

A favorite design was the heart, inside of which some favorite stanza of a hymn was inserted in decorative design. Frequently on a rectangular page one such heart appeared in each of the four corners. A favorite Bible verse or several stanzas of a hymn would then occupy the center of the page with elaborate initial decoration and interlinear embellishments. From the heart design often was constructed a tree, vine or fruit, teaching the immortal lesson that out of the heart comes the issue of life. This symbolic figure sometimes took strange fantastic, but beautiful forms, teaching a truth never to be forgotten.

The basic structure of many designs was a pot of earth, either plain or with elaborate decoration, suggesting the baser elements of nature and man. It represents an origin that was perishable. The design was then built in varying motifs and culminating at the top in a crown of righteousness, symbolized by the circle of perfection, and some form suggesting the Trinity, involving a combination of three objects or figures.

The use of stars provides an interesting subject for study. The five-pointed star stood for personality. The six-pointed star symbolized the star of David, and was used in connection with Old Testament prophecy concerning the coming and mission of the Christ. The seven-pointed star represented the soul. The eight-pointed star still presents an enigma, the meaning of which remains unknown. The nine-pointed star is the symbol of the spirit of perfection. Considerable originality, as well as creative artistic beauty and ability, was employed in weaving these various star designs into the entire picture which was to teach its own unique lesson.

Continuing the interpretation of symbols employed one must observe that the turtle-dove was a symbol of love and beauty. The peacock, a favorite subject, represented royalty and a kingship of the spirit. Frequently one observes in the Pennsylvania German **Fraktur** work curiously pointed designs, sprockets or radiating lines emerging from objects such as circles. This structure is the artist's method, primitive but effective, of teaching the lesson that all radiation proceeds from the heart. Often the circle of righteousness, constructed as the climax of some design, will possess this radiation.

The tulip is one of the most favorite designs for decorations in Pensylvania German **Fraktur.** Its origin has been traced to Persia, and the name itself is derived from the Persian word "dulband" (turban) and gradually pronounced "tulband." This Eastern flower did not find its way into Western Europe until the middle of the sixteenth century, when it was received with great interest in Germany, the Low Countries, and England. Its use in art was not prevalent until about the fifteenth century. It is quite natural that the Pennsylvania German artists should have used the tulip as a favorite flower for decoration, especially because its outlines were so essentially simple and so rich in line and color. In the illuminated writings under consideration the Pennsylvania German tulip design has been found as a decoration on about thirty-five different types of objects.

Various forms of the Trinity are expressed in **Fraktur** designs. A favorite teaching was the conception of the Trinity of the lower form of man, and of the higher form of man, finally radiating from the circle of perfection. This concept was woven into intricate and elaborate designs of flowers and figures.

In the later period of illuminated writings crude figures of angels and angel heads appeared. Human figures and animal life are conspicuous because of their almost total absence. The entire artistic construction, thought and teaching centered around the Biblical symbols aforementioned.

A general observation of the work which has been studied and presented reveals a balance of love, wisdom and power, expressed in ingenious and colorful designs. This admirable method of visual education made a lasting impression on the youth of that day which in turn expressed itself in the lives of our worthy ancestors.

Types of Fraktur

There are two types of Pennsylvania German **Fraktur.** The one is a transparent water-color type painted directly with simple water colors. The other type, and the most prevalent one in use, is the tempera. The color pigment is taken from berries or vegetable matter, mixtd with the albumen of eggs. A substantial base was formed by adding cedar, cherry, plum or peach gum. This composition was applied while moist, employing the same method of painting in tempera as did the old masters. The colors remain fresh and fast to the present day and are preserved by a rich gloss which will crack and crumble if applied too thickly, as do the old paintings executed in tempera. Quills were employed for the writing of these manuscripts and for the finer design work. All brush work was made in Oriental style, holding the brush upright. Each line and design was constructed with a free swing of the hand, usually away from the body. Shading was produced by exerting various degrees of pressure upon the brush.

Influence of Oriental Designs

On the surface it may astonish the casual observer to find a strong influence of Oriental designs in the Pennsylvania German Illuminated Writings. The technique in the actual painting was Oriental. The small designs which give the beautifully decorated, colored capital letters their full founded form, depth, and finished appearance are typically Chinese. The fundamental design of the wave line, in all its modifying forms comes from the same origin. This structure so essential for the beauty, symmetry, and balance in **Fraktur** is employed more often than perhaps any other design or motif. The original meaning of this ancient wave line presumably indicated everything that juts out of water.

The question naturally arises, whence this strong Oriental influence in the European illuminated art, and, especially in the later Pennsylvania German **Fraktur?** The following historic event may answer this pertinent question in part. The climax of the great Mongolian and Turkish invasions into Europe by way of Silesia, Germany occurred in A. D. 1240. The decisive battle fought against these invading hordes was near Liegnitz and conducted by the great Piasten rulers with the surrounding Princes and their armies. The defeat of the Mongolian hordes was so decisive they were unable to return to the Orient. Consequently they settled in and around Silesia and gradually became assimilated in that territory. In those ancient times the armies carried with them the culture and art of their native lands which naturally also was assimilated. Out of this very region came one group of German pioneers who developed a famous school of illuminated writings in Pennsylvania at a later date. Much of the Oriental influence may be attributed to this tragic source.

Three Schools of Pennsylvania German Fraktur

In conclusion, there were three outstanding schools of **Fraktur** in this country. One had its origin in the famous Ephrata Cloisters (founded in 1730), and developed by the brotherhood there. The draftsmanship composition, and design were of excellent quality, but religious scruples prohibited the use of gay and fresh colors. Only a casual study will enable one to recognize the fine work of this school because of the subdued and sombre colors.

Another school of art was developed by the capable schoolmaster, Christopher Dock (? to 1771), who was brought from Germany to instruct the youth among the Mennonites and Schwenkfelders. His famous work was done at Skippack and Salford where he taught. He was an excellent master in the art of illuminated writing and unrestrained in his use of color. The influence of his art in connection with his school work left a profound impression upon the talented students of his day.

The third famous school came out of the Schwenkfelder group who settled in Pennsylvania in 1754. Its rich cultural background found delightful expression in this art. Unquestionably the leading artist was Susanna Huebner although many other names might be mentioned. This school too was free and unrestrained in its use of color and produced excellent specimens of the now lost art. A large collection of beautiful examples is preserved in the Schwenkfelder Historical Library at Pennsburg, Pennsylvania.

A notable writer of **Fraktur** in our day was the late Mr. John Souder of Telford, Pa., a member of the Old Mennonite faith, who in the leisure of his old age compiled several manuscript volumes of illuminated writings. Mr. Souder died in August, 1942.

Today we know of only one Pennsylvania German who is actively engaged in the execution of Fraktur-Schriften, Mr. Erwin P. Mensch, of Barto, Pa., who not only reproduces Fraktur specimens very skillfully but also composes original subjects.

The above valuable paper was first read before the Montgomery County Historical Society, Norristown, Pa., on April 26, 1941; again before the Philadelphia Art Alliance on April 9, 1942; and before numerous other Clubs and Societies.

THE GRAVE OF HENRY ANTES

By Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D.

Henry Antes, "the pious Reformed layman of Frederick township" immigrated with his father from Bavaria prior to 1725 and settled Frederick and Hanover townships (Montgomery County), then called Falckner Swamp. In 1736 he became acquainted with Bishop Spangenberg and thus came into close relations with the Moravians. In Dec., 1741 Antes issued a circular which led to the formation of a "Synod of Pennsylvania," comprising most of the sects and denominations of the Province. Next to Zinzendorf Henry Antes was the most prominent member. In 1745 he removed to Bethlehem where he planned and superintended the construction of the first mill and ferry and also built the mills at the Mahoning mission, at Christian's Spring and Friedensthal. In 1750, owing to his objections to the new Church ritual he determined to leave Bethlehem and retire to his farm at Mount Frederick. He died on July 20, 1755 and was buried in a private burial-ground on his own farm, about half way between Keeler's and Falckner Swamp Churches, where his grave is marked by a tombstone with an appropriate inscription.

A little spot on the hill-side
Is all that is now his own,
A little mound in a thicket,
And a worn sepulchral stone;
For a century has departed
Since they gently laid him down
In the grave he himself had chosen,
On his farm in Fredericktown.

His land is held by a stranger,
And so is the ancient mill,
But the name of HENRY ANTES
May be read on the tombstone still;
And 'tis writ in the Lamb's best volume—
As the angels know full well—
For he sought a home in the regions
Where the saints and angels dwell.

He loved the Church of his fathers,
And over the stormy sea
He had borne, as a precious treasure,
Their faith to the land of the free;
But the flock was without a shepherd,
And many had gone to sleep,
So he lifted his voice like a trumpet
To gather the scattered sheep.

He greeted the mild Moravians
As the servants of the Lord; (1)
And with Zinzendorf and Boehler
He labored in sweet accord;
For they sought to unite the churches
In a brotherhod of love,
By a "union in the Spirit,"
Like that of the Church above.

He stood by the side of Whitefield, (2)
And prayed in the German tongue,
When the clarion voice of the preacher
O'er the hills of Frederick rung.
They knew not each other's language,
Nor did they need it then;
For the one cried, "Hallelujah!"
And the other said, "Amen!"

When his heart was almost broken, (3)
And he felt that his end was nigh,
To his farm in Frederick township
Henry Antes returned to die;
And when his spirit departed
To dwell in the land of the blest,
Ten loving Bethlehem Brethren
Bore his corpse to its final rest.

I feel, as I stand by his tombstone,
That he did not live in vain;
I am moved by his noble example
To labor with might and main;
For, though our labors may vanish
Like clouds in the summer sky,
The souls that are true to their Saviour
Shall reign with the saints on high.

1—In connection with the Moravians, Antes labored to establish "the Congregation of God in the Spirit." "This new communion proposed not to interfere with the confessional position of its members, but according to the Zinzendorfian theory of Tropes, it was willing that the Reformed should remain Reformed, the Lutherans remain Lutherans, and so of the rest, having their separate consistories or ecclesiastical assemblies, with their pastors and congregations, only in subordination to this more catholic body, founded on certain essentials, and these consisting more in spirit than in doctrine."—Harbaugh's "Fathers of the Reformed Church," vol. 1, p. 331.

2—Rev. George Whitefield, the most celebrated pulpit orator of modern times, preached at the house of Henry Antes, April 23, 1740, to a great multitude of people. Mr. Seward, who accompanied Whitefield, says in his journal, pp. 12-13, "They were Germans where we dined and supped, and they prayed and sung in German, as we did in English, before and after eating." What a magnificent subject for a painter! Whitefield preaching English to the Germans of Frederick township, who, while most of them probably failed to understand the sermon, could not help feeling the power of his transcendent eloquence.

3—The union movement, though well meant, had not the elements of permanency. When it failed, Antes went with the Moravians and removed to Bethlehem, but finally returned to his farm, "where he ended his days in pious retirement." "Ten of our Bethlehem Brethren bore the corpse to the grave, in the burial-place on his own land in Fredericktown, where yet other bodies of our Brethren repose." — Records of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem.

NOTE—The above verses are found in a small and forgotten volume "Home Ballads and Metrical Versions" by Joseph Henry Dubbs, D.D., Philadelphia, 1888. Some of these Ballads appeared a few years earlier in "The Independent," "The Messenger" and other periodicals. The greater number were however written for "The Guardian," the Reformed Church magazine which was for some time edited by the Rev. Dr. Dubbs. In his Preface the author at that early date already presents an idea which only in our day is reaching its fruition, when he writes: "In composing the historical pieces the writer was conscious of a desire to honor the memory of several of our almost forgotten pioneers, and at the same time to indicate a way by which our rich stores of legend and folklore might be employed for literary purposes."—ED.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha Gaina Hame

Da nagshda Fridawg kon m'r waricklich sawga gaina die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha hame-hame noch da alta hamet fom Porra Henry Harbaugh, der besht Mutter shproch dichter os m'r noch kotta hen. Un won m'r noch kotta hen. Un won m'r sawga die "Pennsylfawnish Deitscha," don nadierlich maina m'r die Pennsylvania German Society fon Norristown, woh des yohr weiter fon hame gait os sie noch aenichie tzeit gonga wor, fer ihra yairlichie fersommling halta. Die Society fersomm'ld sich in Waynesboro, Franklin kounty, die alta hamet fom Dr. Harbaugh, un die bletz woh er so wunner shae fertzailt dafon in seina gadichter "Hamewae," "'S Shule House On da Grick," un onnerra os er g'schriva hut.

Tzitter os der Harbaugh sei gadichta g'schriva hut, sin shun bicher un bicher fol onnerra gadichta g'schriva werra, ow'r niemond hut so weit 'm 's wosser noch raicha kenna, un is shicklich un recht os die Pennsylvania German Society fon Norristown 'n ehra sot, sich fersommla in seinra alta hame gagend, un sei lavenslawf drucka, wie sie des yohr dut. Die Elizabeth Clarke Kieffer fon Franklin un Marshall kollege Lancaster, hut 'm Harbaugh sei lavenslawf g'schriva, un aw 'n sommling gamocht fon ol seina Mutter shproch gadichta, 'n lot fon seina Englisha gadichta, un aw 'n lot bilder os tzu duh hen mit seim lava. Ol kumma in da Society ihra yairlich buch, un woh ol die gleader fon da Society aenicha dawg griega maiga.

Die Pennsylvania German Society is now shun in da fuftsich yohr alt, un hut alla yohr 'n buch os tzu duh hut mit socha Pennsylfawnish Deitsch rous grick'a fer ihra gleader. In ol sin now 51 so bicher gadruck'd werra, un woh immer mainer noh froke is dafor leit un libraries os sie howwa wolla, os wie aenicha onnerra Society publications os m'r wissa.

Der program on da kummenda fersommling is aw ebbes gons arbadiches, un sin shure os es ol batzawlt fer gae, os die fersommling ei nemma kenna. Die farmie dawga session wert k'halta in da Trinity Refamierta kerrich, Waynesboro, woh der Harbaugh ferkunfamiert is werra, un die Ludd rish kerrich net weit ob rish'd 's middawg essa. Nommy dags helft die Society do Kittochtinny Historical society fon Franklin kounty, un da teachers un shule kinner fon Waynesboro 'n monument eiweia fer 'm Harbaugh seinra hamet. Ol die shula fon Waynesboro sin nommy dawgs tzu, un is so'n grossie ehr os noch aenichie tzeit, aenich aryads, aenichma Pennsylfawnish Deitscha schreiver gewwa is werra. Grawd danoh wert aw 'n flag uf gaduh om blotz wohs "Alt Shule Hous on da Grick" g'shtonna hut, un woh unser freind Dr. Harry Hess Reichard doh fon da shtadt, sei galiebt gadicht, secht.

Onnerra socha uf 'm farmie dawgs program is 'n speech beim Porra William Rupp, Spinnerstown woh shwetzt fon "Pennsylfawnish Deitscha Fegel Nahma, un Fegelglawwa," un ow 'n speech beim, Wm. S. Livengood Jr., 'n nei glead uf 'm Board, un woh shwetzt fon free gadrucka socha fon selra gagend. Noh wert die Elsie Singmaster Lewars, 'n gute bapontie schreicer'n gaehrt mit da Society ihra airshda "Citation of Merit." Die Bessie Rohrer fon dart drous gebt ocht uf die singerrei, un woh all'm noh fon da alta lieder dabei sin, os 'm Harbaugh ols helfa hen eifer un groft gewwa, fer ol die fiela socha tzu waiga bringa, os er gaduh hut in seim kartza lava fon ungfare ebbes wie fuftsich yohr.

Middawgs om dish shwetzt der Porra Clarence Rahn, 'n glead fom Borad, un is aw gatzailt der Porra H. M. J. Klein fon Franklin un Marshal kollege sol shwetza. Noh sin aw noch dale onnerra shwetzer uf 'm program, so wohl wie aw singerrei bei da shtudenda fon Mercersburg Academy woh der Harbaugh g'shtarva is' un bagrawwa leit. 'S lied "Jesus, I Live to Thee," woh er g'schriva hut wert g'sunga, aw noch onnerra.

So weit os die bisnis fersommling fon da Society aw gait, sellie fong'd aw Dunnershdawg owets, mit ra Board fersommling om Anthony Wayne wertshous, un wert fartich gamocht Fridawg farmie dawga in da Trinity kerrich.

Der Henry S. Borneman fon Fildelfy is der bresident, der Porra Thomas Brendle fon Egypt schreiver, un der Frederick Fox fon Norristown, gelthaver. Die onnerra gleader fom board sin, der Porra Scott Brenner fon Reading, der G. Edwin Brumbaugh un der Ralph Beaver Strausburger fon Gwynedd Valley, der Jacob Erdman Cope fon Sellersville, der Millard Gladfelter fon Temple university, Fildelfy, der Harry Hostetter un der Harold F. Diffenderfer fon Lancaster; der William S. Livengood fon Somerset, der Porra Clarence Rahn fon Temple, der M. Emmert Swigart fon Huntington, un der David A. Miller un der Pumpernickle Bill Troxell fon Allentown.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Ol os kenna sotta bei ol ra maining kumma die yairlich fersommling fon da Pennsylvania German Society fon Norristown ei nemma da nagshda Fridawg in Waynesboro, Franklin kounty, un soicha os garn die Society aw nemma dada, kenna ols noch datzu,—die koshda sin finf dahler 's yohr, un yader glead grich'd da Society ihra buch.

Soicha os tzaila noch da fersommling tzu gae, un miodawg essa wolla, besser shicka ihra arder fer ess tzettle tzum Frederick Fox, Norristown, odder sie maichda danava kumma,—'s middawg kosh'd 'n dahler unna halb.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Deaths of a Day

Dr. Herber D. Wells

Private funeral services for Dr. Herber D. Wells, 1932 Chew St., who died at 4:30 a. m. Friday at the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient since Sept. 30, will be held Tuesday at 11 a. m. at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Burial in Grandview cemetery.



DR. HEBER D. WELLS
Pictured from his last available photograph

Coming to Allentown in 1920, Dr. Wells, was united in marriage with Dr. Pauline Hinkle on June 2, 1932. The two have since been jointly engaged in the practice of chiropody at 719 Hamilton St.

Born in Cincinnati, O., Dr. Wells was a son of the late Rev. Charles J. Wells, a Methodist minister, and his wife, Rebecca E., nee Maufe, Wells. His mother died in Allentown a year ago last June.

Most of Dr. Wells' childhood was spent in Norfolk, Va., where he attended school and was graduated from high school. He later pursued his education at William and Mary college and Temple university. He was graduated from the Ohio College of Chiropody.

A 32nd degree Mason, Dr. Wells was also affiliated with the Lehigh Consistory and the Allentown Rotary Club. He was a member of the Saucon Valley Country club where, in past years, he had frequently enjoyed his favorite hobby, golf. He was a Methodist by faith. Esteemed in his profession in the community and throughout the east, he was vice president of the Chiropodists' Society of Pennsylvania at the time of his death.

Besides his wife, Dr. Wells is survived by a brother, Dr. Ashton Wells, and a sister, Dr. Flora C. Wells, both of Allentown.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by
REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

Paul's interest in the spiritual welfare of the church was ecumenical, that is, it embraced all the congregations, whether founded by himself or by others. His prayer for them was that they might be established in the true faith, be united in brotherly love and come to a full knowledge of God as revealed in Christ. He warns against false teachers, of whom, then as now, there were those who substituted human wisdom instead of faith in Christ. Our salvation consits not in what we eat or drink, or abstention therefrom; not in the observance of holidays, or in the particular day on which we celebrate the Sabbath. These are externals and not essentials. The worship of saints and angels means nothing, since in Christ is the fulness of truth and we are complete in Him, and in Him alone. Hence we are not to be under bondage to those who say, Don't do this; Don't taste that; Don't touch this; Don't handle that, vs. 20, 21. Such ordinances are material and not spiritual, and contribute nothing to our salvation.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book
By BENNETT CERF

Two old friends who had not seen each other in twenty years rediscovered each other recently. "Great to see you, Joe," boomed one of them. "I suppose you are a married man with children by this time."

"No," said the other, "I am afraid I never took the plunge."

"Joe, you must be crazy," said the first one. "I guess you just don't realize what it means to be married. Take me, for instance. I come home every night from a hard day at the office to a beautiful, warm, comfortable apartment. My wife is waiting to hand me my slippers and the evening paper. Then she runs out to the kitchen, cooks me a luscious dinner. She tops that with my favorite liqueur, plants me in my easy chair by the fire, and hands me my pipe. Then she washes the dishes. Finally she comes and snuggles down by my side and starts to talk. She talks, and talks and talks, and talks. I wish she'd drop dead."

• • •

"Jimmie" Walker, once mayor of New York, tells the story of the drunk who climbed into a taxi and demanded, "Drive me eighteen times around Central Park." The cabbie had gotten about as far as 86th Street when he banged on the window and cried, "Fashter, you idiot. I'm in a hurry!"

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Horoscope

A birthday today means that you have a capacity for leadership, great achievements and for influencing others. You are studious and contemplative. You are adaptable and sharp in your judgments. You seek personal attention and are ardent in your love. Today put your mind on the things you want to accomplish for their intrinsic value, and not for the idea that you really can impress others. False pride and vanity are the wrong standards of conduct.

25 Years Ago Today

Oct. 13, 1920—A Wednesday

A dance and varied entertainment were the features of the opening of the Pioneer Fire company's renovated club house. During the evening a luncheon was served and music was supplied by Sensinger and his group of musicians.

At a special meeting of the Lehigh tute, the average problems that confront a school teacher, took up the greater part of the session.

A a special meeting of the Lehigh Valley Society of Architecture, held in the Hotel Allen, the society decided to affiliate with the Reading Architectural society, and form an Eastern chapter of the Pennsylvania A.I.A.

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The school child who learns a new word or two every day will soon have a good vocabulary. Our Modern Webster Dictionary and Word Book is an up-to-date, authoritative publication. It contains 378 pages, more than 21,000 definitions. It is 3¾ by 5¼ inches in size and illustrated. In addition there are Special Supplements on Current Words and Phrases, Abbreviations, Words Often Mispronounced, Foreign Words, and other helpful information. Pocket-size, this handy dictionary is bound in a durable, flexible cover. An excellent book for school children. Only 25 cents postpaid.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

What would man be wise, let him drink of the river
That bears on his bosom the record of time;
A message to him every wave can deliver
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.
—O'Reilly.

READY FOR WAR CRIMINAL TRIALS

Trial of the leading Nazi war criminals now has been fixed to begin on Nov. 20 in Nuernberg and the world as well as the criminals have been informed as to the indictment in one of the most unusual documents ever written.

When the trial is held precedents will be established inasmuch as this will probably be the first time, except for the farcical trials after World War I, when war-makers will have been held accountable for their deeds. They will be tried upon the very broad principle, never before brought into such sharp focus, that inasmuch as a man who kills another is a murderer, so any man or group of men who foment and provoke a war and kill a million people likewise are murderers.

While there is much talk of international law, there is nothing in that collection of precepts and practices that covers this subject. So new international law is to be made, ex post facto. The effort is going to be made thru the operation of this trial to make war a crime and to enforce punishment for it not only against individuals but against groups.

There is determination on the part of those who will conduct the war trials and the people of the countries which they represent not merely to punish the crimes perpetrated in this war and the larger crime of preparing deliberately for and instituting a war of aggression but of making all war dishonorable and criminal.

The world regards this as necessary. It had sought thru the Kellogg-Briand pact to outlaw war but despite the signature of scores of countries upon that pact, we have just passed thru the greatest of all conflicts. Now it proposes to make war a criminal act on the part of all who engage in it aggressively and to punish them as the highest crime is punished.

Such action is demanded in the light of the development that has come in warfare. Time was when war was fought by small groups as a sort of "athletic contest" miles and miles away from the civilian populations of the contesting groups. There could be something of indifference on the part of the people back home to what was going on upon the battle lines. Likewise military action involved fighting men almost exclusively.

Today entire nations become involved in a war. Cities and industrial establishments thousands of miles away from the battle lines are bombed. Wars become contests between entire nations and not merely their armed fighting forces. In a word, war has become too terrible, too costly, too threatening to the continuance of our entire civilization.

Something must be done to curb the will to war. Unless we conquer war, war will conquer the human race. Everybody who contributes to the making of war, whether it be the military man, the financier or the industrialist, must be held accountable. This the Nuernberg trials propose to do and set a precedent for all future world practice.

CLEANING UP STATE'S STREAMS

When the General Assembly during its last sessions passed an anti-stream pollution bill with the strong endorsement of Governor Martin there was considerable scepticism as to whether enforcement of the law would follow and the teeth in the act would be employed to clean up the streams and carry out a program sought for many years. There was reasonable fear that, just as with similar legislation in other years, this law would prove a dead letter.

Action in recent days indicates determination on the part of State authorities to enforce the law. Orders have been issued to scores of industries thruout the State to cease the practice of dumping dangerous and obnoxious wastes into the streams. Among the list are industries owned or controlled by some of the most powerful political interests in the State.

Success in bringing the big fellows to clean up will be the biggest stimulus to the little ones to clean up before the State exerts its power.

CLEANING UP INSECTS IN AMERICAN CITIES

Widespread use of DDT insecticide by American cities for extermination of harmful insects in municipal buildings and private business establishments and for the control of diseases is reported by the American Municipal Association.

Some city officials report their results with DDT (dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane) as "marvelous." Most officials, however, hesitate about drawing early conclusions as to the effectiveness of the insecticide.

The medical director of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has warned that spraying of the cities of Rockford, Ill., Savannah, Ga., Paterson, N. J., and New Haven, Conn. in an attempt to prevent spread of polio epidemics is strictly an experiment. Spraying of portions of these cities was done by airplane.

The health commissioner of Boston, Mass., reported on Sept. 26 that since the polio-infested Manhattan-Hyde park district of Boston was hand-sprayed with DDT on Aug. 29 not a single new case of the disease had been reported. He indicated that hand-spraying may be the reason for the successful results.

Hand spraying and spraying by air have both been used to combat a polio epidemic in Miami and Dade county, Fla. The mosquito control director reported results of aerial spraying under favorable weather conditions as 100 per cent effective.

Richmond, Va. health officials are experimenting with the use of DDT as a possible remedy for the spread of Rocky Mountain spotted (tick) fever.

Welfare officials in Hartford, Conn. have expressed satisfaction with results achieved from use of DDT to kill insects in the municipal hospital, isolation hospital and old people's home in Hartford. The insecticide was applied to the walls with a brush.

Atlantic city health officials have started spraying 10,000 business establishments with DDT. Atlanta has been chosen as a training center for DDT workers in the southeast.

Cleveland is experimenting with the use of DDT in city dumps, at Central Market and Warrensville Workhouse.

A report from Savanna, Ill. says that DDT spraying of the Savanna ordnance depot by bomber has been effective in helping to control mosquitoes, flies and other insects. An insect count made before the first spraying Aug. 8 showed an average of 17 mosquitoes to each pup tent located in the area. Four days after DDT spraying of the depot and the 4,200 acres of swampland and Mississippi river backwater, no mosquitoes were in the tents.

Following successful experiments last fall, painters at Greendale homes, a public housing project in Milwaukee, are painting the walls with a mixture of five per cent DDT solution in every gallon of interior paint. The report of the housing manager is "that for six months after a wall is painted, flies will be killed on contact."

Army-Navy Monopoly

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19—Paradoxes are not novel in Washington but every now and then they emerge with surprising contradictions. Thus at the moment Capitol Hill is buzzing with demands that surplus properties be not sold to big companies and that monopolies be discouraged. Yet in the committee rooms of Congress at the same time there are hearings in which one of President Truman's own cabinet secretaries is extolling the virtues of monopoly and big business and is urging that its pattern be copied in the handling of the War and Navy departments.

"It will be said, I suppose," testified Secretary of War Patterson before the Senate Military Affairs committee, "that no man can handle the job of secretary of the armed forces because of its size and complexity. It will be said that the organization will be too big, too unwieldy, and too diversified in its problems to operate effectively. The argument is not impressive. In the industrial world, experience has proved otherwise."

But has it? How many of the impetuously organized mergers of 1929 proved successful in an administrative sense? What did Congress itself say about the pyramided operations of utilities and their top layers of holding companies? Mr. Patterson further outlines his idea of operations and it appears to resemble that of the holding company. He says:

"An over-all organization confines itself more firmly to policy decisions and delegates more extensively the operating functions. Size is a relative thing."

Age-old Argument

This is the age-old argument in favor of monopoly, namely, that in bigness there is efficiency and that in large-sized companies there is better service. This is a debatable point because this country has witnessed a rapid growth of specialized stores and specialized factories that compete successfully with their bigger rivals. But what is not likely to be denied from experience is that large-sized corporations with the holding company type of over-all organization get farther and farther away from actual operations, and policies become more and more the source of friction between the policy-making level and those who have the responsibility of executing the policies.

Mr. Patterson's testimony indicates another fallacy. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy actually do not make the policies for either of their departments. They appear, to be sure, before Congressional committees and ask for appropriations, but the responsibility for the kind of Army or the kind of Navy the United States has is not a civilian affair. It stems from the Army and Navy staffs themselves.

It has been contended, moreover, that the two major services compete with each other and it is surprising to find General Marshall, who ought to know his Washington better, calling attention to the fact that the Navy recently offered its program of appropriations without consulting the Army—as if this was a wrong procedure. Certainly the fact that the Navy wants ships for what it believes is an adequate naval purpose has nothing to do with the reasons why the Army may feel it needs tanks or heavy artillery or airplanes.

Danger of Deterioration

Also if it be assumed that in the future Congress is going to confine the armed services to a single lump-sum budget, the day of deterioration of strength in our armed services is not far off. If some civilian secretary is going to decide that he would rather spend an appropriation on one service rather than another, the United States may expect to witness some real inter-service lobbying, political pressure and perhaps the most trying squabbles in all the history of our armed services, with friction and inter-service rivalry intensified instead of diminished.

The suggested device of an assistant secretary to look out for the Navy while an Army man, who never has had any experience or background in naval warfare, makes the top decisions on an over-all basis will break down rather than build up morale in the Navy and the same would be true in the Army if a Navy-minded man were given complete authority at the top.

The Army and Navy are designated in the Constitution as separate and it is a mystery why high Army officers and the air force officers have suddenly combined to carry on such a determined effort to get control of the entire armed service set up for themselves. Small wonder that the Navy is opposed to the change and suspects that this is but one way to deprive the Navy of its organization which it has maintained for years. The Navy would have won the war in the Pacific much sooner if it had been given the men and the supplies—a subject which also should be investigated in order to determine how much comprehension of naval warfare our high Army and Air forces had in 1942 and 1943 when the Navy was pleading for planes and supplies to carry the war against Japan.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CHICKS ARE HATCHED

Mr. Roosevelt, acting as a labor leader, heading a labor government, was unable to curb the use of the strike as a weapon for enhancing the power and authority of the labor leader. Except for those war years when the American Communists had, by order, become patriotic, Mr. Roosevelt failed to find a formula, although he tried many, by which grievances could be settled by collective bargaining and not by force. A strike is the use of mass force.

Finally, collective bargaining was more or less abandoned and labor grievances were solved by a modified form of compulsory arbitration, the government agency, NLRB or WLB, issuing decrees which management had to accept or the plant would be seized, and which the union usually accepted because it was favorable to its cause. However, no government agency has yet discovered a formula for satisfying the unions involved in a jurisdictional struggle between an A. F. of L. and a C.I.O. union or an independent union. Nor has anyone discovered a way to placate John L. Lewis. Nor does anyone know precisely how to end the internecine wars within labor unions between the Communists and the anti-Communists. In a word, labor, like industry, is a house divided and therefore confused.

Truman's Inheritance

Mr. Truman has inherited this social disease, and his approach to it, which is strictly political, does not augur too well for the country. The assumption that there is another presidential election for the Democrats in the alliance with P.A.C.-C.I.O. seems to be the guiding labor policy of this Administration. Therefore, in the fight between Joe Ryan on one side, and Harry Bridges and Joe Curran on the other, the government of the United States remains, as of today, strictly neutral. The dockers' strike is not aimed at the homecoming American soldier; its purpose is to eliminate Ryan and to bring the dockers into the Communistic C.I.O. unions on the waterfront. But the effect is the same as though it were planned to prevent demobilization. And yet the Administration in Washington is neutral. Strikes are a vent, according to Mr. Truman's concepts. Where has he been all these years?

The C.I.O. has to fight for its life. It is a politically-conceived labor movement, growing not organically among the workers but established by the influence of the government. Its strength lay more in its alliance with Mr. Roosevelt than in the support of the workers. In fact, its sensational contract with the United States Steel Corporation, which gave it such vitality and strength, was as much the work of Franklin D. Roosevelt as of John L. Lewis and Myron Taylor. Sidney Hillman, who before Roosevelt was an obscure leader of a secondary union, emerged with the C.I.O. as the effective political leader of labor in the United States and as a government official of significance and power. Every government agency was bended to support the C.I.O., and Mme. Perkins—whose sympathies were more with the American Federation of Labor—while retaining the title of Secretary of Labor, was deprived of actual authority and power.



HOME-SICKNESS

by Henry Harbaugh

Henry Harbaugh's HARFE (1870) was once a household name among the Pennsylvania Germans. It was the first collection of poems that found its way to their hearts in terms of their own vernacular. Of these poems "Heemweh" had especially endeared itself. It was therefore quite fitting that Harry Hess Reichard should recite this poem yesterday when the members of the Pennsylvania German Society met at Harbaugh's old homstead at Waynesboro, Franklin County, to honor his memory. To a more sophisticated younger generation "Heemweh" may seem only sentimental and nostalgic, but a poem that has so long and so often touched the heartstrings of a people deserves at all times to be approached with reverence. Below is an English translation done by Harbaugh himself, but those who also read and understand our dialect will recognize that the bloom and the bouquet of the original has vanished.—ED.

I know not what the reason is:
Where'er I dwell or roam,
I make a pilgrimage each year,
To my old childhood home.
Having nothing there to give or get—
No legacy, no gold—
Yet by some home-attracting power
I'm evermore controlled:
This is the way the home-sick do,
I often have been told.

As nearer to the spot I come
More sweetly am I drawn;
And something in my heart begins
To urge me faster on.
Ere quite I've reached the last hill-top—
You'll smile at me, I ween!—
I stretch myself high as I can,
To catch the view serene—
The dear old stone house through the trees
With shutters painted green!

See! how the kitchen chimney smokes!
That ofttimes gave me joy;
When, from the fields, that curling cloud
I witnessed as a boy!
And see! the purple window panes,
They seem as red as blood.
I often wondered what did that,
But guess it, never could.
Ah! many a thing a child knows not.
Did it, it were not good!

How do I love those poplar trees;
What tall and stately things!
See! on the top of one just now
A starling sits and sings.
He'll fall—the twig bends with his weight!
He likes that danger best.
I see the red upon his wings,—
Dark shining is the rest.
I ween his little wife has built
On that same tree her nest.

O, I remember very well
When those three poplar trees
Not thicker than my finger were,
And could be sent with ease.
My mother was at grandpa's house.
And trees like these had he;
She brought three scions home, and said,
"Boys, plant them there for me."
Can you believe—they grew so tall
And made the trees you see!

See! really I am near the house;
How short the distance seems!
There is no sense of time when one
Goes musing in his dreams.
There is the shop—the corn-crib, too—
The cider-press—just see!
The barn—the spring with drinking cup
Hung up against the tree.
The yard-fence—and the little gate
Just where it used to be.

All, all is still! They know not yet
That there's a stranger near;
I guess old Watch, the dog, is dead.
Or barking, he'd appear.
What fearful bellowings he made
Whene'er he heard the gate;
The travellers always feared him sore.
He bounced at such a rate;
But though the bark was woeful loud,
The bite was never great!

All, all is still! The door is shut.
I muse with beating heart;
Hark! there's a little rattling now
Back in the kitchen part.
I'll not go in! I cannot yet;
I'm overcome, I fear!
The same old bench here on the porch,
I'll rest a little here.
Behind this grape-vine I can hide
The falling of a tear!

Two spots on this old friendly porch
I love, nor can forget,
Till dimly in the night of death
My life's last sun shall set!
When first I left my father's house,
One Summer morning bright,
My mother at that railing wept
Till I was out of sight!
Now like a holy star that spot
Shines in this world's dull night.

Still, still I see her at that spot,
With handkerchief in hand;
Her cheeks are red—her eyes are wet—
There, there I see her stand!
'Twas there I gave her my good-bye.
There, did her blessing crave,
And oh, with what a mother's heart
She that sought blessing gave.
It was the last—ere I returned
She rested in her grave!

When now I call her form to mind,
Wherever I may be,
She still is standing at that rail
And weeping on for me!
She is in no familiar spot,
As oft in former years;
And never to my fancy she
As in her grave appears;
I see her only at that rail,
Bedewed with holy tears.

HEEMWEH

vum

HEINRICH HARBAUGH



Ich wees net was die Ursach is—
Wees net, warum ich's dhu:
'N jedes Johr mach ich der Weg
Der alte Heemet zu;
Hab weiter nix zu suche dort—
Kee' Erbschaft un kee' Geld;
Un doch treibt mich des Heemgefiehl
So schtark wie alle Welt;
Nor'd schtaert ich ewe ab un geh,
Wie owe schun gemeldt.

Wie naecher dass ich kumm zum Ziel,
Wie schtaerker will ich geh,
For eppes in mei'm Herz werd letz
Un dhut m'r kreislich weh,
Der letschte Hiwel schpring ich nuf,
Un ep ich drowe bin,
Schtreck ich mich uf so hoch ich kann
Un guk mit Luschte hin;
Ich seh's alt Schtee'haus dorch die Beem,
Un wott ich waer schun drin.

Guk, wie der Kicheschornschtee' schmokt—
Wie oft hab ich sell g'seh'
Wann ich draus in de Felder war,
'N Buwele jung un klee'.
O, sehnscht die Fenschterscheiwe dort?
Sie guk'n roth wie Blut;
Hab oft cunsiddert, doch net g'wisst,
Dass sell die Sunn so dhut.
Ja, manches wees 'n Kind noch net—
Wann's dhet, waer's ah net gut!

Wie gleich ich selle Babble Beem,
Sie schtehn wie Brieder dar;
Un uf'm Gippel—g'wiss ich leb!
Hockt alleweil 'n Schtarr!
'S Gippel biegt sich — guk, wie's gaunscht—
'R hebt sich awer fescht;
Ich seh sei' rothe Fliegle plehn,
Wann er sei' Feddere wescht;
Will wette, dass sei' Fraale hot
Uf sellem Baam 'n Nescht!

O, es gedenkt m'r noch gans gut,
Wo selle werri Beem
Net greeser als 'n Welschkornschtock
Gebrocht sin worre heem.
Die Mammi war an's Graendaed's g'west,
Dort ware Beem wie die;
Drei Wipplein hot sie mitgebrocht,
Un g'sa't: "Dort blanscht sie hie."
M'r hen's geduh'—un glaabscht du's nau—
Dort selli Beem sin sie!

Guk! werklich, ich bin schier am Haus!—
Wie schnell geht doch die Zeit!
Wann m'r so in Gedanke geht,
So wees m'r net wie weit.
Dort is d'r Schap, die Welschkornkrip,
Die Seiderpress dort draus;
Dort is die Scheier, un dort die Schpring—
Frisch quellt des Wasser raus;
Un guk! die sehm alt Klapbord-Fens,
Un's Dheerle vor'm Haus.

Alles is schtill—sie wisse net,
Dass epper fremmes kummt.
Ich denk, der alte Watsch is dodt,
Sunscht waer er raus gedschumpt;
For er hot als verschinnert g'brillt
Wann er hot 's Dheerle g'heert;
Es war de Traew'lers kreislich bang,
Sie werre gans verzehrt:
Kee' G'fohr—er hot paar Mol gegauzt,
Nor'd is er umgekehrt.

Alles is schtill—die Dheer is zu!
Ich schteh, besinne mich!
Es rappelt doch en wenig nau
Dort hinne in der Kich.
Ich geh net nei—ich kann noch net!
Mei' Herz fiehlt schwer un krank;
Ich geh 'n wenig uf die Bortsch,
Un hock mich uf die Bank;
Es seht mich niemand, wann ich heil,
Hinner der Drauwerank!

Zwee Blaetz sin do uf daere Bortsch,
Die halt ich hoch in Acht,
Bis meines Lebens Sonn versinkt
In schtiller Dodtes-Nacht!
Wo ich vum alte Vaterhaus
'S erscht Mol bin gange fort,
Schtand mei' Mammi weinend da,
An sellem Rigel dort;
Un nix is mir so heilig nau
Als grade seller Ort.

Ich kann sie heit noch sehne schteh,
Ihr Schnuppduch in d'r Hand;
Die Backe roth, die Aage nass—
O, wie sie doch do schtand!
Dort gab ich ihr mei' Faerewell,
Ich weinte als ich's gab,
'S war's letschte Mol in daere Welt,
Dass ich's ihr gewe hab!
Befor ich widder kumme bin
War sie in ihrem Grab!

Nau, wann ich an mei' Mammi denk,
Un meen, ich dhet sie seh,
So schteht sie an dem Rigel dort
Un weint, weil ich wek geh!
Ich seh sie net im Schockelschtuhl!
Net an keem annere Ort;
Ich denk net an sie als im Grab;
Juscht an dem Rigel dort!
Dort schteht sie immer vor mei'm Herz
Un weint noch liebreich fort!

Was macht's dass ich so dort hi' guk
An sell End vun der Bank!
Weescht du's? Mei' Herz is noch net dodt,
Ich wees es Gott sei Dank!
Wie manchmal sass mei Dady dort,
Am Summer-Nochmiddag,
Die Haende uf der Schoos gekreizt,
Sei Schtock bei Seite lag,
Was hot er dort im Schtille g'denkt?
Wer mecht es wisse—sag?

V'rleicht is es 'n Kindheets-Draam,
Dass ihn so sanft bewegt;
Oder is er'n Jingling jetz,
Der scheene Plane legt!
Er hebt sei' Aage uf juscht nau
Un gukt weit iwer's Feld;
Er seht v'rleicht d'r Kerchhof dort,
Der schun die Mammi helt!
Er sehnt v'rleicht nooch seiner Ruh
Dort in der bessere Welt!

Ich wees net, soll ich nei' in's Haus,
Ich zitter an d'r Dheer!
Es is wol alles voll inseid,
Un doch is alles leer!
'S is net meh heem, wie's eemol war,
Un kann's ah nimme sei;
Was naus mit unsere Eltere geht
Kummt ewig nimme nei'!
Die Freide hot der Dodt geaernt,
Das Trauerdheel is mei'!

So geht's in daere rauhe Welt,
Wo alles muss vergeh!
Ja, in der alte Heemet gar
Fiehlt m'r sich all allee'!
O, wann's net vor der Himmel waer,
Mit seiner scheene Ruh,
Dann waer m'r's do schun lang verleedt,
Ich wisst net, was ze dhu.
Doch Hoffnung leichtet meinen Weg
Der ew'gen Heemet zu.

Dort is 'n schee', schee' Vaterhaus,
Dort geht m'r nimmeh fort;
Es weint kee' guti Mammi meh'
In sellem Freideort.
Kee' Dady sucht meh' for 'n Grab,
Wo, was er lieb hat, liegt!
Sell is kee' Elendwelt wie die,
Wo alle Luscht betriegt;
Dort hat des Lewe ewiglich
Iwer der Dodt gesiegt.

Dort find m'r, was m'r do verliert,
Un b'halt's in Ewigkeit;
Dort lewe unsre Dodte all,
In Licht un ew'ger Freid!
Wie oft, wann ich in Druwwel bin,
Denk ich an selli Ruh,
Un wott, wann's nor Gott's Wille waer,
Ich ginge ihr schneller zu;
Doch wart ich bis mei' Schtindle schlaegt,
Nord sag ich—Welt, adju!

(The orthography follows that of the Harfe, devised, not by the poet, but by J. M. Beck of the Reading Eagle.)

What draws my eye to yonder spot—
That bench against the wall?
What holy mem'ries cluster there,
My heart still knows them all!
How often sat my father there
On summer afternoon;
Hands meekly crossed upon his lap,
He looked so lost and lone,
As if he saw an empty world,
And hoped to leave it soon.

Doth a return of childhood's joys
Across his spirit gleam?
Of is his fancy busy now
With some loved youthful dream?
He raises now his eyes and looks
On yon hill's sacred crest;
Perhaps he sees the graveyard there
Where Mother's sleep is blest,
And longs to slumber by her side,
In death's last peaceful rest.

All, all is still! I hesitate—
I fain would pass the door,
But fear the pain of missing all
This home contained of yore.
For, ah, it is not what it was
Though its inmates are kind;
What with our parents once we lose
We nevermore shall find;
Death goes before and reaps the sheaves;
We can but glean behind.

Such is the fate of earthly loves
Where all things die or change.
Yes, even in the homestead here,
I feel alone and strange.
O were it not for yon bright heaven,
With its unchanging rest,
How heavy would our burdens be,
Our life how sore distressed;
But hope illumes our pathway to
The regions of the blest.

That is a lovely Fatherland:
There I shall never roam;
No mother there with tearful eyes,
Shall see me leave that home.
No father there shall seek the grave
Where his beloved lies;
That is no vale of woes like this,
Where all we cherish dies;
The beautiful is permanent
In those unchanging skies.

There we shall find what here we lose,
And keep it evermore;
There we shall join our sainted dead,
Who are but gone before.
I'm fain, in lonely hours, to lift
The veil that let them through,
And wish it were God's holy will
To let me pass it too;
Yet patience! till my hour shall come,
To bid the world, Adieu!

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Paar Eilenshpiegel G'shichta

M'r wissa warickiich nimmy eb m'r die 'Til Eilenshpiegel g'shichta shun fertzailt hen doh im Call odder net. Die freind os sie uns gewwa hen sawga et, un gewwa sie don doh wie sie sie uns gewwa hen.

Der Eilie Hut Der Divel Gabutta

Der Deivel un der Eilie hen mohl 'n wetting kot fer ous finna welar os es manshd kelt shtanda kent. 'S wor bout dreisich unnich noll wie sie ous gamocht hen fer sich uf 'n hous doch hucka, sehna welar os es airsht bidda dade fer runner waeich da kelt.

Di sawg is, sie hetta fer ordlich weil navich nonner k'huck'd, un wear yader'm tzu kalt gawest fer blauderra. End ich het der Eilie g'shpiert os er die kelt nimmy fiela langer shtanda kent os wie er shun het, un wear uf gajump'd, het der iwweruch ous garissa die kop fom kup un die armel nuf gawick'ld bis owwich die eiboga. Noh het der Divel gawunnert wos letz wear os er sich shtrippa dade.

