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Allentown's Slogan: "DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I ask and wish not to appear
More beauteous, rich or gay:
Lord, make me wiser every year,
And better every day. Lamb.

KEEP UP FIGHT TO CONQUER POLIO

The noble fight against that insidious disease, infantile paralysis, continues as we again are reminded by announcement that the annual campaign, known as the March of Dimes, is to begin shortly and that headquarters for the local organization have been set up for the work.

Thru this campaign both the local work and the national program receive support. In the local field there is scientific and patient care for local victims of the disease. Numbers of these can be expected to arise in this community during the years for no preventive for the disease has yet been discovered. We cannot yet immunize children against the disease as they are immunized against so many other ailments that in other years took high toll of child life.

It is in the national field that the search for preventives and cures continues. That work deserves what it is being given—nation-wide support thru the March of Dimes. It will continue to deserve such support until the problem has been solved or until the scientists give up which, however, no one expects them to do. They have solved so many problems in the field of preventive and curative medicine and they have developed the techniques for study of new problems so thoroly that there is belief not alone in their own midst but in the public mind that ultimately the problem will be solved.

CITY'S LOSS IN PASSING OF GEO. E. CAVANAUGH

The death of ex-Councilman George E. Cavanaugh deprived the community of one of its noblest and most useful citizens.

Thruout his years in City Hall he was a diligent and faithful official whose work was motivated at all times in the public interest. Some of the most notable years in Allentown's civic development were years in which as a councilman he served to shape and cooperate in the shaping of policies that brought that development.

No public official could have been more courteous and helpful to citizens who had occasion to do business in City Hall for Mr. Cavanaugh was the soul of courtliness and tact. Every attribute that goes to make the true gentleman was in his makeup. He was a gentleman at heart and a gentleman in his dealings with his fellow-men.

When he decided to go into retirement and no longer aspired to public office, a decision to seek leisure did not stand up very long. His was too busy a mind and too vigorous a frame to encourage the rusting, deteriorating effects of idleness. So very soon he was active in other lines that he carried on with customary vigor and careful attention. Accordingly, he virtually died in harness altho he had attained advanced age.

The memory of George E. Cavanaugh long will be kept green in the hearts of every public official with whom he was associated during his long career in office and by the thousands of Allentonians with whom he came in contact in his long years of association with fraternal organizations and in his work as a public official.

BACK TO DIX IN '46

It has never been promised and therefore was not to be expected that all American service men with sufficient credits in terms of points would be able to get home by Christmas. Nevertheless it was heartening for the service men in all parts of the world to chant the refrain "Home Alive in '45."

Millions of them have come home and most of them did make it before Christmas. But millions of them continue overseas, eager to get home as quickly as possible.

Of this we can be certain: The flow of homeward bound troops will be greater this year than last because there will be so many more months in which the movement can be operated. After all, the homeward movement last year did not begin in considerable strength until August, following Germany's surrender while the movement from the Pacific was a mere trickle until early autumn.

Service men who were disappointed in 1945 are not going to be disappointed again. Confidently they can chant the alternative refrain: "Back to Dix in '46."

ALL GERMANY WANTED WAR, SAYS GENERAL

Publication widely thruout Germany of Adolf Hitler's last papers has been criticised adversely because they contain appealing challenges to the German people to rise in due time and wipe out the stain of their defeats in two wars.

Inasmuch as history may be repeated and the Germans may have the opportunity to resurge and make more trouble, it is pertinent to know how they thought and worked after World War I to bring about World War II. Such knowledge and careful retention of it in memory may serve to prevent a third event of similar nature which might, however, have a different and more serious outcome for us.

At Nuernberg in recent days, Marshal Werner Van Blomberg who was at one time the commander-in-chief of Germany's army, frankly admitted in an affidavit that the German army had begun preparations for the second war more than ten years before Hitler came into power in 1933. In so doing, the army was backed up by German public opinion which wanted war in order to settle at least three "issues" which had resulted from the peace after World War I and which were resented by the German people. They were spurred on of course by their Pan-German and Deutschland-uber-Alles propaganda which had never died. The army and the people, according to Blomberg, regarded war to settle these issues as "a sacred duty." While Hitler was rising, there was heartiest accord and sympathy with him because, as Blomberg depones, he produced the results the army and the German people desired.

So much has been said in so many quarters from time to time by well-meaning people about the German people being dragged into war that a refutation of this idea from a leading German general is pertinent. Without any doubt virtually the entire German people wanted the war. They believed they were going to succeed in it. They willingly followed the leaders who were giving them such preliminary results that promised success in the greater undertakings. Whatever opposition existed in Germany as to war was very small, and if at all vocal was very, very weak. Many Americans have been certain of this all along. A highly competent German authority now has fully confirmed the belief.

Truman's Appeal for Support

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON Jan. 4—President Truman's analysis of what is blocking economic progress at the moment places the responsibility on Congress, and he asks the American people to put pressure on the legislative body. But his explanation will be disputed.

The truth is that Mr. Truman is himself responsible for the present unbalanced economy. His lack of leadership and his failure to hold the scales even is forcing the United States into an era of inflation which can be disastrous. When the President retraces his own steps and reasserts wartime controls, he will find himself in a position of leadership sufficiently powerful to deal with all contingencies. Mr. Truman in his message says:

"We are all anxious to eliminate controls just as rapidly as we can do so. The steps that we have already taken show that. But price and rent controls will have to be maintained for many months to come, if we hope to maintain a steady and stable economy. The line must be held."

Yet the President must know that one of the big elements in prices is labor cost and that there simply cannot be "a steady and stable economy" unless all factors are regulated, including wages. The nonchalance with which Mr. Truman cast out the War Labor Board and the entire wage and salary stabilization policy last August is the real cause of the present crisis in labor-management relations.

Gradual Transition the Factor

The administration forced the crisis by precipitating industry into a situation where it was faced with new demands for wages before it could find out what the peacetime production levels would be. If ever there was a situation that called for gradual transition from wartime to peacetime conditions, it was in the handling of wage costs. An extension of the stabilization program was absolutely imperative, but Mr. Truman yielded to bad advice and thought he was doing a popular thing by throwing off the wage controls.

Nobody likes wage controls any more than they like price controls. But the President still has the power, without any further action by Congress, to issue an executive order stabilizing wage rates and putting an end to the wage-inflation spiral that threatens to undermine the entire economic structure. Along with this must come price controls, too, so that the cost of things purchased for household use will not be out of reach of the worker's income. A promise of eventual release of controls should be based on the time when production shall have reached satisfactory levels.

The President's proposal for a fact-finding board to get at the facts in labor disputes is a desirable thing but Mr. Truman rests too much on that proposition. Along with it must go some other reforms, such as a writing of the rules of collective bargaining and some means of ending the illegal picketing that makes bad feeling and causes management to become lawless, too.

Criticism of Congress

Mr. Truman will not get very far by criticizing Congress. That body responds to public opinion and at the moment there are no signs that the public is any better informed on where the responsibility lies for the present crisis than is the President. Congress is divided because it knows the Truman proposals are inadequate and yet it fears, because of the power of pressure groups, to supplement them.

On many an occasion when the war was on, the chief executive found it necessary to use emergency powers without going to Congress for specific authority on every question. As long as these blanket powers are still in existence, Congress would not venture to repeal them when they are used to steady and stabilize the national economy. Mr. Truman would be on safer ground if he asserted his wartime powers and then challenged Congress to repeal them without providing any substitute plan. As it is, the President has all the power necessary and yet declines to exercise it for fear it would be unpopular. He nevertheless asks Congress to take the responsibility for adopting a program that he must realize doesn't go to the root of our economic difficulties.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

ON INFLATION

Damon Runyon is no economist nor is he a professor in any university nor is he a statistician for any government bureau. In fact, he is a specialist in characters, particularly the Broadway breed of homo sapiens. To know the habitues of the Snob Room or the Goose Club or Lindy's is to be a deep psychologist, as these folks are experts in camouflage, the only time that they take off their false faces being when they are asleep, temporarily or permanently. So I want to put it this way: Damon Runyon is the greatest living American psychologist, although the guys that write about complexes and hormones don't know it.

But when it comes to economics, Damon Runyon had not heretofore disclosed himself. Maybe the point is that you don't need to have a Phi Beta Kappa key to be an economist because, after all, even a pushcart peddler selling herring knows that if something costs one dollar and you sell it for a dollar and ten cents, there is a chance to make a dime, but if you sell it for ninety cents, you are liable to be mooching a dime for a cup of coffee. The professors who cannot distinguish between a fact and a quotation sometimes get so mixed up in calculus that they forget that simple arithmetic is a true law of nature.

So here is what I am talking about. The other day Damon Runyon, who, like myself, runs a column, wrote himself a piece on inflation. And it showed that he was hep to the subject. He was talking about the dopey characters who inhabit joints like the Snob Room and who make deals in millions of dollars, hedging, as they say, against inflation on the tablecloth. Their theory is that if they convert money that they have or do not have into something—real estate, stocks, farms, diamonds, paintings, blondes, anything tangible—they will be rich when the inflation makes everybody poor.

So Damon Runyon says this:

"Now if money is no good, I do not see how possessions can be any good either, unless we are going to introduce a system of barter with possessions, because a man with a skyscraper on his hands and no cash cannot buy food and what is he going to eat? The skyscraper? . . ."

Natural and Artificial Inflation

That summarizes in a paragraph a lot of common sense. We are living through a combined natural and artificial inflation. The natural inflation was produced by good business during the war years, the Black Market and extraordinarily high take-home wages. The artificial inflation is due to the OPA—imposed scarcity of goods, the refusal of the government to let prices and wages reach normal levels, the politician's fear of deflation and the insistence on the part of the public to buy for the sake of buying. Runyon describes it this way:

". . . I suppose much of the money is what I call nervous money, which is money made from black-marketeering, but there is also a great deal that represents legitimate war profits. The one seems as restless as the other."

Nervous Money

This "nervous money," as he calls it, is causing most of our troubles. One reason that there is so much nervous money around—and it is true of the worker as well as the Snob Room specialist—is that the word, thrift, has departed from the American language. Saving for a rainy day is something that we just do not believe in. The Hopkins theory of economics, which is based on the philosophy of the handout when you're broke and pouring it down the rathole when you have it, has corrupted our morality. We are money-drunk. Mr. Truman's "fact-finding" economics is part of this inflationary nonsense and shows that the President, being a man of his own generation, suffers the corruption of the mind that comes from not understanding that a dollar in one's pocket is worth more than when it is invested in a mink coat. Thrift is a fundamentally sound moral quality which stabilizes character and makes a man independent. Its lack makes a man a slave to whoever gives him the handout.

(Copyright, 1945)

Ida Lupino does a patch up job on unruly curls by setting her hair with cologne. She dampens her hair with cologne and rolls it up into a pin curl. It will dry in a few moments.

Joan Crawford's nail tips include one that will lessen the danger of splitting. She says never file your nails down too sharply at the sides. Let the nail grow out straight, then shape the edges gently.



WIE ZUVOR

Mer saage, 's alt Yohr iss verbei,
Mer hen en neies Yohr.
'S iss meiner Sechs kee Unnerschitt;
'S iss alles wie zuvor.

Die Yohre kumme, die Yohre gehe,
Un was iss alt, waerd nei.
'S iss ewwe doch kee Unnerschitt,
Wann alles iss verbei.

'S waerd alles besser mit der Zeit,
Der Mensch allee bleibt dumm;
Weist meiner Sechs kee Unnerschitt —
Er geht im Gringel rum!

—LOUISE A. WEITZELL

BOOK REVIEWS

GERTIE GOES "PLAIN." A Comedy in Two Acts (Six Scenes). By Peggy London. Samuel French, New York and London. Price, 50 cents.

Peggy London, a native New Yorker, who directs The Community Players of York, Pa., has written a play with a Pennsylvania German theme which promises to be more popular than "Papa is All." It appeals to all who know and esteem our "plain people." The "plain people" themselves have found in it a sympathetic interpretation of their speech and their customs. The story of the play is presented as follows:

Gertie Ball, a telephone operator from Brooklyn, finds herself in a "plain" home in Pennsylvania, as the result of a bus accident. She is cared for by Mrs. Tillie Oberholzer and her seventeen year old niece, Elviny Wackernagel, who had never seen anyone as "stylish" as Gertie. Gradually Gertie finds the way of life in Pleasure Valley very pleasant indeed. She has fun listening to Lizzie Dinkelberger, a neighbor, trying to make a match between Elviny and Jake Yoder (who is old yet, and has a wart on his nose still) and she is convulsed by the struggle for romance on the part of Miss Patty, who has taught the country school for twenty summers (and how many winters?) and who encourages Elviny to read Romeo and Juliet. Elviny's opportunity to leave her "plain" home comes when the wealthy Mrs. Oliver Gordon from New York invites her to the city for a visit. Here the demure Mennonite girl learns about correct speech and modern clothes, and at the end of four months she returns to Pleasure Valley in "worldly" dress, announcing that she is engaged to Mrs. Gordon's son. But Aunt Tillie's amazement when she sees her niece in city clothes is no greater than that of Elviny when she discovers that Gertie has gone "plain." Yes, Gertie has not only deserted her telephone switchboard in Brooklyn, to put on a long dress and a bonnet and learn how to make schnitz un knepp and fassnachts, but —Jake Yoder has been "setting up" with her and she may decide to marry him—"yet."

GERTIE GOES "PLAIN" has become a desirable vehicle for dramatic performance for many clubs, churches, schools and Little Theatre Groups throughout eastern Pennsylvania. Since its first appearance in York on Nov. 19, 1943, this play has been performed 116 times. It was presented before the New Century Club of Philadelphia, the oldest federated woman's club in the United States, three times in Harrisburg, at the Millersville State College, in Hazleton, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Stroudsburg, Bethlehem and in many smaller Pennsylvania towns.

The publisher announces that the play in its present form is dedicated to the reading public only, and no performance, representation, production, recitation, public reading or radio broadcasting may be given except by special arrangement with Samuel French at 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE GERMAN AND SWISS SETTLEMENTS OF COLONIAL PENNSYLVANIA. A Study of the So-Called Pennsylvania Dutch. By Oscar Kuhns, Late Professor in Wesleyan University, Member of the Penna. German Society, etc.—Foreword by A. Monroe Aurand, Jr. Privately Printed: The Aurand Press, Harrisburg, Pa. 1945.—$3.00.

Some time ago that enterprising publisher of Pennsylvania German books, J. Monroe Aurand, furnished the public with a reprint of Thomas H. Harter's **Boonastiel**, for more than half a century a best-seller of Pennsylvania German humor. And now, Mr. Aurand, always keenly attuned to the sales potentiality of a book, has given us a reprint of Oscar Kuhns' **German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania.** This notable work was first published by Henry Holt & Co., in 1900. In 1914 it was issued a second time, this time with the imprint of The Abingdon Press. Some years ago Mr. Aurand bought from the Abingdon Press the unsold copies, together with the original plates from which he has now reprinted the book with a Foreword over his own name and dated July 1, 1945.

In republishing this useful work Mr. Aurand has done this generation a significant service, for even among the many books which have appeared in our day about the Pennsylvania Germans, none has so concisely and inclusively and with such integrity of scholarship presented the history of our people. Professor Kuhns has presented in successive chapters: The Historic Backgrounds; The Settling of the German Counties of Pennsylvania; Over Land and Sea; Manners and Customs of the Pennsylvania German Farmer in the Eighteenth Century; Language, Literature and Education of the Pennsylvania Germans; Their Religious Life; In Peace and War; and in the Appendix of the book a very enlightening treatment of Pennsylvania German family names.

Although scholars of today have brought forth much new material, corrected some ancient errors and taken advantage of new relations and shifting accents, the fact remains that nowhere else can one learn so much about the Pennsylvania Germans within so small a compass.

Unfortunately the paper shortage did not allow the more generous margins of the original. If it is true, as a prominent book dealer in New York wrote to the author, that he believed over a million families ought to be interested in this book, because thousands of persons with English, Welsh and Scotch-Irish names are descended on their maternal side from the Pennsylvania Germans, then Mr. Aurand's supply of 500 copies will soon be exhausted. —P.A.B.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

THE ORPHANED CANNON

In 1758 the War Ministry of Great Britain resolved to do something about protecting the Pennsylvania frontier from marauding Indians and guard against a French invasion. The juncture of the two branches of the Susquehanna at Sunbury was elected as the site for the construction of a mighty fortress which came to be known as Fort Augusta. A cast-iron cannon was made in England and sent to the New World via Philadelphia and destined for the new fort on the Susquehanna. It was hauled overland, probably following the route through Reading and Berks county along the Shamokin Trail across the Blue Mountains from present day Bethel to Pinegrove. One version has it that it was hauled to Harris Ferry and taken up the river on a batteau.

The cannon was mounted on the ramparts of Fort Augusta and served during the French and Indian War and later during the Revolutionary War. In 1788 the weapon was taken away to augment the battery at Fort Muncy. One year later the northern fort was abandoned. The fleeing soldiers loaded the cannon on a boat and started down the river. But the heavy encumbrance proved to be too much for the small boats. At the lower end of Shamokin Island the soldiers spiked the cannon and dumped it into the river.

Ten years later the rusty cannon was discovered at the bottom of the muddy river. Two brothers named Mantz salvaged the relic and brought it back to Sunbury. By applying heat to the metal they succeeded in drilling out the spike.

Now begins a tale of strife. Many towns along the Susquehanna vied with each other for possession of the ancient weapon and in this contest all bars were down. It was buried in an archway of a tavern in Sunbury; it was hidden in cellars in Selinsgrove; it was carried on sturdy shoulders to an attic and hidden under a bed; it was concealed in the cellar of a hotel in New Berlin; in a fire-house in Selinsgrove. Each time it changed hands it was the result of a daring plot to steal this ancient cannon from its erstwhile owners at the cost of broken bones and broken laws.

Why did each town desire to own the cannon? In order that it could celebrate Independence Day in proper fashion. Every Fourth of July from 1824 to 1836 the cannon was called upon to announce Liberty and Independence to the residents of the Susquehanna Valley. In 1838 the muzzle of the cannon was broken off with a sledge hammer by a colored man named "Cudgo" in a drunken show of strength.

A full account of the travels of this remarkable relic is furnished by Heber G. Gearhart in Volume VIII of the proceedings of the Northumberland County Historical Society.

One of the accounts of the various thefts will serve as an illustration. In 1834 Selinsgrove patriots held temporary possession of the coveted relic. Sunbury conspirators located it in the fire-house of Selinsgrove, stole it from thence and ferried it across the river to Sunbury. On Independence Day they startled the residents of Sunbury by firing the ancient weapon at dawn. Excitedly Captain Daniel Levy, commander of the local militia rushed from his home to the scene of disturbance and brandishing his sword he offered to command the defense of the town in case of an attack.

The checkered career of the cannon did not end until 1893 when it came into the possession of the Sunbury Fire Company No. 1. Since that date it has had but two public appearances, once when the fire company moved to a new home and again in 1922 when the fire company carried the cannon on one of its fire trucks as a part of the Sesquicentennial celebration of the founding of Sunbury.

* * *

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER IN READING

The original flag which was flown from Fort McHenry near Baltimore during the memorable battle of the War of 1812, the same flag which inspired Francis Scott Key to write the words which have become our national anthem, may be seen in the New Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C. Today it is the property of all Americans. Some forty years ago tattered portions of this flag were in private hands and some of them were the property of Henry May Keim of Reading. We have seen the flag itself as it hangs suspended from the wall in the Smithsonian Institute. No parts were missing. We do not know the story of how the various pieces were assembled.

How had Mr. Keim gotten in possession of these valuable relics? The answer is not quite clear, but we can relate the story of how the Keim family in Reading came into possession of an original copy of the song, the Star Spangled Banner.

In 1840 General George M. Keim, the father of Henry May Keim, represented the Berks district in the Congress of the United States. While in Washington General Keim made the acquaintance of Francis Scott Key, the author of our national anthem. As a memento of their friendship Key wrote in his own hand an exact copy of the original words as they first appeared on the back of an old envelope and presented it to the father of Henry Keim. Quite naturally this manuscript became a venerated heirloom in the Keim family.

In 1872 the American naval hero, Admiral George Preble, made a collection of all of the copies of the song which were written by Key at various times during his lifetime. Learning that a man in Reading named Keim owned such a copy Preble sent pieces of the flag which had flown over Ft. McHenry to him, but whether this was done in exchange for the manuscript copy of the song is not clear. The presumption is however that Keim retained possession of the song because it has now been placed in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

* * *

ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY U. S. N.

When Admiral Winfield Scott Schley was awarded the jewelled sword as a tribute for his heroism there were many who begrudged him the honor. Some persons thought that the credit should have gone to Admiral Sampson for conquering Cevera's Spanish fleet in the harbor of Santiago, Cuba on July 4, 1898. Some of Schley's detractors became very bitter and among other derogatory remarks they circulated the statement that Schley's ancestors in America were Hessians. Schley never replied to these charges. His only comment was that there was enough glory in the Santiago victory for every one concerned.

It is true that Schley's ancestors came to America from one of the states of Hesse, but his ancestors were not mercenary soldiers sent here by George the Third. Fully thirty years before the Declaration of Independence John Thomas Schley came to America in company with other immigrants from the German states. He settled in Frederick, Maryland, whither many Pennsylvania Germans had removed. During the Revolutionary War John Schley and his eldest son Jacob sat on a jury that condemned seven Tories for disloyalty to the American cause. Among those hanged for treason was the grandfather of Barbara Fritchie's husband, Caspar Fritchie. Descendants of the pioneer Schley distinguished themselves in the War of 1812. Although the boy was born in 1839 and was named Winfield Scott in honor of the famous general he was destined to serve his country in the navy during the Civil War and in the conflict with Spain.

The pioneer ancestor of Admiral Schley on his maternal side was David Schreiber, who was also very active in the cause of the Americans during the Revolution. He was a member of the Committee of Safety in Maryland and at one time the British had placed a price upon his head. For many years after independence was achieved he served in the Maryland senate.

We have this ancedote from the life of the naval hero: Soon after Schley's return to Frederick after the victory at Santiago he met an old friend named John Hergesheimer. "Do you remember, John," said the Admiral, "when we played marbles on Bentztown Hill? You used to beat me then."—"Yes", answered John, "But you played better marbles with them Spanish fellers."

In commenting upon the disputed glory of the victory this same John Hergesheimer summed up the answer in this way—"And that Sampson — where was he? He was miles and miles away, Sampson was. And to think that Sampson should have tried to get nearly all of the glory for himself."

DER WINTER

Der eenunzwansichscht Dezember,
Do fangt der Winter aa;
Dann is der kaertschte Daag als,
Ass es hot im ganze Yohr.

En paar Daag iss noh Schtillschtand,
Do bleiwe die Daage gleich;
Dann warre sie widder lenger,
Alle Daag en Haahneschrei.

Es Wasser fangt aa schteige,
Die Schpringe laafen aus;
Die Brunne duhn sich fille,
Un es waerd viel kelter drauss.

Drauss iss es glatt un glitzerich —
Was iss die Nadur so schee!
Eisblumme bliehen am Fenschder,
Gott gebt en Deck vun Schnee.

Die Chrischtdaag kummen im Winter,
Dann iss Freed un Haerrlichkeit;
Jesus Chrischtus hot Geburtsdaag,
Dann gebt es frohe Leit.

Es Neiyohr kummt als glei,
Mit Glickwinsche lang un karz;
In de Kaerche duhn sie bete,
Im Waertshaus iss Dans un G'schpass.

Am zwette Harning kummt dann
Die Grundsau, en Wetterbrophet;
So weit as mir duhn wisse,
Hot sie's net oft verfehlt.

Faasnacht mit Faasnachtkuche
Iss der Aafang vun de Faschtezeit;
Dernoh der Aschermittwoch—
Im Maerz kumme des Yohr rei.

Do muss mer bissel achtgewwe,
Schunscht heesst mer "Faasnacht" glei,
Un g'schwind aus em Bett uffschteh,
Will mer net der Aschepuddel sei.

Es schneet alsemol un regnet—
Hui! wie die Schtarmwind peife;
Es waerd deel Zeite so kalt,
Ass die Elbedritschelcher kreische.

Die Kinner faahre Schlitte—
Was sin sie so haerrlich un froh!
Drauss uff em Eis duhn sie schkeete,
Do fliege sie yuscht so.

Nau wolle mer Gott recht danke
Fer die haerrlich Winterzeit,
Un wolle fer Friede bitte
Fer unser Land un all die Leit.

Locust Valley, Pa.

—ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMERLIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

Dreissich Daage hot September,
Abrill un Juni un November;
All die annre, eener meh,
Yuscht der Harning, ganz allee,
Muss mit achtunzwansich duh,
Im Schalkyaahr noch en Daag dezu.

* * *

Three Children Sliding on the Ice

Drei Kinner schleife uff em Eis,
'S waar in de Summerzeit;
Un alle Drei, die falle nei,
So saage uns die Leit.

Ya, waere sie deheem im Hof
So g'schliffe un geloffe.
En dausend Daaler ge-ich en Cent,
Sie waere net versoffe.

Nau all ihr Leit was Kinner hen,
Un die was sin mitaus,
Wann ihr sie draus bewaahre wott,
Bewaahrt sie gut im Haus.

* * *

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN OF GLOUCESTEH

Die Mammi vun Ledder-Eck-Poschte,
Ihr Babbegoi dutt 're viel koschte;
Noh babbelt er immer,
De lenger, de schlimmer;
Do hot sie gegrummelt,
Sich selwer gedummelt,
Fer babble am Ledder-Eck-Poschte.

* * *

Once I Saw A Little Bird

Do sehn ich mol en Veggelche,
Kummt hopp, hopp, hopp;
Do saag ich dann zum Veggelche,
"Nau schtopp, schtopp, schtopp!"
Noh gehn ich mol ans Fenschter,
Un's Veggelche iss dart;
Es schittelt dann sei gleener Schwanz
Un fliegt mer widder fart.

* * *

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAIDEN

Es waar emol en Maedelche,
Die waar so wunsich glee;
Un hot aa yuscht en gleeni Wieg,
Gemacht vum Blaumeschtee.

* * *

WHEN THE WEATHER IS WET

Iss es Wedder nass,
Do macht mer bissel G'schpass;

Iss es Wedder drucke,
Ya, net so griddlich gucke!

Iss es Wedder kalt,
Des nemmt mer so wie's fallt;

Iss es Wedder heess,
Do waerd mer doch net bees:

Mer dankt dem liewe Gott,
Yuscht ass mer Wedder hot.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. CHARLES HEISLER

Mrs. Clara M. Heisler, formerly of Allentown, wife of Charles A. Heisler, of Asbury Park, N. J., died at the Fitkin hospital there on Wednesday after being a patient at the hospital for two weeks. She had been in failing health the past 12 years.

Born in this city, a daughter of the late Harry E. and Emma, nee Hartman, Ginkinger, she had been a resident of Asbury Park for the past 20 years. For many years she was employed as a clerk at Hess Brothers.

Besides her husband Mrs. Heisler is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Stella Peppell, Zionsville, and Mrs. Carson Kleckner, Allentown.

Funeral services will be held at 11 a.m. today at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment will be in West End cemetery.

LEWIS N. SHECKLER

Lewis N. Sheckler, 82, died at 10.30 p.m. Thursday at his home, 530 E. Church St., Slatington, after an illness of several days.

Born in Franklin township, Carbon county, son of the late William and Lydia, nee Beltz, Sheckler, he had been a resident of Slatington most of his life.

Up until his retirement 12 years ago he served as a gatetender for the Lehigh Valley railroad at Slatington. He was a member of St. John's Reformed church, Slatington. Other affiliations included the Redmen lodge, Walnutport; the Order Knights of Friendship, Slatington, and the Slatington Hose Co. No. 1.

Mr. Sheckler is survived by his widow, Alida, nee Roth, Sheckler; the following children, Harry and Lottie, at home; William, Robert and Mrs. William Reed, all of Slatington; nine grandchildren; two brothers, Addison, Parryville, and Charles of Lockport; two sisters, Mrs. Emma Sutters, Weissport, and Mrs. Elizabeth Swinebeltz, Lehighton.

Funeral services will be held on Monday at 1 p. m. at the late home. Interment will be made in Gnaden Hutten cemetery, Lehighton.

CAROLYN HITTNER

Carolyn Hittner, four-month-old daughter of Lester and Gladys, nee Green, Hittner, of 8 Spruce St., Lehighton, died yesterday morning at the Allentown hospital, where she had been a patient since Wednesday afternoon.

Besides the parents, the infant is survived by one brother, David, at home; the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Green, Lehighton, and the paternal grandmother, Lillie Hittner, Lehighton.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Om Worta Fer Shnae

Die sawg is, der tzae rubber Russel Bleiler doh fon da shtadt graich'd alla weil wenich tzu waiga on seim g'sheft—er dade bol 'n gonsie tzeit om fenshter shtae watcha, ebs net bol shnae gaibt. Un so weit os sel aw gait, hut er aw gutie uhrsoch so shweara indressa tzu nemma in da shnaerrei. Der "Docktor" wie m'r wissa, hut 'n summer hamet drowwa nagshd on Hynemansville woh er 'n gons yohr rum om gae halt. Ferleicht sot m'r 's aw 'n "Londs Hamet" haisa, weil er summers, winders, free un shpoteyohrs darta tzu finna is won er net dahame in da shtadt is.

Now der "Docktor" is aw awenich ebbes fon ma geils mon, un hut ae bardicher goul os er gleich'd fer winders ysa fer shlitta fohra. Sis 's nagshd ding tzu ma pony, die ort woh won er 'm shtecka bleibt im shnae, kon er 'n uf die oxel nemma un 'n nous ins uffna drawga. Noh hut er aw 'n gons arbidicher shlitta os er gleich'd tzu yusa won er uf trips gait so wie niver noch Claussville un Ledder Eck Poshda. Der shlitta is yusht gross ganunk fer tzwae leit drin fohra, odder ewwa 'n alt frankisher kutter.

Doh wie der onner shnae wor, wor er wenich drous shlitta fohra, un woh er now lushda hut fer die sama socha widder iwwer mocha. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hut wenich ebbes fon ra shlitta ride bisnis uf g'shtart darta on Ledder Eck Poshda, un woh er net gons iwwel ous gamocht hut. Er hut ae passenger uf 'n trip ganumma, nous noch da Moryalanner kerrich un widder tzurick, unna fartel dahler der kup gacharg'd. Der aintsich'd druvel wor, 's wor so bidderlich kalt sella mohl, un hen alla mohl nei gamist beim Jimmy Wenner om wertshous fer ains petza won sie tzurick kumma sin. Der "Docktor" ols der mon in bisnis, huts noh ols uf g'setzt, un gons Ledder Eck Poshda is ous gatarn'd alla mohl os es on der bar gonga is. Er hut ols 'n fartel dahler die trip ei ganumma, un hut 'n drei dahler die rounds gakosh'd. Der brofit wor glae so weit os der "Docktor" aw gonga is, ow'r hen ol rum so'n wunerborie gutie tzeit kot, os er shier net worta kon bis es shnaed fer die sama socha widder iwwer mocha. 'N aryer Dr. Bieller, net wohr?

Hut Ihra Marrick Galust

Doh 'm onnerra Sundawg—Sundawg fer Grishdawg fers recht tzu sawga, shure hen sie 'n aryie tzeit kot drous ons George Fenstermakers' nagshd on Mertztown. Der Gilbert Hess un sei fraw die Mary Ellen worra darta un wos wor die Mary Ellen net uf gapaint mit so fire rotie leftsa shmear. Sie worra yusht fon Florida kumma, un denk die Mary Ellen hut no weissa wolla wie die gute gadressda weibsleit sich uf dolla dada drunna im lond fon shaina maid un sunna shein. Un noh wor sie net yusht tzu fritta fer uf gapaint tzu sei, ow'r wos hut sie gaduh os wie is rum fer allas bussa os darta wor—mainer uf kours fer sie ol fershmeara mit leftsa paint, os wie sie bussa.

Ainer os sie arbadich dahinner wor, wor der Ab Hoch, Oy duh welt wos hut sie net ihn ous sehna kot, 'n waricklich nemma kenna fer 'n advertisment in shoe ladder fer da Mary Ellen ihr'm leftsa rote. Un war die socha net glawbt brouch numma mohl die Mary Hess fon Shoenersville froga woh aw dabei wor, ow'r sellie Mary hut yusht hinna draw k'huck'd un galocht os sie bol fershprunga is.

Der George Shellhamer wor aw darta un hut sei marrick galust, ow'r may mit wos er ol gessa hut om dish, os wie mit leftsa farab. Der Earl Hoch un die Marie hen 'n gahairich aryerment kot darrich wos der George ol gessa hut. Die Marie hut druf g'shtonna er het allas gessa os er uf der daller ganumma het, un der Earl huts net gaglawbt, net gamaint os so'n glainer kerl so fiel tzu sich shoffa kent, un wor shure er het sich noch die seck g'fill'd. 'M Earl sei fraw die "Tuts" hut noh aw noch gamaint sie kent net sehna wie 'n mensch os sich so fol wosser gadrunka het wies g'sheind hut os er het, allas essa kent os er sich nous ganumma hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit tzu dawg mawg m'r hee gae woh m'r wil im lond, die monsleit sin ol iwwer eiferich om huls hocka un fensa shtraima butza, un die weibsleit om shtickerra un g'wilda os der shtawb flieg'd.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

25 Years Ago Today

Jan. 5, 1921, a Wednesday

Among the women to enjoy the right of suffrage, granted through the 19th Amendment, to serve on the jury of the local criminal courts for the first time were: Mrs. Alice H. Bear, South Whitehall; Mrs. Lillian Hohl, Allentown; Mrs. William O. Diehl, Catasauqua; Mrs. Ella Hunsicker, Allentown; Mrs. Minnie C. Werley, Allentown; Mrs. Catherine Wickert, Lower Macungie; Mrs. Mary A. Gersbach, Mrs. Catherine Gallagher, Bessie Hocker and Gertrude M. Rau, all of Allentown.

Edward J. Quinn was installed as new post commander of the Herbert Paul Lentz post No. 29. Mrs. Cora Peters headed the auxiliary.

The reduced salary scales for county employes were announced as: janitors from $110 to $100 a month; county sealer of weights $140 to $120; engineers $125 to $100.

The sale of three farms, totalling 198 acres, in Salisbury township was announced by Mrs. Emma Sefing. The land is adjacent to the Trexler Fish hatchery and the Little Lehigh river traverses the tract for three-quarters of a mile.

Women jurors in Carbon county were permitted to wear their hats in the courtroom according to an announcement made by Judge Barber. Women on the Carbon county jury sworn in were: Mrs. Ida Begel, Weissport; Margaret Eadie, Weatherly; Helen Gangaware, Weatherly; Lottie Hahn, Weissport; Gertrude Haycock, Palmerton; Frances Kitting, Nesquehoning; Mrs. Mamie Johnson, Hauto; and Ethel B. Whiteford, Mauch Chunk.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

According to Broadway legend, Miss Beat

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Very whitely still
The lilies of our lives may reassure
Their blossoms from their roots, accessible
Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer;
Growing straight out of man's reach, on the hill.
God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.
—Browning

A REAL CHANCE TO HELP EX-SERVICE MEN

The American people have heartily endorsed the Government program whereby encouragement is being given to ex-service men to re-enter schools and colleges and prepare themselves better for their old jobs or fit them for new and more lucrative jobs along lines that they have been considering while in service or along lines upon which they received training while in those big schools—the Army and Navy.

Allentown undoubtedly has been happy that so many ex-service men have elected Muhlenberg college as the institution in which they choose to receive the education that the Government wishes them to receive. It is a tribute of confidence in the local institution.

It now remains to be seen whether the community is going to make it possible for many of these veterans to really live here. The college can take care of some but it cannot provide for all.

Dr. Levering Tyson has said that the college will need more rooms in private homes for between 50 and 100 men, some of whom will also seek accommodation for wives who are coming with them.

The situation promises to be unusually acute for the college at the beginning of March when the United States Navy is sending about 150 men for a four-months course. To accommodate these and the regular student body, dormitories at the college will be jammed and every fraternity house will be filled to capacity.

As Dr. Tyson has said: "Here is another opportunity for the community, with its traditional reputation for hospitality, to help out in the situation."

Allentown should be proud to welcome these veterans of the recent war as well as the young Navy men who are being sent here in the final contingent from that branch of the service to be educated and trained by the splendid faculty which Muhlenberg has assembled.

BIG CLOTHING DRIVE NEXT WEEK

Allentown has done so magnificently in other drives to gather used clothing for people in the war-torn countries of Europe that the response next week can be expected to be equally liberal or even greater than in any previous campaign.

The fact is that the results should be bigger than ever before because the responses from Europe now have been heard and have gladdened the hearts of many local givers in the knowledge that their "bread, cast upon the waters, has returned to them after not many days."

A striking example was that afforded at the meeting of the Kiwanis club on Thursday when a Dutch family, that had been assisted by the club, appeared as their happy guests. Proudly and thankfully one of them remarked when removing outer clothing prior to the meeting: "That is a Kiwanis coat," meaning thereby that it was a garment that had been sent to them far across the seas when they were cold and suffering and just beginning to get over the trials and tribulations and want brought on by the German occupation of Holland.

Letters which now are flowing into Allentown from other stricken countries indicate that clothing assembled in other drives has been received and distributed among needy people, displacing the rags that they had worn because during the war their stocks of goods were taken away into Germany. Even if materials had been available factories could not have worked them up because all manufacturing was devoted to German war purposes.

So Allentonians have come to know that the clothing is reaching the people whom they desired to benefit. By the same token they can know that the clothing to be assembled next week will go to equally worthy, suffering people. Much of it may reach Europe even before the present winter has ended. And no matter when it does reach those people, it is going to be highly appreciated.

If any one wants to take a tip from those who know thru bitter experience, a lot of additional help can be accorded if, with clothing, buttons and needles and thread be included. There are millions of idle hands in Europe that will only be too willing to ply needle and thread in making repairs to discarded clothing.

THE ABC OF BUTTER

A is for Anderson, Secretary of Agriculture, who proposes a rise of 18 cents a pound in the price of butter to divert butterfats to the production of butter, now half of normal.

B is for Bowles, Price Administrator, who says that no increase in the price of butter will be approved by his agency.

C is for Consumer, who wonders why the same steps taken to encourage the diversion of butterfats away from the butter production, if reversed, wouldn't put butter on the table at something under 60 cents a pound.

New York Sun.

NO HOPE APPEARS AS TO STEEL STRIKE

If there be any rainbow on the horizon of the threatened steel strike tomorrow at midnight, it has not appeared up to this moment.

All the indications are that more than a dozen large industries in this immediate community will be idle on Monday and thereafter probably for a considerable period. If there be likelihood of early settlement of the difficulties, it is not now apparent.

The general disposition would seem to be to have the issues fought out now and decided in one way or the other.

The effect upon the community can be expected to be serious, as any cessation of income-producing labor always is serious whether thru normal unemployment or voluntary unemployment.

But the public, the third party, must stand by as Titans struggle. The third party, no matter how seriously it expects to be aggrieved, presently sees nothing that it can do about it.

Needed: A Military Policy

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11—Failure of President Truman and the Congress to provide a military policy for the transition period between war and peace has brought on a rebellious mood among the troops overseas.

It was as simple a proposition as could be imagined that, unless replacements were provided for the occupying armies, the troops, irrespective of point scores, could not come home. Yet though this was foreseen, the War Department has devoted itself these last few months to a number of extraneous controversies like the merger and the military training bills and has not pressed for a solution of the immediate problem of finding troops to take care of the necessities of the hour.

Also there has been no over-age planning as to how long the troops would be needed and for what missions.

The biggest need, of course, is for volunteers. Unfortunately, the War Department has bungled its task and hence not enough volunteers are being recruited. The draft system, moreover, isn't functioning as it should because of the possibility that Congress may at any time end the draft.

* * *

The War Department is such a big institution that its various units are not well integrated. It needs a merger all its own. Thus, the Secretary of War, Robert Patterson, didn't know that points are not being given in the Army for service since last September. Mr. Patterson has too big a department to administer without more assistance. Better coordination between the military services within the department is imperative.

Mr. Patterson is an excellent judge. He really ought to be sitting at the Nuernberg trials—a task for which he is preeminently fitted—and then Justice Jackson could be brought back to the Supreme Court of the United States where his vote and his judgment are acutely needed as almost everybody in judicial circles in Washington now concedes.

The man who ought to be Secretary of War is someone who can give his whole time to the formulation of a sound military policy—someone who is familiar with the legislative viewpoint. It would be a ten-strike if Mr. Truman selected some outstanding member of the House or the Senate for the Secretaryship of War. General Eisenhower is now at his job and cannot be expected to absorb the legislative situation and bear the burden of military policy-making at once.

Probably the fastest way to get the problem of an occupying army solved would be to allow the Marine Corps to be recruited at once up to 500,000. Here is an institution with an esprit d'corps all its own—and one that has traditionally done the occupying job overseas for the United States. The professional soldiers who enlist voluntarily, as do the Marines, would not be writing petitions today or getting homesick as do the reserves who have been on combat assignments.

The entire task in the Pacific area could be done by the Marines and using them probably would be the speediest way to organize and relieve the troops now in the Philippines and in Japan. Besides, the Marines work well within the Navy organization, and the Pacific area is primarily a naval responsibility.

As for Europe, the volunteers now being recruited by the Army could be trained primarily for that area. An occupying force of 500,000 could be organized out of these volunteers in a few months. Whether this plan or some supplement to or revision of it were adopted, the important thing would be the announcement that the War Department really had a plan. Instead of this, the troops overseas are being left to flounder and to worry about the vague and indefinite statements which speak abstractly of the Nation's needs overseas.

* * *

The men who have been doing the fighting rightly feel that the ones who didn't get overseas and were of fighting age should volunteer for the occupying jobs. There are plenty of young men who could be recruited by the Army, but the present handling of the whole matter could conceivably hurt recruiting and impair confidence in the Army. What is needed is a fresh leadership in the War Department.

The new subcommittee headed by the able Senator from Colorado, Senator Edwin Johnson, Democrat, will help immeasurably toward the formulation of military policy, and the Senate Military Affairs Committee chairman, Senator Elbert Thomas of Utah, is to be commended for acting so promptly in appointing the committee to consider the protests of the fighting men who are marooned overseas.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD-ON-HUDSON

Third and fourth terms in public office having lost in popularity, "Butch" LaGuardia, prolonged and protracted Mayor of this hodge-podge city of New York, has retired from its ancient City Hall, and his place has been taken by William O'Dwyer, of Brooklyn.

Few men contrast more sharply. "Butch" looks like a foreigner but is a native-born American; O'Dwyer looks like a native-born American but is an immigrant from Ireland. "Butch" sounds like the Lower East Side of New York but actually was bred in Arizona, served in the American consular service in Europe, was an aviator in World War I. Bill O'Dwyer is strictly Ireland and Brooklyn. They are alike in their inherent honesty and liberalism, but LaGuardia is by nature a tyrant, not like Mussolini but rather like a diva of the opera in the days of Caruso and Geraldine Farrar. Bill O'Dwyer is more businesslike, more like the man on the street, with give and take and a desire to get things done on the level. When LaGuardia loses his temper, the air is filled with the ancient language of the gamin of the marketplace, colorful and all-embracing in half a dozen or more languages; when O'Dwyer is angry, he coldly chills his opponent with the frigidity of his gray eyes.

* * *

LaGuardia has gone into the radio business on the humorous side. He writes a weekly column for a daily publication. He also writes advertisements for a furniture store. His combined radio and writing programs are to net him a large sum of money, part of which naturally will go to expenses deductible from the income tax but which will keep his political organization afloat, so that if he can get the Democrats, who dislike him, to nominate him for the United States Senate, he will be adequately available.

This will prove to be a sharp pain in Mayor O'Dwyer's neck. For "Butch" plans a running commentary on what "I would have done if I still had a chance to did it." So this queer and amorphous city is in for a period of great fun when an ex-mayor will be using the radio, advertising space and a weekly banjorine to keep the city in a furore. Even O'Dwyer's political opponents feel that the man is entitled to a fair chance and a square deal and that LaGuardia, to use a phrase of his own, is a tin-horn to hit at a decent citizen for the fun of it and for other less justifiable reasons.

* * *

These reports that I occasionally send you from this island seem to some to be only of local interest. After all, some ask, who west of the Hudson really cares about what happens in the subways that run under the skyscrapers? Actually, they affect the entire country. Because of the concentration here of the means of expression—news agencies, syndicates, radio networks, lecturers, advertising, publicity, etc.,—the New York atmosphere works its way into the things Americans read, see and hear. The result is that LaGuardia, who in any other city would be a local public servant, perhaps well known in his own community but hardly discussed beyond its borders, because he is the Mayor of New York becomes a national figure; he even makes front pages and the newsreels. That was true of Jimmy Walker and it has been true of LaGuardia. Had LaGuardia been Mayor of any other city, nobody would know what "Fiorello" means.

Also, New York is the window into the American household. Europeans know New York and they know Hollywood. Chicago, which once had a universal reputation for the unsavory, has now sunk to the news level of the decent and barely gets a notice. When the UNO establishes itself at Hyde Park, this city will become the residence of all the representatives of some 50 nations and the fusspots and camp followers of each delegation. It matters to this country what happens to them in this wilderness, for they will be reporting their impressions of America from the vantage point of East of the Hudson.

(Copyright, 1946)

Belfast, Northern Ireland, believes it has found the cause of slowness in reconstructing blitzed houses—the bricklayers do not lay bricks fast enough, and proposes to make them speed up.

Olaf Olafs, who runs an ice cream parlor in Reykjavic, Iceland, was given a place of honor when Prime Minister Attlee recently addressed the Trades Union Congress in Blackpool, England.



SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE EARLY GERMAN SETTLERS OF BRADFORD COUNTY AND THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY

Compiled by
NELSON H. BERGEY, B. S.—Towanda, Pennsylvania

In the "Deitsch Eck" of January 27, 1945, appeared the beautiful Historical Narrative by L. A. Wollenweber and translated from the German by the Editor of the "Deitsch Eck" which tells how thirty Palatine Germans left Schoharie, New York, floated on rafts down the Susquehanna River, up the Swatara Creek and then settled along the Tulpehocken Creek.

There is documentary evidence that they left Schoharie, New York, early in the spring, presumably at a time when the river was swollen with the spring floods, for in May they seem already to have been in Tulpehocken. The first group consisted of fifteen families. It was in the spring of 1723. Conrad Weiser came with the second group in 1729, and settled at Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania.

In the history of Bradford county (1878) by the Rev. David Craft we read that, "About the year 1710, a large number of Palatines, people of one of the German states, were induced to emigrate into the province of New York, where many of them were placed to the westward of the British settlements which they were intended to shield from the incursions of the warlike Mohawks. Many of these emigrants becoming dissatisfied with the treatment they received from New York authorities, removed to Pennsylvania, in which large numbers of Palatines had begun to settle as early as 1727 . . . . At first their route was down the Delaware River; but the short and easy portage from the Mohawk, where their principal settlements were established, to the head of the Susquehanna River, soon made this to be preferred to the former route. It is probable these hardy Germans were the first white people to navigate the Susquehanna River, for as early as 1737 Conrad Weiser found some of them at Wyoming, Luzerne country, trying to buy lands of the Indians."

(See Conrad Weiser's diary which states, "the twenty-sixth (April) we reached Scahantowano, where a number of Indians live, Shawanos and Mahickanders. Found there two traders from New York, and three men from the Maqua country, who were hunting land. Their names are Ludwig Rasselman, Martin Dillenbach, and Pit de Niger. Here there is a large body of land, the like of which is not to be found on the river.")

Rev. Sanford H. Cobb of Albany, who has carefully studied the history of the Schoharie Germans while in New York, gives an exceedingly interesting account in which he states "that a large number of Schoharie Germans were granted a settlement along the Mohawk River in N. Y. state stretching for 20 miles west of Canajoharie and reaching north and south of the river as far as the settlers wished." (Across the Mohawk River from the town of Mohawk, N. Y. there is a town called Palatine Bridge.)

While these people did not locate in Bradford county, the route opened by them brought into the county its first settlers.

The first white man (1615) to visit what is now Bradford county was Etienne (Stephen) Brule, a Frenchman, who was an explorer and interpreter for Samuel de Champlain. (Samuel de Champlain (1567-1635) came to America and started New France. He was the real founder of the French power in the New World, and well deserved his title, "Father of New France". In 1608 he founded Quebec, which became the capital of New France. In 1609 he discovered the lake which bears his name).

Champlain had secured the friendship of the Hurons who occupied the territory adjoining Lakes Huron and Erie. The Carantouannais were the allies of the Hurons. The country of this people was the upper waters of the Susquehanna. Their principal town, Carantouan, was located at what is known as Spanish Hill, just above the present village of Sayre, Bradford County. It was palisaded and contained eight hundred warriors, and had a population of 4,000 Indians. In 1615 Brule was sent with twelve Hurons to arrange with the Carantouannais for a force of five hundred warriors to co-operate with Champlain and the Hurons in an attack upon the Onondaga stronghold. They reached Carantouan the latter part of September, where they were welcomed with great joy, being entertained by banquets and dances for some days. After the expedition Brule returned to Carantouan and explored the surrounding country. The next year (1616) he went down the Susquehanna to the sea, being the first white man ever to perform this journey, and it is believed, was the first white man to set foot upon the soil of Pennsylvania. Brule's life for twenty-four years among the Indians was full of interest. Finally he was treacherously murdered by the Hurons who ate him.

In Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, there is a large campsite acreage called Camp Brule. The Boy Scouts of America go into summer camp at this campsite. The campsite is a beautiful nature spot, situated at Elk Lake. This lake is surrounded by 280 acres of beautiful wooded country, but the lake itself lies in a clearing, open to the sun and is ideal for swimming and boating. Camp Brule is owned by the Boy Scouts Organization.

Bradford County is in the northeastern part of the state of Pennsylvania. This section is the most specialized dairy section of the state. Livestock and livestock products furnish over three-fourths of the income of the farmers there. These products are marketed in the large eastern cities. It is the third largest county in Pennsylvania in milk production and the third largest in number of cattle and calves. It has more acres farmed than any other county in Pennsylvania, followed in order by Lancaster and York Counties. Bradford County is considered one of the most important areas in the entire New York milk shed.

Because Bradford County is so typical of the better agricultural sections in the country, Bradford County was one of 320 counties carefully chosen by the "Country Gentleman" magazine recently in a nation-wide survey on post-war rural housing.

Personal interviews with over 2300 rural families in 44 states disclosed that 16.1 per cent of the farmers expect to build new homes, two-thirds of them having already set aside funds. Prospective builders will spend an average of $3500.00 for a farmhouse.

The portion of land now called Bradford County developed from the following mother counties, and the information here given is contained in Bradsby's History of Bradford County. In the early days the area now called Bradford County together with a large portion of some of its present day surrounding counties was part of a land grant which was to be included in the state of Connecticut. This large grant was known as Westmoreland County, Conn. In this county the area now known as Bradford County was divided into four townships. (The heading of a chapter in Bradsby's history states "Montgomery County" but the writer and the local historians believe that this was an error in setting up the type, because Westmoreland County is fully described in this chapter and Westmoreland is also mentioned in other early histories of this area. Montgomery County is not referred to in any other place in the chapter.

Continuing in Bradsby's history we find that Bucks County was one of the original counties of Pennsylvania and all of this part of Pennsylvania was a part thereof. Northampton County was formed out of a part of Bucks County March 11, 1752 and included all of northeastern Pennsylvania. Northumberland County was also formed out af a part of Bucks, March 27, 1772. Luzerne County was formed Sept. 25, 1786. Lycoming County was formed April 13, 1796. Bradford County was formed of parts of Luzerne and Lycoming Counties on Feb. 21, 1810. In the act creating the county it was first named Ontario County but by act of Legislature on March 24, 1812 the name was changed to Bradford County.

In this account of the German settlers we shall confine our place names and areas inside the present boundaries of Bradford County.

Bradford County is the third largest county in Pennsylvania consisting of 1160 square miles or one-thirty-ninth of the area of the state. It is the birthplace of Pennsylvania History. Three hundred and thirty years ago, Pennsylvania was a vast wild region unknown to any, save the native inhabitants of the forest. Thus, the coming of Brule through Bradford County opened the door to civilization in Pennsylvania.

Conrad Weiser in his diary states that he made a tour into the Bradford County section in 1725. He was entertained by the Diahoga Indians in Bradford County. He found "many Indians living here, consisting of Cayugas and Mohicans and on the verge of starvation, because of the scarcity of game". In 1737 Conrad Weiser visited the Oscalui settlement of Indians along Sugar Creek, Bradford County, and found the natives "living on the juice of the maple tree". In 1745, Weiser, Zeisberger and Spangenberg visited the Indians at Diahoga, (Athens), Bradford County, the latter two being missionaries for the Moravian Church. In 1743, Weiser was sent to Onondaga with a message from the Governor of Virginia. In 1763, David Zeisberger visited the Indians at Towanda and preached to them. In a manuscript (1765) Zeisberger states that the Indians shot two seals in the Susquehanna River at Wyoming, Luzerne County, on that date.

The Moravian missionaries began preaching to the Indians at Sheshequannunk in 1766. A mission was established in February 1769 and existed until May 1772. In 1770 a chapel was erected, surmounted by a cupola containing a bell. This building stood near the site of the present Ulster (Pennsylvania) Presbyterian Church. At its close the mission numbered 60 souls.

On August 4, 1771, a child was born to the Missionary and Mrs. John Roth, being the first white child born in Ulster, Pennsylvania, and the second in the county of Bradford.

After the interruption of Pontiac's war, the Christian Indians returned to Wyalusing in May, 1765. They were accompanied by Zeisberger and Schmick, another missionary, and Schmick's wife, who were to remain with them and be their resident religious instructors. Log cabins, bark covered huts, a commodious meeting house and mission house of unhewn logs were erected. At the close of the year there were connected with the mission 146 souls, of whom 33 were communicants.

In 1767 the town was rebuilt on higher ground under the supervision of Moravian missionaries, and the name changed to Friedenshuetten, signifying "huts of peace." It consisted of 29 log houses, 13 huts, and seven stables for horses besides a new church 24 x 32 feet; constructed of squared white pine timber, with shingled roof and glazed windows, surmounted by a cupola containing a bell.

The mission Indians had several hundred acres cleared on which they raised corn, oats, other grains, hay and vegetables. They also had started a peach and apple orchard and owned horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and fowls. They were industrious, rich, contented, and happy; except for fear they might be obliged to leave their homes at the command of the Six Nations, the Connecticut people or the Governor of Pennsylvania.

During the continuance of the mission 139 had been baptized and seven couples married, the first of whom were two converts, named Thomas and Rachel, December 23, 1766. It was the first Christian marriage celebrated within the county. The notable ceremony was in the German language. In June 1772, all 211 including those from Sheshequannunk, Bradford County, removed to the Tuscarora Valley in Ohio.

The first educational instruction in Wyalusing Township was that imparted by the Moravian missionaries to the Indian children who were taught in both the Delaware and German languages. The Bible, hymn book, and Catechism were used for text books.

The Moravian monument at Wyalusing, Pennsylvania, which attracts wide attention and occupies the site of the ancient mission of Friedenshuetten (1765-1772), was erected by members of the Moravian Historical Society, and dedicated with appropriate services, June 14 and 15, 1871.

To Be Continued

ALLE SARDE WARDE

Warde, Warde, so viel Sarde!
Deel vun do un deel vun darde;
Deel, die sin so wiescht verdreht,
Ass sie niemand meh verschteht;
Graade, grumme, g'scheite, dumme,
Nemmt sie ewwe wie sie kumme;
Ach! Was hot's doch so viel Sarde
Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Warde!

—JOHN BIRMELIN.

Who can inform us of the meaning of the following words?

Bauchnuwwer—Fitzeel—Geilswelschkarn—Feldhinkel
Schtarewetter—Druh—Bauchschwetze—Schpatzesupp

Is there any difference in usage between the words GLOOE and GLOWE? — Between GILDERI and GILLERI?

Please send definitions and short Pennsylvania German sentences illustrating the use of the above words to:

Editor of the ECK,
The Morning Call,
Allentown, Pa.

DIE SCHLITTERUTSCH

Die Schtross iss g'frore, glatt wie Eis;
Un ringsrum sin die Felder weiss.

Do geht der Hans der Hiwwel nuff,
Er dreht der Schlitte, hockt sich druff;

Noh fangt er langsam aa zu geh,
Er yuckt e bissel mit de Bee,

Un runner kummt's mit Saus un Braus,
Es geht eem recht der Grissel aus!

Do kummt en Mann so bucklich bei,
Der friert un denkt sich allerlei;

Ya, des waar unser Organischt,
Der Schlitte hot ihn graad verwischt;

Es blotzt ihn uff der Schlitte hie,
Do muss er mit, un weess net wie.

En Yaeger kummt der Weg dohaer,
Sei Hund waar graad so mied wie er;

Es hot der Hund yuscht mitgerafft,
Der hot far Engschte net geblafft;

Der Yaeger hupst mol in die Heeh
Mit seine miede, schteife Bee;

Do kummt der Schlitte, hot ihn schun;
Sei Grutzepeif, die fliegt devun.

Es geht re aarme Bauersfraa
Net besser wie de Annre aa;

Sie hot en Karb voll Oiyer g'hatt
Far auszuwechsle in der Schtadt;

Es reisst sie uff der Schlitte hie,
Mitsammt der geele Oiyerbrieh.

Em Yaeger geht die Flint noch ab
Die Schrot verpeffert ihm die Kapp.

Un weiter iss es hiegebraust,
Der Wind hot um die Ohre g'saust;

Am Hiwwel drunne geht's ums Eck,
Un alles fliegt so driwwer weck;

Mit Kopp un Hals geht's in der Schnee,
Mer sehnt nix meh as wie die Bee.

Sie hen sich widder uffgerafft,
Do schteht der Hans, hot laut gelacht;

Un ass er net gedrosche waerd.
Do schpringt er mit em Schlitte faert.

Ya, well! Was batte aa die Schlaeg?
Mer besser halt sich aus em Weg.

im Grischtmunet, 1945 —JOHN BIRMELIN.

(A free adaptation from the German of Wilhelm Busch)

D'R BOHNESCHTECKE

(One of the many quaint characters in H. L. Fischer's 'S ALT MARIK-HAUS MITTES IN D'R SCHTADT, 1879, York, Pa.)

D'r Bohneschtecke war d'r Mann
For Dorch-wachs-Tee rumdrage;
Er war'n grosser alter Bengel,
Fiel wie'n grosser Dorch-wachs-Schtengel—
Ich kan net annerscht sage;
M'r hen a'h schunscht ken Doctor g'hat,
Am Marik-haus mittes in d'r Schtadt.

Er hat a'h zwe sort Dorch-wachs g'hat;
Die e'nd sort hat g'laxirt;
Die Blatter hot e'r unnerschich g'ruppt,
Die annere hot e'r uewerschich g'schtruppt,
Un die sort hot parjirt;
Un's hot nix aus g'macht was em fehlt,
Der Tee hot alle Kranket g'helt.

Deaths of a Day

MRS. MATTIE EISENHART

Mrs. Mattie Mae Eisenhart, 56, of 1407 S. 3rd St., wife of Walter A. Eisenhart, died yesterday afternoon at her home after a year's illness.

A resident of this city for the last 30 years, she was born in Kutztown, a daughter of Katie (Schlegel) Spohn, and the late Jefferson Spohn.

Besides her mother and husband, she is survived by six children, Alfred and Leon of Philadelphia, Margaret, wife of Ralph Parkes of Glenside; Eva, wife of Frederick Doll, and Ruth, wife of James Walbert, both of Allentown, and Earl of Easton.

Other survivors are three grandchildren, two brothers, Oscar Spohn of Pen Argyl, Irving Spohn of Allentown, and three sisters, Mrs. Edna Stimmel, Mrs. Estella Heist and Mrs. Ella Bennicoff, all of Trexlertown.

Private services will be held at 10:30 a. m. Monday at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Burial in Ziegel's church cemetery.

MRS. MARY E. UNANGST

Mrs. Mary Ellen Unangst, 82, of 300 S. Main St., Nazareth, widow of John F. Unangst, died Thursday afternoon at her home after an illness of nine months.

Born in Nazareth, she was a daughter of the late George and Elevina (Troxell) Schmidt. She was a lifelong member of St. John's Evangelical and Reformed church, Nazareth.

She is survived by a brother, George, of Nazareth, and two sisters, Mrs. Lovene Schneebeli, of Nazareth, and Mrs. Charles Ritter of Allentown.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at the late home. Burial in St. John's Union cemetery, Nazareth. Rev. Walter Diehl will officiate.

MRS. IDA HECKMAN

Mrs. Ida Heckman, 71, of Wabash Ave., Bath, died shortly after noon yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital where she had been a medical patient since Dec. 20. She had been in failing health fo ra year.

Mrs. Heckman was born in Nazareth, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vogel. For the past 50 years she had been a resident of Bath. She was a member of Christ Reformed church, Bath.

Survivors are: Her husband, James Heckman, and the following children: Henry, Allentown R. D.; Russell, Bath R. 1; Florence, wife of William Haggerty, Bethlehem; Allen, at home; Walter, Bethlehem, and a stepson, Chester Townsend, Bethlehem.

MRS. JENNIE M. LEIBENGUTH

Mrs. Jennie M. Leibenguth, widow of Calvin Leibenguth and for many years a resident of Allentown, died suddenly shortly before 11 p. m. Thursday at her home, 436½ Chestnut St., shortly after being stricken with a heart attack while visiting a neighbor.

Although she had been in poor health for several months, Mrs. Leibenguth was active about her home and among her friends and her death was not expected.

Born in Slatington, Mrs. Leibenguth was a daughter of the late Willoughby and Nellie, nee Hughes, Kern. She came to Allentown from Slatington about 35 years ago. She was a member of the Presbyterian church in Slatington.

Surviving are one son, Clarence Leibenguth, and one sister, Mrs. Charles Schaffer, both at home. Her husband died eight years ago.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 2:30 p. m. at the J. S. Burkholder funeral home, 1601 Hamilton St. Interment will be in Fairview cemetery, Slatington.

JOHN RYAN

John Ryan, of 1124 Fritz Drive, Pembroke Village, Bethlehem, former steward at the Elks club, East Stroudsburg, died yesterday at St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem. He had been a resident of that city since April.

As a young man, Mr. Ryan was employed at the Hotel American, Mauch Chunk, and later at the Hotel Lehighton. He was a member of the Lehighton Lodge of Elks.

Mr. Ryan was a member of St. Anne's Catholic church, Bethlehem. Survivors are: One son, Edward, Bethlehem; one brother, Stephen, and a sister, Anna, of Rockville, Conn., and four grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 9 a. m. at the F. J. Connell funeral home, 427 E. 4th St., Bethlehem, with a high mass at 9:30 o'clock in St. Anne's church. Interment will be in Holy Saviour cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Allas In Arder

Tzum ledshda kon 'm John Rothrock sei fraw die Minnie fon da 27d shtross Northampton don aw mohl widder leicht shnoufa, der John hut net yusht allas in arder dahame os ous arder wor, ow'r aw so gore bei da dochter Lizzie uf da 24d shtross. Ow'r die Minnie hut shun 'n gahairichie tzeit kot fer der John so weit griega os er ra allas g'fix'd hut os sie garn gamocht het kot, un so onnerra socha gaduh im hous rum, os ra shun long hard awgalaiga hen fer gaduh howwa.

Alla hamet hut tzeita woh die fraw maint des odder sei sot gaduh sei, un woh der mon gamainer hond net tzeit finna kon fer duh. Un grawd so wors ons Johns. Mohl fer ains het die Minnie shun long garn paar board ous 'm kup end fon ihr'm kindskindt Betty, ihr'm bed ganunima kot. 'S wor so'n arrick hoch bed, un die Minnie wor shure 's dade die Betty fiela besser bakumma wons nidderer wear, ow'r wor 'n sonderborer chob fer der John on die arwet griega. Alla mohl os die Minnie ebbes g'sawt hut waeich 'm bed nidderer mocha, hut der John 'n shuckerrich load ouseretta kot un hut yusht hee k'huck'd gakunsider'd, un ken awshpruch gamocht fer shtarta shoffa.

Endlich hut die Minnie ow'r ous gamocht fer 'm ken sagund ruh may lossa im alta yohr bis ers bed rum g'shoft het, un hut 'n endlich so weit grick'd os er ferwillich'd hut fers bed ferannerra. Die Minnie hut noh gamaint fersich nuf tzum hucka sehna os der chob ol recht werra dade, ow'r sel hut glei net g'shoft, un sie is nunner un hut die Betty nuf g'shick'd fer boss sei. Der John un die Betty sin arrick gute mit nonner fert kumma, un hen aryie shaenie arwet gamocht, un sawga die Minnie wear now gore mechdich shtoltz wie shae os es bed wear.

Noh wies bed fartich wor, hut die Minnie aw noch etlicha onnerra glaina chobs kot, un der John hut allas shae ous garich'd, un wor yusht ready fer sich tzurick in die ruh hucka wie die Minnie on noch ebbes shunshd gadenk'd hut os ous arder wor. Die Minnie hut draw gadenk'd, os da dochter Lizzie ihra nay mashine drunna uf da 24d shtross, aw ous arder wor, un hut 'm John g'sawt er sot nunner gae sellie fixa.

Der John hut mohl awenich gakunsider'd, un noh ous gamocht fer selar chob uf sheeva bis Nei Yohr—un wie er aw hut. Die Minnie uf kours wor shure er wot sich aina waig odder da onner rous rangla fer die nay mashine net fixa, ow'r glawwas odder net, Nei Yohr is er nunner tzu da Lizzie un hut die nay mashine glei widder om shpringa kot. 'S nagshd os wor, hut die Lizzie uf koura g'sawt, "Pop, sis aw awenich ebbes letz mit meinra male kish'd im kicha kabinet, fix m'r sel aw noch."

Noh hut der John widder frish nei shtarta shoffa, un glei 'n gahairicher shtawb uf gariehrt kot mit 'm male os in da kish'd wor. Bis er fartich wor, wor er shnae weiss mit male fon kup tzu foos, un hut der Ed Wagner so gore noch shier in die gichterra g'shprang'd. Wie der John fartich wor shoffa, hut die Lizzie 'n ob barshda wolla, ow'r er hut g'sawt er het ken tzeit fer so long worta, er dade sich dahame reinicha. Yusht wie er tzu da dier nous is, war sot drous shtae fer nei os wie der Ed Wagner. 'S wor tzimlich kalt on da tzeit—hut noch shnae kot, un der Ed hut net ohnishder os wie gadenk'd der John wear 'n lavendicher shnae mon, un is hame tzu seinra Maggie g'shprunga, un hut g'sawt, er het ferhoftich sei 'n shnae mon sehna lawfa drunna uf da 24d shtross. Die Maggie hut ow'r ken glawwa kot os wos er gamaint hut os er g'sehna het, un hut g'sawt er wear gawiss widder om drahma gawest, un sot net so dum shwetza.

Der John is noh folshter hame un hut gatzailt kot fers male dahame im hous ob butza. Darta ow'r is die Minnie 'm noh widder in die wol kumma, un hut 'n drous im hofe bleiva mocha bis sie 'n basem grick'd hut kot fer 'n ob kaira. Die sawg is, sie wear awenich rough gawest, ow'r der John het allas garn aw ganumma, weil sie, (die Minnie) 'm in die hond nei fershprocha het, os now don mohl allas in arder wear, un os er fer 'n well ruh het.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Da onner dawg hen m'r unser airshdie wossermalone gessa in 1946—ow'r so gore 'n wossermalone os m'r iwwer k'hova hen fom ledshda shpote yohr.

'S wor 'n Ludderschmidt Breeder hame garaisdie Obbels shule hous winder wossermalone, bout so gross wie 'n mons kup, un woh outside rum shtarrick awfonga is brau blockich werra.

Die Katerinah hut gamaint "Die is nix may nutz," wie m'r sie in die kich gabrocht hen, ow'r wie m'r sie fershnidda hen, wor sie noch grawd so shae rote, sees un tzugerich, wie won sie airsht fom shtuck kumma wear. PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Scriptures

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

Psalms 31, 32

Jesus quoted the first part of 31:5 from the cross. In v. 15 the Psalmist declares: "My times are in Thy hand." Palmistry says that the length of our life is limited by the length of the "life line" in our own hands. Let me agree with the Psalmist instead of the palmist! How safe we are when in His hands, v. 20: "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence." I like the name of the prophet Zephaniah. It means, one whom Jehovah hides! Psalm 32 is the Song of the Forgiven Soul. It is the second of the six Psalms beginning with the word "blessed." Happy indeed is the one whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. And apart from this experience there is no real happiness. Sin unconfessed means sorrow, vs. 3, 4. Sin sincerely acknowledged and confessed, not to man but to God, brings forgiveness. Divide this Psalm thus; vs. 1, 2, The joy of sin forgiven; vs. 3-7, The Psalmist speaks to the Lord; vs. 8, 9, The Lord speaks to the Psalmist; vs. 10, 11, Conclusion.

Horoscope

Your originality in everything you do will, if cultivated, bring you happiness and remuneration. Your children will be mechanically inclined or artistic. You naturally are robust and strong, and if you take good care of yourself, you will never have any serious illness. Reverses are possible to you early today, but meet change or loss with adaptability. Promote yourself by exerting your charm and personality. Obey traffic and safety regulations today, and take a surprise gift home. Seek, and you will find co-operation.

25 Years Ago Today

JAN. 12, 1921—A WEDNESDAY

In a verbal statement to City Detective Nixon, which was later put into writing, sworn to and signed before Alderman Bernecker, Roland Williams confessed that he and his partner, Emil Pedrozzo, propriet

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR DAY

Our senses will not admit anything extreme. Too much noise confuses us, too much light dazzles us, too great distance or nearness prevents vision, too great prolixity or brevity weakens an argument, too much pleasure gives pain, too much accordance annoys.—Pascal.

THE SATISFACTORY FIGHT AGAINST T. B.

There are three good reasons for much satisfaction from the report of the Lehigh County Tuberculosis and Health Society which shows that, in the course of taking 2,835 X-ray pictures of as many students in 11th grade schools and of twelve school athletic teams of Lehigh County, only 33 young people showed such irregularities as to suggest the presence of tuberculosis and require further study.

The first cause for satisfaction is that only a little over one per cent of those young people who are at the critical age as to this disease were in questionable condition.

The second is that, now that the discovery has been made, action will be taken to prevent any development of the disease. This is perhaps the most important reason for it is the prevention of this disease in the community that is the objective of the Society. And this is the objective of every person in the community who at Christmas time gives support to the project by purchase of Christmas seals.

The third reason is that this splendid work promises to continue thruout the years and that no generation of our young people is to be neglected and thereby stand under the threat of one of mankind's most insidious foes. This is highly important because this foe is tireless and ever ready to strike. Its victims must number hundreds of millions of people thruout the world because of the privations which have come about due to the war. Here in this land where there is abundance of proper food for man's sustenance, shelter for virtually all, almost universal intelligence as to the signs and gravity of the disease and the common-sense and scientific measures to fight it, there need be little fear of the disease. But always there must be vigilance. Publicly and locally this vigilance is being exercised by the Lehigh County Tuberculosis Society. After their alert, it is the part of the individual and family to act and act speedily.

PARALYSIS OF STEEL STRIKE GROWING

As had been anticipated from the beginning of the steel strike, the most serious effects of that disturbance to the basic industry of the nation will be felt when the thousands of manufacturing concerns in the country which use steel in some form or other will run out of supplies and will have to shut their doors.

Yesterday came report from Detroit that the Ford Motor Car Co. is about to lay off thousands of employes who still are at work because steel shapes cannot be secured. In Allentown, Mack Mfg. Corp. announced a layoff for about 400 men to begin at once. At the same time there was hint of further "furloughs" when current stocks of materials for manufacture and car units that are manufactured by other companies are exhausted.

RADAR CONTACT WITH THE MOON

Even if there be a man in the moon, he is not aware of the fact that scientists of the U. S. Army Signal Corps have been sending radar impulses to the earth's satellite and that they have been bouncing back to the radar screens in a matter of about two and a half seconds.

Thus, if other scientific data were not at hand to prove the dense character of the moon's makeup and its distance of 238,000 miles, we would have this radar test to establish both. Knowing the speed at which the waves travel thru the ether it would be possible to establish the distance between the earth and its faithful follower.

For the scientists an interesting fact was established that the radar waves could pierce all the successive layers of air and ether around our globe and that these waves appear to travel without retardation thru all. The tests also indicated that the sending of rockets to the moon or roaming around thru other vast spaces under radio control should be practical in the near future, but for what reasons do not now appear.

Unfortunately for the early belief that this is the first time that the moon has come under the barrage of radar comes the declaration that Australian scientists fully four years ago thought of the same thing, tried it out and achieved identical results.

PRESIDENT SETS UP INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM

Testimony that poured out by the millions of words in the Pearl Harbor inquiry revealed among a few things that, while there was lots of information floating around in widely scattered offices of many departments of government in Washington concerning the activities and probable intentions of Japan, nobody pulled all this information together to reach definite conclusions upon which American leaders in the field—Pearl Harbor—could act or upon which they could receive definite and positive instructions.

Major General William J. Donovan who, during the war, headed the important office of Strategic Services, brought about coordination of intelligence. From this he recommended a plan for peace-time when intelligence is necessary quite as much as in war time.

Now the President, by recent executive order, has established a National Intelligence Authority but while it does not follow General Donovan's plan of organization it does supply the constant need by the Government's military and diplomatic forces for such a coordinated service. In the words of the President's order: "All Federal foreign intelligence activities will be planned, developed and coordinated so as to assure the most effective accomplishment of the intelligence mission related to national security."

When we remember Pearl Harbor we realize how important this new organization is going to be.

STRIKE AS A POLITICAL WEAPON

One of the most disquieting episodes in the series of strikes and threatened strikes is the complete, abject surrender by the new Mayor of New York to a demand by the president of the union whose men operate the city's transit system—subways, trolleys and busses—to submit the question of the sale of three power plants, city property, to a referendum or have the big city tied up thru lack of all transportation facilities.

There were no economic factors involved in the issue which the union president, Michael Quill, introduced. It was purely political. Furthermore since there is no law in New York providing for such referendum, the demand was one that had no support in law.

But the union, thru its president, immediately won his point. He made a mayor, who only recently was elected by the biggest majority ever given a man for that office, take water and take it so quickly as to provoke the thought: What will he be clubbed into doing next by the threat of a transportation strike? Certainly if the club has been used politically with high success on one occasion, it can be used again. New Yorkers and their mayor must wonder what Mr. Quill will think up next especially since he has received such surprising encouragement upon his first try.

Truman and the Crisis

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25—President Truman made a naive comment when he said unions and corporations have too much economic power. He said he didn't know what should be done about it but his discovery that economic groups may carry on a battle without regard to the damage done to innocent bystanders is rather belated.

The American people as a whole feel that something should be done about the strikes and, particularly, about the power of big business and big unions to tie up the economic system. But when it comes to concrete solutions, the public isn't any more certain of what should be done than is Mr. Truman.

The truth is the United States has grown in population and in economic complexity to such an extent that what many people really lean toward, but never will concede that they want, is a system whereby the government imposes its will on all groups. Theoretically the government represents the public interest and ought to know what is the maximum good for the maximum number. Actually government is a political institution and the office-holders from the President down are interested in the quantity of votes which organized groups can marshall for them on Election Day.

Mr. Truman's idea of the governmental function is to select arbitrarily a figure on wages, for instance, and urge industry to pay. Then when industry balks, he makes sarcastic remarks about management's attitude. When the labor unions defied him and refused to withhold their strikes while a fact-finding board investigated, Mr. Truman maintained silence. He didn't criticise the unions, he just forgot about this singular defiance of his request. He wonders now why big business flouts him, too.

The President can exercise great moral power in any crisis and in any dispute. But he must earn the right to exercise that power by adopting an impartial attitude toward the contestants. Mr. Truman has clothed his fact-finding boards with an aura of validity which neither labor unions nor management will concede. Yet the President considers management's refusal to accept a particular board's recommendations as a flagrant disregard of the public interest.

If the President will retrace his steps, he may yet bring order out of the confusion for which, it is to be feared, he is—in part at least—responsible. What is needed is the elimination of bad feeling and intransigent attitudes and particularly the avoidance on the part of the President himself of any signs of economic partisanship. As long as there is no law compelling the acceptance of arbitration awards and as long as government fact-finding boards are purely advisory, it is a mistake for the President to attempt to give them a position of greater importance than they really have.

The strike situation, moreover, is made worse by psychological attitudes and by plain violations of the law. Illegal picketing has aggravated management and goaded it to a point where it thinks it ought to strive to break up unions. Labor unions, on the other hand, never made a bigger mistake in strategy than to threaten mob violence and physical coercion in picketing.

The public is sick and tired of the rumors that big business men want to use the present opportunity "to smash unions" and sick and tired, too, of the publicity rubbish pouring forth from union press agents on the subject of tax carrybacks and similar irrelevancies.

If Mr. Truman will use his position to make a constructive proposal for a truce or period of economic stability, he might then introduce competent mediators into the picture who can make collective bargaining work. Suppose the unions were to agree to ask for no wage increases for a period of two years and suppose industry were to agree to grant half of the wage demands now and examine the other half two years hence, wouldn't that at least assure an opportunity for reconversion to be begun and for both sides to take a look at the situation in the light of increased production?

Much of the hesitancy of management toward granting wage demands now stems from a fear that the whole subject will be opened again after a comparatively short interval. Why not assure a period of operation at the new rates? If two years is too long, then a compromise on 18 months might prove feasible. It isn't the wage rates alone that keep management and labor apart but the fear that the whole strike process must be gone through in another few months. This is really behind the determination to "settle scores once and for all." Unhappily, it dominates the thinking of leaders on both sides.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE PARLIAMENT OF MAN

So the Russians want UNO to punish the British for their conduct in Greece and Java! Note that the Russians do not yet complain about British conduct in Palestine. Perhaps the day is not far distant when the Russians will bring a Bill of Particulars into UNO against American conduct in Japan under MacArthur. They have already, by the devious medium of the Tass News Agency, accused MacArthur of high misdemeanors in Korea.

Of course, no one brings a complaint into UNO against Russian conduct in Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania. No one has one word to say about the tragic betrayal of Poland, which is now totally a Russian puppet. Mr. Byrnes, representing free and liberal America, warns the Persians not to burden the infant UNO with complaints against the Russian octopus lest the Russian become angry and either smashes Iran or the UNO for interfering with its insatiable land appetite. No one has offered a Bill of Particulars against the imposition upon China of the Manchurian terms of Japan's Twenty-One Demands by Soviet Russia—terms against which we protested in 1915 when Japan tried to force China; but supported by the United States in 1945 when Russia succeeded in forcing them upon China. There have been no American protests against Russia's claims to the Kuriles—claims publicly denied by Roosevelt; privately acknowledged by the same Roosevelt.

Russia is making a monkey out of UNO right from the start. It has rejected Bretton Woods. It has refused to join the Air Conferences and Agreements. It has established a veto over the Parliament of Man. It has destroyed de Gaulle. Its adherents revel in the strikes in the United States. It denounces MacArthur. It has reduced sovereign states to the level of puppets. It has made itself the dominant state of the world, with and by the consent of the United States of America, which, possessing the substance but not the spirit, the riches but not the character, consents, consents, consents, while the other vetoes, vetoes, vetoes.

There are men who say that this is not the time to raise such questions. When is the time? When will be the time? If the Russians continue their relentless war on Great Britain will they not in the end succeed in accomplishing by diplomacy and propaganda what Hitler failed to accomplish by war? Is a propaganda and diplomatic blitz less harmful in the end than a military blitz? And is not the elimination of de Gaulle a preliminary to placing Thorez at the head of France; and is that different from placing Laval on that citadel of Western civilization? And is it not within the margins of truth that should Thorez, the war-dodger of his country who took refuge in an alien land rather than to defend her boundaries, become the ruler of France, Petain and Laval and all of Vichy will have been justified by history? Is a puppet of one country any better than a puppet of another?

Was it not Franklin D. Roosevelt who once said that the Rhine is our boundary? And what of the Rhine today? Is it still our boundary in a Russian-held world from Calais to Dairen? Where is our boundary now?

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SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE EARLY GERMAN SETTLERS OF BRADFORD COUNTY AND THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY

Compiled by

NELSON H. BERGEY, B. S.—Towanda, Pennsylvania

Continued

Jacob Hottenstein arrived in the county in 1829. He was born in 1799 in Berks county, Pennsylvania. He had a family of nine children. Two of his sons died in southern prisons during the Rebellion. Mr. Hottenstein's great grandparents came from Germany in 1720. His great grandfather was sold for his passage, and served seven years to discharge his debt. After he served his time out he saved money enough to buy seven pounds of tobacco, which article he traded to the Indians for 400 acres of land. This tract is still occupied by the Hottensteins, (1878) in Maxatawny Township, Berks county, Pennsylvania.

Daniel Slotery, a native of Lehigh county came to the county about 1837 from Waterloo, New York.

Henry Mercur came up the Susquehanna River from Lancaster county in 1809-10. He was of German parentage, his father having emigrated from Germany, and settled in Lancaster county, Penna., where Henry was born. At a proper age he was sent to Germany to be educated. He continued his studies for 10 years, and returned to Bradford county. When he came to Bradford county he was perhaps, the most scholarly man in northern Pennsylvania. He was also a linguist, was fluent in German and Latin, and knew considerable of the Arabian and Sanskrit. They had six children. He was county treasurer 1818 to 1820. There is a hamlet called Mercur in Bradford county, and an office building in Towanda called Mercur building.

A Towanda resident of distinction was Ulysses Mercur, who was a lawyer, judge and chief justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. He was the fourth son of Henry Mercur mentioned above.

Another son of Henry Mercur was Mahlon Mercur who was a banker and became very wealthy.

Jacob Bowman was a German and no doubt one of the New York Palatines. He settled on Towanda Creek before the Revolutionary War. Jacob Bowman married Mary Fox, daughter of Rudolph Fox, pioneer, and had nine children.

Peter Snyder came from Lafayette, New Jersey, to Sheshequin in 1789. He purchased several hundred acres of land, settling the farm in the upper part of the valley. Here in conjunction with farming he opened a tanyard, made saddles and harness, and operated a shoeshop and a still at the same time.

Ludwig Rinehold, a shoemaker by occupation, came to this county from Lehigh County in 1835. His family consisting of his wife and nine children, were loaded in a two-horse covered wagon, together with their household effects, and the journey performed across the mountains. He made shoes for the settlers, and cleared and improved his little farm, where he died in 1856 at the age of 69.

Ezra Rutty who had served as ensign (1778) in Capt. Ichabod Ward's Company, 3rd Regiment, Dutchess county, New York, came to Towanda in 1785, being the first permanent settler on Sugar Creek. Soon after locating he started a nursery, and many of the old orchards were started from it.

William Miller, a German and said to have been an Indian trader, came to Athens in 1785.

Andreas Budd, was the first man to locate at Tioga Point upon the resettlement of the county. He came in 1783 or '84 and built a log house.

Jacob Snell, served in the Northampton county militia, continental line, during the war for independence and came from Stroudsburg in 1784, stopping at Athens. The journey was made by canoe, containing the family and their belongings which included a sheep or two and some poultry. A site was selected on the west side of the Chemung river, where Mr. Snell continued to reside, being the first permanent settler of the township. His son, Abraham, born July 5, 1784 was the first white child in Athens Twp. Snell, senior, died in the '90's.

John Ditrich who came to America as a Hessian soldier during the Revolutionary War, remained here and in 1816 found his way into Sheshequin, settled on a farm and improved a considerable acreage. He died April 11, 1840, aged 85. There were three children.

Conrad Hartman, a Hessian and a very worthy man, came to Smithfield about 1816. He served under Colonel Rahl and was taken prisoner at Trenton where the Colonel was killed in December 1776. When his comrades returned to Germany he concealed himself in a chimney and remained there until the shipping left the harbor. He married in this country and had a son and daughter. The son enlisted in the American army and was killed on the Niagara frontier, war of 1812. Conrad died in 1828 in Smithfield at the home of his daughter Almira who married Calvin Cranmer.

Jacob Grantier, a native of Loraine, came to America about two years before the Revolutionary War and located in Schoharie county, New York. Here he joined Morgan's famous riflemen and served until the treaty of peace. Having sold his property in 1784-5 he floated down the Susquehanna to Towanda, Pennsylvania where he settled and later settled near Canton. He built a log house and constructed a saw-mill on Mill Creek. About 1806 he fell through his mill and was killed. He married a Miss Tabor and had seven children.

Daniel Minier was a son of Christian Minier, a persecuted Huguenot, who came from Germany and settled in this county. The former in or before the year 1789, left Northampton county, Penna., bringing his family up the Susquehanna River to Milan, where he located, being the first settler in Athens at that place. His family were ardent Methodists and organized the first class of that denomination in the neighborhood about 1794.

Matthias Fencelor, known as "the hermit", subsisted chiefly by hunting and trapping. He made no clearing, lived alone in a little log house above Myersburg. Flax hatchels which he wrought, were packed upon his back and peddled throughout the settlement. His dress was as peculiar as were his manners, and consisted of buckskin breeches coming half way between his knees and ankles, buckskin jacket, coarse cap and moccasins. He was found dead in his cabin, winter of 1806, and was buried nearby, an apple tree since having grown over his grave. This strange man had passed 70 summers and of him many interesting tales are recounted. He came from Philadelphia to Cold Creek before 1789 and removed to Wysox about 1790.

James Hogeboom was born Feb. 22, 1786 at the foothills of the Green Mountains in Vermont. He served in the war of 1812, then learned the trade of miller which he followed most of his life. He drifted into New York state where Nov. 3, 1816, he married Mahala Wells. Coming to Bradford County he located near Merryall but afterwards purchased a farm in Tuscarora and died there March 4, 1871. "He was an abolitionist, an earnest Christian, and a strong advocate of temperance." Both are buried at Spring Hill.

The Huffs were among the Germans settling in N. J. about the year 1826, Henry, Isaac and Samuel Huff, brothers and sisters Isabella and Martha, natives of Sussex County, N. J., removed to Standing Stone. Isaac after a few years removed to Ulster and died. Isabella married Jacob Vosburg and Martha became the wife of Daniel T. Vannest. Henry was born on Oct. 3, 1790, cleared and improved a fine farm in Standing Stone, where he died Dec. 27, 1871.

John Peter Gernert established a home and seemingly became prosperous, then made a trip west which was the last ever known of him. His nine children became properous and useful men and women.

John Schrader came to Towanda in 1791, removing to Powell in 1801, settling where the tannery now is. He ran a cooper shop. He was a Hessian soldier and was captured with others at the battle of Trenton. Soon afterwards he espoused the American cause and joined Washington's Army. He served 2½ years in Count Pulaski's dragoons. He fought at the battle of Brandywine and came near being captured. "Three times the Count and his legion of horsemen charged the British center before it gave way." Schrader and some thirty others broke through but the line was immediately closed, thus cutting off the brave men from the rest of their troop. Schrader must get out of that or be hung for deserting the British cause. The 30 wheeled upon the back of the newly formed lines with hacks and hewings from saber and cutlass. Pulaski, determined to save his men, charged and recharged and finally rescued Schrader and fifteen of his comrades. However, before the rescue, a "redcoat" stepped up to Schrader and thrust his bayonet into his hip. Schrader once being asked what he then did, reiterated "O, Mine Gott, Sir you eats no more breat in Englant, Mine saber sphlett him to his shoulters. I mate two men of him, but dey vere both deat men." In the county are families of Schrader name, and a creek named Schrader.

After the war it appears that Schrader settled at Hagerstown, Maryland, where he married, thence found his way into Northumberland County, coming then to Bradford. From the fact of his having settled near the creek, which joins the main stream at Powell, it was called the "Schrader" in his memory. He died in Monroe after 1826 at an advanced age and is buried in Cole's Cemetery.

Frederick Eiklor who had been wealthy and lost his property, came from Catskill, N. Y., followed his brother-in-law Jesse Allen and was one of the first settlers in Wysox about 1786. In April, 1792 he supplied the trees for and set out Judge Gore's orchard. In 1800 his wife died—being the first death in Rome Twp. First school in Rome was taught by Eiklor, 1803, in a log house within the present Rome borough. Mr. Eiklor married Sarah, daughter of Samuel Baker, an Englishman. The Eiklor young people are remembered as "sweet singers whose voices were always heard at the old time parties." Mr. Eiklor and most of the family returned to Catskill.

William Coolbaugh, said to have been a sea captain, with his wife Sarah Johnson, settled in Hunterdon Co., N. J. He served as a private during the Revolutionary War in Capt. Samuel Growendyck's company of N. J. state troops. From Hunterdon he removed to Monroe Co., Pa. and later to Bucks Co. He was the father of ten children. One child, Moses, served different enlistments in Northampton County militia during the Revolution and came to Bradford Co. in 1789 with his family which he brought up the river in a Durham boat. This Moses Coolbaugh was one of the most prominent men of his time in upper Luzerne County. In 1793 he was commissioned a Justice of the Peace and in 1809 elected to the Legislature. He subsequently served as a magistrate, was one of the charter members of a church in his community. His wife was Hannah Shoemaker.

George Bloom, a native of Prussia, who as a young man was compelled to serve in the Hessian army, was brought to America during the Revolutionary War. After being captured by the Americans he espoused their cause and never returned to the mother country. He married Mary (Molly) Ater of Maryland and in 1798 settled permanently at Burlington (Bradford county).

Jacob Myer removed from Mass. to Bradford Co., with his family in 1789. He and his son, William, erected mills and the village of Myersburg was established. Jacob Myer was the eldest son of Prof. Jacob Myer of Heidelberg, Germany, who was engaged to teach the German language in an education institution in New York and sailed with his family of five children in 1767, fell ill on the voyage, died and was buried at sea. He was possessed of considerable money and property on leaving Germany, but after his death the captain taking advantage of the laws and customs then in vogue and the ignorance of the widow and the children concerning the laws and language of the country to which they were going, claimed that they had not paid for their passage (although it had been paid before they sailed for America) and sold the children to pay their passage money. Soon after they landed, the widow died of grief, because of the cruel robbing of her children. The wife of Prof. Myer was a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Dilemater. They were married in 1754 and had five children. One son John was taken into western New York, and another son James to the south.

John Hollenback, son of George and Hannah (Barton) Hollenback was born Oct. 14, 1775 at Martinsburg, West Va. His great-grandfather, George Hollenback came from Germany previous to 1720 and settled in Montgomery county, Pa. John Hollenback conducted a large grocery store business and in 1801 he presided over a memorable celebration of the 4th of July at Wyalusing. He was postmaster at that town for seven years and was long prominent in business affairs and enterprises there. Hollenback's goods were brought from Philadelphia in wagons to Middletown, Dauphin county, thence pushed up the Susquehanna River in boats to Wyalusing, Bradford county, more than 200 miles. In 1798 he enlisted in the army under Capt. Samuel Bowman and was assigned to enlisting men for service in the prospective war with France. This duty performed and being strong, fearless, and resolute he was sent south to hunt and arrest deserters. His company was disbanded in 1800. There is a town called Hollenback in the county.

Jane Oakley, a German girl, married Achatias Vought. They settled in the wilderness on Parks Creek about 2 miles north of Rome village. She died Aug. 15, 1865, aged 93 years and had 8 children.

To Be Concluded

BOOK REVIEW

HOME CRAFT COURSES—Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser. Volume XVI. PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SPINNING AND DYEING. By Bernice B. Osburn. Schlechter's, Printers, Allentown, Pa. 1945. $1.00.

Enthusiasts who attend our Pennsylvania German sales or "Vendues" must long have noticed that nothing has been more tenaciously kept and cherished on the old farm than the cradle and the spinning wheel. The spinning wheel, even in this mechanized and industrial age, remains for us the symbol of the zealous housewife. The soft and peaceful humming of the spinning wheel was one of the dominant notes in the harmonies of the healthy homelife of our ancestors. Distaff and loom make their appearance early in human history. They are the very expression of man's awakening consciousness of his destiny. The necessity of hiding his nakedness and vanquishing the elements spells the beginning of civilization. Spinning was of the essence of a woman's life, as tilling the soil was of a man's. The two are the very foundation of social life, yes, perhaps even of a social democratic life, for, as an old rime runs:

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?

Few of us in the 20th century would wish to return to the days of the spinning wheel. Those few will however find the above booklet in Mrs. Keyser's ever-growing series of Home Craft Courses a very alluring one. To all those who love the feel and fold of the old homespun linens of our great-great-grandmothers, as such are still occasionally sold at the "Vendu", may come the happy thought of spinning and dyeing their own flax (or perhaps wool and cotton) and weaving it. The art of handloom weaving is returning once more. Why not also of spinning and dyeing? You would indeed be in good company. Noble thinkers and social reformers have preceded you, among them John Ruskin and William Morris, not to mention the saintly Mahatma Ghandi of our own day. The writer of this review knows one person who has begun to raise flax, once an important product of the farms of our P. G. ancestors. Why is flax no longer raised in the counties of eastern Pennsylvania. Why import our linens?

"Pennsylvania German Spinning and Dyeing" is one of the most informative of Mrs. Keyser's entire series. The actual subject matter is preceded by a short but neatly done history of spinning. The author then gives us instructions on the preparation of the material to be spun; spinning with the wool wheel; spinning with the flax wheel; and useful and instructive illustrations. Most fascinating, even to the general reader, is the second half of this booklet, dealing with vegetable dyes. Many of us may long have wondered where our early ancestors obtained those lovely colors which still cling so persistently to those worn and ofttimes tattered fabrics that are still preserved. What dyes were used and what were the dyeing processes? Our great-great-grandmothers, diligent helpmeets to our sturdy pioneer ancestors had of course brought with them from the homeland a knewledge of spinning and weaving as well as the use of vegetable and natural dyes. Certainly some of the plants and barks and roots which they employed were also found in the New World, but others were new and they had to find their way in the use of new plants and experiment with them to obtain finally beautiful and lasting colors. Indigo and madder they no doubt brought with them, but the American black walnut they did not have and sometime they became acquainted with the cochineal insect of the New World. This booklet contains many directions and recipes for dyeing linen, cotton and wool, as well as directions about the equipment required. Here you may learn much about the use of various barks: hickory, walnut, maple, oak, acacia, fustic, logwood, butternut, etc. and also the use of flowers in dyeing: dahlia, coreopsis, goldenrod, madder root, marigold, onion skins, sassafras, zinnias, etc.

This booklet opens fascinating prospects for all those interested in the restoration of home crafts and who seek a refuge from the tyranny of the machine age.—P.A.B.

PENNSYLVANISCH DEITSCHE REIME FUER SCHTOLZE MAED

In the following verses an early Pennsylvania German satirist has made the girls wearing post-Civil-War hoopskirts the butt of his ridicule. The editor of the ECK found these verses in the Reading ADLER for Feb. 15, 1870.

So schteck ich do in meine Hupps
Un bin 'n armi Seel,
Ausze glatt un inne Schmutz,
So sin mer ohne Fehl.

Un wenn ich juscht drei Sent noch hab,
So musz ich doch in Schtor.
Dart muss der letschte Kupper fort,
So geht's vun Johr zu Johr.

Schwetzt enig ebber zu mir Deitsch
Un frogt mich: Kannscht du des?
So sag ich awer jo net ja,
Ich sag in Englisch—yes!

Deaths of a Day

WORMEN Y. SHELLY

Wormen Y. Shelly, husband of Susan M., nee Wetzel, Shelly, died Thursday night at his home along Quakertown R. 1, near Spinnerstown, aged 61 years.