"E" het der Eilie g'sawt, "doh is voh 'n hitz os 'n mensch 's net shtanda kon, doh missa mohl dale glaider ob gatzoga werra."

"Wel," het der Divel gamaint, "'s mawg dier hase sei, ow'r sis 'n lot ke' 2 doh os wie woh ich har kumma bin, un hob bol libe un sale ferfrohra—duh hosh'd gawunna."

Noch So 'N Shicht

Der Eilie un der Divel hen 'n onnerrie tzeit noh mohl widder so'n wetting kot waeich kelt shtanda, un hen sich widder ufs hous doch k'huck'd fer sehna welar os es airsht uf gaibt. Eb sie ow'r ufs doch gagrodd'ld sin hut der Eilie sich der shtitzt hute g'fill'd mit wosser, un der hute tight iwwer der kup gatzoga os kens rous garunna is.

Wie sie weil uf 'm doch k'huck'd hetta kot, het der Eilie der hute awenich in die hae g'shova so os es wosser 'm iwwer 's g'sicht nunner garoll'd is wie shwitz drubba. Glei het der Divel gawunnert wos lose wear os er so noss im g'sicht wear. Noh het der Eilie g'sawt er kent die hitz shier net shtanda, un der Divel wear uf un ob fer iwwer 's doch nunner, un het g'sawt, er wot sei lebdawg nix may tzu duh howwa mit 'm 'Til Eilenshpiegel.

'S Kreitz Net Gaglicha

Der Divel un der Eilie sin aw mohl im bush tzomma kumma un hen glei nonner beata wolla huls hocka. Yaderer is gonga fer 'n ox—der Divel is kumma un hut 'n ae sidichie ox kot, un der Eilie aenie mit schneid uf da tzwae sida. Wie sie wenich k'hock'd hen kot hut der Divel mohl rum gaguck'd, un g'sehna os der Eilie 'n gahairich beat. Noh het der Divel g'sawt, "Hey duh, des is net recht, my ox hut yusht aw schneid, un deinie hut tzwae, now geb m'r mohl weil dei ox, odder ich shmeiss uf."

Der Eilie hut 'm noh sei ox onna garaich'd, ow'r ae guck wor ol os er gabreich'd hut. "Nix kum rous fon selra ort," het der Divel g'sawt, "sel is ken ox, sel is 'n kreitz-un fon sel'm wil ich nix wissa." Un mit sella werta wear der Divel ob fert allas os er gae het kenna, un der Eilie het 'n aw gabutta huls hocka.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Musigander un Mailmon Ray Ruppert fon da hinna nagshd on Kempton is alla weil 'n harlicher, uf galaibter mensch, un ol weil er da Mondawg owet widder der New Tripoli Mons Korus widder in der gong grick'd.

Der Korus hut so tzu sawga ruich galaiga darrich der griek, ow'r now os m'r widder freeda hen, fiela die monsleit un boova fer singa, un may wie finf un tzwonsich hen shun fershprocha fer da Mondawg owet tzomma kumma im New Tripoli kommunity gabei fer ihra airshder rehersal.

Der Ray hut uns da onner dawg fert ailt drous beim Earl Adams in da garage, er het so tzu sawga tzwae drit'l alter gleader tzurick, un ae drit'l neia, un wear shure os sie widder 'n boomerawlisher guter Korus in der gong graichda.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Deaths of a Day

RALPH FRITZINGER

Ralph Fritzinger of 1813 Lincoln Ave., Northampton, died Thursday night at the Haff hospital where he had been a patient since Wednesday. He was in his 51st year.

Born in Cementon, son of Anna, nee Wotring, Fritzinger and the late Alfred Fritzinger, he resided there until 10 years ago when he became a resident of Northampton.

Mr. Fritzinger served for 25 years as trainman and conductor for the Northampton and Bath railroad and was employed in that capacity until August when he became ill.

He was affiliated with the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and was a faithful member of the Reformed wing of St. John's Union church.

Besides his mother, who resides in Cementon, Mr. Fritzinger is survived by his wife, Mabel I., nee Rau; a step daughter, Mrs. George Walsh, Northampton; a grandson, George Walsh Jr.; three sisters, Mrs. Harry Nagle, Egypt; Mrs. Harry Steckel, Cementon and Mrs. Roy Gangewere, Weaversville; one brother, Nevin, Cementon.

Rev. George Laubach will officiate at funeral services on Tuesday at 2 p. m. from the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Interment in Egypt cemetery.

GEORGE L. BILLIG

George L. Billig, 73, died early yesterday morning at his home at Claussville, Orefield R. 1. He had been in ill health for the past eight years and was bedfast for the past ten and one-half months.

Born in Greenwich township, Berks county, son of the late William and Elizabeth, nee Stone, Billig, he had been a resident of Claussville most of his life. A carpenter by trade, he was forced to forego that profession because of an automobile accident eight years ago.

Mr. Billig, a member of the Morgenland Union church, Lutheran wing, is survived by his wife, Mary, nee Schneck, Billig; three sons, Earling, Claussville; Ralph, Claussville, and Richard, at home; three daughters, Hilda, wife of Harvey Blackman, Emmaus; Mae, wife of Claude Frey, Wescosville, R. 1, and Erna, at home; 16 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Rev. Robert Laubach will officiate at funeral services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday from the late home followed by further services in Morgenland church. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

CARRIE DRAKE RICE

Carrie Drake Rice, wife of John Rice Sr., died yesterday morning at her home, 426 Clinton Terrace, Easton, after an illness of several months.

A native of Easton, she was a daughter of the late Samuel and Sarah Drake, and spent most of her life in Easton. She was active in civic and welfare organizations.

A member of First Presbyterian church, Easton, she also was a member of the Easton Children's home, honorary vice president of the Pennsylvania Society for the Blind, a member of the board of directors of the Needlework guild and was also active in the King's Daughters.

Survivors are her husband, a son, John Rice Jr., of Easton; a daughter, Mrs. Pinkney W. Love, Washington, D. C.; a granddaughter, Virginia Rice, Easton, and two sisters, Mrs. Madison Porter and Mrs. Edward Swift, both of Easton.

JOHN A. CUNNINGHAM

The funeral of John A. Cunningham, 72, retired merchant and a past grand knight of Trinity Council, 313, Knights of Columbus, who died at 10 p. m. Thursday in St. Luke's hospital, will be held at 9 a. m. Monday from the residence, 306 Summit St., Bethlehem.

Solemn requiem mass will be offered at 9:30 a. m. in Holy Infancy church. Interment in the family plot, Holy Saviour cemetery.

Born in Hellertown, Oct. 9, 1873, he was a son of John and Anne Dwyer Cunningham, and was the last of his family. A lifelong resident of Bethlehem, has was a member of Holy Infancy church, the Holy Name society, a fourth degree member and past grand knight of Trinity Council, 313, Knights of Columbus.

He was engaged as a merchant at the Summit St. address for 23 years and retired 15 years ago. He married Jane Duffin 48 years ago in the Church of the Holy Infancy, the ceremony being solemnized by the late Rev. Philip McEnroe. Survivors are the wife and a daughter, Constance M. Cunningham.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by

REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

2 Thessalonians 1:1-2:12

Three persons in the first verse join in sending this letter, thanking God for the faith, and love, and patience of those to whom they are writing and in whom they are interested. In vs. 4-6 Paul compliments them all the more because they are faithful amid persecutions and tribulations. But the Lord will come to punish those who have been persecuting them, for He will yet be glorified in His saints and admired in all them that believe. But that day of final reckoning will not come until there shall be a "falling away" (Greek, apostasis, our apostasy), and the man of sin, Antichrist, shall be revealed, for there is yet to be a "revelation" of evil personified in one even worse than Hitler, with supernatural power manifested in miracles, signs, and lying wonders. But when the Holy Spirit who "letteth," that is restrains the evil, shall be withdrawn with the taking away of the Church, evil will head up rapidly in this Wicked One, to be destroyed by the breath of the Lord's mouth at His Revelation. The book of Revelation tells us all about this, but since Satan doesn't want any one to know what is going to happen to him, he says, Don't read that bookk. You cannot understand it!

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

A correspondent who was with the Flying Tigers during the great career of that combat group tells of a speech made to the Army fliers in Burma by their briefing officer.

It was on the eve of a bombing raid on distant Jap installations. "Men," said the officer, "tomorrow's stint is one of the toughest we've ever tackled. The enemy has received reinforcements. Our planes are falling apart. There is a terrific storm brewing. We'll be lucky if one out of four of us ever gets back alive. We take off at seven sharp. And if any one of you is thirty-seconds late, dammit—he can't go with us."

* * *

In Southern Italy, reports Vincent Sheean, "an American flier won a coveted Free French decoration, but he was so ugly they couldn't find a French general who was willing to kiss him."

* * *

From London came the story of the two Yanks who wanted to see the War Office, but didn't know on what side of the street it was located. They hailed a passing Tommy, and asked, "Which side is the War Office on?" The Tommy thought hard for a moment, then replied, "Gorblimey! Ours—I think!"

(Copyright, 1944, by Bennett Cerf)

25 Years Ago Today

Oct. 20, 1920, A Wednesday

Prof. W. A. Noyes, of the University of Illinois, addressed a meeting of the Lehigh Valley section of the American Chemical society held at the Lehigh Country club. Prof. Noyes spoke of the amazing new chemical discoveries which were developing from research.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Lyle, Balkon, London, arrived in Allentown to reside with her son-in-law and daughter, Capt. and Mrs. Charles W. Lees.

Works to install a new heating plant and expand the employees' lunchroom in the Lehigh Structural Steel Co. was begun. R. L. Kift was general manager of the firm.

A fruit exhibit and tea were held on the first and second floors of the Sacred Heart hospital from 1 to 5 p. m. The affair was open to the public.

Horoscope

You are good-natured, affable, witty. You seldom worry, yet you are conscientious and a diligent worker. You devote much of your attention to fostering the happiness of your loved ones. Your hobby is reading good literature. Petty annoyances and irritating delays may tempt you to show that you have a temper as well as the next person. However, such a display would only result in more waste of time, so do not indulge it.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There is a homely adage which runs, "Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far." If the American nation will speak softly and yet build and keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroly efficient Navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far.—Theo. Roosevelt.

GREAT VICTORIES BUT COST WAS HIGH

Every American port on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in the Gulf of Mexico are gay today with the flags of the United States and those of the United States Navy flying from the staffs on thousands of armed ships gathered in those harbors to observe annual Navy Day.

Every port which can float a ship has been favored with a visit from ships of any and all sizes which could sail into those ports. The only regret of the Navy has been that it could not move its ships inland to every American community and have the American people crowd thru them from stem to stern and learn thereby the conditions under which their sons have lived in this branch of the service during almost four years. They would also learn much about the might of a force which in the course of the war supported and shielded the mighty invasions of Africa, Sicily, Italy and France, helped the British Navy to reduce the German and Italian navies to impotence and then in the Pacific sank virtually every ship in the Japanese Navy, once the second largest in the world.

So today in every port city there will be especial jubilation over the return home of so many mighty ships and their gallant crews while in the hinterland there will be observances not so spectacular but just as appreciative because honor will be done to the young men who came from the interior of the country to serve patriotically in the renowned Navy.

It is inevitable however that there will be an undertone of sadness today as the Nation considers not alone the great victories which have been achieved by their Navy but the terrific price which was paid therefor.

Official and final Navy report on losses show that 696 ships were lost during the war. When that figure is compared with Japan's losses it is realized better than ever what a formidable foe was faced under conditions that favored the Japanese very greatly, especially in the first year of the war when the United States had not yet gotten into its ship-building stride, when the Navy had been crippled at Pearl Harbor and other harbors in the Pacific and problems of communication and supply were especially difficult for American forces.

Numerically Japan's losses were not very much greater but they were more serious, as events proved. When a Jap ship was sunk, chances of replacement were slim. Even while an American ship was being sunk, several replacements either were on their way out of the shipyards or were well under construction. So it was that when the end of the war came, the Japs had a navy consisting of less than a hundred ships in all categories and most of those were badly battered and greatly reduced in efficiency. On the American side when the war ended was the greatest navy in world history, despite losses of nearly seven hundred ships, including two battleships, five aircraft carriers and six escort carriers and seven heavy and three light cruisers. But the greatest losses of ships in the top brackets occurred in the destroyer class where 71 ships were lost and among the submarines which had 52 losses.

Whereas in other wars, loss of men in naval action has been comparatively small, in this war, casualties were high. Great ships with hundreds of men working below decks often carried hundreds to their graves when they sank. Fires that enveloped carriers and explosions aboard stricken ships took heavy toll.

Glorious victories were achieved by the American Navy. But Gold Stars on thousands of Honor Rolls scattered thruout the United States in every city and hamlet remind the American people of the price that was paid.

ENEMIES ALMOST ACHIEVED ATOMIC BOMB

How close Japan and Germany were to the perfection of an atomic bomb is related by Major Donald Keyhoe in the current issue of True Magazine who asserts that Jap scientists had worked on this research problem in Germany with Nazi technicians.

Both countries were striving for the great prize and the Jap scientists who had been in Germany are believed to have reached Japan by submarine, taking with them heavy water, uranium and plans for the almost completed bomb.

There was evidence that the Japs were as far advanced on this research as Germany and that they might have had the Nazis' secret formula which had produced an atomic bomb for testing purposes. At this same time, an authentic report of a weirdly devastated area in the heart of a German forest proved that the Germans had brought the atom bomb to a testing stage.

A wireless station, operated by the F. B. I., played a big part in the atomic bomb race. The five Nazi spies, who were landed on our Atlantic Coast to seek atomic bomb information, agreed to transmit misleading reports to Hans Blum, the spy chief who had sent them. Shortly after this station was put in operation in early '45, it was bombarded with questions: "What is the material used for a coating and what is its strength?" Apparently the Nazis had split the uranium atom but could not control the blast.

CHARTER NOW LAW OF NATIONS

The Charter of the United Nations, adopted in San Francisco, now is in force with the signature of Russia, last of the Big Five to come along, and the signature of Secretary of State Byrnes which was affixed late on Wednesday afternoon.

Now the terms of that Charter are law for all the nations which participated in the Conference and virtually for the entire world. Now there is law upon the books of all countries but like other laws respect therefor and enforcement alone will prove its value.

While harmony and concord still are far away in many relations among nations and from various parts of the world we hear ominous sounds of discord, after all we have something to cling to and hope for in the natural human desire for peace.

The Charter may not be perfect but it may work. It is to be hoped that it will and toward that end the prayer of sincere people will rise to heaven. Sincere men have striven to establish man-made devices to achieve peace. But higher power than man's and human strength of spirit therefrom alone can assure that the devices will work.

The Senate's Report

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26—It isn't often that Congress frankly concedes that it has helped big business or the monopolists in business and that it has discriminated against weaker competitors. But such an admission is to be found in the Senate Finance Committee's report on the pending tax bill as it denounces the present excess profits law.

"The tax," says the Senate committee's report, "tends to favor old, and well-established businesses since many of them have invested capital which has long ago ceased to contribute toward earnings, although it is included in the credit used to determine the excess profits tax. New businesses without such credits based on inflated capital bases are thus penalized by the tax."

Yet, despite this admission that the excess profits tax tended to help big business as against competitors, the record shows that Congress originally wrote provisions into the excess profits law which, though proclaimed to be relief from hardship, actually deprived smaller business of such relief.

The Treasury department has before it many thousands of cases in which small businesses are required to pay a higher tax rate than the larger businesses. Upon close reading of the law, it will be discovered that it was not the Bureau of Internal Revenue but the writers of the law itself in Congress who brought about the discrimination.

* * *

No business man likes to pay 80 cents out of each dollar of his net income while someone else in exactly the same line of business pays as little as 60 cents. The same problem was up during World War I but Congress at that time gave the Bureau of Internal Revenue discretionary powers so that a taxpayer could get equal consideration with his competitor. There has been talk of amending the present law to remove the discrimination as it applies to 1945 and previous years, but no action appears to be in sight. Meanwhile, the Treasury is turning down claims right along and smaller businesses are being compelled to pay higher taxes than the bigger ones. This is hardly the way to break down monopoly or encourage competition.

It is apparent that hardly anybody now favors the excess profits tax—not even the Treasury department which has proposed complete repeal. The administrative side of the problem has proved even more burdensome than it was after the first World War. It may be as much as five to ten years before all tax returns for the war years are audited and settled, and this is largely due to the ambiguity of the phraseology in the existing law.

"The longer the excess profits tax is retained," the Senate Finance Commtitee report continues, "the less the income of the 1936-1939 base period is a proper measure of 'excessive' profits. This base period will be a particularly poor measure of earnings in the post-war period when many corporations will be entering new fields of enterprise or expanding their businesses."

* * *

But the same objection was valid from 1941 to 1945, namely that businesses which had lost money from 1936 to 1939 could not get any relief under the law if they happened to be successful from 1940 onward. The present law says that to get relief they must prove that some fundamental change in their business occurred during 1939 or earlier, and, even so, they must prove that they could have put their businesses into profits within two years from the date of such change in order to merit relief. Few small businesses can show such progress.

Many a business which was unsuccessful in the base period, began, as a result of effort made prior to 1940, to climb the hill to profits and to compete with larger enterprises only to be stifled by the excess profits law which insisted on taking a larger slice out of the growing business than out of the well-established business. Such new competitors were prevented from accumulating surpluses so that they could compete with the bigger fellows in post-war years. The Democratic party in Congress certainly took care of the bigger business enterprises despite all of its professions of interest in the underdog in business competition.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE PITY OF IT

Every day some more thousands of boys come home from Europe, from Asia, from islands in the Pacific. Every day, here in New York, ships pass by the Statue of Liberty, their decks crowded with hundreds of our sons who have been away from us during the years of the war. Their hearts beat for the mother, the wife, the sweetheart, perhaps even for a son born after the father's departure to serve his country. They yearn for old scenes, their street, the familiar high school, the baseball lot. They are back in God's country from hell.

So what do they find?

Their baggage cannot be landed because the union has not given consent. It is explained that there are hardship cases on board. It does not matter—the war is over. The union is the boss now. That's the welcome for conquering heroes—the boys who went to give their lives for democracy. And is this democracy? Is this confusion democracy? Is this what the fighting was about?

And so, they are home. They will get into civvies quickly and to work. They want work—but quickly. Their pockets are not lined with time and a half and double-time. They have not known a 40-hour week. To them, the housing shortage meant nothing—there were plenty of foxholes to sleep in and even tents in a European winter. They could not send a union delegate to complain about K rations or the long, tiresome hours, or the blood and muck in which they wallowed. And no politicians were about to tease them for votes.

And so, they are home. Let us celebrate. Harry Bridges pulls a dock strike; Joe Curran pulls a sympathetic strike; Mike Quill pulls down the planes; Walter Reuther and General Motors are at it with statistics that nobody can understand; Steel is on the verge of a strike. And a great, a great politician in Washington is reported to have said concerning inflation that Americans like a lot of money in their pockets even if the money means nothing.

And the boys come home to the kind of small-town politics in Washington that they had never known in this country. It existed here before some of them were born, when teeny-weeny Ohio politicians followed Harding into Washington to make what they could and quickly. There has been none of that since then, not in the days of Coolidge, Hoover or Roosevelt. But it is with us now among the neo-statesmen who practice the game of politics without regard to a national economic crisis, a national industrial crisis, an international crisis as trying in some respects as the war itself. What matter crises with another election only three years away? Make hay while the sun shines—maybe, it will not always shine.

And so the boys come home. Do we make it easy for them? Do they march through Arches of Triumph? Not in this war, buddy. I stood and watched them land on the pier. They rush to telephones. Who cares if there is no telephone? Who cares if they know where to go? Yesterday that boy got a citation; today—the war's ended. Move over, kid. Don't you know the war's over?

It seems such a heartless pity, such a meaningless, futile, hopeless response to all their troubles and sorrows and loneliness. The other day when I read that some boys had arrived and the crew refused to unload the ship, I wondered why no one threw that crew, one by one, into the October waters of the Hudson River, not to drown them but to remind them, by shock, that they too are Americans who did not fight Germans or Italians or Japanese, or the winter of Europe, or the jungles of the South Seas. And they did not fight because these returning boys fought for them, fought and got wounded if not in body, then in spirit. If there is no pride left in our land, there may still be some sense of shame.

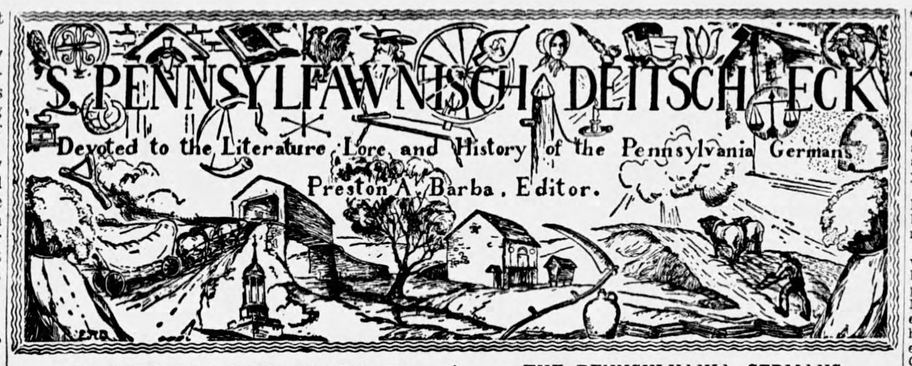
(Copyright, 1945)

British savings from the beginning of the war savings campaign in November, 1939, to V-E day totaled over $36,405,000,000, a weekly average of $127,736,000.

Thousands of wounded Red army soldiers and overworked factory workers are to be sent to the spa of Sochi, on the Black sea coast, for treatment.

The 10,000-ton Sanphia, which sank in Hoogli river at Calcutta, India, after a dockside fire two years ago, is being raised by an Australian salvage team.

Protests are being made in Mexico against railways hauling fresh fruit instead of oil and gasoline, which are declared to be more essential to more people.



SIE NEMME DER YOCKEL IN DIE KAERRICH

Aus em Eileschwamm
An der Bisskatze Grick
Bei der Nuff-un-nunner Saegmiehl

Liewer Editor:

Do yetz hawwich Dir verzaehlt, wie ich so unverhofft uff die Welt gedappt kumme bin. Nau will ich Dir aa verzaehle, wie sie mich 's aerscht Mol in die Kaerrich genumme hen. Eb ich awwer aafang, will ich ausdricklich zu verschteh gewwe, dass ich die Kaerrich ehre duh un will sie net, unner kenre Meening, nunnermache. Mir sotte all die Kaerrich un ihre Aerwet rechtschaffich unnerschtitze. Die vun eich, wu net in die Kaerrich gehne, schemmt eich un fangt nau aa geh. Es dutt eich gut. Die Kaerrich iss es eensichscht Ding, das die Welt widder uff der recht Weg fiehre kann. So helft all, was dihr kennt. Wann ich ebbes verzaehl, as g'happened iss es ersch Mol, dass ich in der Kaerrich waar, as g'schpassich laut, nemmt in Acht, dass ich es gut meen un net far die Kaerrich nunnermache.

Well, wie ich Eich g'saat hab, die Nacht, wu ich uff die Welt kumme bin, waar es blobitter kalt. In vier Woche hot sich alles verennert. In de erschte Daage im Maerz hot die lieb Sunn schee g'scheint un der Schnee iss verschmolze wie Butter in 're heesse Pann. Middes im Maerz waar der Schnee all weck 'xcept in de gleene Deicher uff de Winderseid vum Baerrick. Die Maeblebaem im Eileschwamm hen schunt gedriwwe. 'S Maebelwasser iss heftich geloffe. Die Amschle waare fleissich am Neschder baue. Die Bloveggel waare aa schunt do far 's Friehyohr helfe blessierlich mache. Der Biwwi hot widder sei Nescht uff die Pett in der Nuff-un-nunner Saegmiehl gebaut. Alles waar schee un lieblich.

Sundaag maryets hot der Daadi sei gekocht Hemm un sei beschde Sundaagsgleeder aageduh, noh saagt er, "Nau iss der Yockel vier Woche alt. Heit nemme mir ihn mit in die Kaerrich." Die Maemm waar schunt lang 'ready' gewest. Sie hen mich gut eigewickelt un sin uff der Weg. An der Scheier hot unser zweeyaerich Hutsch, der 'Dickie', sei schwarzer Kopp zum uffne Fenschter-g'schtell rausg'schtreckt. Der Daadi will mir des schee Hutsch weise. Ich hab em Hutsch sei scheener Kopp g'shtreichelt. Sell waar awwer en Fehlschlag. Schpeeder wann ich nachts wacker bin warre, hawwich' kem Mensch Ruh gewwe, bis sie mich naus an die Scheier genumme hen, "Gicki sehne".

Drowwe uff em Hiwwel ans Waggeschpeeche saagt yeders zum annere, "Dart gehne 's Bumbeschwengele mit em Yockli—dummelt eich—mir wolle aa nooch." Glei waare mir draus uff der Public Schtross un wie mir an de grosse Kaerschebaem verbei sin, saagt die Maem, "Ferwas lachscht du, Daadi?" Der Daadi saagt, "Weescht du noch, wie der alt Remus Williams uns die Summer Schendi un Backoffe Mauer gemacht hot? Nooch Middaagesse saagt der Remus, "Die Schtee sin so hart. Ich muss verhafdich in der Schmiddschapp mei Mauerhammer schaerfe losse.' Sell uffkors hot ihn am Waertshaus verbeigenumme. Es scheint mir, der Darscht waar greesser as die Not far der Hammer schaerfe, un weil der Schmied der Hammer g'schaerft hot, verweilt der Remus die Zeit in der Barschtubb. Wie der Hammer g'schaerft waar, geht der Remus uff der Weg zurick. Der Weg waar scheint's blendi schmaal, so dass er vun eenre Seid zu der annere gedargelt iss. 'S ledscht kummt er do an die grosse Kaerschebaem. Er brecht sich paar gleene Nescht ab, hockt sich in der kiehl Schatte un fangt aa Kaersche esse mit Schtee un alles.

"Der Harry Waggeschpeech waar am Grumbiere schaufele un wie er ans End vun der Roih an die Fens kumme iss, heert er en Gegnaecker as wie en Sau, wann sie Kohle fresst. Der Harry graddelt uff die Fens am Kaerschebaam, guckt niwwer un sehnt dass es der alt Remus iss, wu die Yacht macht. Der Harry hot aa Kaersche aafange esse, noh saagt er zum Remus, 'Ich gleich aa Kaersche, awwer ich muss die Schtee rausschpautze. Ich kann sie net verbeisse wie du duscht. Ich hab kee Zaeh meh hinne.' Noh saagt der Remus, so drucke, 'Ich hab mei Lewe kenni hinne g'hatt.' Der Harry hot sei Gaul rumgedreht un iss ans Schaufele. Der Remus schtreckt sich an der Fens naus uff der Waasem un hot g'schlofe bis sechs Uhr owets." Well, mir hen all gelacht.

In 're karze Zeit waare mir wennich iwwer die Heeh, do sehn ich die Kaerrich varne draus. Es waar en zweeschteckich backeschteenich Gebei. Der Tarn, mit me grosse kupperne Balle druff, reecht yo ball bis in die Wolke. An der Owetseid waar der Kaerrichhof mit de weisse Graabschtee. Viel Leit waare drin rum un lese die Schrifte uff de Schtee. Schprusbaem warre aa graad an der Owetseid. An der Maryeseid waare zwee grosse Beindbaem. Varne an der Kaerrich waare scheene schteene Dreppe un en grossi, hochi doppelti Dier. Newich der Dier waare hoche Fenschdere mit schee g'faerbt Glaas. Es waar alles so schee um die Kaerrich rum dass ich zu mir selwer denk, "Oi Oi! so hawwich yo mei Lebdaag nix g'sehne."

'S waare schunt viel Leit an der Kaerrich. Deel hen zu nanner geblaudert, annere hen yuscht rumg'schtanne. Deel hen nanner Schtoris verzaehlt. Der Billy Schneider, der allfert G'schpuchde gemacht hot, frogt der Jim Schmucker, "Ferwas hot der Aposchtel Paulus an die Korinder g'schriwwe?"—"Ich weess net," saagt der Jim. "Wann er dart gewest waer, hett er g'schwetzt." Der alt Fritz Grummer saagt, "Ich hab als gemeent, mei Fraa daet net liege, noh saagt sie mol ee Daag im ledschte Summer, 'Die Reddich schiesse.' Ich hab mich en ganzer Daag in der Gaarde g'hockt, awwer ich hab kee gatzicher Grach g'heert." So hette sie, denk ich, der ganz Daag fartgemacht, awwer der Parre iss kumme, geht in die Kaerrich un die annere hinne drei.

Mir sin die Schteg nuff uff der zwett Schtock. Sell waar aa en Schteg—lange niddere Dreppe wu mer nuffgeloffe iss un hot's schier net gewisst. Drowwe in der Kaerrich hen die Mannsleit sich uff die recht Seit g'hockt un die Weibsleit uff die links. Ich hab mich beim Daadi uff der rechte Seid g'halde. So en grossi Schtubb hawwich noch net g'sehne g'hatt. Selli hoche Fenschdere mit em g'faerbte Glaas, die hoch 'ceiling' die voll Schtaerne gemolt waar—der Aldar uff der Kanzel das aus Walnissholz gemacht waar un schee ausg'schafft—en Engel an yedere Seid der Kanzel uff die Wand ge-'paint'—all die waare so schee, ich hab schier gaar net gewisst, was zu duh. Ich hab gedenkt, "Oi! Oi! so hawwich yo mei Lebdaag nix g'sehne."

Die Kaerrich waar aa gans voll Leit—alle Sarde — varne vor uns hockt der Eli Schwoddo, unser Schuhmacher, der sei Kopp als schebb hebt un sei Baard uff ee Seid dreht. Newich ihm hockt sei Bruder, der Yuni. Er hot uns als Kaerpet gewowe aus alte Lumbe, das die Maemm owets zamme gegnippt hot. Der Kaerpet hot er gemacht mit rode, griene, bloe un geele Schtreefe drin. So Kaerpet hot en Schtubb yuscht gaar wunnerschee gucke mache. Em Yuni sei Kopp waar gans blott un hot geglitzert wie en hellgeworni Blugschaar in der Sunn. Was hett ich so gaern mei fedde gleene Hendelcher uff seinere blodde Schaal heere blatsche! Ich glaab verhafdich, dass es der Daadi innerlich gelechert hett, wann er mich druff blatche hett losse.

Newich em alte Eli hockt der John Schpaltmann un sei fimfyaericher Bu, der Sam. Uff eemol fangt der Sam aa brille. Wie der John ihn frogt, "Ferwas brillscht du, Sam?" so saagt er brutzlich, "Ei, die alt Till hot mich aageguckt." Wie ich die alt Till Nunnergraff betracht hab, do kann ich em Sammy 's net verdenke, dass er brillt. So en G'sicht kennt siessi Millich im kalte Winder sauer drehe. So en Gosch kennt Eisekeidel fresse. Oi! Oi! so hawwich yo mei Lebdaag nix g'sehne.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS

A Sonnet

Wherever I abroad may wander far,
And mingle with the varied tongues of men,
Or shall essay the task to trace my pen
In sketching life in marked particular,
Spontaneous promptings shall me homeward bear,
To press around your doors and hearths again,
To note your ways with keener zest than when,
As one with you, I all your life could share:
'T will yield fresh joy your quiet life to see,
'Mid peerless farms, right in our country's heart,
Where erst our stalwart, pious ancestry
Sought rest from war and persecution's art,
Fresh joy to use the old speech frank and free,
And in your soulful worship bear a part.

REV. MATTHIAS SHEELEIGH, D. D.

(This sonnet appeared in the first number of The Pennsylvania German, January 1900.)

Der Parre schteht uff, hebt die recht Hand in die Heeh un saagt, "Im Namen des Vaters, des Sohnes un des Heiligen Geistes—Amen.' Lied Nummer 213." Noh lest er en Vaerscht vum Lied, awwer ich kann's net recht meh zammebringe. Es hot viel gelaut wie des, yuscht ich denk net ass es gans so waar:

Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit
Wann der Yockel der Schimmel reit.

Iwwerdem schpielt ebber die Argel hinnich uns. Der Chor waar hinne in de Kaerrich uff de hoche Bordkaerrich. Der Willie Waggeschpeech schpielt die Geig dezu un O, was waar sell so schee! Sie hen awwer aa singe kenne. Yeder ebber hot mitg'holfe. Der alt John Schweed, 's Psalter-Buweli, wie sie ihn als g'heesse hen, meent, weil er paarmol in die Singschul gange waar, kennt er besser singe wie die annere. Er waar awwer allfart paar Roihe hinnedraa. Wie die annere fardich waare, hot er noch selwert der ledscht Vaersch langsam g'sunge. Es hot wiescht gelaut un der Parre hot net ahead geh kenne bis des allt Kalb sich ausgeblarrt g'hatt hot. Sellemol hawwich mir ebbes vorgenumme, das mir immer gut beig'schtanne hot, un des waar, wann ich singe duh, dann heer ich aa uff mit de annere.

Wie 's Lied faerdich waar, lest der Parre aus so me grosse Buch, noh fangt er aa mit me lange Gebet. In 're lange Weil iss der Hans Schteekauer wacker warre un frogt, "Wu iss er?" Zu der Andwart dass er yuscht far die Chinese gebet hett, saagt der Hans, "Halwer um die Welt rum—dann kann ich noch en halb Schtunn schlofe."

Nooch em Gebet gehne vier Mann nuff an so en gleeni Fens mit me glatte Riegel der schee abg'schafft un ge'polish't wear un uff viel gleene gedrehte Peschdlicher rugt. Do gebt der Parre yedem en gleener Karreb. Sie nemme die Kaerwelcher un gehn an die Benk mit 'ne un alle ebber dutt en Bens nei falle losse. Ich hab mei lewe net so viel Bense uff eemol g'sehne. Ich hab gegrabscht far der Karreb, awwer der Daadi hot mich g'schtoppt—Oi! was hett ich en so gaern umg'schtarzt un die Bense heere uff em Boddem rapple! Der Jonathan Huffington, wu uns der Karreb gereecht hot, sehn ich, kann meh Runzle in sei Schtarn ziege, das ich mei Lewe g'sehne hab. Sei Schtarn guckt wie en frisch geblugt Waasemfeld, wu die Farrichte grumm sin. Er iss der Bresident vum Schul'board' un meent die Bissniss misst all in Englisch geduh sei. So wann en 'motion' gewwe iss, dann saagt er, "Die 'motion' iss gemacht, ge'moved' un g'second'. All as in favor sin, gebt eier consent by saying 'I'." Un so schteht's heit noch uff record. Wie sie yeder ebber ihre Bense eig'fasst g'hatt hen, noh hen zwee vun ihne die Bense vorgedraage, die gleene Karreb uff en Disch inside sellre gleene Fens g'schtellt un sin widder zurick an ihre Bletz.

Der Parre hot en neier Blatz in sellem grosse Buch g'sucht un saagt, "Mei Text findt sich im Evangelium Skt. Johannes, erster Kapitel und sechster Vers": "Es ward ein Mensch von Gott gesandt, der hiess Johannes."

Er breddicht about en Vaerdel Schtunn, do wunner ich selwert, was sei G'schpraech zu duh hett mit em Text, das er gelese hot. Iwwerdem schtellt der Michael Wolfgang sich uff in der Gang zwische de Mannsleit un de Weibsleit. Es scheint der Michel waar selle Marye uffg'schtanne mit wennich meh Bauchschmaerze wie gewehnlich. Far des zu 'cure'-e hot er en Fessli Blackbiere Wei aagezappt un hot meh als genunk devun gedrunke var sure mache dass es die Schmaerze verdreibt. Wie der Wei aafange hot schaffe, laaft er naus in die Welt—er weess net wu, un endlich dappt er unverhofft in die Kaerrich un hockt sich midde varne hie, waar awwer so ruhich wie en Maus. Well, wie er uffg'schtanne iss, schittelt er sei Finger noch em Parre un saagt in 're laute Schtimm, "Bleib in deim Johannes!" Die Vorschteher hen ihn nausduh welle, awwer der Parre saagt, "Loss der Michel in Friede, er hot recht. Ich waar vum Text kumme." Zeiter sellemol wann ebber wennich vum subject kummt im Schwetze, dann saage mir heit noch, "Bleib in deim Johannes."

Em Michel sei Warning hot der Parre uff der recht Weg g'schtellt un er hot uns yuscht en schtevensi idea gewwe vum Johannes un was er uns befohle hot zu duh. Darrich eweck waar es en recht gudi Breddich gewest.

Noch der Breddich saagt der Parre, "All die wu Kinner hen zu daafe, kummt vor." Do schteht der alt Henner Hundsnickel uff un sei Fraa die Mende un sie nemme die glee Fraenie varne in die Kaerrich. Ich denk sie hen sich g'howe am ladeinische Schprichwart, "First come, first served." Die Fraenie waar paar Schtunn elder wie ich. Well, mei Eldere hen mich noch ihne vorgenumme. Der Parre hot Weil zu de Eldere g'schwetzt was ihre Pflicht waer, Kinner recht uffzuziege. Noh nemmt er die glee Fraenie in der Aarm un wennich Wasser in die Hand un dutt's ihre uff der Kopp. Sie waar awwer en schtewwericher gleener Ketzer. Sie hot g'schlagge, gegratzt un geroppt, un aa noch dezu gbrillt wie en gleener Bender. Do denk ich, "Oi! Oi! so hawwich yo mei Lebdaag nix g'sehne." Der Parre hot ebbes g'saat awwer mer hot's net verschteh kenne. Er waar, denk ich, froh gewest wie er die glee Wildkatz ihre Eldere zurick gewwe hot. Er hot wennich ungeduldich un bedriebt geguckt, wie er kumme iss far mich. Do denk ich, nau waerd mol ebbes gebrowiert. Wie er reecht far mich, lach ich ihm ins G'sicht un schittel mei gleene Hendlicher. Du hettscht sehne solle, wie sei G'sicht uffgeleicht iss. Wie er mich genumme hot, wie sei G'sicht schreich ich ihm sei scheener weisser Baard, so wie ich em Hutsch sei Kopp demarye g'schtreichelt hab. Mei tackticks hen g'schafft. Sell hot mich ebbes gelaernt, des mir immer gut beig'schtanne hot. Ich hab verschtanne, was seller gemeent hot, wu g'saat hot, "Lach un die Welt lacht mit dir. Brill odder brutz, dann verflucht sie dich." Well, anyhow der Parre waar yuscht imme schtevenser Mut un hot mir en scheene Daaf gewwe. Wie er mir 's Wasser uff der Kopp hot, saagt er langsam, "Ich daafe dich mit dem Namen YOCKEL BUMBESCHWENGEL." Ich weess, er hot en guter Tschapp geduh. Seller Naame hawwich meilewe net verennert. Mit der Fraenie Hundsnickel waar es net so gut. Wie sie un der John Owet ihre nickel waar es net so gut. Wie sie un der John Owet ihre ledschter Naame uffgewwe.

Noch em Gedaaf sin mir zurick gange uff unser Sitz. Uff em Zurickweg sehn ich, dass der alt Henner Oler g'hatt hot far sei Marye-esse. Er hot en geeler Oierdodder-Schtreefe newich em braune Duwack-Schtreefe iwwer sei Baard nunner g'hatt. Die Mende hot die Fraenie gedraage; der alt Henner hot sie net bendiche kenne.

Der Parre hot nochemol en Lied singe losse, un noch sellem, wie er der Sege g'schproche hot g'hatt, sin mer eens ums anner aus der Kaerrich. Draus vor der Kaerrich hen die mennschte vun de Mannsleit en frischer Duwack eig'schteckt un sin uff der Heemweg. Die wu g'faahre sin, hen ihre Geil losgebunne, sin uff ihre buggies odder Wegge gagraddelt un sin heemg'faahre.

Deheem im Eileschwamm hen sie en frisch viereckich Duch iwwers Eck gedoppelt un mir's aag'schbellt, gewwe mir en Boddel Millich mit so me Gummizappe draa un lege mich uff mei glee Bettli. Ich hab sie ausg'suckelt bis uff der ledscht Droppe, schmeiss die Boddel uff en Seid, schtreck mei Hend naus, schlof ei un draam—Oi! Oi! so hawwich yo mei Lebdaag nix g'sehne!

sei
YOCKEL X BUMBESCHWENGEL
Maerrick

(The writer of the above narrative informs the Editor that the incidents are true, but the time and the names of the characters have been changed.)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. ELIAS CHARLES

Mrs. Fannie Charles, wife of Elias Charles, died at 9:15 a. m. Thursday at her home, 1109 Fullerton Ave., after a 10-month illness. She was 62 years old.

Born in Syria, a daughter of the late Thomas and Tekla Atiyeh, she had been a resident of Allentown for many years.

Besides her husband, she is survived by three sons, Younis of Bethlehem, Charles of Allentown, Corporal Michael with the Army at Camp McCoy, Wis.; three daughters, Minerva, Miriam and Sarah Jane, all at home; four grandchildren; two brothers, Saleen Atiyeh of Portland, Ore., Charles Atiyeh of New Kensington, and two sisters, Mrs. Franjieh Antoon of Bagdad and Mrs. Mary Haddad of Syria.

MRS. MARGARET PEISCHL

Mrs. Margaret Peischl, 33, of 41 High St., Nazareth, died yesterday afternoon in the Easton hospital, where she had been a surgical patient since last Saturday.

Born in Nazareth township, Northampton county, she was a daughter of the late Willard and Christine (Frantz) Eyer. She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Nazareth.

She is survived by her husband, Frank Peischl, five children, Robert, Richard, Victor, Thomas and Annette, at home, and two sisters, Mrs. Harvey Gehret, Northampton, and Mrs. Paul Schneck, Schnecksville.

Rev. E. C. Snyder will officiate at services to be held Monday at 2:30 p. m. at the Bartholomew funeral home, Nazareth. Burial in Greenwood cemetery, Nazareth.

MRS. JOSEPH H. FULMER

Mrs. Harriet C. Fulmer, wife of Joseph H. Fulmer of 1128 Wyoming St., died yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital. She had been in ailing health for two years and had been bedfast for five months.

Allentown-born, a daughter of the late Winfield and Sevilla (Stahlnecker) Troxell, she had been a lifetime resident of this city. She was of the Reformed faith. Her husband is her only survivor.

Rew Simon Sipple will officiate at services at 1:30 p. m. Tuesday at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Burial will be in Grandview cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Freind In Da Note

Nochberra os aw nochberra sin, sin gamainer hond wos m'r secht freind in da note. Un won m'r mohl shwetza wil fon recht shoffenda freind in da note, don uf kours is unser hute ob tzus John Fegleys' nochberra drunna nagshd on Spinnershtown woh heit 'n woch tzurick ous gatarn'd worra fer helfa 's Johns' welshkern boshda. 'S grebshd dale fon denna os k'hoifa hen sin gleader fon da Great Swamp Refamierta kerrich, un woh der Porra Bill Rupp un sei fraw Pauline un ihra tzwae boova der yung Billy un der Tim fon do boshder worra.

Der John Fegley, woh ungfare ebbes wie ocht welshkern drous kotta hut in drei felder, is shun fer etlicha mohnet unnich 'm wedder, un kon seinra arwet net noh. Net long tzurick is es noh 'm Sundawg shule iwwermaishder Horace Miller ei kumma, wie shae os er wear won fon da Sundawg shuler gleader rous kaimta fer 'm John sei welshkern boshda. 'S nagshd os wor, hen onnerra k'hoert dafon, der Horace hut die socha bakont gamocht in da Sundawg shule, der Porra Rupp in da kerrich, uns sin 51 ol tzomma rous kumma heit 'n woch tzurick, fers Johns' welshkern boshda, un hame ins heis'l shoffa.

Soicha os maina leit hetta heit tzu dawg ken midleidas may fer ihra nochberra, hetta numma mohl dabei sei solla fer sellie drup menscha sehna welshkern boshda. Finf bauer hen ihra trucks gabrocht, un die onnerra ihra bosh'd eisa, un kon eich sawga os die luft dick fol kolva g'floga is fon da tzeit woh sie moryets shtarta hen boshda, bis sie nommy dawgs fartich worra. Der aintsteh'd glawk is kumma fom Horace Miller woh die party helfa hut uf griega, un fom Webster Shelly. Sellie tzwae worra wenich ungtzufritta mit 'm John seim welshkern,—un ol weil sie gore ken rota kolva finna hen kenna. Der Horace hut gamaint mit ol denna fiela shaina weibsleit un maid im feld, wears grawd ous tzu arrick os net alsa mohl eber 'n roter kolva finna het kenna. Der Horace ols boss fon da welshkern bosh'd party, is om kunsiderra fer sehna datzu os alla bauer 's nagshd free yohr dale rota kerna tzu seim blonswelshkern duh mus so wons 's nagshd shpote yohr widder aryads so'n party gewwa sot, os net ol die g'shpass ferseim'd gait.

So weit os essa aw gonga is, hen dale ihra lunch gabrocht, un onnerra sin middawgs hame. Dale hen farmie dawgs helfa boshda, dale nommy dawgs, un dale hen der gons dawg darrich g'shoft, un net g'frok'd noch da shtunna,—'s wor 'n nochber in da note, sel wor ol os gatzailt hut. Der Russel Hillegas, bresident fon da Souderton bank, uns Johns' dochtermon wor da gonsa dawg bei da party, un hut g'sehna datzu os niemond ferdarst is. Er is da boshder 'n gonsie tzeit noh galoffa un hut immer 'n box pop handich kot, un die buddla soda sin kumma so shtarrick os ebber darshdich is werra.

Der Tom Hoffman fon nagshd on Limeport wor uf kours tzu badauerra nommy dawgs. Moryets hut er gamaint 's wear kalt, un hut tzwae paar hossa aw, tzwae hemmer, 'n vommas unna kut, un da gonsa dawg sei glaider aw k'halta ferol os ol die onnerra ihra reck un vomma ous gatzoga hen, un hen die hem armel nuf garoll'd fer boshda. Evens der Porra Rupp hut die armel drowwa kot, uns sis weiters niemond g'shwitzt bis sie der Tom nommy dawgs ons welshkern ob lawda hen. Wiel die onnerra 'n da gonsa dawg om tzarra worra waeich seina fiela glaider, hut er gamocht wie wons 'm net hase wear, un wies all'm noh aw net wor bis er mohl recht shoffend g'shoft hut. Sie hens welshkern ufs owwer-den fon ma doublda welshkern hous unna shub agduh, un hens in bushel kar

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From all old flower fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.

—Whittier.

JAPAN TO U. S. NON-STOP

When four giant Super-fortresses landed upon the Washington air-field on Thursday night they had completed their first non-stop flight between Japan and Washington and gratified an ambition on the part of U. S. Army forces to demonstrate the possibility and practicability of such a flight. Six weeks ago a similar attempt was made, falling short of its goal when a squadron of planes landed at Chicago to refuel.