He was born along Quakertown R. 1, a son of the late Milton and Ada, nee Yoder, Shelly.

Surviving are seven children: Laura, wife of Milton Schaffer, Center Valley; Lulu, wife of George Hunsicker, Quakertown R. D.; Stella, wife of Elton Schaffer, Quakertown R. D.; Ellen, wife of Raymond Stauffer, Quakertown R. D.; Martha and Helen, both at home; Elmer Shelly, Quakertown R. D., as well as six grandchildren.

Also surviving are two sisters, Mrs. Vesta Fretz and Mrs. Ellen Stauffer, both of Quakertown R. D.

He was a member of the Great Swamp Trinity Reformed church of Spinnerstown and was affiliated with the Spinnerstown Grange and Lafayette Chamber, 49, O. K. of F., Spinnerstown.

Funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. Monday at the Great Swamp Trinity Reformed church in Spinnerstown, with interment in the adjoining cemetery. Rev. W. J. Rupp will officiate.

MRS. EARL EISENHART

Mrs. Freda Eisenhart, 25, wife of Earl Eisenhart, of Erwinna, died Friday morning at the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. George Kieffer, at 1406 Ferry St., following a long illness. She was born in Philadelphia, daughter of Mrs. Mary Ditchman, of Easton, and the late Peter Ditchman. She was a member of St. Luke's Lutheran church, Ferndale.

She is survived by her husband, and mother, seven brothers and sisters: Mrs. Helen Gray, of Erwinna; Mrs. Sophie Kieffer, of Easton; Miss Tillie Ditchman, of Frenchtown, N. J.; Peter and Donald Ditchman, of New York City; Harry Ditchman, of Upper Black Eddy, and William Ditchman, of Frenchtown, a niece and two nephews.

Funeral services will be held Sunday at 2 p.m. from her home in Erwinna, followed by services at 3 p.m. in the Ferndale Lutheran church. Rev. Roland M. Banes will officiate. Interment will be in Nockamixon cemetery.

PETER BONCHAK

Ill since last summer, Peter Bonchak, 59, of 1342 3rd St., Catasauqua, died of complications yesterday in the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient for over two weeks.

He was born in Austria and emigrated to the United States 45 years ago. Before becoming a resident of Catasauqua 26 years ago, he resided in Allentown and Ormrod.

For the past 35 years he had been employed as a watchman by the Lehigh Portland Cement Co., Ormrod, retiring when he became ill last summer. Mr. Bonchak was a member of St. John the Baptist Greek Catholic church.

Survivors are his widow, Mary, nee Vytchok, Bonchak; 11 children, Michael, N. Catasauqua; Joseph, at home; Mrs. Frederick Fosh, Fullerton; Mrs. William Krause, Allentown; Peter, at home; Mrs. John Humenik, Northampton; Mrs. Albert Knoll, at home; Paul, with the Army in Germany; Mrs. Albert Deiter, Allentown; Stephen, with the Navy, home on leave, and Anna Mae, at home; six grandchildren; one brother, John, Philadelphia; two sisters, Mrs. Mary Guzy, Allentown, and Mrs. Anna Kudabet, Allentown. He was preceded in death by his parents.

Brief services will be held from the late home Sunday at 2 p. m., followed by continued services in St. John the Baptist church, Northampton. Interment will be in the parish cemetery.

RUTH BOURGUIGNON

Ruth Naomi Bourguignon, three-month-old daughter of Theodore H. and Ruth E., nee Strahler, Bourguignon, of 833 Carlton Ave., Bethlehem, died Thursday in St. Luke's hospital, Bethlehem, where she had been a patient since Wednesday.

Born in Bethlehem, Oct. 20, 1945, the infant is survived by her parents, one brother, Robert, at home; the maternal grandmother, Mrs. Myrtle Strahler, Bethlehem and the paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore B. Bourguignon, Ardsley, Pa.

A prayer will be held Monday at 3 p. m. in Holy Ghost church, Bethlehem. Interment will be in parish cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S Mocht Em Denka

Is es net kayose wie m'r alsa mohl socha dut, un wie fiel gadonka os em im kup rum shwava kenna in ra gons kartza tzeit. Ow'r fer die socha glorer mocha, m'r hen doh die onner woch aw mohl widder 'n erfohring kot os uns fer 'n gutie lang net fergess'd. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, darrich sellie erfohring gewwa m'r ols mainer un mainer ocht won m'r drous sin mit da mashine, wen m'r froga fer mit fohra.

Won m'r 'n lisht k'halta hetta fon ol da Soldawdta, Shiffer Boova un onnerra os m'r mit ganumma hen drous uf 'm waig darrich die grieks tzeita, mista m'r hunnerda un hunnerda fon nahma howwa. Oft mohls hen m'r 'n dudsend un noch may imma dawg uf 'd Dodge kot, sin nee net omma mon in uniform ferbei mit ous 'n haisa mit gae, un won m'r 'n aw yusht fer 'n gons kartz shtick waigs mit nemma hen kenna. Won fon da boova hungerich worra—wie m'r awgadroffa hen, hen m'r na essa grick'd, un aw mit k'holfa uf onnerra waiga. Ebbes hen m'r nee mohls gaduh, un sel wor sie ous g'frok'd fon woh sie kaimta, odder woh sie hee ganga. Won sie blauderra hen wolla, ol recht un gute, un won net wors aw ol recht. Dale os hen, hen gamaint sie hetta uns gahairich baloga, un dar os m'r doh shwetza wolla dafon hut uns aw gahairich fershrack'd.

'S wor so denna waig: Net long tzurick sin m'r nommy dawgs 'n grosser pike nous doh im kounty un hen 'n Soldawdt sehna nava om waig shtae worta fer 'n mashine 'n mit nemma. 'S wor 'n wertshous net weit ob, ow'r hen net draw gadenk'd wie long os der gawissa Soldawt mit ma longa soldawdta iwwerruck aw shun darta fer'm bar g'shtonna maich'd howwa sei darsht lesha. Aenicha waig, wie m'r tzum kumma sin un hen g'shtopt, wor er grawd ready fer mit fohra, un hut imma auga blick navich uns uf da fedderra sitz k'huck'd.

Wie er uf die mashine kumma is hut er uns ins g'sicht g'shnouf'd, uns het net fiel ganumma weara m'r ous gonga fon seim ochdem. Er hut mainer wie noch da buddle garocha, —er hut garucha wie won er etlicha brondawei fesser g'shluck'd het kot mit tzomta rafe un dauva. Eb er recht k'huck'd hut kot, hen m'r g'sehna os er ebbes navich uns uf die sitz galaig'd hut,—tzwae ardickle in ladderna shade. Un tzu gleich wie sei ruck tzurick g'floga is iwwer 'm uf die mashine groddla, hen m'r aw noch ebbes shunshd g'sehna os uns denka hut mocha,—hen tzwae pishtola sehna nava om hanka.

Der Soldawdt nadierlich hut g'sehna os m'r nunner uf die sitz gaguck'd hen, un hut hee galong'd un tzwae fon da shanshda Deitscha "daggers" ous da shade gatzoga os m'r noch g'sehna hen kot. Uf 'm ainta blawd huts g'sawt, "Alles Fur Deitschlond," un uf 'm onnerra "Deitschlond Uber Alles." Noh hut er uns shtarta fertzaila wie er airsht fer drei dawg tzurick in dem lond wear, un wie shtoltz un froh os er wear fer widder dahame tzu sei. Sei tzung nadierlich wor dick fom shnops wos er gadrunka hut kot, un noch so fiela dicker wie er ous g'funna hut war m'r worra, un wie er shtarta hut wolla Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shwetza. Er hut noh arrick fertzailt wie handich os sei bissel Pennsylfawnish Deitsch os er wist, 'm rei kumma wear in Deitschlond, ow'r dauerra die os mit schwetza hen missa. Mier hen 'n so tzu sawga net ae wert fershtae kenna, un wie die driwwa 'n fershtonna hen wase Gott un die kuh.

Ow'r so fiel wissa m'r, os er uns gahairich fershrack'd hut wie er sei longer iwweruck tzurick g'shloga hut, un hut tzwae grossa Deitscha pishtola rous gatzoga fer sellie aw noch weissa. Alla sarta gadonka sin uns im kup rum g'floga, un won unser hoar sich kartza grawd in die hae g'shteld hetta os der hut nimmy hucka gabliva wear, wears gore ken wunner gawest. Bardich noch so, wie er in der sock galong'd hut, un hut 'n gonsie hondfol kugla rous gatzoga, un woh er g'sawt hut wear Deitsch ammunition os die pishtola bossa dade.

Bei selra tzeit worra m'r bout drei mile g'fohra ow'r 's hut g'sheind wie tzaea, un sin omma gawissna bauerra hous nei g'fohra, un hen g'sawt sel wear so weit os m'r sei waig gangda, un dade uns laid os m'r 'n nimmy weiter mit nemma kenta. Er hut sei messerra un pishtola noh widder ei gapock'd, sich haiflich badonk'd fer 'n mit nemma so weit os m'r hetta, un is nous uf der pike un hut shtarta winka mit 'm dauma tzu onnerra mashina fer 'n weiter mit owwa nous nemma, odder ewwa 'n tzu seinra familia un sein maid'l nemma, — 's maid'l woh er g'sawt hut os shun drei yohr om worta wear fer heirra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Selar gawissa yung Soldawdt mawg so rein fon hartza gawest sei wie 'n angel fom himmel, ow'r wos mier net gaglicha hen fom,

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

Cotton.

HOW GERMANS BUILT UP A GREAT LIFE

It was amazing to many on this side of the Atlantic that so many Americans, even after having been told by Hitler that he believed in perpetrating lies, and the bigger the lie the better and more likely to be believed, accepted the most patent lies that issued from Berlin before and during the war and disbelieved the statements of facts that issued from other quarters.

An excellent example is recalled by the confession from German authorities that the British liner, Athenia, which was torpedoed near the Hebrides on September 3, 1939, was sunk by the German submarine U-30.

This revelation contradicts the carefully prepared German story to the effect that the British had indeed sunk their own ship and were blaming it upon the Germans in order to stir up American sympathy for themselves and hatred against the Germans because about 150 Americans were passengers upon the ship.

A lot of Americans believed the Germans' absurd story and its effort to make a criminal out of Winston Churchill whom the Germans recognized as a formidable and implacable enemy. But the great majority of Americans believed the frank and factual British report, reasoning that Berlin was a congenital and avowed liar and furthermore that the British did not think and act like the men who set the Reichstag fire and then blamed it upon the Communists, nor would the British have gained anything but they would have sacrificed much to sink one of their own splendid and much-needed ships with 1500 Britons aboard.

Now the Germans have told the entire story and it illustrates the thoroness with which they built up their lies. The commander of the U-boat which sank the Athenia forced the members of the crew to sign a pledge to forget all about the sinking, the log of the ship was altered to make it appear if captured that the ship had been in a different position at the time of the sinking and the Admiral of the submarine fleet was instructed to keep the entire matter secret and leave all explanations to the propagandists in Berlin.

The amazing thing was that the Germans expected the world to believe their story. They appeared to have forgotten that the world had accepted and remembered their own phrase, which came to light in World War 1, namely "spurlos versenkt." (Sunk without leaving a trace). The Germans did not count on the world having a long memory or having the wit to apply a bitterly learned lesson to a new circumstance.

The Germans then were believed to be liars. They now are admitted liars in this and many other incidents under the disgraceful Nazi regime.

A YEAR TO RECOUP STRIKE LOSSES

The Baltimore Sun has done some figuring to learn how long it will take the employes of General Motors, now on strike, to earn an amount of money equivalent to what they have lost during a nine-weeks strike, providing they go back on January 21 at the higher wages recommended by the fact-finding board.

The Sun comes up with the answer that they will have to work until February 1, 1947. That is a little more than a year, admittedly a vacation enjoyed at high cost.

The calculation is,based on an average loss of $413.08 in wages during the period of the strike. It concludes that if the strike be settled according to the fact-finding board and the workers keep busily at work for the next year, they will be at exactly the same point, financially, a year from now that they would have been had they remained at work and permitted negotiations to go on and perhaps achieve the same results.

Calculations of losses by other strikes may be equally startling. They may serve as warnings in other circles where talk of strike is so easy and settlement of issues may be so difficult and long in being arrived at.

FILIBUSTER MAKES FARCE OF SENATE

That ugly monster, the filibuster, which has so often been summoned by small blocs of U. S. Senators to defeat legislation that gives promise of enactment, again is raising its head in the issue of the Fair Employment Practices Act.

This time a group of Senators from Southern states has banded together with the avowed determination of talking the bill to death. The movement began yesterday when other means of killing time were resorted to in the strategy to delay or prevent a vote on the bill.

So if there still be any persons for whom the Congressional Record is "must" reading matter, they will for many days read the greatest variety of unrelated matter which may range from seed catalogues thru whole books of the Bible, plays of Shakespeare, entire newspaper contents, chapters from popular novels, articles from current magazines, etc. One Senator in fact entered the Chamber with a huge stack of law books and threatened to read them as long as his voice would last. So with fifteen Senators at least who are ready to talk against time, days and days can be consumed.

No sit-down strike could be more harmful to the common weal than this act of a handful of men in impeding legislation that, in the final test, may or may not pass the Senate.

But that is Senatorial privilege and prerogative which can be employed to dignified advantage at times but in such cases becomes a farce.

THE TERRIFIC PRICE PAID FOR OKINAWA

In sharp contrast with the figures issued during the fighting for the possession of Okinawa is the recent official statement of losses amounting to 79,507 men killed, wounded and missing or almost double what the price had been supposed to be.

At the time of the release of the early figures everything possible was being done to give no comfort to the enemy. It was assumed that the publication of the correct figures and the natural reaction in the free press of the United States to the startling losses would have provided such comfort.

We now know that great tho those losses were, they were not in vain. The taking of Okinawa was so stubbornly opposed by the Japanese because Okinawa was vital to the defense of the home islands. Every Jap had to be killed—upwards of a hundred thousand of them—in order that American operations from that base against the center of the Jap empire could be conducted without interference.

Once however Okinawa was taken, our heavy bombers were able to take off from there and they pursued the unrelenting program of destruction of Japanese industries.

If American forces had been compelled to invade Japan, Okinawa would have been the jumping-off place. It would have been invaluable for that purpose. But that fortunately was made unnecessary thru the operation of the atomic bombs which drove Japan to her knees.

Soldier Outbreaks Astonish

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18—Astonishment is a mild word to describe the reaction of military men here to the demonstrations among our troops overseas. For one hears emphatic comments to the effect that the generals overseas permitted near-mutinies and should have disciplined the ring-leaders.

Actually the outbursts are unprecedented. In some instances they did resemble mutinies, and military police had to be called out to preserve order. Word has gone forth now to commanders in all overseas theatres not only to forbid any further demonstrations but to impose disciplinary measures on those who instigate or participate in demonstrations.

No punishment probably will be meted out to those who have taken part heretofore because it is believed that the mass demonstrations were not curbed in the first instance by the officers in charge and hence it was as much the responsibility of the commanders as the men.

But now that General Eisenhower has issued his explanation and it is apparent that Congress knows fully about the attitude of the troops, there would be no useful purpose in any further demonstrations.

* * *

General Eisenhower has had a difficult time with the problem. He was grilled by members of the Senate Military Affairs committee to the point where he nearly lost his temper. The Chief of Staff did not draw up the original demobilization plans. He has been fighting overseas these last few years and is unfamiliar with the intricacies of War Department policy. He has hardly had time to get acquainted with his staff and with the details of the major problems facing him, yet, because he is the chief of staff, he must come before Congressional committees and be asked questions to which he cannot as yet furnish the answers.

It doesn't seem fair to the General to place upon him the responsibility for making demobilization policy. Nor does it seem right to blame him for the failure of Congress to adopt a policy that would furnish replacements for overseas troops.

Members of Congress have been hearing from their constituents angry protests about the delay in returning the veterans. It is natural that the members should reflect the indignation of the citizens and stir up the subject so that the facts will come out. But the more the matter is examined, the more it is apparent that the boys who have been overseas do not really underestimate the size of the occupation job or of the obligations incurred by the United States in enforcing the peace. What they don't understand is why the Congress or the War Department or somebody hasn't provided replacements so that the men who have done the fighting can come home and those who haven't done any fighting can go out to relieve them.

* * *

It is a simple proposition. The men drafted now will encounter hardly any hazards, so it is not a question of sending them overseas to a combat zone as it was before. The draft is an unpalatable method of raising an army but if no other method is proposed, it will inevitably be retained.

What many people do not realize is that America has assumed major obligations and needs troops. A volunteer system could raise such an occupying force. One method suggested is to expand the Marine Corps by new legislation, authorizing it to be recruited to 500,000 men. This would mean that all the present Marines overseas would come home unless they volunteered for the regular Marine Corps. It would mean that trained veterans would be in charge of the new force because the Marine Corps doubtless has a large number who would wish to stay in the service.

The Marine Corps has an excellent prestige and one that can stimulate recruiting. Also it is a relatively small but compact organization, and it should be much easier to build up a Marine Corps of 500,000 for replacements in the Pacific than to try to blend the new recruits into the large and unwieldy army which is being so rapidly demobilized. Congress has had many practical suggestions offered it, but this seems to be about the best.

As for Europe, the Army can get enough volunteers for the occupation there. It is in the Pacific where the real task of recruitment is to be found.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

GOD AND THE ATOM

It is becoming fashionable to refer to this as the Atomic Age. That, I suppose, is to impress upon us the fear of sudden and brutal death from the Atomic Bomb just as, in Benjamin Franklin's day, one might have said that they were living in the Age of Electricity out of fear of being electrocuted by living and undisciplined electricity.

This is no more the Atomic Age than yesteryear was the Age of Steel or the Age of Electronics or the Age of Vacuum Cleaners. The Marxian believes that man is as he does; that we are a product of our physical environment. This is an inevitable product of reasoning in the emptiness of scientific facts without the fullness of the presence of God. And that brings me to an extraordinarily important book which appears almost as soon as the bomb itself, by Ronald A. Knox, entitled "God and the Atom." It would be wise for those who are sure that atomic fission has changed everything to read Father Knox's evidence that nothing unchangeable has been changed.

* * *

For Man all that exists upon this earth—and all that is destroyed—is related to Man. Otherwise, why should not a mother desert her child as a roach deserts its offspring? Or why should we worry about the starving peoples of Europe any more than the race of snakes worries about a starving snake? Or why should we concern ourselves with religion, philosophy, morals, ethics, justice, decency? Why should we organize a UNO and lend the British billions of dollars? Why not let the fit survive and call only those fit who can survive by their own power and might?

But Man differs from all else upon this Earth because he possesses what the religious call the Spirit of God, a phrase that the scientists dislike because it partakes of the supernatural which they abhor. As science has disclosed an increasing volume of facts, the question has presented itself with more vehemence as to whether Man is not merely a bundle of facts, a mass of hormones, ganglia, amino acids, enzymes, complexes, muscles and calcium tied together in an epidermis. And as the events of life become more discouraging, there is accelerated wonder if this might not be so.

* * *

The last and this war surely disillusioned man. Father Knox speaks of that:

". . . The waters of Europe have been deeply stirred, and in many countries the elements which have come to the surface are not the healthiest. We are at the mercy of adventurers, and our modern habit of trying unsuccessful politicians for their lives will hardly, one imagines, make for the emergence of the philosopher-king. Never has the world given thanks for peace with such a deep sense of disillusionment. And those whose trust in Providence was based, more than they knew, on the conviction that the world was steering for Utopia are numbed with bewilderment. For them . . . the conclusion seems to be, 'Now I know there is no God'."

And yet, Man will go on living with the Atomic Bomb as he has lived without it. He will be born and he will marry and he will create a family for which he will be individually and socially responsible. He will have to face his neighbors, his conscience and his God. He will have to face himself as a Man, not as a biological entity, or a statistical notation on a chart.



SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE EARLY GERMAN SETTLERS OF BRADFORD COUNTY AND THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY

Compiled by

NELSON H. BERGEY, B. S.—Towanda, Pennsylvania

Continued

In 1737, Conrad Weiser found some of the Schoharie Germans from New York State trying to buy land from the Indians at Wyoming, Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. At this time Conrad Weiser came up the Susquehanna River on his way from Philadelphia to the Six Nations, in the Genesee Country.

Rudolph Fox (Fuchs) and Peter Shoefelt (Shufeldt) and their families emigrated from Schoharie, floated down the Susquehanna River, the former settling at Towanda and the latter at Frenchtown. The year was 1770. Shoefelt stayed at Frenchtown until 1776.

He was killed by the Indians in 1778. Mr. Fox was the first white settler to make a permanent home in the county, having settled here in May 1770. Once in search for his cattle, March 1777, he was seized by the Indians and kept at Quebec for nine months. He escaped and returned to Towanda to his family again. He was again captured in May 1778, but soon made his escape. Then taking his family, he removed to Sunbury, a place of safety. In 1783 Rudolph Fox returned to his farm in Bradford County and found the building and stocks of grain which he had established earlier, in ashes. A bark covered cabin was then constructed to house his family. Mr. Fox lost his life March 4, 1806, at the age of 67 years. While fishing in the Susquehanna River a short distance above the mouth of the Towanda Creek, the ice gave way and he was drowned. His wife was Catherine Elizabeth Miller, also German. To this day his drowning place is known as Fox Hole. They were the parents of fifteen children, ten daughters and five sons.

In 1790, the Fox family was the largest one in the county. Rudolph Fox was born in Germany on March 29, 1739, O. S. His wife was born May 4, 1748 O. S. and died April 3, 1810.

This heroic couple is buried at Cole's where a plain gray stone marks their resting place. Their daughter, Elizabeth Fox was born on September 1, 1770 and was without a doubt the first white child born in Bradford County. The Fox family were active Methodists, later Congregational.

Elizabeth Fox married William Means Esq., the first settler of Towanda Boro. They had six children. She died July 1851. Her body was sepulchered in the family burial ground on Second Street in Towanda village, and later moved to Oakhill cemetery.

Once before Elizabeth Fox's marriage to William Means, she saved his life at the house of Mr. Fox when he unfortunately, seriously offended an Indian. The red man raised his tomahawk and was in the act of cutting him down when Elizabeth stepped in between them and appealed to the Indian to spare the white man as "he was to be her husband."

Rudolph Fox was a descendant of William Fox who was a leading man in Fox's Dorf (Fuchsendorf) in the Schoharie Valley, New York settlements of the Palatine Germans. The settlements of these Palatines in Schoharie consisted of 7 "dorfs" or villages, which were each presided over by a head man or missionary, whose duty it was to enroll his men, make careful reports from time to time of the charges in his dorf, and make requisitions for the supplies necessary for their wants. These people, as we learn, were patriotic citizens, possessing largely those sterling qulaities, good common sense, sympathy, honor, and a spirit of bravery in a just cause. Of these seven head men, William Fox was one; and Simms, in his "History of Schoharie" Page 50 says, "Fox's dorf was next to Smith's, north and took its name from William Fox, its leading man. He settled about a mile from Smith, in the vicinity of Fox's Creek, so called after him." This creek, which empties into the Schoharie river, and this town, are often mentioned throughout the work.

Daniel Heverly (Haeberle?) a native of Lehigh (then Northampton County) came to Bradford County in 1806. He was born in 1764 and his wife Catherine Ott in the same year. He built a log house about ¼ mile north of the Sullivan county line and in 1810 moved in with his family. It was a venture seldom equalled—a vast wilderness on every side, inhabited only by ferocious wild beasts, and the nearest neighbor 14 miles away, excepting those living over the mountain.

For three years, Mrs. Heverly did not see a single female face, yet she was not diseartened or even thought of departing from her lonely sylvan abode.

Leonard Streevy, a German, who married Betsy, daughter of Daniel Heverly, joined the settlement of the latter at Overton 1820, coming from Lehigh County. He was the third settler in the town. After the death of his wife in 1827 Streevy returned to Lehigh county, part of the family remaining. He was twice married, there being two sons and two daughters by the first wife and three sons and eight daughters from the marriage with Betsy Heverly. Two sons of the latter spent their days in Overton, and one of these, John, was the pioneer mechanic and violinist in the neighborhood. Four of the sons of John—Alfred, Henry, William, and Charles were soldiers in the Civil War.

Overton village was plotted in 1856 by Henry Sherman, a German and native of Mifflin, Pa. Prior to that time it wa s known as Heverleyville, the name being derived from Daniel Heverly, a Penna.-German and native of Lehigh County, who was first white settler in Overton Township.

Following the trail blazed by the Heverlys were other German families—the Hottensteins, the Rinebolds, the Hausknechts, the Diffendbaughs, the Molyneaux's, Osthaus, and others whose descendants now populate the community.

On the old Heverly homestead is a very large dairy barn built in 1888. At that time it was the largest barn in Bradford county. The inside height from the barn floor (second level) to the peak in the roof is 35 feet. On the old Heverly homstead can still be seen the old foundations of the second house Heverly built, and nearby is the family burial plot in a small fenced enclsoure. The writer visited the burial plot and found the following inscription on a large grante marker:

"Daniel Heverly
First settler of Overton 1810
1764—1844.
Catherine Ott his wife
1764—1831.
Their children
Elizabeth, wife of Leonard Streexy
died June 1, 1827.
Jacob Heverly 1797—1826."

Francis Osthaus started a store at Overton in 1867. There is still a store at Overton in the Osthaus name. This Osthaus came from a section northeast of Hanover, Germany, about 1848. His wife was.....Francke from Danzig, Germany. They spoke High German. At Overton 50 to 60 years ago the services at the German Reformed church were in the German language.

Francis Snechenberger came to Bradford county from Philadelphia in 1799. He bought a lot of land in Milltown, containing about three acres. Mr. Schnechenberger was a deer skin leather dresser. Loads of deer skins were taken to him and there dressed and manufactured into mittens, moccasins, and breeches, until a load was made out, which he peddled about the country, bringing home money and necessities for his family. The day he was 70 years old he was drowned by falling into his spring.

His wife was an Irish woman, who in early life left her home in Ireland, which did not suit her ambitious mind, and she worked for her passage across the ocean. When she arrived in Philadelphia she went first to the house where Major Andre was imprisoned a little previous to his execution. She understood the circumstances of his case, and her sympathies for him were greatly moved. She was afterwards directed to the house of Dr. Wilson, and Katie became the nurse of the infant James P. Wilson, subsequently the Rev. J. P. Wilson, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church on Independence Square, Philadelphia, and predecessor of Rev. Albert Barnes.

According to her own story, she received much kindness and many favors from the good mother, "Madame Willson", yet sore offense did she give this honored lady, when on arriving at womanhood she yielded her consent to become the wife of Francis Schnechenberger, a German, who fell in her way. When Katie timidly revealed the case to her mistress, the madame, with much feeling, exclaimed, "Hang the men." She was loath to give up her faithful nurse and kind handmaid. Katie had been a great reader, and brought with her to this country a mind stored with royal lore. Kings and Queens, Princes and Dukes, with their retinues and historical peculiarities, were as familiar to her as her books and family intimates.

She had access to some medical works at Dr. Wilson's by which she acquired much knowledge of medicine. After her marriage she came to Bradford county and conceived the idea of becoming a femal physician and nurse. She soon acquired celebrity and had an extensive practice. Some of her garden herbs still yield abundantly by the wayside. She had one daughter, who married William, son of Philip Cranse.

Henry Sherman, a native of Mifflin, Pennsylvania, was born in 1801, of German parentage. He came to Bradford county in 1824. He started out from that county on foot, he carrying the gun and his wife the baby, and vice versa. Mr. Sherman married in 1823, Miss Hunsinger. She died in 1834. H emarried again the next year and fathered more than 23 children.

To be continued

DER BAUER UN SEI KALB

Der Bauer hot ken Geld meh g'hatt;
Do nemmt er's Kalb, geht nooch der Schtadt.

Doch wie des Dier so schtowwerich waerd!
Es schteibert sich un will net faert.

Do roppt der Bauer en Wischel Graas
Un hebt's dem Kalb so far die Naas;

Des dreht der Kopp yuscht weck devun,
So viel as wie, "Des iss zu dumm!"

Der Bauer schtellt sich hinnedraa
Un faahrt dem Kalb mol uff die Haut;

Dart hot er g'schowe un gedrickt,
Doch hot er's aa net weiter grickt;

Noh geht er vor, grickt halt am Gnick,
Un's Kalb ziegt ewwe yuscht zurick;

Noh nemmt der Bauer Dischtelgraut
Un faahrt dem Kalb mol uff die Haut;

Die Dischtle schteche unnerm Schwanz,
Un's Kalb, des dreht sich rum im Danz;

Es hot far Elend laut geblaerrt,
Doch will's aa gaar net weiter faert;

Der Bauer nemmt's beim Schwanz un Ohr,
Des Kalb iss schtowwerich wie devor.

Er weess net was er mache soll—
En gudes Wart browiert er mol—

Er hot's vermaahnt un hot's belehrt,
Doch hot des Kalb sich net bekehrt;

Ya, schunn im naegschte Aageblick,
Will's widder in der Schtall zurick.

Noh gebt er'm Kalb en gudi Schlaeg;
Geht aa net besser selle Weg.

Er sehnt es batt nichs wann er's schlackt,
Do hot er's endlich uffgepackt,

Un schlenkert's uff die Achsel nuff—
So'n Bauer gebt net hendich uff;

Doch wie er's dann so weiter draagt,
Do hot er sich aa glei beglaagt;

Noh grickt er noch en Schuss ins Greiz,
Iss hiegegnackt, un hunne lieit's!

Dann hot er sich e Weil bedenkt,
En, Kiehbell an der Hals sich g'henkt;

Geht vanne haer, noh greischt er "Muh!"
Do meent des Kalb er waer die Kuh;

Es drollt gemietlich hinnenoh,
Un saag, was waar der Bauer froh!

Iss in der Schtadt so rumgebellt,
Verkaaft sei Kalb, un hot sei Geld.

im Grischtmunet, 1945 —JOHN BIRMELIN

(A free adaptation from the German of Wilhelm Busch)

DER SEGE UFF DE COLLECTION BLATTE

Mer geht net in die Kaerrich fer G'schpass mache. Des glaawe mer all, un yeder ebber weess es gut. Ich will aa darrichaus ken G'schpass mache odder schpotte iwwer die Sache die in de Kaerriche gedriwwe warre. Doch gebt's Sache das wennich lecherlich sin.

Am Sunndaag waar ich in der Kaerrich. Uff'm Program waar befohle, dass wann die Vorschteher die collection die main aisle nuff an der Altar draage, dann sott die Gemee uffschteh un der doxology singe. Des hot mich erinnert an die Schtudente an der Chicago University in selle Zeite wie der alt John Rockefeller uff de ewwerschte Leederschprosse g'hockt hot als eener vun de reichschte Menner in der Welt. Der alt John waar gut g'schmiert mit Eel un sei bank account war gross. Sei Daaler waare unzaehlbaar. Ich hab nie nix gege der John g'hatt, wann er schunn noch Eel geroche hot un viel Geld g'hatt hot. Er hot guter use gemacht vun seim Geld. Kaerriche, hospitals, colleges un libraries hen viel gebrowiert die Bendel an seim Geldsack uffknippe. Viel hen aa ihre Hend nej grickt un hen grossi Hilf raus gezogge. Zu der Chicago University hot er viel gewwe. Des hot de Schtudente gut aag'schtanne. Doher hen sie als der doxology wennich annersecht g'sunge wie mer gewehnt sin en zu singe. Sie hen g'sunge, "Praise John from whom oil blessings flow." Nau was mich lecherlich gedinkt hot am Sunndaag, waar die Gleenichkeit vun nickels, Zehecent-schticker un envelopes, dass uff de collection Blatte waare. Ich hab gedenkt, "Parre, du hoscht Gott gedankt fer Sege das net g'falle iss." Der Parre hot gedankt ob die collection Blatte rumgebrocht warre. Nooch 'm Danke hot er sich zerick g'hockt un hot net g'sehne wie yammerlich glee 's Geld eikumme iss.

Ich hab als gemeent un verschtanne der Gottes Sege waer 'n gans geischtlichi Sach. Awwer's scheint, ass wann der Sege un die Daaler fescht an nanner geknippt waere. Un so geht's—"Ken Geld, ken Kaerrich; ken Kaerrich, ken Sege." Der Scotchman dankt Gott salvation waer koschtefrei, awwer die Parre un die Leit wisse, dass es viel Geld nemmt 's Evangelium zu verkindiche. Es hot 'n Parre g'saat, dass wann mer uff 'm Riggelweg faahre wott, misst mer fare bezaahle, awwer's hett Leit die sich 'n Reit in der Himmel schtehle wotte; sie wotte 'n Reit im Caboose schtehle odder sich uff die brake-rods hocke. Es waar mol 'n Parre in friehere Zeite, der hot so Leit die Vaerdel-daaler un copperhead Grischte g'heesse.

Es waar als en Breddicher an der Diefgrick, der hot drei Gemeene gedient. Die Kaerriche waare zwelf Meil ausenanner. Es waar lang ob die Automobile uff de Wege hie un haer g'schnattert sin. Sellie Zeite waar'n Gaul un buggy notwennich. Die Wege waare immer schlecht, voll Schnee, Dreck odder Schtaab. Die Glieder hen dier Parre so schlecht bezaahlt, dass er kaum Fuder kaafe hot kenne fer sei aarmer Gaul. Sei Gaul waar so elendich, dass er schier net darrich der Dreck graddle hot kenne. Im June waare sei Hoor so lang wie im Winter. Er hot sich net abheere kenne, weil er so gnapps g'fiedert waar. Mei Fadder hot ihn mol ee Daag sehne der Weg geh. Er hot ihm g'saat, er soll an unser Welshkarnhaus geh fer'n Sack Welschkarn. Ich hab ihm en grosser Sack Welschkarn uff's buggy. Noh hot der Parre g'saat zu seim Gaul, "Den Owet kannscht du mol var me gute Drog fresse."

In 're annere Gegend waare Leit, die'n wolfel Grischt endum verlangt hen. Sie hen eener vun ihre Brieder nei g'schtimmt fer ihne diene als Breddicher. Sei Loh waar "Was fallt". Oft iss erbarmlich wennich g'falle. Der Breddicher waar'n Bauer. Sei Naame waar Markel. Er waar'n guter Bauer un Mann darricheweck. Sei Bauerei waar gross un er hot sechs scheene fette Geil g'halte. Sunndaags hen sei Geil ken G'schaerr gedraage, weil's gege sei Gewisse waar.

In selle Zeite sin als noch Graemer darrichs Land gange. Die Leit wisse heit nix vun Graemer. Viel Graemer hen als ungeheire Pack uff'm Buckel gedraage. Etliche hen ihre goods mit Gaul un Wagge rumg'faahre. So'n Graemer hot als waerklich en rechter department Schtor rumgebrocht.

Mol ee Mundaag Marye iss eener vun denne Graemer ans Markels kumme. Die Fraa Markel hot ebbes kaafe wolle awwer sie hot'n halwer Daaler zu wennich g'hatt. Sie frogt ihre Mann fer was sie brauch. Der Markel hot g'saat, er hett net so viel. "Ei," saagt die Fraa, "du hoscht doch geschter gebreddicht."—"Des hawwich, awwer's sin yuscht siwweundreissich cent g'falle." Die Antwart hot die Fraa arrick uffg'schtarrt un sie hot losgelosst. "Sechzeh Meil geloffe, acht Meil hie, acht Meil haer, fer siwweundreissich cent. Loss der Deiwel's Breddiche hole!"

So Sache mache mich denke an die gans alte Zeite, wie die Gottesdiener als Brandopfer gemacht hen. Do waare so Ketzer, wu die scrubs, die butziche Schof in ihre Haerde, als geopfert hen.

Wie basst der doxology in so Umschtende?

Scranton, Pa. —WILLIAM F. YODER.

Deaths of a Day

MAX WINKELMAN

Max Winkelman, 57, of 236 Railroad St., husband of Elizabeth, nee Luckey, Winkelman, died at 1:45 a. m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital, where he had been a patient since Tuesday. He had been in failing health the past two months.

Born in Homborne, Germany, a son of the late John and Amelia Winkelman, he came to the United States many years ago. He had been a resident of this community since that time. Up until the time of his illness he was employed as a boilermaker by the McDermott Boiler Works, Allentown.

Besides his wife, Mr. Winkelman is survived by three sons, Morris, William, at home, and Richard, with the Navy at Hawthorne, Nev.; two daughters, Amelia and Elizabeth, at home; one brother, William, Germany, and two sisters, Anna and Elizabeth, Germany.

M&S. WILLARD D. MILLER

Mrs. Beatrice M. Miller, 38, of 322 N. 5th St., Emmaus, wife of Willard D. Miller, died at 4:40 a. m. yesterday at the Allentown hospital, where she had been a patient since Jan. 5. She had been in failing health for the past 20 years.

Born in Emmaus, a daughter of Robert and Lillie, nee Bilger, Kehm, she had been a resident of that community all her life. She was a member of the Seventh Day Adventists, Allentown.

Besides her husband and parents, Mrs. Miller is survived by one daughter, Geraldine L., at home; two brothers, Curtis B. Kehm and Richard P. Kehm, both of Emmaus, and one sister, Mrs. Howard Schultz, Emmaus.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p.m. at the Ritter and Buzby funeral home, Emmaus. Burial in Moravian cemetery.

J. WILLIAM GUNDRUM

J. William Gundrum, 72, husband of Stella nee Ruth, Gundrum, died early yesterday at his home, 50 E. North St., Bethlehem.

Born in Hanover, Pa., a son of the late Jacob F. and Susan, nee Heer, Gundrum, he had resided in Bethlehem for many years. He had been employed as a janitor in the Odd Fellows building, Bethlehem.

Mr. Gundrum was a member of St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed church, Bethlehem; Keystone lodge, No. 78, I.O.O.F.; Allentown Aerie, No. 110, F.O.E., and the Allentown Nest No. 72, Fraternal Order of Owls.

In addition to his widow, he is survived by a son, J. William Jr., of Reading; one brother, Charles, York, and one grandchild.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the late home with Rev. Chester L. Brachman, pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed church, officiating. Interment will be in Nisky Hill cemetery, Bethlehem.

JOSEPH RIEMER

Joseph Riemer, 41, of 437 N. 4th St., husband of Mary (Boandl) Riemer, died last night at the Sacred Heart hospital after a five week illness.

Born in this city he was a son of Andrew and Mary (Mild) Riemer. He was last employed as a bartender at the Frank Haftl cafe, Ridge Ave. and Gordon St., and before that he was employed for eight years in the boiler-room at the A. and B. Meat Co.

He was a member of the Sacred Heart of Jesus church, Allgermeiner Arbeiter Verein, One Year Beneficial society; District 13, Workmen's Beneficial union, and the Allentown Turner Liederkranz.

Besides his wife he is survived by his parents, both in Europe, two children, Margaret and Mary at home; three sisters, Mrs. Joseph Haftl, Allentown, Mrs. Andrew Gaal, New York City, Mrs. August Gaal, Europe, and three brothers, Frank, New Britain, Conn., Rudolph, Allentown, and August, Europe.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 8:30 a.m. at the William J. Weber Funeral home, 502 Ridge Ave. High mass of requiem will be offered at 9 o'clock in the Sacred Heart of Jesus church. Burial in Sacred Heart cemetery.

MRS. MARY ZETTLE

Mrs. Mary Zettle, 73, of Ruch St., Stiles, wife of Charles Zettle, died yesterday morning at her home.

A native of Austria, she came to this country 45 years ago and settled in Stiles. She was a daughter of the late Joseph and Elizabeth (Decker) Zotter, and was a member of St. John's Catholic church, Stiles.

Besides her husband she is survived by three children, Mrs. John Failer of West Coplay; Mrs. John Smith at home; Herman Zettle of Ormrod, and four grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 8:30 a.m. from the late home. Requiem mass will be offered at 9 o'clock in St. John's church. Burial in parish cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Drei In Ra Roy

Sis heit tzu dawg nimmy oft der fol os leit shtecka bleiva mit mashina im dreck. Doch wons alsa mohl aryads ei shlecht, bleiva glei 'n gonsie roy shtecka, wie da onner dawg der fol wor driwwa hinnich 'm barrick, nagshd on Mantzville. Die airshda tzwae hut der Willis Oswald rous g'shlaift mit ihr'm weedicha Ford tracktor, un wie der drit shtecka gabliva is huts noch shier shtride gewwa weil 'm Willis sei fraw die Helen, un sei Pap der Cal selar rous shlaifa hen wolla. Der drit wor 'n State police fon Tamaqua, un die weil os der Willis fert fon hame wor, hut sei Helen un der Pap yaders gamaint wie gute os es mohl rei kumma maich'd won sie tzu shtarrick fohra dade, fer 'n State police kenna.

Die shtross woh so wieshd wor, is sel glae shtick waig fom pike niver gaeich 'm Wesh Krick shule hous. Der airsht os hanka gabliva is, wor 'm Cal sei nochber der John Warner, un woh gadenk'd hut won der mailmon darrich kent, kent ers aw mocha, ow'r is hanka gabliva. Der Willis hut ihn rous gatzoga mit ihr'm Ford tracktor, 's same wie aw die Edna Sechler fon Wannamakers woh gahairic'i hanka gabliva is om sama blotz. Bis der Willis die Edna ow'r aw noch ous 'm dreck g'shlaift hut kot, wors bol dunkle, un is noch supper mit seim shwover shpotzierra gonga.

Der Willis wor net may os wie fon hame bis der drit im dreck g'shtucka hut, un des noch so gore 'n State police fon Tamaqua. Now der Cal is net so handich om tracktor runner os wie der Willis, uns hut 'n gahairich gagriss'ld fer die g'shicht ons gae griega fer der police ous 'm dreck griega. Wie er ow'r g'sehna hut os es 'n police is, hut der Cal frisher mood g'foss'd, un 'm Willis sei fraw die Helen hut numma gawinsch'd er dade der chob net tackla, un sie darft der tracktor runna. 'M Cal sei Mary het evens aw net fiel drum gewwa fer mit nous gae 'm kerl ous 'm dreck helfa, uns het net fiel ganumma hets noch shtride gewwa. 'S wor noch so'n gute guckicker policemon—er wor so shtrock os 'n bohna shtecka, un sei glaider hen gaguck'd wie won sie yusht fom bigel board kumma weara. Der Cal hut anyhow ken chance ganumma un is selwar nous un hut 'n ous 'm dreck g'shlaift—der drit in 'n roy os sella dawg im sama dreckloch shtecka gabliva wor.

Gleich'd Der Ellsdowner Koffie

Doh shwetza fom Cal Oswald fon nagshd on Mantzville gamohnt uns aw draw, os der Cal so sonderbore fernotter'd is iwwer der gute koffie os er immer grick'd won er runner tzu seinra shweshter Mamie kumt, doh in da shtadt. Doh net long tzurick wor der Cal un sei Mary, un die sohn's fraw die Helen, un ihra eldshder boo doh runner noch da shtadt fer socha ei kaufa. Der Cal kumt so fier bis sex mohl 's yohr noch da shtadt, un dade net denka fer hame gae mit ous ob shtoppa bei seinra shweshter Mamie fer koffie.

Den gawissna dawg hut der Cal ow'r gatzailt kot fer aisht da bisnis noh gae, un hinna noh ob shtoppa fer koffie. 'S wor warm sella dawg, un die Helen woh da Mamie g'frohrna hambierra mit gabrocht hut kot, wor bong sie maichda uf shleffla bis owets, un hut howwa wolla sie wotta 's airsht darta ob shtoppa. Un so hen sie noh aw, uns wor grawd om middawg, un die Mamie hut net uf gewwa sie mista bleiva fer essa. Sel hut der Cal ow'r net gaduh,—er hut g'sawt sie weara kumma fer ei kaufa, un won sie bleiva dada fer middawg gang'd der dawg rum un sie hetta anyhow die rounds net gamocht fer allas ei kaufa os sie gatzailt hen kot mit tzurick noch Mantzville nemma.

Yusht wie sie ol feraenich'd worra fer ains gongs widder fert gae, hut der Cal noh ow'r doch gamaint er gaibt nix drum fer 'n kupchie guter haiser koffie howwa. Die Mamie hut die kon iwwer, un der koffie wor glei om kocha os er gagwoller'd hut. Die barichda sin, der Cal het noh drei kupcher handrun gadrunka, un gamaint er kent gore net fershtae ferwos sie nee ken so guter koffie kocha kenta hinnich 'm barrick, os wie die Mamie immer het won er noch da shtadt kaimt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Dawaig wie m'r heit tzu dawg 'n lot leit sehnt mashina fohra, dade m'r net denka os blenty tire shtorra fon fuftsich bis 'n hunnard tire arders uf hond hen — uns sin so tzu saw

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.
—Bacon.

IS GROUND HOG WISE AS HE'S REPUTED?

This is the day upon which, according to ancient but well-preserved tradition, that wise little animal, the ground hog (otherwise known as the woodchuck, or to scientific persons as Marmota monax) will emerge from its winter-long hibernation and, having deduced and prophesied the character of the weather for the remaining six weeks of winter, will determine, or not, to resume its long, winter nap.

If the gentle rodent that looms so large in folklore, especially that of the people of this community, be only half as wise as his friends pretend him to be, then his actions today clearly can be predicted.

Regardless of whether the sunshine be as bright and warm as on the sunniest July day or whether the skies be obscured by densest clouds and the thermometer at zero, the wise little fellow will turn back into his snug little burrow and remain there for the rest of the winter.

He will have sensed that much of America has decided to go into hibernation thru strikes and resulting unproductivity; that even his neighbors and friends, the farmers, are threatening strike and so who is going to plant the clover that makes life worth living for him?

Unfortunately perhaps, only a ground hog can elect such a course. Mankind, which under such circumstances, might wish occasionally to have the power to effect escape, (but temporary escape only), must keep warm and moving and struggle to endure.

NO TIME TO TALK DISARMAMENT

Senator Tydings of Maryland, with probably the best intentions in the world but with a sad lack of memory of bitter experiences, has asked that President Truman call an international conference for the purpose of getting all the nations of the world to agree to disarmament within the next four years and establish an international inspection force to see to it that nowhere will rearmament be slyly engaged in.

We suspect such proposals, presently at least, will fall on many deaf ears in this country, much as the American people would prefer the thought of a world so peaceful that no nation would wish to attack us or any other nation.

While public memory in many things is short, in others it is long and highly keen. Certainly it will remember very vividly a similar dream of peace that followed World War I. Then Americans were certain that war had been proven so costly and destructive and inconclusive that no nation ever again would permit its leaders to drag them into armed conflict. We were so certain about it that a conference in Washington agreed upon drastic reduction in armament. Almost before the ink upon the treaties were dry, the United States was scrapping many of its powerful warships and halting construction of others. Then our Secretary of State, Frank B. Kellogg, got some sixty nations to sign a pact that outlawed war. Among those nations were Germany, Italy and Japan and every nation that became one of their satellites in the course of the war, as well as the nations that were ready to jump upon our backs and those of the British the instant that they could feel sure the Axis nations were certainly winning the war.

The United States and Great Britain certainly lived up to promises made at the Washington conference. They weakened themselves while the nations that were to form the Axis secretly strengthened their navies and built up their armies, thereby perjuring themselves by an act that was more potent than word.

So seriously did Great Britain cripple herself that it became desirable for the United States to give her fifty destroyers when our own fate was being threatened by anticipated British collapse.

There is nothing to prove that similar situation may not again plague us. No one can tell where vicious men will arise, play upon the gullibility and the emotions of strong and ambitious people and again plunge the world into war. True, we are setting up a United Nations Organization to keep potential aggressors under watch and move in on them speedily if they promise to get out of control.

Until we have a powerful policeman and detective constantly at work for us and for other nations, the time has not come to talk about great reduction in armament and least of all, complete disarmament.

'NO WORK, NO EAT' FARM EDICT

The men on both sides of labor and production difficulties in this country at the present time may well heed the growing threat of farmers that unless strikes be ended, they (the farmers) may themselves go on strike and will refuse to send food into the areas where there are strikes.

While the movement appears to have just been initiated in Sunflower, Miss., and may not be potent at all that distance from the scenes of unproductivity and retardation to American business recovery, it can become mighty powerful if it spreads extensively. In fact the idea has already been taken up by Nebraska farmers and it could easily spread as other agrarian movements in the past have spread like Kansas cyclones.

The Mississippi farmers, who appear to have started this line of thinking and persuasion, adopted the slogan: "No work, no eat," after that eminent early American, Captain John Smith.

They pointed out that strikes mean delays in getting much-needed farm machinery. Farm machinery shortages threaten seriously the production of food that the farmers grow and the people of the cities consume. So after thinking along these lines, the directors of the Sunflower Farm Bureau Federation and the meeting of farmers concurred in this resolution:

"Inasmuch as strikes are preventing American farms from getting sorely needed farm machinery, which shortage may lead to a national food crisis, we propose that the American Farm Bureau Federation and other national farm and consumer organizations divert farm produce from strike areas. We believe that those causing this situation should suffer, rather than the long-abused American public. Labor and management, abetted by the Government, have become so engrossed in their own struggle for power that they are selfishly ignoring the basic needs, wants, and welfare of the United States of America."

Inasmuch as farmers generally are determined people, and while slow to move are not easily halted when once they get moving, the parties concerned in this situation may well take note and not force the matter to an issue.

"In Good Faith"

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1—Much loose talk is being heard about failure of one party or the other in a labor dispute to engage in collective bargaining "in good faith."

An interpretation sometimes given by union leaders implies that the parties must agree when a union makes a demand and that failure to accept such a demand is a refusal to bargain in good faith. This is erroneous reasoning.

In April, 1937, the chief justice of the United States, Charles Evans Hughes, wrote the majority opinion of the Supreme Court upholding the constitutionality of the National Labor Relations act, known as the Wagner law, and in that opinion he said:

"The act does not compel agreement between the employers and the employees. It does not compel any agreement whatever. It does not prevent the employer from refusing to make a collective contract and hiring individuals on whatever terms the employer may by unilateral action determine. . . .

"The theory of the act is the free opportunity for negotiations with accredited representatives of employees is likely to promote industrial peace and may bring about the adjustments and agreements which the act in itself does not attempt to compel."

* * *

There have been attempts made to persuade the National Labor Relations Board that employers in certain instances have refused to bargain in good faith. Such instances relate usually to refusal to meet with union representatives in the beginning of negotiations or to attempt to delay deliberately or otherwise to impair the negotiations themselves by moves that plainly show no genuine desire even to consider the issues from the outset. But once an employer has met and considered the demands of a union and rejected them, there is no obligation to meet again and again in order to record the same rejection.

Often the rejection is accompanied by a counter-proposal or by the reiteration of a former proposal. Where two parties, however, simply cannot agree, there is no provision of law to make them agree. The unions would be quick to resent the exercise, directly or indirectly, by any governmental body of any present provision of law to achieve that purpose, for it would mean compulsory arbitration.

Those cases which are brought before the National Labor Relations Board nowadays with an obvious attempt to penalize an employer who has rejected demands during a negotiation, cannot but introduce new shackles for labor, too, if imposed on management.

The Wagner law itself does not mention bargaining "in good faith." This phrase is one which has been used by the National Labor Relations Board to penalize those employers who attempt to deal frivolously with the collective bargaining process. But there is a difference between avoidance of recognition or bargaining and refusal to accept terms once the bargaining negotiations have begun. Neither side is under compulsion to modify its demands one iota from the original proposals submitted in the first collective bargaining conference. It is the refusal to submit any proposals at all or the avoidance of negotiations at the outset which leads to a charge of failure to bargain in good faith.

* * *

Congress has not stipulated that unions need bargain in good faith. They can act as mischievously as they like and even engage in acts of violence, such as illegal picketing, but this does not relieve the employer of his obligation to meet with and negotiate with union representatives if they represent a majority of his employees.

Since there are no penalties under National Labor Relations Board rulings or decisions for union failure to bargain in good faith, it would be extremely difficult for a court to determine the facts about anything as abstract as good faith where an employer negotiated and presented his proposals but failed to obtain acceptance. When both sides have reached a stalemate, it is not a case of bad faith. The Supreme Court has said that negotiating an agreement does not mean compulsion to agree, and this is the essential point to be borne in mind in examining the reports of cases of alleged refusal to bargain "in good faith."

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE END IN SIGHT

The present current of strikes started with the slogan "52-40 or fight!" The C.I.O. wanted a 30 percent increase; they wanted 52 hours of pay for 40 hours of work. To that, Walter Reuther and Harry Truman added the fantastic "Look-the-books" argument which means nothing because both Reuther and Truman possessed all the data contained in the books, except the trade secrets concerning prospective cars which are at best speculative and under no circumstances should be made available in a competitive system of production. In fact, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and related laws and decisions, the availability of such data among competitors would be of the nature of a cartelized price-fixing arrangement.

Walter Reuther thought that he would utilize this strike situation to introduce the socialist reform of labor participation in management which is an utterly meaningless operation under any economic system. It was at one time tried in Soviet Russia but dropped as an impediment to efficiency, management now being appointed by the ownership of the enterprise, the Soviet State. In a capitalist economy, it has no place at all, although in recent years it has been tried in many different ways and everywhere it has reduced efficiency of production. Publicity hounds among capitalists like to advocate such schemes because they attract attention in the press, but in actual practice, they do not work out.

* * *

This has nothing to do with collective bargaining or even with trade unionism, but is an approach to the socialization of industry which must, by the very nature of the process, end in State ownership and in the enslavement of man to the authority of the State. This no American wants, not even the labor leaders, although it is a tenet of the Communists—whom I do not regard as Americans, they preferring the way of life of another country as a matter of fact and declaration. And they ought to be allowed to have it.

Industry will either raise prices, cut quality or produce at a loss. Chester Bowles is fighting a price rise as the basis for a political career. He will lose, for there are many ways of raising prices without saying so outright, as everybody knows who bought temporary-name brand cigarettes during the war days with the imprimatur of the OPA. Another way to raise prices is to cut quality, for that simply means that one is paying the same for less. However, as the OPA is likely to be dead in short order, industrialists may take their chances on quality, gambling on economic sanity coming to Washington before it is too late.

One of the confusions in this situation is the Kaiser-Frazer combination which has handled its publicity with extreme skill, but thus far has produced little more than an increase in the price of its stock in a highly speculative market. Like all new enterprises, the Kaiser-Frazer price is not affected as rigidly by OPA as any older enterprise which produced before and during the war. It is sound business to start de novo in anything these days.

* * *

The orders which they have taken are for unpriced cars of uncertain delivery, which is the best anyone can do for any car these days, the manufacturer not knowing what he will pay for raw or semi-manufactured materials or even for labor or when he will get either. The test of Kaiser-Frazer ability will not be newspaper publicity nor public relations high-jinks but sales in a competitive market and the success of their cars on the road.

The sum and substance of the strikes is that all the gains of labor from them were accomplishable without strikes; that the real issue was prices not wages; that the impediment to industrial peace and efficiency is constant and political government interference designed not to make America strong but to win elections in 1946 and 1948 and to keep the bureaucracy big and reasonably engaged. The cost of such a policy falls neither upon labor nor industry but upon the standard of living of the American people. No matter how calculated, these strikes end up as a total loss.

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SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE EARLY GERMAN SETTLERS OF BRADFORD COUNTY AND THEIR CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY

Compiled by

NELSON H. BERGEY, B. S.—Towanda, Pennsylvania

Conclusion

John Christian Forbes was born Oct. 25, 1759 at Brunswick, Germany, where his father was a large stock raiser. When he was 16 years old he was sent by his father to deliver to the coast a drove of cattle which he had sold to the British government. Officers of the British vessel persuaded him to go aboard on the promise that the ship would land near his home and much sooner than he could travel by land. After the vessel was out of sight of land, it dawned upon the young drover that he had been tricked and was being carried to some other part of the world. When he was finally landed it was in America, being informed at the same time that he would be compelled to serve in the British Army. He continued with the King's troops until a good opportunity presented itself, then deserted and espoused the American cause, giving his aid in the struggle for Independence till the close of the war. He settled in Delaware county, N. Y., where July 3, 1783 he married Deborah Williams. In 1806 he moved to Sheshequin with his family and there resided until his death April 19, 1853, aged 93½ years. He is remembered as a "kindly, Christian old gentleman." He had 10 children.

Jacob Hoff emigrated to America about the time hostilities commenced between the mother country and the colonies. He joined the American Army and participated in the battles of Long Island, White Plains, and Brandywine. In his application for a pension, 1821 he says: "That he, the said Jacob Hoff in March 1776 in Cumberland county, Pa., enlisted in a company commanded by Capt. William Peebles, afterwards by Capt. Matthew Scott of the regiment commanded by Colonel Miles but afterwards by Colonel Stewart of the Pa. line; that he served until after the close of 1777 when he was discharged at Valley Forge; family—himself, a farmer, unable to labor, and wife Catherine, aged about 65 years." Soon after 1800 Mr. Hoff came to Bradford county, settled at Spring Hill, being one of the pioneers in that section. He died 1832, aged 81 years.

Jacob Wickizer was born Oct. 18, 1784 near Wilkes-Barre, removed to Wysox in or before 1810. He settled in the wilderness and at once began improvements. Though suffering many privations and rearing a large family he cleared and improved a fine farm. He was a sincere Baptist of the old school and a forceful exhorter. He was a strong Union man and had a desire to see the Confederacy subdued. He died March 5, 1868.

Henry Hiney came from Canada to Sheshequin locating on the Bidlack place in or before 1808. He made and peddled brooms and became blind. His wife is remembered as the ardent Baptist. He had 8 children.

William Dittrich, a native of Saxony, Germany was educated in the music schools of Germany and Paris, and served for a time in the French army, during which time he was sent with a government troupe to the West Indies and South America. Returning to France, he soon after sailed for America, and landed at Phila., joined a theatrical troupe and came to Towanda in the autumn of 1848. He afterwards joined Welch's circus, which after a few months he left, and returned to Towanda, where he spent his life.

Jacob Musselman, native of Northampton County, born June 16, 1796, came to Overton from Lehigh County in 1848. He was a weaver, and followed his occupation many years after coming to the settlement. On June 15, 1828, he married Hannah Eisenhart. They were excellent Christian people. He died in his 92nd year.

Andrew Wilt, born June 11, 1801, learned the art of shoemaking and opened a shop in Allentown, Pa. In April, 1827, he married Mary Swartz and continued to reside in Allentown until Spring of 1844, when through the persuasion of his brother-in-law Daniel Heverly, (mentioned elsewhere in this story) he removed to Overton hoping to better his condition in life. Taking his family and such goods as he could load in a one-horse lumber wagon (covered) he set out for his new home. The roads were bad and mountains had to be climbed. His horse became tired out and all save the two youngest children, were required to walk the greater part of the distance. When climbing the hills, the men would shove against the hind part of the wagon to help the horse along. At Overton he cleared land, erected a hewed-log house, and here spent the remainder of his days. He was a very strong Unionist, and was brokenhearted when the news came of the defeat of the Northern forces at Bull Run. Commenting upon the war after he had allowed a son (Jacob Andrew) not yet fifteen, to go, and thinking that he would never come back, said: "I have done all I could, I have given my boy to the Union". Andrew Wilt was a Lutheran, and he was a son of Jacob Wilt (1759-1852), born in Maxatawny, Berks County, where he resided during the Revolutionary War. In April 1781 he enlisted at Phila., as a private in the company of Capt. Jacob Yehl in the "Dutch Regiment" of which Jacob Weis was quartermaster, attached to the French army. He served until the close of the war, and was honorably discharged in Feb. 1783.

Andrew Wilt spoke Pa-German at home, and used English very seldom. There is a tradition in the Wilt family that the father of Jacob Wilt came over with Lafayette as a Hessian guard.

Jacob Andrew Wilt, son of Andrew Wilt enlisted at 15 years of age in the 18th Pa. Cavalry during the Civil War, served two years. He was a lawyer at Towanda, served the unexpired term of county superintendent of schools, district attorney, and prothonotary each for two years, President of the school board, and was secretary of the Bradford County Historical Society. Died 1925.

Leo C. Wilt, son of Jacob Andrew Wilt, was born March 31, 1880. Leo was graduated from Lafayette College in 1905 with a degree in C. E. He worked for 13 years in the maintenance and way department of the Pa. Railroad, and in 1919 went to Pittsburgh in the Life Insurance business until 1935. In 1938 he returned to Towanda. He was principal and taught mathematics at New Albany schools for one year. He taught social studies for one year at the Rome, Pa., schools.

Mr. Leo Wilt is President of the Bradford County Historical Society, and he is a noted historian in Bradford County. At present he is associated with the Archives Publishing Co., Harrisburg, Pa. and is making historical maps for that firm. He also makes outline maps.

He has made outline maps of each of this state's 67 counties and they with the large state maps are distributed by the Archives Publishing Co. of Pa., whose offices are at Harrisburg. So far Mr. Wilt has made historical maps for 28 counties and they are being distributed by the Archives Publishing Co.

The maps which Mr. Wilt has made to date represent five years' work. They are for the use in the schools of the Commonwealth and are proving very popular with school and historical authorities.

A new school history of Pennsylvania, entitled "Story of Pa." which is used in 9th grade, contains two maps dawn by Mr. Wilt.

He has drawn a map of the Sullivan expedition, and the Hartley expedition of Revolutionary War renown. The Asylum (French Town) map which he has drawn is something distinctly new. It shows the present location of Asylum homes and farms as well as the streets, market place, etc., of the old French Settlement.

This French settlement was established in 1793 as a refuge in Bradford county for French fugitives fleeing from the Revolutionary Paris. The town was laid out with broad streets and large lots and contained about fifty houses, with a population at its height of several hundred. It was hoped that Queen Marie Antoinette might succeed in fleeing to America. However, in 1802 Napoleon came to power and decreed that French refugees might ask for pardon and restoration of their property. Within a year the town was nearly deserted.

The maps made by Mr. Wilt have been made for the primary purpose of creating a love for "home" in the hearts of our school boys and girls—as well as their parents, and to help our teachers of history.

The German settlers in Bradford County left very few barns and buildings such as are characteristic of the German settlers in some other counties of Penna. Most of the houses in Bradford Co., are of the New England style of architecture, and are wood frame painted white. Most of the early settlers came from Connecticut, and other states of New England were well represented. These settlers came into the county through the influence of the Susquehanna Company, a land enterprise, which purchased land of the Indians for the purpose of settling Connecticut families in Bradford County. Continental soldiers also established themselves in Bradford County. They had previously encamped in the county, were well attracted by its beauty and advantages which led to influence them to make their future home here.

Through an error, England made grants of land to both William Penn and Connecticut. This led to the Yankee-Pennamite war in the Bradford County region because of the overlapping of land grants.

At three different times the Connecticut settlers were driven from their homes by the Pennsylvanians, but after each retreat, they returned with more supporters from Connecticut. The controversy developed into a political issue between the two states. Pennsylvania finally won and the Connecticut settlers who had purchased land from the Susquehanna Company were forced to pay for their properties a second time.

IM NEIE YOHR

Die Grischtdaage sin veriwwer,
Es alt Yohr iss net mehr;
Was waerd es Nei Yohr bringe?
Es iss schunn in der Deer.

Waerd es die Winsch' verfille,
Die all an es geschtellt?
Waerd es der Friede bringe,
In daere verschteerte Welt?

Waerd's gute Daage bringe—
Voll Sunneschein un Luscht?
Odder waerd es Regge bringe,
Mit Seifzer un Verdruss?

Waerd der Herr sei reicher Sege
Schicke wie noch alle Yohr;
Un es Unheil weg halte,
Graad wie Er hot zuvor?

Duhn mer ihm genung danke
Fer 's Glick im letschte Yohr,
Wie Er uns vatterlich g'holfe
In Grieg un in Gefohr?

Die Zeite waerr'n es weise,
Wie gut Er 's mit uns halt—
O Herr, geb uns doch Friede—
Mer schtehn in Deiner Gewalt!

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

DU LIEWI GRUNDSAU

(Grundsau Daag am zwette Harnung)

Ich gleich die Grundsau, fett un rund,
Iss graad daheem im kalte Grund;
Zum Wintersbett geht sie yetz glei,
En bissel g'schnarrickst, dann schloft sei ei.
Un doch ich wett,
Ihr Uhr iss g'sett
Fer wacker warre—Harnung zwett.

Es maag sei, die Sunn kummt widder raus;
Do bleibt die Grundsau net im Haus.
Sie ruft haerzlich: "Hee! Ihr Leit!
Ball kummt die waarme Friehyohrszeit."
Die Grundsau do,
Sie macht es so,
Dass sie zufridde iss un froh.

Sehnt sie ihr Schadde, wie der Wind,
Schluppt sie ins Lechli—dapper! g'schwind!
"Sechs Woche meh vun Winterzeit!"
So saagt die Grundsau als bereit.
Un 's iss aa waahr,
Will's mache klaar—
Des iss sei Rule schunn manche Yohr.

Du liewi Grundsau, hoch geehrt:
Kalenner sin yo gaar nix wert,
Waer's net fer deine Wichtichkeit
Un guter Rot zu Bauersleit.
Un yetz bei mir,
Ich glaab an dir—
Du bischt en schmaert, un g'scheit Gedier.

—EDGAR M. ESHELMAN.

BOOK REVIEW

POOR MAN'S DOCTOR. By Lewis R. Tryon, M.D.—Foreword by Albert E. Iedell. Prentice-Hall, Inc. New York, pp. VI and 233.—$2.75.

Pennsylvania German folks always took kindly to "doctor books," partly because of the circulating "powwow" books, partly because of the old "Kreiderbicher" which our ancestors had brought with them from across the sea. Then there were also the old traditional remedies preserved from those early pioneer days when there were but few trained physicians and those few were widely scattered.

But the above-mentioned book hardly possesses that sort of interest for us. It is a sprightly, savory (and sometimes salacious) autobiographical account of "a poor man's doctor." For the readers of the ECK it should have some interest if for no other reason than the fact that its author was reared in Hamburg, Pa., and his father before him had also practiced in that Pennsylvania German community.

Unfortunately the author does not give us very exact details about his own origins. He informs us that his ancestor Dr. Michael Tryon had emigrated from France more than a century ago and since that time there had always been one or more Doctors Tryon practicing medicine, he himself being in the sixth generation. Our author does not anywhere clearly profess being a Pennsylvania German. The writer of the foreword to this book, Mr. Albert Idell, writes of Dr. Tryon, "His voice has a savour of an accent which anyone but a Pennsylvanian might have thought was foreign. But I was Pennsylvania Dutch myself—I knew that singing, upward cadence which is never quite lost by anyone born to it." Was the author then a Pennsylvania German by virtue of having descended from a French Alsatian or a French Huguenot? It happens quite frequently that Pennsylvania Germans prefer to claim French Huguenot descent. Or was it because his mother, though a Catholic, was descended from the Shoemakers of Shoemakersville? Brought up a Lutheran, he later espoused the faith of his mother and became a Catholic.

Dr. Tryon mentions his Dutch accent which he tried so hard to lose, but also writes that, although he had been brought up in the midst of a community speaking it, they never used it at home and he never spoke it well. On the other hand he admits that he "can swear marvelously in Dutch" and thinks the dialect is better suited for the purpose than English. He also speaks of his unfortunate Dutch temper.

Dr. Tryon's lively narrative takes us back to the First World War and also into the second. It scintillates with the author's own subjective reaction upon men and things and events. These reminiscences are of sufficient interest to the general reader to have warranted their publication by one of our well-known publishers. But to us Pennsylvania Germans there is relatively little of immediate interest. Even though the author was born and reared in our community he introduces rather meager material about us and that is not always very sympathetic. "We lived in Hamburg, Pennsylvania, a "Pennsylvania Dutch" community, and our house . . . built in the "Dutch" fashion, as close to the road as possible." In his father's office he remembers shelves of leather bound medical books, many of them very old and in German or French, a heritage of the first Doctor Tryon." His father had the reputation of doing much of his healing by "Hexerei" as the natives called it, because he used medicine sparingly. He writes of dinners in the Dutch country style, beginning with a heavy soup followed by such dishes as Buwe Schenkel or Schnitz un Gnepp, topping off everything with several kinds of pie or cake and the inevitable balancing of the many sweets with as many sours. The author in one instance steps aside of his narrative to express his amazement of the great vitality of a "Dutch" accent.

Dr. Tryon finds the Pennsylvania Germans more inclined to call in the veterinarian for their animals (and pay the bill cheerfully) than to call in the physician for members of their own families. Consequently—his most important function while practicing among the Pennsylvania Germans became the delivery of babies. They believed in large families as they did in big litters of hogs. Here he meets with what he terms false modesty and prudery. His descriptions of the processes of childbirth under those attending traits are both humorous and ludicrous.

Interesting as this slender thread of Pennsylvania German material may be it must take second place. Far more important are such chapters as "I sign up with the Red Cross," "Combating Typhus in Estonia," "Victory Over Typhus" and his experiences as physician on the School Ship Annapolis. The author was decorated by the Estonian Red Cross and the Latvian Government and also received the White Russian Cross of St. Anne. He retired at the age of seventy to write this book.—P.A.B.

Deaths of a Day

VICTOR A. BOWMAN

Victor A. Bowman, 64, of 134 S. Fulton St., died at 4:19 a. m. yesterday in Sacred Heart hospital, where he had been a patient since Wednesday. He had been in failing health for the past year.

Born in Bethlehem, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Antone Bowman, he had been a resident of this city since 1912. Up until the time of his illness he had been employed by the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co. for two years and prior to that was a bartender at various hotels in this community. At one time he was proprietor of the Lafayette hotel bar, and some years later conducted a roadside market near Lanark.

Mr. Bowman was affiliated with the Allentown Nest of Orioles, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, Bethlehem, and the State Fireman's Assn.

His widow, Nellie, nee Fink, Bowman, is the only immediate survivor. Besides his parents, he was preceded in death by three brothers.

Rev. Henry J. Pflum will officiate at funeral services on Tuesday at 1.30 p. m. at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment will be in Grandview cemetery.

MICHAEL G. MACNER

Michael G. Macner, 48, a resident of Coplay for 24 years, died Thursday night at his home, 138 S. 4th St., that borough, after an illness of two weeks.

Born in Freeland, he was employed as a crane operator by the Whitehall Manufacturing Co. He was a member of St. Andrew's Catholic church, Catasauqua.

His wife, the former Anna Matejick, preced him in death nine years ago.

Surviving are two daughters, Evelyn and Virginia, and a son, Michael Jr., at home; his stepfather, Michael Mihalenko, Griffton; and a sister, Mrs. Samuel Horning, Goodville.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 9 a.m. in his home, with solemn mass of requiem to follow in St. Andrew's church at 9:30 a.m. Interment will be made in the parish cemetery. Hahn Bros., Minersville, are in charge of arrangements.

MRS. SARAH J. KOENIG

Rev. Clarence H. Moats of this city will officiate at funeral services for Mrs. Sarah J. Koenig, 34 S. Jefferson St., on Monday at 1 p. m. at the Bachman funeral home, Hazleton, with interment in Mountain View cemetery, Hazleton. Mrs. Koenig, widow of Phillip Koenig, died Thursday night in the Allentown hospital in her 82nd year. She was admitted to the hospital on Tuesday.

Born in Slateville, Pa., a daughter of the late John and Savina, nee Fetherolf, Lutz, she became a resident of Allentown after the death of her husband in Hazleton in 1929.

Mrs. Koenig was a member of the Trinity Reformed church and of the Phoebe Home auxiliary.

Survivors are one son, Lawrence W., Derms, Pa., and one sister, Mrs. Thomas A. Oswald, with whom she resided.

WILLIAM RECKER JR.

William Recker Jr., only child of William and Pauline, nee Cherry, Recker, of Northampton R. 1, died Thursday afternoon at the Allentown hospital. The infant was two months and 23 days old.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 9 a. m. at the home of the parents, followed by further services at 9.30 o'clock in St. Michael's Catholic church, Berlinsville. Interment will be in the parish cemetery.

MRS. WILLIAM MILLER

The funeral of Mrs. Amelia Spreckler Miller, wife of William Miller, will be held at 9 a. m. Tuesday from the late home, 628 Lechauweki Ave., Fountain Hill. Solemn requiem mass will be offered in St. Ursula's Roman Catholic church at 9:30 a. m. Interment in Holy Saviour cemetery. Mrs. Miller died at 11:40 a. m. Thursday in Sacred Heart hospital, Allentown.

GEORGE CARL

George Carl, 80-year-old Topton resident, died last night at the Allentown hospital. He had been in the hospital since Jan. 22. His home was at 126 Cherry St., Topton.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Die Wosser Kure Gabroviert

Un war het gadenk'd os die wosser kure aenich ebbes nutz wear fer 'n kalt fer driva. Un so weit os sel aw gait, huts aw nix gabot, ow'r noh hut der becker Fred Shaidler fon da Sex'd shtross nagshd om Call, aw yusht drei dose wosser bree ganumma in blotz fon madatzine. Die gons becker familia wor doh weil tzurick uf galaig'd mit 'm grib, un hen fer etlicha dawg net bocka kenna. 'S airsht wor 'm Fred sei Lizzie uf da flitch, noh hut der boo Mark awfonga goutsa, uns nagshd os wor, hut der Fred aw noch aw g'fonga, un der Dr. Ralph Merkle hut sei hand fol kot fer sie widder ol tzurick uf die fees griega.

'S hut ordlich medatzine ganumma, un ol hen sie ganumma os wie der Fred net. Er hut sei buddle shtae lossa wie er widder halver shtaggerra hut kenna, ow'r der Mark un die Lizzie hen ihra medatzine g'shwoop'd noch allerra ort. Endlich wie 'm Mark sei buddle lare wor, un woh kola shwartzie medatzine kotta hut, hut er wosser in die buddle fer sie reinicha, un sie weil uf 'm dish shtae lossa fer soaka. Die Lizzie hut noh ols gagrumm'ld mit 'm Fred ferwos er sel medatzine net nemma dadu, ow'r hut yusht nix hoerra wolla, n die medatzine aw shmart shtae lossa.

Endlich is es da Lizzie ei kumma die weil os er ihra die medatzine net nemma dade, maichts ferleicht sei os er sie nemma dade won ihra shae wusslich klerricks maid'l, die Grace Sell fon Centre Valley nurse acta dade, un gaibts 'm. Un grawd so wors aw. Eb die Grace farblae ebbes g'sawt hut kot waeich da medatzine, hut er shun 's moul uf g'shpart wie 'n yungie omshel, un sie hut g'sawt er sot numma gaduit halta bis sies medatzine tzurucht het. Noh hut sie die buddle ganumma woh sie gamaint hut wear sei medatzine, un hut mohl galaisa wies tzu gewwa. 'S hut g'sawt uf da buddle 'n foller tae leffel inna halb glaws wosser duh alla tzwae shtun, un sie hut die airsht dose tzurucht gamocht, uns 'm gewwa. Wie ers drunna kot hut, hut er gamaint 's weara mohl shure net fiel gauva in selra medatzine, — 's dade yoh wohrhoft shmocka wie louder laedich wosser.

Die Lizzie hut 'm noh ow'r g'sawt 's wear net dawert os er gnutterra wot, er sot yusht froh sei won er 'n nurse het fer 'm ob worta, un die medatzine dade shun halt aw shloga un 'm sei kalt ferdriva. Die Grace wie 'n gutie nurse sot, hut noh die uhr sharaf gawatch'd, un 'm alla tzwae shtun 'n tae leffel fol "medatzine" inna halb glaws wosser, un der Fred hut sich aw ken mohl g'shteibert fers nemma. Ferol os m'r wase, het er die gons buddle dafon weck g'shoft mit da Grace ihra hilf, won der Mark net datzu kumma wear un hut gawunnert wos don om aw gae wear mit seinra medatzine buddle. Wie die onnerra gawunnert hen ferwos, hut er g'sawt, "Ei gucka mohl darta, ich hob my larie medatzine buddle uf g'fill'd kot mit wosser fer sie ous soaka, now ferhoftich sei won sie yoh net shier halver lare is."

Die Lizzie un der Fred sin noh aw mohl hee gucka, un glei is die Grace aw noch kumma fer sehna wos om aw gae wear. Noh wie sie ol darta bei nonner worra hen sie ferhoftich sei g'sehna os die Grace yoh ol die weil 'm Fred om wosser ei gewwa wor in blotz fon medatzine—un woh er aw net bong is fer sawga os 'n ken dreck gabot hut. Die Lizzie maint ow'r, er wear immer froh gawest fer sie nemma won die Grace kumma wear fers 'm gewwa.

Shier Yusht So Shlim

Un doh is 'n g'shicht os shier yusht so shlim is wie aw wosser nemma im blotz fon medatzine. Un des so gore is die g'shicht fom Solie Boyer, steward fom Marine Band hall seinra seesa sup da onner owet. 'S wor 'n grosser fress doh in da shtadt, un der Solie un sei Stella hen gross ordich om feddershda dish k'huck'd essa. 'S airsht os rum kumma is wor sup, un eb der Solie awfonga hut ei shoufla, hut er so'n shaenie dish ob worter'n ins aug grick'd, uns aller arrickshd awfonga blauderra mit ra. Die tzugar box hut grawd fer'm g'shtonna, noh wos hut er gaduh, os wie shtarta sich tzugar in sei sup leffla, un hut fert gamocht bis die tzugar box lare wor, un sei suppa shissel is bol iwwer galoffa.

Noh wie die dish ob worter's fert galoffa is, hut der Solie mohl sei sup fersuch'd, un so shab nava nous gaguck'd un g'sawt, "Jabers olmighty, die sup is ow'r dick un sees." Onnerra hen gamocht wie won sie nix g'sehna hetta, ow'r blenty hen gawist wos g'shaina wor, un sich innerlich bol gronk galocht. Die barichda sin, er het die sup glei iwwer 'n side g'shova un shtart on onnerra socha rum gnaverra. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Solie die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os es yoh net rous kumt darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Heit is der dawg woh die gons welt om worta is fer sehna wos die Grundsow tzu sawga hut fom wedder fer die nagshda sex wocha, un da Mondawg owet is die tzeit, woh die Grundsow Lodge Nummer ains on da Lechaw sich widder fersomm'ld, — 's airsht mohl in drei yohr fer da grundsow ihra folla wedder barichda griega.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Today's Scriptures

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

Mark 1:21-45

Mark is one of the Gospels called 'Synoptic,' for Matthew, Mark, and Luke devote much attention to Jesus' ministry in Galilee. Synoptic means 'seeing together.' They cover largely the same material. John stands alone in giving us much more of Jesus' life in and about Jerusalem and also many of Jesus' spiritual discourses not recorded by the Synoptists. Mark makes brief mention of the preaching of John the Baptist and of Jesus' baptism and temptation, in order to take his readers to Galilee, v. 14, where we find Jesus preaching and selecting certain men, who were in time to help Him in His ministry. Having been rejected by His townsmen in Nazareth, Luke 4:29, He takes up His residence in Capernaum, and on the Sabbath visits the synagogue and teaches with an authority which astonishes the hearers. The rabbis usually quote the sayings of other rabbis, but Jesus taught by saying, Verily, I say unto you. An evil spirit cries out during the service, 'Let us alone; art Thou come to destroy us? I know who Thou art, The Holy One of God.' Some may deny the deity of Jesus, and reject His claims. The demons of hell, however, know Him, and tremble. For the word devils throughout the chapter, read 'demons.'

Horoscope

You have a strong personality, much charm, and are capable of great good or evil. You love to dream too much, and so waste valuable time. You are an excellent conversationalist and enjoy culture and refinement. Your work should be active, and you will be very successful if you stick

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call.
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Pope

NATIONAL PROGRAM FOR HOUSING FORMULATED

Not only in Allentown but in just about every other community that is growing and has good prospects as to the deferred but long-anticipated post-war era there is serious shortage as to housing and in very few is there considerable prospects of early improvement. From just about everywhere comes the same answer: Shortage of building materials and labor and prohibitive cost of both when they can be secured.

Hoping to find an answer to this question, Wilson Wyatt, the Government's new housing administrator, has been spending the past five weeks in consultation with representatives of Government, business, labor and the veterans' organizations. Now he has evolved a plan which President Truman announced yesterday and to which he has given his blessing.

Under this plan it is hoped that 2,700,000 houses will be built before the end of 1947. To accomplish this, production of building materials is to be spurred, thru Government subsidies if necessary. The quantity of labor now employed in residential construction is to be tripled and wage increases are to be allowed where necessary to promote the recruiting program. Other elements of the plan include price ceilings on building lots and all houses, new and old; more effective price control as to materials; continuation of rent controls and mortgage insurance up to 90 per cent of new low-cost homes.

In order that the more profitable lines of construction may not take the materials so needed for this "bold program," as the President has termed it, there is to be a ban upon all deferrable and non-essential construction for the rest of this year.

All the homes to be built, according to the program, are to be "low and moderate in cost," but it is not indicated what the proponents of the measure consider "low and moderate." It is announced, however, that of 1,200,000 homes to be begun this year 700,000 are to be conventional dwellings, 250,000 permanent pre-fabricated houses and 250,000 temporary units. The 1947 construction is to include 900,000 conventional and 600,000 permanent pre-fabricated houses.

How big this program is appears from comparison with other years. In 1925, the banner year for construction of dwellings in the country, 937,000 were built. By contrast, only 240,000 were constructed in 1945.

Is there hope for this ambitious program? Well Mr. Wyatt suggests that the country consider what was done in the airplane industry under the impetus of war needs. When President Roosevelt set a goal of 50,000 planes much of the country believed him a visionary and our enemies regarded him as a bluffer. But American industry did even better than that and could have multiplied the dream figure if the war had gone on longer and conditions had demanded it.

Mr. Wyatt believes that the job can be accomplished if Americans will face this task "in the same spirit in which they faced the fighting part of the war."

A WAR THAT HAS NO GLAMOUR

Because of destruction in the wake of war and droughts, the world finds itself woefully short of grain. A year-end survey disclosed a shortage of 5,000,000 tons of wheat and 2,000,000 tons of rice. Since then the situation has further deteriorated because this winter the monsoon rains have failed to bring their annual relief to the parched plains of northern India, whence normally comes much of the wheat, millet and rice on which that populous country depends. The one way to prevent widespread loss of life from famine is for all peoples to tighten their belts and enlist in the war against hunger.

The United States and Great Britain have acted almost simultaneously to set the standard in sacrifice. In the United Kingdom, just beginning to enrich its diet after the privation forced by the long years of war, many of the restrictions gradually eased after V-E day have been reimposed. Here President Truman has gone almost as far by raising the amount of flour millers are to extract from wheat, forbidding the use of wheat in producing alcohol and limiting the quantities of other grains so used, restricting the feeding of livestock, reducing the amount of fats and oils for public consumption and taking steps to see that the foods thus saved shall move speedily to points where need is greatest. The war against hunger must be fought without bands, parades and banners. It must be waged in the kitchens, possibly with an increase of shopping hardships. But for the lack of glamour there are compensations. No more blood need be spilled for victory. It can be attained without any dangerous curtailing of the national diet. President Truman correctly assays the feelings of his countrymen when he voices his conviction that they will willingly do their part to fight mass starvation anywhere in the world.

—New York Sun.

COMMENDABLE BUT DUBIOUS LOYALTY

The loyalty of a man to his friends is admirable but there are situations in which great men are made the victims of their friends. This would appear to be Truman's plight today, as it was President Harding's more than twenty years ago and under strangely parallel circumstances.

In testimony before a U. S. Senate committee a friend of Mr. Truman's has been charged with having attempted to secure favors for California oil interests during the 1940 campaign. The witnesses are men of credibility even though one is an admitted "curmudgeon."

But Mr. Truman prefers to accept the contention of his friend that the curmudgeon, Secretary Ickes, could have been mistaken in his understanding of conversations between the pair relative to instituting a Federal suit to gain possession of Pacific Coast tidelands as oil reserve property.

Friendship could go hardly any further. So Mr. Truman has invited rebuke from the U. S. Senate thru refusal to confirm the nomination of his friend as undersecretary of the Navy.

A famous French marshal is reputed to have said: "God save me from my friends. I can protect myself from my enemies."

"Big Steel Formula"

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8—If there's to be a "Big Steel Formula" to permit wage increases and price rises in relation to some cost of living index, as was the case with the famous "Little Steel Formula" of 1941, then some governmental board or agency will have to administer it now or the Nation will be faced with an epidemic of more strikes and work stoppages.

Whatever President Truman allows by way of price rises or wage increases under his existing stabilization powers in settling the steel strike will be sought in all other industries. There will be a demand for a 15 per cent increase in wages all along the line irrespective of capacity to pay or any other protest.

Once the Government sanctions a blanket formula, the whole industrial system will feel its repercussions. The President in one of his early speeches after V-J Day termed the application of any blanket formula as unwise and insisted that each industry and business handle the situation according to the circumstances in which it found itself.

But since those days the demands of labor have become uniform so that the demand for 30 per cent increase in wages calculated on the 40-hour-week base pay has become nationwide. Many unions are simply waiting for the major strikes to be settled before asking that the same percentage increases be granted to them.

* * *

What the President faces is an even more serious wave of strikes than the Nation has yet encountered unless he takes steps promptly to see that his original policy is fulfilled. The need of some national tribunal operating under governmental authority to hear the various pleas for wage increases and to determine both wage rises and price changes is imperative if the President is going to put the sanction of the White House behind any formula, whether it is called "Big Steel" or "Little Steel" or by any other name.

Mr. Truman's original mistake was in assuming that prices could be held in line while wages were permitted to soar. He was right, undoubtedly, that in some instances a part of the wage increase, if not all, could be absorbed from profits but he has been proved wrong in the case of steel. The labor union leaders themselves have been lobbying privately to get an increase in the price of steel, although outwardly they have been giving out publicity material tending to show that they want the increases without the raising of prices.

The union strategists have not gained anything by the maneuver because almost everybody in Washington has known of their back-door conferences and their pleas to give the steel men an increase in price so that the cost could be passed on to the public in the future as it has been in the past.

The President still retains under the war powers act enough authority to create another agency like the National War Labor Board and he can ask Congress to prohibit the use of strikes during the period while cases are under consideration by such a board. There is nothing sacred about such a limitation on the right to strike, for it has been in existence virtually all through the war period by means of a so-called "no-strike pledge" which the Government, at any rate accepted, as having as much validity as if it were the law of the land. The unions, too, have expressed pride in their obedience to this, though they insist all the work stoppages which violated it were really "wildcat strikes" or "unauthorized."

* * *

A good case has been made for governmental limitation of any group's power to interrupt production either by strikes or by lockouts. The right to strike is no more than the right of an individual to quit work. The right to tie up the economic system, on the other hand, and deprive a community or the Nation of vital communications and necessities required for the maintenance of health does not have any more sanction than the right of rebellion. An attack on the public by any economic group can be prohibited by law. Even the so-called right to strike by a concerted action of a group of citizens has been limited by Congress in the Railway Mediation Act. So it is about time to consider not the so-called right to rebellion against the public interest but the right of the public to limit by law the attempt of any group to injure the public. With this limitation goes inevitably a requirement that labor disputes be settled in some orderly manner either with or without the intervention of Government.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

ANARCHO-SYNDICALISM

The general strike is a device of an organized minority to impose its will upon the total population by force. It is revolution. It is neither republican, which is government by chosen representatives of the people through elections, nor democratic, which is government by the will of the majority. It is what in Europe is called anarcho-syndicalism. It seeks to accomplish the will of the few by outrage and disturbance.

A general strike was called for the city of New York to be held on Monday for two hours from 4 to 6 p. m. The CIO which was managing this enterprise had called out its total strength of 600,000 in a city of 7,500,000. The national leaders, fearing public reaction, induced local leaders to call off the strike. When they did this they announced that in lieu of a strike the workers would demonstrate right after work hours.

No meetings, demonstrations or parades may legally take place on the streets of New York without a permit from the Mayor, issued by the police. The final responsibility for this demonstration then rests with the Mayor, Mr. O'Dwyer, who may become cognizant of his obligations to the entire city before this frightful prelude to revolution occurs.

* * *

His one relationship with the Communists and Left-Wing labor groups since he has become Mayor was a complete and total surrender on all issues. He permitted Mike Quill, leader of the Transport Workers, to assert and establish his authority as the political boss of New York, as the overlord of the Mayor. It was a pitiful demonstration of ineptitude and lack of dignity. In fact, it was a reversion to the Bossism of Bill Tweed and Richard Croker and the public be damned, with the Mayor accepting the role of a grateful camp follower.

The general strike is a protest against the continuing Western Union strike which the union is losing as the Western Union is able to continue a sufficient measure of its services. It is planned to occur simultaneously with the tug-boat strike which freezes the city by leaving it fuelless. The Mayor ordered schools closed down and recognized the peril to the entire city because of the fuel shortage. A food shortage is also anticipated. Even after the President ordered the tugboats seized, the union refused to return to work, establishing a strike against the Government of the United States, which should have been anticipated as bound to occur sooner or later even by those who believe that seizure solves all problems.

The significance of all this ought to be clear to Americans. Whether for good or a foul cause, any tiny minority can, if it is sufficiently aggressive and anti-American, completely disrupt the life of the people. For years, I have heard men say that the Communists in America are insignificant because they are so few in numbers. How large must numbers be to tie up the port of New York?

The transport workers, a few tens of thousands, can bring this city to a standstill by refusing to run the subways, street cars and buses. The tiny group of tug-boat operators can freeze the city in winter and starve it all year because of the city's geography which requires transportation across its rivers even for railroad freight. A small body of electricians operating its power houses can shut everything down. It does not take many men to cripple a city of 7,500,000 in our technological age.

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Lithium is the lightest of metals—a cubic foot of it weighs only 33 pounds, as compared with 108 pounds for the same amount of magnesium.

Ten years ago the pumping of molten metal was generally considered impossible, but molten magnesium is now being pumped in melt-shops and foundries.

At the end of World War II, American refineries were making more than 500,000 barrels of aviation gasoline a day, or about 85 per cent of the world's production.



ALLE SARDE WARDE

Ach! Was hot's doch so viel Sarde Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Warde!

We appeal to our readers to assist us in bringing forth little-used and half-forgotten words and phrases, in whatever dark byways they may linger, that they may be refurbished and restored to our still so colorful and picturesque dialect.—Please send definitions and illustrations to THE EDITOR OF THE ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

We offer the following words for your consideration:

SCHTROHGNAWWEL — AERNKICHELCHE
BEITELKISCHT — A-B-C-SCHITZ
DOPPELTGLENGICH — SCHTIWWELROHR
BAERSCHDEBINDER — LANGSCHTROH
BASCHTHOLS

NOTE: Who will help us rescue the dialect from that terrible verb "yuse" for the English verb "to use"? What other word can be employed to avoid such usage as in the sentence: "Des kenne mer widder yuse"?

We are happy to have received so many responses to our inquiries about certain words in the ECK for Jan. 12 and submit the following definitions:

BAUCHZUWWER—A wooden tub 30 to 36 inches high, holding perhaps 40 to 50 gals. One stave was about two and one-half times as thick as the rest in the tub, with a hole in lengthwise almost to the bottom of the tub. There was a hole in the bottom of the tub to correspond to the hole in the stave. A stopper like a broomstick fitted in.—They did not wash clothes during the cold weather and soaked them in these tubs. When they saw a neighbor they asked: "Hen ihr schunn gebaucht?" Also they had a lot of linen goods and garments of flax which they soaked in the **Bauchzuwwer** to soften and to bleach it. (Richard W. Peters, Allentown).—Robert D. Steinmetz (Allentown) writes: "In my grandfather's time they used the **Bauchzuwwer** to make some kind of home-made soap (**Schmierseef**). They took wood ash and made a brine which they put in the tub.—Then we had something which was used just like a bucket which was called a "Scheppkiwwel." It was made like a small washtub but it had only one ear, and was used to pour water from one tub to another.—The Rev. Melville B. Schmoyer (Allentown) informs us that a **Bauchzuwwer** "was a large, heavily constructed tub, made especially for the women to prepare their lye in boiling soap. I recall that such a tub was in my parents' possession, and in the days of my boyhood was gotten out of the cellar when white-washing season put in its appearance. The lime for white-washing was slaked in it. Said tub was about 40 inches in diameter and about two feet high. The only difference between it and the usual tub was its size and heavier construction, and on the inside one of the staves had a piece of wood running from the bottom to about two inches of the top, inside of which a hole was bored the entire length and through the bottom of the tub. These tubs were used to prepare lye from wood ashes for boiling soap. The aforesaid hole was used in draining off the lye."—The editor calls the attention of the readers to Prof. Russell W. Gilbert's fine article on "Bauchzuwwer" in today's ECK, and also to an example of the "Bauchzuwwer" to be seen in the Landis Valley Museum.

FITZEEL—We regret to say that no answers with respect to this word have been found satisfactory. 'Fitz' (whip or rod) and 'Eel' (oil) are synonymous with the High German 'Rutenoel', but was it actually an oil used to keep leathern whips soft and pliable, or is it only used as a figure of speech? We have found two instances of its use. One is in Henry Harbaugh's poem "Der Belsnickel":

Nau schittelt d'r Belsnickel grausam sei Sack,
Raus falle die Kuche un Keschte;
Wer gut is, kann lese,—wer schlecht is, den—whack!
Den schmiert 'r mit Fitzeel zum Beschte.

and then in Solly Hulsbuck's "Neijohrswunsch":

Ich winsch de Buwe blendi Schlaeg,
Un blendi Fitzeel fer die Maed.

GEILSWELSCHKARN—"A certain kind of field corn whose kernels remind one of horses' teeth. The kernel is white and long and quite broad at the top" (Rev. Elmer A. Dech, Pillow, Pa.) "Used to differentiate between common field corn and sweet corn" (Rev. Melville Schmoyer).—We called it horse-tooth corn, because it had big white kernels shaped like a horse tooth. When I worked on the farm nearly everybody had the small yellow corn which had eight rows on an ear, but the horse-tooth corn had twelve rows" (Robert D. Steinmetz).—"A kind of corn of which the outside edge is corrugated (not due to shrinkage), the edge being shaped like a worn-down molar of an old horse. We used to call it 'Geils Zaeh'" (Dr. D. Geo. Knecht, Allentown).—"Corn of the dent type with very large kernels and very rough" (Richard W. Peters).—"In Lancaster County we used it as a synonym of 'Feldwelschkarn', (maize or Indian corn in contrast to 'Siesswelschkarn', sweet or sugar corn" (Prof. Henry S. Gehman, Princeton Theological Seminary).—"The large field-corn variety" (Mrs. Lynn Rau, Quakertown).

FELDHINKEL—"A. R. Horne in his vocabulary defines 'Feldhinkel' as plover" (Prof. Gehman).—"Something like a prairie chicken. An old man from Austria in this country a long time ago told me that in Austria they called them 'Rebhinkel'. It weighs about two pounds, brown, spreckled with black. Never fly high, run fast and have good meat." (Dr. Knecht).—"They were here in Pennsylvania and after fall work or after sowing time some of the farmers hunted them. They are now extinct" (Waldo M. Backenstoe, Macungie).—"Gunners went for them after harvest as it was said they were then in excellent condition and made a tasty meal. The bird is migratory" (Rev. Melville Schmoyer).

SCHTAREWETTER—Most correspondents agree that this word is used as a "cuss-word." "Used in great surprise both good and evil" (Dr. Knecht).—"A by-word rather than cussword, such as 'Bei Hiedes!' 'Bei Tschudas!' (Richard W. Peters).