While the flight will not be frequently repeated, inasmuch as there is no need for it in time of peace when there are plenty of safe landing places and plenty of refueling stations, it has served to demonstrate the practicability of using the Great Circle route in a reduction of time and the space to be traversed. Thus the four planes which landed in Washington accomplished the flight in 27½ hours and when they landed still had 800 gallons of gas in their fuel tanks or sufficient for three more hours of flight.

A remarkable thing about the flight was the condition of the weather encountered. The fight across the Pacific from the island of Hokkaido to the island of Attu was in weather just about as unfavorable to flying as possibly could have been experienced while over Minnesota and Wisconsin the flight was thru a heavy snow-storm.

But 43 Army men, eager to get back to the United States and home, were in those four planes and this combination of eager men and stout machines dared and triumphed over all difficulties. They proved that under favorable weather conditions the flight should be even easier and accomplished in shorter time than they were able to achieve.

HOSPITAL GLADLY WILL GIVE HIM UP

State authorities, after an investigation into the escape from the Allentown State hospital of a youthful criminal and a girl accomplice, have decided that the hospital is not the place for a youth of this kind, that it is serious for society to have him in this environment and that he should be removed.

Public opinion will agree with this position and it is to be hoped that the court orders, under which he was committed to this institution, will be revoked and that the local institution will be relieved of the responsibility of care for the boy. He is too cute and too clever to be handled in a hospital. The controls and safeguards of a prison or equivalent alone are demanded if he is to be kept in custody.

ALL THE STEAM WAS EXPENDED

Allentonians must have observed how quiet everything was hereabouts on Wednesday night, the occasion when normally Halloween activities stir so many and bring about so much excitement.

There seems to be something in the blood that must come out at about this season of the year in the shape of Halloween fun, so called. Wisely the city, thru Mayor Diefenderfer and his associates in the planning of the Halloween parade, permitted all this enthusiasm and energy to pop off on Monday night. Hardly a bit of steam remained for any demonstration on the real night for the celebration.

There was herein demonstration of the fact that, if a substitute be provided, harmful energy can be diverted into wholesome channel.

1945's HALL OF FAME NOMINEES

Scores of famous people who annually propose four names for America's Hall of Fame at North New York university this year have selected for this honor Dr. Booker T. Washington, Dr. Walter Reed, Sidney Lanier and Thomas Paine.

The first two men stand out conspicuously as men who made significant contribution to human welfare. Booker T. Washington, Negro educator and first of his race to reach the Hall of Fame, advanced the condition of his people by centuries while Dr. Reed, whose name is honored by the great hospital in Washington, benefitted mankind thru his studies and work that led to the almost complete eradication of yellow fever.

Thomas Paine, whose pen contributed so greatly to the winning of the Revolutionary War and who was so shamefully treated by his contemporaries in a spirit of bigotry, at last has come to his own, while Lanier as an American poet receives the honor that long since might have been accorded him had not his service and attitude in the Civil War compromised him in a large portion of American public opinion.

So the selections indicate the disappearance of only too many rancors and divisions. Paine is recognized today not for his free thinking in matters of religion but for his patriotic contributions to his country; Lanier for his poetry, not for his military service; Washington for his education of Negroes and their advancement in agriculture, business and the arts and sciences, not for his color. And interestingly, too, the vote for Booker T. Washington topped all of the rest.

HIROHITO CASE REPARATIONS

General MacArthur was not merely curious about the wealth of Emperor Hirohito when he set out to find what the son of heaven had inherited and amassed thru shrewd business connections and the loot of a great war. He had a deeper purpose, namely finding assets with which Japan can make reparation in whole or part for the monetary damage caused to Americans by the war.

Americans, for example, were driven out of business and their property was confiscated thruout the Orient. Women lost husbands who were the sole support of themselves and their children. The property of corporations, American ships and everything of value upon which the Japs could put their hands was taken. All makes a huge bill to be presented to Japan for payment and the place to get the money is where it is, namely in the hands of the emperor, the big industrial families, the great corporations and the banks.

All is being done legally but it is expected that enough law can be found to effect the seizure of assets not alone those in the possession of the corporations and banks but of individuals, even the emperor.

Mr. Byrnes and Russia

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2—Secretary of State Byrnes, in his speech this week, has made a statesmanlike attempt to straighten out relations between the United States and Russia.

Mr. Byrnes did not suggest a Monroe Doctrine for Russia, as hastily interpreted by some headlines. The reason for this is that the Monroe Doctrine as originally conceived has now been superseded by the adherence of the United States to the charter of the United Nations organization.

What Mr. Byrnes tried to do was to use the evolution of United States policy under the Monroe Doctrine as a means of persuading Russia that the end result—the good neighbor policy—is a much better basis for maintaining her security in eastern and central Europe than any system of special or exclusive privileges in a given sphere of influence.

Debating in the Open

Mr. Byrnes was debating with Russia out in the open—a splendid technique. He was trying tactfully to explain that while the United States originally proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine as a means of preventing European countries from invading the republics of this hemisphere, at no time was the use of the doctrine justified to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries in this hemisphere.

The Secretary was frank about it. He conceded that there were times when dollar diplomacy and even force were used by us to intervene in the internal affairs of the Latin-American republics. But he indicated that the United States had since matured and had outgrown those imperialistic impulses.

Our good neighbor policy at the moment is to keep hands off the internal affairs of other countries and this, Mr. Byrnes argued, was a good example for the Soviet Union to follow in her relations with neighboring countries in Europe. The Secretary, being mindful, of course, of what our ambassador at Buenos Aires has been preaching recently to the Argentine people, was careful to point out that the American people have a right through their ambassador to say what they are thinking about and to urge that governments rest on the consent of the governed. But he implied that this expression of opinion was far different from military intervention or active interference in the governmental processes of another country.

Mr. Byrnes' speech is of historic importance because it reconciles our policy prevailing long before the Chapultepec conference and before the adoption of the United Nations charter with what has happened since.

Today the United States does not take—or isn't supposed to take—unilateral action with respect to what is happening in Central and South America but is obligated to consult with the other inter-American powers. Today the United States does not use her military forces under the broad limits of the original Monroe Doctrine to back up her diplomatic policies in this hemisphere. A regional arrangement has been consummated under which all the republics of this hemisphere have a mutual responsibility and, adhering to the United Nations charter, they can repel armed attack but cannot take enforcement action even to protect the interests of the hemisphere against threatened invasion by European aggressors unless the Security Council of the United Nations appears to be failing to furnish that protection.

Sound American Doctrine

The key to Mr. Byrnes' whole argument is to be found in the following sentences from his speech:

"Inter-American cooperation is not inconsistent with world-wide cooperation among the nations. Regional arrangements, like the inter-American system, which respect the rights and interests of other states and fit into the world system, can become strong pillars in the structure of world peace.

"But we cannot recognize regional arrangements as a substitute for a world system. . . .

"We live in one world, and in this atomic age regional isolationism is even more dangerous than is national isolationism. We cannot have the kind of cooperation necessary for peace in a world divided into spheres of exclusive influence and special privilege."

This is sound American doctrine—Wilsonian doctrine, Roosevelt and Hull doctrine, and the doctrine of the Congress of today which has written it into the ratified United Nations charter.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

ATOMIC BRAIN STORMS

General Marshall, in his report on the war, said:

". . . At the same time German technological advances such as in the development of atomic explosives made it imperative that we attack before these terrible weapons could be turned against us. . ."

Perhaps nothing more clearly states the case against the May-Johnson Bill which is being forced through Congress by a military cabal. The German technological advances in atomic fission worried General Marshall and the Joint Chiefs of Staff before we used the atomic bomb and perhaps even before we had it. It was no secret then, except in the engineering features developed in this country. Have we killed every German scientist who worked on atomic fission? Have we destroyed every piece of German literature on the subject? Have we left no one alive or nothing to read. Why then is so much emphasis put on a secrecy about the already known that it is necessary to pass so totalitarian an act as the May-Johnson Bill?

Again, to quote General Marshall:

"The only effective defense a nation can now maintain is the power of attack. And that power cannot be in machinery alone. There must be men to man the machines. And there must be men to come to close grips with the enemy and tear his operating base and his productive establishment away from him before the war can end."

Shackling Scientists

Granted that that is in a large measure correct, how does that judgment affect our proposition that American science should be shackled by an Act of Congress, that American scientists shall only be permitted to do research under a license issued by a commission while all the rest of the world continues its researches unhampered? How is that statement related to the purposes of the May-Johnson Bill?

Many American scientists of note have stated that the May-Johnson Bill will make further research, not only in this but in many fields, impossible. They also contend, and this is most significant, that German research in atomic fission led the world up to 10 years ago when the Nazis began to interfere with it politically on a totalitarian basis similar to the May-Johnson Bill. Since then, German research has receded and we ultimately defeated them in the race. Do these politicians want to produce the same result as Hitler's in this country? Have we defeated Hitler only to imitate his obscurantist methods?

No Small Matter

This is no small matter and should not be passed over lightly. Men who are not qualified to read a single report on this subject are passing judgment on what is and what is not secret about it. I have heard it claimed that they have some scientists on their side and that they requested these scientists to help them draft this totalitarian bill. If that is true, let those particular scientists stand up in open meeting to defend their position. Up to now, they seem to be all that is secret about atomic fission.

General Marshall quotes General Arnold to tell why it is so important that we do absolutely the right thing about this malevolent atom and the entire problem of directed missiles. General Arnold said:

". . . We can direct rockets to targets by electronic devices and new instruments which guide them accurately to sources of heat, light, and magnetism. Drawn by their own fuses, such new rockets will streak unerringly to the heart of big factories, attracted by the heat of the furnaces. They are so sensitive that in the space of a large room they aim themselves toward a man who enters, in reaction to the heat of his body.

"All of these weapons and their possible combinations make the air approaches of a country the points of extreme danger. Many Americans do not yet understand the full implication of the formless rubble of Berlin and of the cities of Japan. With the continued development of weapons and techniques now known to us, the cities of New York, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, or San Francisco may be subject to annihilation from other continents in a matter of hours."

This is no toy for politicians to play with.

(Copyright, 1945)

Peat coal is being produced in Sweden by heating ordinary peat moderately in special furnaces to remove humidity and turn it into a solid mass.



HEND IN DE SECK

Die Leit hen all vacation g'hatt,
Die Summerzeit iss fart;
Die Kinner drolle noch de Schul
Un warre gut gegart;
Die Luft iss kellerfeicht un kiehl,
So duhn mer Kohle weck,
Un gehne unser Bissniss nooch
Mit de Hend in de Seck.

Die Micke hen die Rummadis
Un hobble schdeif do rum;
Em Jake sei Naaseschbunde rinnt,
Er hot der Schnupser schunn;
Es gebt en Reife alle Nacht
Un's nemmt schunn mehner Deck,
Far's iss die Zeit, wann's fashion iss
Far die Hend in die Seck.

Die Blumme sin all welk un dot,
Die Feggel sin all fart,
Except en Schbetzel hie un do;
Mer hen die Schnitz gedarrt;
Die Leit sin nimmi uff de porch,
Die loafers net am Eck;
Un yeders fiesselt fleissich fart
Mit de Hend in de Seck.

Die Effe misse widder uff
Un sell kummt wie en Schtrof;
Die fact'ry Wissel weckt em uff
Yuscht wann's am beschte schloft.
Die Fraa kummt mit em Besemschtiel
Un butzt der Schpotyohrsdreck;
Un's iss net safe zu gucke yuscht,
Mit de Hend in de Seck.

Mer hen die Keschte uff de Hard,
Die Hickerniss im Sack;
Die Gens sin schier gaar fett genunk,
Far uff der "butcher-block";
Mer handle Seide uff flannel,
Fly-nets far Iwwerreck,
Un karessiere in de Kich—
Mit de Hend in de Seck.

Der mush kocht uff em Offe do,
Mer hocke all drum rum;
Der Baerrick dart, rot, grie un gold,
Guckt wie en Harrebschtblumm;
Mer schafft net viel an daere Zeit
Un schleicht ins Kellereck,
Un watscht der Seider schaffe dart,
Mit de Hend in de Seck.

Ich hab schunn mannich Mol gedenkt,
Wann's Schpotyohr waerd un kiehl,
Un Menner gehn ihre Bissniss nooch,
Des iss ke fairer deal;
Was duhn die Weibsleit far die Kelt,
Wie welle sie vum Elend weck?
Ferwas inwende sie ken Weg
Far die Hend in die Seck?

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

KARESSIERE DAS VERBOTTE ISS

Die Leit lache liewer as sie heile. Lecherliche Sache sin alsemol verbunne mit Sache un Leit, wu gewehnlich net lecherlich sin. Wann ebbes Ungewehnlich stattfindt, dann gebt's oft Dinge, das haerzlich Laches macht.

In unsere yunge Daage, in de neinzicher Yohre, waar's Maed-sehne-geh gans annerscht vun was es heitichdaags iss. Samschdaag nochmiddaags iss frieh ausg'schpannt warre, eener vun de Geil iss schee g'schtriggelt warre, die Schuh sin ge'black't warre, 's rapplich alt buggy iss g'schmiert warre, die Sunndaagsgleeder sin aagezoge warre un in guter Zeit iss abg'faahre warre, far die scheene Maed buggy faahre nemme odder yuscht sie sehne geh. Die Bauer, die gut ab waare, hen en buggy Gaul g'hatt, awwer viel hen yuscht en Gaul aus 'm Bluck genumme. Die yunge Menner sin net oft weiter as wie zwee odder drei Meil gange un Sunndaags hot der Gaul im Schtall schteh kenne gut Hoi un scheener weisser Hawwer fresse. Es waare ken movie selli Zeit. Dann un wann hot's strawberry festival gewwe. Un des waar doch en haerrlichi Zeit far die yunge Leit. Die Buwe hen ihre Maed ans festival genumme un zwee plate strawberry icecream g'kaaft. Verleicht hot yedes zwee plates gesse. Wann sell iwwer waar, dann sin sie uff der Heemweg. Der Gaul iss der Weg nunner g'schtolpert un er hot der Weg gut g'halte, so dass die im buggy schwetze hen kenne vun der Hoiyet un der Aern. Verleicht hen sie als der Gaul ruhe losse un in daere Zeit hen sie als noch mehner schwetze kenne. Bei zehe Uhr waare sie deheem. Noh hot der yung Mann g'saat, dass wann's net reggere daet der naegscht Samschdaag Owet, dann daet er widder kumme sie sehne. Vun so 'me Karessiere gebt's ken G'schwetz. Yeder ebber winscht so yunge Leit gut.

Wann awwer en Mann en Fraa deheem hocke hot un geht naus mit annere Weibsleit, dann gebt's Schwetzes. Un wann der Mann en Parre iss, dann gebt's noch meh Schwetzes. Do im letschte Yohr iss en Parre gewest, der hot sich arrick far sei Organischt indressiert. Der Choir versammelt sich paar Mol die Woch un alle Owet faahrt der Parre sei scheeni Argelschpieler heem. Des waer en scheeni Heeflichkeit vun me leddiche Mann. Darrich der Summer hocke sie im Auto unnich me Schattebaam bis lang in die Nacht. Die Leit mutmoosse, dass sie karessiere. Um halb Nacht faahrt der heilich Mann schtill weg wann 's Blaudere far die Nacht verbei iss. Deel Leit saage awwer, do waer gaar nix degege zu saage. Sie daete yuscht schwetze vun de scheene Music, das em Parre der Geischt uffschtachele daet far besser zu breddige. Viel saage awwer, es waer net notwendich un waer gans aus seim Blatz. Winters wann's zu kalt iss far draus im car hocke, gehne sie ins Haus. Die Leit sehne's net wennicher im Winter as wie im Summer. Darrich der Febiwerry, wie der Schnee un 's Eis uff em pavement waar, hot der aarm Mann als Badder g'hatt fer sei car weglaafe mache uffem Schnee un Eis. Vermutlich hot er 's Faahre net gut verschtanne. Zu so Zeite iss er uff der accelerator gedrede dass die Inschein gedunnert un g'schnattert hot, dass es die gans Nochberschaft verschteert hot. Die Redder sin yuscht uffem Eis rumg'schpunne, awwer der car iss net vum Blatz gange. Un wann faahrt mer liewer as wann der Gaul schtreitich iss odder wann der car net geh will? So ebbes iss 'n schlechti ending far en haerrlicher Owet mit me scheene Argelschpieler. Awwer der Parre iss net leenich in seim Elend. Sei Aaschtrenges far wegfaahre, verschteert die Leit, die schlofe wolle. Die Yacht macht de Leit die Zunge los un sie saage Sache, das mer net laut saage dutt.

Des Verschteeres hot awwer en End g'funne. Mit em Friehyohr iss der Schnee un 's Eis nadierlich vergange, awwer lang eb 's mild Wetter kumme iss, hot mei guter Freind Nagle en End dezu gemacht. Mol ee Nacht hot der Parre widder abfaahre wolle, awwer die Redder sin widder uffem Eis rumgerutscht un er iss net vum Blatz kumme. Dann iss der Nagle zu Hilf kumme. Die Yacht hot all die Nochbere uffgeweckt. Der Nagle iss naus un hot schee un manierlich g'saat, "Reverend, geh wennich hinnerschich, noh vaerschich, un noh kummscht du weg." Der Parre hot geduh wie der Nagle befohle hot un er iss wegkumme ohni meh Badder.

Mei Freind Nagle iss uffgebrocht warre in Lecha County. Vun Lecha kumme gute Leit. Ihr kennt sehne, dass der Naame Nagle exactly in Lecha basst. Er un ich schaffe am 'same'-e Blatz un wann mer net busy sin, dann schwetze mir vun sellem schee Paradies, Lecha County.

Ich hab doch gewiss gedenkt der Parre hett meim Freind schee gedankt far ihm helfe sei car vum Blatz bringe. Ich hab ihn g'frogt, eb der Parre net g'saat hett, "Gott segne dich, Bruder." Der Nagle hot awwer g'saat, der Parre hett gegnarrt wie en beeser Hund, awwer er het verschtanne, was er g'saat hett. Un der Nagle hot g'saat, er daet glaawe, dass der Parre wennich links gebet hett.

Scranton, Pa. —WILLIAM F. YODER.

DER LADEMACHER

Does the Pennsylvania German have a dialect word for "Undertaker"? This is a question asked of the editor recently. We should be pleased to receive replies from our readers. We have received the following communication from one of our contributors, Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach of Royersford, Pa., which contains matter of unusual interest. Mr. Hollenbach writes:

"I have never heard a dialect word equivalent to the High German "Leichenbesorger." I think the reason for this is the fact that the undertaker or funeral director as we know him at the present time was unknown among the Pennsylvania Germans until comparatively recent times, and therefore if there is a Pennsylvania German word for "undertaker" or "funeral director" it is probably an adaptation from the English.

Of course the dialect word "Lademacher" is used for undertaker, but the "Lademacher" carried on a different trade and was primarily a cabinet maker that made burial caskets to order. In fact, I am inclined to believe that in the early days the work of the "Lademacher" ended with the making of the casket and the other details of the burial were handled by neighbors or relatives of the family. In my own childhood days at Saegersville in Lehigh County, up to about 1910, there was an old "Lademacher," Harrison Hunsicker, who was also the village barber. I remember very distinctly getting a haircut for 5 cents, sitting on a home-made barber stool, alongside a coffin in the making. When a person died, one of the first duties of the "Lademacher" was to take the measurement of the corpse and build the coffin according to size. Of course in the later days Hunsicker had already taken on some of the duties of a funeral director, but he was still referred to as the "Lademacher."

I have in my possession a very interesting "day book," the heading on the first page of which reads "Peter Wotring sein Schreib Buch 1799." Peter Wotring was a carpenter-cabinet maker-lademacher in North Whitehall Township. The entries in the book cover a period from about 1799 to 1810.

The following items from this book show that the cost of coffins varied somewhat, probably depending on the size or workmanship. (Crude spelling of the original is retained. Cost is denoted in pounds, shillings and pence).

Junius den 19 1809 Jacob Hersch seinen Vater ein Doten lat gemacht	2	5	0
den 4 Jenner 1806 Peter Roth 1 Doden lath gemacht	0	15	0
Im Jahr 1803 May den 26 Peter Draxell eine Doden lat gemacht	5	5	6
April den 9 1805 Wilhelm Laurie 1 doden lat	3	0	0
Im Jahr 1809 den 16 Maerz Lorenz Ruch seiner muter Eine doden lat gemacht.	2	5	6

You will see from the above that the cost varied from about $2.00 to $8.00. For the purpose of comparison with the cost of other items I quote the following:

December 29 1802 Stefan Balliert 1 bet lat gemacht	1	2	6
6 liechter fenster ramen gemacht	0	3	0
Im Jahr 1800 Christian Lang Ein Schank gemacht vor 6 Pund Bezahlt 1 Pund 10 Schilling bleibt	4	10	0
April 12, 1802 Georg Frantz 1 bet lat gemacht	1	2	6
Merz 26 1805 Peter Seib 1 bet lat verkauft	0	12	0
April den 22 1802 Johan Scheirer 4 Dag geschaft am Haus	0	18	0

I have recently examined an old "taufschein" on the back of which were written the items comprising the funeral expenses when the person died. The person was Catharina Reber, wife of Georg Sensinger, died in Heidelberg Township, Sept. 2, 1839. The total funeral expenses were $19.37, of which $3.00 were paid to the pastor, $1.00 to the schoolmaster, who was also "Vorsinger", $4.00 for "die lath", $4.03 for veal, $1.00 for oats, and the balance for miscellaneous items. You will note there is no mention of a funeral director or "Lademacher", the entire expense as far as the undertaker goes apparently being included in the $4.00 for "die lath."

I have in my possession a small memorandum book which contains the account of one of the administrators of Catharina Scheurer who died in 1841. In it I find no charge for the coffin or any charge by the "Lademacher" unless this is included in the item "bezahlt vor leicht umkosten". Included is an item "7 pounds of raisins"! Apparently "funeral pies" date back more than a hundred years, and any housewife can tell you that 7 pounds will make a considerable number of pies.

It contains also this item: "25 Cent vor Zer Gelt Nach Dem Neb zu Reiten die Leiche an zu sagen". In early times before the days of newspapers it was customary to have a "funeral inviter" go to the houses of friends and relatives. But who will inform us of the meaning of the phrase "nach dem Neb zu reiten"?—

We are grateful to Mr. Hollenbach for this date which furnishes items of interest to historians, economists and folklorists.

THE OLD-TIME CIDER MILL

An Autumn Song

By JOHN I. WOODRUFF

(We have culled the following verses from a paper presented before The Snyder County Historical Society, Dec. 17, 1944, by Dr. John I. Woodruff, Professor Emeritus of Philosophy at Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa. They will serve to stir up pleasant memories among our older readers.)

At early morn, ere peep of day,
We're on our way to cider press;
With fluttering hearts, but heavy eyes,
Too early up as you may guess.

The apples filled the wagon box,
The barrels riding on the top;
We rolled along at walking pace,
But then we never made a stop.

Arrived at press we heard a shout,
The party of the day before
Were busy as a swarm of bees
To finish all the clean-up chore.

The grinder soon was going strong,
From grinder wheels the juices squirting.
By the time the other party left
The rising sun began its flirting.

We pressed ahead with all our might,
We set crushed apples in their straw;
And when the grinding all was done,
We filled the press's hungry maw.

When all was set, the mighty beam
Soon swung to its appointed task.
Adjusted was the pressure beam;
Now all could in the warm sun bask.

The amber streams of cider flowed
And lured industrious honey bees,
That got their fill of nectar sweet
To store in hives for winter's ease.

With barrels filled on wagon bed
And tools we needed in the work,
We hasten home with happy hearts,
But still to strive like Greek or Turk.

The cider soon is boiling down,
The apple quota placed therein;
The copper kettle gleams like gold,
Its contents now no longer thin.

We fire hard, we boil away,
We stir and stir the thick compound;
At last the precious apple butter
Is placed in crocks so deep and round.

The day is done, the steaming sweet
Is standing on the storage shelves;
All winter long we spread and spread
And dance around like sportive elves.

Home-made cheese and apple butter,
Piled thick on bread that mother baked,
Would far surpass the patent foods
That daily are on radio faked.

Farewell to days that ne'er return,
Farewell to customs old and brave;
Farewell to fathers, mothers dear,
Now sleeping in the peaceful grave!

WANDERING JOKES

From the Milwaukee Sentinal (April 30, 1944) we learn that a certain Joseph Hildreth of Philadelphia has published a booklet of humorous stories with the apparent intent of capitalizing on Pennsylvania "Dutch" stupidity. The above Wisconsin paper regales its readers with excerpts from this booklet repeating the oft-cited "my all is off" or "my off is all" whichever it is that we are supposed to say every time we have a vacation (which we never have in a real "Dutch" community). And then there is that aged one about "you was early of late. You used to come behind before, but now you're first at last." Well!

Our immediate interest is fixed upon two stories credited to Tom Daly, the Irish-Italian poet. We remember how enthusiastically Daly wrote about his visit to the Berks Versammling in 1938. The following stories are accredited to him. The first is a tale of Tom Daly's visit to Emmaus, Pa. Tom spied two natives from whom he hoped to get directions. "Can you tell me where the spaghetti factory is?" he asked. Both men pondered deeply and then slowly shook their heads. "No," said one of them, "ve dunt know vere dot iss." So Tom started down the street, followed by the two natives. When Tom was about a quarter of a mile away, one of the two said to the other, "Maybe he means der macaroni factory, yah?" and the other answered, "Maybe he does. Ve vill find out." So they ran after Tom, overtaking him at a turn of the road. Out of breath, one of them blurted out, "Oxcoose me, please. Maybe you mean der macaroni factory, yah?" Tom allowed that maybe he did. "And where," he asked, "is the macaroni factory?" The two natives looked at each other, shook their heads solemnly again, and then the spokesman of the two answered disconsolately, "Ve dunt know vere dot iss also."

Tom Daly also tells of a custom which is supposed to be still prevalent around Allentown, Pa., namely, that of butchers selling their meat from a wagon and attracting their customers' attention by blowing a horn. One Hausfrau, after a lot of trouble, had finally succeeded in putting her baby to sleep. Just as she was tucking the baby in the crib she heard the familiar creakings of the wheels that were a preliminary to the butcher's toot. She rushed to the stoop just as the butcher had the horn to his lips. "Don't horn!" she cried. "You'll blow the baby awake!"—It may be that these are samples of so-called Pennsylvania "Dutch" humor, but most of us will have difficulty recognizing it as such.

Contributed by ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

Deaths of a Day

ROBERT A. SCHAEFFER

Robert Asher Schaeffer died yesterday at his home, 1131 Monocacy St., Bethlehem. Born in Moore township, he was the son of the late Peter T. and Christiana, nee Biechy, Schaeffer.

A member of Central Moravian church, Bethlehem, his survivors are his wife, the former Lizzie Reinhard; a son, Harry, Bethlehem; a daughter, Hilda, wife of John A. Walper, Bethlehem; two sisters, Mrs. Ellen Smith, Pen Argyl and Mrs. Lizzie Buss, of Allentown R. D.

Funeral services will be conducted at 2 p. m. Monday from the Daniel B. Snyder funeral home, 527 Center St., Bethlehem, in charge of Rev. Byron K. Horne, pastor of Central Moravian church. Interment in Memorial Park cemetery, Bethlehem.

WILLIAM A. BENNER

William A. Benner, bricklayer, died at his home, 310 Main St., Slatington, at 6 p. m. Thursday after two days' illness.

The son of the late Charles and Amande (Rex) Benner, Mr. Benner was born in Slatington on Oct. 11, 1877, and resided there all his life. He is a member of St. John's Reformed church, Slatington; the O. K. of F., No. 6, and the Slatington Hose Co. No. 1.

He is survived by his wife, Mattie (Semmel) Benner; one son, Paul, at home; two brothers, George Benner, Walnutport, and Edson Benner, Albrights, and a sister, Mrs. Clinton Dorward, Slatington.

Friends and relatives are invited without further notice to attend funeral services from his home Tuesday at 2 p. m. Interment will be made in the Union cemetery, Slatington. Rev. R. M. Paine will officiate. Viewing Monday evening, 7 to 9, at the home.

MRS. FRANK KRATZER

Mrs. Frank A. Kratzer, 61, wife of Frank A. Kratzer, 234 S. Whitfield St., Nazareth, died Thursday morning after an illness of several weeks.

Born Jan. 27, 1884, in Lower Nazareth township, she was a member of St. John's Lutheran church. She is survived by her husband; and the following children: Mrs. Richard Wisner, Moorestown; Mrs. Robert C. Ritter, Nazareth R. 1; Maynard C. Huber, Nazareth, and Mrs. Leo Wolfe, Quakertown; 12 grandchildren; one great-granddaughter and one sister, Mrs. Howard Fehnel, Hecktown.

Mrs. Kratzer was married twice. Her first husband, Harrison Huber, died in 1920. Funeral services will be held Sunday at 2 p. m. at the Schmidt mortuary, Belvidere and Fairview Sts., Nazareth, with Rev. H. C. Snyder officiating.

JONAS ARNOLD

Jonas Arnold, 87, a resident of Nazareth and vicinity for the past 45 years, died at 6:30 a. m. Friday at his home, Nazareth R. 1.

A retired laborer and a native of Easton, Mr. Arnold was preceded in death several years ago by his wife, Alice Faulstick Arnold.

Three sons, three daughters, 13 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren survive. Children are: Edgar, Chicago; Howard and Mrs. Henry Stocker, of Reading; Norman, Nazareth; Mrs. Elsie Rose, Allentown, and Mary Arnold, West Virginia.

ROBERT J. SNYDER

Funeral services will be held at 3 p. m. today in Union cemetery, Bethlehem, for Robert J. Snyder, who died suddenly Thursday at his home, Williamsburg, Va.

A son of the late Mifflin H. and Angeline Steinman Snyder, he was born in Bethlehem, attended the public schools and was graduated from Lehigh university as a mechanical engineer. He retired five years ago.

Survivors are one daughter, Mrs. Edward J. Darrell Jr., Stonington, Conn.; one granddaughter and two sisters, Mrs. James Dodson of Bethlehem and Mrs. Arthur Womrath of Chapel Hill, N. C.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Der H Shtaid Fer Harbaugh

Sis alsa mohl kayose ferwos die middle bushtava in leit ihra nahma shtain, ungfare wie der "H" im lawyer Harvey H. Steckel seim nahma. Oft mohls shtaid selar bushtava fer da Mutter ihra leddicher tzu nahma, un alsa mohl aw fer onnerra nagshda nahma in da familia. Politicks hut aw alsa mohl ebbes tzu sawga in middla nahma, un oft tzeita sin aw kinner da Porra noh gadauft werra, mit ra maning os die kinner noh guta leit gewwa sotta, ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzum Harvey H. Steckel doh fon da shtadt, seins is 'n gons onnerra shtory, —er is ma grossa mon noh k'haisa werra, so gore 'm Dr. Henry Harbaugh.

Der "H" im Harvey seim nahma shtaid fer Harbaugh, un des is wies gonga wor. 'M Harvey sei familia wor 'n ol rum Pennsylfawnish Deitschie familia un woh 'n grossie blessier g'funna hen, im Henry Harbaugh seina Pennsylfawnish Deitscha gadichta, wie sie shtain im Harbaughs' Harfe, 'n buch gadruck'd bei da Reformierta kerrich noch 'm Harbaugh seim dote. Der Harvey wors 10d ous ra familia fon elf kinner, un is kumma on ra tzeit woh nahma awfonga sin rohr werra. Ols 'n obworter'n, hut sei Mam die Amanda, 'n gabornie Peter'n, 'n hoch Deitsch weibsmensch kotta beim nahma Mrs. Rapp. Die Mrs. Rapp, gabora in Deitschlond hut ne net fiel midleidas kot mit da Pennsylfawnish Deitscha shproch, un sie un 'm Harvey sei elterra worra 'n lot hinnich nonner dawaiga, 'n yaders hut gamaint sei shproch wear die shanshd.

'S aintsich'd buch sei tzeit rum mit Pennsylfawnish Deitsch drin, wor 'm 's Harbaugh's Harfe, un woh so fiel galaisa is werra in da Steckel's familia, wie der kalanner, un woh sie alla dawg gabreich'd hen fer sehna wos fer tzaicha os weara, odder won der mond uf gang'd, odder die sun unner. In kartza werta, sie hetta 'n hous uf 'm Harbaugh sei gadichta g'bout won sie gakent hetta, un hen bardich 's "Hamewae" un "Shulehous on Da Grick," gaglicha. Ebs wor mit ra maining os ihra glae bubble aw 'n Pennsylfawnish Deitscher dichter gewwa sot, odder fer der Harbaugh ehra, odder die obworter'n Mrs. Rapp tzarra, wase niemond may,—aenicha waig wie der Harvey gadauft is werra, hen sie 'n Harvey Harbaugh Steckel k'haisa, un woh yusht doh da onner dawg ons dawgas licht kumma is, darrich da Elizabeth Kieffer fon Lancaster ihra buch fom Harbaugh seim lava, gapublished un ous gadailt tzu ol da gleader fon da Pennsylvania German Society fon Norristown.

So weit os der nahma in da alta Steckels' familia beavel aw gait, hen sie weiters ken ocht kot wie sie der nahma Harvey nei gamocht hen, ow'r wie sie "Harbaugh" g'schriva hen, hen sie gons gute ocht gewwa fer 'n glore griega, un is g'schriva wie m'r socha schreibt os m'r hoch in ehra halt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won aenich ebber mohl wissa wil wos fer wedder os es net gebt, don brouchs yusht shwetza mit 'm Wesley Peters fon da Allen shtross doh in da shtadt.

Tzitter os der Gens Gnocha wedder brofate nimmy is, is es 'm Wesley ei kumma sel wear 'n g'sheft os ihm tzimlich gute aw shtae dade, ow'r sei Gracie hut gamaint, sie wot net fer 'n gonser mohnet gens fliaish essa so os er uf Baydawg 'n gens gnocha het fers wedder brofatzeiga.

Die weil os der Wesley wase os die Gracie gamainer hond maint wos sie secht, is er noh gonga un hut sich 'n glawsnie wedder gons kauft, woh g'farab'd wosser der gens hols ruf

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.
Holmes.

MAKE USE OF OUR COMMUNITY ASSETS

Motorists who are looking ahead for a week-end of pleasureable sight-seeing have the Chrysanthemum show at Trexler-Springwood Park as one of their first stopping places and, if the weather be favorable, the Game Preserve offers a delightful afternoon for all the members of the family.

Here are two institutions, publicly owned and operated. They are conducted for and in the interest of the people. They are here to please and to instruct. But, strangely enough, many people never have visited them. Even repeated visits will not exhaust the sights for those who by a single visit may have thought they had seen everything that is to be seen.

Many communities envy Lehigh's possession of these assets. It behooves all to use them.

TOJO TOO EVIL FOR JAPS TO TOUCH

When the Japanese war trials began the leading Japanese lawyer was prevailed upon to become the leading defense lawyer and thereby further assure free, full and impartial trials for all defendants, no matter how obvious their misdeeds may have been.

Now the eminent Jap lawyer, Fusaaki Uzawa, has declined to take any part in the defense of Hideki Tojo who was the Japanese premier back in December, 1941. This is in line with Uzawa's determination to defend only such prisoners whom he believes innocent. He says he is convinced, along with many other Japanese, that Tojo was personally responsible for the war. Because of this extensive Japanese public opinion, it is believed Tojo will find it difficult or impossible to secure legal counsel and perhaps may have to conduct his own case. Or it may become necessary to assign an American lawyer to handle the defendant's case in the interest of an impartial trial.

So the attitude of this leading Japanese lawyer forebodes Tojo's end. He himself has already foreseen it and sought to commit suicide. He was saved and his trial will be one of the most important because judgment for him will set important precedent in international law. Never before has a man so high in government been held accountable for war-making, with the death penalty in prospect.

JAPS DID EXECUTE FLYERS ILLEGALLY

Early announcement from Japan that they were going to execute American flyers, despite international law, later were denied but now are being confirmed as the graves of dead men are being uncovered and identification of the bodies as those of particular flyers is being made.

The most recent discovery was on one of the Jap islands where 14 graves were uncovered and the story of the capture, imprisonment, torture and final execution of the men was finally told, presumably by Jap informers who have been glad to turn upon brutal men of their own color.

According to this story, when a B-29 went down over Osaka, 18 crewmen were taken prisoner. Two died soon of wounds, but the other sixteen were subjected to the most cruel tortures for many days in order to extract information from them. When that process had been ended, at least fourteen were shot. Nothing has yet been learned as to what happened to the other two.

While international law has to be made in the cases of many other war criminals, none has to be made in this particular case. That law was made long ago at Geneva and under it the Japs guilty of the crime will, if apprehended, receive their just deserts.

WILL STALIN SIT IN AT CONFERENCE?

Prime Minister Attlee of Great Britain and the premier of Canada are on their way to Washington for a conference with President Truman tomorrow upon the subject of the atomic bomb, the secret of which is in the hands of the three countries whom these men represent.

What their decisions will be has been forecast by the speech of President Truman on Navy Day and by the debate in the House of Commons this week in which Prime Minister Attlee and former Prime Minister Churchill engaged. In these talks there was expression of the conviction that the secret must be maintained, but there also was the hint that the use of the atomic bomb in warfare must be outlawed.

Such a solution, if adopted ought to set the mind of the world at ease. Just as the world was alarmed by threat of the use of poison gases in warfare upon such gigantic scale that entire peoples could be wiped out and then was relieved when the nations of the world agreed not to use it in war, so there should be confidence that if the Anglo-Saxon countries agree not to make use of an even more powerful weapon that agreement will be adhered to, just as the ban upon poison gas was adhered to by all sides during the recent wars.

The weekend conference in Washington will be all the stronger and more notable if by any chance Premier Josef Stalin should turn up on the scene. Hints of such a possibility were rife yesterday. But just as rife were rumors that precluded any such possibility. On the one side were the rumors that Stalin already is in Washington, or on his way. It was pointed out that he has not been located anywhere in Russia and had not been heard from during recent important national celebrations. On the other hand are the rumors that he has suffered a serious heart attack and is very ill somewhere in Russia, altho that rumor has been denied by Soviet officials in London, or rather they deny any knowledge at all.

If Stalin does take part, it will be good. If he does not, then an early conference in which he does take part, is to be desired.

Military Draft Bill

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9—Universal military training in the form proposed by the War Department is dead so far as Congress is concerned. It was killed by its own sponsors who ignored the experience of the past and attempted to get through Congress a bill that unnecessarily antagonized large groups of citizens.

Yet, unquestionably some system of military training and preparation is essential if the nation is not again to be caught unprepared. Unfortunately, the War Department has insisted on its own extreme measure and has not been willing to recognize the merit of any other plan except its own.

Back in 1919 the war plans division of the War Department also proposed an extreme measure but General Peyton C. March, then chief of staff of the Army, was astute enough to see its weaknesses and rejected it. General March directed the entire military operation from Washington during World War I as did General Marshall during World War II. Yet General March came up with a plan that proposed only three months training instead of a year.

"The period which I fixed," wrote General March afterwards in his memoirs in 1932, "for the length of the training was three months, and in that respect the Baker-March Bill was in marked disagreement with the scheme proposed by the war plans division of the General Staff, which provided eleven months for such training. This was simply out of the question.

"I have already stated that one of the things shown clearly to the heads of the War Department by our experience in handling the training of men drafted into the Army during the war was that the 'old army' belief that it took from two to three years to make a soldier was entirely erroneous under conditions as they existed during the war and would be equally erroneous under the conditions prescribed in universal training for the youth of all the land. As a matter of fact the draft Army was composed of men who under no possible conditions would have enlisted in the regular Army previous to the war and they threw themselves into the training prescribed with an intelligence and zeal and enthusiasm which made them available soldiers after three months of training. The application of the old pre-war-time theory of two or three years' training was, under those conditions, simply ridiculous."

* * *

General Marshall, when he was arguing against the cry for lengthy training of 18-year-olds, made almost the same argument as General March did, but now reverses himself and asks for a year's training.

"Under the present procedure," wrote General Marshall on April 23, 1945, in a letter to the Senate Military Affairs Committee, "the newly inducted soldier who is being prepared as a replacement for the ground forces undergoes a training course of from 15 to 17 weeks. He is taught how to care for himself in the field, how to employ both his primary and secondary weapons, and how he and his weapon fit into the squad and the platoon. Satisfactory completion of the course means that he is qualified for service to which he is to be assigned."

Commenting on the above, Brigadier General Albert L. Cox, long an expert on the problem, testified last June before the special House Committee on post-war military policy as follows:

"If 17 weeks are adequate under war conditions for boys who have never had military training, why is there a demand from the same War Department leaders, Secretary Stimson and General Marshall, for at least a year of such training in peace time?"

General Cox proposed a constructive plan whereby military training for our youth would be conducted in much the same manner as the National Guard used to be trained, namely in ways that prevented too much interference with the regular occupations or education of youth.

General Peyton March had somewhat the same idea. He suggested in his plan that "a camp in an eastern locality, for example, where a large proportion of young men of 19 years of age are undergoing instruction in schools or colleges, would have assigned for its months for training the period of their summer vacation from the school or college." He added that in the Middle West or Far West the time selected would be "such as not to conflict with sowing the crop or gathering the grain."

* * *

This is statesmanship and legislative sense. Certainly if the Army even asked for two training periods of three months each, to be taken any time within a three or five-year period, it would be far better off than under its one-year program which calls for interruption of education and occupations without exemption of any kind. Clearly a flexible program has more chance of Congressional approval if tied in with educational institutions or National Guard arrangements than does an inflexible scheme which takes a whole year out of the life of youth and expects that training to be remembered five or seven years afterwards. If the War Department will become practical on the subject, it will get a training program through that conforms to American tradition and at the same time furnishes the nucleus for an army in case of sudden attack.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

HOW ABOUT BRETTON WOODS

So far, only the United States has ratified the Bretton Woods Agreement. Forty-four nations attended the conference at Bretton Woods and on July 22, 1944, they signed the agreements. But so far, 43 of them have failed to ratify. The United States hopes that after the loan agreement has been arranged the British will ratify Bretton Woods, and apparently the loan agreements contain some arrangement of this nature.

When the Bretton Woods Agreements were being negotiated, the American people were informed that the peace and welfare of the world depended upon them. Bretton Woods formulated two projects: an International Fund that would stabilize the currencies of the world and an International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. The plans evoked the most widespread discussion, conservative bankers and economists regarding them as unsatisfactory; government authorities insisting that they were essential for world rehabilitation. Henry Morgenthau, for instance, in proposing the plan, wrote: ". . . With abundant capital, the devastated countries can move steadily toward rehabilitation and a constantly improving standard of living. Nothing could be more conducive to political stability and to international collaboration. Without adequate supplies of capital, however, recovery in Europe and Asia will be slow and sporadic, and economic discontent and international bitterness will in time assume disturbing proportions.

John Maynard Keynes, setting forth the British point of view in the House of Lords, said:

"What, then, are these major advantages that I hope from the plan to the advantage of this country (United Kingdom)? First, it is clearly recognized and agreed that, during the postwar transitional period of uncertain duration, we are entitled to retain any of those wartime restrictions and special arrangements with the Sterling Area and others that are helpful to us, without being open to the charge of acting contrary to any general engagements into which we have entered. Having this assurance, we can make our plans for the most difficult days which will follow the war, knowing where we stand and without risk of giving grounds of offense. This is a great gain—and one of the respects in which the new plan is much superior to either of its predecessors, which did not clearly set forth any similar safeguards."

Professor Benjamin H. Beckhart, of Columbia university, said:

"The more one studies the agreement, the more is one convinced that the fund lacks the clarity, singleness of purpose and internal consistency essential to its successful operation. Sir John Anderson, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, in an address at the Lord Mayor's luncheon on October 4, 1944, described the agreement as a 'difficult document, inevitably long and technical' and stated that it contained some 'obscurities of language' which had led to misunderstanding and which must be clarified."

So much for quotations. The agreements were signed. The United States ratified them. The fund was to have aggregated $8,800,000,000; the bank was to have had a capital of $10,000,000,000 of which the nations at Bretton Woods were to have subscribed $9,100,000,000. The quota of the United States to the fund was $2,750,000,000; to the bank, $3,175,000,000, totaling approximately $6,000,000,000 which Congress voted and President Truman approved in August.

But no other country has set aside one dollar for either the fund or the bank. In fact, Great Britain has been conducting negotiations with our government for credits of precisely the nature which should have been handled by the bank under the Bretton Woods Agreements. Other nations have been seeking credit through the Export-Import Bank. Bretton Woods has been bypassed in the intial stages of world rehabilitation.

Unless 65 percent of the quotas to the monetary Fund of the Bretton Woods Agreements ratify them by Dec. 31, 1945, the entire plan is out. The agreements become void. It is still possible that the agreements may be ratified in time or that the signatories may agree to prolong the time permitted for ratification. It is interesting, however, that whereas the plan is reported to have originated in Great Britain, only the United States has gone through with it so far. Maybe, no one else really wants Bretton Woods.



MORE BOONASTIEL LETTERS

(From the Keystone Gazette (Bellefonte) and not published in the book)

Edited by RALPH CHARLES WOOD
Pennsylvania State College

BRIEF VUM HAASE-BAERRICK

Liewer Kernel Harder: Fri., Dec. 24, 1897.

Ich hab die anner Nacht en trip genumme mit em Santa Claus, wie er sei rounds gemacht hot unnich seine gleene Freind, fer sehne was sie welle fer Krischkindlin. Der alt Kaerl hot sei buffalo-robe suit aa, un dernoh iss er naus un sei Haersch eig'schpannt in der Schlidde, un glei sin mir iwwer Baerrick un Hiwwel un Heiser nausgeyaagt, ass es g'schmokt hot. Etlich Mol hawwich geglaabt, er daet umschmeisse, wann er als iwwer die Scharnschtee nausg'faahre iss, un es waar mir so bang, ass es Unglick gebt, ass ich nix g'schwetzt hab, bis mir about en dausend Meil fart waare. Endlich hot der Belsnickel (em Santa Claus sei deitscher Naame) sich rumgedreht un hot g'saat:

"Kummscht, Gottlieb?"

"Verloss dich druff," hawwich g'saat, "awwer faahr mir net so dunners schtarrick!"

Der alt Kaerl hot gelacht, bis es Wasser ihm in g'frorne Droppe wie Kuggle iwwer sei rode Backe nunnergerollt sin.

"Sei net bang, Gottlieb," hot er g'saat. "Daer Weg bin ich schunt schier zwee dausend Yohr g'faahre un hab in meim Lewe net umg'schmisse. Ich nemm dich widder lewendich heem zu deinre liewe Polly."