DRUH—"In cutting grain with the dropper machine or self-rake it was tied up by hand. Persons following these machines had their parts or divisions in three or four or five binders and each part or division was known as a 'Druh' (Richard W. Peters).—"Wie als die Frucht abgemacht iss warre mit em Reff, odder der Drabber-Maschin waar ee Schnitt en Druh. Noh waare Leit ums gans Feld rum fer die Frucht uff Scheep zu binne, eb die Maschin widder rum kumme iss. Gewehnlich about vier Leit, yeders hot ee Vaerdel zu binne g'hatt. Der was faerdich waar bis die Maschin rum kumme iss, hot sei Druh gebunne g'hatt" (Dr. Knecht).—"Sie lese en Druh Grumbiere. So many paces were counted off. You have for instance ten potato pickers and you pace the field off and divide by the number of pickers, usually about 30 or 35 yards to a picker" (Waldo M. Backenstoe).—"Term employed by persons in harvesting time. With the appearance of the harvesters, selfrakes, etc., the cutting of the grain was accelerated and the binders could not keep up with the cutting, as they had been able in the case of tying up after the cradle. Hence the distance around a field was divided into sections, each being assigned to a person, who had to finish tying up by the time the reaper reappeared, when he would begin at the place where he had finished his section an move forward through the next section. Thus in the course of time he would have encircled the field. Every section was termed 'Druh'" (Rev. Melville Schmoyer).—This interesting word is no doubt related to the High German 'Truhe'. Prof. Ralph C. Wood of Pennsylvania State College points out that Sanders' **Woerterbuch der Deutschen Sprache** (Leipzig, 1865) lists 'Truhe' as a **Grubenhund** (niedriger Wagen) used in a mine and also as a **Schubkarre** (wheelbarrow) and the lexicographer Atelung points out that a 'Truche' is a 'Kohlenmaas' for measuring coal. Sanders quotes a passage from Mathesius, "Gleich als liefen sie mit dem Hunde oder 'Druhen', die Koernlein ziehen." If then 'Druh' may mean originally a cart-load such a sentence "Sell iss dei Druh," that is your load or share, might easily in time have become associated with some particular share or task in harvest or potato field, as denoted in the above replies.

BAUCHSCHWETZE—Ventriloquism, although a few inclined to interpret this word as 'belly rumblings' (Der Bauch dutt bollere!)

SCHPATZESUPP—"If you had something on the table you did not like or it was a little weak, you said "Des iss awwer maager, wie Schpatzesupp" (Waldo M. Backenstoe).—"A soup made up from leftovers, small pieces of meat, etc." (Richard W. Peters).—It seems to have been a soup of good meat stock with little pieces of dough or tiny dumplings in it, on the same order as 'Riwwlesupp' " (Mrs. Lynn Rau).—The editor agrees with Mrs. Rau and points out that 'Schpatze' here has nothing to do with 'sparrow' but relates to 'Schpetzel' and 'Schpetzli,' small dumplings served in soups and with meats and much favored in Southern Germany.

GLOOE—"What you call claws in English. For instance a woman with long nails: Sie hot Glooe wie en Katz. But 'Glowe' are staples. When you make a wire fence you drive 'Glowe' in the post to hold the wire" (Robert D. Steinmetz)—"Waart bis ich dich in mei Glooe (claws) grick", but "Er hot en Glowe (staple) neig'schlagge" (Rev. Melville Schmoyer)

GILDERI AND GILLERI—"There is no difference between the two. If the word be derived from the English "killdeer" as apparently it is, Gilderi is the original form and Gilleri is formed by assimilation of d to l (Prof. Gehman)—"Gilleri, the Jack or Wilson snipe" (Waldo M. Backenstoe).—"Gilleri is the term known to me. The killdeer or plover (Genus Charadius) (Rev. Melville Schmoyer).

From a Canadian Pennsylvania German we have received the following interesting letter with reference to our recent list of unusual words.)

Brandon, Wisconsin, Jan. 23, 1946.

Liewer Editor:

Ja, Warte, Warte, Warte! Awwer wer bin ich, es dir antwarte sett. Ich bin vun Canada haer. Mei Leib sin in 1800 nei gezogge vun Pennsylfani. Un no bin ich uffgebrocht unner de Pennsylfani Deitsche un Leit was vun de Schweitzer abstamme. No bin ich so ganz verhuddelt mit Warte. Odder fleicht sin mer yuscht e paar Schindle los uff de Summerkich. Ennihau Warte zoppe immer so an mir, un mache mich wunnerfitzig. Ja, unser Warte sin Warte unnerscht 's ewwerscht, hinnerscht 's vedderscht, doppeltglengich, halb Englisch un halb Deitsch. E Deel gehn denk ich e dausend Yohr z'rick, e Deel noch weider wie sell, wie unser Eldere unnerscht 's ewwerscht vun de Baem g'hunge hen. Sell iss was sie unnerscht 's ewwerscht macht!

Yetz so weit wie des Wart "Feldhinkel" aageht, sell kannscht du im Hoch Deitsche Wartekaschte finne. Fer 'Huhn" saage die Pennsylfanische immer "Hinkel" un "Feldhuhn" iss "a pheasant".

Ich bin iwwer des Wart Fitzeel kumme im ECK. "Fer die Buwe blendi Schlaeg, un blendi Fitzeel fer die Maed." Es dingt mich, Fitzeel setzt ab mit Sclaeg un iss e doppeltglengich Wart. "Fitzen," teasing or whipping, un "eilen," move fast. Un fleicht kennt's aa Oel sei. Fer sell saage mer aa "eel". Verschteh mich recht.

Ich saag leb lang zu dir un 's ECK.
—REV. IVAN H. BEAN
(Old family name was Biehn)

'N VALENTINE

(An Mei FRAA)

Ich hab fer dich en gleenes Lied,
Fer dich allee will ich's yuscht singe;
Aus meinre Lieb will ich dir's bringe,
Fer dich haww ich en gleenes Lied.
So weit wie Veggelschdimme klinge
Haww ich die Musik zammegriet,
Un mach fer dich en gleenes Lied,
As ich allee fer dich will singe.

—RALPH CHARLES WOOD.

POETRY SCHREIWE

(Wie soll mer's duh?)

'S hot Leit die duhn's mit Leed bekenne,
Ass sie ken Poem schreiwe kenne;
Hen net's Geschenck un net die Mieh,
Hen's net gelaernt un wisse net wie;
Doch schreiw ich nau paar Lines dezu,
Die saage graad wie des zu duh.

En Poem in der Mutterschproch,
Des muss mer schreiwe do dernoch;
Geduldich, langsam gegem Ziel
Als Wart bei Wart: es sin so viel
Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Warte.
Deel arrig leicht un deel sin harte;
Un noh noch fer die Waahret saage,
Die muss mer uff de Schulder draage.

Un eb mer's gleiche odder hasse,
Die Warte misse zammebasse;
Yuscht ee letz Wart am End der Line
Verschiebt der Zweck; mer grickt ken Reim.
Un wann's net reimt mit so viel Sarte,
Dann guckt mer fer als noch meh Warte.
So wie der Dichter schreibt en Line,
Sucht er en Wart as macht en Reim;
Doh muss mer die Gedanke wetze,
Fer all die Warte hie zu setze.

Allentown, Pa. —D. GEO. KNECHT.

Der Bauchzuwwer

By RUSSELL W. GILBERT

Der Bauchzuwwer or bucking tub was a large wooden tub used by the Pennsylvania German housewife for bleaching linen cloth or for soaking white wash. It was larger than the usual tub, approximately four feet or more in diameter and about 2½ to 3 feet deep. Generally it was set on low blocks or on a plank bench (**Weschblock** or **-bock**).

When the housewife made her preparations for washing, she laid two boards across the **Bauchzuwwer** and then set the **Schienekarreb** (or **karb**) on the two boards. Over the **Schienekarreb** she placed a cloth into which she put wood ashes, and then poured hot water over the wood ashes so that the ingredients would flow in solution into the tub. The housewife added some of her home-made soap to the lye solution resulting from the wood ash. It should be stated that the splint basket or bushel basket was woven from the splints of the willow. (Der Schienekarb odder Buschelkarb war g'flochte von Schiene aus Weide.) This basket was made of **Karbweide**, osier-willow which produced long flexible shoots used in wickerwork. Such a basket was easily filled with the necessary wood ash, for the Pennsylvania German burned great quanties of wood for heating purposes in long iron stoves which could burn logs a yard or more in length. Besides, he used wood to burn the large amounts of lime he needed.

When grandmother washed with the aid of the **Weschbord**, she called the process **Bortgewesche**. Although grandmother used the washboard to clean and scrub the clothes, great-grandmother used **'n Schtempel (Schtember) far schtampe odder dricke** in the shape of a **Sauergraut** stamper or pounder (**En Schtock wie'n Sauergrautschtempel**). One may say with accuracy: "Wie die alde Leit sich beholfe hen!" (How the old folks managed to get along with the little they had!) On the inside, the **Bauchzuwwer** had a small narrow compartment, somewhat triangular in shape, running along the full depth of the tub, with a hole in the bottom into which a (**Schtempel** or **Schtock** was inserted. The fact that the compartment prevented the wash from blocking the hole during draining, made it possible to drain the cooled water and to add hot water without removing the heavy, bulky wash.

The Pennsylvania German housewife needed the large tub for the sheets, pillow cases, and all the other white wash for her good-sized family. All the white materials for the entire family, especially the linens, were put together into the **Bauchzuwwer**. The white linen trousers, woven and made by the women of the household, were worn by the men for their farm work in summer; the **halbleine Hosse**, somewhat brown or tan in color, half wool and half linen (linsey-woolsey), were worn by the men in winter.

An explanation of the term **Bauchzuwwer** should be made here. It is the high German **Beuchzuber**. German **beuchen** means "to buck, to wash in lye." The form "buck" means "to wash or bleach," and is akin to German **baeuchen** from the noun **Bauch** (belly or abdomen). Some people at first gave the writer the impression that it was called **Bauchzuwwer** because it had a hump against which the **Hausfrau** could rest her weight. This first impression, however, turned out to be incorrect. Some of the other high German forms for the bucking or wash tub are **Laugenfass, Waschkufe, Waschfass, Waschbuette, Waschwanne.** Whether corresponding forms are used in Pennsylvania German today, the writer does not know. The size of the tub would hardly cause one to feel that the following expression, applied to a woman, could be complimentary in the slightest degree: "Die iss so dick wie en Bauchzuwwer." (She is as fat as a bucking tub.)

The term **Bauchzuwwer,** however, was applied not only to a bucking or bleaching tub but also to one used for pickling meat. According to Lambert, "it had on the inside of its circumference a wooden pipe through which the pickling mixture was drawn off or replenished." Many Pennsylvania Germans used **Schtenner,** rather narrow wooden vats, for pickling meat. In a recent study of the wills and testaments of Snyder and Union counties, the writer found occasional mention of the bucking tub and the tub for pickling meat, particularly in the wills of the first half of the nineteenth century.

Deaths of a Day

HARVEY S. GABLE

Harvey S. Gable, 83, husband of Laura C., nee Grube, Gable, of 236 E. Ettwein St., Bethlehem, died at 11:30 p.m. Thursday in St. Luke's hospital.

Born Aug. 8, 1862, in Dillingers, he was a son of the late Solomon and Elizabeth Person Gable. A carpenter and cabinet maker by trade, he was a member of Emmanuel Congregational church, Bethlehem.

Besides his wife, he is survived by sons Elmer O., of Bethlehem; Paul S., of Allentown; and Norman S. of Ardmore; a daughter Mrs. Stewart Huber, of Allentown; two brothers, Byron S., of Washington, D. C., and John C., of Emmaus; a sister, Mrs. Charles Berkey, of Zionsville. Eight grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren also survive.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. from the Steyers funeral home, 500 Linden St., Bethlehem, with Rev. John R. Waser, pastor of Emmanuel Congregational church, Bethlehem, officiating, assisted by Rev. B. Byron Musselman of Allentown. Interment will be made in Memorial Park mausoleum.

MRS. ROSA FAUST

Announcement was received here by relatives of the death of Mrs. Rosa Faust on Wednesday evening at the Spanier Nursing home, Ambler, where she had been a guest for several years. The 84-year-old woman died of pneumonia after an illness since Sunday.

Mrs. Faust was born at Chapmans, a daughter of the late Thomas and Sarah, nee Koch, Litzenberger, and had been a resident of Ambler for the past 55 years.

Survivors include a son and daughter; four nephews, Henry Kuhns, Allentown; Thomas Rabenold, Allentown R. 3; Clinton and Adam Kuhns, Center Valley and one niece, Mrs. John Saeger, Allentown. Her husband, Samuel Faust, former co-owner of the Faust Tannery, Ambler, died some years ago.

Funeral services will be held Monday 2 p. m. in the Davis funeral home, Ambler. Interment will be in that borough.

LAURA M. BENSON

Laura M. Benson, 49, of 1739 Hanover Ave., Allentown, died at 4 p.m. Friday in Allentown hospital where she was a patient for medical treatment.

An interviewer for the U. S. Employment Service of the War Manpower Commission, and ill for some time, she was a daughter of Mrs. Annie Christ and the late James C. Christ and was born April 3, 1896, in Bangor.

A member of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Fifteenth ward, Allentown, she is survived by her mother, a step-sister, Mrs. Clara Kirkpatrick, Bethlehem and a stepbrother, Samuel Christ, of Laanna, Pike county.

MICHAEL CATTANO

Michael Cattano, of 511 N. 5th St., who came to this country from Italy 45 years ago to gain employment in the then growing silk industry of Allentown, died yesterday in the Sacred Heart hospital. He had been ill one year.

For many years Mr. Cattano was a silk weaver at various Allentown mills, including the Hi-Grade, Phoenix and the Schlegel mills. He was a native of Italy, born almost 59 years ago a son of the late Biaggio and Jennie, nee Cacippo, Cattano.

Surviving are one son, Mario, of Allentown; five sisters, Mrs. Lena Cattano Passaro, and Frances, wife of Ralph Passaro, both of Allentown; Mrs. Joseph Ciocco and James Sorgini, both of Philadelphia; and Mrs. Harvey Nicholas, Brooklyn, and one brother, Dominic Cattano, Brooklyn. His wife, Maria, nee Caruso, Cattano, preceded him in death.

Services will be held at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday at the funeral home of William J. Weber, 502 Ridge Ave., followed by a high mass of requiem in Our Lady of Mt. Carmel church at 9 a. m. Interment in the parish cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Hen Shmutzicha Meiler

M'r hen 'm Dunnershdawg nommy dawg die Palmerton leit fon wunner aw gucka missa wie m'r darrich 's town owwa nous sin, wie sie alla weil rum lawfa mit shmutzicha meiler. Un so wie 'n fegelchie uns ins ohr gapishbert hut, hen sie ol shmutzicha meiler grick'd darrich sellie arrick si shlochterrel 'm onnerra Fridawg on da Rafermierta kerrich, un woh m'r doh net long tzurick dafon fertzailt hen.

'N lot os unser shtick galaisa hen kot, hen gamaint 's wear louder laedich dumhata, uns dade gore ken si g'shlocht werra on da kerrich. Doch hut die wunnerfitz dale gabloak'd, uns hut gore ken lang ganumma wie mohl paar darta worra un hen die monsleit un weibsleit sehna die si fei mocha, un allas in arder griega fer wersht un ponhaws mocha. Glei huts parblae gawiv'ld wie on da West End fair. Dale sin kumma fer helfa shoffa, un onnerra sin yusht kumma gucka, un wors airsht mohl os fei dafon 'n recht shoffendie shlochterrei g'sehna hen.

Middawgs huts uf kours 'n gross essa gewwa fer ol die hilf un ihra monsleit un weibsleit. Sourkrout un si shpeck wor drump, un golly reich wos die menscha net nei g'shloga hen. Dale sawga sie weara fershmutzt gawest bis on die ohra, un woh der kerricha fohrsinger Paul Bartholomew ainer dafon wor. Der Paul hut shun so oft middawgs doh in kartz'm on da kerrich gessa os er shier net wase wie on da kerrich ferbei gae unna nei draya. Der Paul hut uf kours 'n guter buddy kot im Bill Kline, un woh aw gessa hut os die sourkrout bree 'm bol tzu da ohra rous galoffa is. Wie sellie tzwae gatzailt hen fer noch nommy dawgs 'n halvie dawgs arwet shoffa kon niemond fershtae.

So weit os fiel fon denna aw gonga is os sei lava noch net bei ra shlochter party wor, wors gute, secht 'n Fegelchie, fer ob lauerra wos sie ol tzu sawga hen kot. Ow'r 's g'shpassich'd fon ol wor, wie aenie fon da weibsleit gawunnert hut wie in da welt os sie don die darm uf blosa wotta fers flaish nei falla lossa fer wersht ous so band'l waisa mocht.

Sis uf kours allas on da gonsa shlochterrei gonga wie g'shmiert, un worra wohrhoft allas fix un fartich bis owets finf uhr. Bei selra tzeit hen sie ihra tzwae grossa si uf g'shoft kot tzu alla orta kuts, wersht, laverwersht, un ponhaws, un die kustomers sin fon alla ecka bei kumma wie won der wind sie bei gablosa het. Die maining wor fer airsht Somshdawg farmie dawgs die socha ferkaufa, ow'r ois die finf uhr darta worra, wor shun allas rums un shtums fert—allas os wie abissel ponhaws net, un der kerricha fersaryer Alex Petkus hut 'n sign ins fenshter g'shteld, "Sold Out," un die dier g'shlossa.

25 Years Ago Today

Both the strongest and the weakest physically are born in the month of February. All have great possibilities, however, which in some attain high spiritual order. Study yourself and find your inclinations, then practice and apply yourself to them faithfully. You are loyal to your friends and constant in your love. Defer appointments of a social or emotional nature early this morning, and pay no attention to tips or hunches this early. Later intensive efforts will bring good results. The moon enters Gemini at 4:16 p. m. Overcome the impulse to be defiant, and go around obstacles; don't push them.

Horoscope

A Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1921

Dr. Ellen C. Potter addressed members of the Woman's club of Allentown in the Allentown Hospital Nurses college on "Community Health." Mrs. S. A. Butz, vice president, was in charge.

Two thousand guests attended the annual Policeman's Ball in Mealey's auditorium. Among the many guests were Mayor and Mrs. Malcolm W. Gross and city councilmen. Police Chief Bernhard gave a brief talk at intermission.

Frank S. Glick was nominated for his 30th term as treasurer of the American Hose Co. Allen J. Shiffert was nominated for the presidency.

The total membership of the Allentown YMCA was reported at 2,724 at a meeting of the board of governors. Walter C. Lotte was chairman of the membership committee.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night was observed by the Allentown Lodge No. 130, B.P.O. Elks. Among the Past Exalted Rulers who attended were H. C. Keller, Lawrence H. Rupp, H. L. Koch, W. N. Eberhard, W. C. Harned, N. L. Lichtenwalner, H. C. Ritter, Robert Lange, C. A. Wagner, H. W. Miltberger, R. N. Keck and Charles S. Dilcher.

'S wor 'm Alex uf kours net tzu ferdenka os er nimmy sella dawg gabodder'd sei hut wolla weil er noch ordlich arwet fersich kotta hut fer uf butze. Ow'r so fiel wase now 'n yaders, os er net yusht gute is fer die kerrich immer shae sarwer un in arder halta, ow'r aw os er 'n wunnerborie gutie hilf is bei ra butcherrei. Er wor da gonsa

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

You know
There are moments when silence, prolonged and unbroken,
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken.
It is when the heart has an instinct of what
In the heart of another is passing. Meredith

THE END OF A COLLEGE ERA

With the death on Thursday of Dr. Oscar F. Bernheim, the last figure in a significant era of the life of Muhlenberg college passed on and there are none left who represent the traditions of that long period during which he loyally served the interests of the college as its treasurer.

Dr. Bernheim was favorably known to and beloved by at least three generations of Muhlenberg men. His term of service spanned so many years and he was so intimately identified with every phase of the college's activties and with every phase of the social life of its faculty and students that he personified the college as did no other individual in its life.

That was the objective of Mr. Bernheim's life and service. Subjectively it can be said, as every Muhlenberg man always has known, that Dr. Bernheim lived and breathed always for his alma mater. As was said of a famous patriot that, if upon his death, his heart were to be removed the name of his country would be found etched thereon, so it can be said of Dr. Bernheim that Muhlenberg was not only inscribed upon but also made his heart beat high and fast thruout the years. He loved his college and his college loved him.

JAP BALLOON ATTACK A DUD

When the first Japanese balloons, carrying large and powerful loads of high explosives and inflammables, landed on the Pacific coast and it became known that they were only the first of thousands of balloons launched high into the air to be carried eastwardly to the United States, there was some consternation. No one knew where they might land nor how much damage might be done.

Secrecy was maintained for the most part as to the discovery of these balloons and the damage they achieved. As a military precaution, it was desirable that Japan learn and know nothing even tho the results were trifling.

Now it is possible to know practically the whole story about this foolish and inept military plan. It has been possible to learn from the Japanese themselves all about the project.

This information reveals that the Japs developed the idea as a form of revenge for Doolittle's raid on Tokio. They built 9,000 of the bomb-carrying devices at a cost of about $2,300 each and launched them at a wholesale rate from the island of Honshu, beginning in November, 1944. They kept this up until April, 1945, when they appear to have despaired of the effort. Thru radio devices they were able to keep pretty good track of the balloons as they sped across the Pacific in the prevailing winds of the upper atmosphere at the rate of 100 miles an hour or more. They themselves knew that hardly one in ten balloons was reaching any part of North America and they themselves knew that the chances of doing any considerable damage, even upon landing, were inconsiderable. So they gave up, apparently in disgust and disappointment.

While it is thus known that about 900 balloons reached North America, not many have really been located. Those which did operate, as planned, killed a total of six persons and caused several inconsiderable fires. Some trees and rock-piles may have been blown up by others that landed in forests and upon mountains and wastelands and never may be reported. But all the landings of balloons, from Alaska to Mexico, brought less damage perhaps than the cost of one of the cheap paper contrivances. Only six persons lost their lives and they lost them thru recklessness or ignorance.

STEEL STRIKE COMES TO END

The best news for readers today will be announcement that the strike of the workers of the United States Steel corporation has been settled.

Inasmuch as "Big Steel" was the principal target of attack by organized labor, it can be confidently expected that there will be early settlement of labor difficulties all along the line.

That gives promise of early resumption of production in this country, of supply of the thousands of articles for which the American public has been clamoring since the war and wished to buy even before the war ended. It should mean the beginning of that era of peace-time prosperity which the economists have been predicting once American workers and machines really get down to business.

OLD BARNS

Far back in the country one finds the old barns beside the dirt roads that wind through narrow valleys and nestle against the rocky hillsides of upland areas. Weather-grayed, patient and lonesome they stand. The granite foundation stones are half hidden by tangled masses of wild blackberry vines and clumps of scraggly-branched sumacs. The marching evergreen army of white pines, hemlocks and spruces has sent its advance scouts across the fields, mixed with gray birches, alders and wild cherries. Gradually the old barns are encircled as nature reclaims for her own the abandoned countryside.

Still stanch the old barns stand. Many of them were built a century and more ago. The huge foundation timbers and carrying beams were hand-hewn from tall oaks and maples that grew on the thin-soiled ridges. The long rafters for the roof and the crosspieces that carry the scaffolds show the marks where patient men used the adzes hour after hour to hew smaller trees into timbers of equal size.

Time was, before the deep, fertile soil of the west called the young people away from the eastern slopes, when the big barns were the center of activity. Here stood the long row of cows and neat stock along the south side, so that the winter sun's rays could bring welcome warmth. Here were pens filled with calves. These big stanchions were where the stolid oxen stood and moved their great heads with broad-spreading horns. The mows and scaffolds were heaped high with sweet-smelling redtop and timothy, and the farm children spent happy hours playing there and jumping from high beams into great heaps of hay on the barn floor. The big chests in the grain room were filled with ground oats and barley and corn. In many respects the big barns were the center of life on the farm. Now all is quiet. The old barns stand drowsing through the cycles of planting time and harvest, through the heat of summer and the cold of winter—memorials to men who fought a good fight in the building of a nation.

Truman Has Hard Road

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15—President Truman may be finding the job of chief executive irksome, but he has the responsibility of service till January 20, 1949, and that's a long way off.

The turbulence in the economic situation has now been supplemented by turbulence in the political situation, and it would appear that Mr. Truman will find it increasingly difficult to avoid making decisions that will antagonize this or that group of voters.

For a man who is reported to be disinclined to run for reelection, the President shows an amazing concern for the political sensibilities of many powerful voting groups. Indeed, if Mr. Truman really doesn't intend to run as a candidate to succeed himself, it would seem that he has an unparalleled opportunity for the exercise of a leadership which in the end would bring a nation-wide demand for his continuance in office.

Mr. Truman has not been in the presidency long enough to appreciate the scope of his power. He does not realize that he has authority to command greater respect for the Government than has recently been bestowed on that institution by various groups.

Thus, while the tugboat strike has been settled, the Government of the United States still has the responsibility of prosecuting those individuals who caused the tugboat employees to stay out on strike after the Government had seized the tugboat companies. The law is specific, and Mr. Truman missed an opportunity to uphold the majesty of the law when he allowed the attorney general to ignore the happenings in New York after the seizure.

As the law is written, the mere calling of a union meeting is unlawful once the Government has seized the facilities of any employer in any strike if that union meeting discusses in any way the question of resisting the Government by concerted action of the employees. The workers have a right as individuals to decide for themselves whether they will work under Government auspices; but their decision cannot be made in collaboration with others or as the result of any steps taken by union leaders.

The whole power of seizure has been flouted in the tugboat strike and the chance to set an example by arresting those who violated the Smith-Connally law has been lost.

The President has shown hesitancy to assert his powers. Whatever may be said concerning the wisdom of governmental action by his predecessor, Mr. Roosevelt never faltered. He had the courage to act and to make decisions. He did not fail to enforce the Smith-Connally law against those local leaders of certain coal mining unions who flouted the Government after the mines were seized.

Mr. Truman may not have any political ambitions. He may be content to be a one-term president. His political lieutenants would advise against any pronouncement by him at this time and they would hope that he might change his mind. But if he does not care what the pressure groups think and is willing to do what he feels is right, irrespective of what votes may be lost for a 1948 presidential contest, then he certainly should be adopting a vigorous course in protecting the public interest now. He would have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such a policy. He would gain the respect of all thoughtful citizens irrespective of party, and the odd thing to contemplate is that maybe he would increase his popularity to the point where he could not possibly lose the election.

The courageous course of Calvin Coolidge in 1919 in quelling the police strike in Boston electrified the country and gave him nationwide applause which led to his nomination for the vice presidency at the 1920 national convention by acclamation.

Mr. Truman is not acting like a President who has eschewed political ambition. He is behaving as if he feared to lose any voting group at all and as if the thing he most wanted was to be renominated. As a consequence, he is showing a conspicuous weakness which is being talked about from coast to coast and which is giving the left-wingers encouragement that they may have a chance to nominate Henry Wallace.

There is nothing wrong with the desire of a President to succeed himself for one more term, but there is everything wrong with his inclination to get either the nomination or the election by avoiding clashes with powerful economic groups while the public interest suffers.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

What happened in New York on Lincoln's Birthday cannot be regarded as an isolated example of a public official getting a bad case of the jitters and flying off the handle in a fit of temper. That hardly explains the conduct of Mayor O'Dwyer in shutting down a city of 7,500,000 Americans. Nor does the fact that some 3,500 tugboat workers and owners could not agree on terms to settle a strike explain it. Nor even is a threatened coal shortage a sufficient explanation for the use of the police at subway stations to tell the citizens not to go to work.

We need to go deeper into the psychology of the Mayor and his commissioners to grasp the mentality of those who no longer are servants of the people but their governors, their rulers, their masters. What Bill O'Dwyer did to the whole city of New York, every little wheeze of an OPA inspector did to grocers and butchers during most of the war. When Bill O'Dwyer closed office, store, factory, school, theater, night club; when he froze us in our homes even if we possessed coal and reduced transport in the subways, even if we had urgent business to attend to, he was pursuing the current attitude of the new officialdom, the attitude best stated by a snip of an NLRB lawyer some years ago in a manner and one alien to America:

"When you talk to me, you're talking to the Government of the United States."

Nobody asks, "What of it?"

Who and what is sovereign in the United States? The Constitution, of course, says, "We, the people . . ." And in former generations, the people would have been on the neck of an official who dared to close down a city because he could not think of anything else to do. The fact is that it never happened before, because no American would ever have thought of doing it. It has happened on Lincoln's Birthday, 1946, because this country is slowly becoming conditioned to accepting a government official as something apart, somewhat sacrosanct, someone to be honored and obeyed.

That is not the American tradition—not even for the President of the United States. The tradition of this country used to be that an elected official was a fellow who could be voted out of office at will, whose tenure was likely to be short and should be. An appointed official was looked upon as a nitwit who could not earn a living any other way. In Germany, the official was always a big shot no matter how minor his office. In both Czarist and Stalinist Russia, the official is despotic.

Normally, the American people would have responded to O'Dwyer's shutting down the city with a Bronx cheer. They would have marched on the City Hall in protest. There would have been street corner meetings with the Mayor burned in effigy. But not in the year 1946. The city took it as sheep go to slaughter. True the press expressed indignation without exception. For once, newspapers of every kind and opinion denounced the Mayor's government by temper. The press still loves liberty.

* * *

But the citizens are frightened. They are getting used to being pushed around as they are getting accustomed to standing in line for their daily necessities or to get a meal in a restaurant, or to being sassed back impudently by a clerk or a Red Cap or a waiter.

It is not the war that has done that; it is the flock of government officials who have been examining and investigating and holding lines and issuing regulations and acting high and mighty as though the country were theirs and not ours. And as long as the American people like it that way, they will have it that way.

Bill O'Dwyer, mayor of New York, shut down New York City by a proclamation over a city-owned radio station at about 10 p. m. when hardly anybody listened to that station. He opened the city the following day after 6 p. m. and hardly anyone of its 7,500,000 citizens knew it was open. He did it on his own, without warning, without discussion or consideration. He is the master. Tremble and obey!

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PUBLIC SALE OF THE PERSONAL PROPERTY OF THE DECEASED ADAM SCHEURER, WHITEHALL TOWNSHIP, LEHIGH COUNTY—HELD ON MAY 17, 1805.

Copied from the original by R. E. Hollenbach

(Not only in rural sections of Lehigh county do public sales continue to be an event. Today they attract people from cities far and wide. But a sales list of a VENDUE held in Lehigh county 140 years ago is of such uncommon interest that it deserves printing in this column. What were the conditions of sale in 1805? What were the articles sold and what were they called in our dialect? And who were the people that attended? Beyond a doubt some of those reading these lines will find their ancestors listed here.—ED.)

DIE BEDINGEN, oder Ordnungen, von dieser gegenwaertigen und oeffentlichen, Vendue, gehalten den siebenzehenden Tag Mai 1805, von der Hinterlossenen Guethern des verstorbenen Adam Scheurer, in Whitehall Townshipp, Northampton County Lauten wie folget.

1. Soll der Hoechste Bieter der Kaeufer seyn.
2. Wer etwas oder mehrere stuecke steiget, das unter fuenf schilling zu stehen kommt, das soll also gleich bey dem Empfang des ersteigerten guths bezahlt werden, und was ueber Vorbemeldete fuenf schilling zu stehen kommt, soll naechst kommenden 15 November bezahlt weren.

Ferner sollen Noten und Banden mit Guter Buergschaft wenn dergleichen von Jemand begehret werden Sollten . . . Gegeben werden, es seyn auf oder nach der Vendue.
Uebrigens behalten sich die unterschriebenen auf jeden artickel ihr Gebott aus.
So Viel von uns

ihr X mark
KATHARINA SCHEURIN

Adminsr
JACOB SCHEURER

Goods	Person	L	S	D
ein Schubkarren	George Lauer		1	
ein Fass	Heinrich Dennhart			4
ein ditto	Daniel Scheure			6
ein ditto	Daniel Scheure			6
eine Schneydbank	Jacob Scheure			11
			3	3
ein Kasten	Nicolaus Scheure			3
ein Sattel	Nicolaus Scheure			1
ein Kaestgen alt Eisen	Abraham Jund			8
ditto	Abraham Jund			?
Alt Eisen	Jacob Handwerk			2
ditto	Jacob Handwerk			2
ditto	George Fischer			2
ditto	John Daut			2
ditto	Georg Hauser			7
ditto	Jacob Mickly			2
ditto	Jacob Mickly			?
ein Bienenkorb U'Zang	Michael Hoffman		1	8
Woll Karten	Georg Schadt		1	1
1 Bienekorb	John Daut			5
ein faessgen	John Daut			1
ein ditto	Daniel Daut			2
ein paar Woll Karten	Daniel Daut			1
ein alte Axl	John Daut		3	3
ein ditto	Wittib Scheurin		4	
Alt Eisen	Benjamin Kohler		1	
Wagen bixen	Benjamin Kohler		1	11
Schlaegel ring und eisen Keitel	Daniel Daudt		3	6
splitt geschirr	Jacob Scheure		13	
Ein Guart Blech mit eisen	Abraham Derr			10
eine Kuh Kette	Georg Freymann		3	
eine ditto	Katharina Scheurin, wittib		3	
eine ditto	Katharina Scheurin, wittib		2	
eine ditto	Philip Peter			10
Splittmesser und Deckse	Heinrich Baer		3	2
ein Schrauben Bohrer	Jacob Scheure		2	11
ein ditto	Lorentz Traxel		4	1
ein deckse	Jacob Derr		5	3
ein Zimmer beil	Friederich Beisel		6	
ein Schrauben Bohrer	John Scheure		2	10
		3	15	5
ein Hammer und werkmesser	John Finstermacher		2	1
eine Schaaf Scheer	Heinrich Baer		2	3
ein lotthammer und zang	Peter Butz		6	3
ein paar Hobel eisen	Peter Burkhalter		2	2
ein Schaal Waage	Georg Freymann		12	3
ein seiten Gewehr	Jost Hecker		5	3
ein Blaashorn	Georg Hauser		2	1
ein Flachs sammen sieb	George Hauser		4	
eine fing Gabel	Heinrich Baer		1	1
eine Hoppel	Jacob Scheure		5	1
eine ditto	wittib Scheure		4	9
eine Grubhack	Georg Zerfass		6	
eine ditto	Jacob Scheure		2	1
eine Schippe	Jacob Handwerk		2	
eine ditto	wittib Scheurin		5	
eine ditto	Andreas Kratzer		3	
eine Flinde	Nicolaus Scheure	2	12	0
ein Hebeisen	Heinrich Baer		11	11
ein Stein Schlegel	Heinrich Bar		13	6
ein Segg	Peter Butz		9	6
ein ditto	Phillip Peter		4	3
2 sensen und strohmesser	Christian Traxel		2	
2 strohmesser	Daniel Daudt			7
ein ditto	Peter Butz			7
ein faessgen	Peter Stoekel, Jr.			2
3 Klamhacken	Jacob Saeger		4	
2 brust Ketten	Jacob Saeger		1	
3 Eiseren Zoppen	Peter Butz		2	
Eisen an ein Jagd Schlitten	John Hoffman		1	6
3 eggen Zaehn	Kunrath Germann		2	6
ein Rost	Friederich Beisel		1	3
eine Kuh bell	Peter Siegfried		2	8
ein Schraubstock	Jacob Scheure			5
			8	4
2 Hobele	Kunrath Germann			?
ein Alte Sens und rath	Peter Butz			?
ein halb Bushel	Jacob Scheure		5	
2 saeck	Peter Moll		4	
2 ditto	Friederich Beisel		2	
2 ditto	Jacob Horn		4	
2 ditto	Jacob Scheure		6	6
Eine Sperr Kette	Abraham Zerfass		10	
Spinnraether, zwei	Christian Traxel			3
ein ditto	Daniel Daudt			2
ein ditto	Wittib Scheurin		4	6
ein ditto	Wittib Scheurin		16	
ein buchweitzen reff	Peter Traxel am Jordan, Sr.		2	1
ein ditto	Jacob Scheure		3	6
ein ditto	Peter Traxel am Jordan, Sr.		1	1
Blassbalg u'd Kafimuehl	Peter Traxel, Sr. am Jordan			2
eine bottel mit Dinten	Theobald Kennel, Jr.		1	2
ein Schaaffell	Theobald Kennel		5	
ein weib Sattel	Wittib Scheurin	2		
ein mann Sattel	Jacob Scheure	1	12	
ein bundel Nagel eisen	Christian Traxel		15	
ein ditto	Nicolaus Klotz, Sr.		15	
Ein Barrel Brantewein mit dem fass bey der Galle 32	die galle @¾	5	6	8
Ein baerrel brantewein haelt 33 galle und 3 quart	Peter Burkhalter Jacob Stoeckel die galle 3/5	5	15	3
751 Schindele Beym hundret 8/3	Jacob Kohler			6
Treshfluhr blanken beym hundret 325 fuss 8/0	Peter Siegfrist	1	6	
Bettlade	Jacob Kohler			6
		24	19	3
Ein Wagen	John Bortz	30	5	0
ein ditto	Peter Butz	2	16	
ein Pflug	Heinrich Frantz		5	
ein ditto	Peter Scheure	1	11	
ein ditto	Jacob Scheurer	1	1	
ein Egg	Jacob Scheurer	1	1	6
ein Schlitten	David Gesandter		12	
ein Holtz Schlitten	David Gesandter		6	
ein paar Ledere	Adam Kammerer		15	
ein paar Hey Ledern	Jacob Scheurer		?	
ein paar ditto	Lorentz Kern		1	4
ein Schaaf	Michael Hoffman		7	9
ein ditto	Bernhard Weiss		4	
3 ditto	Jacob Meyer		15	
2 ditto	John Hoffman		12	
ein ditto	Daniel Scheure		7	6
2 ditto	Wittib Scheuren		14	
2 ditto	Wittib Scheuren		13	
ein ditto	Bernhardt Weiss		11	3
ein ditto	Bernhardt Weiss		7	3
ein ditto	Bernhardt Weiss		8	6
ein Kuh rind	Peter Gross	1	15	
ein ditto	Tobias Samel	1	13	
ein Ochs	Lorentz Traxel	3	5	6
eine Kuh	Heinrich Baer	4	10	
ein Gaul	Jacob Scheurer	24		
eine Maehre	Doctor Green	21	5	
ein Gaul	Peter Scheure	24	15	
ein Gaul	Peter Mickly	19	10	
eine Heu gabel	Jacob Scheure		2	
eine Mistgabel	Peter Kohler		3	6
		145	9	11
mist hacken u'd gabel	Peter Moll	3	3	
ein barrel fass	Jacob Kohler, Jr.	2	11	
ein ditto	Nicholas Saeger's Nicolaus		8	
ein ditto	Christian Sager, Jr.		8	
ein ditto	Nicolaus Scheure		8	
ein ditto	Nicolaus Sager's			
ein ditto	Nicolaus		8	4
ein ditto	Jonas Hecker		6	11
ein ditto	Michael Hoffman		8	4
ein ditto	Wittib Scheurin		8	4
eine Schwein	Peter Ruch		7	6
eine ditto	Peter Ruch		7	8
eine ditto	Jacob Scheure	1	10	
eine ditto	Georg Fischer	1		6
eine ditto	Simon Straus	1	16	6
eine ditto	Georg Zerfass	1	10	
eine ditto	Simon Straus	2	17	
eine ditto	Jacob Scheure	2	2	
Haber bey dem bushel	Georg Zerfass	2	12	
10 bushel @ 3/2	Daniel Scheure	1	5	
10 Bushel @ 3/3	Heinrich Frantz	1	11	8
10 bushel @ 3/2	Nicolaus Klotz	1	12	6
Rocken bey dem bushel	Heinrich Frantz	1	11	8
6 bushel @ 8/1	Heinrich Dennhart	2		5
10 bushel @ 8/0	Jacob Scheure	4		
5 bushel @ 8/0	Peter Burkhalter	2		
5 bushel @ 8/0	Abraham Gangewer	2		
5 bushel @ 8/2	Heinrich Dennhart	2		10
5 bushel @ 8/1	Jacob Scheure	2		5
5 bushel @ 8/4	Peter Hand	2	1	8
		39	9	5
Buchweitzen beym bushel	Simon Reihnschmidt	1	6	3
5 bushel @ 5/3	Jacob Scheure	1	7	6
5 bushel @ 5/6	Christian Derr	1	6	8
5 bushel @ 5/4	Michael Freymann, schumacher	1	8	4
5 bushel @ 5/8	Peter Mickly		8	
ein Kummet	Peter Scheure		4	3
ein ditto	Jacob Scheure		2	9
ein ditto	Jacob Scheure		1	10½
ein ditto	Jacob Saeger		10	
ein paar Ketten Straeng und riehmen	Peter Scheure		11	6
ein paar ditto	Jacob Scheure		12	
ein paar ditto	Jacob Scheure		15	
ein paar ditto	Jacob Scheure		4	5
2 blind Halftern	Jacob Scheure		4	2
ein ditto	Peter Scheure		2	
ein ditto	Peter Scheure		19	6
ein paar aftergeschirr	John Hoffman, Junr.		11	
ein paar ditto	Daniel Scheurer	6	8	
eine Sack uhr	Solomon Graff		15	
ein Wagen Tuch	Michael Sieger	1	17	9
ein Amboos	Michael Sieger	3		
ein Blassbalg				
Kohlen bey dem bushel 125 @0/7	Benjamin Kohler Ulrich Michel		14 1	7 7
eine brech				
eine ditto	Wittib Scheurin		2	
ditto	Wittib Scheurin		1	
ein Teppich	Nicolaus Scheure		8	9
Ein grosen Rock	Jacob Scheure		13	
2 paar Hosen	Nicolaus Scheure		2	
ein ditto	Nicolaus Scheure		1	9
ein ditto	Georg Meyer		2	7
		25	3	37½
ein Brusttuch	Georg Meyer		3	
ein paar Strimpf	Michael Freymann, schumacher		1	3
ein rock	Andreas Siegfried		3	6
ein paar hosen	Andreas Siegfried		7	
ein paar ditto	Jacob Kohler		17	
ein brusttuch	David Staudt		6	9
ein rock	Michael Freymann, schumacher		7	6
ein hemd	Benjamin Kohler		9	6
ein ditto	Peter Mayer's sohn Peter		9	
ein ditto	Jonas Kern		2	1
ein ditto	Nicolaus Scheure		2	9
ein ditto	Jonas Kern		3	1
ein ditto	Nicolaus Scheure		4	
ein ditto	Jonas Kern		2	
ein paar Stiefel	David Staudt		1	7
Eine Trumm Saege	Benjamin Kohler		4	8
eine hand Saege	Jacob Dincky	1	14	
ein Stuhl	Abraham Borger	15	2	
eine Halfter Kette	Nicolaus Scheure		1	6
eine ditto	Georg Adam Kammerer		5	
eine ditto	William Schmitt		6	
ein Spuhlrath	Michael Hoffman		7	1
ein ditto	Jacob Scheure		15	
weber haspel	Jacob Scheure		7	6
ein ditto	Jacob Scheure		1	8
ein paar weber geshirr mit rind	Jacob Scheure			6
2 paar ditto	Georg Meyer		?	
2 paar ditto	Jacob Scheure		10	
2 paar ditto	Jacob Scheure		12	
2 paar ditto	Jacob Scheure		5	
2 paar ditto	Jacob Scheure		10	
ein paar ditto	Jacob Scheure		8	6
ein Zettel rind mit spuhlen	Jacob Scheure		13	
ein Zettel Rahm	Jacob Scheure		8	
			2	9
		11	7	11
ein Webstuhl	Nicolaus Scheure		10	
ein ditto	Jacob Scheure		6	
ein ditto	Jacob Scheure		6	
ein paar weber geschirr	Jacob Scheurer		6	
ein Schwein	Nicolaus Scheurer		16	
		13	4	0

'M FRANKLIN SEI GAUL

(This narrative verse about Benjamin Franklin appeared in the Reading ADLER for Feb. 14, 1888. The original spelling has been retained.—ED.)

Der Franklin hot emol eig'schpannt
Un is weit g'fohre in des Land;
Er war schun groh un ziemlich alt
Un's Wetter war unfriendlich kalt.

Er hot sei Weg grad fort gemacht
Un hot net g'schtoppt bis schier gar Nacht,
Wu er is an en Werthshaus kumme
Un hot sei Ladschings ufgenumme.

Er war e Weil draus an der Scheuer
Noh is er gange un g'sucht for'n Feuer.
Es hot vun frueh bis Owets g'schtaermt
Un er hot gern sich gut gewaermt.

Nau, sagt er, Werth, 's is regnig draus,
Un hoscht du gar ken Feuer im Haus?
Jo, sagt der Werth, draus in der Kuech,
Juscht geh grad naus un waerme dich.

Er hot glei g'schne wie's dort geht,
Der Hassler, Knecht un all die Maed
Hen um's Feuer g'hockt, so breet wie Krotte
Un hen ken Sitz ihm abgebotte.

Noh hot der Franklin ernschthaft g'saat,
Nau Hassler geb meim Gaeulche grad
(Un schteh mir net lang uf der Wahl)
Vier Dutzend Oysters in der Schal.

Was! sagt der eifrig Hassler g'schwind,
Die fresst er net, des wees en Kind.
Vier Dutzend Oysters! jo ich wett,
Dei kleener Gaul, er fresst sie net.

Nau tschump g'schwind uf un geh recht schtark,
Mei Gaul, der gleicht die Oysters ark,
Un geb ihm ah so ziemlich viel,
Er mahlt sie grad wie'n Knochemuehl.

Der Hassler is g'schwind aus dem Haus
Un all die Annere sin noch naus;
Un wie sie fort war'n an der Scheuer,
Noh is der Franklin naechscht an's Feuer.

Der eifrig Hassler, Knecht un Mad
War'n ziemlich glei zurueck un g'saat,
Des muscht du awer net vergesse,
Dei Gaul duht net die Oysters fresse.

Der Franklin hot noh G'schpass gemacht
Un hot sich schier gar dodt gelacht,
Un hot g'saat, bring sie zu mir, Schweir,
Ich ess sie selwert, an dem Feuer.

—GOETHE VON BERKS
(David B. Brunner, 1835-1903)

Deaths of a Day

MRS. LEIETTA L. NORMANDY

Bedfast for four months as the result of a stroke, Mrs. Leietta L. Normandy, who formerly operated a millinery store at Jacksonville, died Thursday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Sallie Fogel, Jacksonville. She was 61 years old.

She was the wife of Charles Normandy. A former resident of Maine and Massachusetts, she had resided with her sister for the past few years. Mrs. Normandy was a former member of the Reformed wing of the Jacksonville church, and the Sunday school.

Born in Jacksonville, she was a daughter of the late John and Sarah, nee Mosser, Leiby.

Surviving are her husband, two sisters, Mrs. Sallie Fogel of Jacksonville and Mrs. Ima Angstadt of Philadelphia, and two brothers, Oscar Leiby of Reading and William Leiby of West Reading.

Private funeral services will be held at her late home at 1 p. m. Tuesday, followed by a public service in St. Jacob's church, Jacksonville. Rev. Clarence Rahn and Rev. Leroy Bond will officiate. Burial will be in the church cemetery.

MRS. BERTHA RINGER

Mrs. Bertha Ringer, widow of Adolph Ringer, died at 6 a. m. yesterday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Agnes Dugan, 125½ N. Poplar St., after an illness since Christmas. She was in her 77th year.

Born in Tioga, Pa., a daughter of the late Christian and Agatha, nee Birnbaumer, Gysin, she had been a resident of Allentown for many years. Mrs. Ringer had been a member of St. Matthew's Lutheran church.

Besides her daughter, with whom she had resided for the past three years, she is survived by one son, William O. Ringer, Allentown; one granddaughter, Mrs. Althea Stahl, Allentown; one great-granddaughter, Sharon Nancy Stahl, Allentown; two brothers, Charles Gysin, New York city and Oscar Gysin, Patterson, N. J. Her husband died in 1942.

Dr. P. C. Wunder, pastor of St. Matthew's church, will officiate at funeral services on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment will be in Hillside cemetery, Fullerton.

FRANK SEMLER

Frank Semler, 56, of 26 S. Front St., Coplay, died at 5:30 a. m. yesterday at the Sacred Heart hospital after a month's illness.