"Wie alt sin Dihr anyhow, Belsie?" hawwich g'frogt.

"Ich kann dir verhaftich net saage, wann ich gebore bin. Es iss so lang zurick, ass ich mich nimmi aerinnere kann, wie ich yung waar. Daer Baart waar weiss vum Aafang, un mei Hohr waare so lang en dausend Yohr zurick, as sie nau sin. Ich hab dei Grossmudder gekennt, wie sie sie g'schockelt hen in me ausg'hiehlichte Block fer en Wieg. Ich hab ihre Grossmudder gekennt un aa ihre Grossmudder un so weider."

"Die Zeide misse sich viel verwechselt hawwe, sidder ass du neig'schtart bischt Krischkindlin peddle. Hen sie net?"

"Wunnerbaar," hot er g'saat. "Des Land waar all Busch un deelmols hawwich en hunnert Meil g'hatt vun eem Haus zum annere, awwer sellemols waare all die Scharnschtee ausse an de Heiser nuff gebaut, un ich hab als yuscht draa verbeifaahre kenne un es Sach darrich der Scharnschtee nunner 'dump'-e unni schtoppe. Awwer nau muss mer en halb Dutzend Scharnschtee unnersuche, bis mer der recht grickt, un dernoh grickt mer die Sache die helft Zeit an der letz Blatz. Die Aerwet iss viel schwerer nau, as sie als waar, awwer schunt var viele Yohr hot der alt Adam mir g'holfe mit seinre express company. Mei load iss aa entirely different vun was sie als waar. Ich meind noch gut, Gottlieb, wie du en gleener Bu waarscht, hawwich als e paar Kuchegeil, en Schisselvoll taffy un en Buschel Keschte abgelaade an eirem Haus. Es waare so viel vun eich, ass en Buschel Keschte yuscht about en Hutvoll zu yedem Kind gemacht hot, un ich hab en mannichmol im Scharnschtee-eck g'hockt un eich zugeguckt, wie froh ass ihr waart fer eier Gwaart Keschte, wu die Mammi alle Owet var Grischdaag eich ausgedeelt hot. Der Daag nooch Grischdaag waar als der zwette Grischdaag in der Schul, un der Bu, wu en gans Zuckerschtengli g'hatt hot, waar gegliche bei all de Schieler, bis sei Zucker all waar. En Gwaart Keschte, e paar Kuchegeil un e bissel belly-guts daet nau net weit geh unnich de Kinner. Es nemmt nau viel meh 'expensive'-e Bressents. Sellemols waar die Dochter froh, wann ihre beau ihre en Pund candy gebrocht hott, nau nemmt's en goldni watch odder en diamond Ring, un wann aa der Bu all sei Geld schpend fer Bressents, so ass er nix hot fer schtarte haushalde, dann schteht er em heechschte bei der Mudder. Sie denkt dernoh awwer net so viel vun ihm, wann die yung couple en Schtor-box yuse misse fer en Eckschank, weil der Dochtersmann all sei Geld g'schpend hot fer karessiere. Loss mich dir saage, Gottlieb, die Leit schwetze alleweil vun harte Zeide un sie sin selwer viel die Schuld. Sie welle alles uff eemol duh. Wann zwee heire, dann duhne sie graad en ganser furniture-Schtor in ihre Haus. Glei waerd des schee nei furniture vergratzt, es waerd nix Neies meh ins Haus gebrocht un wie's furniture aus'wear't, geht ihre Lieb. Ee Ding uff eemol. Fang unne aa un geh nuff. En neier Schpiggel, Schockelschtuhl odder iewens en nei-i Holsbox macht die Fraa schtols fiehle—un loss dir saage, Gottlieb, die Leit meege saage wege schtolse Weibsleit was sie welle—en Fraa as net ewennich schtols iss, halt sich net sauwer, un en Weibsmensch as net sauwer iss, schtinkt, un en Weibsmensch as schtinkt, iss es naegscht Ding zu 're Gaerwerei.. Ich mach mei Lewe an Bressentsbringe un, mind you, ich verschteh die Bissniss."

Bei daere Zeit waare mir fimf dausend Meil vun heem un waare am Eck vum Land wu's in der See geht, un mir sin rumgedreht.

"Do iss en Haus", hot der alt Santa g'saat, "as ich dir weise will. Die Kinner in dem Haus sin zu bedauere. Daer Mann hot nein Kinner. Sie sin all scheene, uffgelebte, gut'behave'te Kinner. Die Mammi iss gut gelaernt un dutt alles, as sie kann. Sie sin nadierlich schmaert—sie aarde ihre Mammi nooch. Alle Yohr schicke sie mir Wart fer Bicher un Zeidinge, awwer der Vadder iss en Mops. Er kann net selwer lese un nemmt ken Zeiding. Er saagt, die Kinner kennte die Biwel schtudiere, weil er zu aarm iss fer ihne en Zeiding griege, un doch schpend er en vaerdel Daaler die Woch fer Duwack. Wann die Kinner uffwachse un kumme unnich die Leit fer ihre Weg in der Welt mache, dann sin sie wie gleene Fisch—die grosse fresse sie, eb sie halwer ausgewachse sin. So en Mann sett mer verhaftich vergeeschele."

"Whoa!" hot der alt Belsnickel g'saat zu seine Haersch un sie hen g'schtoppt. Mir waare verhaftich widder deheem am Haasebaerrick var der Polly ihrem Haus, wu sie em ledschte Summer g'kaaft hot an meinre Schriefvendue. Wie ich runner gegraddelt bin, hot der alt Belsnickel g'saat: "Was soil ich dir bringe, Gottlieb?"

Un ich hab g'saat, "En Pack Frischmut."

Als widder,

GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL.

COMMENTS

The above letter contains some charming bits, but what starts out as a delightful little Christmas fantasy, such as might be used by somebody like Reading's "Wunnernaas" for a Christmas program, develops into Boonastiel's typical editorializing. It might be pointed out that "Belsi's" complaint that the one family had only the Bible to read, has lost its force as an argument today.

Notice that Gottlieb respectfully addresses Santa Claus with "dihr" (ihr). The older Pennsylvania German custom which has not yet completely died out in some sections, was to address elderly people and people of respected position, such as the pastor, with the form of "ihr" instead of "du", a custom still prevalent over the countryside in Germany.

* * * * *

Liewer Kernel Harder: Fri., Jan. 14, 1898

Ich bin der anner Daag wie der gut Schliddeweg waar mit em Bill Biffelmoyer, der Sals-Rewwer nuff g'faahre fer die Demegraade b'suche, wu mer widder en Sender gewwe hen em ledschte Schpotyohr. Der Bill hot sehne welle, was sie dart drowwe duhne, un wie sie gewisst hen, ass der Boonastiel bei ihne iss, hen sie ausgemacht uns en reception gewwe. Sie hen invitations nausg'schickt zu all de "big bugs" fer seller Owet zammekumme un ihre campaign-song Bicher mit bringe. Sie hen mir un em Bill en Sitz uff der stage gewwe un wie alles schtill waar, iss der Bill Haahneyaerrick uffg'schtanne un hot der Mike Hetzel ge-nominate fer chairman vun de meeting. Er hot sei Sitz genumme un hot g'saat, es erscht uff em program waer music, un sie wette nau singe noch der gute alte Melodie, "Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit," sell altbekannt Liedel:

"Grover, Grover,
Four more years of Grover;
In we go, out they go—
Then we'll be in clover."

DIE ALT UHR

Die alt Uhr henkt dort an der Wand,
Ihr G'sicht iss mer gans gut bekannt;
Sie gnackt noch wie in frich'rer Zeit,
Un saagt zum Mensch, halt dich bereit,
Gnick, gnack,
Gnick, gnack,
Vun Schtunn zu Schtunn eilt hie die Zeit,
Un draagt uns noch der Ewigkeit.

Deheem im alte Haus im Eck,
Schunn meh als siwwezig Yohr zerick,
Die Uhr hot zu de Mensche g'saat,
Die Zeit vergeht, bitt Gott um Gnaad,
Gnick, gnack,
Gnick, gnack,
Vun Schtunn zu Schtunn eilt hie die Zeit
Un raast uns in die Ewigkeit.

Wu sin die Leit vun sellem Haus,
Die gange sin dort ei un aus?
Mei Eltre un mei G'schwischtre all,
Der Tod hot sie geernt schier all,
Gnick, gnack,
Gnick, gnack,
Yuscht zwee sin noch do in der Zeit,
Die ann're in der Ewigkeit.

In selle friehe Kindheits-Yohr,
Sie kumme em noch immer vor,
Hot mer der Uhr ihr Gnack wull g'heert,
Awwer net gewisst, was sie em lehrt,
Gnick, gnack,
Gnick, gnack,
So hot sie g'saat die ganse Zeit,
Uns g'wisse noch der Ewigkeit.

In Yugend-yohr hot mer sie g'heert,
Yuscht Freed un Glick hot mer begehrt,
Un net geacht ihr Schtimm so leis;
Mer hot gemeent, mer waer gans weis,
Gnick, gnack,
Gnick, gnack,
Sie hot als g'saat, hie geht die Zeit,
Her kummt die lange Ewigkeit.

Die Heemet alt iss nimme dort,
Die Uhr haw ich genumme fort;
Nau henkt sie im me ann're Haus,
Sie weist die Zeit un ruft noch raus,
Gnick, gnack,
Gnick, gnack,
Ken Bleiwes hot mer in der Zeit,
Mer muss fort noch der Ewigkeit.

Ee G'schlecht folgt aa em ann're nooch,
Des iss der B'schluss der Allmacht hoch,
Die Heemt, die em bleibt, iss dort
Vor Gottes Tron am Freide-ort,
Gnick, gnack,
Gnick, gnack,
Die Heemet iss net in der Zeit,
Mer find sie in der Ewigkeit.

—ISAAC SUMMERS STAHR

Der Ben Tillmann iss uffgetschumpt un hot object zum Lied, un glei waar's imme Uffruhr. Der Ben hot druff insist, ass sie singe "No Cross, no Crown" fer em Bryan sei sake, awwer weil er nimmi in gut standing iss, sidder ass Weeze en Daaler's Buschel iss un Woll zwansich cent 's Pund, hen sie ihn iwwerwelticht, un es Grover-Liedel iss g'sunge warre. Die alte Demegraade hen doch die Feischt voll gelacht iwwer ihn, un wie widder alles schtill waar, hot der chairman uff der Bill Bixler gerufe fer en speech mache. Der Billy hot ordlich gut g'fiehlt, weil ich ihm en Gwaart vum Hollerheck seinre beschte Kefferbrieh gebrocht hab g'hatt. Ich denk er hot niemand sunscht ebbes dervun gewwe g'hatt un hot's all selwer gedrunke, weil er gewisst hot, ass en Gwaart Dramm unnich so viel Demegraade net so viel waer as en Mick im See. Er waar anyhow ordlich knackerich in de Knie un sei Kopp waar so rot as me Gickelhaahne seiner. Er hot g'saat:

"Liewe bedriebte Demegraade: Hett ihr in eirem Lewe g'heert vum Kelwerpaad? Wann dihr net hett, will ich eich die Schtori verzaehle. Lange Yohre zurick, wie unser Gross-gross -eldre noch karze Hosse gewore hen un wie all des Land in Busch waar, hot emol en Kalb sich verlore vun seinre Mudder. Es hot ewell so im Schtille rumg'sucht fer die alt Kuh, bis es endlich ausg'funne hot, ass es gewiss verlore iss, un dernoh iss es aafange darrich der Buchs schpringe un marderosich blaerre. Glei sin die Ochse uffriehrisch warre. Sie hen die Yacht g'heert un sin dem Kalb uff der Schpur nooch, darrich die Hecke un geblaerrt wie yuscht en wilder Ochs kann. Der Paad, wu sie gemacht hen hot's anner Vieh g'sehne un es iss aa hinnenooch, bis es endlich en regler Viehpaad waar. Zwee Yohr zurick in der Chicago convention hot en Kalb sich verlore im demegraadische Buchs. Es hot aafange blaerre un die Ochse sin ihm nooch darrich der Busch, un wie es anner Vieh sie heere hen blaerre, sin sie aa nooch un helfe blaerre bis ball die gans Welt am blaerre waar. Was es gewwe hett, wann net ebbes g'happen't waer, weess ich net, awwer's Kalb iss g'schprunge mit Kopp un Schwans in der Heeh un endlich iss es an em Schwamm kumme, wu sechzeh Mol so viel Wasser drin waar as Sand, un iss kopp-vedderscht dart nei un iss versoffe."

Sell waar so weit as er kumme iss mit seinre speech. Die convention waar uff de Fiess. Es hen drei faule Oyer der Billy gedroffe—eens iss ihm blatsch! in Ohr, eens iss ihm uff sei kelschich Hemm, un 's anner iss ihm blump ins Maul. Ich hab gelacht ass ich ee galles abgerisse hab, un ich hab grosser Druwwel g'hatt fer mei Hosse drowwe halde.

Die Mrs. Lease iss uff getschumpt un hot g'saat, ass der Billy Bixler waer en verdammter Liegner; ass sie waer eens vun de alter Rinner gewest, wu helfe hett sell Kalb uffziege, un's waer net versoffe im Schwamm awwer waer nau in Mexico.

Sie hen browiert widder 's Haus in Ardning griege, awwer's waar net dewaert. Der Senator Gorman hot Rotz un Wasser g'heilt, der alt Grover hot gelacht, ass er g'schiddelt hot as wie en load Hoi, wann mer iwwer Grumbiereroihe faahrt, un der Kernel Spengler hot g'saat, "Hett ich's yuscht nochemol zu duh!"

Wie die meeting uffgebroche iss un mir sin zum hall naus hawwich en lot mottos schne an der Wand henke. Eens hot gelese: "Not free silver but bi-metalism"; en anner, "Damn the crown of thorns, we want the cross of office"; noch eens, "We are doing time for the crime of '73," un hinne an der Dier waar en gleeni, dreckichi sign uffg'hanke, "16 to 1" un ebber hot en Duwack so gross as en Hinkeloi-center druff g'schmisse g'hatt.

Die Demegraade hen arrick bedriebt gegukt. Sie hen uns g'frogt eb mir denke daete, die alte Bauer hette vergesse, wie sie sie beloge hen wege zwansich-cent Weeze un drei-cent Woll, eb die Sunn noch scheint, die Veggel singe un es Wasser laaft, wie's als hot eb der McKinley Bressident waar, un abaddich eb mir denke daete, sie kennte in ihrem Lewe widder eckschpeckte in office kumme. Mir hen ihne g'saat, es waer noch alles wie's als waar—yuscht ewennich besser—awwer so weit as ihre widder in office kumme, hen mir ihne g'saat, ass sie misste widder frisch neischtarte un neie plans lege. Deel vun ihne hen gaar fleggelhaftich g'heilt, un ich hab sie vun Haerze gedauert. Der Mike Hetzel hot g'saat, sie hette en Brief grickt vum Swallow, ass er daet ruffkumme fer sehne ass net die demegraadisch party bei ihm schteh daet fer Governier naegscht Schpotyohr, awwer der Sam Siesshols hot g'saat: "Nee, mir laafe nau rum un schleefe die Schwens wie geledderte Haahne. Mir welle nau net noch in die Mischtbrieh gedunkt warre."

Als widder

GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL.

COMMENTS

This is another letter castigating radical democrats of the nineties and their all-too-trusting Penns Valley followers. The Grover song was actually used as a campaign jingle. I doubt whether it was sung to the melody of "Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit," a hymn which, by the way, seems to have been a favorite of Thomas Harter's. The "Sixteen-to-one" is of course a reference to the silver issue and the "crown of thorns" refers to Bryan's famous speech in which he won the nomination for the democratic party.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. LAURETTA L. MERWIN

Funeral services for Mrs. Lauretta L. Merwin, widow of Miles Merwin, 739 N. 5th St., who died yesterday afternoon at Allentown Osteopathic hospital, after an illnes of two weeks, will be conducted from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St., on Monday at 9 a. m. Mass will be sung in St. Catharine of Siena church at 9:30 a. m. Interment will be held in Sacred Heart cemetery.

A native of this city she was a daughter of the late John and Rose (Siegfried) Simons.

She is survived by two sons, Major Robert R. Merwin, Army, Camp Lee, Va., and Private First Class Henry W. Merwin, Army, Germany; one grandchild, and a sister, Mrs. Peter J. Mink, Allentown.

WILLIAM LITTLE

William Little, husband of Sue (Young) Little of 708 High St., Bethlehem, died yesterday in Allentown. Born in Nanticoke, Pa., Sept. 13, 1888, he was the son of Mrs. Annie Fehr and the late Richard Little.

A member of the Emmanuel Evangelical Congregational church of Bethlehem, his survivors are his wife and mother, a son, Richard, Bethlehem; a daughter, Frances, Bethlehem, and a sister, Mrs. Edith Ross, Binghamton, N. Y.

Funeral services will be conducted Monday at 1:30 p. m. from the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem. Rev. John Waser, pastor of Emmanuel Evangelical Congregational church, will officiate. Interment will be held in Memorial Park cemetery, Bethlehem.

CLAIR WILLARD KOENIG

Clair Willard Koenig, infant son of Willard K. and Anna M., nee Zimmerman, Koenig, of Ringgold, R. 1, died on Thursday night at the age of one month and 27 days.

He is survived by his parents and maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Zimmerman.

Short services will be held at 1:30 p. m. Sunday in late home followed by further services in Zion's Stone church, Snyders. Rev. A. P. Snyder will officiate. Interment will be in adjoining cemetery.

MRS. LLOYD A. MASON

Mrs. Lillie H. Mason, wife of Lloyd A. Mason, died suddenly at 3:30 a. m. yesterday at her home, 398 Linden St., after an illness of a year.

Dr. Alexander M. Peters, coroner of Lehigh county, conducted an investigation and pronounced death due to a heart attack.

Born in Hazleton, daughter of the late William and Annie Hunter, Mrs. Mason had been a resident of Allentown for the past four years. She formerly lived at Nicholson, Pa., where she was a member of the First Presbyterian church.

She is survived by her husband, an employe of the Peterson Sea Food Co., and the following children, Agnes H., Philadelphia; Lillian, wife of Paul S. Hangen, Jr., Reading, and Donald W., U. S. Navy at Okinawa. Two grandchildren also survive.

Services will be held on Monday at 10:30 a. m. from the J. S. Burkholder funeral home. Interment will be made in Nicholson cemetery, Nicholson, Pa.

ROBERT DEMMRICH

Robert Demmrich, 79, died at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alton Wentzel, 216 S. St. Cloud St., yesterday following a long illness.

Mr. Demmrich was an iron worker and had been retired for the last 25 years. His wife, Bertha, nee Zeimer, Demmrich preceded him in death some years ago.

He is survived by the following daughters, Mrs. Alton Wentzel, Allentown; Mrs. Ralph Gachenbach, Philadelphia; Mrs. Robert Stacy, West Hartford, Conn., and Viola E. Demmrich, Philadelphia. Also surviving are three grandchildren and a sister, Mrs. Paul Sauerman, Lehighton, and a brother, Otto P. Allentown.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Ernest B. Zimmerman funeral home with C. H. Mayberry officiating. Interment will be made in Fairview cemetery, Catasauqua.

GEORGE E. SCHAFFER

The funeral of George E. Schaffer, 220 Vineyard St., Bethlehem, retired fire driver, who died Thursday night in St. Luke's hospital, will be held at 2 p. m. Monday from the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Irene Almer, 420 Lehigh St. Interment in Blue church cemetery, Coopersburg.

25 Years Ago Today

November 10, A Wednesday

John F. Horn was elected president of the District Luther League at the 25th annual convention held in St. Peter's Lutheran Evangelical church.

Eugene Shankweiler, secretary of the Allentown Advertising club was awarded several prizes in a national competitive contest conducted by the Kaysee Co. of Cleveland and W. O. Horn Co., of New York.

Miss Margaret Gibbons, technician at the Allentown hospital, was appointed city chemist for Bethlehem at a meeting of the Bethlehem city council.

Greenleaf Lodge, No. 561, F. & A. M. celebrated its 38th anniversary at a meeting of over 750 members of the Masonic fraternity in Mealey's auditorium.

The patron lists for the concerts of the Allentown Symphony orchestra opened for the year. H. R. Bernhard and Lloyd Moll were in charge of the list.

The country-wide teacher shortage still existed, according to a report by Supt. of Schools H. W. Dodd.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Hunich Rhumadis

War in da welt hut sei lebdawg shun k'hoert fon "Hunich Rhumadis?" Wel, eb m'r shun k'hoert hut fon "Hunich Rhumadis" odder net, sel is wos 'n gawissnie fraw ken hunnerd mile weck fom Bloe Baryer Bock Effel klaimt os sie het—un ol darrich 'n golla gruck hunich.

'S wor denna waig. Die gawissa fraw hut ma gute bakonta hunnich mon 'n golla jar mit ra grossa effning g'shick'd kot fer 'n gol ous galuffner hunich nei duh. In blotz fon der hunich ow'r bringa im jar os sie g'shick'd hut, hut er 'n gabrocht imma glassna golla gruck,—un des noch so gore 'n gruck mit ma hols net fiela dicker wie 'n dauma.

Wie der hunichmon der hunich gabrocht hut, hut die fraw grawd gawunnert wie der hunich ous 'm gruck tzu griega. Er uf kours hut g'sawt sel wear gons leicht, der hunich wear din, un dade lawfa wie wosser. Allas in och tzu nemma wear, fer 'n om warma halta un sie het gore ken druvel.

Der warmshd blotz in hous nadierlich wor die kich, ow'r woh sie der hunich net halta hut wolla odder nochberra maichda ferleicht nei kumma un denka, sie het 'n gol ebbel jack odder brondawel. So os niemond der gruck sehna dade, hut sie 'n noh nuf in ihra bed shtub ganumma, un wohs ra darrich die nocht ei kumma is wos fer 'n seierrei os sie doh griega kent won der gruck fershpringa dade. Da nagshda morya hut sie der gruck noh in aller free in die glaider shtub gadrawga, un woh sie aw bong wor er maich'd fershpringa, un der hunich dade ra ol iwwer in da shtub rum lawfa.

Wos tzu duh mit 'm hunich wor noh die froke. Endlich hut sie ous gamocht fer 'n ous 'm golla gruck in gwart kans duh, un noh hut die g'shpass g'shtart. Sie hut mohl 's aller airsht fier kans in roy uf der kicha dish g'shteld, un noh der golla gruck hunich grick'd fer 'n ous laira. In blotz fon ow'r lawfa wie wosser wie der hunichmon g'sawt hut os er dade, wor er so tzae wie malosich im Yanner, un is yusht don un won 'n drubba rous kumma,—un des ken so wieshda grossa drubba on sel'm. Un alla mohl os sie der gruck in die hae k'hova hut fer der hunich rous lawfa lossa is es ra in der ohrm g'floga wie won ebber 'n mess

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
—Bridges.

TWELVE YEARS OF BENEFACTION

The report of the trustees of the Trexler Estates summarizing the benefits accorded to this community's institutions during the past twelve years recalls poignantly the anniversary today of the death from injuries of General Harry Clay Trexler, Allentown's first citizen, in the Easton hospital twelve years ago.

Since distribution of all income to the community's institutions was begun, a total of more than four million dollars has gone to hospitals and other welfare and eleemosynary institutions and to the Park system of Allentown. The latter, the recipient of the largest portion going to any institution during the period, got more than a million dollars. Inasmuch as the terms of the will provide for perpetual operation of the estate, the parks of Allentown will continue to receive annually one-fourth of the income of the estates, which include not only the wealth of General Trexler but that of his wife.

The Bard of Avon deplored the fact that only too often the good which men do "is interred with their bones." But Allentonians almost daily are reminded in some way or other that in their very midst one of their fellow citizens pointed the way by which the good which men do can live after them and be perpetually remembered and blessed.

Daily the benefactions of one who passed out of the community after living such a vivid and vigorous life therein are enjoyed and appreciated in just about every institution which fills the requirements of the benefactor: Work performed which is "of the most benefit to humanity."

That noble thought and desire have been carried out thruout the years by the benefactor's continuing representatives, men who knew the benefactor in his life-time and not only understood him but admired and loved him because they already knew those qualities of heart and mind that dictated one of the most unusual testamentary documents.

HOW ABOUT TRAINING MEN FOR NAVY?

President Truman has urged a program of universal military training. Now a procession of America's leading and most respected military figures is appearing in Washington to testify from their own knowledge and experience that the President's proposal is sound, because the plan (had it been in operation back in the late '30's and 1940) undoubtedly would have helped this country during the war and immeasurably shortened it.

Despite all this and despite public opinion during the war, a demobilization of our resolves in time of stress has come in time of peace. Again Americans have lapsed into the traditional attitude that hamstrung General Washington's plea for universal military training and almost cost this country the War of 1812—a war in which we were defeated on land and were saved by the Navy and the activity of Napoleon in Europe which required Britain's attention more than did the war on this side of the Atlantic. That same attitude, persisting after every war, has made trouble when the next war was to be fought.

But what will Americans with this traditional mode of thinking do about the argument of Admiral King, which was given yesterday in Washington.

Admiral King also believes in universal military training, looking at it from the standpoint of having a sufficiently trained and numerous body of seamen ready to man a great Navy in time of crisis in the minimum of time.

Inasmuch as the present plans contemplate a great Navy for a considerable period of time—perhaps as much as a thousand fighting ships—, and inasmuch as a very large portion of the existing fleet is merely being demobilized, not scrapped, how are we going to have enough men to operate the entire fleet speedily and effectively if trouble again develops?

That ought to be a poser for those who continue to be against military training in time of peace, despite all the bitter experience and remorse of recent years. But it probably will not. The public opinion that consistently opposes this idea stands like a stone wall and only too many feeble statesmen tremble before it.

HIGHER WAGES BUT STRIKES MUST END

Henry Ford has been noted and lauded for his advocacy of the highest possible wages for workmen and consistently has led the procession in making such advances but always following technological improvements by which Ford products could be made and sold at a profit, despite higher labor and often higher material costs. The attitude of the Ford organization in this respect often has been a thorn in the side of other industrialists but has speeded many of them in the same direction.

Hitherto wage advances have been made without forewarning and without outside pressure. Today the situation is different for the UAW is about to open negotiations with Ford for a 30 per cent raise and demand what the company is not immediately ready to grant as reasonable.

In a letter which the Ford company has issued, a new principle is laid down which must also enter into the wage negotiations. As stated by Ford, the union is guaranteed security as to membership and finances through the closed shop and check-off principles, but the company has "no compensating security". This has become so serious," the company feels, "that unless some provision can be arrived at to require the union to recognize a full responsibility of its own," the very future of the company itself and all the jobs that the men hold are at stake.

It is hinted that wage increase can and will come if the company will be guaranteed against strikes and all other forms of work stoppage and if there be increased productivity. The company appears likely to demand that such guarantees shall not be paper guarantees merely. They shall have to be backed up financially by the union which would reimburse the company for damages suffered by violation of the guarantees not to strike or otherwise interfere with production.

Ford sees a limit to giving without taking. Now Ford wants a give and take program and justifies it upon the simple grounds that without mutual security, neither the Ford plant can keep on manufacturing nor the men to hold jobs.

Universal Military Training

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16—Great Britain is postponing action on the subject of universal military training. The British government is much too busy on other matters to take the subject up at this time. When the whole question of national security is examined in the light of the United Nations Organization commitments, Great Britain will deal with military training as a part of an overall national military program.

The foregoing is an authoritative statement of the position of Great Britain as outlined by a high source this week.

What it means is that British officials do not share the panic which has seized American military men who are demanding that the question of military training be acted upon immediately by Congress even before the plans of other nations to furnish manpower to carry out United Nations Organization commitments are known.

There is no evidence either that Canada or Australia or any other members of the British empire have instituted plans for a universal military training program of their youth, which would indicate not only that the urgency which is expressed in Washington is not shared by other nations but that American policy is presumably related to an effort to use military force as an instrument of immediate diplomacy rather than as a protection against some would-be aggressor in the future.

Many members of Congress feel that the United States should not be asked to furnish all the manpower to support the decrees of the United Nations Organization but that all countries which are members of it should assume their logical share of the obligation. The theory of some military men that only by a universal military training bill passed now can other would-be aggressors be adequately impressed is not accepted by any large number of senators or representatives.

Opinion Not Crystallized

Public opinion, as recorded by the Gallup Poll, appears to favor some form of military training but the kind of program to be adopted or the timing of it are matters on which it is not believed that public opinion has as yet crystallized.

Certainly the resolution adopted by the Catholic bishops of the United States at their annual general meeting here this week indicates that there are grave doubts felt by the Catholic church—doubts, indeed, shared by many Protestant churchmen, too—as to how the military men have handled the 18-year-olds and other youth on the matter of morals in the camps. The Catholic bishops say:

"We recognize the imperative need of preparedness for the adequate defense of our country in all circumstances.

"In determining what constitutes national defense in our present circumstances, our government, we feel, should explore the possibility of having military conscription abolished in all countries, and, to that end, might well consider how our control of economic assistance to other countries may be used to lend weight to our plea for such abolition.

"If a wide extension of military training is found necessary for present adequate defense of our nation, we feel that such training should be in keeping with American traditions, and that, specifically:

"1. Voluntary enlistments in the armed forces should be stimulated as much as possible, to provide our first line of defense;

"2. Any period of enforced training should be integrated with normal school life; and,

"3. The War and Navy departments should work with recognized moral leadership to correct certain policies and attitudes which have wrought grave moral damage to great numbers of young people in the armed services during the past five years."

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

A QUESTION OF ETHICS

This article will not deal with the sale of the Pullman Company to the railroads or any other customer. It will limit itself to a general discussion of propriety—to what the lawyers like to call the ethics of their profession. And to make sure that no one gets me wrong, I am willing to say here and now that there is nothing legally wrong in what Thurman Arnold has done and that a great many others have done exactly the same thing. But neither the legality nor the usualness of the matter makes it morally or ethically right—and it is that that I am ventilating.

Thurman Arnold was in charge of the anti-trust prosecution of the Pullman Company which had, from 1867 to the present day, provided the American people with various and sundry comforts on the railroads. It operated more or less to the satisfaction of the public until 1940, when Thurman Arnold, in charge of anti-trust prosecutions, went after the company as a trust and licked it throughout the courts so that a dissolution was ordered dividing the manufacturing from the servicing parts of the business and giving the Pullman Company the choice of keeping one or the other.

Remain Manufacturers

The Pullman Company chose to remain manufacturers; they must therefore dispose of their servicing business by March 23, 1946, in a manner satisfactory to the courts. Pursuing a court order, they have made an offer to the railroads which the railroads have accepted. But certain banking and brokering firms have pushed themselves into the situation with offers to buy, which is a legitimate thing to do.

But here is the rub: Thurman Arnold, who as an employe of the Government of the United States fought the "Pullman monopoly" in the courts and smashed the company so that it is forced to sell part of its business which it has conducted since 1867, appears in the current transactions as counsel for the Young-Kirby-Otis and Company group who wish to succeed to the "Pullman monopoly" by establishing a monopoly under a different ownership.

Now, I cannot get excited about the "monopoly" feature of this business, for it is in the nature of the service that it should be in a single organization. I was sure at the time that Thurman Arnold pursued his favorite course of breaking up what more able and constructive citizens had built that the American people were gaining nothing by this legalistic exhibitionism. Nevertheless, the courts were on his side.

Arnold on Other Side

But now he is on the other side. He is no longer the lawyer for the Government but for private clients. And he is in a cause arising from an action which he originated while he was a government employe. And whereas he opposed the Pullman Company because it was a monopoly, he is now seeking to establish it as a monopoly in the interest of the Young-Kirby-Otis and Company group who are not railroads but entrepreneurs seeing a main chance and taking it. There can be no objection to this group doing business where they can, but the switching of position by Thurman Arnold raises a question of legal ethics that will not down.

To an increasing degree, lawyers take positions in the Government, gain prestige and experience at the expense of the American people, stimulate litigation "for the common welfare," and then switch over to private practice in which they appear in matters which they handled while in the employ of the Government. No law forbids them to do so. Lawyers regard it as legitimate practice, although they call a man who picks up a client at an accident a shyster. The general public grins at the performance and praises the smart boy who cleans up as the most recent type of go-getter.

Nevertheless, the practice degrades the processes of government. It has been suggested that no government official ought to appear before a government bureau which had employed him for from two to four years after he left office. I think it would be more ethical to propose that no government official should ever be permitted, in private practice, to appear in any cause with which he ever had a direct or indirect connection while in government employ.

(Copyright, 1945)

When imported greyhounds were shipped recently from Durban to Johannesburg South Africans asked "is the trip absolutely necessary?"

Pupils of four secondary schools in London are exchanging letters with the girls of the Cours Complementaire de Jeunes Filles in Paris.

Active demand for the region's four leading products—karakul pelts, diamonds, cattle and butter—has brought prosperity to Southwest Africa.



BOOK REVIEW

CONRAD WEISER, 1696-1760, FRIEND OF COLONIST AND MOHAWK, By Paul A. W. Wallace. 648 pp. Philadelphia; University of Pennsylvania Press. $5.00

Readers of the ECK will enjoy reading this comprehensive definitive biography of Conrad Weiser. He was truly a Pennsylvania German and all of his life dealt with things truly "Pennsylvanisch". No better summary of the subject of this biography could be quoted than that from the author's foreword: "Conrad Weiser, Pennsylvania's Indian ambassador, was one of the world's great originals, a hot-headed, true-hearted, whimsical Jack-of-all-trades; a farmer and the owner of a tannery, one of the founders of Reading, Pennsylvania, a colonel on active service during the French and Indian War, the first President Judge of Berks County, a faithful husband and the father of fourteen children, a monk at Ephrata, a pillar of the Lutheran Church, a promoter of Moravian missions, a rebel in New York and a prisoner in an Albany jail, a hymn-writer, traveler, statesman, linguist, diplomat, and woodsman".

His childhood was rather unfortunate and, as he himself wrote, always involved in family misunderstandings. On arrival in New York with his father among other Palatine families, he settled in Livingston Manor, the family later moving to the Schoharie forty miles west of Albany where land titles later were contested and young Conrad went to jail. Not until his father was 86 years of age did he finally come to the scene of his son's home in the Tulpehocken, dying under his son's roof. The biographical sketch presented by the author does not for obvious reasons give us too much detail of the life of young Conrad. But at age 16 he was sent to live with the Mohawk Indians to learn their difficult tongue. "No place in America could have been better suited for Conrad's introduction to the currents of Indian politics, customs and prejudices, in preparation for his later career as an Indian ambassador". He was married in 1720 to Ann Eve the daughter of John Peter Feck, also a Palatine immigrant. Chapter 5 is interesting reading for in it ". . . He Brings His Ann Eve to Pennsylvania".

After Weiser's settlement and establishment of his household in the Tulpehocken we are referred to a peculiar angle in his life in that he came under the influence of Conrad Beissel and Ephrata. "The Tulpehocken community was both a triumph and a tribulation to Conrad Beissel. The capture of Conrad Weiser and Peter Miller was the greatest single victory he was to win over the powers and principalities of this world". We are fully introduced to this peculiarity in the life of Weiser and perhaps more fully than might be necessary. But at least Conrad Weiser during the period 1739 to 1740 contributed to Ephrata of his money, time, and his name. Wallace describes him so well in this respect, as he does in all of his delineation, in these words: "With a staff in his hand and sandals on his feet, wearing a long robe gird about the waist with a rope, he took his place among the twelve gaunt brethren who proceeded in single file from village to village preaching (among other things) the gospel of marital separation to heads of families in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It is as well that he left his own children behind on this expedition". He had of course by this time become very active in provincial affairs in particular with Indian relations. But his reason for severing himself for several years from those affairs and devoting himself to the life at Ephrata is in the author's words that "He must have been disgusted with the Penns". It was Governor George Thomas (1741) who personally got Weiser out of his retreat after Weiser had come to hate Beissel although he continued to attend to the practical necessities of the community. He was even elevated to the priesthood, admitted to the Ancient Order of Melchizedeck degree conferred in ancient form. It is fantastic that in 1740 he should even have left his wife and entered the Kloster from which however he soon rebelled because of too much scandal and hypocrisy, Weiser "waking from his dream to discover, like Titania, that he had been enamored of an ass . . . ." The inference that Conrad Weiser contributed little of permanence to the Kloster but that the Kloster contributed much to him can well be accepted. It may have been the "strange interlude" . . . that finally cleared his mind of cant and vague idealism, to seek peace in the only place it was worth looking for, namely in the world and not in seclusion at Ephrata. Later he entered the "Moravian interlude in his career" where he met on intimate terms the great Spangenberg and Zinzendorf as well as Zeisberger, assisting the brethren in Bethlehem to spread their work among the Indians and teaching them to understand the Indian language. Zeisberger in 1745 was to accompany him to Shamokin and north to Onondaga, capital of the Iroquois nations. Zinzendorf was to him one of the most interesting as well as one of the most trying traveling companions of the many who accompanied him on his fifty years of journeying through the woods. In drawing lots with Zinzendorf at Shamokin Conrad Weiser cheated to gain his point in a disagreement which marred the otherwise free way in which they travelled and spoke "good brotherly Pennsylvanisch together". It was his son-in-law however who later won him away from the Moravians, none other than Henry Melchior Muhlenberg.

One may find fault with Wallace for elaborating on the religious experiences of Weiser. Some of the details might have been omitted. However a complete analysis of the zeal with which he entered the life of the Sects enables us to understand the man and his peculiar attention to details in his dealings with Indians. One would not expect to find such a worker in international relations today. Were he in the service of his government today he would easily be a $10,000 a year man whereas in his time he barely received reimbursement for the expenses incurred in his many travels and monies paid for gifts to Indians or for services of others. It is true that Richard Peters at times accused him of profit-taking but we are amply informed that such was not the case. There is an adequate and admirable defense of Weiser here and Richard Peters in his relations with Weiser is perhaps more truly described than in Cumming's **Richard Peters** (Pennsylvania Lives).

By 1732 Weiser became an important figure in the provincial service with James Logan, the Provincial Secretary, and Shickellamy. He had become a Mohawk by adoption, a friend of some of their chiefs and utilized the sixteen years spent in the fatherland of the Six Nations confederacy to consummate the most astonishing Indian treaties and to smooth the roughened relations between the white settlers and red men. In 1736 we find him entertaining the Onondaga Council, escorting their chieftains to Philadelphia where he placed his signature as a witness to a deed for the lands on the Susquehanna. The following year accompanied by "Stoffel" Stump and an Onondaga who had spent the winter at Weiser's farm, Weiser made the most adventurous of all his journeys through the woods north to Onondaga where according to Weiser's account Shickellamy who had joined the group at Shamokin was spared a misfortune on the "Spitzige" rocks. Again in 1738 his journey to the Wyoming Valley after the Walking Purchase of 1737 and five years later in company with John Bartram and Lewis Evans, mapmaker, his third journey to Onondaga wearing his Ephrata beard, indicate the many hurried and important trips made on behalf either of his native province or of Virginia. To enumerate of course all the participation in Indian treaties would be beyond the scope of such a review. Suffice it to say that the author has given us excellent accounts of the Lancaster treaty and the several Easton treaties. He could always maintain an atmosphere of free understanding despite the interference of men like Governor Morris and Israel Pemberton of Philadelphia. The insertion of extensive excerpts from Weiser's journals and letters do make for lengthy reading but by no means mar the excellence of the narrative. Weiser's knowledge of Indian dialect which he himself translated into English gives us today two centuries later, some of the very finest excerpts of Indian literature especially that found in Indian treaties. Biographies of Governor Clinton of New York (Spaulding: "His Excellency George Clinton", Macmillan, 1938, for example) have not done as well as Wallace by pointing out that New York politics was very corrupt at that time and that had he not been at hand in those trying days, the French and Indian War might have been far more serious than it was. Weiser proved his ability as a statesman. He had a prevision of the threat to his country.

One expects to find much more of Weiser's private life on his estate but repeatedly throughout the chronology of Weiser's life we are taken back to scenes at home where Weiser becomes the fine father, the busy farmer, the builder of Reading and some of its homes, sponsoring the erection of Berks County as a county, presiding over the local courts, and resisting in the end the aspersions cast upon him from Philadelphia at a time when his services as interpreter and ambassador to the Indians were unjustly subject to criticism. Readers of the ECK will enjoy reference to the Anti-Quaker Manifesto of Conrad Weiser and Christopher Sauer's defamatory rejoinder published in 1741 though Sauer himself in his newspapers reported Weiser's services, as in the semi-monthly newspaper **Der Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschicht-Schreiber** where the news item is supplied to readers of Weiser's successful settlement of the breach between Virginia and the Six Nations.

One could not very well conclude this sketchy review of the life of Weiser without some reference to Dr. Graeff's recent biography of him. However, one should not make a critical comparison of these two works for their scope varies considerably. The lay reader will find Graeff's book admirable, but Wallace presents an all-inclusive portrait. For example, Weiser's entertainment of Indians for a ten day period at Tulpehocken receives scarce mention by Graeff. Dr. Graeff, of course, could not include the copious quotations used by Wallace, some of which extend to sixteen pages of text as in chapter 10 where use is made of the German version of Weiser's journal translated by his great grandson Hiester H. Muhlenberg. The German version Weiser intended for his family and friends, while the English version he wrote for the Council of Philadelphia. The text is remarkably clear of typographic errors, not more than four or five having been noted. One might question the author's use on pages 50 and 207. The spelling of the name Celoron de Bienville is not consistent. Maps inserted are excellent. This work will be the definitive work on Weiser for a long time to come. The valuable insertions of all manuscript material in the original orthography have intrinsic historical value. There are forty-two pages of chapter notes and an excellent index.

—MELVILLE J. BOYER

AN OLD ACCOUNT BOOK

Items from an account book kept more than a century ago may possess little interest for some of our readers, but the historian, the philologist, the genealogist and the economist will find valuable material in such items. Even the casual readers may find fascinating food for thought in prices that prevailed more than a century ago. Was there really ever a time in Lehigh County when chickens were sold at 12 cents a piece and butter at 12 cents a pound?—We are indebted for this material to Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach of Royersford, Pa.—ED.

Account and receipt book of Jacob Scheirer, one of the administrators of the estate of Catharina Scheirer, who died in North Whitehall Township, September 16, 1841.

Page 1	Catharina Scheurer, witwe von (Adam) Scheurer ist gestorbn den 16ten Seppdember, 1841— Bezahlt vor Sie zu begraben:	
	An Pfarre Mensing	$ 3.00
	An shull Meyster	1.00
	An Abraham Neuhart vor backen Stein und das Grab aus zu Mauren	2.62
	An Jacob Scheurer, 9 schtick hinkel dasz schtick 12 cents	1.08
	und 8 Pfunt butter dasz Pfunt zu 12 cent ist	00.96
	October den 9ten 1841 bezahlt an Lidia Semmel vor Weshen, zwey tag ist	00.50
Page 2	October den 14ten Bezahlt an Thomas ———— die Som 25 Cent vor zer Gelt Nach Dem Neb zu Reiten die Leige an zu sagen	00.25
	October den 26ten 1841 Bezahlt an Henrich Frack vor 14 Pund butter dasz Pfund zu 12 Cent kommt zu	1.68
	Nofember den 4ten 1841 Bezahlt an Enoch Butz vor 7 Pfund Rasseingen (raisins) dasz Pfund zu 10 Cent	00.70
	November den 4ten 1841 Bezahlt an Edwart Kahlm vor Ein Breszman (one who appraises?) unter Eyt zu nehmen	00.05
Page 3	Nofember den 6ten 1841 Bezahlt an Rubin Scheurer vor hals und hinkel	2.27
	December den 30ten 1841 Bezahlt an John Scheurer vor hawwer	00.31
	1841 Die Ein nahm von der verstorbenen Cadarina Scheurer Seppdember den 16ten 1841 ist sie gestorben.	
	Den 6ten Nofember 1841 Empfangen in Geld beym bresen die Som von	61.73
Page 4	Jenuer den 8ten 1842 Empfangen von Rubin Scheurer vendu Gelt die Som	5.28
	Jenuer den 28ten 1842 Empfangen von Georg Frantz vor eine Noth die habt Som und Intressen	25.00
		1.54
	Februwahry den 6tn 1842 Empfangen von Stephen Lentz vendu Geld die Som	4.00
Page 5	Februwahry den 14ten 1842 Empfangen von Paul Braun die Som von zehn Dahler und Dreisig Cent, Intressen Geld	10.34
	Februwahry den 18ten 1842 Empfangen von Joseph S. Dubs die Som	8.82
	Maertz den 5ten 1842 Empfangen von Joel Scheurer die Som Ein Dahler vendu Geld	1.00
Page 6	Maertz den 16ten Empfangen von Salomon Kratzer die Som von Siewen Dahler und Sechzig Cent vendu Geld	7.60½
Page 7	Is blank	
Page 8	Empfangen Nofember, den 6ten 1841 von Jacob Scheurer, einer von den Administreters von Cadarina Scheurer, vor ihr Guts zu bressen die Som von zwey un sechzig Cent Empfangen bey mir in voll (signed) Adam Troxell	00.62
	Received November 19, 1841 of Jacob Sheirer one of the Adms. of Catharine Sheirer deceast Ten Dollars and Seventy two Cents in full for Store Goods for funeral	10.72
	Stephen Balliet p. John Schantz, Jr.	
	Nofember den 23ten 1841 Empfangen von Jacob Scheurer, Einer von den Administreters des Verstorbenen Cadarina Scheurer, die Som von Drey Dahler und Fuenfunsiewenzig Cent vor Drey bushel weyzen von Josep Eberhart Empfangen bey Mir in voll (signed) James Sheirer	3.75
Page 10	Received North Whitehall December 21st 1841 of Jacob Shiry one of the administrators of the estate of Catrine Shiry, Dec., the sum of ninety cents in full for Beef for the funeral (signed) John Osmun	.90
	December den 25ten 1841 Empfangen von Jacob Scheurer Einer von den Administreters von Cadarina Scheurer die Som von Drey Dahler 15 Cent vor Rinds fleish zu ihrem Begraebnisz Empfangen bei Mir in voll (signed) Saloman Steckel	3.15
Page 11	Received December the 30th 1841 of Jacob Sheirer, one of the adms. of Catharine Sheirer, Four Dollars & Sixty two & a half cent for writing vendue, copy and other services and Rec'd by (signed) Dan Sager	4.62½
	Bahr—Bezahlt vor leicht umkosten vor Cadarina Scheurer die Som von (signed) Jacob Scheurer	15.52
Page 12	December den 30ten 1841 ueber habt die Som von $15.00 bey der Vendu und leicht Umstenten und Noch Andere Umstenten—Jacob Scheurer	
	December den 30ten 1841 Zweu huntert und fuenfunachzig Dahler, und Ein un fuenfzig Cent vor Meine Mutter Cadarina Scheurer, zu halten Die zeyt von Siewen jahr fuenf Monath und Ein halwer	285.51
Page 13	December den 30ten 1841 Empfangen von Jacob Scheurer einer von den Administreters, von Cadarina Scheurer die Som von Zwoelf Dahler vor Cadarina Scheurer zu pflegen und ihr Sach zu Weshen Empfangen Bey Mir in voll ihr Salmeh X Sher Merk	
Page 14	Recd Decm. 31, 1841 of Mr. Jacob Sheirer, one of the Adms. of Catharina Sheirer, dec. thirteen dollars and thirty seven and one half cents for letters of Adm. f.r. exam. preping and filing the Amount & of the Estate of said dec. (signed) Sam Marx	13.37½
	Paid March 15th 1842 John Jacob Sheirer one of the Adms. of Cathrine Sheirer, dec., the sum of three Dollars Eighty Seven cts., in full for MD etc. W. S. Kohler	3.87
Page 15	Dasz ist alles versettelt in voll	

EN LUMP

En Lump zu sei iss graad so'n Sach,
Wann d' g'fange warrscht, dann bischt's mol schur!
Wann d' weckkummscht mit—geh acht, ich lach—
Dann warrscht yo gaar en Gentleman!

Des iss so'n Sach, das d' net verschtehscht,
Bis d' aa drin waarscht un hoscht 's gelaernt!
Net alles iss yuscht graad wie's heesst,
Der Naame meent yo efters nix!

'S sott net so sei, des wiss mer doch!
Schteh bei deim Wart un loss net geh!
Wer des net dutt, graabt dief en Loch
Un fallt aa nei—un bleibt aa dart!

En ehrlich Haerz draagt weid dich naus,
Es schtoppt net do—'s iss net vun do—
En Schtopper kummt am letschte raus,
Wie dicht eig'setzt ins hartschte Hols!

—CHARLES ALLABAR BUTZ
(1874-1945)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. CORA M. KNAPPENBERGER

Mrs. Cora M. Knappenberger of 530 Cleveland St., widow of Alvin Knappenberger, died yesterday in the Allentown hospital at the age of 72 years.

Born at Hensingersville, she was a daughter of the late Jonas and Carolina, nee Dankel, Wetzel. She was a member of Grace Evangelical and Reformed church.

Surviving are a daughter, Eva, widow of Arthur Fluck, of Bethlehem; two sons, Ralph M. and Prynton E., of Allentown.

Rev. C. Harry Kehm will officiate at services Monday at 2 p. m. at the Stanley S. Stephens funeral home, 1335 Linden St., with interment in Greenwood cemetery. Friends are invited to call Sunday from 7 to 9 p. m.

WESLEY W. WILLIAMS

Wesley W. Williams, 40, of 7 N. 4th St., Coplay, died at 5:30 a.m. yesterday at Sacred Heart hospital, where he had been a patient for two weeks. He had been in ill health for some time.

Son of George and Ellen, nee Fenstermaker, Williams, he was born in Coplay and resided there all his life.

For the past 14 years Mr. Williams had been employed as a twister by the Hi-Grade Textile Co., this city. He had been a member of Trinity Evangelical and Reformed church, Coplay.

Besides his parents, he is survived by his widow, Mary C., nee Beck, Williams; one daughter, Darlene, at home; two sisters, Mrs. George Heffelfinger, Coplay and Esther, Coplay; two brothers, George, Northampton and David, Coplay.

Private services will be held from the late home on Monday at 1:30 p. m. followed by continued services in St. John's Lutheran church, Coplay. Burial will be in Zion Stone church cemetery.

MRS. ELLEN R. HUMMEL

Mrs. Ellen R. Hummel, 63, a former resident of Maxatawny township, Berks county, died yesterday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Herber, Hamburg, R. 2.

She was a daughter of the late Jacob and Emma (Hummel) Kershner, and was born in Richmond township, Berks county. She was a member of the Lutheran wing of Dunkels church.

Surviving are two children, Clarence Jr., Kutztown; Anna, wife of Lloyd Herber, four grandchildren, and a brother, Harry of Hamburg, R. 3.

Rev. Ira Klick will officiate at services to be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. from the late home. Continued services and burial at Dunkels church.

For Servicemen

Q. When the widow of a merchant seaman is notified that her husband is presumed dead, does she receive further official notice or is this the final word? R. E. N.

A. The War Shipping Administration says that the Presumptive Death Certificate is the only notification which is issued unless someone actually witnessed the death. The certificate which the widow received serves as a record of death.

Q. If a sailor was called back to duty when the war broke out, following his retirement after 38 years, is he entitled to mustering-out pay? L. J.

A. Men, who at the time of discharge or release from active duty are transferred or returned to the retired list, with retired pay, or to a status in which they receive retirement pay, are not eligible for the benefits of the mustering-out pay law.

Q. In the demobilization plan of the Navy Department what determines a state of dependency for which ten points are allowed? J. McB.

A. Dependency is determined, for the purpose of points toward discharge, for enlisted personnel by authorization as of 15 August 1945 for payment of money allowances for dependents or money allowances in lieu of quarters for dependents; and authorization as of 15 August 1945 for the payment of a subsistence allowance for dependents of commissioned personnel. If such dependency allowances are being received by the man he has ten points regardless of the number of dependents or their status.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Is Widder Tzurick

Yar, der Ted Gaumer doh fon da shtadt, un Steward in da Mountainviller fire kumpany is widder tzurick, un munder un g'sund noch seinra arya arip noch Camden, New Jersey, 'n woch tzurick. Der Ted wor ow'r net laenich gonga, der Charlie Schmidt, der Bill Keiper un noch etlicha onnerra worra aw mit, un sin gonga fer 'm Ted sei bruder p'sucha dart drunna in Jersey. So os sie net gabodder'd weara mit trolleys, trains odder ihra aigna mashine, hen sie sich 'n taxie gading'd, un hen der Mountainviller fire hall ferlossa Dunnershdawg owets noch tzu moch-tzeit.

'M Ted sie bruder hut net gawist os die boova kumma, un wor arrick froh fer sie sehna wie sie 'n endlich moryets so oh da fierra ous 'm bed gagrisha hen kot. Wos sie tzu essa, un drinka hen kot wase ken saelicher mensch, un niemond wil aw wissa woh die taxie sie ol iwwer rum ganumma hut. So fiel is ow'r ons dawgs licht kumma, der Ted for Fridawgs net drous shoffa, un Somshdawgs moryets hut sei "Toots" der firehall uf garufa, un g'sawt, er wear ols noch net in shape fer Somshdawgs nous kumma shoffa. Fridawgs owets hut die "Toots" g'sawt, hert er dote gae wolla, ow'r sie het 'm noh der kup uf 'n kucha ice galaig'd, unna buddle hase wosser on die fees, un wear widder tzu gnawda kumma.

Die barichda sin der Ted wear bis Mondawgs widder drous uf 'm chob gawest, ow'r het ols noch awenich darrich die auga deckle gaguck'd. Won er mohl widder 'n trip wie sei nemma wil hais'ds wot der Gene Heckman 'n nemma so os er net so fiel tzeit ferlierra dade on da fire kumpany. Wos noch mainer is, sie sawga aw er wear om rum gucka fer huls fer 'n hunds shtol hinna in sei lut baua,—ow'r niemond wil wissa ferwos. So fiel sin m'r ow'r shure, os sie fraw die Irene "Toots" gute guck'd uf da shtross mit ma hund on ra ket. Yusht sis aw net g'sawt os er ferleicht 'n hund griega wil, 'n shtol wie sei kumt ma mensch alsa mohl handich rei fer tzu gawissna tzeita selwar nei shluppa.

Des da wenicher os der Ted hoert fon "Taxie, Taxie," des da liever is es 'm.

Arya Hunder

Won aenich ebber 'n fish gorn hut os es net brouch dies tzeit fom yohr, dade der "Riggy" Reichenbach doh fon da shtadt 's garn laina fer ols mit nemma won er yawga gait fer hawsa un fersonta. 'S wear 'm noch so fiela liever wons gorn 'n longer hand'l het, so os ers ols yusa kent fer die fersonta hawna fonga won er na uf da shwentz shtaid. Sis net os der "Riggy" so gross feesich is, ow'r hut now yusht grawd gadroffa os der fersonta hawna sich fershluppa hut wolla im graws woh er g'shtonna hut, un die g'shpass is ob gonga wie der hawna fert fliega hut wolla. Os er der "Riggy" net mit ganumma hut wor allas, ow'r bis der ufruhr feriwwer wor, wor der fersonta hawna fert, un allas os der "Riggy" kot hut fer owets uf weissa wie er hame kumma is, wor der shwontz.

Ow'r der fersonta hawna sehna fert shpringa mit ous ma shwontz uf 'n net dreffa kenna, wor net ol fom aeland os der "Riggy" un der Garvin Ernest fon da Saucona ale kumpany kotta hen, wie sie sella dawg drous worra yawga. Der Garvin hut aw 'n haws uf grick'd, un woh sich so shnell ous 'm waig g'shoft hut os sie yusht net fershtae hen kenna woh er onna kumma wear. 'S hen etlicha peifa darta rum galaiga, un woh sie alla waig druf rum k'hammer'd un gaglob'bd hen, ow'r sis ken haws rous kumma. Sie hen so gore die peifa uf richdich in die hae g'shteld, un is ols nix kumma. Endlich hen sie ow'r g'sehna os ae peif 'n elboga draw kot hut, un hen mohl shtarta nei shtarra. Noh is der haws tzum onnerra end nous wie 'n blitz, un der "Riggy" un der Garvin hen 'n yaders tzwae shuss ferfail'd, un 'n anyhow net grick'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wons wear os hawsa un fersonta locha kenta, wolla m'r wetta os nochts ols 'n lot g'shpass rum wear, won sie nonner fertzaila wie arrick os yaeger sie darrich der dawg ferfail'd hen.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

25 Years Ago Today

November 17, A Wednesday

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Eckert celebrated their 53rd wedding anniversary at their home, 114 N. Ninth St.

About sixty members of the sophomore class of Muhlenberg college attended their annual banquet at the Hotel Allen. The committee in charge of the dinner included: William S. Hodge, Gomer S. Reese and Ira Zartman.

The Evening Chapter of the Delphian society met in Chamber of Commerce rooms to discuss the coming lecture by Mrs. Fred B. Gernerd on her experiences in Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Amandus E. Lamb entertained their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren at dinner in honor of their 60th wedding anniversary.

William A. Schweitzer, Adamstown, inspector for the Bureau of Drug Control of the State Department of Health, completed a tour of inspection of Lehigh county drug and grocery stores.

A committee, composed of one member of each of the P.O.S. of A. camps in Allentown, met in the offices of Claude T. Reno to make preliminary arrangements for entertaining the national convention of P.O.S. of A. camps to be held in September, 1921.

Today's Scriptures

Commentary by
REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content;
In thought, or act, accountable to none
But to himself, and to the gods alone.
—Granville.

HOW ABOUT PARKING METERS AND SEWER CHARGE?

Any citizen will sympathize with City Council which is faced with expenses for the coming year that amount to $175,000 in excess of all anticipated revenues, provided the long-existent tax rate be maintained.

That is a lot of extra money to find. That the City Fathers are hard put to it to find additional sources of revenue is indicated by the fact that after many days of consultation and study they have come up with only two which appear to them to be practicable and fairly lucrative. Even at that the two sources, according to their estimates, will not yield a total of $175,000 and therefore would require a property tax increase, smaller of course than if the entire amount would have to be raised upon real estate.

Inasmuch as neither of the two additional sources of revenue is highly popular it is indeed probable that the easier, and more certain way of solving the problem—raising the tax rate from 12.4 mills to 14 mills or about 12 per cent—will be adopted.

But it may be well to discuss the alternative propositions suggested and now being discussed by Council as additional revenue-raising plans. Even if neither be adopted at this time it is practically certain that at some time, some City Council will adopt both money-raising plans since both appear inevitable. Discussion should clarify public opinion on both.

In the first case is the matter of the establishment of a sanitary sewer service tax which Council estimates would return to the city, if levied next year, a total of about $90,000. In the past property owners have paid for the plumbing necessary to connect their waste systems with the sanitary sewers. Property owners continue to pay thru taxation for the general system which was constructed thru the issuance of bonds which are being paid. But nothing is being paid for the daily and hourly service which the City provides, yet that service is a costly one for the City. Inasmuch as such a levy would not really be a tax but a service charge, it can be believed that the time will come (even if City Council does not decide that this is the time to begin) when such service will have to be charged against those who benefit from the service, as against assessing the present charge of the service against all property thru the general tax upon all real estate. The time certainly will come when such charge will become necessary, if it be not immediately necessary and desirable, and the longer it is delayed the larger will be the amount raised by the levy inasmuch as the amount of service accorded by the system is increasing year by year.

As to the second proposition for yielding revenue, namely the oft-discussed proposition of installing parking meters in the business area, Council is fully familiar thru years of controversy with the idea. It is estimated that if they were installed, $60,000 would be yielded next year.

Primarily at all times this proposition has been advanced as a means of control over the traffic problem. It is regarded by eminent authorities on civic problems to be one of the most effective methods for achieving such control. Allentown long has realized that there should be controls but has balked at use of the parking meter.

This matter of parking in the business area is a serious problem, rendered doubly so by the highly concentrated state of business in the central section of the city. Allentown solicits outside business. That business comes to us by automobile and then the motorist on arriving here is confronted by the parking problem—and he even can't find a space in which to buy time thru a parking meter. This situation is bad today. It is going to be much worse when the flood of new motor cars begins to arrive from the factories. And it is bound to become worse with every year.

It will be confessed even by the parking meter advocates that the meter does not create additional room for cars. The problem of parking areas—garages and open-air parking lots—still is very pressing in this city.

Why not then at this time, when the question of the parking meter is brought up, sharply outline and arrive at a definite plan for the establishment of this highly-needed parking area in addition to the limited parking space along the curbs in the business area?

Why not agree upon the principle that if and when parking meters be installed the income therefrom shall be ear-marked absolutely for a program of purchase and development of free open-air parking areas just outside the central business area but within easy walking distance of the business section itself?

Just as the people of the State in recent weeks voted to employ all State Highway Department funds for road purposes only, would it not be popular among motorists if, when parking meters are installed, all income would be used to modernize Allentown and make it a Motor Age city by providing abundant free parking areas close to the business center?

Within that business center many merchants already are trying to meet the situation by providing free parking for customers, and this program can be expected to be enlarged. And within that business center the public garages can expect to do increased business both as to outdoor and under cover parking.

So if and when the parking meter be introduced, let it be introduced not as a general revenue-producing measure but as one designed to alleviate permanently the situation which it is designed to control; to cure an ailment instead of merely treating it.

Perhaps City Council has explored all possible means of finding new revenues. Perhaps it has not. Certainly there are many ways never employed in Allentown whereby other cities in the United States raise large sums of money to ease the burden upon real estate and therefore upon the cost of living. There may be some that could be adopted here with profit and it may not be too late to institute a search into their possibilities, unless Council is committed to a solution of its problem by some one of the five ways already advanced to the public.

Praise for Gen. Marshall

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23—Did President Truman intentionally or unintentionally snub Admiral King at the press conference earlier this week when lavish praise was bestowed on General Marshall and not a word was spoken of the brilliant work done by the man who commanded our victorious naval establishment?

Many persons in the armed services have been wondering about it. This correspondent believes that it was an oversight on the part of the President, for Mr. Truman has always spoken to visitors in private in complimentary vein about Admiral King.

What then was the reason for singling out General Marshall for special comment when the press conference also concerned Admirals King and Nimitz and General Arnold, all of whom figured in the announced changes?

The most plausible answer is that ever since the official Army board of inquiry on Pearl Harbor issued a reprimand to General Marshall for failing to put the Army forces at Pearl Harbor on the proper basis for defense on December 7, 1941, Mr. Truman has felt that somehow he must take the sting out of that criticism and show his disbelief in it.

Taking Out the Sting

The Army report shows that General Marshall was away from his post of duty during the critical days prior to Pearl Harbor and was out horseback riding when fateful messages were coming in concerning the situation at Hawaii. It was, of course, the responsibility of the Army and the Army Air Forces to defend Pearl Harbor when the ships were at anchor there and the special board of inquiry made quite a point of the failure of the chief of staff at Washington to transmit proper information to General Short.

Notwithstanding this background, Mr. Truman authorized the following quotation this week about General Marshall:

"I have said that I think he (General Marshall) is the greatest military man that this country ever produced—or any other country for that matter."

Now General Marshall is a very likeable personality and he has done a very fine job as chief of staff but Mr. Truman is stretching it quite a bit to call General Marshall the "greatest military man this country ever produced."

There are some students of history who feel that Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee were our greatest generals and there are some who think a man by the name of Napoleon and another by the name of Wellington might be entered in the contest when the President begins to cover the history of all other countries, too.

Other Great Generals

There are observers who think that Marshal Foch was a great general and some who think the British and Russians have had some great generals in this war and maybe General Eisenhower rates a place at the top, too. Then there are some persons in America who think General Douglas MacArthur is a great military genius and that what he did with comparatively little resources against great odds in the Far East entitles him to be ranked with the best strategists and organizers in all our military history. Mr. Truman's adventure in superlatives was none too happy.

Actually General Marshall has made a powerful impression on Mr. Truman, having won him over not only to the plan for one-year compulsory military training but to the idea of making one man a generalissimo over the Army, Navy and Air Forces and reducing the amount of civilian control over the armed forces. Mr. Truman seems to stand in awe of military men and apparently is swept off his feet by them. For some reason, also—maybe it is his own relationship to the Army in World War I—he has become a partisan of one armed service as against another. That's why it is beginning to be reported around Washington that the President has developed some prejudices against the Navy and Marine Corps which cause him to disregard their wishes and to force them to become subject to the control of the Army and Army Air Forces who will dominate the single defense department.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WANTED: AUTOMOBILES

Do you want a new car or an argument?

In all this sea of OPA dicta and strikes and statements back and forth, there are no new cars. And the OPA labored for six months and produced a formula which kids the manufacturer, puts the dealer out of business, eliminates the spare tire and leaves us without cars. And the cars are the crux of the proposition.

The OPA has always been a queer among governmental agencies but in this automobile business it would seem as though this price-fixing, price-controlling agency does not care at all whether we get cars or not but is more concerned with the proposition that it, the OPA, shall exercise authority to the fullest. But what matters, so far as the American consumer is concerned, is that his aged jallopy has one or more wheels in the grave; that it sneezes and fumes and make a noise like a death rattle. The ODT keeps us off the railroads and the OPA prevents us from getting new cars. And they call that reconversion.

The dealer is told:

"In setting retail ceilings on new automobiles, we have applied our normal policy of requiring that wholesalers and retailers absorb all or part of the increase in factory prices within specified limitations without passing it on to the public.

"Despite this requirement, dealers will actually realize considerably higher margins than they did before the war. The retail list prices for automobiles in 1941 permitted dealers a theoretical discount averaging about 24 percent."

Dealer Is the Sucker

In other words, the dealer is the sucker. That is how these great minds in Washington solve the problem of the row between the great automobile companies and the great labor unions. And all that Mr. Bowles' statement means is that the dealer in 1941 had a mark-up of 24 percent, out of which he paid rent, taxes, salesmen and other employes, electric light bills, including neon signs, advertising, kickbacks, etc. Maybe, he made an extra dollar or two chiseling on used cars, but any businessman, even the smallest, will be able to prove that a 24 percent mark-up will produce a comparatively small profit. Of course, if the volume is large, the small profit may develop a large gross—but if there are no cars, the overhead will eat up everything.

Suggest Mr. B. Resign

I would suggest as a practical proposition that Mr. Bowles resign from the OPA and attempt, under the terms of his ukase, to operate as an automobile dealer in Springfield, Mass., whence he came. I know Springfield well, owning a farm not too far from it. In the first place, Mr. Bowles would have to work himself because labor of any kind, even white collar salesmen, is hard to get. He would have to give his salesman a salary and commission and maybe he would have to dust off and oil his cars because the customer wants a demonstration on Sunday morning, which is the only time he has to see a car demonstrated in the Berkshire hills. That is just one little example of what Mr. Bowles would not like.

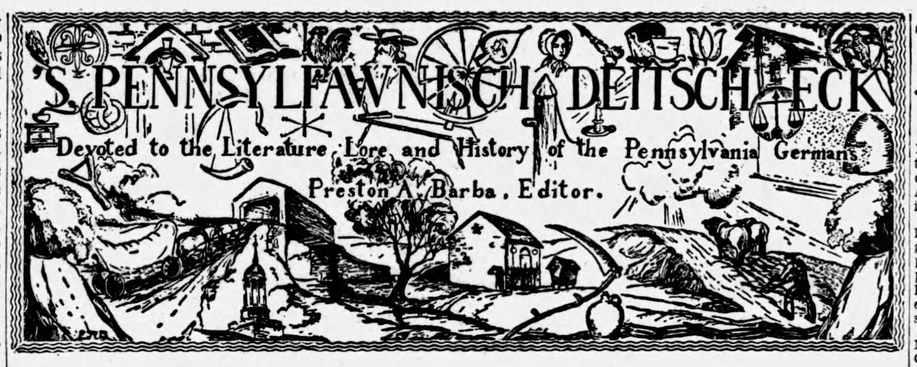
I could pile it up, but what's the use? Every small businessman knows what I mean and he knows even better than I do that it was a snide and heartless trick for Mr. Bowles to give the impression that these small men, even in 1941, made a profit of 24 percent per car when even an independent, side-street grocer could tell him that that figure includes mostly overhead and what remains is a comparatively small amount, added to by such labors as sellings parts, running a service station and repair shop and dealing in second-hand cars. Or doesn't Mr. Bowles and the OPA know how business is done in the United States?

Back in his yesteryears when Chester Bowles was earning a living, he was what is known in the trade as a 15 percent man; that is, he represented national advertisers who paid him nothing but he got 15 percent from the newspapers, magazines and other media. Who knows what that experience has done to his mind—but does it get us new cars?

(Copyright, 1945)

Several Ogham stones, believed to be of archaeological importance, have been found at Kerry, Eire, and the Eire National Museum is investigating.

More than 2,000 of the 2,000 Barbadian laborers who took jobs in the United States last year have returned to Barbados.



WHO WAS HANSYARRICK?

By RALPH CHARLES WOOD
Pennsylvania State College

Fifteen years ago in Cincinnati, Ohio, as I was paging through some old issues of the **Cincinnatier Volksblatt** and the **Cincinnatier Freie Presse** of the period around 1910, I was surprised to find, in the **Freie Presse** a weekly Pennsylvania German column called "Der Pennsylvanier" and signed "Hansjoerg." I asked George F. Moser, a veteran newspaper man of Cincinnati, whether he knew who had written it. He said that the column had been syndicated from Toledo, Ohio, and was used by many German language newspapers in the United States. Further information he could not give me.

I forgot all about the incident until a few weeks ago, while checking through files of the **Unabhaengiger Republikaner** (Allentown) at the Lehigh County Historical Society, I came across the column again. The significance of the column flashed into my mind; there had been no other nationally syndicated Pennsylvania German column, and this column, therefore, must have enjoyed more systematic distribution over the whole United States than any other. To be sure "Boonastiel" had been reprinted in part by various editors of weekly newspapers, but this was haphazard "lifting," sometimes with, sometimes without the consent of the author. And the "Press Syndicate Dialect Letter" supposed to have been founded by Joseph H. Light, Lebanon, and used in Lebanon, Fredericksburg, Lancaster, Lititz and Mannheim, seems to have been limited to those towns and not to have lasted so long, since research workers so far (Heinz Kloss, Earl F. Robacker) cannot name, with accuracy, any central date.

Checking through the **Republikaner** I found out the following facts. The syndicated articles under the name of "Hansjoerg" (Hansyarrick) began to appear regularly in the **Unabhaengiger Republikaner** in 1899, with the heading "Der Pennsylvanier," the cartoon portrait of the fictitious author, and with the signature "Hansjoerg." Before that date in 1898 some articles were printed with the signature, and a few with both signature and heading. Checking back, I found the first article signed "Hansjoerg" in the **Republikaner** on the sixth of February, 1889. Others followed in 1890 and at rare intervals until the regularly syndicated articles appeared. These early letters were either written for the **Republikaner**—possible evidence being mention of the **Republikaner**, whereas in the later boiler plate material this could not have been inserted—or "lifted" from other newspapers, as was often the case.

The general style and the content of the letters seemed to indicate that they were written by the same author as those of the later syndicated column. Other newspaper letters that were unsigned seemed to have been written by the same author. There is, for instance, a letter of the tenth of July 1889 on Muenchhausen stories, a subject which "Hansjoerg" in the syndicated column brough up frequently, and which he mentions already under his signature on February sixth, 1889.

The author seems to have been well on in age when he began the series, for he recalls events in Lehigh and Berks counties going back approximately twenty years. That he was a well educated man of German birth, or an American who had had a thorough German education, is proved by the fact that now and then he mentions the German classics, and quotes German folk songs. In the letter of November 23, 1898, in which he mentions the Allentown meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society, he states that he cannot become a member of the Society because his grandfather was not born in the United States. From constant reference to the "Schwoweland" in Germany and to farmers, friends of his born there, it seems evident that he hailed from that section. References to German singing societies of the Valley point to his taking part in the convivial activities of those organizations. That he was a newspaper man by profession, not merely an amateur scribe, is proved by his references to the tricks of the trade and to personalities in the German press, even as far away as Texas. Although evidently a born German, he knew his Pennsylvania well, and his Pennsylvania German literature. For instance, he speaks of Edward Henry Rauch as if he had known him personally. One reference to Conrad Gehring, editor of the **Kutztown Patriot**, around the turn of the century indicate that the two men knew each other. All the evidence of the articles points to someone living between Reading and Allentown, but someone whose interests as well as whose Pennsylvania German ("secht" instead of "saagt") belonged to the Allentown area. Kutztown would be the farthest west that one might expect his abode to have been.

The letters from 1901 through 1904 carry the by-line "copyright by J. F. Wetter," but as I soon found out, nobody around Allentown among those who could have known, remembers that name. Besides, the copyright need not necessarily have been in the name of the author. (That is something else I must trace down, the name of the syndicate publishing the stuff.)

From Edward W. Schlechter, grandson of William F. Schlechter, who was editor of the **Republikaner** through all the "Hansjoerg" years until he discontinued the paper in 1915, I learned that he remembered distinctly his father joking with his grandfather about "Hansjoerg." Mr. Schlechter said his father spoke intimately of the author, as if he knew him well. He said all of the characteristics of "Hansjoerg" fitted his grandfather who, at times, wrote in Pennsylvania German, but that he did not think he had written the articles for the syndicate. Telephone calls to various old-timers around Allentown revealed the fact that all of them knew the column, but nobody knew who had written it. The name of J. F. Wetter seemed to mean nothing to them. John Schenk, veteran linotype operator at Schlechter's printing establishment, gave the following information. The service was discontinued the last few years of the newspaper's existence, but since many people were taking the newspaper merely for the column, old Mr. Schlechter had instructed him to reprint some of the earlier letters.

Getting nowhere fast in tracing "Hansjoerg", I remembered that before the regular appearance of the syndicated column, "Hansjoerg's" letters had appeared at the same time as "lifted" letters by Conrad Gehring under the name of "Solly Besemstiel," "Peter Dapper," "Joe Wacker," etc. Could "Hansjoerg", then, have been just another pseudonym of Conrad Gehring's? A telephone call to the Kutztown Publishing Company resulted in Charles H. Esser stating that he knew no-one of the name of J. F. Wetter around Kutztown, and that he knew Kutztown newspaper affairs for the last fifty years.

The peculiar style of the letters was one employed by several Pennsylvania German-writing authors of German birth, as, for instance, Albrecht Kneule, Pennsburg, curiously enough also a Swabian, Conrad Gehring, a Swiss whom we have just mentioned and William F. Schlechter, editor of the **Republikaner**, also a Swabian. American-born writers such as Daniel Miller, Charles C. More and Henry A. Schuler, who could have "high-Germanized" their style for a German-reading public, can in no way, for various reasons, come under consideration as author of the letters.

Maybe some older readers of the "Eck" can help me. Did any of them know a J. F. Wetter, newspaper man of Lehigh or Berks County, as the writer of the "Hansjoerg" letters? Or do any of them remember who did write them?

Wer hot die Briefe vum Hans Yarrick g'schriwwe?

We offer the following example of Hans Yarrick's style: (Original spelling is retained)

Unabahaengiger Republikaner, 6. Februar 1889.
Mister Drucker:

Der Winter is nau da un es ist ardlich wiescht un kalt draus, dasz mer froh is, wann mer in der warm Stub sei kann. Uffkohrs sott mer dann ah ebbes hawe for die Zeit zu verdreiwe, sunscht werd's ehm langweilig un abbartig unsere Buwe un Maehd misse entertehnt werre, oder sie mache miszchief.

Unsere Kinner sotte all deitsch lese kenne, enihau die, was en Tschaens g'hot hen, es zu lerne. Es is ufkohrs alleweil arg hart, sie an's Deitsche zu kriege, awer ich glahb, wann mer ihne alsemol en luschtige deitsche Story gewe daeht, dann gingte sie doch nei derfor, wann sie es ah zuerst spelle mischte.

Ich hab nau gemehnt, die Muenchhausen-Stories waere juscht des Ding. En grosser Dehl vun Eire Leser hot gewisz schun vum Muenchhausen geheert, en Dehl mehner, as wohr is un en Dehl net die ganze Wahret. Viele glahbe verleicht, es haett nie net so en wunderbarlicher Mensch gewe, un es waer juscht so ufgeduh worre as en Sindebock for Hunters, Fischer un anner Kerls as die Wohret stretsche. Sell is awer net so. My Groszdady hot als en klehner der Muenchhausen gut gekennt. Er hot Tuwack for ihn geholt, die Spauzbax geklient und allerhand so Errands geduh, wie die klehne Buwe hier ah duhne for en baar Benze zu mache. Vun ihm hab ich die Stories mehner wie en Dutzend mol geheert; ich wehsz sie all auswennig; alle Wort sin wohr un ich will wette sie pliese die Junge un ah en Dehl vun die Alte.

Der Muenchhausen hat werklich un wahrhaftig gelebt. Er is im Johr 1720 in Deitschland gebore un im Johr 1797 dort ah gestorwe. Er war en Offisser bei der Army, un wie er noch en junger Mann war, is er nach Ruszland gange. Er is mitte im Winter uf seim Gaul abgestaert, iwer Poland naus. Der Wind hot ferchterlich gepiffe, un er hot sei Ohrlappe runner gemacht. Uf ehmol sieht er en armer halbverfrorener Mann im Schnee leie. Der Muenchhausen hat geduh wie der barmherzig Samariter. Er is uf den arme Deiwel zugange, hot ihm sei Mantel gewe, ihm die Bottel hiegehalte un gefrogt: "Sag, Landsmann, dachtscht net ehns petze?"—"Ufkohrs," segt der, nemmt en tichtiger Schluck aus der hingehaltene Bottel un schmatzt, dasz es der Muenchhausen ordlich gut hot fiehle mache. Er is dann weiter geritte. Awer der Herrgott, der dem Ding zugeguckt hot, der hot sich gefreit iwer em Muenchhause sei gut Herz, un er hot ihm nachgerufe: Buh, sell vergesz ich Dir net, un wann Du emol in en teite Pinsch kummscht, dann verlosz Dich juscht uf mich." — Ihr sehnt nau, der Muenchhausen hot en gute Protekschen g'hatt, un sell is ah der Riesen, dasz er iwerall so Glick g'hatt hot.

Er is im Schnee weiter un weiter geritte, hat awer keh Wertshaus un ah keh anner Haus ahgetroffe for drin zu iwernachte. Zuletscht denkt er, er misse sich ewe hielege wo er war. En klehner Poschte hot aus em Schnee rausgeguckt, do drann hot er sein Gaul gebunne, un naechst derbei hot er sich in der Blanket eigewickelt. Er hot geschlofe wie en junge Ratt, un wie er ufgewacht is, war's heller Dag. Was hot er awer die Ahge uffgerisse, wie er sieht, dasz er mitte im Staedel is. Vun seim Gaul hot er g'erscht nix gesehne, er hot en awer jauchze heere, un wie er in die Heh guckt, do sehnt er dasz arm Thier am werry Top vum Kerchethurm festgebunne is. Nau, wie denkt Ihr, dasz sell war? Ganz ehnfagh so: Das ganz Staedtel war zugeschneet geweszt, blos der Tap vum Kerchethorn hot noch rausgeguckt wie en Hitchingposchte, un der Gaul is dran feschtgebunne worre. Iwer Nacht is awer warm Wetter kumme, aller Schnee is z'sammegeschmolze un der arm Gaul is dort owe haenge gebliewe. Awer sei Bahs hot sich zu helfe gewiszt, er hot sein Revolver raus, geziehlt un die Lein mitte dorchgeschosse. Der Gaul is scheen auf die Fiesz runner kumme, un die Zweh sin weiter getraewelt.

Der Muenchhausen hot in Petersburg en Kerl getroffe, en alter Soldat, was im Krieg die Hernschaal abgeschosse kriegt hot. Sie hen ihn awer widder ufgepaetscht un ihm en silwerner Deckel uf der Kopp gemacht. Seller Kerl hot kenne en paar Boddel Schnapps drinke un is net g'soffe worre. Niemand hot's begreife koenne. Der Muenchhausen war awer alsfort uf zu Tricks. Er hot den Kerl klohs gewatscht un gesehne, dasz er allegebott seller silwerner Deckel en bissel ufhebt. "Aha," denkt er, "der loszt da der Stiehm raus. Er stellt sich hinnig ihn un hot en Maetsch reddy, un wie der Deckel wieder gelift werd, streicht er Feier un halt's hie. Richtig, do brennt's, aenlich wie die Tortsches was die Repoblikens bei der letschte Paraehd uf die Kepp getrage hen, blos viel scheener. Der alt Schnapser hot wunnerlich ausgeguckt, un es hot ihm selwert gefalle. Wie es ihm verleht war, hot er die Klapp zugemacht uns Gaehs war abgedreht.

Des musz es nau duh for desmol.

HANSJOERG.

NAU SAAG ICH DANK

Nau saag ich Dank far grosse crops
Weeze un Hawwer un Hoi;
Benner un Schtacks an vier per cent,
Un alle Sart annere dividend;
Far alle alt Gans, as rumhaer rennt,
Legt iww'raal en goldich Oi.

Ya Dank, gewiss, des saag ich gaern,
'S iss blendi uff allehand;
Uff me dausend Hiwwel iss blendi Vieh,
Vun de fedschte Ochse un Millichkieh;
Die Scheier iss voll un die Wiss iss grie,
Gans iwwer des g'segent Land.

Die banks hen Wechsel vun alle Aart,
Un alle Sart anner Geld;
Die Bauer hen greenbacks bei de Beck,
Un's Silwer des fasse sie uff in Seck
Un schtelle 's zurick ins Kammereck,
Es klingelt gedicht un g'nellt.

Ich saag aa Dank far Welschkarn un Schdroh,
Sauerkraut, Riewe un Schnitz,
Seider un Eppel un Hinkel un Sei,
Un fancy 'Gas'-wegge aa noch dabei,
Frisch aus de fac'try un gans iwwer nei,
Das faahre wie 'n Schdraahle Blitz.

Dausend vun Acker vum beschte Land,
Des bin ich dankbaar defor;
Millich un Hunnich schwimmt iwweraal rum,
Do iss en Darn, awwer dart iss en Blumm;
Nooch alle Schtarm kummt widder die Sunn,
'S iss doch gewiss wunnerbaar!

Schur, ich eegen ken Fuss vun dem Land,
Kens vun de Sache sin mei;
Was macht's dann aus wer der Eegner iss,
Gott hot die Sache all gewwe, gewiss—
Hiwwel un Baerrick un selli grie Wiss,
Des hot er all dohaer frei.

Er geht der Grund un der Regge un Sunn;
Nemm selli drei mol eweck,
Saag mer dernoh, wu iss nau dann der Reich,
Die holly-hock Hochkepp mit dicke Beich,
Wu meene sie eegne alle Hiwwel un Deich,
Un draage die Welt in de Seck!

Ich bin zufridda un dankbaar debei
Mit zwee gude Aage im Kopp;
Domit beguck ich die wunnerbaar Welt,
Domit sehn ich Sache viel besser as Geld,
En Glans vun em Himmel uff alle grie Feld,
Domit aa die Allmacht vun Gott.

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

AUS'M BIRMELIN SEIM MAMMI GANS BUCH

What Are Little Boys Made Of

Vun was sin die Buwe gemacht, gemacht,
Vun was sin die Buwe gemacht?
Vun Summerflecke, Schneckeschwenz,
Vun Darnehecke, Schtaakefens—
Ya, so sin die Buwe gemacht.

Vun was sin die Maed gemacht, gemacht,
Vun was sin die Maed gemacht?
Vun Zuckerschtengel, Ebbel, Niss,
Un alles was vum beschte iss,
Ya, so sin die Maed gemacht, gemacht.

The Man in the Wilderness

Der Mann in der Wilderniss frogt mich so schee,
Nau saag, wieviel Aerbiere wachse im See?
Ich gratz mir der Kopp un ich dreh mir der Wusch:
So viel as wie Fischelcher wachse im Busch.

Molly, My Sister, and I Fell Out

Die Bolly un ich, mer hen emol Schtreit,
Un weeschte fer was? Du liewiche Zeit!
Sie gleicht emol Kaffi, ich gleich emol Tee;
Mir waerre net eenich, so sin mer dann zwee.

One Day a Squirrel on the Barn

Der Schquaerl iss imme Welschkarnschack
Un fresst en ganzer Kolwe ab;
Ich ruf der Nochber, "Dabber, gschwind!"
Er schiesst der Schquaerl mit seinre Flint.

The Slim Little Tinker

En maagerer Blechschmidt, der Davy De Lang,
Sei Bee sin geboge un gucke wie'n Zang;
Doch, singt er en Liedel, der Davy De Lang,
Dann schtoppe die Veggel un heere sei G'sang.

JOHNNY'S CLOCKED STOCKINGS

Em Johnny sei Schtrimp schpringe fart mit de Schuh,
Sei 'Necktie' schpringt fart mit em 'Collar';
'Police' hen sie g'funne, nau was iss zu duh?
En yeder waerd "g'fined half a Dollar".

A Little Cock Sparrow

En batzicher Schpatz, der hockt uff em Baam,
Un zwitschert un zwitschert im glickliche Draam.
Nixnutzicher Yunger waar glei uff em Blatz,
Un saagt zu sich selwer, nau schiess ich der Schpatz.

Un hawwich ihn g'schosse, noh waerd er geroppt,
Gerischt un gereescht—mit Filsel ausg'schtoppt.
Noh zwitschert der Schpatz, "Nau guck emol dart!"
Er flappert die Fliggel un fliegt widder fart.

Deaths of a Day

HARRY A. SCHLASMAN

Harry A. Schlasman, 75, of 449 N. 12th St., Reading, died yesterday at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Rev. and Mrs. Harry I. Aulenbach, 1343 Turner St., after an illness of three months.

Born in Stouchsburg, Pa., son of the late Isaacs and Mary Ann, nee Livingood, Schlasman, he was a retired carpenter by trade. He was recently employed by the Reading Biscuit Co., Reading. His wife, Clara, nee Bleichert, Schlasman, preceded him in death six years ago.

He was a member of the Knights of Malta, Mystic Star lodge No. 47, P. O. S. of A. No. 243, Bethel and Trinity (Tulpehocken) Reformed church of Myerstown.

He is survived by one son, William, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; a daughter, Mrs. Mildred Aulenbach; two grandchildren and a sister Mrs. Cora Schmehl of Shillington.

Funeral services will be held on Tuesday at 1:30, in I. Parker Miller funeral home, 48 N. 4th St., Reading. Interment in Trinity (Tulpehocken) cemetery.

LEVI H. REINHART

Levi H. Reinhart, 83, of Sumneytown, died yesterday in the Grand View hospital, Sellersville, after a long illness. He was born in Milford township, Fucks county, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Reinhart.

He is survived by two children, Mrs. Carrie Reed of Sumneytown, Howard of Red Hill, one sister, Mrs. Matilda Schmoyer of Allentown, a brother John of Breinigsville, nine grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Rev. Charles H. Brown will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 2 p. m. in Freidens Reformed church, Sumneytown. Burial in church cemetery.

MRS. HARVEY TRAPP

Mrs. Harvey Trapp, 52, of 614 N. Lafayette St., a native of Lehigh county and resident of Allentown since 1934, died yesterday in the University of Pennsylvania hospital, Philadelphia, where she had been a patient since Oct. 25.

An employe of the Queen City Dress Manufacturing Co., this city, for 12 years, Mrs. Trapp had also worked as a waitress at the Marble Bar, Allentown. She was a member of the International Ladies Garments Workers and of the Reformed faith.

She had been ill since Oct. 9.

The former Mattie A. Lerch, she was born in Coleville, a daughter of the late Gustavus and Rosie, nee Fenstermacher, Lerch, on Aug. 24, 1893.

In addition to her husband she is survived by one sister, Mrs. Mae Strauss, and one brother, George Lerch, both of Allentown.

JOSEPH C. DITTRICH

Joseph C. Dittrich, 61, of 244 West Wilkes-Barre St., Easton, died at 12:40 a. m. Friday in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown. He was born in Brooklyn, son of the late George and Elizabeth Dittrich, and spent the greater part of his life there, going to Easton several years ago.

Mr. Dittrich was employed in the advertising department of Ingersoll-Rand Co., and was a member of St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Ida V. Dittrich, and a daughter, Miss Vera C. Dittrich, at home.

MRS. WILLIAM NOTHSTEIN

In ill health for the past three years, Mrs. William D. Nothstein, 53, died at 7 a. m. yesterday at her home, 436 Turner St.

A native of Allentown and resident of this city most of her life, Mrs. Nothstein was the former Bertha L. Moyer, a daughter of the late Milton and Emma, nee Diehl, Moyer. She was born Oct. 21, 1892.

She was a member of Dubbs Memorial Evangelical and Reformed church, this city, and of Maccabees No. 721, Bethlehem.

In addition to her husband she is survived by seven children: Robert Kunkle of Bethlehem; Eugene Kunkle of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Emaline Kunkle of 436 Turner St., Allentown; Pearl, wife of Harold DeRoner, 7th and Union Sts., Allentown; Carl Kunkle of Louisville, Ky.; Richard and Margaret Kunkle, both of this city. There are 11 grandchildren; one brother, Raymond Moyer of 1232 S. 3rd St., Allentown; three sisters: Elsie, wife of Elmer Stiether of Macungie; Mrs. Beulah Eroh of Allentown; Evelyn, wife of Warren Reitenauer, Huffs Church. There are also two stepsons: Raymond Nothstein of Wadsworth, Ohio, and Ralph Trails of Indianhead, Md.

She was preceded in death by two sisters and one brother.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p.m. at the Trexler Funeral home.

JACOB DEEMER

Jacob Deemer, 70, of Bath R. 1, near Bender's Junction, died at 6 p. m. Thursday. A lifelong resident of Moore township, he was a retired section foreman of the Lehigh and New England Railroad.

A member of the United Brethren church of Point Phillips, he is survived by his wife, Amanda, nee Stahley, Deemer; eight children: Mrs. Howard Danner, Charles and Norman Deemer of Bath; Mrs. Stanley Kromer and Mrs. Daniel Miller of Northampton; Mrs. John Raselv, Allentown; Mrs. Harold Fickerd, Buffalo, N. Y., and Willard Deemer of Nazareth. Also surviving are three brothers and one sister: Harry, Robert and George, Bath; and Mrs. Charles Barall, Danielsville; 18 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be conducted from the home Sunday at 2 p. m. with Rev. Herbert Bower and Rev. Clinton Hahn, of the United Brethren church, Point Phillips, officiating. Services will be continued in the United Brethren church. Burial in adjoining cemetery.

WILLIAM R. HUTCHINSON

William Raymond Hutchinson, 12-year-old son of Vincent Francis and Dorothy (Judd) Hutchinson, of 620 Smiley Ave., Bethlehem, died at 6 p. m. Thursday in St. Luke's hospital.

Born in Allentown, July 15, 1933, he was a sixth grade pupil of Stevens school, Bethlehem. Only survivors are his parents.

Funeral services will be conducted Monday at 2 p. m. from the Weierbach Funeral home, 835 Broadway, Bethlehem, with further service in the Cathedral Church of the Nativity at 2:30 o'clock. Interment in Memorial Park cemetery, Bethlehem.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Awenich Ferkullabiert

Golly reich wos wor net 'm Warren Blose sei fraw die Hilda fon Jordan Valley die ledshd woch ferkullabiert, wie sie g'shwind 'n pandy hawna shlochta hut wolla fer 'm ledshda Sundawg tzu rishda. Die Hilda hut gatzailt kot fer der hawna 'm Fridawg um reissa, ow'r is noh shun 'm Dunnershdawg gonga un hut ihra nochber Ed Snyder g'frok'd eb er net so gute sei wot, un ra der hawna sheesa. Der Ed hut g'sawt er dade, is nous un hut der hawna aw g'shossa, uns wor net bis der ketzer dote wor os es da Hilda bei g'falla is os es yoh airsht Dunnershdawgs wear, un os sie der pandy hawna Fridawgs shlochta het wolla. Die weil os er noh ow'r dote wor hut sie 'n g'shwind gabutzt, un ferol os m'r wissa wil sie aw net hous howwa wos fer dumma shtraich os sie gamocht hut.

Un sel gamohnt uns aw ons Warrens' boo Harold, woh doh net long tzurick so arrick ferkullabiert wor marrick sheesa. Wos er gamocht hut wase er aw heit noch net, ow'r wie er etlicha shuss g'shossa hut kot, hut er gamaint er het ainer fom Ed Snyder seina grossa anderich sehna der shlatterrup donsa 's shtick der waig drowwa. Un wie der Harold nuf is fer sehna wos g'shaina wear, miner sivatzae won er sie net gadroffa hut kot un wor yusht fers ledshd mohl om shtrovla. Sie's leicht tzu denka os der Harold gore mechdich uf g'shoft wor, un is ains gongs nunner tzum Ed g'shprunga un hut gawunnert eb er net 'n woke het os er laina kent. Wie der Ed wissa hut wolla ferwos er 'n woke howwa wot, hut der Harold so fershaich'd g'sawt wos g'shaina wear, un hut aw wissa wolla wos der Ed alla weil charga dade fer anda.