A native of Austria, he was a son of the late Frank and Julia, nee Mulzet, Semler. He came to America 39 years ago and had been a resident of Coplay since that time.

Until his recent illness, Mr. Semler had been employed as a laborer by the Whitehall Cement Co. He was a member of St. Peter's Catholic church, Coplay, and was affiliated with the Coplay Saengerbund and the Laurel Fire Co., Cementon.

Survivors are two sisters, Mrs. John Bieber, Coplay, and Mrs. Stephen Wexler, South Bend, Ind., and three brothers in Europe. His wife, Johanna, nee Weber, Semler, died in 1940.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 8:30 a. m. at the Schisler funeral home, 2119 Washington Ave., Northampton. Rev. J. J. Ostheimer will officiate at a requiem mass in St. Peter's church at 9 o'clock. Interment will be in the parish cemetery.

GEORGE A. SEIDERS

In ill health for the past two years, George A. Seiders, 65, former proprietor of the Home Bakery, 1035 Hamilton St., died at 11:30 p. m. Thursday at his home, 1136 Maple St.

Born in East Texas, a son of the late Tilghman and Emma, nee Fogel, Seiders, he had been a resident of Allentown since 1897 when he was graduated from Girard college, Philadelphia.

For nearly four years he was proprietor of the Home bakery selling his establishment some months ago because of ill health. Before that he was employed as a soap salesman. Mr. Seiders was a member of the Lehigh Valley Girard Alumni Assn.

Survivors are his widow, Aliddie C., nee Updegrove, Seiders; one son, Henry W., Allentown; two grandchildren, Nancy Lou and Bonnie Fay, both of Allentown.

Services will be held Monday at 1:30 p. m. at the Trexler funeral home, 116 S. 8th St. Interment will be in Grandview cemetery.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

KONS NET FERSHTAE

Die barichda sin der Franc Roth, Mayor, Kunshtavler, un Chief of Police fon Ledder Eck Poshda, kent alla weil noch net driwwer kumma wos fer 'n hesslich shlecht doch os sei nochber Jimmy Wenner uf seim wertshous het, Aenicha waig, os der Franc da onner dawg net fersoffa is wie er darta beim Jimmy in da barshtub k'huck'd hut neiichkata ous farshla, wor allas. Wos noch mainer is, 's doch hut garunna, un wor hols die grank net mohl om rayerra.

Anyhow der Franc hut gamaint 's doch dade rinna, ow'r wos recht g'shaina wor wil 'm Jimmy sei fraw die Florence aw ferleicht net hous howwa. Aenicha waig, ihra bed shtub is grawd owwich da barshtub, un hen ebbes fon ma glaina luft loch darrich die ceiling nunner in die barshtub. Die Florence denkich hut g'shwind fert gawolt, un wor sich om wesha wie sie aina waig odder da onner ihra wesh shissel fol wosser um garent hut un is holes die grank dale dafon darrich sel glae loch nunner in die bar shtub galoffa.

Die gut

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.
Watts.

TO MAKE EUROPE SELF-SUFFICIENT

Shipment of food to starving Europeans is so urgently necessary that President Truman properly has been bending every effort to increase the quantities of wheat and meats which can be spared from the American table for dispatch to the sufferers. And this effort is to go on, for as Americans know, beginning on March 1, they will be eating a darker bread than anything we have probably known since the days of the pioneers and the days when little was known concerning the refining of flour.

But another element of helpfulness to the people of Europe is not being overlooked, an element that looks to the future security and greater productivity of European agriculture.

In recent days a great ship sailed out of New York with thousands of the finest heads of poultry that could be assembled from the best breeders in America. These pens of pure-bred, high-laying and high meat-producing strains were consigned to the people of European countries who will at once be able to produce more eggs per hen and more pounds of meat per fowl than most of them probably ever knew or dreamed was possible. Instead of having hens that lay a few dozen eggs a year, they will have hens that with proper feeding will lay between 200 and 300 eggs a year and instead of runty meat-birds, they will be able thru proper feeding to get huge, meaty ones for their tables and profitable sale.

This is a step looking toward the future, but one that it is expected will be followed up by suitable education as to the future breeding of these fine strains of birds and as to the feeding necessary to enable them to attain their highest possible achievement.

It has taken American breeders scores of years to develop these strains. The Europeans will gain the benefit of it all from the breeding pens which have been sent to them.

In like manner large numbers of fine dairy cattle, to replace the war-wasted herds of Europe are being assembled by benevolent farmers in this country. During the war we were informed as to preparations which were being made to this end by certain religious sects which were setting aside a tenth of the yield of their herds—tithing, as it were. These fine young animals were being reared during war days with the expectation that at the end of the war they would be shipped to needy European farmers for the replenishment of their stock and for the bettering of their agriculture.

This is looking to the future. These are steps by which Europe can be made more nearly self-sufficient and stave off perennial food-shortages and consequently reduce their call to America for help.

RUSSIA ADMITS SPYING IN CANADA

The arrest in Canada of some twenty persons accused by the Canadian government of having sold information concerning the atomic bomb to Russian agents has roused the ire of Russia, not so much because arrests were made but because so much publicity was made of the matter.

In the explosion that resulted in Russia when the Canadian government made the exposure there is admission that information was purchased but Russia protests that the so-called information turned out to be valueless to her. It was something like the information that many agents transmitted to Japan from this country before the war—stuff that Japanese could have picked out of technical magazines, newspapers and other publications. But the Japs had been buying it eagerly and paying outrageous sums for it.

While at first it was feared that probably Canadian Communists had been able to pass on to Moscow vital information about the atomic bomb, President Truman and Secretary Byrnes had been quick to declare that they could not possibly have secured the secrets of the manufacture of this destructive weapon. Secretary Byrnes even suggested that it is to be expected that Russia would try to pick up information wherever possible.

The reaction among the American people has not been so casual as that of Mr. Byrnes. The people of this country have a profound distaste for spying. They hate the sneak no matter in what enterprise he may be engaged. Russia on the other hand, together with many other countries, recognize spying as an integral part of their military systems both in war and in peace. It operates under their code and if and when spies are caught, the entire matter is conveniently disregarded or disavowed by the country concerned and the spy is left to his fate for being clumsy or having had the misfortune to be caught. To make an international incident of it alone can annoy such countries. This is exactly what Canada has done and this is exactly why the Russians have become so angry about it.

The whole thing represents a difference in point of view and in national attitudes. But it does point the lesson that either this country should reveal the mysteries of the bomb to Russia and trust her as a friend and as an ally, such as she was during the war, or expect even wider and more determined operations of spies not only in Canada but in this country in an effort to uncover this and other information which she may be seeking.

It is not to be overlooked that Russia has many agents in this country already. She does not have to send a lot of "tourists" or business visitors to this country to get such information as she desires. The Communist party in America has consistently indicated that it takes orders from Moscow and that its weather vane always turns the way the wind blows from Russia. This party is represented in many high places. There is every reason to believe that this representation has as its highest loyalty obedience to the commands of the party and those commands issue from Moscow. So we either can share our secrets with Russia or accept the fact that the Communists will be working night and day to acquire them for her.

Mass Picketing

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22—Mass picketing may turn out to be a bigger issue than the "sit-down" strike. Public opinion has always frowned on the use of violence in labor disputes and the forcible seizure of property by strikers. The "sit-down" was denounced by the United States Senate and later by the courts.

To picket a property by massing strikers so that entrance is barred is no different from any other form of trespass on private property. Entrance to or exit from the premises of any company is safeguarded by state laws. But in recent months the cities have failed to furnish police protection and even the great state of New Jersey sees its orders and injunctions flagrantly disregarded so that the governor is obliged to take cognizance of the lawlessness.

The so-called "liberals" are the first to protest when men take the law into their hands and lynch alleged criminals without trial. But there is no difference between one form of lawlessness and another. All are equally bad and equally a violation of the code of morality as well as the statutes. Yet no "liberals" of prominence have risen to denounce "mass picketing."

Just why certain labor unions have begun to use the mass picketing technique is unexplainable. A cause that needs to use strong-arm methods cannot be very persuasive. Public opinion, which hitherto has been inclined to weigh impartially the merits of the issues in a labor dispute, will become prejudiced by the fact that physical coercion and brutishness are being used in an attempt to win a strike.

* * *

Some years ago it was the habit of certain big employers to employ spies to sit in on union meetings and strong-arm men to intimidate union organizers. Much of this was exposed by the LaFollette committee in the Senate, and industry had to hang its head in shame when the exposures were made, though, to be sure, the defense was that the actions were provoked by similar acts on the part of labor unions.

Today some of the labor unions employ "goon squads" to terrorize workers and to incite groups of pickets to violence. The labor leaders at the top may claim to be ignorant of these matters or to look upon them as part of the warfare that is unavoidable, but they have the means of stopping mass picketing and the responsibility for lawlessness is largely theirs, because not one of them has made a public denunciation of it or called upon the rank and file to desist from it.

Instead, it will be discovered that a defense of mass picketing is offered in courts as against injunctions no matter what the nature of the violence may be. There is no discrimination being used by the unions and no movement to head off the use of violence.

* * *

Under the circumstances the public will inevitably demand that the federal government assume the police powers which the states are failing to exercise. If the sovereign states intend to retain their independence of the federal government, they will not permit lawlessness to ensue and thus encourage Congress to enter the domain of protection for the individual citizen.

Plainly the Congress has the constitutional right to protect the citizen in labor disputes, because the Supreme Court of the United States, in upholding the Wagner act, said it was within the federal jurisdiction to prevent strikes. It declared that all businesses which even remotely affect interstate commerce now come under the federal government's right to police those businesses in labor disputes. Subsequent interpretations have indicated that hardly any type of business, from apartment-house management to retail stores operating wholly within state lines, are immune from federal regulation.

Mass picketing is a sad reflection on the depths to which human relations have gone in our times. Instead of using the processes of reason, there is a tendency to use brute force to accomplish an economic end. There was plenty of denunciation against the Fascists of Europe for the use of those very methods which are now being ignored by the left wingers and various labor union leaders. Not a word of condemnation is heard from the top ranks of labor or from the persons who are customarily so quick to argue for human rights and the privileges and immunities guaranteed to the citizen by the constitution.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

It is a sign of the wickedness of our age that men will promote expediency as a moral system, rejecting such age-old wisdom as "Thou shalt not steal," and substituting for it the jazz concept that if you can get away with it, anything goes.

Joseph E. Davies, former American Ambassador to Moscow, author of "Mission to Moscow," prime apologist for Stalin in our country, said in Havana where he is resting from his toil:

"Russia in self-defense has every moral right to seek atomic-bomb secrets through military espionage if excluded from such information by her former fighting allies."

What a code of right that would have been for Capone, Dillinger and "Dutch" Schultz. Simply stated, it is: "If they won't give it to you, it is all right to steal it, if you need it." If that morality holds for a country, it holds for an individual, for morals know neither time, place nor condition, nor whether the great or small are involved. There is a right and a wrong and theft is wrong. Stalin has avoided asking us for the atomic bomb, proudly indicating that Russian science would achieve major proficiency. It is now clear that it was not science that he trusted, but espionage and theft and that Mr. Davies extols as a human right. For he says:

"For years all major powers have maintained intelligence services whose function it is to acquire military information available in other nations."

But that condition obtained under the abnormalities of war, when men's morals are dulled by fright and insecurity and abounding death. The abnormalities of such times and circumstances do not make wrong right. No American believes that war is right and even our military men speak of it with horror, as a necessity imposed upon us by gangsters and scoundrels. No decent country justifies the theft of another nation's property on the ground that the wickedness of war justifies any outrage in time of peace. Even the Carthaginian Morgenthau plan which treats a former foe as though he were sub-human revolts men of conscience in this country and is rejected by MacArthur in Japan as unbecoming a gentleman and an officer—but even more a son of the moralities of Western civilization. General Patton, to his everlasting glory, refused to reduce soldiering to the code of the brute.

If Soviet Russia regards our secrecy concerning the atomic bomb as hostile, she possesses the power of protest and recourse to negotiation and conference. Instead she has resorted to burglary which Joe Davies condones in his friends but would protest if applied to his own properties.

He says:

"Highly skilled Russian scientists will acquire means to atomic warfare within two years in their own laboratories."

Perhaps that is so. Many scientists believe that that is so. If the Russians are so close to the truth, why do they resort to espionage and theft, and why do they undermine the administrative integrity of friendly countries by suborning their officials, corrupting their employees, bribing, threatening, tricking, until all the world wonders whether Hitler was not a gentler soul compared with the ogre that no stands before us, a colossus of our making, to destroy not so much our bodies as our souls?

No, Mr. Davies, neither you nor anyone else has yet devised a formula for the defense of stealing. "Thou shalt not steal" still stands the rule among men of decency. Mr. Davies says:

"The Russians will develop strong isolationism if they get the impression the rest of the world is ganging up on them because of political, economic, racial or religious ideologies."

And is it his alternative that we shall supinely accept the living death of a materialistic, biological, a moral civilization which rejects the dignity of man, the inspiration of religion, the morals of civilization and the grace of God? Of course, men will oppose Russia on political, economic and religious ideologies—for it is for the truth that men struggle everlastingly, in peace as in war. It is a pity that any American can, in political extremity, defend theft as a way of life, even for totalitarian states.

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Bias-cut slips usually are good for slender figures but straight-cut slips stay down better over the knees and are better suited to stout figures and large hips.

Egg whites whip best when they are room temperature—about 70 degrees F. It is wise to remove them from the refrigerator an hour or so before whipping.



AN OLD RECIPE FOR THE MAKING OF INK

By RUSSELL W. GILBERT

The following recipe for the home manufacture of ink is found in German in the 1748 issue of the Christopher Sower almanac, Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender.

"It often happens that if people in our country have something to write they will take gunpowder and water, and make ink, and write with it, even sending such writing to Germany; if such writing is carried about a bit, it is completely rubbed out so that it cannot be read; whoever does not feel the need of much writing and of keeping good ink on hand will do better to pulverize a piece of cherry-tree gum the size of a bean, to let it dissolve in as much water as half an egg shell can hold, and to add the powder afterward, for then the ink will not wipe out. Whoever takes the gallnuts from oak trees in the late summer when they are ready to fall and are soft, then crushes them and presses the juice into a clean glass or a vessel which is not dirty, and finally adds copperas or vitriol the size of a thick hazel nut to a gill of juice, he indeed will have very good ink at that very moment. If one adds that much gum arabic or Pennsylvania [penna.] cherry-tree gum or peach-tree gum, it [the ink] will glow and be good constantly; too much gum means that the ink will not flow freely from the pen, and with too little it will grow moldy, and will acquire a skin on the surface. Gallnuts, if they are dry and are boiled for a while in vinegar and water in a clean container, if vitriol and gum are added later, will produce ink. The shell of the alder root will have the same effect." (Copperas, mentioned in the almanac, is a green crystalline ferrous sulphate used in ink making; vitriol is a sulphate of copper.)

The almanac recipe is definitely one for making black writing ink in small quantities. In order to realize that the modern method is comparable, one should note, for example, the recipe given in THE WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA. The Quarrie Corporation, Chicago, Vol. 9, p. 3454 (1943).

"One pound of bruised nutgalls, one gallon boiling water, five and one-third ounces of sulphate of iron (copperas) in solution, three ounces gum arabic previously dissolved, and a few drops of an antiseptic, such as carbolic acid. Steep the galls for twenty-four hours, strain the infusion, and add the other ingredients . . . The iron in the copperas acts upon the tannin in the solution of the nutgalls, and on exposure to the air turns this black."

The gallnut is obtained from a species of oak called the gall-oak. A variant form for gallnut is gall-apple, sometimes even nutgall. The German version in the Sower almanac also uses the form, oak-apples **(Eich Aepffel)**.

Whereas nutgalls are used in the manufacture of black writing ink, lamp-black mixed with linseed oil is used in the manufacture of printer's ink. For this reason, lamp-black **(Kienruss)** gained frequent mention in the advertisements of the Sower almanac. The old Pennsylvania German illuminators are said to have made black ink out of burnt grape vine twigs. Ink was colored also with the berries of pokeweed.

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Im Jenner 1946

Liewer Freind:

Es iss Middaag im Oischterdaal—es iss newelich un es reggert. Yuscht e paar Minutte zerick waar de Buschamschel ihre Wachholder Schtubb effgeleicht ass wie wann en "American Beauty Rose" zu me Licht gedreht waer un daet dernoh zu meim Fenschder reischeine. Ich guck zum Fenschder naus un dart uff me Maulbeere Baum gaunscht mei guter Freind, der Hopty Kornkracker. Ken Wunner waar alles uffgeleicht! "Oi-oi-oi! Oioioi!" secht er.—"Was oi-yert dich so heit?" frog ich.—"Der Regge," secht er. "Guck yuscht mol wie voll gleene Schtaerne all die Baem sin—graad ass wann im Reggewetter all die Schtaerne vum Himmel runnergerutscht kaemte far sich an die Baem zu henke—un dernoh Schteckel schpiele mit unser Haerzer—Oi-oi-oi—oioioi—i-i-i!" . . . "Gehscht mit mer zu de Berg Maria heit?" frogt er d'noh.—"Nee, net heit," saag ich, "Ich will heit em Preston Barba e paar Fettre schicke fer sei Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch Eck. Kannscht mer net e paar vun deine gewwe?"—"Oi-oi-oi! Numme zu gaern," andwart er. "Hoscht ihm schunn verzaehlt wie mir unsre rodi Farreb grickt hen?" frogt er.—"Nee," saag ich, "ich weess es selwert net."—"Oi-oi-oioioi! un noch neinunneinsich Oi-oi's meh, secht er. "Bischt du noch so dumm! Well, de Veggel ihre Biwel verzaehlt uns, dass Gottes Berg (Horeb) waar voll Veggel gewest vun alle Sarde. Wie Moses der Weg kumme iss un wie der Busch feirich iss warre—un iss doch net verbrennt—un der Moses iss vun seim Schwaerdaadi seim Schofpaedel abgedreht fer zu sehne was so ebbes sei kennt—En Busch das am Brenne iss un doch net berbrennt!—Dann sin die Veggel all ausgezogge as wie ee Paar (die Veggel faerrichde sich var'm Feier). Awwer sell eend Paar iss gebliwwe fer'm Moses Kumpani zu halte un aa (graad wie er) fer sehne was es gebt. Un alles was die Schtimm ICH BIN SELL WAS ICH BIN verschproche hot zu Moses un alles was Moses geandwart hot dezu, hen selli zwee Veggel g'heert. Un so wie Moses eweck gedrete iss fer zerick zu seim Schwaerdaadi Jethro seine Schof zu geh, secht die Schtimm zu denne zwee Veggel in me Busch hinnich em Moses: "Ihr hett alles g'heert, was ich g'saat hab. Vun nau ab, sollt ihr nimmi schwarz sei wie'n Graab—vun nau ab draagt ihr mei Flamm far en Zeichnis vun alles was ich verschproche hab un vun heit ab sollt ihr alsfart saage: Oi-Oi-Oi-oioioi!. Glaar soll eier Schtimm sei, as wie'n Buwele wann er zu seim Hund peift. Alle Mensche solle eich bemerke un liewe."—"Un sell" secht der Hopty, "iss unser Haerkummes!"

"Selli zwee Veggel beim Moses waar'n der Marsonah un die Darannah, unser erschte Eltre."—"Vielmols gross Dank, Hopty," saag ich, "fer dei scheene Fettere. Die schick ich graad zum Preston Barba. Die Buschamschel hofft du gleichscht sie un schteckscht sie in dei Haerz.

Aufwiedersinge!

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

Note—KORNKRACKER—the red cardinal (Cardinal Cardinalis), easily the most strikingly hued songbird to remain with us over the winter. It is to be found, no matter how cold, along brooksides with sufficient wildwood shrubs to afford food and shelter. The state bird of Delaware, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois.
(For this lovely legend explaining the origin of the cardinal's gay plumage we are thankful to our bird-loving contributor "Die Buschamschel" whose own lyric voice adds a fresh note to our column.—ED.)

(Our recent review of "Poor Man's Doctor" by Lewis R. Tryon, M.D. of Hamburg, Pa. who professes a Pennsylvania German accent and French origin, called forth the following interesting letter from one of our staunch contributors.)

Dear Editor:

Your book review of "Poor Man's Doctor" by Dr. Lewis R. Tryon aroused my curiosity as to the origin of Dr. Tryon's family.

In M. L. Montgomery's "History of Berks County" (1886) there are short biographical sketches of several of the Tryon doctors. The first one mentioned is Dr. Michael Tryon. I quote from the above-mentioned history:

"Michael Tryon, father of Dr. Jacob Tryon, of Rehrersburg, was born at Millback (Muehlbach), Lebanon County, on August 19, 1761, and died May 25, 1828, at the age of sixty-six years. His remains lie in the cemetery adjoining the Lutheran Church at Rehrersburg, where he resided a number of years before his death. His field of medical practice extended over a large territory of Berks and Lebanon Counties. He was regarded as an excellent physician and surgeon. He was somewhat eccentric in his manner of dealing with the people, and many interesting stories are related of him by the oldest citizens of the northern and western parts of Berks County."

"Jacob Tryon, son of Dr. Michael Tryon, one of the pioneer physicians of Berks County, was born in the town of Rehrersburg, . . . January 22, 1800. His opportunities of obtaining a rudimentary education were very limited; acquired his knowledge of medicine and surgery in the office of his father, who was then attending to a large practice; commenced the practice of medicine at the age of twenty, and has continued it without intermission to the present time (1886). His practice extends over a large area of territory, and for thirty years he visited his patients on horseback. He kept three or four horses and made it a point to meet all his engagements promptly. He performed a successful surgical operation at the age of eighty-three years, unassisted by any other surgeon. His has become a household name in many families in this and adjoining counties. He has always taken a deep interest in educational matters and schools in the district in which he resides. His oldest son, Dr. Percival J. Tryon, deceased, was born May 31, 1828. He received a liberal education and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1850. Soon after his graduation he settled at Hamburg, Berks County, where he acquired a large practice, which he held up to the time of his death, which occurred on the 30th day of July, 1881." (Grandfather of the author of "Poor Man's Doctor." Ed.)

"John S. Tryon was born in Rehrersburg, May 12, 1835, and is the second son of Dr. Jacob Tryon. He obtained his education in the common schools and at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg. He studied medicine under the tuition of his father, and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1857. He immediately entered upon the practice of his profession in his native town, where he has since resided and where he has met with success, especially in surgery." (Uncle of the author.)

Here we have three generations of doctors. The author of the book, Dr. Lewis R. Tryon, is undoubtedly a descendant of these.

Going back further, I find in "Pennsylvania German Pioneers" that JOHAN MICHAELL DRION migrated to Pennsylvania on the ship "Janet" which docked at Philadelphia on October 7, 1751. In Vol. II of "Pennsylvania German Pioneers" which contains the facsimile reproductions of the signatures of Pennsylvania German immigrants, Johan Michaell Drion's name is written in perfect German script. Therefore, whether or not the family was of French origin, they had lived in the Rhineland long enough to acquire the German language.

RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

BOOK REVIEWS

SNOW OVER BETHLEHEM. Told and Pictured by **KATHERINE MILHOUS, Charles Scribber's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York. Pp. VI & 98.—$2.00.**

Here is a story that all American children deserve to know, but we of eastern Pennsylvania have a special interest for the scene is our own near-by Bethlehem, the Christmas city of America. It remained for Katherine Milhous to do that which should have been done long ago. Through her LOVINA, a story of the Pennsylvania Country, she had endeared herself to many of our readers. A new book by this well-known artist is always a noteworthy event. Here is a story which, although designed for juveniles, unfolds itself with so much art and charm, with such a happy sensitiveness to the nature of its subject and its milieu that grown-ups will read it with equal pleasure. Hitherto we have thought of Katherine Milhous as an able artist, a genial illustrator of juvenile books, but in Snow Over Bethlehem she has given proof of her literary artistry as well.

We are taken back to the year 1755. The children of the Moravian settlement at Nazareth, endangered by Indian raids, have been brought on oxcarts to the palisaded town on the Lehigh where they can be better sheltered against the Indians who have become restless and threaten to attack the Moravian settlements. The story, with much local color, indicative of the writer's extensive preparations for her task, moves on under an impending attack by the Indians. It is in the weeks of the blessed Advent. A friendly Indian runner has just brought the alarming information that an attack is to be made on Bethlehem during the Holy Night. But the Moravian sisters recognizing that the children must be kept in ignorance of the danger continue their preparations for the joyous season.

A few little figures of the manger scene brought with loving care from the Moravian homeland across the sea are in Sister Anna Johanna's possession. What can she do to bring a happy Christmas to the many children within their gates, some of whom were orphaned through recent Indian raids? She enlists the aid of her brother David and the old town watchman, Polycarp. David braves the dangers that lurk beyond the palisades and brings back the necessary greens. Additional figures are now carved and the spinning sisters make whole flocks of fleecy sheep. Beeswax candles are dipped, and the first Christmas "putz" promises to become a reality.

And now it is Christmas Eve. The children must be kept occupied. They are gathered about Sister Gertrand and are being told the Christmas story as always, their own sweet story of that first Christmas Eve in the New World when Count Nikolaus von Zinzendorf was sojourning with them, and in the presence of the cattle under the same humble roof, named the little settlement in the wilderness for the first Bethlehem. The place was quiet as a church. And now Sister Magdalena goes to the spinet. The children gather around and softly begin one of their favorite Christmas songs, "How Brightly Shines the Wonder Star." One lovely carol follows upon the other. It is long past the children's bedtime, when Brother Polycarp's voice is heard loud and clear:

'Tis nine o'clock! Ye breathren, hear it striking;
Keep hearts and houses clean to our Savior's liking.

The children now let themselves be hustled to bed. The candles are all out but the large one that burns through the night. Old Polycarp who continues to make his weary rounds announces the passing hours in rimed couplets.

Ye brethren, hear! The midnight clock is humming;
At midnight our great Bridegroom will be coming.

Will the Indians make their attack tonight upon that peaceful Christmas town?

Past one o'clock! The day breaks out of darkness.
Great morning appears and breaks our darkness.

Suddenly sweet music! From the trombones on the bell-tower ancient German Christmas hymns pierce the deep blue new-world firmament and resound across the snow-clad fields. Indians, lurking in the deep shadows along the Lehigh are ready for the attack. But now—sweet mystery! the harmonies of the trombone players have touched the hearts of the savages. The Great Spirit of the palefaces has spoken and they silently steal away.

On Christmas morning the children are taken downstairs into the dark room and there against a miniature forest of dark evergreens they behold a beautiful manger scene, the first Christmas "Putz." The putz has become a part of our local Pennsylvania Christmas, a contribution on the part of our Moravian neighbors, but for which we should all be the poorer. Indeed the word itself is fast becoming a part of the English language. Today people come from distant parts to go "a-putzing" in Bethlehem, Pa.

Here is a beautiful book for next Christmas and all the succeeding Christmases. Charles Scribner's Sons have reason to be proud of this publication.—P.A.B.

LEBANON COUNTY THROUGH THE CENTURIES. An Appreciation, Lebanon Steel Foundry, Lebanon, Pennsylvania. Not published for sale.

Though inaccessible to the general public, we cannot refrain from expressing our delight in this brochure, which can well serve as a model of its kind. Mr. W. H. Worrilow, the public-minded President of the Lebanon Steel Foundry, has here fathered a piece of publicity for Lebanon County of the highest order, and we can only hope that the other counties in eastern Pennsylvania, perhaps through the vehicle of the Chambers of Commerce of their county seats, will take note and do a similarly useful publication for their respective counties. Mr. Worrilow, with a fine sense for the achievements of the Pennsylvania Germans in the local history of Lebanon County, has gone about this task with a largeness of view and a generosity of execution which needs to be emulated. He engaged the well-known Pennsylvania German historian Dr. Arthur D. Graeff to prepare the text. The chapters touch upon the outstanding events past and present of Lebanon County. We mention at random the titles of a few of them: The Genesis of Iron in Lebanon; Fort Zeller, A Vestige of the Lebanon County Frontier; Of Bearded Patriarchs, Religious Rites of Lebanon County's "plain people;" White Ships that Rolled on Wheels, The Conestoga Wagon and the Wagoners; A Touch of Old World Splendor, Baron Stiegel and his "castle" at Schaefferstown; Star Gazing, From a Lebanon County Farm to The Lick Observatory; Lebanon Bologna, A Product Famous Throughout Both Hemispheres. Dr. Graeff's chapters are models of brevity.

The illustrations were done by Florence Starr Taylor and are a complete "knock-out." Her wood-cut drawings of Zeller Fort, "In the Name of the Father," A Schooner Arrives in Port and In the House the Miller Built express fancy, technique and execution of the highest order. We can only ardently wish for a similar creation for Lehigh County and the same to be in the hands of every schoolchild in our County.

Mr. Worrilow, an enthusiast about the Pennsylvania Germans and their achievements, is of the opinion that there must remain much not contained in this brochure—material and data pertaining to pottery, hand-loom weaving, cabinet and metal work, etc. of Lebanon County, which some of our readers may possess either in the way of books, printed articles, illustrations, old records and even word of mouth. All such material would be gratefully received with a view to further publication by Mr. W. H. Worrilow, President, The Lebanon Steel Foundry, Lebanon, Pa.—P.A.B.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Kenna 'S Net Fershtae

Nay bei golly won m'r 's fershtae kenna, wos in da welt os der Clair Price un sei Katie fom Longswamp Centre wertshous drous in Longswamp, wolla mit ol ihra grossa g'friehr boxa os sie in da kitch shtae hen. Un now is der Clair noch om kunsiddera fer 'n ganunkie g'friehr box in der kaller shtella fer nei lawfa, un aw noch aenie hinnich der bar duh fer die gabudd'ld keffer bree drin kalt halta. Nay, so wies wedder doh shun wor fer etlicha dawg kenna m'r ums garinshda net sehna wos sie wolla mit ol da g'friehr boxa os sie hen, un noh noch tzu denka fer tzu da koshda gae ols noch mainer so socha uf duh lossa.

So wies wedder doh shun fer 'n weil wor, kenta sie gute ihra tzwonsich anda, 's halb dudsend 30 pund welshhawna, 'n so, 'n halb rins shtick, un siva bushel sols wosser fuder, owwa tzum bed shtubba fenshter nous hanka, un kenta 's aw glei gnocha hard g'frohra howwa. Ow'r nay, so ebbes wie sel is 'm Clair un da Katie nimmy gute ganunk, doh hut 'n funkle neiie g'friehr box fon 16 kubic foos bei gamist, un so gore aw 'n 30 kubic foos electrick refrigerator mit ganunk blotz os sie sich bol navich nonner nei hucka kenna won sie wolla. Sis uf kours handich, sel is recht. Doh won kustomers mit grossa obadit kumma fer g'shwind garoashda anda howwa, odder so gore welshhawna, si gnick roasht, odder sae fuder fon aenich ra ort, brouch die Katie nimmy rum donsa wie won sie humla in da shtrimp het, un wunnerra wohs ess socha ol bei tzu griega.

Dafor won sie g'shwind anda odder fedder fee howwa hut wolla, fei tzu rishda, huf sie airsht gons Longswamp ous greisha missa fer der Clair sucha fer die socha keppa. Der Clair is arrick gute sella waig on sich fershluppa won arwet tzuduh is, ow'r now os sie die g'friehr boxa un refrigerators hen, wil die Katie ols ihra tzeit watcha un 'n die socha butza mocha won er shunshd nix tzu duh hut. Sella waig glawwa m'r wol os so socha ol recht sin, yusht os der Clair noh nimmy so fiel tzeit hut fer rum hucka os wie er dafor ols gawain'd wor tzu howwa. Yusht m'r maina ols noch tzu tzeita wie now, wohs wedder glaws nidder shtaid, kenta sie ihra socha grawd so gute tzu da bed shtubba fenshterra nous hanka, os wies aw in bobier wickla un so g'friehra.

Sis uf kours fershtonna, der Clair un sei Katie hen 'n aryer up-to-dater blotz dart drous in Longswamp, uns gait niemond hungerich odder darshdich hame won sies helfa kenna. Die Katie selwar is die koch, un der Clair sehnt datzu os der blotz immer so sarwer is wie won die kotz 'n g'shleck'd het. Un so weit os es ess socha aw gait, hen sie gawainlich aenich ebbes un allas os ma mensch sei famga ferlonga mawg howwa dafor, uns nembt aw ken lang fer die socha gamocht griega. Sel uf kours is ferwos sie ihra blotz so shae in arder hen mit ol denna latest g'friehr boxa, so won aenichie tzeit 'n rush kumt os sie bletzlich ready sin fer da leit ob worta. Un noh is es aw net g'sawt os die gross kelt os m'r doh alla weil hen immer aw halt, un denk 's gaibt 'n sare kretzichie Katie, wons wedder sich warm draya sot, un sie hetta die bed shtubba fenshterra fol gabutza anda, welshhinkle, un onner flaish waisa hanka.

In gons'm wors 'n guter blawn sich eirichda dawaig os wies Clairs' hen, un hoffa os ol die freind woh gleicha tzu shtoppa on shaina bletz fer essa un drinka, 's Prica Longswamp Centre wertshous net fergessa. So weit os dumhata aw gain, sellie sin aw immer darta tzu finna, evens wons yusht so'n glaenichkate is, os wie fer die alta kalanner g'shwind lose werra.

Der Clair hut shun weil 'n gabrouch om gae so on da Nei Yohr rum, fer kalanner ous daila tzu soicha os er wase os garn kalanner hetta. Yusht bei ihm in da kalanner bisnis, is es net der fol os ae mohl 'n kustomer, immer 'n kustomer is. 'S nemot alla yohr neia kerls fer die alta kalanner mit hame nemma, mit da maining sie hetta neia kalanner fer uf hanka.

Des yohr hut der Bruce Romig ainer mit hame ganumma, so wohl wie aw der Jerome Fenstermaker. Der Herb Springer, des is der Herb woh beim John Fritch dahame is, hut farm yohr aw ainer mit hame, un 'n ordlich weil uf hanka kot eb er mohl ous g'funna hut os es 'n alter wor. Un grawd so wors aw da Verna Hilbert gonga woh ihra kalanner tzwae wocha uf hanka hut kot, un het noh ferleicht net ous g'funna os es 'n alter wear, won die dawga besser ous k'halta heta. Sie un ebber shunshd hen ow'r shier shtride grick'd, weil die Verna druf g'shtonna hut 'n gawissner dawg kaimt uf Sundawgs, uns onner hut g'sawt 's wear 'n wocha dawg. Noh uf kours wie die Verna mohl recht gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei won sie net ains fcen Clair seina alta kalanner kustomers wor, un huts net gawist.

Sis uf kours wie der Clair secht, war die kalanner wil fer die bilder mochts nix ous ebs alta odder neia sin, yusht soicha os sie wolla fer die tzifferra unna har, sellie besser gain shunshd hee fer ihra kalanner griega.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R..

Won die oranges un shpritzboomeronsa iwwer dem widder nuf gain im price, brouch niemond wunnerra ferwos.

'N fegelchie hut uns yusht gapifa 's Fred Leibys' fon Germansville, uns Walter Hunsickers' doh fon da shtadt, weara drunna in Florida, un dada 'n klean shweep mocha mit alla hond so socha, so wie sie gangda.

Ains fon ihra shtopping bletz wor ons Earl Adams, un fon darta sin sie ains gongs nunner nochs Russel Frantza, un woh sie aw all'm noh galawda hen mit alla hond oranga bree, os sie bol nimmy gawist hen wies drunna tzu halta.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Today's Scripture

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

Mark 14:12-31

This passage centers about the institution of the Lord's Supper, one of the two so-called sacraments of the Church. It was instituted in connection with the observance of the Passover by Jesus and His disciples in what is referred to as the upper room in Jerusalem. In this solemn hour the Old Testament dispensation literally "passes over" into the New Covenant in Jesus' blood, to which the blood of the Old Testament sacrifices pointed forward. Paul suggests that 'as oft as we eat of this bread and drink of this cup we do show the Lord's death till He come.' To this Jesus refers in v. 25 when He says, 'I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God.' And what a day that will be! Meanwhile, until He come, as we thus eat and drink, let us always remember that it is a token of what He did for us on the cross, when He gave His body unto death, and poured out His life-blood, that we who believe on Him should live for ever. Note in the face of all this the prophecy concerning Judas the betrayer, v.18, and concerning Peter, who was to deny Him shortly after, v.30.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Probably all of you have done just what my wife and I have done for several months now—visualized that wonderful dream home of which you read so much these days, that dream home which comes to you by parcel post, is set up in one day by your handyman, and in which there are push buttons and gadgets for every human activity and happiness is turned on and off just like your electric light.

* * *

So, my wife and I went to an exhibition of these dream homes yesterday afternoon—and both of us are wide-awake today.

Neither she nor I would want one of them as a gift!

I have told you my work made it necessary for us to live in a New York apartment during the winter—in New York where there is a delicatessen store in every block, where butter is sold (if you are lucky) by the quarter pound, where lots of people think that milk comes in cans and the only thing they know about cows is that they say "moo," and where a half hour after you clean your place it is dirty again.

* * *

Well, New York has its advantages too. It certainly is easier to clean three rooms than eight and, if you want flowers, you don't have to plant and fertilize and spray and cultivate, you just go to the florist's downstairs and buy a dozen jonquils for $3 including the wires they put in to hold up the stems.

So you have a lot of time on your hands and you wonder whether it wouldn't be nicer to have one of those prefabricated dream homes than that big, sprawling old house in Brookfield with its big rooms to be cleaned and the wasps in the attic and the plumbing leaking every once in a while and the water running brown after a rain.

* * *

So we went and looked—and we can hardly wait to get back to Brookfield.

Yes, those little boxes with their push buttons are very nice. But they can never be home to anybody who has the slightest respect for tradition and atmosphere and who wants to put down roots.

"Functional" they call them, and functional they are, but it all depends on what you

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the Sun.

Wordsworth.

MUST U. S. RESORT TO MERCENARIES?

If an insufficient number of young Americans wish to serve in the U. S. Army for occupation duties in Europe and the American people together with soldiers already in the service wish that the latter be discharged in large numbers and be sent home, then the plan advanced by Representative O'Konski of Wisconsin to Congress on Monday may have to be considered.

According to Mr. O'Konski's bill it is believed an occupation army of half a million experienced, war-hardened troops can be raised. Under its terms the United States Army in Europe would be authorized to induct into its service Polish, Serbian and other World War II veterans of foreign citizenship. In addition to an immediate job in a part of the world where jobs are scarce and where getting food is difficult an added incentive would be offered: Grant an American citizenship automatically after five years of service.

Inasmuch as it is the ambition of millions of Europeans to come to the United States it can be expected that this lure alone will attract all the recruits desired, and there'll be a waiting list in the bargain.

Mr. O'Konski would have such an American Foreign Legion patterned after the French Foreign Legion. He believes that the largest initial recruitments would come from such sources as the army of 300,000 Poles who fought during the war under the direction of the former Polish government-in-exile in London; about 100,000 exiled Serbians who were followers of General Maihailovich and other foreign soldiers who now are "men without a country."

While the idea of having America's commitments carried out by mercenary troops is something new for the United States and repugnant in principle, the attitude of the American people toward military service may force Congress to do something such as Mr. O'Konski's program suggests.

If American youth will enlist in the Army now, as a patriotic duty and as a matter of pride in what has proven to be a great institution, the problem will be solved. Otherwise we may have to fall back upon Mr. O'Konski's idea, adopt it and forget about our distaste for the general idea that is involved in it.

HOOVER CALLED ON FOOD PROBLEMS

Ex-President Herbert Hoover has been summoned to Washington by President Truman for conferences with other food experts on the serious food problem that confronts the peoples of Europe and which the United States, with Canada, Argentina, Australia and other surplus food-producing countries are committed to alleviate.

Mr. Truman has distinguished himself by calling upon the man who not only is an ex-president but an acknowledged world authority upon this subject. It will be remembered that, in the course of the past decade when other food problems concerning Europe and North Africa were presented to this country and when Mr. Hoover was the logical man to be called upon for advice if not in fact to take charge of big jobs, his services were not sought. It was believed by many, on the occasions when such problems became acute, that he was the man most likely to be able to solve them. But official Washington persistently ignored him.

Mr. Truman has laid aside petty political differences in order to take advantage of what appears to be the best available counsel in present problems. After all it is not so important who does the job as that the job is done well.

WORK OF RED CROSS GOES ON

Flags that fly from the light standards on Hamilton Street, posters in shop windows and a host of other publicity devices have already mutely told the story upon which an army of public-spirited citizens now are elaborating as they make their rounds in the American Red Cross campaign.

The Red Cross has a tremendous hold upon the affections of the American people. This nation has just gone thru wars which intensified that high regard and affection for in all theaters of those wars the Red Cross worked with and for America's sons and daughters.

The Red Cross was doing for Americans at home the work which they themselves would have liked to do but could not. The Red Cross was everywhere and knew what to do and how to do it. Most of all, it wished to to do every individual and every collective job swiftly and satisfactorily.

Altho the war is over, the work of the American Red Cross continues thruout the world wherever America's sons and daughters still are on duty, representing this country and engaged in its reconstruction activities. And even if millions of young Americans did not continue to be scattered all over the face of the globe, there would be work for the American Red Cross.

As has been well said, the American Red Cross represents the conscience and the heart of the American people. It constantly stands ready to do the job that the American people individually would like to do if they could. Thus in war, they want the sailors and soldiers to receive aids and comforts along lines that the armed services cannot provide. In peace, (as at this time) they want those aids and comforts continued, and in addition they will wish to help swiftly and effectively any sufferers from flood, fire, famine or other catastrophes, whether at home or abroad.

So the solicitors in the present campaign can expect warm and cordial welcome everywhere. They know they are engaged in one of the finest and most popular movements that any community can foster. They can be as proud of their work as those solicited will be happy to give.

Congress Says—

By ALVIN E. O'KONSKI
U. S. Representative (R.-Wis.)

FOREIGN LEGIONS FOR THE U.S.A.

There are millions of freedom loving people throughout the world without a country and without a home. By the hundreds they are committing suicide rather than go back to where they came from. Millions know that to go back to Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Poland, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Austria or Hungary means death or slavery.

It is against every segment of decency to force these millions to go back against their will. They, more than anyone else in the world, know what fate awaits them should they return. These millions were among the most loyal and faithful allies during the entire war. Today they are men and women without a country.

Since our Nation had a part in shaping up this condition it is our responsibility to take care of them. They are reliable and dependable people who have always been willing to do more than their part. They have suffered perhaps more than any people in this war. They have been victims of concentration camps and slave labor. What are we going to do with these people? That is the burning question of our time!

At the same time our own boys in the service who have made victory possible are tired and weary. They want to come home. Not a day passes where a Congressman does not get mail from our boys pleading that they be brought home. They are weary and tired. The war is over and we can't blame them for feeling as they do. They should be brought home.

There is no reason why our country cannot enlist help from among these millions who have no country. They would be more than willing to enlist in the armed forces of the U.S.A. and take over the duty of occupation. Our own boys could easily be replaced with these unfortunate victims of appeasement.

I have introduced a Resolution giving authority to the Military Affairs Committee to make a study to determine the advisability of providing for the establishment of an American Foreign Legion by accepting enlistments from among the citizens of foreign countries for military service in the armed forces of the United States.

While this would be a new departure, in a military sense, for our country, it is certainly in line with the Nation's new departure into world-wide internationalism. It seeks to help to implement, by military force, our international commitments made up to date and which will be made in the future.

There are three hundred thousand well trained Polish soldiers who are still under arms, some of them being used in the Army of Occupation in Italy and other countries and many of them in England and other countries who dare not return to Poland. There are hundreds of thousands of trained Finns, Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, Serbs and Slovaks in the same category. These soldiers rendered exceptional and heroic services in the defeat of the Axis Powers and doubtless great numbers of them would regard it as a God-send to be able to join an American Foreign Legion where, as professional soldiers, they could be used in the Army of Occupation or wherever the military leaders of our Government deemed necessary.

It is quite possible that with the proper standard of pay and benefits which could be worked out, that a force of 500,000 men could be enlisted within the next few months in an American Foreign Legion and probably within less time after the plan had been worked out. This force could completely take over our Army of Occupation serving under regular U.S.A. Army Officers.

The proposed Foreign Legion should have its own uniform and should be housed, clothed, fed and paid in accordance with American Army Standards and should be officered, above a certain rank, by our own U.S.A. regular army officers.

This group might well make up the major military force which we will be called upon to supply under the United Nations Organization; and certainly one could easily visualize that it might succeed to the extent that it could furnish practically all of the troops necessary for our Armies of Occupation in Europe and in Japan.

Such a move, I believe, would be welcomed by the American people. It would provide seasoned and trained men for the Armies of Occupation rather than the continuous drafting of our teen age boys, disturbing their opportunities for an education by sending them to Germany and Japan to do police work in the Army of Occupation.

If these unfortunate refugees go back to their countries they will either be killed or imprisoned or put in slave camps. We certainly don't want to force that on them. Take care of these people we must because our Nation had a hand in taking their country from them. Hence, why not put them to good use. We need them! A Foreign Legion is the answer.

Plain Talk by Mr. Byrnes

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 1—Plain talk, earnest and not belligerent, yet in every sense the most forceful expression by the United States government on foreign policy since the war, has just come from the Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes.

The speech is in part implicit—it mentions no names of countries—but it is in part also explicit. It mentions our delicate relations with Russia in a manner that cannot be misunderstood except by those who choose to ignore plain warnings as well as plain exhortations.

Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, Republican, just back from London, made in the Senate one of the most remarkable speeches of our times. Mr. Vandenberg advocated directness and candor in dealing with Russian affairs. Mr. Byrnes, in the very same week, answered that plea comprehensively and effectively.

There is no division between the political parties here on foreign policy. Mr. Vandenberg's contribution has been unexcelled, for it is not partisan—it is wholly American, which means merely that it surrenders in no sense the idealism of the United States but calls nevertheless for firmness as against those who would confuse the world by diplomatic maneuvers that seem to produce puzzlement on every side.

* * *

Secretary Byrnes's speech has many passages in it that ought to be read and reread, as, for instance:

"It is not enough for nations to declare they do not want to make war. Hitler said that. In a sense he meant it. He wanted the world to accept the domination of a totalitarian government under his direction. He wanted that without war if possible. He was determined to get it with war if necessary.

"To banish war, nations must refrain from doing the things that lead to war."

Then came—again speaking implicitly but with no doubt that he was referring to Russian aspirations—a rather revealing promise. For decades now it has been argued that the trouble with the Versailles treaty of 1919 was that it did not provide for adjustments or changes and merely recognized the existing state of affairs, born of conquest and, in some instances, improper methods of acquiring territory and resources. Mr. Byrnes reveals that the United States doesn't favor the "status quo"—the basis of things as they always have been. He added, however:

"Though the status quo is not sacred and unchangeable, we cannot overlook a unilateral gnawing away at the status quo. The United Nations charter forbids aggression and we cannot allow aggression to be accomplished by coercion or pressure or by subterfuges such as political infiltration."

Here is a simple and direct statement to Russia that the United States knows what has been going on in eastern Europe and in the Balkans and knows what has been transpiring in the Far East, where Russia acting unilaterally—that is, alone and without agreement with other powers—has stripped Manchuria of industrial equipment. He says:

"No power has a right to help itself to alleged enemy properties in liberated or ex-satellite countries before a reparation settlement has been agreed upon by the Allies. We have not and will not agree to any one power deciding for itself what it will take from these countries."

* * *

This again tells Russia that she has been violating Allied policy not only in Manchuria but in Europe. She has been acting arbitrarily, but not until Mr. Byrnes spoke has our protest been as direct and as challenging.

In many respects Mr. Byrnes' speech is sensational. He minces no words and doesn't beat around the bush. Especially to be noted is this passage:

"We must not conduct a war of nerves to achieve strategic ends. We do not want to stumble and stagger into situations where no power intends war, but no power will be able to avert war. . . .

"But in the interest of world peace and in the interest of our common and traditional friendship, we must make plain that the United States intends to defend the charter."