Ae shrote hut ol der shawda gaduh kot. Ae shrote wor da and darrich der kup us allas os may notewenich wor tzu duh, wor sie keppa un rubba, un sie wor ready fer die roast pon. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Harold die socha aw net hous howwa unbesser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Kons Net Fershtae

Der grumbierra bauer Clintie Geiger fon Neffs is alla weil noch gabutta darrich 'n fersonta erfohring os er da onner d

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
—Montgomery.

LOCAL AIRPORT'S VITAL PLACE IN AVIATION

The Allentown-Bethlehem Airport may come to be known as Little LaGuardia Field or as the auxiliary airport for all the New York fields inasmuch as whenever conditions for flying are bad over the fields of the metropolis planes are landed here and their passengers continue the trip to New York by automobile.

In recent days this situation again was illustrated with the landing and stay here of several planes because it was not deemed safe for then to continue on to New York.

While it is not incumbent upon this area to supply a field that shall take care of such emergencies for the fields in New York, it does indicate what an important place the Allentown-Bethlehem Airport occupies in the American aviation system. With all the more reason is a continuation of its operations desirable.

GIVE PRIVATE BUILDERS A CHANCE

The crowded condition of Allentown and the demand for more housing is well known to many builders who are just "rearing to go" in the construction of large numbers of dwellings but cannot do so because of scarcity of materials and inability to get priorities for what materials are on hand.

The Government on the other hand can accord itself such priorities and therefore is in the best position under present conditions to go ahead with construction in areas where housing is at a premium.

This is likely to come about in Allentown, according to a report from the Federal Public Housing Authority which reports that a project for 600 dwelling units is on file in its office—a project that was planned by the Allentown Housing Authority more than a year ago.

In the meantime, if the Government will give local builders a chance, they will be glad to do much toward easing the housing situation.

HESS CRAZY LIKE A FOX

Like a defendant who has been charged with a serious crime, pleads not guilty and gets an eager and vigorous lawyer to build up a good case for him and then suddenly pleads guilty, Rudolf Hess, No. 2 Nazi until he secretly flew to Scotland, yesterday confounded his counsel by asserting very positively that he has been feigning amnesia and evidences of insanity all along.

Hess, who had been a prisoner of the British for several years, had fooled a dozen or more of the leading psychiatrists who had been examining him from time to time inasmuch as the British, acting under law similar to ours, did not wish to prosecute a mentally incompetent person for criminal acts. Psychiatrists were ready to testify as to the incompetency of Hess to remember his criminal acts as a Nazi. His lawyer had built up a great plea to haye Hess removed from the list of defendants in the Nuremberg trials. But before he had been able to finish that plea, Hess in most convincing fashion devastated the entire case. He admitted that he had deliberately fooled his lawyer as well as the psychiatrists, knew everything that he had done and was ready to assume responsiblity for his acts and for any orders that he had signed or co-signed as one of the leaders of the Nazi party and of the German operations.

So the qualms of those who feared that a demented man might not be treated as our ethics and legal procedure demand will be allayed. Hess will stand trial with the rest of his gang and will go the way of all them—a long but certain road to the gallows.

SAVING CARS FROM THE JUNK HEAP

Difficult driving conditions for motor cars during recent days emphasize for motorists the precautions which winter driving will demand if their cars are to be kept away from the junk piles.

Traffic experts have been predicting that the "worst traffic accident winter in history" is ahead of us. This has prompted the International Association of Chiefs of Police to issue a warning to all drivers to "prevent needless injuries, deaths and destruction of scarce motor vehicles caused by neglecting practical precautions to offset winter driving hazards."

1. Maintain visibility. You must see a hazard to avoid it. Check windshield defroster-wiper, headlights and keep windshield clean.

2. Reduce speeds according to snow and ice conditions. Remember, it takes 3 to 11 times normal distance to stop on snow or ice without tire chains.

3. Keep safe distance from vehicle ahead. When roads are slippery allow 3 to 6 car lengths for every 10 m.p.h. because snow and ice increase braking distances 3 to 11 times over those required on dry pavement. Slipperiness on ice varies, glare ice at near thawing temperatures being twice as slippery as dry ice about zero.

4. Put on anti-skid chains when snow or ice prevail. Tire chains reduce braking distances 40 to 50 per cent and provide needed "go" traction on snow or ice.

5. Practice "defensive driving." This means driving so that you are prepared for any emergency under prevailing conditions. Anticipate mistakes of pedestrians and other drivers.

6. Signal intentions clearly as possible. When turning or stopping remember others can't do likewise as quickly as normal on hard-packed snow or ice. Some may have neglected chains.

The war is over but transportation is vital to successful reconversion and civilian economy. Over 5,000 cars are going off the road every day. Since Pearl Harbor 9,500,000 vehicles have left the road for the junkpile, and new ones won't be available 'til later than you think. More serious is the fact that more Americans have been killed and injured since Pearl Harbor by traffic accidents than were killed or wounded in the war, and winter is a salient element of the traffic problem.

THE PRESIDENTS' "MOTHER'S DAY"

The American people have been touched by the filial devotion exhibited by President Truman who on Sunday, when finding a few hours of leisure from the busy cares of his office, flew to Independence, Mo., to see his aged mother upon her birthday anniversary.

The trip had not been announced in advance. It was one taken on the spur of the moment and except for a few the President's destination was unknown. Only because the ubiquitous newsmen traced Mr. Truman his whereabouts on Sunday might never have become known for he returned to the White House with as little ceremony as he had left it earlier in the day.

FIRST REAL CHRISTMAS FOR LITTLE ONES

The delight of little children upon viewing the beautiful lighting in Allentown's shopping section reminds us that for many the lighting is an absolute novelty.

During the war and its restrictions upon lighting, the Christmas trim was not up. Thousands of children born just before the war and during it thus are seeing the beautiful lighting for the first time. It has all the delightful elements of novelty for them.

So make it a point to bring the children to the shopping section in the early evening. While it may be passe for many adults, it still is new and fresh and interesting for the little ones.

The Uruguayan Proposal

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30—More than meets the eye at first glance is involved in the announcement by Secretary Byrnes of his "unqualified adherence" to the proposal made by the Uruguayan government that hereafter those internal concerns of American republics which have an international impact could constitute a basis for joint intervention by the other countries of this hemisphere.

Here at last is an acceptance of a principle which if applied to Europe might have nipped Hitlerism in the bud in 1933 or 1934 and prevented World War II. Mr. Byrnes and the administration are to be congratulated for having accepted the proposal of Uruguay to apply to this hemisphere. For obviously it could later be discussed in the light of a wider application to the rest of the world.

"The conference at Mexico City and San Francisco," says Dr. Alberto Rodriquez Larreta, Uruguayan foreign minister, "which took place at the close of this war, gave a still firmer and more definite proof of the common determination to make effective, to any necessary extent, the defense of the democratic ideal and of the individual as the essential objective. Thus the nations became bound, not only by international duties, but by internal duties having an international effect. . . .

"'Non-intervention' cannot be converted into a right to invoke the principle in order to be able to violate all other principles with immunity. Therefore, a multilateral collective action, exercised with complete unselfishness by all the other republics of the continent, aimed at achieving in a spirit of brotherly prudence the mere reestablishment of essential rights and directed toward the fulfillment of freely contracted juridical obligations, must not be held to injure the government affected, but rather it must be recognized as being taken for the benefit of all, including the country which has been suffering under such a harsh regime."

In brief, the proposal means that no one nation would pass judgment on the internal behavior of another nation, but that a group of nations acting within the Chapultepec declarations as an international organization might consider the international effects of an internal policy of any country.

Plainly the proposal is aimed at a situation such as has arisen in Argentina where the people are being deprived of constitutional processes and can only obtain their full rights by the violence of revolution. The United States has expressed in outspoken manner its denunciation of the Fascism of the Peron group in Argentina which controls the government there. But the United States alone cannot take action and should not. Whatever policy is promulgated should necessarily be the action of all the American republics except, of course, Argentina itself.

It is plainly apparent now that there was a time when the Japanese people were captured by the militarists and propagandized for war. Internal concerns can no longer be disregarded and that's why Secretary Byrnes's statement this week is of such profound importance in the evolution of world affairs.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28—A photographically nosey weekly magazine is out currently with a yarn that Washington and Congress have begun to turn against President Truman; that the Truman policy of getting good men and letting them have their heads in the cabinet and sub-cabinet is not working out efficiently, presumably because the men are not good enough; that the departure of Judge Rosenman, the Rooseveltian fixer and the arrival at the Presidential right hand of George Allen, a fine democratic fellow, presages trouble; that the Republicans have awakened to expectations of victory—and so on.

That is not the way I get it. Such a picture presents merely the visible froth of a boiling internal condition of the government; true as far as it penetrates, but not penetrating. More thorough digging would reveal the matter something like this:

Inner Struggle Is On

A tremendous inner struggle for direction of President Truman is going on between the old Roosevelt crowd and the party people; it ebbs and flows from week to week, day to day, and has not been concluded.

The Ickes-Wallace wing in the cabinet, together with the old New Deal clique in Congress, view with alarm the fact that the Roosevelt policies are not popular in the country and they are inclined to blame Truman. When they dare not express themselves openly, they spread their viewpoint in private and it reaches print in forms like the above-mentioned magazine story.

It is customary in politics for parties to follow their great beyond the grave. The Republicans ran on Abraham Lincoln for more than 50 years. The Roosevelt ian associates would like to build up a political legend like that for the Democrats.

Unfortunately the times today do not fit the Roosevelt labor and spending doctrines, which were contrived for an era of depression and seem foolish in a postwar era of inflation.

Now Mr. Truman has followed and fought for every one of those policies from unemployment insurance and full employment (while there are still many more jobs than workers) up to spending (keeping his budget more than double Roosevelt's greatest peacetime expenditure). And he is maintaining expenditure at a time when purchasing power is much too strong for the amount of goods available.

He wanted to give labor a tremendous wage increase, and permitted the issue to go to negotiations, only when associates convinced him such a boost would add to purchasing power during the shortage of goods and surely bring inflationary ruin.

Sticks to Losing Game

Thus he has doggedly stuck to a losing game, the Roosevelt game, and with normal human perversity, the New Dealers blame him because their program failed to hold water. He did not "fight enough", they say.

Rosenman has now gone home for the final time, they also say. (He worked up the Roosevelt CIO-labor-spending program for Truman.) But Ickes, Wallace and the New Dealers are still around, and, as for the political angle, Democratic Chairman Bob Hannegan is heavily and exclusively playing the Roosevelt game, trying to save the Pearl Harbor inquiry from too much inquisitiveness, lauding Mrs. Roosevelt, etc.

Now Congress is scared of this, which it sees. Congress faces the polls next year, long before Truman. Congressmen are preponderantly against the program and would take leadership openly to face the economic facts of the hour, but they feel the necessity for political caution. They are trimming expenditures, delaying the CIO bills—but quietly.

The worst of the matter is labor picked a bad time to strike. With people panting for automobiles, and the Nation eager for humming production in all lines; high prices going higher and money, money, money everywhere anxious to be spent—the unions stop production.

Their strikes, therefore, developed the nature of revolt against the public, the government and postwar success of the Nation. If they had waited until purchasing power started to lag, and the goods shortage was absorbed by production, they would have had a better case, and would have gained public support.

This is the long running inner condition, which, as I said, fluctuates from week to week. Published political prophesies about Mr. Truman, then, merely represent pressure to force him to act one way or another.



BRIEFE VUM HANSYARRICK

(In the last issue of the ECK Dr. Ralph C. Wood of Pennsylvania State College informed us of a Pennsylvania German column which appeared in the FREIE PRESSE of Cincinnati over the pseudonym of "Hansjoerg" in the first decade of the 20th century. The column had been syndicated from Toledo and appeared in many German newspapers throughout the United States. Dr. Wood later discovered that the same Hansjoerg was writing articles in the dialect for Allentown's UNABHAENGIGER REPUBLIKANER as early as 1889. The identity of Hansjoerg remains unrevealed. Today we reprint two more of Hansyarrick's letters.—ED.)

Unabhaengiger Republikaner, 23, November, 1898

D'r Hansjoerg un die Pennsylvaenischdeitsch Gesellschaft.

Mischter Drucker:

Die anner Woch hot in Allentaun die Pennsylvaenisch-Deitsch Gesellschaft ihr Mieting g'hat, die sie alle Johr dhut. Ihr denkt, verleicht, ich war ah dort; awer ich war net. Ich kann net derzu belange un die Saellie Besenstiel ah net. Akkording zu d'r Constituhschen un Beilahs von seller Soszeiety musz schon d'r Groszdoty in dem Land gebore sei, wann mer en Member werre will, un meiner is net do gebore un d'r Saellie ihrer ah net. Awer mer lewe doch un sen nau enihau ah Pennsylvaenisch-Deitsch. Gell Du, Saellie. (Ich will browiere, die Saellie in en guter Humor zu bringe; des braucht Ihr awer net weiter zu verzaehle.)

Wie ich hab verzaehle heere, hot d'r Parrer Schanz vom Meyerstaedtel en Mohschen gemacht, dasz ah so Leit, wie ich un die Saellie en Tschaens hawe sotte, selle Soszeiety zu tschoine, awwer es sen zu viel schwarze Balle geschmisse worre un die Mohschen is verlore gegange. Es gebt scheint's Members, as glahbe, se waere en gut Stick besser as wie anner Leit. Sell is so ebbes uf en Art wie die Sons of Amerika, un an so en Ding wo Eener sich mehner denkt, weil er ebbes mehner weesz, glahb ich net. Des recht Ding waer, wann die G'scheide wotte die Dumme unnerichte, dann haet unsereens ah en Tschaens, ebbes zu lerne. Well, verleicht kumme se noch zu der Einsicht, dass mir Deitsche als noch z'sammetsicke sotte, wie in alte Zeite. In seller Lein is es alleweil net meh, as wie vor hunnert Johr un noch laenger. Domols hawe die Pennsylvaenisch Deitsche tichtig mitgeholfe, die Englische zu verkloppe un zum Land raus jage. Alleweil is es des Jaenkie-Stofft, was en Eidie hot, es waer besser as wie mir, un dene musz ah d'r Standpunkt klor gemacht werre; awer z'sammesticke misse mer.

En gewisser Brofessor Richards hot uf seller Allentaun Mieting ah gemenschent, wie's war in die Zeite vun d'r Revoluhschen. Er hot g'saht, do waer en Sort Leit g'weszt, was die Quaekers g'heesze haette. (Ich meen, esz gebt alleweil noch dervun.) Selle haette g'saht, es waer gegich ihre Brincipel, in der Krieg zu geh un zu fechte. Ufkohrs se haette in Phildelfi g'hockt un waere sehf geweszt, weil die alte Pennsylvaenische Deitsche von Lebanon, Berks, Schulkill, Nordhampton un anner Counties des Fechte geduh un die Tschanny Bulls zum Land raus geleddert haette. Sell war en haendiger Weg, un es weist juscht, dasz es schun in alte Zeite grad so Leit gewe hot, wie alleweil noch. Awer zu seller Sort hen die Deitsche nie net geheert; sie hen alfort ihr Duty geduh for's Vaterland. Wie selle Revoluhschen ausgebroche is, do is d'r Parrer Muehlenberg een Sundag uf die Kanzel un hot en regler Freiheetsspietsch gemacht. Uf emol hot er den Parrersrock ausgezoge un do hot er gestanne mit em Soldatekittel an. For Gott un for's Vaterland, hot er g'saht un is in d'r Krieg. Der hot sich net geduckt, wie die Quaekers.

Un was hen die alte deitsche Settlers in Pennsylvaenie ihr liewe Noth g'hat mit die rothe Deiwel—die Inschings! Awer d'r Conrad Weiser is mit ihne fertig worre—die alte Pennsylvaenische Deitsche hen eenig ebbes gezwunge.—Er hot ihne gewisse, dasz er net bang is vor ihne. Er is unner se nei, hot ihr Sproch gelernt, mit ihne gehandelt, ihre Maed gespaerkt un es heeszt iwens, dasz er en Insching-Maedel g'heiert hot, awer ich bin nett reddy for sell zu pruhfe. Es mag awer sei wie's will, enihau d'r Weiser hot en g'sunder kraeftiger Stock gerehst, den Pruhf hen mer. Wann emol em Parrer Schantz sei Mohschen gepaest werd, so dasz ich ah sell Soszeiety tschoine kann, dernoh find ich all so Sache aus. Se hen dort all die alte Records.

Oftmols winsch ich, dasz ich hunnert Johr frieher waer uf die Welt kumme. Ufkohrs waer's dann lang mit mir vorbei, awer ich bin schur, dasz es domols mehner Fann gewe hot, wie alleweil. Des kummt mir graad so recht in d'r Sinn, nau, wo wieder die Jagd angefange hot. Ei, do kann mer en ganzer Dag im Busch rumstreiche for en Fasahn oder en ermseliger Has zu schiesze. Frieher hot mer sich so ebbes zum Friehstick heemgeholt. Is mer korz an Fleesch geworre, dann hot mer sei Flint gelade, is in d'r Busch naus un es war lumpig zugange, wenn mer in ere Stund oder zwee net en fetter Hirsch oder en Baer hot bortzle mache. Alleweil sehnt mer so Gedhiers juscht noch im Forpoh seiner Schoh. Mer hot ufkohrs die Inschings watsche misse, awer selle ware net halb so gefaerlich, wie die Jaeger, was vun d'r Stadt do nauskumme. Un den Baure ihre Hinkel un Terkies ware domols viel sehfer, wie alleweil. Es macht eem schlecht fiehle, wann mer en alter Mann heert so en altfaeschene Jagd-Storie verzaehle. Mit em Schlitte hen se ihr Jagdglueck heemgefahre. Alleweil dhut mer's in die Jagddasch, die Jagddasch wickelt mer dann in's Schnuppduch nei, un des Schnuppduch steckt mer in der Sock. Es musz heitigs dags Eener schun verdollt gut luege kenne, wann er zwee oder drei Fasahne schiesze dhut. Mich daure juscht die arme Hunt, was uf drei Bee heemlahfe misse—wege Rumatis ufkohrs, denn es werd doch keener so dumm sei un en Hund schiesze.

D'R HANSJOERG.

Unabhaengiger Republikaner, Allentown, Pa.—
Dienstag den 5. Januar, 1909

Mischter Drucker:—In meim letschte Brief hab ich Eich geschriewe, wie die erschte Pennsylvanisch-Deitsche in des do gelobt Land gekumme sen un wie hart se hen schaffe misse, bis se bissel en Hauseinrichting gehat hen. Es muss net so arg plaesierlich geweszt sei. Juscht denkt, en bar Meile zu geh bis zum naechste Nochber! Domols hen se noch nix gewiszt vun Stohrmietings. Se hen awer maechtig bal anfange, Schule zu baue, un wann die Kinner ah net so viel gelernt hawe wie alleweil, so hen se doch lerne lese un schreiwe un mit sellem sen se ah dorch die Welt kumme. En Schulhaus dozumols war ah ken vierstoeckig Gebei, schee ufgefixt un mit Stiemhitz drin, sundern es war net viel besser verleicht net emol so gut as wie heitigsdags en gewehnliche Scheuer. Ah war oft uf zwanzig Meil in d'r Rund juscht een so Schulhaus. Bischur sen dann im Winter, wann's en bar Fusz Schnee gehat hot, die Kinner derheemgebliewe un weil se nix gewiszt hen vun an Paerties zu gehe, oder in die Muhfing Pickter Schoh Oweds, so hen se ewe ihr Lessen gestoddiet—d'r alt Mann hot se mache lerne.—Ah en Kerch oder Mietinghaus, wie se's geheesze hen, is do oder dort gebaut worre un eens vun die aeltere Maenner, was die bescht Lerning gehat hot, hot von Zeit zu Zeit gebredigt, weil en Parrer net so leicht zu kriege war. Wann alleweil en gelernter Parrer vun Deitschland kummt, dann is er schur, dasz er bal en gute Stelle mit enihau zweedaused Dhaler Lohn in ere grösse Stadt kriegt. So ebbes hot es awer domols net gewe. Junge Parrer, was den weite Weg iwer's Meer gemacht hen, sen net kumme for en leichter Schnaepp zu kriege, sundern aus Iwerzeiging for ihr Beruf. Se hen gewiszt, das es harte Erwet for se is un wenig Baargeld.—Fildelfi war vor zweehunnert Johr schun en schee Staedtel un dort sen die Schiff gelandt un vun dort aus sen dann die Einwanderer weiters gezoge, nach Montgomery, Bucks, Berks, Lebanon un Lancaster Caunty un so an, erscht wenige, dann immer mehner. Ich hab mei Groszdoty meh wie eemol heere verzaehle, wie es en Spasz gewe hot, wie se in d'r Trappe (sell is en Blatz in Montgomery Caunty) d'r erscht Parrer kriegt hen. Se hen dort eene vun die erschte Kerche gebaut—wann ich net mistehken bin, steht se alleweil noch—weil es schun en nett klee Settelment war, un en Werth in Fildelfi hot die Orders kriegt, wann en junger deitscher Parrer do niwer kaemt, dann sot er ihn nach d'r Trappe schicke, er daet en gute Stell kriege. Es is dann ah so en Mann kumme un d'r Werth hot ihm grad gesaht, wo er en Dschab kriege kann.—"Well, was sen's for Leit?" hot d'r Parrer gefrogt.—"Forstreht," hot d'r Werth gesaht, was en arger Spaszvogel war; "juscht en bissel eege; wann Du for Instens en Bredig haltst, was se net suht, dann kann es Dir haeppne, dass se Dir die Hose auskloppe."—Des hot nau net arg blaesierlich gelaut, awer d'r jung Mann war fwerzeigt, dass er ebbes kann un er hot sich auf d'r Weg gemacht—zu Fusz ufkohrs. Am Samschdag Owed is er ankumme, is freindlich aufgenumme worre un am Sundag hot er dann gebredigt. Es hot den Leit ausnehmend gut gefalle un se hen enanner als angeguckt un mit em Kopp genuckt. So geschwind as er Amen gesaht hot, is er zur Kerch naus un dapper ab. Se hen ihm gerufe, do hot er anfange zu springe, en bar Kerls sen hinnig ihm drei un hen ihn ah bal verwischt. "Awer, liewer Herr Parrer, was soll dann des meene?" hen se gefrogt. Wie er gesehne hot, dasz se ihm nix dhune wolle, do hot er verzaehlt, was ihm d'r Werth in Fildelfi gesaht hot un dasz er bang war, er haet ebbes gesaht, was se net gepliest haet. Do hen se dann all herzlich gelacht, hen ihn an die Kerch zurickgenumme un ihn gebitt, doch ihr liewer Herr Parrer zu sei. Er is gebliewe, bis an sei selig End un hot viel Gutes gedhu. In die alte Buecher vun die erschte deitsche Parrer in Pennsylvanien kann mer vun ihm lese—Geiszenheimer waer sei Name geweszt, hot mei Groszdoty gesaht—un sei Andenke werd in seller Geged als noch hoch in Ehre gehalte. Bischuhr, en hunnertdausend Dhaler hot er net hinnerlosse, wie's heit bei som Parrer d'r Gebrauch is. Sellemols war des Geld ewe noch net d'r Herrgott.

D'R HANSJOERG

EHR DIE ALTE LEIT

Alte Leit un alte Sache
Mache oft die Yunge lache;
Viel meene sie waere mechtich g'scheit
Un hette Laerning himmelweit;
Sin oft mistaken,
Am End forsaken.

Geb doch Kredit fer was dei Paepp
Gelaernt dich hot wie du 'n chap;
Noch waarscht in karze Hossebee;
Hoscht net gewisst wann uffzuschteh,
Un oft so faul
Wie'n alter Gaul.

Un fer die Maemm geb Lieb un Ehr
Fer Koche, Backe—noch viel mehr;
Wesche, Biggle, Naehe, Schtricke,
Wiescht verrissne Hosse flicke—
Nix wie Lumpe,
Die noch g'schtunke.

Kritiziere, Dreck uffriehre,
Leit verschwarze un verschmiere,
Iss wieschder Schmutz mit Hass debei,
Gans deitlich nix wie Deiwlerei,
Das net bezaahlt
Die Leit yuscht quaalt.

Weesscht du besser wie die Alte
Fer die Sach in Ordnung halte?
Du denkscht verleicht "Ich kann doch schur
Viel besser duh mit meinre Fuhr."
Un rennscht druff nei
Bis alles fei.

In alter Zeit was hen sie g'schafft!
Sehr schtark un g'schwitzt—net yuscht gelacht;
Mit Sichel scharf die Frucht gemaeht;
Der reaper nau, der schneidt so breed;
Noch drescht die Frucht—
Was des en Luscht!

Die alte Leit viel haerter g'schafft,
Ken easy Lewe dann gemacht;
Ken karzer Daag mit yuscht acht Schtunn,
Wie viel in unsrer Zeit yuscht duhn;
Zwelf Schtunne g'schwitzt
Bis gans verhitzt.

Viel Yohr zerick meh Ehrlichkeit,
Meh Schpaarsamkeit un wenn'cher Schtreit;
Meh Lieb fer Leit, die in der Not;
Getrei mit Hilf bis in der Dot.
Wie schee des waar!
Wie wunnerbar!

So waar die Sach in alter Zeit.
Inventions nau, die helfe Leit
Viel zu mache mit wenn'cher Mieh,
Mit Klugheit un Maschinerie.
Ehr Alt un Yung
Mit siesser Zung!

Allentown, Pa. —H. HORACE ROMIG

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Mosbach in Germany

Editor of the ECK:

I want to write to you about things which I have found over her in Germany related to the "Penn. Dutch", or as I prefer to call them, the "Penna. Germans." I come from Boyertown, Berks County, and am one of them, and very much interested in anything I can find out about ourselves. I lived in Holland for three months and I can say for sure that our Penna. German is by no means the Holland Dutch as some people think.

I have been in Germany for five months now and have been in about all the principal cities except those under Russian occupation. I lived in Kassel for four months and travelled quite a bit through Wetzlar, Giessen, Frankfurt, Godesberg, Bonn, Cologne, Aachen, Duren, Heidelberg and Stuttgart. The German spoken around Kassel is not our Penna. German, neither is the "Platt Deutsch", as some people think. The Rhineland is somewhat like our Penna. German, but the German around Heidelberg is most like ours of any I have found. I have heard whole sentences spoken around Heidelberg, that are no different from Penna. German. The people around here are most like us too. (By the way, I now live in a town of 5500 called Mosbach, which is 30 miles from Heidelberg.) The people down here have those sun bonnets which are so plentiful back home. They cook much like us, including "Molassich Rolle (cinnamon buns), Eppel Boi (apple pie), "Gangne Kuche" (raised cakes), etc. They are mostly Lutheran and mostly farmers. There are many familiar names down here like Reinert, Reinhardt, Hoffman, Heydt, Hess, Stahl, Miller, Schumacher, etc. I have found no signs on barns in Germany yet. You know what I mean—those "hex" signs, five or six pointed stars, etc. But I did find something interesting the other day. I started talking with a nine-year-old boy and asked him where he lived. He said down the road near the house the old witch used to live in. He went on to say that she died a year or so ago and he and many other people were glad because she made people sick and did peculiar things. That's about all I could get out of him, but it sounds like the "hexen" of Pennsylvania, doesn't it? Talking to another boy I found that they still believe in "brauche" (powwowing) around this section. He promised he would get me a powpow book and sell it to me. He said he had four of them at home. He also said he believed in it himself, and that it was widely used on animals and people around here. They also go by the moon for planting, cutting nails, etc. like at home. The buildings are much like those around home—gabled roofs, neat, clean and with shutters. They also have some "Sprichwarte" like we have at home and nursery rhymes too. You have no doubt heard around home "Alle Mammi Butterbrot schlaggt die Katz im Keller tot." Well, I heard that one over here and I remember yet when my great-grandmom taught it to me back in Bechtelsville, Pa.

They also used those large "Geburts und Taufscheine" with angels and doves all over them and brightly colored. I have one promised to me. I'll go around and get it when I have time. They are very much like those used at home to about 1860. I have my great-grandmom's and great-grandfather's at home and they are 90 per cent like these over here.

In two days from today I am going to take a three-day tour of the Rhine Valley. It's conducted by the same German guides that took tourists around before the war.

U. S. Army GERALD D. LANDIS.

Deaths of a Day

ELIZABETH F. YANDL



Elizabeth Francis Yandl, 20, of 219 N. Jordan St., a student nurse at the Sacred Heart hospital, died early yesterday morning at that institution following an appendectomy.

Born in Allentown, the daughter of Stephen and Anna Marie, nee Gorza, Yandl, she attended the local school, graduating from Allentown High school in 1942, where she was a member of the National Honorary society. She was a member of Sacred Heart church.

Besides her parents, Miss Yandl is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Veronica, wife of Joseph Rosman; Amelia, wife of Floyd Mattiuz; Pauline, wife of John Kreuer; Theresa, wife of George Englert, all of Allentown; Francis, at home; Ernest, with the Navy, stationed in this country; Margaret and Charles, at home, and Charles, with the Navy in the Pacific.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 9:30 a. m. in the Charles H. Becker funeral home, 315 N. 16th St., followed by a solemn requiem high mass in Sacred Heart church at 10 o'clock. Burial will be in Holy Saviour cemetery, Bethlehem.

MRS. EMMA MILLER

Mrs. Emma Miller, widow of James Miller, died of a heart attack early yesterday morning at her home, 1138 Fullerton Ave. She was in her 76th year.

Born in Hereford, Berks county, daughter of the late William S. and Mary, nee Wingert, Kehs, she had been a resident of this city most of her life. She was a member of the Sacred Heart church.

Mrs. Miller is survived by a daughter, Gertrude, at home; a son, Frank, Allentown; six grandchildren, two brothers, Frank Kehs, Philadelphia, and Henry, Pottstown; two sisters, Sister Mary Incarnation, Lanark, and Mrs. Henry Spaar, Reading. A daughter, Irene, preceded her in death.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 8:30 a. m. in the Charles H. Becker funeral home, 315 N. 6th St., followed by requiem high mass in Sacred Heart church at 9 a. m. Interment will be in Sacred Heart cemetery.

RUDOLPH MINAR JR.

Rudolph Minar Jr., 3, son of Rudolph and Anna, nee Farkas, Minar, east of Main St., Northampton, died at 3 o'clock yesterday morning at Allentown hospital, where he had been a pneumonia patient since Friday.

Born in Northampton, he is survived by his parents, three sisters, Leona, Marie and Veronica, at home; one brother, John, at home; the paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Minar, Allentown, and the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Farkas, Northampton.

Rev. Michael Begany will officiate at services on Monday at 8:30 a. m. in the late home, followed by an angel mass at 9 a. m. in Blessed Virgin church, Northampton. Interment will be in the parish cemetery.

CHARLES MIRTH

Charles Mirth, 51, of 1452 Pennsylvania Ave., Emmaus, a retired hotel proprietor, died at his home at 11 a. m. yesterday.

Born in Austria, son of Charles and Julia Mirth, he came to this country when a youn man. Up until three months ago he was proprietor of the Limeport hote which he operated for 19 years.

Mr. Mirth was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Coopersburg; the Turner Liederkranz and the Oesterrich and Veterans' Verein, both in this city; the Knights of Pythias, Limeport, and the Milford Fish and Game Assn.

Surviving are his wife, Theresa, nee Wallitsch; one daughter, Elsie Mirth, at home, and a son, Alvin, with the U. S. Navy, stationed at Boston.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1061 Hamilton St. Burial will be in Greenwood cemetery.

IGNATZ HEILEMAN

Ignatz Heileman, 77, for the last 25 years a general employe at the Haberern hotel, Cementon, died yesterday at Wescosville after a ten day illness.

A native of Austria, he had resided in this country for 38 years. He is survived by a son, John of New York City, and a sister, Mrs. Johanna Bandl of Allentown.

Rev. Joseph Mohr will officiate at services to be held Tuesday at 2 p.m. at the Schisler funeral home, Northampton. Burial in Egypt cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Kotz Im Sock Kauft

Won die Lena, die Rose un die Helen Faustner fon Bath noch ra fendu gain don wert kauft, un wons yusht 'n alter kicha shonk is. Wos die maid uf kours uf der shlouder gabrocht hut fer 'n kicha shonk kaufa, wor, weil ihra Mam shun long garn ainer kotta het, un hut na g'sawt sie sotta ainer kaufa won sie mohl noch ra fendu kaimta. Wos die Mam uf kours fergessa hut tzu duh, wor da maid sawga, sie sotta der shonk gute iwwergucka fer shure mocha os er ol recht wear.

Wel aenicha waig, Baydawg nommy dawg wor 'n fendu driwwa in selra gagend un ains fon da socha os ferkauft is werra wor 'n alter kicha shonk. Die maid hen 'n fon weit'm badrocht, un wunners gamaint wie shtoltz os ihra Mam wear fer 'n tzu howwa, un hen sich glei hoerra lossa wie der groyer 'n shtarta hut ferkaufa. Ebber hut da maid mohl g'sawt allas tzu duh on ra fendu fer ebbes kaufa, wear fert nooka bis niemond shunshtil may nooka dade, un noh het m'r kauft. Un sel wor aw grawd wies da maid gonga is. Sie hen gabutta un gabutta bis sie der shonk kotta hen, un hen wunners gamaint wos fer 'n guter kauf os sie gamocht hetta, un wie arrick os ihra Mam sie lova dade won sie hame kaimta mit wos sie kauft hetta.

Now wos die maid gaduh hen kot, sie hen der shonk yusht outside baguck'd, un net draw gadenk'd os 'n shonk alsa mohl insides gons onnishder guck'd os wie outside. Aenicha waig wie sie der shonk kauft un batzawlt hen kot hen sie dahame uf garufa, un g'sawt ebber sot kumma mit ma trailer fer der shonk hame nemma, un wies aw is. Evens noh hen sie noch net inside nei gaguck'd, uns wor net bis sie hame kumma sin mit ihr'm kauft, os sie draw gadenk'd hen fer die dierra uf mocha, un die shublawda rous tziega. Un wie sie hen.—wel noh is na der mood bletzlich g'falla. Der shonk hut inside gaguck'd wie won er fert im griek gawest wear, un het darrichs wosser shwimma missa fer dafon kumma. In kartza werta, der shonk wor outside hooy, un inside foouy.

Der mood is da maid bletzlich g'falla so weit os ihra shonk aw gonga is wie sie ihra Mam ihra g'sicht g'sehna hen. Wos noch mainer wor, die Mam hut bletzlich g'sawt os sie ken blotz im hous het fer so alter fendu dreck, der budda wear yoh ous ol da shublawda garush'd, un die gons g'shicht so wocklich m'r mist bong sei sie dade ousa nonner falla won m'r sie yusht aw gucka dade. Un sie hen der shonk aw net nei ins hous ganumma, ow'r hen 'n shae drous im hofe shtae lossa woh noh 'n onnerrie shweshter, unna bruder paar dawg danoh 's gons waisa tzomma g'shloga hen fer bren huls, un sel wors end fon da maid ihr'm fendu kicha shonk.

Perol os m'r wissa wil die Lena, die Rose un die Helen aw net hous howwa os es rous kumt os sie 'n kotz im sock kauft hen, un besser sawga don nix may weiter, so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns.

KLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wons uf die alt sawg aw kumt woh secht, 's gaibt so fiel shnae imma yohr os wie der dawg fom mohnet woh der grund fers airst mohl weiss badeck'd gawest wear, mus em wohrhoftich die welt ferlaid sei.

Perwos es net paar shtun langer worta hut kenna fer shtarta shnaea wissa m'r net, ow'r denk wons aw het, un der airsht shnae wear g'falla uf da airshda, hets niemond gaglawbt os m'r da winder yusht ae shnae graichda—un wie m'r hoffa os m'r ken dreisich griega.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.
—Longfellow

YAMASHITA GUILTY OF OFFENSIVE WAR

The five-general military court which has been sitting in Manila for a number of weeks to hear the testimony for and against Lieutenant General Yamashita, war-time commander in the Philippines, yesterday announced a verdict of guilty and sentenced the defendant to death by hanging.

Yamashita, who vigorously fought the prosecution thruout and who has indicated considerable knowledge of American legal procedure, will certainly try to defeat the verdict or at least delay his execution until the last legal resort has been employed. He has indicated before that he expects to take an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States which may be established to be his right under our American law. Inasmuch as there should be no fear as to the outcome if the case be transferred to Washington, it may be well if he makes such an appeal and that his case be disposed of in finality by the highest court in this country. It would strengthen the precedents which are being made at this time.

The trial of Yamashita was of greatest importance, not because a top ranking military officer was involved but because he was being tried upon the general principle that war-making is a crime.

Yamashita at no time was accused by any of the hundreds of witnesses in the case of having committed any brutalities himself. It was not even charged by witnesses that he had witnessed the brutalities that marked the Japanese conquest of the Philippines. All that was shown was that crimes had been perpetrated by officers and men under Yamashita's command and that never had he lifted a finger to prevent atrocities and other war crimes.

So the conviction of Yamashita is a very big step in the direction which humanitarians for years have urged the world to take—namely to make offensive war a crime and to brand all participating in the planning and carrying out of an offensive war as criminals.

With that principle established emphatically and very pointedly thru Yamashita's conviction, it is going to be easier to go ahead with the prosecution of lesser military and naval men.

A THOUSAND SHIPS, HALF MILLION MEN

Even the United States Navy feels itself in the heated but clammy grip of that frenzied spirit of demobilization that has swept thru the Army and other branches of the service. Highly trained crews in which each man has very definite and highly specialized duties to perform are disorganized almost as fast as they can be put together. The men of the Navy want to get home after the war quite as much as their sidekicks, the soldiers.

But the matter promises to settle down especially when it becomes known just how strong the peace-time Navy is to be. The House of Representatives has given an idea of the size of that Navy by passing a bill, now before the Senate, under which enlisted strength promises to be 500,000 men, plus 100,000 Marines and 48,000 officers for the 600,000 men.

It has been indicated that with such a force of men, a Navy of a little over a thousand fighting ships can be manned and kept in readiness for immediate action.

Inasmuch as that is the largest fleet of naval vessels in the world, it is regarded as a substantial and satisfactory first line of defense. It will be a Navy in which half a million young men will find opportunities to learn trades for later years in civilian life or in which they can make a career that is quite as interesting and desirable in every way as a career ashore.

CONTINUE FAT SALVAGE CAMPAIGN

The war is over but it appears that American housewives are smart in appraising shortage of soap and soap products as basically a shortage of fats and oils and in accepting the resultant challenge to continue the saving of all used fats.

The end of rationing of food fats and oils has in no way lessened the need for salvage fats for industrial use. The collection of these fats is no less a peace-time duty than it was a cheerfully accepted war-time duty.

Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson is urging the continuance of the program upon everybody and while advantage in food points no longer is accorded, the cash price will continue and should prove well worth while.

EFFORT TO LEARN WHAT WORKERS THINK

Among the many polls which are being taken to learn American public opinion upon any subject ranging from a favorite soap or radio program to American foreign policy is one recently made by "Factory Management" magazine in order to learn what factory-workers are thinking about current questions.

To arrive at answers which approximate a cross-section of such workers' opinion, a personal poll was made on a nation-wide basis. In the report upon this poll it is pointed out that while many profess to speak for labor, yet the worker, as an individual, has a mind of his own. According to "Factory Management" the principal revelations of the poll are:

1. The majority of workers have never heard of the guaranteed annual wage, though most of them favor the idea, once it is explained to them, provided it does not mean lower wages.

2. Only about half the workers have ever heard of the Murray "Full Employment" Bill.

3. Ninety-five per cent of all workers want to see veterans reinstated in their former jobs. And 61 per cent endorse "superseniority," which provides that the veteran shall be reinstated even if it means displacing a civilian who holds greater seniority.

4. Workers did not expect wage rates to rise following the end of the war and most workers would accept less money if jobs are scarce, which they believe will be the case when military demobilization is complete.

Congress to Blame Too

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7—Four years have passed since the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and yet there is no unanimity of opinion and no conclusive evidence as to how it happened and what preceded the tragedy.

During the war it was a part of the official propaganda to declare merely that it was a "sneak attack." The American people were taught to believe that the entire responsibility for the tragedy was upon the Japanese militarists and upon a couple of our own officers in the Army and Navy who failed to mobilize our forces in time.

Today the story is being pieced together by a Congressional committee. It reveals that the responsibility cannot be imposed on two individuals but upon the War and Navy departments as well as the Department of State. It reveals that the negotiations with Japan appeared to be futile before they began and yet the armed forces of the United States were unprepared for the attack.

As a matter of fact every surprise attack is a "sneak attack" and, from a purely military standpoint, surprise is an important element. Hence the Japanese are credited in the testimony of our own officers with having achieved a well-coordinated and well executed maneuver with their carrier aircraft.

Japanese seapower demolished our fleet at Pearl Harbor and then went its triumphant way down to the Netherlands East Indies. As Admiral Halsey so picturesquely testified this week in opposing the proposed administrative merger of the armed services, Japanese seapower was what set us back for several months until American seapower could be built up.

But why didn't the United States—the wealthiest nation on earth—have adequate protection by carriers and land-based planes? Why, as General Marshall testified, did the United States have so few land-based bombers available? This is a part of the story which goes deep into American politics and American attitudes toward foreign countries and toward preparedness.

When President Truman said the American people were responsible for what happened at Pearl Harbor as much as were our military forces, he was presumably not trying to shield any individual or offer an alibi, though this is how it was widely interpreted. Many persons with political axes to grind had been trying to accuse the late President Roosevelt of provoking the Japanese so we could be drawn into the war. This was a baseless accusation and nothing has been adduced to support it.

The Department of State, however, had kept its negotiations secret. It did not tell the American people about them. A fear of being alarmist evidently prevailed and yet suppression of the true facts did help to catch America off guard.

In Congress whenever warnings against Japanese were made before 1941, there was a tendency to soft-pedal testimony from Army and Navy officers. Their recommendations for more defense weapons were often disregarded. While, on the other hand, the budget bureau slashed the requests of the Army and Navy for funds, Congress often restored them, but rarely ever beyond what the Army and Navy asked for.

The big unanswered question nevertheless is why the Army and Navy between 1930 and 1941 didn't insist on larger appropriations as against Japanese plans. The customary answer heard—as it was about fortifying Guam—is that there was no use proposing to Congress any such appropriations because they wouldn't be approved.

But why wouldn't Congress vote the funds to build land-based airplanes and carriers and a modern fleet big enough to prevent what happened at Pearl Harbor and in the Far East, where General MacArthur's forces were caught by surprise, too, and couldn't defend themselves effectively?

It was because the American people were not prepared for eventualities in the Pacific, members of Congress thought they, by their attitudes and votes, reflected public sentiment. Indeed, just a few weeks before Pearl Harbor, the House of Representatives, recording a huge Republican vote, nearly killed Selective Service legislation. It was retained by the margin of one vote even though the whole world was aflame with war and the threats to us were on the horizon.

The American people trust their government departments and their chiefs of armed forces to prepare for war. They cannot handle these matters except by delegating authority to their elected agents. The Congress in power not only in 1941 but in the years preceding must accept its responsibility for neglecting the chief task allocated to them by their constituents—the defense of the United States. That's the principal lesson learned after four years.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

"THE GOOD IS OFT INTERRED . . ."

Two contradictory moods affect the Pearl Harbor Committee: namely, that the truth concerning Pearl Harbor shall be uncovered completely and that the reputation of the deceased Franklin D. Roosevelt shall remain untarnished. This contradiction cannot be resolved, since it is becoming evident, no matter how reluctantly, that the confusions attending the Pearl Harbor fiasco were due to instructions issued by President Roosevelt to General Marshall.

This investigation would have been routine, without regard to persons, were it not that Franklin D. Roosevelt is dead and there is a not unnatural avoidance of becoming involved in the Shakespearean adage: "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Close associates often feel impelled to place orchids and roses upon the coffin, not thorns and thistles.

History and Objectivity

Yet, history can have nothing to do with that. Historically, Mr. Roosevelt is a remote figure like Abraham Lincoln or Chester A. Arthur. He will not be a candidate for public office nor can the mantle of his affections fall upon any man. The historian will view his career as objectively as though he were a Julius Caesar or an Ivan the Terrible, attempting without prejudice to measure his permanent significance and to appraise his worth.

The cry of his friends that the dead ought to lie in peace does not apply. For the man who chose to make history must everlastingly be raked over by historians of whatever pretensions. For half a century, students will be measuring his every act, studying his papers, inspecting his correspondence. Statesmen, like Churchill, will be writing memoirs which may sharply alter our view of Roosevelt's personality. Friends and associates, such as Sam Rosenman, will seek to beatify him, possibly out of affection, possibly in their own interest. Political enemies will paint him as the villain of our age.

It is impossible for such a man to lie at rest, for history is a restless mistress, ever searching for the truth. Pearl Harbor then is history and in it the role of Roosevelt looms large. It is childish perhaps even silly, to ask, as some do, "Do they want to blame the war on Roosevelt?" Upon whom is the Civil War to be blamed? Or the Spanish-American War? Or the Crimean War Or World War I? When not a man is alive who speaks so surely today, the true nature of the origins of these wars may be discovered in an analysis of all the documentation of all the nations involved. If to seek the truth is to malign Roosevelt, as his friends seem to think, then they, and not his opponents, cast stones upon his memory.

Smothered in Ambiguities

And so, let us not smother the Pearl Harbor investigation in ambiguities. The Army officers have, thus far, made a bad showing because their reluctances lead to suspicion as to their veracity. Either they were or were not negligent. This much is already certain: Admiral Kimmel and General Short were not to blame, for they were kept in ignorance by those who should have kept them fully informed. The question now is, Why? And no one can beg that persistent question. It will either be answered or it will wreck the Army, which we, as a nation, cannot afford to have happen. Inevitably the Army will be forced to tell why no one kept these men at the outpost fully and routinely informed. The brass in Washington might just as well tell the whole truth and get it over with.

And the friends of Mr. Roosevelt, in and out of politics, must recognize that just as he has gone to his Maker, so has he become the subject of historical examination and disputation. There is not a thing that they or anyone else can do, short of destroying historical freedom, to protect his memory from the pryings of the student and the scholarship of the historian. Thousands of books have been written about Napoleon; thousands will be written about Roosevelt. And he probably would not like some of them if he knew about them, for all his days he accepted as accurate and final his own estimate of himself.

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Hard Times In Berks County

An Historical Narrative by L. A. WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by the Editor of the ECK)

(Continued)

KIDNAPPED BY THE INDIANS

In the spring of 1775 Baron Stiegel journeyed earlier than usual from Philadelphia to his castle at Schaeffertown. He had hardly arrived there when he began to plan festivities to which he invited his friends and neighbors. His guests were to assemble at Conrad Weiser's farm from where he would then convey them to his castle about eight miles distant. Among the guests were Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, Conrad Beisel, Peter Miller, Joseph Hiester and Thomas Rieth. It is while the guests are gathered at Weiser's home at Womelsdorf that the following narrative unfolds itself.—ED.