Significant is the statement, too—not often found in a speech by a Secretary of State—that the armament of the United States is to be maintained and our military establishment is not to be reduced "below the point required to maintain a position commensurate with our responsibilities." Russia has reason to read and reread Mr. Byrnes' speech.

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OUTSTANDING EVENTS IN 1945

Each year we take a glance in retrospect and select what we consider the ten most noteworthy events of the year from the standpoint of furthering the general interest in things Pennsylvania German. The year 1945 was a momentous one. The minds of most persons were centered upon world affairs and gasoline and food rationing had set many limits to activities and public gatherings.

We offer the following as the ten most important events of the year among Pennsylvania German activities:

1.—The International broadcast of Pennsylvania German music, from the grand ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. This was the first broadcast of the American School of the Air and the broadcast was attended by more than 1,000 persons in spite of the blizzard which raged on January 16, 1945.

2.—In February the annual meeting of the Grundsau Lodge of the Skippack, held at Telford on Groundhog Day. This organization shares with Zion's of Womelsdorf the distinction of being the only groups which maintained their annual meetings throughout the war period in spite of all restrictions upon travel and supplies.

3.—In March the Pennsylvania German Handcrafts Exhibit in Madison Square Garden in New York. This exhibition was sponsored by the organization known as the Pennsylvania Women in New York. It was well attended.

4.—In May the regional meeting of the Lions Clubs of Lebanon, Dauphin and Lancaster Counties was held at Schaefferstown, Lebanon County. The program was devoted to Pennsylvania German lore.

5.—In June the opening of the amphitheatre at St. Daniel's (known as the Eck Kaerrich), near Robesonia. The initial program presented was entirely in the dialect.

6.—In August the annual horsemen's picnic at Bernville, Pa. where Pennsylvania German humor always serves as one of the outstanding features of this huge gathering.

7.—In September the tenth anniversary meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society held at Weiser park, near Womelsdorf. The meeting was dedicated to the memory of Conrad Weiser.

8.—Also in September the Labor Day apple butter party held at Dorney Park near Allentown.

9.—In October the 55th annual meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society, held at Waynesboro, Franklin County. The selection of the meeting place was to honor the dialect poet Henry Harbaugh who was born at Waynesboro.

10.—In November the revival of the annual Lebanon County Fersammling. Eight hundred guests met and "frolicked" in Pennsylvania German terms. A thousand more were disappointed because they could not secure tickets. —Arthur D. Graeff.

MY ANCESTORS

(As told by one of our aged readers who apologizes for her simple narrative. She writes, "I never had to talk a word of English (besides in the books), so that's one reason for making a lot of mistakes. I still like my Mutterschproch.")

This coming April 7th, 205 years ago, or in 1741, Frederick Meyer and his wife Sophia took a tract of land containing 614 acres and 119 perches in Greenwich Township, then Philadelphia County. Where they had built their first house they claimed a walnut tree grew up from under their bed. They let it grow as a reminder of that time. That same tree was still standing about 1910, or down into the seventh generation. After Frederick and Sophia had built their second house they still had the baking-oven near where their first house stood. While baking bread one day, and it being almost time to get the bread out of the oven, they saw a big black bear walking around the oven. They decided to leave the bread in the oven over night but to their great astonishment the bread had become crust through and through when they went to get it the next morning.

This same Frederick Meyer was away in King George's War, and as there was no communication in those days his wife and children didn't know whether he was living or dead. They had waited for his return for several years, when there came to their place one day towards evening a man who asked Sophia for a night's lodging. Then Sophia told the man all about her husband being away to the war, that she and her children were all alone with hardly enough to eat, and that they had an only pig but a bear had carried it away. And finally told the man they surely couldn't keep anyone overnight. After a long talk with her he found that she still did not recognize him and so he told her that he was her husband. It was said she did not recognize him because of the long hair in his face. That sure must have been a happy reunion.

Frederick and Sophia Meyer had six children, three daughters and three sons. After their children had grown up they divided their land into farms. On the old homestead Adam and his parents lived. Catharine, married to a Schubert, lived next and Anna Maria, married to a Hager, lived next to them. The other three children were Jacob, Frederick and Elizabetth, who left a daughter by the name of Catharine. All these children are named in the old will made by their mother in 1775. The third or present house on the old place was called "Charming Bower."

My great-great-great-grandfather Frederick Meyer served in King George's War in 1744. My great-great-grandfather Adam Meyer served in the War in 1775 and my grandfather Jacob George served in the War of 1812.

In 1783 Johann Heinrich George (Goerg) came over the sea with his wife Anna Maria (Nicks) and daughter Anna Maria and a son Yost Heinrich, who was but nine years of age. The Georges also settled in Greenwich Township, Berks County, Pa. As much as I know they lived along the road leading from Klinesville to Krumsville, the farm being operated at present by a grandson of my uncle Jacob George. It is said that later Johann Heinrich moved to Harrisburg. I still have a letter written by Yost Heinrich Goerg, the Elder, having been written from Germany to his son in Greenwich. It reads as follows:

Johann Heinrich Goerg!

Gott zum Grusz herzlieber Sohn und deine liebe Frau und lieben Kinder sind vielmal gegrueszt. Mein wenig schreiben soll Euch bey guter gesundheit antreffen... Ich moegte gern wissen, ob er gefahr hat vom Soldaten Leben und ob er an seniem Handwerk schaft und was fuer Frucht in Grinwitsch waechst und ob Ihr auch Schaaf habt und gut wasser bei eich ist, und noch grueszt Dich dein Vater Yost Heinrich weil Ich hab dein Brief von dir erhalten in der Stadt Herborn....Ich will nun Liebe Kinder schlueszen mein Schreiben mit Thraenen. Zwischen uns und dem lieben Gott ist eine grosze Gluft, aber wir hoffen im Himmel wieder zusammen zu kommen. Viel tausend mal grueszen wir Eich zu Amerika, alle mit einander Diesen Brief habe ich selbst geschrieben im 77sten Jahr meines Lebens am 2ten Tag May 1783.

Yost Heinrich Goerg
in Breidscheit bei Herborn
im Herzogthum Nassau in
Deutschland Europa.

This George family brought papers, a plate and a Bible along from over the sea. The Bible is dated 1770. With the plate it was always the custom to hand it down to the oldest child in the family and so it was done into the sixth or seventh generation but now the custom is broken as the woman who owns the plate has no children. Down into the sixth generation there was always a Yost Heinrich in the family.

Yost Heinrich Goerg, the grandson of the Elder in Germany, was married to Elizabeth Meyer. Their son Jacob George and his wife Catharine Zimmerman were my grandparents and lived on the old Meyer homestead. My grandfather Heinrich Meyer (later Moyer) and his wife Mary Magdalena Leiby (who was raised near Leiby's Schoolhouse in Greenwich) lived along the road leading from Klinesville to the 3-mile-House. On that place it is said that one of our forefathers was burned alive while clearing the land and setting fire to some brushwood.

Between the years 1820 and 1826 my grandparents Meyer had but three children. All three died in one week of the "Ruhr" (dysentery). Everywhere the neighbors' children also died. But in the family of my grandparents George not one was sick nor died. The people claimed that a poisonous dew must have have fallen in their springs or in their drinking-water, as the George's water was in their cellar, while that of the others was on the outside without any covering.

In those early days our forefathers still used the "Schmutzamschel" and the tallow candles and reaped with a sickle. About the year 1832 a John Lenhart of Lenhartsville summoned a large party of old sickle-reapers, probably about thirty in number, in order to reap once more with the sickle, as reaping with a sickle was then going out of practice.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER

During the winter of 1841 a man taught Reading, 'Riting and Rithmetic, as they called it at that time, in one of the rooms of the old Meyer house, known as Charming Bower, where my grandfather J. Jacob George lived. My mother who was but five years of age, used to tell how she twice went along to school with an older brother and each day the teacher gave her a penny. Even in her 82nd year she often recalled how proud she was when the teacher gave her those pennies. My father who was then fifteen years of age couldn't go to school as he had to help two older brothers chop wood during the winter to keep three old wood-toves in fuel, one in the schoolroom and two others. In those days the teacher's salary was "drei Cent der Kopp," three cents a day per child when the child was in school. In that very same schoolroom my parents began housekeeping about 1860, having all their belongings in that one room. Later mother often used to tell me how things stood in that room, so I could picture it. I still have her mirror, corner cupboard, bureau and the trundle bed in which I slept most of the time. At the age of eight my mother went to the first country school at Kohler's Hill and also told how her father died when she was eight, but she recalled how he used to take the Bible every Sunday morning and hold service with his children. After reading a chapter he explained it to them. During the week the children often played at church and the oldest of the brothers would be the preacher. One day the little brother worked his way upon an old wooden apple-mash Stenner or tub, in order to be real high up on the Stenner and after preaching in his way for a while he wanted to start out and explain St. John, 16th Chapter and 16th Verse, and said: "Ueber ein Kleines so werdet ihr mich nicht sehen; und aber ueber ein Kleines, so werdet ihr mich sehen, denn ich gehe zum Vater." And as he said that he stamped with one foot and disappeared through the bottom of the Stenner. Mother said he could not be seen until we came to his help and lifted the Stenner or tub aside so he could crawl out.

At the age of twelve my mother remembered how she went with two older brothers into the field to reap rye, it being still cut with a cradle then. At sunrise all were already on the field. They worked until seven o'clock and then stopped and went in for their "Friehschtick", or breakfast; at 9 o'clock they had lunch. When the horn was blown it was dinner time; at four o'clock lunch again and from there on they worked until sunset and then to supper. At the age of seventeen she raked hay by hand and remembered standing all alone in a 20-acre field. In those days wages were 25 cents a day.

My great-grandmother Elizabeth Meyer George also told how she used to hear the Indians holler during the week between Christmas and New Year every evening at sunset and how it chilled her up her back.

New Tripoli, Pa. MALARA HERBER.

BOOK REVIEWS

HOME CRAFT COURSES—Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser. Vol. XXI. HOME CRAFT COURSE IN BOOKBINDING. By Burl N. Osburn, State Teachers College, Millersville, Pa., Schlechter's Printers, Allentown, Pa. 1945. $1.00.

Vol. XXI in Mrs. Keyser's Home Craft Series, that very valuable series of instruction booklets on home crafts, is devoted to the art of bookbinding. It may be allowed to say at the outset that those who anticipate finding anything characteristically Pennsylvania German in this booklet will be disappointed.

The author points out that early American bookbinding followed closely upon the European tradition in style and technique. The early books bound in the colonies were sewed on cords or tapes and bound between covers of oak, maple or birch, which in turn were covered with sheep, calf or pig skin. But by the time our Pennsylvania Germans began to bind books paper had already begun to come from the local paper-mills of Rittenhouse, Wilcox and others, and then pasteboard became available. The typical book bound by our Pennsylvania German craftsmen was somber, befiitting its contents. Bindings in brown skin, with little decoration or tooling and that without gold was the rule, which however gave way in the early nineteenth century to the use of gold leaf and more decorations. Among the better known binders were those at Ephrata, the Sowers and Peter Liebert of Germantown. It is to be regretted that this booklet contains so little definite data and information about our early Pennsylvania German bookbinders and their work.

But those who have the desire to try their hands at bookbinding as a pleasurable and useful experience will find this booklet most valuable and instructive. Through numerous illustrations and explanatory text the layman is given an opportunity of learning about the structure of a book, what supplies and equipments are necessary, the preparation of the printed page for binding and for sewing, the making of new covers for old books and the binding of magazines as well as the making of new covers for application to other uses such as notebook covers, scrapbooks, photograph and phonograph albums, etc. The booklet concludes with a bibliography and a list of sources of supplies which will prvoe most valuable to the novice.—P.A.B.

THE EPHRATA CLOISTERS. An Annotated Bibliography. Compiled by Eugene E. Doll and Anneliese M. Funke. The Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, Philadelphia, Pa. 1945. $1.50.

This is the third in the notable series of bibliographies on German American History published by The Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, those on the Muhlenberg Family and on Christopher Sower Sr., having preceded it in 1943.

Dr. Wilbur K. Thomas, Director of The Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, in his letter to Librarians announcing this publication, writes: "The noteworthy religious community of the Seventh Day German Baptists at Ephrata, Pa., with its early colonial printing press in the wilderness, has long been a topic of interest to local historians. The present Bibliography offers a basis for the re-evaluation of this important settlement in terms of the international interest and recognition it received as well as the now rare and historic imprints that issued from its press. As such it addresses itself alike to students and collectors interested in colonial and Pennsylvania history, sectarianism, mysticism, monasticism, Americana-Germanica, colonization and colonial printing."

This Bibliography falls into two parts. In the first part Mr. Doll has compiled a bibliography of printed works dealing with the Ephrata Community from the late 1720's down to our day, ranging widely in character and authorship from Voltaire and such colonial figures as Rittenhouse, Christopher Sauer, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg and Benjamin Franklin down to obscure magazine articles. The material proved so extensive however that a policy had to be adopted and any hope of completeness was finally given up. Three criteria governed the selection of the items. The goal striven for was the inclusion of (a) all works devoted solely to Ephrata; (b) all works contributing new data; (c) all works in which the inclusion of Ephrata is of itself of historic interest. Newspaper items were so numerous that the compiler only included those that appeared before 1800. The 363 items are grouped as follows; 1. General Works; 2. Literary Products of 18th Century Ephrata; 3. Contemporary References to 18th Century Ephrata; 4. The 19th and 20th Centuries; 5. The Cloisters in Fiction and Poetry; 6. Bibiliographical Hand Books and Articles. Very helpful are Mr. Doll's own commentaries upon the various items.

The second part of this Bibliography: Ephrata. The printing press of the Brotherhood, 1745-1794, compiled by Anneliese M. Funke, is intended to cover all books, pamphlets and broadsides which were printed either by the brethren of the Community or at least by their consent in the years denoted above. Publications from later Ephrata printers not of the Community were not included.

Mrs. Funke has performed a difficult and exacting task. She has listed 88 imprints of the Ephrata Cloisters Press and given very detailed annotations of the same. Sources of information not directly derived from the books examined are also stated. As far as possible she also states the present location of imprints.

This Bibliography is a valuable contribution to German American History and indispensable for future scholars in this field.

The appearance of this series of bibliographies in lithograph was no doubt determined by the times. It is regrettable that they do not appear in uniform size. —P.A.B.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL

**Abed he lay still shedding Life's hot tears,
Though Death's black hand was reaching through his fears.**

**He'd done with women, rocking chairs and soil;
Yes, done with dancing senseless rites of toil.**

**And now he watched a ceiling-world before
His last, and glimpsed his wife beyond the door.**

**She'd been a good wife in her slaving way,
And now was cooking for the funeral day.**

**The warm brown smell of doughnuts wrapt his bed
And spun with pulsing dreams his withered head.**

**"Yunge," he said and sweat ran down his brow,
"Tell mom to give me here a doughnut now."**

**The "Yunge" waited for the usual "schnell,"
Then, missing it, stole from his father's spell.**

**"Pop wants a doughnut, ya," echoed the wife.
She counted everyone with probing knife.**

**And to be sure, she counted them again.
"Tell him there's not enough for the funeral then."**

Boyertown, Pa. JOHN M. SCHEALER

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

In Fildelfy

'M Dunnershdawg owet wors unser blessier die Grundsow Lodge fersommling ei nemma in Mitten Hall, Temple university, Fildelfy. Der porra Tom Brendle fon Egypt, un der Porra Clarence Rahn fon Temple nagshd on Reading worra die shwetzer, un mier worra fuhrmon fer sie nunner nemma mit unser'm dreck fershpritza blute fink fom da Dodge. M'r hen unser Fegelshkoshda ferlossa nommy dawgs wenich noch da drei, un worra drunna bis finf uhr fer'm Mitten hall uf da Broad shtross, ow'r hen 's airsht 's loch net finna kenna fer nei. Iwwer dem hen m'r noch etlicha onnerra sehna 's payment uf un ob lawfa os aw gaguck'd hen wie "Grundsi," un ferhoftich sei wons aw net worra. Yaderer hut Pennsylfawnish Deitsch g'shwetz, 's airsht fon da drei habta socha os es nembt fer 'n "Grundsow" werra. Die onnerra tzwae socha sin fers gelt howwa fer der ticket batzawla-in dem foi $2.50, uns onner arrick notewenich, fers glick howwa fer em sei nahma uf die Grundsow Lodge gleader lisht griega.

Wel eanicha waig, m'r hen der waig endlich g'funna nei in der hall, un woh iwwer dem die Grundsi fon alla ecka bei gagrodd'l sin kumma. 'S gross mehrtzahl fon da gleader fon da Grundsow Lodge Nummer drei, sin ei wohner fon Fildelfy, ow'r woh ol nei gatzoga sin ous da Pennsylfawnish Deitscha gagend fon da shtadt. Shpaiter im owet hen sie 'n ruf k'halta sehna woh ol die gleader uf die welt kumma weara, uns wor ershtounlich tzu sehna wie fiel os in Lechaw kounty gabora worra. Alla Pennsylfawnish Deitsch kounty wor darta, so gore ainer fon Franklin kounty, aw ainer fon Ohio.

Die airshda bakonta os m'r sehna hen kumma, wor niemond shunshd os wie der J. Norman Zendt, der Hen Landis, un der fendu groyer Alderfer fon da Grundsow Lodge nummer tzwae on da Shibbach, un glei da noh sin aw die Freindlicha Fierra fon Pine Grove kumma, niemond shunshd os wie der George Reinert, der Howard Reinert, der Howard Hughes, der Forrest Klinger un der Harold Gibson. Sie hen etlicha mohl g'sunga un worra wie immer, iwwerous gute.

Om sex uhr is die ess bell gonga, un sin noh nuf uf der tzwet shtuck, darrich 'n long dunkle loch nei in die ess shtub gagrodd'kd, un woh die grossa runda dish g'setzt worra fer siva mon tzum dish. On unser 'm dish wor der Henry Burkhart woh fon Bernsville har shtomt, der W. N. Hauck fon Boyertown, Earle E. Krause free'r doh fon da shtadt, un now fon Upper Darby, der Frank Smith gabora in Barricks kounty, der Henry Ulrich gabora in Lebanon, der Porra Lester Kriebel fon Pennsbarrick, un der Henry S. Borneman president fon da Pennsylvania German society fon Norristown, un woh doh in Allentown uf die welt kumma is, un now in Fildelfy wohn'd. M'r shure hen ol 'n gutie tzeit kot nonner bakont werra, uns hut uns noch bardich blessiert tzu wissa, os der Earle Krause k'heiert is tzum Charlie Whitehead doh om Call seinra dochter.

Onma nagshda dish hen m'r 'n mon sehna hucka woh 'so freindlich un blessierlich gaguck'd hut wie won m'r 'n sei lava gakent hetta, un worra doch shure os m'r 'n nee mohls dafor g'sehna hen kotta. M'r hen etlicha g'frok'd wars sei maich'd, ow'r niemond hut uns rous helfa kenna. Wie der fohrmaishder Sol Hagy fon Alden uf uns garufa hut fer paar werta sawga, hut selar same kerl rum gaguck'd un frish nei shtarta locha. Noch da fersommling is er kumma un hut sich bakont gamocht, un ferhoftich sei wons net unser'm ferstharvna freind John Henninger sei bruder Robert wor, un woh m'r maint os 'm John ous 'm g'sicht g'schnidda wear. Der Rob gucka wie der John wor, wos ihn so bakont gucka hut mocha.

Der Irvie Hoffer fon da university wor der Habtmon un hut uf der Porra Bechthold fon Fildelfy garufa fers gabair sawga om dish. Noh is g'sunga werra, un iwwer dem sin die maid kumma mit 'm essa, un allas wor wunnerbore gute. Des wor der fuder tzettle: Eppelbrie, Tzellerich, Allbiera, G'roashdr Rickshtrang fon Sifiaish, Flaishdunkes, Sourkrout, G'Shtemplede Grumbiera, G'backne Knallesbsa, Hame Gabackna Wek, Lodwarrick, Haesa Minz Boi, (ow'r sie hen uns ebbel boy hee g'shteld), Millich Fett, Koffee, Tzukker, Aichhawsa fuder, un Seegares.

Der Docktor R. B. Taylor fon Norristown hut die nela Grundsi breeder ei g'shwora 'm gawainlicha waig noh, un der H. E. Harting fon Mt. Airy mit da hilf fon ma freind hut 'n Grundsow g'shpiel gewwa woh die Grundsow selwar fertzailt hut fon ihr'm tzug noch Bucks kounty, un hut noh aw 's wedder gabrofatzeig'd. 'S wor iwwer rous gute, un aw g'shpassich tzu hoerra, wie sie gatzoga is mit 'm shuckkerrich, un wie die Mommy "Katie" Grundsow 's net gaduh hut fer lawfa, un sich uf der shuckkerich k'huck'd hut un die Grundsow hut sie sheeva missa.

Die shwetzer worra niemond shunshd os wie der Porra Tom Brendle fon Egypt woh g'shwetzt hut fon "Des Hartz Unser Folk" un der Porra Clarence Rahn woh "Hickory Tzoppa," ganumma hut kot fer sei text. Yaderer hut wunnerbore gute gaduh, un sot uns ken pieca wunnerra won net 'n lot bisnis in Fildelfy is fer etlicha dawg, jacket gneb aw nava. Die tzwae porra hen die Grundsi om locha kot os sie ols bol fon da shteel g'falla sin. Ol hen 'n boomerawlishie gutie tzeit kot, un shure wor 'n blessier so fiel guta, shtondhofta, Pennsylfawnish Deitscha bei nonner sehna in Fildelfy, fer 'n owets g'shpass un blessier. 'S worra bout 'n hunnerd fuftsich ous gatarn'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die Fildelfy fersommling is awench shpote k'halta werra, ow'r 's worra tzu fiel socha im waig on da university fers fesht halta on da gawainlicha tzeit, un woh feruhrsoch'd hut, ferwos sie fier wocha shpote worra.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

My secretary just showed me a picture of an Egyptian lady of some three thousand years ago.

It was a very amusing picture, she thought.

"Just look at that," she said with a condescending smile, 'Look at those gewgaws. Look at those crazy rings and those six or seven necklaces she is wearing. Look at those funny sandals with the toes sticking out and look—"

"Wait a minute, Jean," I interrupted, "look at yourself. Look at your lipstick and your rouge and look at your toes sticking out of your shoes and look at your long red fingernails and that crazy pin you are wearing on your blouse.

"Where do you think you are any less funny than that Egyptian queen or whatever she is?"

Crestfallen, Jean went out for a glass of water, and I read a newspaper article which might well have appeared in the Egyptian fashion magazine of 3000 years ago.

* * *

The article told all about an accessories exhibit held this week at the Waldorf Astoria. It is what women wear TODAY, not when Rameses was king.

"Emphasis at the waistline and above was achieved by means of eye-catching belts and scarfs manipulated in new ways, and jewelry handled with a flair," the article said.

"In one instance a belt at the waist was matched with its twin slung through the top of an envelope bag, making it an over-the-shoulder affair.

"Necklaces were worn not only in a conventional manner, but occasionally girdled around the waist with a gold kid belt or edging an off-the-shoulder neckline of a peasant blouse. The return of brass jewelry was noted, as was a 'platina' group that resembles platinum and was combined with rhinestones.

"Gloves complemented various costumes, those of string being recommended for tailored outfits. An attractive tie-up was of a black belt and gloves, both studded with nailheads in the same design."

* * *

So you see—they pay $25 for a blouse that makes them look like a peasant; $10 for a pair of gloves made out of string and $30 for a belt and gloves with nailheads such as we have on the rubbish heap out in Brookfield.

An then Jean talks about the crazy styles of the prehistoric Egyptian women!

By the way, when Jean went home last night, I said to her: 'That's a lovely little flower pot you have there. A present for your mother?"

"Flower pot, indeed," she replied, "that's my hat."

I hope I won't mistake my wife's chapeau for a plate of succotash this evening.

25 Years Ago Today

March 2, 1921, A Wednesday

Royal W. Weiler, president of the Allentown Call Publishing Co., Inc., told Allentown Real Estate Board members of the worth of the honest real estate dealer to the community at a meeting of the board in the American Hotel.

The Lieberman properties were bought by Max Channock and Max Senderowitz for the purpose of building a new motion picture house which would seat a thousand people.

Eldridge Walker Jr., member of the class of 1921 AHS and student at Mercersburg was a member of the debating team which was victorious in a contest between the Marshall and Irving debating leagues at Mercersburg.

Sigma Phi Delta sorority sponsored a formal dance on the Hotel Traylor roof. The Jazzland Novelty Five furnished music for the affair.

The Allentown High school chorus presented a program in the auditorium featuring Crawford Adams, violinist. The chorus was directed by Warren F. Acker.

Leo Ditrichstein, noted American actor appeared in the play "Toto" given in the Lyric theatre. The play was French and was adapted from the original.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

QUATRAINS

Friend

Heard the need of one he knew,
Round to see he went.
Such a little thing to do!
Such a lot it meant!

* * *

Difference

Man his loneliness must bear,

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.
—Miller.

AXIS SUB FORCES AT BOTTOM OF SEAS

With the conquest of the Axis countries, access to their records has become possible for the Allied Nations and so the story of the naval losses by our enemies during the war has been patched together to provide fairly complete summaries.

As to the American part in this smashing of the Axis navies, the final report of Admiral Ernest J. King has done a good job. That report was able to list every Japanese warship which ever went into action and to note what happened to it and when and where. It also listed the units of the miserable little fleet that lay scattered and damaged in Japanese ports when the war ended.

As to the Allied part in the smashing of the menace of Axis undersea warfare we now have the joint report of the United States and Great Britain, issued simultaneously in Washington and London on Thursday. From this report we learn that while the submarines, particularly those of Germany, did tremendous harm to Allied shipping in the early years of the war, they took an awful beating once the Americans and British got into their stride and found ways to combat the undersea vessels.

This report, compiled from various sources including the admiralty records of the Axis countries, shows that almost a thousand Axis subs were sunk in the course of the war. That means that fully fifty thousand sailors went down with their ships like rats in traps.

Of these 781 were German subs. Five hundred and twenty-four were sunk by the British and 174 by the American forces, while 83 were lost at sea without leaving any record as to what happened to bring about their destruction. "Spurlos versonkt," in reverse English!

In the Mediterranean the British sank 68 Italian subs, American forces sank four while 13 disappeared without leaving a trace.

The Japanese lost a total of 130 subs, of which the American forces accounted for 110, the British nine and one was lost in a joint operation by the Allies. Ten set out for sea, never to be reported in anywise except as "lost."

Thus a total of 996 dreaded undersea vessels were destroyed, bringing those branches of the Axis naval services almost to the vanishing point at the close of the war. Japan had 53 such ships in various ports at the close of the war, and many of these were badly damaged. Others in the group were small boats with little striking power and classed for "operational duty." Only 18 were really serviceable when the surrender came and they were decommissioned.

Germany's undersea fleet at the end of her war was larger than Japan's but it was a badly demoralized branch of the service. The bravado that marked the crews of such ships in the early years of the war was gone. Too many thousands of their fellows had disappeared and it had gotten on the nerves of the Germans who during the latter years of the war—1943, 44 and 45—became exceedingly cautious and did little more than shoot at "sitting ducks." They spent but little time on the surface and instead of being the hunters, they were the hunted. Italy's submarine force for the most part was a joke and in the clear blue waters of the Mediterranean were wonderful targets for British aviators.

So it will be seen that while the Axis countries banked heavily upon their submarines, in the end their forces were all but wiped out. Improved sound-detection devices and the development of radar made it difficult for the subs to remain in hiding anywhere very long. And when they emerged, the heavy patrols of airplanes and surface ships finished them off with depth charges that tore the subs apart. Lucky indeed were a few crews that were able to get their ships to the surface and take to the water and be rescued by their enemies.

NONE BUT LOYAL ONES MUST BE TRUSTED

The United States Army, following declarations in Congress that there is organized effort on the part of Communists of Russia and their sympathizers in the United States to secure the secrets of the atomic bomb, has issued an order barring all Communists and other "subversive and disaffected" army personnel from any duties having any connection with atomic energy and radar.

The order also bars such persons from attending officer training schools, flight training and any duties "affording frequent access to secret or confidential matters." They are also barred from assignments connected with educational, information or orientation programs for troops.

Thus no persons under suspicion of disloyalty to the United States and its institutions are to be permitted to serve in any of the so-called "sensitive assignments."

This is a proper step at a time when this country holds in its hand so much information that, in the hands of others, could be employed to bring disaster upon this country. Conflict of ideologies continues altho a war to destroy a lot of them has ended. If other countries possess valuable secrets it is not being recorded that they are pouring out their hearts to the United States. It is not believed by anyone that if the atomic bomb secret were possessed by some other country that we would speedily be "let in on the secret." So to the degree that it is possible, those secrets must be preserved. One way is to make sure that none but loyal Americans are permitted to get close to any of the information that concerns the war-time developments which were so effective and which have provoked so much envy.

MORE ORDINARY CLOTHING PROMISED

There is some promise of early abundance of certain lines of cotton clothing now so scarce on the shelves of the retailers and jobbers. This is afforded in a Government order issued yesterday by the OPA whereby the textile mills are to get higher prices for shirts, shorts, pajamas, and work clothing.

While new retail prices have not been established, it is estimated that the cost of shirts and dresses will go up by a dime to fifteen cents and other garments in proportion.

The move was made to encourage the manufacture of cheaper lines of merchandise and thus make it unnecessary for the public to buy expensive garments because no others are available. To accomplish this the Civilian Production Administration has ordered mill operators to shift a large number of looms to production of the fabrics needed for these inexpensive garments.

All of which will be welcome news to millions of Americans.

Mr. Churchill's Speech

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 8—Because Winston Churchill was so recently Prime Minister of Great Britain and spokesman of the Allied cause in the war, there is a tendency to forget that he speaks now only as a private citizen. The strategy of his address can only be understood by keeping that particular fact in mind.

For Mr. Churchill is too wise in world affairs to think that any person in an official post of major responsibility could discreetly propose a British-American alliance in the same speech which looks askance at Russia's expansionist tendencies and yet avoid making the Soviet regime suspicious of our faith in a United Nations Organization.

The former Premier of Britain has always shown an inclination to advocate special alliances rather than collective security. His speech in that respect is not new but a reiteration of an oft-expressed conviction which, for a time, it looked as if he had persuaded the late President Roosevelt to share.

But Mr. Churchill, knowing the American leaning toward collective security and our antipathy toward special alliances—and few persons abroad know the American way of thinking better than he—must have had some other purpose in bringing up the subject of an alliance at this time and coupling it with some pointed warnings about Communist "Fifth Columns" in various countries of the world, including direct controls over the weak governments of eastern Europe which border Russia.

What could that motive or strategy be? Mr. Churchill has a right as a private citizen to map out his own strategy and to do his bit toward the mobilization of world opinion along the lines that he believes will make an enduring peace. One thing that Mr. Churchill realizes about world opinion is that his voice is listened to and his words are widely read and that the powerful instrument known as "moral force" gains added strength when a world-wide figure employs it with all the frankness and candor that a private citizen of his background can employ.

Certain facts about Russia's infiltration in other countries had to be said and emphasized—and Mr. Churchill pointedly called them "facts" and not views. Certain pretensions by Russia had to be delineated. Mr. Churchill may not have been speaking to the government of the United States or to Great Britain at all. He may really have been speaking to Moscow, where not a word of his speech, significantly enough, was allowed to be printed in any newspaper or broadcast over any radio, but where the persons in high position undoubtedly read and re-read Russian translations.

For, viewed in this perspective, Mr. Churchill was merely reminding the Russian totalitarians that Britain and the United States had twice stood together in war and that twice the United States came in reluctantly. He was pointing out, too, that in both instances Britain and the United States were driven together and were not previously united by any alliance or program of international policy. As plainly as he could say it, Mr. Churchill was arguing by the well-known methods of implicit statement that a pooling of American and British military and economic strength was not to be ignored if any nation started aggression or embarked on the courses that lead to eventual war.

Mr. Churchill said World War II could have been prevented by proper action in 1935 and 1936. This can mean only that he thinks firmness today can prevent Russia from assuming that she can do as she pleases because Americans have begun to demobilize the Army and Navy and have become the victims of industrial strife and internal dissension, not a little of which in some quarters is already being blamed on Communist intrigue.

Mr. Churchill will be lambasted for some of his suggestions as likely to arouse Russia's suspicions and to make her even more difficult to get along with. But Mr. Churchill, who knows something about the weaknesses of "appeasement" from his predecessor, Mr. Chamberlain, may ask his critics to forbear and see whether Moscow didn't really understand the speech only too well when she decided to suppress it inside Russia.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE MILITARY ALLIANCE

It is often wonderful how politicians talk about what actually exists as though it were something unexpected and startling. The idea, of course, is to get the people used to what the politicians have cooked up. The Military Alliance between the United States and Great Britain exists. It has been an established fact since Dewey witnessed its potency in Manila Bay. We joined World War I after curious gerrymandering because of it. In this war, we convoyed ships while we were neutral; we occupied Iceland before we went to war; we jointly issued the Atlantic Charter; we Lend-Leased and exchanged bases for ships; we organized the Joint Chiefs of Staff and SHAEF—all because of a Military Alliance between the United States and Great Britain which exists in petto if not in law.

Of course, there is no treaty of alliance just as there are no treaties concerning the doings at Teheran and Yalta. The alliance between the United States and Great Britain, although unspoken, unplanned and unaccepted, continues because in every crisis and emergency it asserts itself so naturally that even some Irish-Americans who hate England per se speak the language of the alliance without realizing what they are saying. It is a curiosity in human history.

No man understands the nature of the American attitude toward Great Britain better than Winston Churchill, who knows how to go native in this country better than most Englishmen and who by a single gesture can undo the propagandistic mischief accomplished by such an emissary as John Maynard Keynes, author of the unhappy loan agreement, who possesses the rarest ability to create antagonism between the two countries.

So when Churchill goes to Fulton, Missouri, he knows how to make the President a partner to his speech. Think of these amazing words:

". . . Amid his heavy burdens, duties and responsibilities—unsought but not recoiled from—the President has traveled a thousand miles to dignify and magnify our meeting here today and give me an opportunity of addressing this kindred nation, as well as my own countrymen across the ocean and perhaps some other countries, too."

Precisely what did Mr. Truman magnify and dignify? Was it the proposal for a formal military alliance? Was it the expression of fear and uncertainty over the "expansive and proselytizing tendencies" of Soviet Russia? Was it "The safety of the world, ladies and gentlemen, requires a new unity in Europe from which no nation should be permanently outcast . . ."?

Surely, Mr. Truman cannot dignify and magnify all this and go along, at the same time, with Mr. Byrnes's appeasements. This "no nation should be permanently outcast" can be read as a slap at both Jimmy Byrnes and Ernest Bevin, for they are at this moment engaged in engineering a civil war in Spain which could make Spain permanently outcast. Also it raises the question of all the neutral countries—warlike Switzerland, for instance, which has become a UNO outcast because it is not a peace-loving country! And the reason that Switzerland is not a peace-loving country is that it has not gone to war. Reason that one!

And when Mr. Truman dignified and magnified Mr. Churchill's speech, did he consider that the great Winnie was really making a plea for decent and humane treatment for Germany and an end to the barbarous Morgenthau plan—an ugly blot upon the escutcheon of Western civilization?

And can anyone doubt that the entire speech was a sleek repudiation of the appeasements of Yalta, Potsdam and since? For look at what he said:

". . . Our difficulties and dangers will not be removed by closing our eyes to them (Russia's tricks). They will not be removed by mere waiting to see what happens; nor will they be relieved by a policy of appeasement. What is needed is a settlement and the longer this is delayed the more difficult it will be and the greater our dangers will become . . ."

But we have been settling with Russia ever since we started to do business with that country—settling through the nose, in fact. At what point is a settlement to stay put for a while?



DIE ALTE UHR

(An unknown and recently discovered poem by Henry Harbaugh)

'S now beiweitem nimme wie's als war
Vor alters in dem Vater Haus dahaeme;
So fiele neue Sacha stehna dar;
Die alte 'Rangements sin gar net meh's same:
Except yuscht ens—sell lesst m'r noch die Spur—
Dort steht im Eck als noch die alte Uhr.

So macht m'r kenne now—so hoch—so schoe!—
Sie langt vom Floor bis an die very Sieling nuf—
Mit Baerra Fues gekarved, un was noch meh?
Un Scrolls—un gold'ne Aeppel, owa druf.
Sell is en Uhr!—die steht do wie en King—
Sie is ken miserawel Yanke Ding!

Now guk ihr yuscht e mol recht in's Gesicht!—
Sie theut (*) die Stund, Minuta, Seckonds a'—
Sie weist der Moond im alta, neua Licht—
Sehnscht net die fetta Baewy Koep dort owa dra?
Sie gebt dir Datum, Zeicha, all first rate,
Grad so correct wie's im Kalenner steht!

Komm ich now Haeme--'s is als noch Haeme zu mir,
Gleich ich about in die alt Stub zu geh:
Dort kann ich sitza Stunda lang un heula schier!
Wer gar net lonesome bin ich ganz alleh,
Ich hoer so gern die Uhr—sie touched mi Hertz
Un fill'd mich now mit Fraed, un now mit Schmertz!

Dort stehst du wie en alter Monk im Eck,
Un predigscht mir mit ernstem Tick un Schlag;
Du merscht (*) mir schnell mi armes Lewa wek,
Un bringscht mi letztes Yohr, mi letzter Tag!
Ich musz now geh—ich hab noch fiel zu thu'—
Arbeit fuer Gott un Mensch bringt endlich Ruh.

*theut for deit, points.
*merscht, no doubt a misprint for merkscht, mark

In looking through various old German American almanacs recently the Editor of the ECK came upon the above poem by Henry Harbaugh which has apparently escaped the eyes of all scholars who have written about our revered patriarch of Pennsylvania German literature. DIE ALTE UHR appears under the name of Dr. H. Harbach in the DEUTSCHER KALENDER fuer die Evangelisch-Reformirte Kirche auf das Jahr unsers Herrn 1867, published by Pastor J. B. Kniest, Cleveland, Ohio. According to Miss Kieffer's recent biography of Harbaugh, reviewed in this issue of the ECK, the only other known poems not included in Harbaugh's Harfe are **Das Union Arch** and **En Stick Uewer's Aerndefeld.** We are therefore very happy to be able to offer to our readers a third one. Since Henry Harbaugh died Dec. 28, 1867 and since the material for the calender must have been in the hands of the publisher in 1866 the poem could not have been written after that year. There is sufficient internal evidence of its authorship in spelling and in the use of English. For the doubtful we submit further that in the same almanac appears an article on the rare edition of the Heidelberg Catechism of 1563 by Harbaugh's colleague, Dr. Philip Schaff, as well as a list of the names of pastors of the German Reformed Church in the U. S., among which is listed that of Dr. H. Harbach of Mercersburg, Pa. The Rev. J. B. Kniest would hardly have presumed to publish a poem under the name of the famous Reformed Church clergyman if the authorship had not been a certainty. In reprinting this rare poem we have retained the exact form as it appeared in the KALENDER, but that all umlaut-ed vowels had to be rendered by a following 'e.' The subject is one that has commended itself to later writers also. Harbaugh's grandfather's clock is today in the chapel of the Mercersburg Academy. —P.A.B.

ZUM A'DENKE AN DR. HEINRICH HARBAUGH

Since this issue of the ECK is dedicated to Henry Harbaugh we reprint here what we believe to be the finest tribute ever offered the poet. It appears in the Introduction to Die Harfe and was written by the Rev. Conrad Z. Weiser.

Dei' Harf hengt an der Wand im Eck;
Die Schpinne, die webt 'n Drauer-Deck,
Mit Schtaab schwertz sie es aus.
Die Schrauwe all minanner los;
Die Seede waxe zu mit Moos—
Der Senger is vum Haus!

Wie ungern sag' ich, was ich meen!
Doch du kumscht ewig nimme heem,
So lang die Welt noch schteht!
Dann du warscht allfart frieh un schpoht,
Un dei' Harf waer net so vergroht,
Sie war dir nie verleedt.

Ich meen ich dhet ah, wann ich schteh
Und an die Wand in's Eck nei' seh,
En Liedche heere geh'!
'S is wie 'n Orgel an're Leich,
Gans duhs un doch im Droscht so reich—
'S is traurig, aber schee'!

Dess is—so bild ich mir gern ei',
Un's kennt ah werklich Wohret sei—
Dei' Loblied wo ich heer;
Das iwwer die gans Kerch ergeht
Un aus so gar viel Herze weht,
Als dei' verdiente Ehr'.

M'r lest ah heifig in der Schrift,
Dass nooch sei'm Dodt 'n frommer Krischt
Zerick losst en Echo;
Sei' Erwet schtoppt, doch schterbt er net,
Er ruht un draamt schee" in sei'm Bett—
Sei' Werke folge no'h!

So scheint mer's juscht as ob ich kennt
Die Weis noch heere wann am End
Vum Lied der Singer schtoppt.
'S Schneckhorn weht als fort vum Meer,
Wann's Dhierle hauss is, un es leer
Im dunkle Eckschank hockt.

Ich nemm die Harf dann vun d'r Wand,
Un trag sie sachte in der Hand
'Naus uf der Weide Baam!
Sie schpielt dei' Loblied praechtig dort,
Zu dei'm A'denke immerfort,
Wie imme siese Draam.

Du kummscht ah nimmemeh dervor,
Du g'heerscht nau zumme annere Khor,
Dort b'halte sie dich ah.
Dort hot dei' Lied en anneri Art,
Sei' Harf is nei un himmlisch zart—
'S sin dausent Seede dra'!

Leb wol, du liewer guter Mann!
Sing fort vum Moses un vum Lamm,
Mit gute Krischte all';
Mir weile noch en wenig do,
Dan kummt dir Eens ums Anner no'h—
Ja, wer wees ah wie bal'!

BOOK REVIEW

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SOCIETY. Proceedings and Addresses at the Fifty-First Anniversary, Reading, Pa., Oct. 23, 1942. Vol. LI. Published by the Society, 1945—PART II. LIFE OF HENRY HARBAUGH by ELIZABETH CLARKE KIEFFER. pp. 365.

The year 1945 was for the members of the Pennsylvania German Society one of homage to Henry Harbaugh, the venerated poet and patriarch of our Pennsylvania German dialect literature. The fifty-fifth annual meeting of the Society was held at Waynesboro, Franklin County on last October 19th. It was in fact a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Henry Harbaugh. The Society joined upon this occasion with the Kittochtinny Historical Society and with members of the faculty and students of the public schools and other groups in Waynesboro in placing and unveiling a memorial tablet in front of the Harbaugh homestead. Also a flag was raised at the site of "Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick."

But a more permanent tribute to the poet is the publication of Elizabeth Clarke Kieffer's HENRY HARBAUGH, Pennsylvania Dutchman, 1817-1867. One may wonder why this biography had not been written before but the reason becomes evident enough in the Author's Note "The Genesis of this Biography" which follows upon the final chapter. Only in these latter years had church archives, diaries and correspondence been collected and arranged and made accessible for such a work. In view of the vast material which the author used, some of it seemingly trivial, this work might easily have become boring, but for the author's constructive skill and her easy, flowing style. With a zeal for frankness and honesty of presentation and with a conscience that may at times seem unsparing and bothersome, Miss Kieffer has presented us with an intimate and sympathetic portrait. The biographer, although admittedly "having no pretenses at a theological mind," is at pains to trace Harbaugh's career as pastor and theologian and considers his various published works: The Sainted Dead (1848) whose various editions brought him wide acclaim; The Life of Michael Schlatter (1857), based on original German sources; the monumental Fathers of the Reformed Church (1857-67); Christological Theology, 1861; etc. Miss Kieffer inter-relates with great skill the manifold interests of this zealous laborer in the vineyards of the Lord and brings us much information about local church history, about the Mercersburg Theological Seminary and its Professors, the famous Mercersburg theological controversies, about Marshall College and its union in 1852 with Franklin College at Lancaster, and about the period of the Civil War.

Here and there the reader may be tempted to inquire whether it is Henry Harbaugh, the preacher and theologian, or Henry Harbaugh, the dialect poet, that is uppermost in her mind. We are inclined to think it is the poet. Whether because of her own belief in his greatness as a poet or because she has submitted to the common cliche of later generations we shall not venture to say. Perhaps Harbaugh himself, if he were to return to us, would be disappointed to find the once eminent pulpit orator and theologian forgotten and he himself remembered largely because of a handful of Pennsylvania German poems. But Miss Kieffer thinks he might have been pleased, "for he loved his people and his mother tongue and it is not altogether a despicable achievement to have been the best poet in any language, no matter how restricted its field."

The Guardian, Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of Young Men and Ladies, was founded by Henry Harbaugh in 1850 and edited by him to the beginning of the year 1867. It was in The Guardian for August, 1861, that the first of his dialect poems, "Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick" appeared, followed in the November number by "Heemweh." Here was something that spoke in intelligible terms to the lowliest of his Pennsylvania German churchgoers. Harbaugh's colleague at the Mercersburg Seminary, the eminent German theologian Dr. Schaff, encouraged him in these humble endeavors. Other poems in the dialect now appeared in The Guardian. After Harbaugh's death on Dec. 28th, 1867, the same Dr. Schaff urged Harbaugh's most intimate friend, the Rev. Benjamin Bausman, to gather up these poems and edit them. They were published in 1870. Harbaugh's "Harfe" has become a household word among the Pennsylvania Germans.

It would be heresy to detract from the fame of one who has through generations endeared himself to the Pennsylvania German people. "Die Harfe" spoke to them in their own tongue, and yet it was for them a new voice. It spoke joy and comfort and beauty to an inhibited people whose lives admitted of but little outer emotional expression. It had brough the universal down to their own particular every-day lives. Harbaugh's fame is secure. But in her consideration of Harbaugh the literary man Miss Kieffer seems unconscious of the general field of our Pennsylvania German dialect literature and Harbaugh's relation to it, when she writes, "There is probably no one living today who has a sufficient knowledge of the dialect, plus a sufficient authority in the field of literary criticism, to be able to pronounce ex cathedra whether these are true poems or merely verse." The reviewer would say that at no former time has there been such a deep knowledge of our dialect based upon scientific and philological research and at no time has greater study been made of our dialect literature. Today the scholar is no longer so certain that Harbaugh rises as a mountain peak upon a plain It is clear today that he did not have the deep hold on the dialect nor the wide interest in the Pennsylvania German way of life, nor even the metrical skill of such men as Astor Wuchter, Eli Keller, Henry Fischer and John Birmelin. How much "Die Harfe" owes to Benjamin Bausman and to J. M. Beck and others in the change of phrasings and the elimination of excessive English words affords a task for some future scholar.

We are grateful to Miss Kieffer for appending at the end of her work Harbaugh's dialect poems as they appeared originally in The Guardian and in the Reformed Church Almanac. Interesting comparisons can thus be made. However, hardly any philologist would today concur with Miss Kieffer that Harbaugh's orthography affords any dependable key to his own pronounciation. The poet wrote in a day when no linguistic nor philological studies of our dialect had as yet been made. He himself had but a very limited concept of its nature and called it "a peculiar dialect, created by a strange mixture of all the European German dialects." J. M. Beck, who wrote the "Wortverzeichniss" which concludes "Die Harfe" must have recognized Harbaugh's own limitations and irregularities in the use of the dialect when he pointed out "In manchen Gegenden, wie im Lechathale, hat sich das Deutsche reiner erhalten" and again "viele englische Ausdruecke, mit denen er einige seiner Gedichte urspruenglich ueberladen hatte, sind auf seinen Wunsch durch pennsylvanisch-deutsche ersetzt worden."

This volume contains interesting reproductions of portraits of the poet, illustrations of churches with which he was associated, a line drawing of the old Harbaugh homestead at Waynesboro and fac similes of the cover-page of The Guardian and of a broadside of a musical setting of "Heemweh."