The above-mentioned men who had gathered at Weiser's house at Womelsdorf for a long time discussed in the most detailed manner the weal and woe of the German settlers in Berks and the adjoining counties. The main topics were the religious confusion, the war with the French and the terrible and murderous attacks by unknown Indian tribes making their way eastward over the Blue Mountains and headed by that wild and bloodthirsty Indian chieftain and friend of the French, Peter Cartiere.

These men drew up a petition in which they most urgently requested the colonial government to send men, arms and munitions as soon as possible else the settlers along the Swatara and the Tulpehocken and at the foot of the Blue Mountains having no protection against the savages, would have to withdraw from their homes and farms.

The day on which the men sat long in counsel was on the wane, the sun was concealing itself behind the hills and the Blue Mountains had taken on their characteristic violet-blue color when a tall Indian was seen stealing over the Weiser farmland, followed by a female form wrapped in a blanket. In a few minutes the red man was standing in the doorway of the room in which the men were gathered. When Weiser saw him he at once sprang to his feet, for he had recognized his old and faithful friend, Shekelemy, a peaceable Indian chieftain. The two men greeted each other so cordially that all present were astonished and at the same time happy to learn to know personally the famous Indian chief. When the figure wrapped in a blanket continued to stand timidly at the door, Shekelemy suddenly rose, took her by the hand and, leading her up to Weiser, said: "Brother Conrad, I have traded this pale maiden from an Indian squaw in order to bring her to you, for I well know that you will take care of the poor child, perhaps even find her kin, who surely will be grateful to you." Weiser thanked the red man and begged the girl in the kindliest manner not to be afraid, for she was now among friends who would protect her and only wished to be kind to her. Encouraged by Weiser's friendly words the enwrapped form now came closer and extended her hand to Weiser. When she lifted her hitherto bowed head to thank Weiser, the men saw before them a girl of about seventen years, with a gentle but very pale face and large light-blue eyes that beamed forth gratitude. She was of slender growth and her abundant, long blond hair hung Indian-fashion far down her back. When she began to speak in the German language her voice was so pleasant and soft that all those present rose with curiosity and came up to see her more closely and to welcome her. Hardly had Shekelemy seated himself and a seat been offered to the maiden when Thomas Rieth appeared with refreshments for the two wanderers. Also Mother Weiser soon followed to see this wonder-girl, as Thomas had called her, and to greet and comfort her. When Mother Weiser promised to care for her as a mother would, the maiden pressed up closely to her and with tears in her eyes said: "A thousand thanks, dear good woman. I shall do everything to please you and be forever grateful to you; but alas! my people will never be able to thank you, for my hopes of ever seeing them again in this world have vanished.

When the girl had refreshed herself, Muehlenberg in a kindly manner asked her to relate how she had gotten among the Indians and what she had experienced among the savages. She at once promised to comply with his wish and began as follows: "A little more than three years ago my parents and their four children left the vicinity of Weilheim in the land of Wuerttemberg and emigrated to America. On arriving in Philadelphia my father met there an old friend, Jacob Weidle (great-grandfather of the late esteemed Jacob Weidle of Lebanon) who had come to the city to make purchases. The latter proposed that my father return with him and settle on the Swatara creek where he owned a farm which supported him and his family bounteously. It had made him an independent man. Each year brought him added prosperity. Gladly would he present my father with a considerable piece of good farmland and aid him in every respect so that the dear friend of his youth and his family might also soon be happy and independent. After my parents had considered the proposal of Daniel Moser, for that was the name of the good man, they agreed to accept it. My father, since he was a capable husbandman, now purchased the necessary tools and equipment and we moved on to the banks of the Swatara where we were most hospitably received and entertained by the Moser family.—The very next day Moser assigned to my father the land upon which we were to settle.

It was springtime and the weather glorious. With speed and diligence we applied ourselves to the task of building for ourselves a log hut by a beautiful spring only a short distance from the Moser dwelling; a garden was laid out, the entire Moser family assisting us both in word and in deed. In a short time a simple abode had been set up. Our good neighbor gave us a cow, chickens, geese, ducks and two young hogs. He lent us his draft oxen to plow a field upon which to sow corn, wheat and other grain. The grain grew excellently in the fertile soil and when autumn came our efforts were abundantly rewarded, for we had harvested so much that we could look forward to the hard winter without concern about our food supply

Hardly had the snows of winter disappeared from the fields when he once more went to work with joyous zeal and courage. The fields were plowed and sowed, the garden planted with the needed vegetables and fruit trees set out. When winter came along for the second time we owned two fine milch cows, a horse and four hogs. Also many fowls busied themselves about the stables which we had erected for our cattle and in which hay and harvested grain were stored. The garden had supplied us with an abundance of vegetables which we carefully stored in the cellar of the house. Our home was now right habitable. Since the Mosers were such good and dear neighbors we frequently visited with each other, and both families lived in happiness and contentment. But alas!—" Here the girl hesitated and sighed; tears rolled down her pale cheeks and some time elapsed before she was able to continue her narrative.

"Alas, in the night of November 16 we were wakened out of our sleep by the flare of fire and wild shouting; we got into our clothes as quickly as possible and great God! what did we see! The dwelling and the farm buildings of our neighbor Moser were wrapped in flames; we heard terrible shouts of fright and the horrible groanings of humans and animals. My father and my brothers hastened thither as quickly as possible in order to help them.—But it was the last time I saw them, for they had scarcely left when the wild cries also approached our house, and we soon caught sight of a band of Indians with firebrands. In a few minutes the flames also flared forth from our buildings, accompanied by the wailing cries of our animals. We women wanted to flee and rescue ourselves but we had no sooner gone out the door when we were already seized by rude hands and dragged away. After the savages had ended their murders and plunderings they drove us poor women, trembling with cold and anxiety, before them the whole night through and granted us no rest until they had reached their campingplace late the next morning. Here we were placed under the care of several Indian women, given food and granted rest. In vain we kept on the look-out for our father and our brothers as well as for members of the Moser family. We remained here for several days and were kept under close guard. Who will describe our terror, when it was hinted that we were now to be separated! All entreaties and pleadings were in vain. Rude hands tore us asunder. Since then I have seen neither my mother nor my sister. A filthy woman dragged me from the hut which we had occupied and led me all day long through forests and thickets over mountains, until late that evening we reached an Indian camp by a large spring in a narrow valley."—

"That was the Cold Spring", interrupted Conrad Weiser, and Shekelemy nodded in agreement, "where I learned to know my Indian friend here when I was returning from my journey to Shamokin."

After this remark the maiden continued: "Here all sorts of work was assigned to me. I had to drag wood to camp, start the fires, carry water, take care of the children, all of which I did without complaining. On the other hand I must say that the woman, whom they called Gila, and whose property I seemed to be, also protected me against all rude treatment. During the winter season the men went upon the hunt or from time to time undertook short plundering expeditions, after which large feasts took place. Then they would settle down upon the bearskins until hunger drove them forth again. What my mistress liked about me was my diligence in acquiring an understanding of their language and my efforts in learning to speak it. She helped me as much as she was able, and I had scarcely been among the savages a month when I could understand them and make myself understood in their language, the Mohawk.

When Spring came and the earth was once more clad in verdure, the trees were budding and the sun sent forth its warm rays, I frequently had to go out with Gila to gather herbs and roots which she then bartered both among the Indians and the white settlers. Through the medicaments which she prepared she had acquired a considerable reputation and she was welcomed not only in the wigwams but also on the farms of the whites. One day she again bade me follow her; she said she wanted to journey into warmer valleys and forests in order to search there for herbs which she could sell advantageously among the palefaces; and since the way thither was quite long, I'd have to help her carry the food for the journey. She brought forth two large baskets, of which the one was heavily filled with foodstuffs. These she placed upon my back and bade me start forth.

I followed her orders with pleasure, for within me stirred the hopes that I might find an opportunity to escape, to liberate myself from my imprisonment and this wild life. After we had for a time wandered up the lofty mountains and found it necessary to seek rest under a tree, I took advantage of the opportunity and urgently begged Gila to inform me of the whereabouts of my mother and my sister, for she well knew where they were. I assured her that I'd show myself most grateful to her and that she would never regret having fulfilled my wish and request.

But Gila assured me that she did not know where my mother and my sister were; that they had been assigned to two Castanoga Indian women who had crossed the Susquehanna and journeyed westward with them; if however I remained obedient to her, as I had done hitherto, and made no attempts at escaping, she would, she said, try diligently to find out their whereabouts; she did not doubt that she could find out where they were and then get their freedom for a considerable ransom. In my joy over such a promise I fell upon the neck of the untidy woman, kissed her and thanked her most heartily, promising to fulfill her slightest wish and never faithlessly to run away from her.—"It is well," said Gila, "I shall do what I can; but it is still too early, for that wicked Peter Cartiere, who thirsts for the blood of every paleface, man, woman and child, and who hates me like wildfire, is at present pursuing his evil ways on the shores of the Susquehanna. I must wait until he has gone away from there."

(To be concluded)

WU FEHLT'S

Kaerriche, Kaerriche iwwerall
Un wenich Religion;
En Schulhaus an yedem Eck,
Un Dummheit uff em Tron.

Die Zeite warre besser,
Der Mensch bleibt awwer schteh;
In Schpeit vun Fortschritt allerhand,
Er ennert sich net meh.

Vun Gaemmle, Mord un Diebschtahl
Iss die Zeiting voll,
Bis mer ebmols gaar net weess,
Was mer denke soll.

—Louise A. Weitzel

EN FAULENZER UN SEI SCHLECHTE BUWE

Amme scheene Tschun Marye in der vacation Zeit etwas dreissich Yohr zurick bin ich der Weg am Rewwer nunner. Die Landschaft waar wunnerbaar schee un's Wetter so haerrlich, ass es eem g'freet hot am Lewe zu sei. Alles hot eem ins G'sicht gelacht. Alles am Weg haer un so weit ass mer sehne hot kenne, hot eem freindlich aageguckt.

Die Bauer waare fleissich am Bluge un am Blanse. Die Kieh waare in der Weed; die Ieme hen gebrummt; die Veggel hen gepiffe; automobiles sin hie un haer gerollt; die Luft hot noch Blumme geroche.

Am Weg nooch bin ich an en Feld vun etwas zehe Acker kumme. En schnurgraadi vier-riggel Fens waar um des Feld. 's Feld waar bewachse vun roter Glee, das baut en Fuss un e halb odder zwee Fuss hoch waar. Der Glee waar in Bliet un 's gans Feld waar so ewe wie en Floor. Ken artist kennt so 'n schee Pikter mole wie des Feld ausg'sehne hot. Der Eegner vum Feld waar'n guter Bauer, wie mer sich wull eibilde kann. Er waar'n guter Mann in alle Hieslchte un waar hoch geehrt in der ganse Nochberschaft.

Der greesscht Faulenzer im county, eener John Brewer, hot an der Fens g'schtanne un sich verwunnert iwwer des schee Feld. Sogleich ass ich hiekumme waar, wu der alt John g'schtanne hot, hot er aag'fange des Feld zu lowe un mir saage, wie'n Bauer aageh misst fer so'n Meeschterschtick haerschtelle. Ich bin weil schteh bliwwe, sei grossi Weisheit in mei Kopp 'soak'e losse. Der Brewer waar eener vun denne Kerls wu alles gewisst hot, wann er schunn nix gewisst hot. Es hot nix ausgemacht was es waar, er hot immer besser gewisst, wie ebbes zu weg bringe, as die wu's geduh hen. Wie er Weil abgeblose hot g'hatt, bin ich meim Weg fart.

Eb ich der alt John verlosse hab, hot er g'saat: "So'n Bauerei will ich mir kaafe." Do hett mer laut lache kenne. Wann mer ihn uff der Kopp g'schtellt hett, hett mer ken drei cent aus seine Hosseseck schittle kenne. Ich hab awwer yuscht g'saat, er hett drei grosse Buwe, die ihm en grossi Hilf sei kennte uff 're Bauerei. Noh hot er awwer'n maerrickwaerdicher Fluch losgelosse un aafange sei Buwe vermalideie. Saagt er, "Ei, die drei sin net wert's Pulfer, das es nemmt fer eener vun 'ne dot schiesse." Wer sei Buwe gekennt hot, hot gewisst, dass er net zu 'n niddere value uff sie g'setzt hot. Hett mer awwer der alt John mitgezaehlt, waere die viere net meener wert as wie die drei.

So weit dass ebber weess, hot der Brewer un sei drei Buwe nix zuweg gebrocht. Sie waare all so wennich wert as wie viel vun unsere Congress Menner odder County Commissioners. Zum alte John seim Kredit kann mer saage, er hett der secret ausg'funne fer lewe unne schaffe, wann 's Lewe aa schunn waar wie der Frosch saagt, wann er ins Wasser schpringt, "Knapps."

Sie hen naegscht an 're Grick gewuhnt. Im Friehvohr wann die sucker die Grick nuff sin, hen sie uff der Bank g'hockt un hen als Fisch g'fange. Zu so Zeite henn sie gut gelebt. Die meensche Zeit hen sie gaar vun der Welt nix g'schafft. Am Varmiddaag hen sie sich uff die Owetseid vum Haus in der Schatte g'hockt. Nochmiddaags hen sie sich in die Sunn g'hockt, weil sie zu faul waare ihre Schtiel odder 'box'e uff die Schatteseid zu draage. Der gans Daag hen sie Duwack gekaut. Iss der Duwack all warre, hen sie alsemol wennich g'schafft fer Duwack beischaffe. Sie hen alle viere zu de Duwacksbrieder gekehrt. Die helfe immer nanner mit, wann der Duwack all iss. Em alte John sei G'sicht hot ausg'sehne wie'n Schpautz'box' imme gleene county Schtor.

Im Schpotyohr wie die Seidermiehle im Gang waare, hen sie sich sattvoll Schtechseider g'soffe. Sie hen immer ge'managed' fer bout drei Fesser Seider in ihre Keller lege. In yeder Fass Seider hen sie 'n halb bushel Karn. Des hot en Kefferbrie gemacht, dass sie haerrlich eckschteenich g'soffe gemacht hot. Wann der Seider all waar, sin sie an die silos un hen die vergohre Welschkarnbrich g'soffe. In der Zeit wu Kandidaade kumme sin Schtimme suche, waare sie immer gegewaerdich un piemols hen sie en Drink verfehlt. Sie waare immer uff Hand wann die Kandidaade kumme, sin. Sie waare so scharref Kandidaade zu finne wie die Lodergrappe en doter Gaul zu finne. Demograadischer whiskey hot ihne so gut g'schmackt wie Republikaanischer.

Em Brewer sei aarmi Fraa waar'n arndlich Weibsmensch. Die Leit hen sie gedauert. Kimmerlich hot sie sich beholfe. Sie hot sich g'schemmt mit ihrem schlechte Mann un ihre schlechte Buwe. Daag fer Daag hot sie gewesche un Haus gebutzt fer annere Leit. Waer's net gewest fer sie, waere sie verhungert. Oblang iss sie g'schtarwe. Sie hot sich dot g'schafft. In der Zeit, dass sie bei Lewe waar, iss der alt John gerufe warre als en Zeige in 're Marderg'schicht. Wie er eig'schwore waar, hot der district attorney ihn g'frogt, "What is your occupation?" Der John hot geandwart, "My wife takes in washing." Des schteht uff record in der county court.

Nooch em Dot seinere Fraa iss es em alte John yemmerlich schlecht gange. Die alt Hitt, was ihre Haus waar, iss abgebrennt. Noh iss der John ins Aarmehaus. Dart hot er Duwack kaue kenne so lang dass er noch gelebt hot un er hot sich nix bekimmere breiche wu's Brot un der Butter un der Duwack haerkummt. Sei Buwe hen sich verdingt an en livery Schtall. Wann der Deiwel sie net g'holt hot, iss es vuscht weil er ken use hot fer so schlecht Schtofft.

Scranton, Pa. —WILLIAM F. YODER

Deaths of a Day

MRS. JENNIE RINGER

Mrs. Jennie Ringer, 81, of Nazareth R. 1, died yesterday morning in the Haff hospital, Northampton, where she had been a patient since Saturday.

Born in Lower Saucon township, daughter of the late Joshua K. and Tillie I., nee Nagle, Hess, she resided at her late home most of her life. Her husband, John I. Ringer, died in July, 1944.

Survivors include one son, Truman I. Ringer, Birmingham, Ala.; four sisters, Elsie G. and Mamie Hess, both of Bethlehem; Estella, wife of Rev. Otto Benze, Cleveland, O., and Elizabeth Hess, Hartford, Conn.; two brothers, Raymond K. Hess, Bethlehem and Samuel P. Hess of Detroit, Mich.

HENRY K. WILSON

Funeral services for Henry K. Wilson, 76, Mauch Chunk, who died 10 a. m. yesterday in Coaldale hospital, will be conducted from his late home, 116 North St., Mauch Chunk, 2 p. m. Tuesday, with Rev. Frank Mauger, pastor of Grace Methodist church, East Mauch Chunk, officiating. Interment in Mauch Chunk cemetery.

Wilson, a retired wholesale produce man, is survived by three brothers: Frank and George, Mauch Chunk, and Charles, Allentown, and one sister, Mrs. George Rackawack, Allentown.

JOHN B. MASTERSON

John Bernard Masterson, 60, a former resident of Easton, died Nov. 30, in Buffalo, N. Y. He was born in Easton, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Michael Masterson, and resided in Easton until 15 years ago. He was a member of St. Bernard's Catholic church, Easton.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Agnes Silver, of New York City, and the following brothers and sisters: William, Edward and Ellen Masterson, Mrs. Harry Bowers, Mrs. Harold Schafer and Mrs. James Morris, all of Easton; Mrs. Chester Kindle, both of Paterson, N. J.

Funeral services will be held from the Curran funeral home, Easton, on date to be announced.

MORRIS STAUDINGER

Morris Staudinger, a resident of Bothlehem for the past 42 years, and an employe of the HDF department of the Bethlehem Steel Co., died suddenly of a heart condition at noon Friday at the residence, 820 Kieffer St., Fountain Hill, where he resided with a nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Thomas.

He was a native of Austria and a son of the late Michael and Catherine Geist Staudinger.

A member of Holy Ghost church, he is survived by three nieces, Mrs. Anthony Shalbert, Mrs. Michael Repash, Mrs. Clinton Thomas; a nephew, Maurice Staudinger, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Catherine Staudinger, all of Bethlehem.

The funeral will be held at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday from the home of his niece, Mrs. Anthony Shalbert, 949 Wyandotte St. Requiem high mass will be offered at 9 a. m. in Holy Ghost church. Interment in the parish cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Kartz Waisa Gamocht

Der Earl Ziegler fon West Bowmans hut heit 'n woch tzurick kartz waisa gamocht fer sei harsh sheesa. Die sawg is ols, alla mon het 'n harsh om kumma, allas tzu duh wear gae 'n griega. So wies 'm Earl seinra fraw ow'r moryets fohr kumma is hut er weiters ken eifer kot fer hunda gae—hut so gore g'sawt 's wear 'm tzu kalt fer nous gae harsh yawga.

Der Earl un die fraw hen noh breakfasht gessa, un het ferleicht sei harsh net grick'd, won die fraw net 's dish duch nous g'shitt'ld het. Un ferol os m'r wase, mawg sei dish duch nous shittla aw 'n sign gawest sei tzu ma gawissna alta harsha buck, fer kumma grimmla fressa. Aenicha waig, eb die fraw recht fartich wor 's duch shittla, hut sie 'm Earl shun gagrisha er sot g'shwind die flint griega, 's dade 'n harsh drunna im feld rum lawfa.

Sis leicht tzu denka os der Earl eener flint grick'd hut, un hut net weiter gae breicha fer sheesa os wie hinna uf die porch. Der harsh hut ol iwwer gatzitter'd wies gagroch'd hut, is 'n kartz shtick waigs iwwer die shtross niver g'shprunga, um g'falla un wor mous rocka dote. Die barichda sin 's wear hard tzu sawga wel os es arrickshd uf g'shoft gawest wear, die fraw odder der Earl. Aenicha waig, sie sin noh tzu tzwet nous g'shprunga un hen der harsh hame g'shlaift, un won aenich ebber shunshd 'n harsh g'shwinder grick'd hut, dada m'r gleicha tzu hoerra dafon.

Ebbes Neias

'M banker Larry Jones fon da Allentown National bank sei fraw die Ella fon Siegersville, hut 'n neier waig ous g'funna fer sich warm halta uf da Allentown-Slatington bus. Oft tzeita sin die bussa tzimlich kalt, ow'r 's wor net bis doh da onner dawg os die Ella onna waig gadenk'd hut fer sich warm halta beim aller keltshda wedder. Wos sie now dut, sie fix'd sich moryets ols 'n buddle haiser koffie, un drick'd der shtubber net gons uf die buddle. Allas noh tzu duh is die buddle gute tight hava bis sie der koffie shpiert lawfa.

Die socha sin 's airsht mohl uf kours unna badenk'd g'shaina, un noh noch so gore wie sie 'm lawda mocher Bard fon Schnecksville sei shwar der Harry "Adam" Schwentzer kotta hut fer 'n sitza kummerrawd. Der Harry "Adam" is 'n widmon, un gleich'd immer fer da weibsleit uf da bus kumpany halta—ae mohl huck'd er bei darra, un noh widder bei ra onnerra. Die weibsleit shoffa bol ol in da Movie Shtarna Glaider facktory doh in da shtadt, uns wert neimond ken tzeit long so long os der Harry "Adam" uf da bus is. Uns sis aw niemond ken tzeit may long werra wie die onnerra uf da bus ous g'funna hen fon da Ella ihr'm waig fer sich warm halta. Die yung Benner'n fon Schnecksville, is so gore middawgs grawd die shtadt nuf fer sich aw so'n buddle griega, un glawb os ferleicht noch 'n lot onnerra noh mocha maiga wons mohl recht kalt wert.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis wunnerbore tzu denka wos 'n lot arwet os paar mon shoffa kenna in ra kartza tzeit, won sie 'n guter boss hen, un wissa wie aw tzu gae fer duh wos sie duh wolla.

Ungfare so os wie 'm Alton Knerr fon Lanark sei shreiner boss Bill Miller fon Limeport, un woh der Charlie Frederick, der Jim Gehris, un so gore der wusslich Ralph Young fon Dillingers shtore hut fer 'm helfa.

Der Alton hut sei gonser blotz rum g'shoft, so gore 'n grossie shtore shtub aw gabout, un woh sie net yusht wend rous tzu reissa hen kot, ow'r aw wend uf g'shteld, un 'n lot lecher tzu tzu bleshderra het, uns ledshd wor gamainer hond 'm Ralph Young sei chob.

Der Ralph hut uf kours net gadrout fer 'n bleshder kel yusa, wor bong die bleshder union kaimt hinnich 'n, noh hut er da Mary Ann ihra boy britch weck gabutzt, un sellie gayus'd fer die lecher tzu bleshderra.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

QUATRAINS

Hint

When little children, four or five,
To talk of sleds and skates contrive,
Do you suppose with cunning they
Are dropping hints for Christmas Day?

* * *

Self-Test

If you can laugh as you review
The various foolish things you do,
You will be certain while you live
Another's folly to forgive.

* * *

The Impossible

Can any person sane expect
From a man a conduct so correct
As this grim warning to obey:
"Don't open until Christmas Day"?

* * *

Influence

Today a boy. A few brief years
And then a full-grown man appears.
Befriend him now; for if you do,
He'll be as fine a man as you.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, Dec. 8, 1920

Announcement was made that the Nobel peace prize will be conferred on President Woodrow Wilson on Dec. 10. The prize carried with it a grant of $40,000.

Announcement was made from Peking, China that unless help were received in unprecedented quantities 50,000,000 people in Northern China would die of starvation this winter.

Attorney John H. Cutshall was principal speaker at the 29th anniversary of the Allen council 753, Order of Independent Americans.

The Colonial theat

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classis tragedies, what shall we say as to a national tragedy lasting for fifteen years, in which the poets and the actors were also the heroes! —Eliot

GERMANS REPORT KILLING 6 MILLION JEWS

During the early years of the European war there was considerable incredulity in this country, and perhaps in others too, as to the reports which issued by underground routes from Germany and the conquered countries as to the extent of the Hitler and Nazi program to exterminate the Jews.

It was known that there were about 250,000 Jews in Germany in 1939 but even that number was so large—population equal to several cities the size of Allentown—that few people were ready to believe it physically possible to destroy so many lives. Therefore it was assumed that the German Jews probably had been driven out of the country or retained in German prison camps and that they would turn up alive later on.

Reports from countries of Eastern Europe were even more sanguinary than those from Gremany itself. While it was known that Jewish population in those countries was far larger than Germany—thus Poland alone was credited with more than 3,000,000—it seemed incredible and impossible that murder could be committed as to millions of people. It did seem that there must be very great exaggeration. Such exaggeration could be explained by the confusion of the situation and by the terror of those who were sending out the reports.

As in many other matters the Germans kept records and made reports even in this bloody business of mass murder. After all they never expected to be caught up with.

A lot of those reports by the infamous SS troops (Elite Guard) have been found in the wreckage that is Europe. The International Military Tribunal, sitting in Nuernberg, is hearing the presentation of them in the current trials.

Reports that were read yesterday indicated that 4,000,000 Jews had been killed in the extermination camps while 2,000,000 were killed in other ways, principally by security police during the campaign against Russia.

The reports which came to the United States after the siege and destruction of Warsaw were terrifying, but the Nazis' own reports of the manner in which the nearly 400,000 Jews in Warsaw's ghetto were wiped out shames the original reports which we may have thought were colored and exaggerated.

These reports show how tanks, armored cars, flame throwers and artillery were used to destroy the helpless people who were cowering in their hovels and cellars in the ghetto. Chemical smoke was used to flush fugitives out of the sewers and when other means failed large sections of the city were set on fire.

A summation of the effects of all these jobs to carry out the will of the Fuehrer was given by Dr. William Hoettl, right hand man to the head of the Security Police. He reports that the best informed German official on executions of Jews placed the total killings at six million, but was disputed by Heinrich Himmler who made a higher estimate.

So out of the mouths of the Germans themselves and from their records comes a tale of destruction of human life that dwarfs the unauthenticated stories of the most ruthless conquerors of all history. Attila, who called himself the Scourge of God, never was guilty of such mass murders. Neither was Genghis Khan while Tamerlane, who held some kind of a record in this business, was an amateur compared with the Germans. The biggest job of mass killing, outside of battle, that is credited to him reports the massacre of 100,000 men and there is good reason to believe that was an exaggeration.

The world was horrified when the very incomplete stories came out of Europe in the early years of the war. What must the emotion be as the Germans' own reports are being presented at the Nuernberg trials!

PEARL HARBOR HEARING BECOMES BORING

Resignation of the legal staff that was handling the most recent Pearl Harbor investigation reflects a general weariness of the public as to this entire matter inasmuch as very little that is vital has been developed during weeks of examination and cross-examination. And little seems likely to come out of it all, even though it now is possible to broaden and publicize the inquiry because security reasons no longer hamper the questions and the answers.

Almost without a doubt a divided report will come out of it all and again the country will be left in doubt. In the meanwhile we may have harmed ourselves immeasurably, not by letting the American people know a great deal of the inside of the events leading up to Pearl Harbor but by informing the people of the world about it all.

Thus the testimony that was given as to the cracking of the Japanese and German codes even before the war began may prove harmful to this country. It might have been better if that fact had not been made known although of course the diplomats and the intelligence systems of various countries may have learned about it before the inquiry. Certainly we informed the British about the Jap codes and they informed us about the German codes.

A FINE DISPLAY OF CIVIC SPIRIT

There is keen satisfaction again in Allentown today as to the news that the General Electric Co. is likely to establish a plant—presumably a heavy industry employing men—in the fine factory building that originally was the W. J. Gamble plant of the Carrier Corporation and later the American Armament Co.

It has long been known that this large and progressive corporation desired to locate here in the former Armament Corp. building. It was also known that the Roller-Smith Co. had bid for and had been favored as to its bid for this property through the Smaller War Plants Corporation.

What has not been known generally was that, inasmuch as General Electric's coming to Allentown meant a new industry for the community whereas Roller-Smith already is here, business opinion favored and pressed for withdrawal by Roller-Smith in favor of General Electric.

In splendid civic spirit, the local company headed by Walter S. Gublemann decided to yield an undoubted business advantage. In a move that entitles this company to the thanks, the respect and the admiration of the community, Roller-Smith announced yesterday that it had agreed to relinquish its claim to the property in the best interests of the community.

So Allentown is ready, as Mayor Diefenderfer, has said, to welcome General Electric to our city.

Wartime Controls Needed

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14—The warring economic factions may not have intended it that way, but one major effect of the current labor disputes may be to bring back rationing and priorities in the distribution of certain materials and goods.

The resumption of controls over housing and the channeling of products for residential building rather than construction of commercial establishments is a significant symptom. It may mean that the era of irresponsibility and of every group doing as it pleases is ending. For in a period when an inflation based on a scarcity of goods develops, it becomes necessary to consider drastic controls not only on prices but on the orderly distribution of such goods as are available.

When V-J Day came, President Truman and his advisers liberated the economic system from many of the wartime controls. Britain took no such precipitate action. In fact, the party in power there asked for an extension of wartime powers for five years to clear up the aftermath of war.

Free Enterprise Restored

Mr. Truman was advised that in America the free enterprise system should be permitted to function without government controls. Accordingly a scramble for goods and economic power ensued, with the result that the Nation has suffered billions of dollars of loss in economic production through the stoppage of work and the tieup of truck transportation facilities.

In the four months since V-J Day the American people have been deprived of an enormous amount of production because reconversion has been retarded and the plants that would ordinarily make civilian goods have not been able to get a good start.

In many essential products needed for housing, as, for instance, heating and plumbing supplies, there are bottlenecks in production and soaring prices for the small amount of goods available.

When the veterans are all back and find it difficult to get homes to live in or jobs, they will become embittered. The administration might find it necessary to reimpose some of the economic controls of wartime because the jam in the distribution of products is rapidly growing more and more serious.

To Continue Controls

Congress will soon be asked to extend the second war powers act so as to continue certain price and material controls. By next spring the economic disorder may be such as to revive demands for economic planning and a controlled economy. If inflation is to be stopped, it may be necessary to resume wage and salary control because the administration is finding it difficult to get even the simplest kind of legislation through Congress to help settle strikes. If the present wage and salary stabilization law has to be extended, the administration would have the authority by executive order to recapture complete control of wages. This, in turn, would mean the revival of boards to handle labor disputes and to fix wages. This is one way to stop strikes.

Nobody in the administration will predict that such a course is to be taken. In fact denials will be made that anything of the sort is contemplated. But, on the other hand, nobody in the Truman administration knows what action is going to be compelled if the economic confusion now prevalent leads to such stagnation and such widespread unemployment that the only way to stop the "goods inflation" or the "wage inflation" is to revive drastic wartime controls. The administration may be compelled against its own desires to adopt such a policy once more.

The fact is that inflationary trends are in operation in many categories and only the exercise of authority under wartime statutes may be able to reverse such trends. The drift toward an economic crisis in the early part of 1946 will be accentuated if there is a steel strike. This in itself may be the signal for resumption of more wartime controls, such as now have been imposed on building materials. For it seems incredible that the administration will permit the Nation's steel mills to shut down and completely disorganize the manufacturing industries of the country, so many of which use steel or its by-products.

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News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

THE BILL OF RIGHTS

December 15, the anniversary of the Bill of Rights, should be a national holiday. Whereas the Constitution deals with the form and structure of the American government, the Bill of Rights concerns itself with the philosophy of the American nation, deeply rooted in Anglo-Saxon tradition and forever guiding it into a channel of positive truth designed to maintain and uphold the dignity of Man.

The first article of the Bill of Rights is the foundation of American liberty:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Beacon to Mankind

In this era of cruel persecution of men for their beliefs; of universal censorship of the spoken and written word; when men cringe in undergrounds to plan for liberty, this one clause in the Bill of Rights is a beacon to mankind that civilization is not lost. In the United States the free right to hold and practice and teach any religious principle "which does not violate the laws of morality and property, and which does not infringe personal rights, is conceded to all."

It is the Fifth Amendment, dealing with the Rights of Persons, that is so significant in these days by sharp contrast. The protection of indictment by a Grand Jury; the safeguarding of the individual against double jeopardy; the freedom from self-incrimination, are among our most sacred rights. They make tyranny impossible. They make purges impossible. They protect man, as far as is humanly possible, from the whimsical viciousness of egocentric politicians who maintain themselves in power by private elimination of their opponents.

It is this Fifth Amendment which closes with that magnificent guarantee of human liberty: ". . . nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation."

In many respects it is the phrase "due process of law" that is more valuable to man than the law itself. For if the law is good and the process bad, the rights of man will disappear. The Supreme Court once said of this: ". . . that they were intended to secure the individual from the arbitrary exercise of the powers of government, unrestrained by the established principles of private rights and distributive justice."

In the Sixth Amendment the American is guaranteed trial by jury, right to an impartial trial where the crime occurred, right to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation, right to be confronted by the witnesses against him, and the right to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

Administrative Law

In that legal horror, Administrative Law, which has become an enveloping plague upon the American people, many of these protectives are disappearing. The Boards and Bureaus of government which act as legislature, prosecutor, judge and jury, often deprive the citizen of these fundamental rights by wicked juristic logic, which is temporarily pronounced good law but must ultimately be rejected as foully against the Bill of Rights.

(Copyright, 1945)

While Eire reported $2,000,000 worth of blackberries in the last year, more than $4,000,000 rotted on the bushes because of the shortage of pickers.

More than 1,500 individual homes will be constructed in Panama's new housing community, which also will have a church, schools and stores.

Colonel George H. Holmes, General Booth's first office boy, who died recently in England, was the first boy to wear the Salvation Army uniform.

Australia has decreed that gifts from fathers to help sons reestablish themselves when leaving the services, are subject to the government tax on gifts.



UNSER BUWE

Unser Buwe kumme ball zurick,
so eener um der anner;
Graad so sin sie noch em Krieg,
wie die Gens ans Wasser.
Deel sin noch der Armee,
un deel sin uff der See:
In de Luft sin annere g'floge,
darrich Wedder wiescht un schee.
Annere sin unnich's Wasser
in me grosse submarine:
Un deel sin in tanks gefaahre,
was en farrichterlich Kriegsmaschin.

Der Krieg iss als gewachse,
wie en Deeg mit blendi Satz,
Awwer's hot net viel ausgemacht,
unser Buwe waare am Blatz.
Do en Renn un dart en Schtoss,
vielleicht aa en Schiff versenkt;
Dernoh mit bombers recht drufflos
un en ganzi Schtadt verbrennt.
Unser Feind hen glei gelaernt,
dass sie net u'bennich sin;
Wu ever sie en fight g'schtart hen,
waar'n unser Buwe drin.

Geleddert sin sie warre
un der Krieg iss nau vorbei,
Awwer was gebt's mit em Friede,
geht seller zu de Sei?
Mir hen en grossi Schuld gemacht
fer seller Krieg zu gewinne.
'S iss net yuscht Geld mir schuldich sin,
duht eich nau mol besinne.
Denkt ihr, dass Geld bezaahlt en Bee,
odder Aage, das net sehne?
Denkt ihr es heelt en Haerz
un drickelt all die Draene?

'S iss net genunk fer dankbaar sei,
en Bedenknis uffzuschtelle;
Sell iss yuscht Schtick vun unsere Schuld,
vun was mir do duh welle.
Was gebt's mit unsere Buwe,
was kenne mir duh fer sie?
Solle mir sie bei enanner halte
odder laafe losse wie Vieh?
Was denkt ihr, dass geduh sei sett,
fer ebbes zuwege bringe?
Mir misse nau aafange schaffe
un browiere en Weg zu finne.

Oley, Pa. **MAURICE K. de TURCK**

(Read recently at an entertainment given by War Mothers at Oley)

AUS'M JOHN BIRMELIN SEIM MAMMI GANS BUCH

THE WINDS THEY DID BLOW

Die Wind, die hen geblose,
Die Bletter hen kee Ruh;
En Bettler hot mich g'fange
Un in en Sack geduh.

Er nemmt mich nooch em Schtedtel,
Dart waar en reichi Fraa;
Sie dutt mich in en Kewwich,
Des schteht 're mechtich aa.

Sie fiedert mich mit Ebbel
Un alle Sarde Niss;
Un gebt mer noch en Fedderdeck
Wann's Wedder frierich iss.

* * *

THERE WAS A MAN IN NEWINGTON

Es waar en Mann im Elledaal,
En g'scheiter Mann darrichaus;
Der tschumpt mol in en Heckebusch,
Gratzt sich die Aage raus.
Un ass er nau ken Aage hot,
Des sehnt er awwer glei;
Do tschumpt er in en ann'rer Busch
Un gratzt sie widder nei.

* * *

HIGGLEDY, PIGGLEDY, MY BLACK HEN

Hickery-pickery,
mei schwarz Hinkel,
Legt mer die Oiyer
im Schtall un im Winkel,
Alsemol neine
un alsemol zehe;
'Gentleleit' kumme
un 'Gentleleit' gehe;
Dokter un Lawyer,
die griege die Oiyer;
Was sie net nemme,
verkaaf ich zum Groiyer;
Hickery-pickery,
mei schwarz Hinkel.

* * *

BUTTERFLY, BUTTERFLY

Fleddermaus, Fleddermaus,
saag, wu kummschte haer?
Ya, ich weess varhafdich net
wu mei Heemet waar.
Fleddermaus, Fleddermaus,
saag, wu gehscht du hie?
Uff un ab im Sunneschein
un an de Blumme hie.

* * *

KITTEN, KITTEN IN MY LAP

Ketzel, Ketzel, uff 'm Schooss,
Ess der Brei, noh waerrschte gross!
Waerrschte aa noch dick un fett,
Duhn mer dich ins Schiewerbett.

BOOK REVIEW

Home Craft Courses.—Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser. Volume XV. THE DECORATED BARNS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA. By John Joseph Stoudt, Ph. D.—Printed by Schlechter's, Allentown, Pa. 1945. $1.00.

Listed as Vol. XV in Mrs. Keyser's notable Home Craft Course Series the one on Decorated Barns in Eastern Pennsylvania is actually the twelfth to be published in this series.

If we were to ask what object more than any other engages the eye of the stranger who journeys through eastern Pennsylvania, the answer would undoubtedly be: the huge red barns. Few of the early travellers who have left us accounts have failed to mention the barns of the Pennsylvania German farmer. In our day these red barns decorated with various circular designs have aroused the curiosity of passers-by and evoked all sorts of superficial speculation and comment as to their purpose and significance. Only in this generation did the Pennsylvania German himself learn from outsiders that these decorations were really "Hexefiess", potent charms wherewith he held off the spells of evil witches.

The author of "Consider the Lillies" refrains from any extreme esoteric meanderings and furnishes the reader with a lucid and tangible presentation of his subject matter. He expresses the hope that this booklet will dispel some of the misinformation which exists about the designs which beautify our barns. He informs us briefly of the nature of the barns built by the first Germans settlers. At first they followed their old-world patterns, but later adjusted themselves as they became free men, prosperous farmers and holders of productive plantations. Spacious stone manor houses now rose. House and farm took on the semblance of those of the landed barons of Germany. Most interesting is the illustration of a ground plan of the Hoch plantation in Oley, laid out about 1715. In the second generation barns became larger and more spacious, although in the 18th century barns were not yet painted. Wood was cheap. When lumber became scarcer and paint cheaper barns were painted as a protection against the weather. However, only the middle of the 19th century saw the beginnings of decorated barns. The author with considerable feeling denounces those who have so ignorantly declared these signs to be "hexefiess", or witches' feet; he admits that they are to some degree talismanic without however enlarging upon that statement. He takes up once more the theme of the ubiquitous Lily and points out that any one familiar with early Christian art will readily see the relationship between the designs on our barns and those we find on the sarcophagi of early Christians.

The second half of the booklet is devoted to illustrations, on two pages of which are reproduced in color some of the most familiar barn signs, followed by a series of beautiful halftones setting forth typical decorated barns as well as datestones in illustration of the text.

Certainly the general public will find this one of the most informative booklets in Mrs. Keyser's valuable series. —P.A.B.

Hard Times In Berks County

An Historical Narrative by L. A. WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by the Editor of the ECK)

KIDNAPPED BY THE INDIANS

(Conclusion)

After a long and most wearisome march we reached a southern forehill of the Blue Mountains, which can be seen right clearly from this farm, although it is far away from here. This was the goal of our journey. Gila has a wide knowledge of healing herbs and knows where they are to be found. But since night was close upon us no herbs were to be gathered. Instead, a camping place was sought where we could spend the night protected against wild animals. She soon found a place, no doubt known to her from earlier times. It was a rocky cavern surrounded by wellnigh impenetrable thickets through which flowed a rill of clear spring water. The cavern was spacious and dry, and afforded protection against any kind of weather. Before the entrance I noticed a fire-place such as Indians and huntsmen are wont to build. On examining the interior I saw piles of leaves and straw, a sure sign that others had also used this place for shelter. "Let us spend the night here," said Gila, and bade me gather dry wood to start a fire, since the nights and especially the mornings continued to be cool here in the Blue Mountains. It would also serve to scare away any beasts of prey. Soon a merry fire was burning and we prepared seats beside it. The food was brought forth from the baskets and a good portion of the same was consumed with keen appetite even though it consisted of bear bacon and ill-smelling fish. Satisfied with the labors of the day, weary and care free we lay down in the rocky cavern. We slept calmly and undisturbed. The sun was already beaming upon the South Mountains which we could clearly see from our cavern when we awakened. After we had refreshed ourselves with the fine spring water and eaten several pieces of dried venison we went about our work. Various herbs and roots were gathered, arranged and tied up. In a short time we had as many as Gila needed for her trade, for she wished to visit the nearest settlements of the palefaces on that same day.

When everything was ready Gila looked sharply at me and said: "I am going down into the valley to the palefaces to trade with these herbs. I shall leave you here alone, but do not fear, for this spot is known to but few people, and those who do know of it are far away; keep up the fire, and if some wild animal should approach, take a fire-brand, brandish it and the animal will at once go away. But take heed not to fall asleep before the fire, for snakes like to come to the warmth and misfortune might come upon you. You must not go away from this place. You would stray and perish from hunger or else become the prey of angry panthers and bears which infest this region. Deeply frightened by Gila's words and counsel I fell upon my knees, grasped Gila's hands and begged her most urgently not to leave me alone in this desoluate place, but all in vain; she gently laid her hand upon my head, and waived all my requests. She remarked that the time had not yet come when she could lead me down among the palefaces, for if they saw me with her her own life would be at stake. The palefaces, she said, were now greatly wrought up on account of the atrocities which Cartiere's bands had recently committed; I was therefore to be obedient and patient, for she had only good intentions and long before the sun sank into its bed she would again be with me and perhaps bring me good news. These words, spoken with tenderness and loyalty, comforted me. I promised to remain quiet and not seek to escape, whereupon the old woman took up her baskets filled with herbs and proceeded down the mountain side into the valley, where she had no doubt frequently been with her acquaintances among the white settlers.

For a long time I sat before the fire, my heart full of sadness and terror. My thoughts busied themselves with my dear parents and my brothers and sisters. My soul turned to the almighty and all-gracious God, and I prayed that He might lead me to my people for whom I longed so sorely. When I lifted my head, I saw that the sun was already setting and still Gila had not returned. New fears took possession of me. Suddenly I heard something rustle in the thickets. I was startled and seized a fire-brand fearing that some wild animal was approaching. With great suspense I waited as the rustling continued to come nearer. Now it could be heard distinctly on the rock above me. I cast my eyes in that direction. Who will describe my astonishment when I saw before me the tall form of an Indian? On seeing how frightened I was he called to me in a friendly manner not to be afraid, saying he had not come to harm me but to help me. Then he calmly came down from the rock and in a few moments stood before me."—At this point the girl rose and came over to Shekelemy saying, "This is the man who frightened me so, but then became my rescuer and to whom I shall be forever grateful."

Then she continued her narrative: "He gave me his hand in a friendly manner and remarked that he knew about me. He had seen me going up the mountain with his old friend Gila, and when he saw her wandering down to the settlements today noon without me, he came to the belief that she had bound me here. He had therefore come there to undo my fetters and to protect me. He bade me remain calm until Gila returned when he would barter with her in my behalf. He knew her well. She was a greedy old woman, although she also had a kind heart.

Oh how the words of this good red man comforted me; how joyously my heart beat; how lively were my hopes of being liberated soon and eventually of seeing my people again! Soon thereafter I again heard a rustling noise in the thickets below the cavern. Then I saw Gila coming up with her baskets. She was not a little astonished to see an Indian sitting beside me. On recognizing him she greeted him pleasantly. I felt certain that Shekelemy had spoken the truth and that they were old friends.—Gila now unpacked her baskets and brought forth sausages, eggs, bread and a ham, as well as shirts and a pair of shoes. The latter she made me put on at once, for my foot gear had stretched and my feet were sore. Hereupon she invited us to eat. We all partook heartily and but little of the provisions remained, especially of the bread, for I had eaten none in many months. Shekelemy then took Gila by the hand, looked sharply into her eye and said: "Gila, you are kind, but your tribe has perpetrated many wrongs and the chieftain, your husband Threbakna, blood thirsty and quarrelsome, has committted atrocities upon the paleface men, women and children, as well as upon the red men. But he has been punished by the Great Spirit inasmuch as Cartiere has had him slain in the most gruesome manner. Gila! Gila! You have lived long and seen much. You have learned that the Great Spirit rewards the good and punishes the evil. Therefore I beg you to do good, for only then will you be welcomed into the eternal forests. Give over to me this sad paleface maiden. I will bring her to our good friend Conrad Weiser, who can best take care of her; but that you may see that I do not desire the girl from you without payment I shall reward you with beautiful blankets, with beads and other adornments for your young warriors. I promise you still more, namely: protection everywhere among the palefaces, gifts of all kinds, my eternal friendship as well as that of the Munci chief, and eternal enmity against all your enemies and malefactors, as well as against all those of your tribe, if you will aid us in finding the parents of this bereft maiden.—For a long time Gila stood undetermined, lost in thought. It was evident that Shekelemy's proposal had taken her by surprise. Finally however she lifted her head and after she had cast a sad glance upon me she replied: "Shekelemy, I love this pale thing, yes, I have come to love her dearly and it will be hard for me to leave her. But your words have burnt me like wildfire. I must fulfill your wish because it is good and the Great Spirit will reward me for it. Go now and bring me tomorrow, when the sun stands highest, your gifts. Place them under the great tree, which we both do know and which stands on the path to my camp; let your warriors carry the gifts to my wigwam; you may then take the girl with you and bring her to the medicine-man Conrad. You must however tell him what I have done for her and that he is to command his warriors that they are never to aim their thunder-busses upon old Gila. She has done good for many a wrong done by her husband Trebakna, and also tell him that she intends to do other good deeds for the palefaces if it lies within her powers. Shekelemy gave the old woman his hand and without further remarks he hastened up the hill. When the sound of his steps had died away, Gila asked me, whether I was satisfied with her action. I embraced her and thanked her with tears in my eyes, whereupon she was deeply moved. She entered the cave and quietly threw herself upon the litter.

The sun was just rising and lighting the mountain tops when I awoke from sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams. Gila was already sitting outside before the entrance where she had started a fire and was now preparing food for breakfast. Having eaten the same we at once started forth in order to meet Shekelemy under the big chestnut tree at the appointed time. But before going I had to put on some of the clothes which Gila had brought on the previous day. Silently we wandered through forest and thicket and over endless stony fields toward our goal. Gila seemed to be dejected but I was happy and hopeful that my great misery would now soon end. I made no efforts to rouse Gila out of her broodings. The sun had not yet reached the zenith when we arrived at the designated tree. We were astonished to find Shekelemy and his people already encamped there with the gifts for Gila spread out on the ground. She examined them with the eyes of one who knows, and when she had looked all of them over, she was as happy as a child. She came to me with a pair of stockings and this blanket which I am now wearing and gave them to me as gifts. The Indians now packed up their wares and got ready to accompany Gila back to her wigwam, which, as they said, they could only reach by nightfall if they hurried. Gila then approached me once more, pressed my hands and said with a trembling voice: "Tschuka—that was my Indian name—Tschuka, we must now part. I to return to my people and you to yours. Tell the palefaces that they have done us much harm, as we have also done to them; but also tell them that Gila is not a wicked and treacherous redskin, and that they are to do her no harm when she comes to their huts. And commend me especially to that good medicine-man Conrad, who so often has slept peacefully in our wigwams, and whom no Indian has ever injured. She drew forth a little package and said: 'Give him these herbs—they heal all wounds and especially the bite of poisonous serpents.—She once more pressed my hands and those of Shekelemy and then hastening down the path, she soon vanished from our sight.

Now I was alone under the tree with my rescuer who granted me no time to ponder upon my experiences. He urged me to leave the place with him at once and to hasten onwards saying we had to hurry in order to reach before nightfall a farm about which he knew and where we were sure to be hospitably received, and I needed henceforth to fear no evil. Another day of fast walking and we would reach Conrad's house. There I would be kindly received and there I would find a good home, for Conrad, said Shekelemy, had a very good wife and dear daughters who would soon banish my sorrows. We now hastened forward. Down in the flatlands the roads grew better and better. The sun had not yet set when we reached the farm of Daniel Batdorf whose family bade us welcome and entertained us kindly. On the following morning (the sun had not yet risen) we were once more on our way and happily reached this house."—

The interesting narrative of the abducted maiden had come to an end. All gathered there had listened with deep sympathy and lamented her sad experience. Weiser rose, silently shook hands with the Indian and then turning to the girl in the most kindly manner promised to care for her as a father would. But Mother Eva Weiser took the girl into her arms, pressed a kiss upon her lips and lead her from the room.

Deaths of a Day

GOP Worker Succumbs



Harry M. Zettlemoyer of Zettlemoyer and Amey, paperhangers, died at 11 o'clock yesterday at his home, 339 N. 7th St., after an illness of more than a year. He was 69 years old.

In the painting and paperhanging business for 46 years, he was associated with the late Ellsworth Amey until the latter's death more than a decade ago.

Born in Alburtis, he was a son of Milton and Rosa, nee Brensinger, Zettlemoyer. He was a member of Bethany E. C. church and was affiliated with Modern Woodmen of America.

An ardent Republican, he was a member of the North End GOP club and at one time was an unsuccessful candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket.

He is survived by his wife, the former Nettie L. Weiant; five sons, all of Allentown, H. Luther, Paul M., Albert E., Homer P., and Richard E.; and five grandchildren.

MRS. IDA L. REMMEL

In ill health for ten years, suffering from a heart condition, Mrs. Ida L. Remmel of 2436 S. 26th St., died at her home yesterday at 1:15 p. m., aged 79 years. She had been bedfast for three weeks.

A native and lifelong resident of Allentown, Mrs. Remmel was a daughter of Augustus and Catharine, nee Seip, Roth. She was a member of St. John's Lutheran church, Emmaus.

Surviving are her husband, Jesse; a daughter, Mrs. Paul Lewis, Philadelphia; two sons, John E. and Milton H. Remmel, Allentown; four grandchildren; a sister, Mrs. Anna Newhard, Allentown, and a brother, Augustus Roth, Allentown.

Private funeral services will be held at the Zimmerman funeral home, 1124 Walnut St., on Tuesday at 11 a. m., with Rev. Paul Spieker of Emmaus officiating. Interment will be in Greenwood cemetery.

SARA A. RUCH

Sara A. Ruch of 1242½ Tilghman St. died at her late home at 11:30 a. m. yesterday. She had been ill for the past four years, and been bedfast since last May.

Born in Ruchsville, daughter of the late Calvin and Melcena, nee Brobst, Ruch, she was a resident of Coplay until a few years ago when she came to Allentown.

Mrs. Ruch was an active member of St. James Lutheran church.

Survivors include two sisters, Mrs. Hattie Helwig, Seattle, Wash., and Flora Ruch, Allentown; one brother, Samuel C., Allentown.

MRS. ALBERT H. ANDREWS

Mrs. Virginia Andrews, wife of Albert H. Andrews, 1158 W. Rosemont drive, died Friday in St. Luke's hospital, where she was a patient for surgical treatment.

A resident of Bethlehem for the past seven years, she was born in Maryland and was a member of the First Presbyterian church and the women's club.

Survivors are the husband, a daughter, Carol; a son, Peter; her father, Rev. H. E. Thompson, Wilkes-Barre; a brother, Howard Thompson, USN, and a sister, Mrs. Alice Hansborough, of Virginia.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday in the Lena E. Grim home, 817 W. Broad St. Interment in Nisky Hill.

ADOLPH M. KASPEROWICH

The funeral of Adolph Miller Kasperowich, who died suddenly Thursday morning at Mechanic and Adams Sts., Bethlehem, will be held at 2:30 p. m. today with services in the Connell home, 427 E. 4th St. Interment in New Jerusalem cemetery, Leithsville.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Now Gaits Besser

Yar, now gaits hand wesha 'n lot besser os wies is fer die leshdha 12 mohnet im Willa Regishter mon Russ Benfer seinra willa offis, im Leckaw kounty kourt hous. Shun fer mohneta un mohneta wor der Russ un sei noteglaich Harley Steward om glawa sie wista net wos letz wear mit ihra hand, sie dada hard un shawlich werra, oft tzeita uf reisa os sie bluta dada.

Grawd hinnich 'm kounter im eck fon da offis, is 'n grossie wesh bowl mit hase un kalt wosser fer alla gabut die hand wesha. Un grawd owwich da wesh bowl is 'n glawsnie buddle mit ra lawficha safa bree, un woh der Harley endlich uf 'n noshion kumma is, wear die shuld fon ihra raua hand. 'S wor ow'r net bis doh da onner dawg os sie der "Butch" Bartholomew griega hen kenna fer gucka noch da safe. Wie er hut, ferhoftich sei won er net g'sehna hut os mohl ebber letzie safe in ihra buddle gaduh hut, safe os is fer der budda, un net fer die hand mit wesha.

Der "Butch" hut ihra safe grawd gaanner'd, un judge sie werra wol aw iwwer dem so shaina waicha, tzorta hand in da willa offis howwa, wie sie aw hen in ol da onnerra offisa woh sie immer fon da rechda ort safe kotta hen for die hand wesha.

Worra Uf Da Gnee

Sis net bol os die Mary Shelhammerra, odder ewwa die alt un die yung Mary Shelhammer fon nagshd on New Tripoli uf die gnee kumma, ow'r won sie duhn don sin sie alla weil gamainer hond om wesha. Aenicha waig, sel wor doh die onner woch der fol wie sie om wesha worra, un der ringer is na holshtarrich werra. Oy duh welt wos hen die weibsleit sich net fershott un ferbloak'd — endlich hen sie tzu tzwet uf da gnee fer 'm wesh tzuver k'huck'd, aenie hut gadray'd, un die onner gatzoga fer die wesh darrich der ringer griega.

Welshhawna Un Aisel

Sis kayose wie die socha alsa mohl har gain won socha wie welshhawna ous gadailt werra mit nummerra. Gamainer hond die os gawinna sin soicha os der hofe dahame fol shpringa hen, un wie der fol doh net long tzurick wor wie der Frank Fritzinger fon da Fogelsviller fire kumpany, 'm Homer Zimmerman 'n welshhawna tzettle aw k'hank'd hut. Der Homer hut die bauerrei fol welshhawna un hinkle shpringa, uns 'm Frank 's airsht net gaglawbt wie er etlicha dawg danoh kumma is un hut g'sawt, er sot noch Fogelsville gae sei 22 pund welshhawna hame hola os er gawunna het.

Der Homer hut noh howwa wolla der Frank sot 'n hola un ferreissa, ow'r der Frank huts net gaduh, mit out der Homer un sei Mary kaimta fer 'n helfa essa. Endlich hen sie ferwillich'd fer kumma, un aw noch 's Melville Lackeys, uns Lesher Yeagers ei galawda fer kumma helfa der dish fol mocha. 'M Sundawg wor noh die tzeit fom fressa, un kenna net sawga wos fer 'n gutie eems os 'm Frank sei Carrie garish'd hut kot. Der Melville hut sei Helen mit gabrocht der Lesher sei Hilda, un der Homer sei Mary, un ol hen nei g'shloga wie hulshocker. Bis sie fartich worra essa, wor may wenich iwwerich fom welshhawna os wies g'shtel, uns nagshd os wor, is es on der welshhawna gnocha laisa gonga fer sehna wos fer wedder os es gaibt.

Tzitter os der gens gnocha mon nimmy is, hut der Mel Lackey un sei dochter mon Lesh Yeager 's shun long im grub kot fer broviera sei blotz nemma. Evens der Frank Fritzinger hut aw gamaint er kent gnocha ferleicht laisa, ow'r hut noh ken gons finna kenna. Ow'r wie sie der nockich welshhawna brust gnocha sehna hen fer sich leia, is es 'm Mel un 'm Lesher ei kumma, 'n welshhawna wear aw fedder fee, un dade lava fon da sama kosh'd os wie 'n gons, sie dada 'n mohl laisa, fer sehna wos er tzu sawga het fon da wedder bisnis.

Un sie hen der gnocha aw galaisa, un sawga der Yanner un der Harning gaibta tzwae wieshda, kalta, raua mohnet, ow'r der Martz wear shae, un dade warm werra awfons Ooril. 'S sol fiel hummla gewwa da nagshda summer won die mice darrich der winder net tzu foul sin fer neshder baua. Die shpeckmice solla aw fert mushkeeters fonga, un die hoyet sol kumma fer da arn. Noh hen sie aw noch 'n lot onnerra socha fom gnocha galaisa os sie maina os net alla Tom-Dick-un Harry wissa breich'd.

Bis der Lesher uf kours fartich wor der gons welshhawna gnocha laisa, hut er so dick seckich g'fiel'd fom fiela essa, os er fohr g'shloga hut fer nous gae lawfa. Der Mel, der Homer un der Frank hen ow'r nix darta dafon hoerra wolla, ow'r worra ol rum ohra, wies Franks' boo der Stanley, der Lesher ferblauder'd hut fer gae der aisel ei shponna fer 'n ride nemma. Uns sie hen 'n aw ei g'shpont ow'r kon eich sawga os der shtawb g'floga bis sie 'n endlich in da lonna kot hen, —un aw noch ordlich weil danoh. Der aisel hut farna wedder der wogga g'shloga os es galoud hut wie won er on ra drum shpiela wear, un hen net nagshd so'n longie ride grick'd os sie gatzailt hen kot tzu nemma. Aenicha waig, die aisel ride hut helfa der dawg fartich mocha, un h

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

As in walking it is your great care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry, and strain your leg; so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your deportment, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings. Epictetus.

TO BE INTERRED ON FIELD OF GLORY

The American people today mourn the passing of General George H. Patton, commander of the brilliant American 3rd Army in its advance from the beaches in Normandy to the western provinces of Czechoslovakia.

The great warrior, who will be known in history as a master of tank warfare, covered almost three thousand battle miles in the greatest war in history without sustaining a scratch, ironically came to his end thru an accident in time of peace.

A devastated path across most of Europe promises for many years to perpetuate the military fame of the man who slashed thru the German armies, perhaps the mightiest military force in history, cut them in half and made continued planned resistance by the Germans in the Alps impossible.

His remains could be brought back to the National Military cemetery in Arlington. But his wife has elected to have them interred somewhere on the route of his great achievements in the profession that he studied so carefully and in which he achieved such great name and fame.

TIRE RATIONING TO END

Before the war American motor cars required tire replacements at the rate of about 6,000,000 monthly. With several million cars taken off the roads during the war, never to return again, and with no replacements for them in sight for many a day, it can be believed that even tho millions of serviceable cars are operating with one or more poor tires, these replacements can be made so gradually that the anticipated American production in 1946—66,000,000 tires—will be sufficient for most replacements and for new cars.

Accordingly rationing of tires will cease on January 1, according to Government announcement, news that will be most welcome to millions of American motorists. That leaves only one important item in the American economy still under ration controls, namely sugar.

Removal of rationing as to tires does not however mean that there is going to be the greatest abundance. American production during the last three months is estimated to have been about 11,000,000 tires, with December expected to turn out 4,000,000. No considerable backlog has been developed since the war ended and when government demands for tires came to an end. But if the American motorists will be patient and will continue to get along whenever possible with tires already on their cars and when buying will ask for and purchase only as many tires as they absolutely need, the supply should be great enough. Then, when the tire factories swing into prewar or even greater production rates, there will be abundance of tires for all.

BY WORD AND DEED WORLD'S GREATEST LIAR

Adolf Hitler proclaimed himself a liar, declaring repeatedly that mendacity was justifiable and expounding the theory that the bigger the lie, the greater its credibility. Acting on this theory, Hitler not only spoke but acted lies. His career was one of deceit, ending as the records appear to show with the revelation of a clandestine love affair altho his efforts thruout his political career were to leave the German people believe he was a bachelor in spirit and in fact and that he was too devoted to Germany's success to have any time for affairs of the heart.

How the great war was started by an outrageous lie now has been demonstrated to the world in the presentments to the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg. While it will have to be admitted that Hitler would have made war under other circumstances, it is interesting now to have confirmed the suspicions that the world possessed back in September, 1939.

It will be remembered that Hitler was then making outrageous demands upon Poland, chiefly in the direction of getting them to give him Danzig. The Poles were refusing. Hitler was making statement after statement that he had no territorial ambitions.

All the while the German Army had orders to invade Poland on September 1. But Hitler couldn't do anything without tossing a lot of lies into it, so on August 21 some "incidents" appeared to occur fortuitously.

The Morning Call of September 1 carried a telegraphic story from Germany which among other things said: "A group of Polish insurgents forcibly entered the station building (radio station at Gleiwitz in Upper Silesia) where only a normal guard was present, shortly after 8 p. m. (Aug. 31). Armed with clubs, the Poles invaded the station. The invaders then broadcast a prepared appeal in Polish and partly in German 'in the name of the Polish Volunteer Corps of the Upper Silesian insurgents.'" The dispatch went on to say that some of the Poles had been killed and the station now was back in German hands.

This incident was reported to have provoked the rage of Adolf Hitler who immediately issued an order to the German armies "to meet force with force." The world will remember with what vigor and speed that order was carried out.

Now what was the truth of the incident, the attack upon the German radio station at Gleiwitz, in Upper Silesia?

Well, the inquisitors have uncovered the entire truth from the Germans' own records. These records show that a large number of members of the Gestapo attired themselves in Polish military uniforms. They then put on a sham battle in the radio station with the German guards and when they retreated left behind them some dead men in Polish uniform whose bodies had been brought with the raiding party and conveniently were left behind to help give color to the carefully planned lie.

So the Poles had absolutely nothing to do with any of the "incidents" that Hitler and his Gestapo and other henchmen cooked up to tell the world and confuse it as to what was going on and where to pin the blame for all. Another great liar bore a German name, Munchausen. But the genial baron played with the truth for the amusement of men. The greatest liar of all played with the truth to destroy men.

UNO CAPITAL IN UNITED STATES

The United Nations Organization has done the logical thing in deciding that some city in the United States—the place of the organization's birth—is to be the seat of the new agency set up to achieve enduring peace.

In these days of rapid transportation which is available to people who will have to journey from distant countries to any spot which might be selected, it matters little, geographically, where such capital be located. This is especially true as to the United Nations Organization which embraces the world, as contrasted with the more restricted and centralized operations of the defunct League of Nations which logically, at the time, was located in the Hague, in the heart of the many participating European nations.

Naturally the people of the United States will be rather proud that such selection has been made. With that pride must come also a sense of responsibility. This country is going to be visited by leading men and women of all countries. They will come not merely as delegates but as sight-seers and observers. They will be filling their notebooks not alone with memoranda on the sessions of the UNO but with notes on our political, social and economic conditions. And such notes will not be restricted to the city or community in which the UNO has its sessions but will concern every city and community that the delegates may visit en route.

It is important that a very fine home be selected for the UNO in the United States. It is important that the ciy selected be chosen not so much in the way that convention cities are chosen for great fraternal organizations and political assemblies, namely by the ballyhoo that is poured out so abundantly in advance of those occasions. Let the best city, not the most widely-advertised one win.

Truman's Major Blunder

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21—Did the U. S. joint chiefs of staff lose the war against Japan and Germany?

Judging by President Truman's message to Congress in which he proposed that the institution be abolished, it must have been ineffective. Here is what the President says:

"Now that our enemies have surrendered, I urge the Congress to proceed to bring about a reorganization of the management of the armed forces."

This can only mean that the victory was not won by the joint chiefs of staff and that they blundered woefully to the point where they now must be stripped of the authority they exercised in wartime. This could be construed as a reflection on General Marshall, Admiral King, General Arnold and Admiral Leahy, who alone constituted the staff. They worked together throughout the war as the top staff authority in directing our armed forces.

After proposing the abolition of the U. S. joint chiefs of staff, the President says:

"The joint chiefs of staff are not a unified command. It is a committee which must depend for its success upon the voluntary cooperation of its member agencies. During the war period of extreme national danger, there was, of course, a high degree of cooperation. In peacetime the situation will be different."

Mr. Truman Confused

If something works well in war, why is it necessary to abolish it in peacetime and try a different plan which will then become our plan in war? Mr. Truman apparently has been confused by his Army advisers whose program he accepted almost without modification. He tells the public that "further studies of the general problem would serve no useful purpose" and yet all Washington is talking today about the substantial changes made at the last minute by the President in altering his prepared message when the War Department chieftains had an opportunity to revise it for him.

The first draft of the message is reported to have been prepared by Judge Rosenman and was considered a much more balanced presentation. The second draft was an improvement toward reconciling the views of the Army and Navy on certain points. Then came the third draft, which the War Department people revised.

Mr. Truman apparently did not know his own mind and is being pushed around by this or that group of advisers—a situation which the American people will not feel happy about. For they want a man in the White House to make up his own mind after a thorough study and not to accept versions furnished by interested parties.

In the so-called second draft it had been provided that "traditional channels of communication through civilian members of the cabinet should be restored." But in the final draft, the message reads that "responsibility for civilian control should be clearly fixed in a single full-time civilian below the President."

In the second draft, it was specifically stated that "the Navy should, of course, retain its own naval air force which has proven so necessary for efficient fleet operation." But in the final draft the naval air force is curtailed and a substantial part of its functions removed. The sentence was made to read: "The Navy should, of course, retain its own carrier, ship and water-based aviation, which has proved so necessary for efficient fleet operations."

Thus by a few strokes of the pen—without a hearing by the Navy's air forces—land-based reconnaissance was taken away from the Navy. Mr. Truman innocently let that pass by. Can it be said that "further studies of the general problem would serve no useful purpose" when the President himself changes his mind on such an important factor in the problem between drafts of his own message?

Again, in the second draft, provision was made so that "the heads of the Army, the Navy and Air Forces would be heard" on "questions of basic military strategy and policy and the division of the budget." In the final draft, however, this right was abolished, and it is stated that "there should be nothing to prevent the President, the Secretary and other civilian authorities from communicating with the commanders of any of the components of the departments on such vital matters as basic military strategy and policy and the division of the budget."

There never has been anything to prevent the President or civilian authorities from communicating with the military and naval men. But there now is to be a barrier to prevent the naval and military experts from expressing themselves unless asked, which is a far different thing than was provided in the second draft. This can demoralize the planning by the armed services.

National Problem Now a Hodgepodge

Mr. Truman has made a hodgepodge of an important national problem. He has revealed a weakness reminiscent of Warren Harding, who used to be pushed around by his advisers and ultimately was imposed upon by them in many a national policy.

Congress more than ever now must accept full responsibility for a thorough inquiry into the whole question of national defense. Within four months after V-J Day and before all the naval officers who fought the war can get home, a President of the United States is ordering the successful mechanism of the joint chiefs of staff liquidated and an untried plan substituted. Mr. Truman has made a major blunder.

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Pert and Pertinent

To Commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Louis Pasteur, a plaque in memory was unveiled in the Rabies Laboratory of the Mexican Institute of Hygiene in Mexico City.

British coal mine owners have announced that they place themselves at the disposal of the government to help in working out the organization for the public ownership of the mines.

American nationals own about 57.7 per cent of the world's present proved crude-oil reserves, estimated at almost 64 billion barrels.

In 1918, the military forces of the Allies consumed about 39,000 barrels of gasoline a day. In World War II, the total was 800,000 a day.



EN PAAR NEIJOHRSGEDANKE

Vum Hansjoerg

Des Johr geht nau schtark zum End, un bal werd en neies do sei. Die Chrischdag sin vor der Diehr, un wann selle vorbei sin, is ganz bissel vum alta Johr meh iwrig.

Wann's Neijonr kummt, no gebt's als grosser Jubel un Laerm. Sel wisst ihr in der Schtadt viel besser as mir do hunna im Busch. Awer mir heera ah als die Schtiempeifa brilla in Ellstaun, un iwerall rum heert mer's als knalla, wu's Neijohr a'gschossa werd. Viel Leit meena, sie kennta's Johr net basser a'fanga as mit gut Essa un Trinka, mit Danza un uf B'such geh un allerhand Plessier. Annera die nemma's viel ernschter; sie gehn owets in die Kerch un singa un beta, bis 's nei Johr do is. Un deel die gehn in's Bett un schlofa wie schunscht ah, un froga net eb's alt heesst odder nei. Doch is's Neijohr en arg wichtige Zeit, wann mer's recht bedenkt.

Mer heert oft saga 's gaebt nix Neies unnig der Sun. Sel Wart schteht in der Biwel; der Preddiger Salamo hot's en ganz Dutzend mol nunner g'schriwa. No sagt mer als widder, 's gebt alla Dag eppes Neies. Nau, wel is wohr? Ich glaab allabeed, wann mer's recht unnersucht.

Do is die nadirlich welt, wu mer drin lewa. Deel meena, sie waer erscht baut sechs dausent Johr do; viel g'schtudirta Leit awer behaapta, sie waer schun viel hunnert Milliona Johr alt. Sel mag sei wie's will, 's is immer die seem Welt. 's Schtofft, wu sie davun gemacht is, werd net meh un net wenniger, 's dut sich immerfart rumschaffa in neie Forms, awwer's gebt ken Krimmelcha verlora. Wann mer Eis schmelzt, gebt's Wasser; wann mer's Wasser kocht, gebt's Schtiem. Der verfliegt in die Luft, dass mer'n nimma sehnt, awer's Wasser is als noch do un's kummt widder owarunner in Rega odder Schnee. Un so is's mit alla annera Elementa. 's alt Schtofft bleibt, awer's gebt alsfart neia Forms.

So is's ah mit da Menscha. Wann en Bewi gebora werd, sagt mer, s is en neier Mensch. Sel is wohr, awer juscht so weit as 's die Seel a'geht. Dem Bewi sei Karper is ah nei, awer er is aus'm seema alta Schtofft gemacht —Fleesch un Blut un Knocha — wu die allererschta Menscha raus gemacht wara. En Bewi is also eegentlich nix Neies unnig der Sun, wann's schun alle Sekund ergetts uf der Welt en neies gebt.

Wie mit da Menscha so is's ah mit da Diera un da Pflanza un da Schtee, mit alles was uf der Erd wachst odder in der Erd schteckt. So is's ah mit Heiser un Bricka un Kercha, mit Hausrot, Waega un Maschina, mit all da dausent Dinga, wu die Menscha baua un macha. 's is immer's seem alt Schtofft in ra neia Shape; nix Neies un doch nei.

Wie is 's dann mit der Zeit—werd die net nei? Die Zeit is ken Schtofft; sie is juscht en Idea—en Begriff, wie mer uf Hochdeitsch sagt—wu entschtanna is aus da Motions vun der Sun, vum Mond un da Schterna. Sel kann mer schun im erschta Kapitel vun der Biwel lesa. Die Zeit is so alt wie die Velt selwer, un en Johr is juscht en Schtick davun—so lang as's nemmt bis unser Erdkugel ihr Round um die Sun rum gemacht hot. 's is awer doch en nei Schtick Zeit, as mer nau widder a'fanga wolla.

Ja, die Welt is alt—so alt, dass mer gar net ausrechla odder ausdenka kenna wann sie a'gfanga hot—un doch werd sie immerfart nei. Grad so is 's mit der Zeit; alla Dag, alla Schtun, ja, alla Sekund werd sie nei. Un's Allerbescht dabei for uns is, dass mer alla Dag un alla Schtun en neier A'fang macha kenna, wann mer wolla—en A'fang for besser zu werra un besser zu duh. Die Zeit is ken Schtofft wie des, wu die Welt raus gemacht is; mer kann sie net sehna, net heera, net fiehla, net schmacka, net riecha. Un doch hot der alt Ben Franklin ganz Recht g'hat, wie er g'saat hot, die Zeit waer's Schtofft wu unser Lewa raus gemacht is. In der Zeit schteht unser Lewa, un grad so wie mer die Zeit a'wenna for Gutes odder Schlechtes, so werd sich unser Lewa g'schtalta un unser Schicksal in der annera Welt.

Ich hab schun Felder g'sehna, die wara ganz iwerwuchert mit Hecka un Unkraut. 'S het ken Gilderi druf lewa kenna un's war Gift genunk druf, for'n ganz County doot zu macha. En braver, schaffiger Mann hot's Land kaaft, hot's gebutzt, geplugt un ei'gsaet, un bis sechs Monet rum wara, is die schenscht Frucht dart gewachsa. 'S war der seem alt Grund, awer's war eppes Neies un iweraus Gutes druf. Eem brava Mann sei Willa un sei Erwet hot da Change gemacht.

Des is en Fact, awer's basst ah first-rate for'n Gleichniss. Em Mensch sei Seel is en Feld wu gute Frucht traecht odder Darna un Gift, grad nochdem as sie eig'saet odder gebauert werd. Sie is en Feld, wu jeder for sich selwer baura un ah ernta muss. Un's Neijohr is en apartig gute Zeit for a'fanga des Feld recht zu baura.

Do, Mr. Editor, haw ich nau en paar Gedanka nunner g'schriwa for dich. 'S is ah juscht alt Schtofft in ra neia Form, awer du bischt willkumm dazu wann du's juhsa wit. Ich winsch dir un all da Leser en recht glicksseliges neies Johr.

The above appeared in **The Pennsylvania German** for Jan., 1907. Form and spellings have been retained. Hansjoerg wrote for the **Unabhaengiger Republikaner** of Allentown and his letters were also widely syndicated throughout the Middle West. See ECK for Nov. 24th and Dec. 1st.—But who was Hansjoerg (Hansyarrick)?—ED.

DER WEWER

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

Man a family cherishes a fine piece of homespun as an heirloom, and while a lot of this material still exists, it is hard to realize that a little more than a hundred years ago all cloth whatsoever was homespun. Like the trade of the shoemaker, the tailor, the blacksmith, etc., "der Wewer" had to make way for progress.

Helffrich, in his "Lebensbild", writing about the year 1841, said "All die Leute spannen und liessen noch ihr Weisszug, flaechsernen Steff, Schemperin*, und Flannel selber weben; bald je das vierte oder fuenfte Haus hatte selber Webstuhl". The loom in every "fourth or fifth house" was mostly for the use of the family. Men whose main occupation was weaving were much fewer in number. It is interesting to note that while each house had its spinning wheel or wheels and while almost every country attic still contains a spinning wheel as a relic, the loom has disappeared almost entirely except in the museum. A loom of course takes up more space and sentiment alone was not enough to keep it from the woodpile. Ten years after the time that Helffrich wrote about, spinning in the home and the weaving of homespun came to an almost abrupt end.

Power driven machinery in factories, producing printed and woven designs of more attractive material, at cheaper prices, quieted the spinning wheel and shut down the loom in the home. "Kadu" or calico had already been used for a long time as an imported material from Calcutta, India, from which city "calico" took its name. However, a machine for printing calico was invented in the United States in 1822 and made the material available at a price everyone could afford to pay. The product from India was hand printed and expensive. A loom to weave fancy designs was introduced into the United States in 1836 and the first big mill equipped with such looms was built in 1840. The factory-made material, even if of poorer quality, had a greater appeal to the eye and homespun had to make way for it as soon as mass production in factories made the material cheap enough for every family.

While weaving was of course not an occupation peculiar to the Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch, the German weavers in Germantown at a very early date established a reputation for the excellence of their fabrics, and the number of Pennsylvania German immigrants who had learned the art before they left their homeland was undoubtedly very large. In 1786 there were in the area that is now Lehigh County a total of 77 men who were weavers by trade. It is therefore interesting to look into the account book of one of these early weavers.

Adam Sheyrer (Scheirer) of "Weythal Daunschieb, Northamton Caunti" kept a "Schreibbuch" from 1794 to 1802, in which he recorded all his business transactions. The following are a few entries taken from his book in the original spelling:

1794 Nicolaus Hertzog
im December ihm geweben 9 iart und ¾ strefen die iart 9 bentz, ist 0-7- 3
mer, im Ianuwar 1795 ihm geweben 15 iart werken duch die iart 5 bentz, ist.....0-6- 3
mer, im Juni ihm geweben 2 iart disch duch die iart 9 bentz 0-1- 6

1797 im May ihm geweben 9 iart und 2/4 Kelsch die iart 10 bentz, ist 0-7-11

1794 Hannes Schat
im December ihm geweben 14 jart und ¾ stofft die iart 7 bentz 8 iart und 1 halben strefen die iart 9 bentz 1 iart und 1 halben strefen die iart 8 bentz, zu samen 32 und ¾ iart, ist 1-0- 8

1794 Nicolaus Sager, der gerber
im Nofember ihm geweben 6 iart und ein halben baum woll strefen die jart 1 s. 2d., ist.0-7- 0

The charges were all for work done. Every entry reads "ihm geweben". The word "verkauft" does not appear anywhere in the whole book. The person that had the work done brought his own yarn. Therefore, in figuring the actual cost of the finished cloth, one has to add the cost of the almost endless labor in growing the flax; preparing the fibre and spinning the yarn.

The following is a summary of the total work done by Scheirer in a year's time. The prices in his book are in pounds, shillings and pence of Pennsylvania money. In the folliwing table they have been converted into cents, using $2.67 as the value of one pound of Penna. currency.

Kind of Cloth	Price range per yd.	No. of yds. woven in 1796	in 1797
werken duch	5½ to 9 cents	460	350
fleksen duch	9 to 12 cents	483	505
strefen	10 to 13 cents	153	233
kelsch	10 to 12 cents	40	47
stofft	11 cents	90	71
disch duch	10 cents	34	2
bet duch	9 to 11 cents	18	25
baum woll strefen	15½ to 20 cents	23	10
halb werken	9 cents	0	42
halb fleksen	10 cents	0	33
Total yards		1301	1318

Werken duch was coarse tow cloth made from **werk** or **Werg. Fleksen duch** was linen. **Strefen** presumably was a striped cloth. **Kelsch** was a blue-checkered cloth. Lambert in his dictionary says it was a "blue checkered cotton cloth". In this instance it was probably not cotton, because the price was lower than the other cotton cloth on the list. It may be that the weaver furnished the cotton yarn in weaving cotton goods, which would account for the higher price in weaving cotton. Just what was meant by **stofft** is not clear, unless this was a general term for any kind of material, derived from the German word **Stoff. Halb werken** and **halb fleksen** were a poor grade and a better grade, respectively, of **halbleine** or linsey-woolsey, the warp being tow or linen and the woof being wool.

Using an average price of 10 cents a yard, the weaver earned $130 a year. And it is possible that the weaving was done by more than one person, as Scheirer owned two looms which sold at 6 pounds each, or about $16.00 each, at a sale in 1805. Of course, almost every man who had a trade also own d a tract of land from which he had some farm income even if this was only in produce for his own family. On the other hand, a farm laborer received 3 shillings a day and if he worked 6 days a week for a whole year he could earn $125 or almost as much as the weaver earned.

*H. W. Kriebel, editor of Penna. German Magazine, Feb. 1908, says "Schemperin" was a dialect term for a heavy fabric used for trousers."

GRISCHTDAAG

Oh! was iss mer doch so froh!
Grischdaag iss ball widder doh,
Was gebt des als en gudi Zeit
Bei reiche un bei aarme Leit.

Oft iss der Boddem weiss mit Schnee,
Un oh! was guckt des doch so schee!
Es luschtert em as wie net g'scheit
Fer yuscht en gleeni Schliddereit.

Fer zehe Woche varne naus
Do sucht mer schunt die Grischdaag raus;
Mer macht schunt Blaane vun aller Aart,
Weil seller Daag gebt's blendi Schbort.

Mer schafft en ganses Yaahr dohie,
Oweds schpot un maryets frieh;
Mer winscht—es iss waahrhaftich waahr—
Die Grischtdaag kaemte viermol 's Yaahr.

Es koscht em wull als bissel Geld,
Awwer 's waerd aa blendi schunscht weckg'schnellt.
De Buwe un de yunge Maed
Macht's net viel aus, wu's Geld hiegeht.

Die Grischdaag schbend mer als deheem.
Weil dart iss alles aagenehm:
Es gebt ken Blatz, nau unne fun,
As em sei Heemet biede kann.

Die Kinner tschumpe um em rum
Un mache 'n Zucht wie'n grossi Drumm;
Mer guckt ne zu un losst sie geh—
Du weesscht, mer waare ewwe aa mol glee.

Die Grischtkindel sin abgezaehlt
Un maryets waerr'n sie ausgedeelt.
Die Gleene hubse rum wig'n Haas
Un meene 's kaemt vum Santa Claus.

Die Graemmaem deelt als candy aus,
Un yedes sucht sich's greesscht Schdick raus;
Un wann mer noch so hart browiert,
Dann hot mer doch glei 's G'sicht verschmiert.

Mer gloppt sich alle Aarde Niss,
Bis als 's Esse ready iss;
Noh nooch de zwelfe heesst's als glei:
"Nau kummt do raus un setzt eich bei."

En Welschhaahne iss uff em Disch,
Un 's anner Sach guckt all so frisch;
Es dutt em gut, wann mer's bedracht,
Weil's iss so schee zurecht gemacht.

Mer hot en Abbedit wie'n Gaul
'S daet Not mer hett en exdraa Maul;
Mer sarrigt, as mer blendi grickt,
Un esst bis em der Maage drickt.

Nooch Middaag gebt's als blendi Schbass.
Mer lacht un weess net recht ferwas;
Es dutt em yuscht vun Haerze leed,
Dass als die Zeit so schnell rumgeht.

Bis oweds ass es duschber waerd.
Do muss der B'such schunt widder faert;
Noh sin die Grischdaag schunt verbei,
Mer meent 's kennt darrich au net sei.

Der naegschte Daag muss mer schaffe geh,
Schunscht gebt's schier gaar zu 'n gleener pay;
Naegscht Yaahr gebt 's widder 'n jubilee,
Un mer hofft mer lebt bis datte hie.

Christmas, 1909 ELMER WEIDA, 1890-1910

The above verses were written by a promising youth who lived his twenty short years in Emmaus, Pa. For their preservation we are grateful to Esther Weida Weil of Emmaus.

DER PAEP VERZEHLT VUM BELZNICKEL

Der Paep verzehlt vun de gute alte Zeite,
Un de scheene Chrischtdaage bei de eltere Leit;
Verzehlt aa vum Belznickel, dem gute Mann,
Wu schunn sellemols bekannt waar iwwerall.

Er iss als rumgange die Kinner b'suche,
Un hot sie b'schenkt mit Niss un Kuche;
Es candy waar noch raar in sellre Zeit,
Sie hen alles genumme mit Dankbaarkeit.

Er hot sich nie net viel rumge'dressed';
Bei gute un beese Kinner iss er g'west.
Gekloppt hot er an Dier un Fenschter;
Die Kinner waaren schier all vergelschtert.

Er macht die Dier uff un schaerrt mit seim Schtecke,
Der Sack uff seim Buckel hot viele Ecke.
Sin ihr aa schmaert un kennen ihr bete?
Wieschte Kinner wolle mer 's schunn verleede.

Er waar im me Huddel, sei Rock iss rumgedreht;
Sei Hosse sin all iwwer mit Blacke vernaeht.
Er grummelt—sie kennen ihn schier net verschteh;
Der Johnny wott, er daet nau schnell weiter geh.

Ei, guck yuscht! Er hot yo ee Schtiwwel un ee Schuh;
Die Kinner sin bang, sie sin in Unruh.
Sie saagen ihre Schticker un blinzle debei;
Der Graempaep kummt juscht zu de hinnere Dier rei.

Die Lizzie, die hockt so halwer uff ihrem Schtuhl,
Der Henry saagt nau die Golden Rule:
Nau iss es genung, ihr hen recht gut geduh—
Der Schtecke schittelt—seid schmaert, Maed un Bu.

Nau hebt er sei Kopp un dutt noch saage:
Behefen eich gut, duhn die Bussy net bloge;
Chrischtkindel kummt ball; wann ihr recht heere,
Kumm ich un duh verleicht mei Sack ausleere.

Un Chrischtdaag iss kumme, was waar des en Zeit
Bei de kleene sowohl as de eltere Leit;
Sie waaren so haerrlich, so freehlich debei,
Sie waaren zufridde, es waar ken Schtreiterei.

Sie sin noch der Kaerrich fer Chorale zu singe,
Nochderhand de Nochbere Glickwinsche zu bringe;
De Maem ihre Esse iss yuscht wunnerbaar fei,
Ich wott, ich kennt nochmols en kleenes Kind sei.

Locust Valley, Pa. —Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Der Paperrer Harry

Sis doch wunnerbore wos leit alsa mohl uf nemma fer 'n tzeit ferdreib. Dale gain hunda, dale gain fisha, un so weit os uns aw gait, dada m'r net ae gutie fendu fershwabba fer 'n dudsend fon da alla beshda footballa odder base balla games os noch worra. Onnerra noh widder oleicha des tzu duh, odder ebbes shunshd fer 'n tzeit ferdreib, wie ungfare 'n rigelwaigs mon drous in Fleetwood nix besser gleich'd tzu duh os wie feinie lace haigla. Now der Harry B. Masenheimer fon da Sid fiert shtross in Coplay haig'ld net, un is aw ken fendu hounds, ow'r sis nix in da welt os er shier liever dut wie shtubba paperra.

Der Harry B. wie m'r wissa, is iwfer maisher fon ol da fohrleit no da Whitehall cement meal in Cementon, un hut n gonser dawg shweara gadonka im kup. Sis noh owets won er fartich is shoffa os er gleich'd ebbes shunshd tzu driva, un woh er doh weil tzurick shtarta hut shtubba paperra. Mohl fer ains, gu paperrer sin heit tzu dawg shier so rohr tzu finna wie tzugar un mashina tires, un wor 'n grossie hilf tzu seinra dochter Thelma un ihr'm mon der yung Frederick Waidlich fon 902 Nord 7d shtross doh in da shtat, wie sie ous g'funna hen os der Pap now aw noch paperra dade.

'S Fredericks' hen 'n shtub im hous kot os sie garn gapaper'd hetta, un der Harry B. hut sich ken tzwae mohl haisa lossa fer der chob aw nemma. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hut wunners gamaint wos fer 'n lot g'shpass os es wear fer da kinner die shtub paperra, un wie er fermuthlich aw het, won ers paper bobier on da wend halta het kenna. Un so well os sel aw gait, 's wor aw g'shpass, ow'r may so fer die Thelma un der Frederick os wie fer der paperer Harry.

Die barichda sin, wie ers bobier fers ocht odder nin'd mohl on da wend kotta het, uns wear 'm hanka gabliva, het er net yusht die tzwae feisht darrich garent, ow'r aw mohl so gore der kup darrich g'shteck'd fer sehna wohs faila dade os es bobier net hanka bleiva wot. Un gablauder'd het er —sie sawga er het g'shwetzt in slva unnershittlicha shprocha, un evens wies bobier mohl hanka gabliva is, worra die wend fol runsla, un het shier note gaduh er hets bobier widder alla pieca runner garissa fer die runsla rous shtreicha. 'S hut 'n lot hinnich da ohra krotzes ganumma bis die wend mohl gapaper'd worra wie er sie garn kotta het, un bei seira tzeit, wors hard tzu sawga woh ers manshd paste kotta hut,—uf 'm bobier on da wend odder so gore in da hoar. Die barichda sin, sei hoar hetta kartza grawd nous g'shtonna wie offa poker, un sei Minnie het 'n gahairicher chob kot for 'n reinicha wie er hame kumma wear.

Noh hut der Harry noch awenich ebbes shunshd fon ma glaina failer gamocht—hut die wend gapaper'd eb er g'shtart hut on da ceiling. Fer 'n longie shtory kartz mocha, is es 'm Frederick un da Thelma noh ei kumma 's maichd ken shlechter blawn sei fer die ceiling awshtreicha inshtadts fon paperra. Der Harry hut grawd ei g'shtim'd darta mit, un now shun so wenich tzu sich selwar gawunnert ferwos tzum hanker os sie net grawd fom shtarta on painta gadenk'd hetta un hetta grawd so gute die gons shtub painta kenna wie aw yusht die ceiling.

Soicha os garn 'n xpert paperrer hetta fer bobier hanka, kenna der Harry ferleicht griega—ow'r nimmy bis noch da Firedawg. Wos sei rates sin kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r so wie m'r fershtain kumts druf aw wie oft os ers bobier hanka mus bis es drowwa bleib'd. Die airshda drei mohl hanka gain on ragler rates, un wos iwwer drei mohl gait, charg'd er tzwae fer ains. Un so weit os reeshders aw gain, sellie gain da grase noh, lecher wie feisht, 'n fartel dahler 's shtick, ow'r may so fer die Thelma un der Frederick os wie fer der paperer Harry.

Die barichda sin, wie ers bobier fers ocht odder nin'd mohl on da wend kotta het, uns wear 'm hanka gabliva, het er net yusht die tzwae feisht darrich garent, ow'r aw mohl so gore der kup darrich g'shteck'd fer sehna wohs faila dade os es bobier net hanka bleiva wot. Un gablauder'd het er —sie sawga er het g'shwetzt in slva

Woh 'n lot leit mainer ochtsome weara uf da glotta waiga os wie sie sin, weara oft tzeita 'n lot wenicher axidents wie m'r so hen.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Deaths of a Day

Catasauqua Man Dies at Party

George W. Young, 76, of 613 Howertown Rd., Catasauqua, died of a heart attack Wednesday night at the Catasauqua club, where he was attending a Father and Son celebration.



Born in Catasauqua, son of the late William and Marie, nee Kieper, Young, he was a resident of that community all his life. For more than 50 years he was employed as a pattern-maker at the Davies and Thomas Co., Catasauqua.

Active in civic and fraternal affairs, Mr. Young was a member of the Catasauqua borough council, serving as chairman of the street committee when Race St. and Howertown Rd., were paved in 1926. He was a member of the Southwark Hose Co., Catasauqua, the Four-County Firemen's Assn., and Catasauqua lodge, 269, IOOF. He served as a fire warden of Lehigh county up until the time of his death and was fire chief of the Southwark Hose Co., for several years. In 1892 he was injured while fighting a fire at the Unicorn Silk Co., Catasauqua.

Mr. and Mrs. Young recently observed their 49th wedding anniversary.

Besides his wife, the former Matilda Edgar, he is survived by one son, William, Catasauqua; one daughter, Mrs. Margaret Laubach, Northampton, and six grandchildren. He was preceded in death by two sons, Edgar J. and Robert E. Young.

Rev. Gorman Roof, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Catasauqua, of which Mr. Young was a member, will officiate at services on Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the O. S. Burkholder funeral home, 3rd and Walnut Sts., Catasauqua. Burial will be in Fairview cemetery, Catasauqua.

MRS. ROBERT FRANTZ

Mrs. Vestilla Renner Frantz, wife of Robert Frantz, of 238 Broad St., Nazareth, died Friday at 8:40 a. m. at her home after a brief illness. She was born on Dec. 19, 1888, in Plainfield township, daughter of the late Aaron and Sarah Werner Renner. Mrs. Frantz was a member of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church, the Married Ladies Bible class of the church and the Republican club.

In addition to her husband, she is survived by a son, Russell, in the Army in Germany; three daughters, Evelyn and Virginia Frantz, at home, and Mrs. Charles Fatzinger, Nazareth; and four sisters, Mrs. Lillie Dech, Mrs. Alice Frantz, Nellie Renner, all of Nazareth, and Mrs. William Bachman, Northampton.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 2 p. m. from the Bartholomew funeral home, 211 Center St., Nazareth, with Rev. W. H. Diehl officiating. Interment will be in Hope cemetery, Hecktown.

ROBERT L. MORRIS

Very Rev. W. Robert Webb, dean and rector of the Cathedral Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, will officiate at a private funeral service today for Robert L. Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Morris, Friedensville, who died Thursday in St. Luke's hospital. Interment will be in Nisky Hill. The parents, a brother and a sister survive.

Pastor's Widow Succumbs

Mrs. Emma C. Miller, widow of Rev. Oscar D. Miller, of 216 N. 15th St., died at her home yesterday at 1:40 a. m. She had been in failing health for five weeks and bedfast for the last two weeks.

Born in Hamburg, daughter of the late Solomon and Isabella, nee Balthaser, Dreibelbis, she was a resident of Allentown for 34 years.

Her husband, who died 35 years ago, served Lutheran parishes in Ham