A task of love on the part of the biographer was the rendition of Harbaugh's dialect poems into English metrical versions. Also appended are selections from Harbaugh's English poems. It was a happy idea to reprint here Joseph Henry Dubbs' essay "The Poetry of German Pennsylvania" which had appeared in The Guardian for March, 1868, and which we believe to be the earliest published expression about our dialect literature.

In her consideration of the dialect poems the biographer has apparently overlooked the Rev. U. Henry Heilman's "The Genesis of Der Pihwie" (Vol. VII, No. 11 of the publications of the Lebanon County Historical Society) valuable not only for the matter pertaining to the origin of one of Harbaugh's finest poems, but also because it contains reminiscences of Heilman's association with Harbaugh.

We note that Harbaugh's Birds of the Bible (1854), mentioned in the text of the biography, was omitted in the list of books by Henry Harbaugh on p. 274.—P.A.B.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Sis Es Wert

Monicha leit gain fisha un griega nix, un der musigander un mail iwwermaishder Arthur Mattern fon Emmaus un doh da shtadt, kauft sich alla yohr 'n fisher license, un gait net fisha. Der Arthur wie m'r wissa, is der kerl woh der WSAN glae Symphony orchestra om gae halt, un aw der kerl os sehnt datzu, os ol die leit doh in da shtadt ihra mail uf tzeit griega. 'N lot leit uf kours kenna net fershtae ferwos er yader yohr 's gelt shpend fer 'n fisher licensa griega, un gait doch net fisha. Ow'r so wie m'r fershtain, is der Art 'n aryer kerl fer fisher shtories fertzaila, un maint all'm noh, die socha os er tzu fertzaila het weara awenich budem lose won er ken foos halt het. Un wie in da welt wot er 'n besserrie foos halt griega, os wie die paar dahler shpenda os es kosh'd fer 'n fisher license griega. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Art die socha aw net hous howwa os er die license hut un net fisha gait. Wons ferleicht rous kumma sot, maichds sei os dale leit 'n maining griega maichda, er dade die fisher license yusa fer 'n liegner license rous mocha.

'S Sol Net Rous

Doh is ebbes os Fegelcher uns gapifa hen, ow'r die socha solla net rous—der George Lutz un sei Erma fon Breinigsville wolla 's net hous howwa, wie sie da onner owet ous gas garun'd sin in da Butza Goss, un hen ihra glainer, krutzicher Austin folshter hame g'shova. Won sie nix drum gewwa hetta, hetta sie mohl fershture die lichter net ous gadray'd eb sie gons dahame worra, so os die nochberra sie net sehna dada die mashine in der shub sheeva. Arya socha os sella waig g'shaina, net wohr?

Aenicha waig, wies gas ol wor hut der George g'sawt, 's wear shier yusht so g'shwind fer der glae ketzer fon ra mashine folshter hame sheeva, os wie aw gae fer gas hola, un die sheeverrei is ob gonga. 'S wor grawd darta ons Martie Romigs' woh die g'shicht na shtae gabliva is, un so wie die mashine nimmy fon selwar gonga is, hut die shwitzerrei g'shtart. Die Erma hut sich ols nei k'huck'd shteera, un der George hut g'shova bis es 'm bol tzwitzerrich fer da auga wor. Barrick nunner is es uf kours fon selwar gonga, un der George hut sich tzu seinra Erma k'huck'd, un is fernix mit g'fohra. Ow'r wies mohl naicher hame kumma is, noh hetta n'r numma mohl sehna solla wie ochtsome os der George wor fer ken tzucht mocha — hut evens nimmy gagrax'd so os die nochberra net hoera dada wos aw gang'd. Un fer ols noch ochtsomer sei, hen sie noh die lichter ous gadray'd, un die mashine im dunkla in der shub g'shova. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wolla sie die socha aw net hous howwa, besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Wolla 'S Aw Net Hous Howwa

Un doh is 'n mashina erfohring os mier aw net hous howwa wolla—wie arrick os m'r 'm Dunnershdawg nommy dawg im dreck g'shtucka hen mit unser 'm rota blute fink fon ma Dodge. Des wor ae mohl, uns airsht mohl, os der Dodge tzurick gonga is uf uns, ow'r wos hut der ohr'm ketzer gakent dafor, — der dreck wor diefer os wie die radder uns gons unner dale fon da mashine hut flotch im dreck g'shtucka. Die socha sin g'shaina bout 'n mile fon Bushkill Centre drunna, uf ma grund waig, un hen numma gawinsch'd m'r hetta 'm George Miller om shtore g'folick'd, un weara iwwer die felder galofla woh m'r onna gawolt hen. Ow'r der George hut g'sawt, der "Mailmon" gang'd die shtross, un hen ous gamocht woh der "Mailmon" darrich kent, kenta mier aw darrich. Shpaiter hen m'r ow'r ous g'funna, os der "Mailmon" shun fer tzwae dawg 's hartz nimmy kotta hut fer sella waig fohra, un missa sawga os er 'n g'sheidie naus hut.

'S airsht wie m'r shtecka gabliva sin, hen m'r gamaint m'r kenta der dreck unnich da radder rous shebba mit ra shib woh m'r tzu all'm glick uf da mashine kotta hen. Ow'r des da langer os m'r g'shebt hen, des da diefer is die mashine in der dreck g'shlupt, un hen mohl fer 'n weil wohrhoft gaglawbt, sie gang'd da Grundsow noh. Endlich hen m'r on unser mashina shnep gadenk'd, un die mashine in die hae gajack'd, mit ra maining m'r kenta shtae unnich die radder shoffa. Ow'r 's wor net dawert, un sin endlich die shtross nunner tzu da Stella Simons, un hen g'frok'd eb aryads ebbes rum wear mit ma tracktor fer uns ous 'm dreck shlaifa.

Da Stella ihra boo der Russel hut noh galocht iwwer 's gons g'sicht un g'sawt, "Shure, mier hen 'n tracktor, ich glawb ich kon sie rous tziega." Shpaiter wie m'r gawunnert hen eb er aw shun onnerra ous 'm dreck g'shlaift het, hut er g'sawt, "Nay, duh bish'd der airsht, ow'r fon unserra nochberra doh hiwwa hen shun blenty rous gatzoga."

Bei selra tzeit hut der Russel der tracktor noh hous kot, un os er net aw shtecka gabliva is wor allas. Ow'r er hut sich rous g'shoft, uns aw k'hank'd, un ferhoftich sei der Dodge hee g'shlaift woh der dreck net gons so dief wor os wie woh m'r g'shtucka hen. Die grissel sin uns ous gonga fe: wenich shpaiter widder iwwer der same waig tzurick gae, ow'r hen uns noh abissel weiter rechts k'halta, un sin ol recht nuf uf der pike kumma—un wohs may wie ae shtong dynamite ganumma het, fer uns runner griega.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r wolla 's uf kours fershtonna howwa, os mier net 's aintsich'd worra os shtecka gabliva sin im Northampton kounty dreck—der shulemaishder Sterling Schmoyer fon Krocksville, un woh shule halt in Bangor wor da sama dawg aw shtecka gabliva, un des noch so gore uf ma shwartza waig.

'N bauer is 'm Sterling aw tzu hilf kumma mit ma tracktor, odder er dade ferleicht aw noch shtecka, 's same wie mier aw fermuthlich dada, won der Russel Simons sich net erbarm'd het fer uns, ous unser'm aeland helfa.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"Outlaw divorce!" suggests Judge Michael Walsh, of the New York State Supreme Court, as a cure for the "social cancer" in American life.

This cancer is an outgrowth of the war, Judge Walsh thinks, and its symptoms are inadequate family income, forced separations, long periods of unemployment and poor housing.

He predicts that by 1965 one out of every two marriages will end in divorce unless divorce is outlawed.

* * *

In other words, the learned judge intends to cure cancer, as he diagnoses it, by putting a plaster on it. But his diagnosis is wrong.

The disease is not caused by inadequate income or unemployment or separation or poor housing, but by marriage itself.

Many of these thousands of marriages now going on the rocks should never have been contracted at all. They were part of the war hysteria and neither the bride nor the bridegroom had the slightest idea of what it was all about.

The only remedy for that kind of marriage is divorce—and perhaps, some day remarriage under saner and more propitious conditions.

* * *

But what Judge Walsh and many other advocates of the abolition of divorce overlook is that the very existence of divorce laws is a challenge to divorce.

It is easy enough to stay married if you can't get unmarried.

But to make a success of marriage when it is comparatively easy to get a divorce arouses the sporting instinct of the average American who likes to tackle a hard job and make a go of it.

When my wife and I were first married and we didn't think we'd last six months, there were so many differences in our taste, in our outlook, in our ideals.

We could have got a divorce; that would have been the easy way.

But we loved each other and, both of us being young and courageous, decided to make a go of it.

Don't think it was easy.

Every day she had to yield a little, and I had to yield a little.

But for every little we yielded we gained a lot—we gained in self-respect, in balance in experience and in eventual happiness.

Marriage is something like a ship. If it's just a sleek, streamlined, beautiful racing craft, the first rough weather will break it to bits.

But if it is a sturdy, solid, seaworthy craft made of honest timber, it will ride out even the fiercest storm.

* * *

Don't let us outlaw divorce. Let us build marriages of sturdier timber instead.

(Copyright, 1946)

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

The carnival barker pounded his chest vigorously and said, "Look what this wonderful snake oil has done for me, ladies and gentlemen. Note my marvelous constitution.

"Would you possibly guess that I am over 200 years old, and was one of the original Minute Men at Concord?"

A farmer seemed somewhat skeptical and buttonholed the barker's assistant. "Is he really that old?" he asked.

"You can't prove it by me," said the assistant. "I've only been working for him 120 years."

* * *

A London dowager, very hard of hearing, visited her niece in Edinburgh, and went with her to church on Sunday. The deacon at the door eyed her ear-trumpet with deep suspicion. He tapped her on the shoulder and reminded her, "One toot and ye're oot!"

* * *

A Kentucky hillbilly watched his wife cooking victuals. "Better move a mite, maw," he suggested. "You be standing on a live coal."

"Do tell," said maw. "Which foot?"

(Copyright, 1946.)

Horoscope

Although you are spiritually inclined, you enjoy outside interests of the higher type. Your home life is very dear to you. You are careful and a good planner, a real leader, and have the faculty of being able to interest others in the things that interest you. You would make a devoted parent. This morning is a fine aspect to promote your personal ambitions and desires. Don't forsake your tasks no matter how much you are tempted to do so. Express yourself, as words of eloquence are yours. At 11:22 this morning you may plan a long journey without difficulty. Resist the urge to splurge around tea time this afternoon, and this evening an unexpected change may delight you.

25 Years Ago Today

March 9, 1921, a Wednesday

Members of the Allentown Fine Arts association witnessed a sneak preview of the paintings which went on exhibition to the general public at the Lindenmuth studios. George Elmer Brown spoke to the group on art and its place in community life.

The Triangle club of the YWCA made plans for the clubs Easter social service work. Following the business meeting Miss Marian Hartman and Miss Caroline Edgar entertained the members of the club.

M. A. Kuder, president of the Allentown Retail Coal Dealers association, was master of ceremonies at a chicken dinner social at the Hotel Penn. Short addresses were made by President Samuel P. Crowell, Philadelphia; Secretary Wellington A. Bertolet, Reading, and Organizer George Singerly, Reading.

City Controller James Hausman was the only charter member present at the 57th anniversary celebration of the American Fire Co. H. Schuler, H. Snyder and A. Schigert were in charge of the stag party.

Two bills proposing to establish as a state highway certain sections of public road in Lehigh, Berks and Northampton counties were introduced before the session of state legislature by Albert E. Rinn.

In order to give the public library more room for expansion, it was proposed that the property at 5th and Hamilton Sts. be given to the library. Community feeling indicated that the building at 914 Hamilton St. was too small for the growing civic center.

How to Have a Lovelier Figure

Proper diet is the easy, natural method to improve your figure.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Ships that pass in the night, and speak
each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice
in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life, we pass and
speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness
again and silence. Longfellow.

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

Half a billion people are looking to the United States for food merely to keep alive until their own badly upset agricultural systems can be brought back into working order and make them at least as nearly self-sufficient as they have ever been.

These people are not asking for beefsteaks and lamb chops for they do not know what they are by experience altho they probably have heard that they are delicious and satisfying. What they ask is the simplest foods in the simplest forms from which they can prepare simple meals for themselves and their families.

On a national scale the United States Government already has done much to make a very large contribution to this international need. In addition to surpluses which are on hand after a banner crop in 1945, additional surplus which can be employed is being developed thru two media: 1, coarser milling of flour which will produce a grey but palatable bread, already dubbed "Truman bread," and which is expected to effect savings of about 25,000,000 bushels of wheat; 2, reduction by thirty per cent of the grain used in the manufacture of alcoholic drinks, particularly beer. This is also expected to yield about 25,000,000 bushels of wheat for distribution abroad.

But the American people themselves can also do much individually and as family groups. There can be reduction in small and entirely safe measure of the amount of food consumed by these units; there can be conservation of food and a close watch as to what goes into the garbage pail.

Only too many persons think that their own small economies will have no effect upon the problem. Thus a patron in a local restaurant in recent days asked for half portions of food and "only one piece of bread," but was served with the usual heaping proportions and two ample slices of bread. Altho the request was made without thought of the food situation, the customer was prompted to remark: "You could save half of this for the starving people of Europe" and received the tart reply: "It wouldn't get there anyway."

Of course that particular extra slice of bread and the half portions of vegetables, etc., would not get to Europe. But a demand for only one slice per meal as against two slices of bread, persisted in for a week, would amount to 21 slices or better than one loaf. Thus the proprietor of the establishment would buy less bread by at least one loaf if but one customer adopted this course. If a hundred adopted it, a hundred loaves would be saved. That is to say, he or she would purchase bread in an amount smaller by 100 loaves than ordinarily. The baker would bake a hundred fewer loaves, the miller would decrease the amount of wheat turned into flour and as much as a bushel of wheat probably would be surplus. The same idea can be developed along almost any line we choose. And that bushel of wheat "would get" to the starving people abroad.

So there is nothing too small, nothing too insignificant to be disregarded if the American people are heartily back of this program. And if they wish to recall an experience in another line that demonstrated the power of millions of little people in concerted action, let the gasoline situation during the war serve as example. By reducing the movements of private cars and the saving of a few trivial gallons of gas for each car, a great Army and a great Navy were kept in fuel and two gigantic wars were won.

Likewise this important war against the Third Horseman can be fought and it can be won in large measure by the cooperation of some 130,000,000 Americans.

END OF FANTASTIC GEOPOLITICS

A lot of the grandiose thinking that prompted Adolf Hitler and his Nazis to their war of conquest was allegedly due to his acceptance of a strange philosophy, developed (if not originated) by General Karl Haushofer and termed by him "geopolitics."

It was a crazy idea like most of the crazy patchwork of Nazi ideas and even before the war had ended must have been relegated by the Nazis themselves to the political trash pile.

On Thursday General Haushofer and his wife were found dead in a suicide pact, horribly enacted, and it became known that not only had Haushofer been abandoned by the German people but by the leaders who had previously fawned upon him; that he had been forced to betray his son to the Gestapo torturers and that he himself had seen, tho perhaps had not been subjected to the horrors of Dachau and was a thoroly disillusioned man.

Like the rest of the German house of cards Haushofer and geopolitics are kaput.

F.B.I. WAS WAY OUT AHEAD

How well the F.B.I. operated before and during the war as to its detection and roundup of German agents in the United States is indicated in the current check by various communities as to what happened to those residents whose names on Nazi Party lists recently were found in Germany.

Altho the United States Army in its release of the lists to the press indicates that it does not as yet have the complete roll (and may never be able to find all the records) sufficient has been learned to show that hundreds of Americans were members in good standing among the Nazis, having paid their dues and having subscribed to the party's principles and purposes.

But where are those American Nazis? The story of the group in Reading pretty well tells the story. A check by newspapers reveals that either before or early in the war these men disappeared in the hands of the F.B.I. agents or that it was learned they had been interned.

By means all its own, the F.B.I. learned who were the dangerous fellows before they could do any harm and quietly and effectively disposed of them.

Russia Losing Friends

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 15—The American people will have to get used to frequent crises in world affairs and particularly to the devious ways of power politics.

The assumption of the man on the street is that when two powerful nations happen to differ and there are big headlines about it in the press, it is an occasion for alarm or apprehension and that war is in the offing.

Actually the situation precipitated by Russia is the direct result of the entrance of the United States into European affairs as pledged in the famous Yalta conference in 1945. When the United States government, through the action of the late President Roosevelt, promised to underwrite the peace of Europe and to engage in separate agreements with Britain and Russia relative to the setting-up of new governments in the Balkans and the Near East, this country acquired responsibilities it never before had to discharge.

* * *

The late President felt that, in the interest of preventing another world war, American participation in European matters was imperative. He hoped, of course, that the power politics of a Big Three set-up would be superseded by the proceedings of the United Nations, but unfortunately Russia's insistence on the exercise of a veto power in the Security Council threw the whole problem back on the Big Three.

So today Great Britain, the United States and Russia are engaged in a long-range discussion on how to re-adjust the power of the world. The British have specific interests in preserving their empire and its lifeline to India through southern Europe and the Suez Canal. The Russians feel their newly won power and prestige and see no reason why Russia should not dominate Europe and the approaches to her territory in Asia.

Hitler had hoped to dominate Europe and failed. He thought Britain the real barrier to Germany's ambitions, and he hoped to put Russia out of the way as he fought. But when Hitler's efforts failed, this left Russia and Britain to struggle for the mastery of Europe.

America, as the single mediating influence without any direct interest in European territory, can perhaps hold the scales even. But many of the Soviet's actions are inscrutable and the United States government is finding it increasingly difficult to reconcile Russia's professed interest in the peaceful methods of the United Nations Organization with the troop movements that always seem to precede her use of military pressure upon sovereign nations.

The reason why the Red armies aren't being withdrawn on time from Iran probably is related to the Russian desire to place her troops strategically on the Turkish border so as to coerce Turkey. It is the Dardanelles and the Mediterranean which Russia is aiming at, rather than domination of Iran alone.

Russia wants control of as much territory and resources as she can get. She knows Britain today is powerless to stop her. Hence Moscow is quick to accuse Britain of being desirous of lining up America on the side of the British. That is why Churchill's speech was so bitterly denounced by the controlled press of Russia. A comparison of what Churchill really said about Russia with what Secretary Byrnes said in his address in New York a few days earlier indicates that the two men issued much the same warning about Russia's aggressive tendencies. Mr. Byrnes wasn't attacked by Moscow, though it is significant an effort is being made inside the United States—possibly traceable to certain left-wingers—to undermine the Secretary by putting out frequent rumors about his resignation which are absolutely without foundation.

* * *

Russia plays a peculiar game but the American people will have to get accustomed to the Russian propaganda methods and the use of force and pressure against weaker countries.

Sooner or later the opportunity to deny Russia things she most needs will come to the United States government as a trading point. There isn't a remote chance Russia will ever get the atom bomb secret from us. She will find it increasingly difficult to rehabilitate her own country, because she will have alienated the American people who could be very helpful to her. Russia is losing friends inside America very rapidly and it may be that before long she will come to realize it and execute a complete reversal. Such somersaults also are to be expected as part of the devices of the Communistic school of thought.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

When Joseph P. Kennedy suggested that the United States make Great Britain a grant-in-aid rather than a loan, he bespoke honesty of purpose, for by no stretch of the imagination, even of politicians, is it possible to call the current transaction between these countries a loan.

For a loan involves an absolute assurance of a return. The lender assumes no risk at all. He takes into account the ability of the borrower to meet his obligations and should he find them inadequate or doubtful, he does not make the loan. He demands security to eliminate risk. The required security depends upon the degree of certainty of the ability of the borrower to repay. The lender wants not only a return of his money but a reward for its use by the borrower. This is interest. If the borrower's credit is poor, he charges a higher interest because whereas he invites no risk, an element of doubt has entered into the transaction. If the borrower's credit is good, the interest charge is likely to be less.

But it is essential that the lender shall have the money to lend. That is altogether uncertain in this particular instance, for the lender, the United States, is heavily in debt, actually has to pay higher interest for the money it borrows from its own people than it is charging the British borrower. As a matter of fact, when Secretary of the Treasury Vinson was asked at a Senate Committee hearing to elaborate what interest he thought the American government would have to pay to borrow the money to lend to the British, he did not answer. And when asked if someone else in the Treasury would discuss this subject, he said, "No."

* * *

All this makes this loan operation exceedingly unbusiness-like. In fact, the loan takes on the appearance of a grant-in-aid while being advertised as a loan. A curious document was issued by Fred M. Vinson, James F. Byrnes, Henry A. Wallace, M. S. Eccles, William McC. Martin Jr.—all of the National Advisory Council on International Monetary and Financial Problems—in which the point is made, in favor of the loan, that:

". . . Such a situation has already arisen, for instance, with reference to railroad equipment, machine tools, power and transmission equipment, and certain types of general industrial machinery. This is also true for some of the metals, heavy chemicals, synthetic rubber, and other industrial materials. Similarly, we have quantities of cotton, tobacco and other agricultural products which are surplus to domestic needs. It is fortunate that this excess productive capacity is for many items which are most urgently needed by the war-devastated countries."

Now, none of this is true. In fact, this country is frightfully short of these commodities. We are so short of railroad equipment that although the war has been over for months, it is still impossible to restore normal civilian transportation or to move agricultural products with essential rapidity. In spite of this lack of equipment, carloadings in the week of March 2 this year were only one percent below a year ago when we were at war, which explains why transportation is so difficult.

* * *

As for machine tools, power and transmission equipment and industrial machinery, the shortages are so critical that the capital or consumers goods for which the entire country is weeping cannot be provided.

As for steel, the shortage is so keen that buyers practically stand in line to get their quotas. I recently tried to help a veteran who wanted to start a business of his own, and bumped up personally and sharply against the shortage. Yet, this week, the American steel industry will produce 1,473,000 tons as compared with 1,731,000 tons a year ago.

I wonder if these great authorities would like to list the products of which there is an excess in this country or which we could afford to export right now. I should like to see some evidence of the excess, for instance, in cotton in the United States this week or last week or next week, in view of the shortage in shirts, underwear, cotton goods. Apparently this false argument is the best these men can do.

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Londoners are feasting on fish since war hazards to fishermen were removed and receipts at Billingsgate have averaged more than 500 tons a day in recent weeks.

Londonderry, Eire, Petty Sessions Court has a problem in people of all classes of religion, who, in going on the witness stand, throw themselves into a fervour of piety and recite religious phrases.



NEIE BESEM KEHRE GUT

Die Mensche, die wolle gaern g'humbugged sei,
Do macht's net viel aus welcher Weg es nur sei;
Wann nur etwas Neies, sell macht alles gut—
Die neie Besem, die kehre all gut.

Zum Beispiel do kummt en neier Parre herbei
Un schmiert de Mensche die Meiler mit Brei;
Sell schmackt all die Mensche so wunnervoll gut—
Die neie Besem, die kehre all gut.

Kummt awwer eener vun annere Schtelle
Un tut ihne Himmel un Hell vorschtelle,
Sell gleiche sie net emol halwer so gut—
Die neie Besem, die kehre all gut.

Wann ihr alter Breddiger dasselbige daet saage,
Dann daete sie ihm net die Helfte recht glaawe;
Sie daete all meene, 's waer net halwer so gut—
Die alte Besem, die kehre net gut.

Hot man viel Kimmerniss un Unglick gross,
So gehne sie mit Hend un mit Fiess uff ihn los;
Kicke ihn weil er drunne iss un gewwe ihm recht gut—
Die alte Besem, die kehre net gut.

Wann mer yuscht sei Point macht, annere mag's betriebe,
Sell is der Weg Christendum un Schpeit auszuiebe;
Sell macht alles recht un wieder alles sehr gut—
Die alte Besem, die kehre net gut.

In alte Sache do hen sie ken Glaube,
Sie wolle jetzt immer was Neies nur habe,
Wann sie Vornenaus wisse, dass es iss net gut—
Die neie Besem, die kehre all gut.

Sollt' dann en neier Doktor beikumme,
Der dutt all de Mensche die Ohre voll brumme;
Sell iss jetzt der Kerl, der macht alles gut—
Die neie Besem, die kehre all gut.

Daet er verzaehle, was all er kennt kure,
Un daet noch debei all ihr Lewe inschure,
Die annere, die waere net halwer so gut—
Die neie Besem, die kehre all gut.

Sollt' eener kumme un daet eich inschure,
Er kennt all die cases vun Auszehrung kure,
Dann daete sie glaube, es waer all recht un gut—
Die neie Besem, die kehre all gut.

Wann eener de Mensche die Wohrheit wollt' saage,
Dann daete sie net die Helft devon glaube.
Beliegt er sie awwer sell macht alles gut—
Die neie Besem, die kehre all gut.

Es sin als jetzt immer noch annere Dinge,
Die oftmols die Mensche ins Unglick nei bringe;
Die daet mer als immer viel besser verhehle,
Als iwwerall rumschpringe un annere verzaehle.

Man darf net immer das viertel Deel glaube,
Was mer die Leit uff de Strasse heert saage;
Viel besser mer bleibt immer ruhich dezu
Un schliesst sei Maul mit me Schlissel fest zu.

Man sollt' doch aa meene, Erfahrung daet bringe
Gewisse Klugheite in all denne Dinge;
Die Mensche, die glaube an Humbuggerei,
Wann's juscht eppes Neies, dann sin sie debei.
Es macht net aus was—sell macht alles gut,
Die neie Besem, die kehre all gut.

—DER ONKEL JEFF
(Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads)

SOAP MAKING

By RUSSELL W. GILBERT

The Pennsylvania German housewife learned the art of soap making many years ago. She learned it early not only because she was extremely cleanly but also because she was thrifty and wanted to make use of all left-over fats for a worthwhile purpose. During the winter she collected all the greases and fats she could get, and then made her soap usually during spring and early summer. In addition to fats, she made provision for keeping all the wood ash by placing it into high wooden barrels, kegs, or receptacles (**Schtenner.**)

The **Schtenner** in which the wood ashes were kept had an opening along the side but way at the bottom so that the solution formed by the addition of rain water or of hot water could flow out. Twigs and straw, placed before the hole in the **Schtenner**, served as a filter to clear the solution as much as possible. Frequently a **Schpundezappe** (sometimes pronounced with a long vowel, **Schpuhndezappe**) closed the opening in the **Schtenner.** The word comes from the high German **Spundzapfen,** and means "bung," which according to Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition, refers to "the stopper of the orifice in the bilge of a cask." Note the form **Schpundeloch** or bunghole, and **Schpundhols** or sapwood.

The solution in the **Schtenner** was prepared in this way: After the twigs and straw were placed before the opening, **Kallick** (lime in stone form, already burned by the farmers) and wood ash (**Holsesch**) were added, and water was poured over the ashes until the solution was strong enough to carry an egg; that is, until the egg floated. The resulting solution, drained and filtered from the **Schtenner,** the housewife used in the making of soap. It was called **die Laak or Laag** (Ger. Lauge.) "Die Laak," as the housewife said, "hen mer ausgezappt. Sie hot schtarrick sei misse far 's Seefsache zu ferzehre." (We drained the lye solution. It had to be strong in order to obsorb the fats for soap.) One should add here the fact that the Pennsylvania German had no difficulty in getting a good supply of Holsesch, for he burned wood in large amounts in the long iron stoves which could hold thick logs three feet or more in length. The making of soap fully illustrates typical Pennsylvania German thrift. (Die pennsylfaanisch Deitsche sin gewehnlich schpaarsam.)

Into the lye solution (**Eschlaak**), the Pennsylvania German **Hausfraa** put the fats she had saved: **die Griewe** (Ger. **Grieben**) which are the cracklings or greaves remaining after fat is fried out of tallow, etc.; **die Schworde** (Ger. **Schwarte**) which are the slabs or rinds of bacon and ham; and all other left-over fats. After the addition of salt or brine to **die Laag,** she boiled the contents in large iron kettles until the pure fats were dissolved (**fergange**) and the hard soap came to the top. Then she cut out the hard soap (**die Laagseef**) and trimmed it. The **Abfall** or **Brockeldings,** the trimmings surrounding the hard soap, were used to make a soft white paste called **weissi Schmierseef.** In the bottom of the kettle there remained a gelatinous or clotted (Pennsylvania Ger. **glewwerich,** Ger. **kleberig**), jellylike mass of soap called **dunkli** or **schwarzi Schmierseef.**

Several types of spoons or ladles were used in the making of soap. The **Schaumleffel** was a skimming ladle with holes, used both in butchering and soap-making; the **Scheppleffel** without holes, a ladle for scooping was made of iron and held about a pint. With the **Kalbascht** or **Kallebasch** (Ger. **Kalabasse,** English **calabash**) which did not rust, the housewife dipped out the **weissi Schmierseef** from the nail keg in which it was often stored ,and also the **schwarzi Schmierseef.**

The **schwarzi Schmierseef,** the soft dark soap which is very strong because of its high potash content, was used for washing very dirty, greasy clothes such as work pants and for cleaning board walks. Children were sometimes told "hart zu reiwe ass die Besem auswehre deete so dass mer neie grieje kennte," a scheme to have the children rub and scrub very hard, with the promise of new and better brooms as a bait. ("to scrub hard enough for the brooms to wear out so that we can have new ones.")

Now a few words about the chemistry involved. Lye is really potassium hydroxite, which results from the action of the water and the potassium carbonate in the wood ash; but there is also some sodum hydroxite, produced by the action of the water and the sodium carbonate in the wood ash. Sodium hydroxite produces hard soap, potassium hydroxite soft soap. Some seem to think that the potassium in the soft soap is replaced by the sodium in the brine or salt solution. But it is better to say that the salt brings the hard soap out of solution or precipitates it; in other words, the hard soap, which is insoluble in salt solution, separates and rises to the surface.

ALLE SARDE WARDE

Ach! Was hot's doch so viel Sarde Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Warde!

Wer kann sie fer uns deite?—
DAS DESCHELGRAUT — BALLAADSCHE (verb)
GEDEMMT (adjective) — DIE POSCHDE-AX
DER DRESCHFLEGGELKILP — DIE WITTIB
DIE SCHLEEFKETT — DER BACKOFFEHUDDLER

We have had many replies to our inquiry about the unusual words listed in the ECK for Feb. 9th and submit the following definitions:

SCHTROHGNEWWEL—It was used in tying **Langschtroh** into bundles, or **Gebinder** (Sing. **Gebund**).—Wm. F. Yoder, Elmer, N. J. Mr. Yoder points out that around Hegins, Pa., the vowel in this word is long, **Gnewel.**—When the straw was ready to be tied which was with a straw binder or **Schtrohseel,** the **Schtrohgnewwel** was inserted under the binder and twisted around several times until it was tight enough, then the ends were pushed under the binder with the **Schtrohgnewwel.** Made out of a piece of hardwood, about 18 inches long and about 1⅜ inches in diameter and whittled to a point.—Lawrence E. Buck, Lehighton.—A wooden pin about 20 inches long and about 1¼ inches thick and tapered to a point, used for tying corn fodder with **Langschtroh.** Lawrence A. De Turk, Kutztown.—Correct answers were also given by Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver, Locust Valley; James F. Fetherolf, Kempton; Robert D. Steinmetz, Allentown; J. Y. Schultz, Trexlertown.—Dr. Edwin M. Fogel, Fogelsville, points out that **Gnewwel** is related to the German **Knebel,** lever.

But who will furnish us with the English for **Schtrohgnewwel?**

AERNKICHELCHE—The Rev. Melville B. Schmoyer agrees with Lambert that it is a doubhnut prepared by the housewife to be served to the workers during harvest time. We believe both to be wrong.—Cakes without shortening.—A. Geo. Stahl, Allentown.—"Small drop crullers, "Fettkichelcher" made during harvest time. Sie sin gebacke warre fer die Leit as g'holfe hen in die Aern" writes Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver. We believe she is right. But never enter into an argument with a Pennsylvania German about the difference between a doughnut and a cruller, for, unless you too are a Pennsylvania German, you are likely not to know!

BEITELKISCHT—Among the various answers the following would appear to me the most explicit:

A wooden chest in which the bolted flour dropped after passing through the fine thin silk-covered bolters under the old millstone process of grinding wheat into flour.—Rev. Melville B. Schmoyer, Allentown.—Also called **Miehlbeitel;** a **Kischt** or box or trough in a flour mill about three feet square and twenty feet long, having a reel inside, used for sifting flour. The bottom o fthe **Beitel** was made of fine mesh silk which did the screening. The ground grain was conveyed up to the **Beitel** and what went through that fine mesh was flour and the rest was bran.—Dr. D. Geo. Knecht, Allentown.—The **Beitelkischt** is a part of the old-fashioned grist mill. The **Beitel** was the bolting apparatus It was mounted in the upper part of a long chest or **Kischt.** The bolting cloth was of silk or linen. When stretched over a frame, as it was, it formed an hexagonal prism, as I remember it, about twelve feet long and about two feet between sides. It revolved on a shaft. The ground wheat poured in at one end. The flour was sifted through the bolting-cloth. The bran and middlings ran out at the end of the prism. It sloped down from the end where the ground wheat entered. This slant was necessary to cause the bran to run out at the other end. Un des waar der Beitel.—Wm. F. Yoder, Elmer, N. J.

A-B-C-SCHITZ—An abecedarian—one who is only learning—a novice or tyro.—Small children who are starting to go to school. Heit missen die kleene A-B-C-Schitz fers aerscht Mol noch der Schul.—Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver.

DOPPELTGLENGICH—"En doppeltglengich Wart," an ambigious word, or one made up of several languages. —Dr. Edwin M. Fogel.—No doubt related to the German Klang, sound.

SCHTIWWELROHR—Answers were in general agreement.—The leg of a boot—that part of the boot from the instep upward around the calf of the leg.

BAERSCHDEBINNER—A binder of hog's bristles, prepared for making brushes.—Rev. Melville B. Schmoyer.—Brushes were made by hand and it was a dirty job. A dirty and sloppy person was said to look like a **Baerschdebinner.**—J. Y. Schultz, Trexlertown.—A man who made brushes and hair brooms. Also a word to denote an unruly child.—Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver.—These definitions do not make clear why the **Baerschdebinner** is in such ill repute in expressions like; Er iss g'schprunge wie 'n Baerschdebinner, or Er sauft wie 'n Baerschdebinner.

LANGSCHTROH—From rye thrashed on threshing-floor by flail, and used to tie cornstalks into shock before use of twine.—Mrs. Charles Lambert, Allentown. —Obtained by flailing rye and used for binding corn-shocks. It could not be put through a thresher as that would make **Huddelschtroh.** When the grain had been pounded out, we gathered the straw, butted the butt ends against the wall so as to make a nice, even butt, and lastly, with the aid of the **Schtrohgnewel** drew the straw band very tightly around the **Schtrohgebund.—Wm. F. Yoder, Elmer, N. J.**—It was also used in the old wooden cider press for filtering when making cider. Later they used canvas.—Dr. D. Geo. Knecht. Allentown.—Obtained from thrashing rye with a flail or Fleggel. Rye straw was especially long as that grain had a long stalk or **Halm.** The straw was rolled up in large bundles known as **Gebund,** tied or **gebunne** with a straw binder known as a **Dobbelseel,** which was tightened with a hickory handle sharpened at one end and used as a tournique. This was called a **Gnewwel.** Children sometimes used bundles of such long straw as a sled for coasting on crushed snow. Also there was demand for it in the cities for bedding horses.—James M. Fetherold, Kempton.—There were numerous replies and all agreed that **Langschtroh** was obtained by threshing rye with the flail.

BASCHTHOLS—Used for husking corn, about the size of a lead pencil and coming to a point at one end. It had a leather loop to slip over the two middle fingers to hold it. When made of iron it is called a **Baschteise.**—Dr. Knecht.—We now call it the Baschteise. husking iron—A. Geo. Stahl.—A husking pin made of wood, sometimes of bone or iron. Also called a **Baschtheisel** (Plural, **Bachtheiselcher**)—Lawrence A. De Turk.

In response to our inquiry about a substitute for that terrible verb "yuse" the Rev. Melville B. Schmoyer and Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver suggest the use of "brauche" formerly in common usage. A. Geo. Stahl suggests both "brauche" and "benutze." We have moved rather far from "benutze," but perhaps it is preferable to "brauche" because of other meanings attached to the verb "brauche" (as, to need), and confusion with its umlaut-ed form "breiche."

We refer once more to the unusual word **Fitzeel** (see ECK, Jan. 12.) Dr. Fogel suggests it may be a metonym (one word used for another suggested by it) for the Fitz or whip itself. A. Geo. Stahl points out that the verb "fitzen" also means 'to wind yarn,' inferring some connection. Has any other reader heard it used in this sense?

We shall anticipate your definitions of the list of words offered above.—Address THE EDITOR OF THE ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

The old folks often used rain water with the wood ashes because of the likelihood of having hard water in their wells and springs: hard water would eat up too much of the soap. Did the Pennsylvania German put rosin into soap? It seems that now and then rosin was added. But one frequently hears the term "rosin soap" when **Laakseef** is actually meant. Some women refused to use the "rosin soap," saying that it was too hard on the hands; others said that it was good for the hands and protected them against chapping, a reason why some said it was used only in winter. If the soap contained rosin, one fact is clear; the rosin was not harmful to the hands. Does a violinist ever complain about it for that reason? If anything is hard on the hands, it is rather the free lye, of which ail soap has a slight trace. The **Laakseef,** however, has a larger amount of free lye. If rosin was sometimes added, it served as an emulsifying agent; that is, it made the soap lather better and therefore last longer. Rosin has this effect because it dissolves in soap. **Laagseef** itself is not necessarily a rosin soap. Nowadays, the Pennsylvania German housewife who still makes soap generally uses caustic soda rather than the lye solution. **Laagseef** was lighter in color than coffee poured into a shallow dish. The yellowish tan is due to the impurities, for without impurities it would be white.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Tzu Flink Fer Der "Gellen"

Yar bei jupperty won 'm William Reber un 'm William Kemp fon dahinna in Trexlers ihra grosser fetter ux os sie doh net long zurich schlochta hen wolla, net in die welt nei tzu flink wor fer der "Gellen" Howetter woh 'n lassoa hut wolla. Die tzwae Williams' hen der ux in partnership kot, un die shlochterrei wear all'm noh gons ruich ob kumma won der ux un der "Gellen" net shtride grick'd hetta. Wos es gewwa hut wil uf kours niemond wissa, der ux is now dote, un der "Gellen" blauder'd net, un die onnerra worra ol outside da shire.

Aenicha waig, er "Gellen" is nei in der shtol fer der ux shlippa, uns nagshd os er gawist hut, wor der ux on da dier, hut die ewwershd dier uf garent, die unnershd is uf gonga, un er wor drous im shire hofe. Sis uf kours ol tzimlich shnell gonga-aenicha waig so shnell os der William Kemp woh on da dier g'shtonna hut worta fer der ux sehna dameemedich tzum shtol rous kumma, die foos halt ferlora hut, un is longs g'shtrack'd uf der buckle g'falla, un der ux is pull foot owwa iwwer 'n nous. Fon da onnerra hen sich noh tzimlich shnell ous 'm waig g'shoft, oddер er wear ferhoftich sei aw noch iwwer dale fon ihna nous.

Wie der ux mohl drous im freia wor, hut er kup un shwontz in die hae, un is ob die shtross nunner noch 'm pike tzu allas os er gae hut kenna. Halb waigs drunna om pike hut er mohl g'shtopt shier wie won er kunsiderra wot wella waig tzu gae. Endlich is er widder fert nunner noch 'm harda waig, un der pike nuf im Victor Hemmerly sei feld. Darta hut er sich nocha mohl hee g'shteld un die londschoft fon wunner aw gaguck'd, un der kup g'shitt'ld shier wie won er net recht wist wie tzu gae. Endlich hut er ow'r widder ous g'shtart, un is old dawaig owwa iwwer die hae nous so os er gute rum sehna hut kenna won 'm ebber noh kaimt, un is fert ol dawaig niver bis shier noch Mountain.

Sis uf kours leicht tzu denka os der ux net der aintsich'd wor os sella morya lava kotta hut. Die gons butcher gang is rum gajump'd shier won sie ol rum happy weara, un kenner wist wie aw tzu gae. Endlich hen sie ous gamocht wos sie breichda wear 'n guter shitz, ow'r woh ainer tzu finna wor noh die froke. Iwwel odder wohl is es da tzwae Williams' ei kumma der Harold Bailey wear ken so'n shloppicher harsh shitz, un sin helter skelter tzu ihm g'shprunga fer sehna eb er net so gute sei wot na der ux sheesa. Ow'r wie sie hee kumma sin wor der Harold net dahame, un sie worra iwwel ob un hen gore net gawist wie aw tzu gae. Wos noch mainer wor, 'm Reber sei Mary, un 'm Kemp sei Elmira, hen dahame g'shtonna mit ainer, darmboard un messerra, worta fer die uxa darm butza. Un won ebbes is os druvel inna butcher party bring'd, don is es won die darm butzer ihra darm net in tzeit hen.

Der Davy Kistler hut noh die tzwae Williams' aw gadroffa un gawunnert wos in da welt os om aw gae wear, sie dada shier so fergelshter'd gucka wie won ebbes shrackliches hinnich na gawest wear. Wie sie 'm noh g'sawt hen wos g'shaina wor mit ihr'm ux woh sie shlochta hen wolla, un sie weara om gucka fer 'n guter shitz, hut er gawunnert ferwos sie net der Rob Billig graichda fer 'n sheesa, er kent ma harsh die harner in tzol longa shticker ob sheesa, un der harsh griega mit 'm ledshda shuss.

Der Davy hut die boova noh mit seinra mashine tzum Rob Billig ganumma, un woh aw grawd fershprocha hut fer na der ux sheesa. Un er hut na 'n aw g'shosa uf der airsht shuss, un allas os sie noh tzu duh hen kot, wor der ux tzurick hame nemma mit 'm butcher Will Kunkle seim truck, un die shlochterrei hut g'shtart on da tzeit woh sie bout fartich sei hetta solla mit 'm gonsa waisa. Sie hen uf kours noh ois noch tzeit g'funna fer aw 'n grossie sow shlochta, un hen allas shae ous 'm waig kot eb die sun sich owets ferhlupt hut hinnich 'm barrick.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Der hoarshnidder Claude Shade fon Kutztown, un der shtorekipper Charlie Fenstermacher sin gons ousanonner so weit os korta shpiela aw gait —un ol weil der Charlie mohl ae dawg howwa hut wolla der Claude sot 'm der hund shaira.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

At 12:30 this noon I went to my nose-and-throat doctor to have the remaining traces of last week's flu removed. He painted my throat with several concoctions, stabbed my nose, stuck something in my ear—and told me to see my dentist, as he thought I had an abscess on one of my teeth.

So now I have an appointment with the dentist for 5 o'clock next Thursday.

In the meantime my wife phoned me to tell me that she would be a little late for dinner, as she had to go to her doctor. He is going to give her some kind of injection for her sinus trouble.

My mother-in-law is under a doctor's care for arthritis and several other ailments, and Deuce, my little Sealyham, whom you ought to know by this time, is at the vetaerinary's with dropsy.

My niece, Paula, who recently came out of the WACS, has trench mouth, and her physician just painted her gums with something that made her teeth all black and she had to break a date with a fellow who was going to take her to dinner tonight.

John Medbury, one of my best friends, has the shingles, and at present his head is full of ointment; and his wife is in bed with the grippe and expects the doctor at any moment.

What on earth is the matter with everybody?

To get an appointment with a physician you have to make your date two weeks ahead of time, and my druggist tells me that he is so busy filling prescriptions that he has to work 14 hours a day.

I asked our family physician how it is that with all the discoveries and all the scientific progress there seems to be more sickness than ever before.

"It isn't that," he said, "it's just that people indulge in their sicknesses more than they ever did.

"When I first started to practice, people didn't run to their doctor every time they had a little cold or a headache.

"But now they seem to have lost the ability to stand sickness. Maybe it's that America has become softer, or maybe it's just that everybody has so much money that they just don't know how to spend it, so they run to the doctor with every little complaint."

"But doesn't that make it good for you physicians?" I asked. "Don't you all make much more money than you ever did before?"

"No, it isn't good," he said. "We get so many would-be sick people now that we have to neglect those who really need us.

"Maybe if we hurt our patients a little more they wouldn't enjoy coming to the doctor so much."

I think he's got something there.

Maybe I'll cancel one of my appointments.

But on second thought, I don't think I shall.

(Copyright, 1946)

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

A six-foot-four hunk of man with a five-day growth of beard on his face barged into a Denver saloon and as his first order of business shot out all of the lights in the chandelier.

Next he tore a telephone directory in half, and then he tossed off six straight Scotches without pausing to take breath. Sweeney had never seen anything like it in his twenty years of barkeeping. "I don't reckon I ever seen you around here before," he said admiringly. "Where ya from, stranger?"

The uninvited guest spat squarely into a cuspidor fourteen feet from the bar and growled, "I'm down from Cripple Creek. They threw me out of the mining camp there because I was too effeminate."

* * *

A worried lady drove a rather battered automobile into a garage. "Do you think you can fix these front fenders so my husband won't know I banged them up?" she inquired anxiously.

The experienced garage man said, "We can't do that, lady, but we can fix them so that you can ask him tomorrow what in heck he did to them."

(Copyright, 1946)

25 Years Ago Today

March 16, 1921, A Wednesday

Members of the Coca Cola club journeyed to Peter's hotel for a chicken and waffle dinner. The club regularly met in Bob Good's drug-store.

John Kurtz announced that the new theater, The Kurtz, would be ready for opening within two months. The stage of the new house was built to accommodate any sort of dramatic production.

Orrin E. Boyle was elected president of the Civic club of Allentown. James Henninger was elected vice president; Earl Krause, secretary, and Roscoe Jarrett, treasurer.

City council granted Chanok and Senderowitz, owners of the Rialto theater, permission to erect a marquee at the new theater.

A reception was held for Grand Secretary Webster C. Weiss, Bethlehem, when he paid an official visit to Beacon Council, No. 422, Royal Arcanum.

Face, figure and voice were the three major qualifications by which the Pennsylvania girl for the Ed Wynn Carnival was to be selected. Wynn came to Allentown March 22 and 23 to find the girl who would represent the Keystone state in his carnival.

Horoscope

Your serious nature is known by only your most intimate friends, because you cover it up with a blithe and happy-go-lucky disposition. Any unhappiness is kept to yourself and you are kind without the knowledge of others. You can command a great love and will be very happy. Early this morning shopping expeditions should be vetoed, for you will find no bargains now. Early this afternoon, do not be surprised at a sudden change at work or at home; be prepared for it. The opportunity for extra gain through overtime work is likely to be presented to you around 4 p.m

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition. Southey.

STALIN FOR UNO AND PEACE

Prime Minister Josef Stalin yesterday gave answers to three pointed questions propounded by Eddy Gilmore, Associated Press correspondent in Moscow, and got answers that are being published world-wide—including the papers of the Soviet Union. These answers cheer the world because at long last Stalin has put himself on record before his own people and before the people of the world as one who is in sympathy with the United Nations Organization, as one who believes neither nations nor armies are "seeking another war" and as one who believes that "not a single action on the part of advocates of new wars" should pass "without due rebuff on the part of the public and press."

To this latter end he would "expose warmongers without loss of time and give them no opportunity of abusing freedom of speech against the interests of peace."

Thus Generalissimo Stalin has indicated he is desirous for peace and presumably is of cooperative spirit toward the end that world peace shall be assured.

The statements of the Russian head come at a most opportune time for the test of words against action. The UNO and the Security Council of that body will meet on Monday to hear a number of questions in which Russia's representatives have the opportunity to show deepest faith and confidence in the UNO by acting upon Mr. Stalin's own statement that "the strength of this organization is based on the principle of equality of States and not on the principle of the domination of one State over others. If the United Nations Organization succeeds in preserving in the future this principle of equality, it will unquestionably play a great positive role in guaranteeing universal peace and security."

Stalin's confidence can be shown by agreeing without hesitancy upon the discussion of the Iranian question which the United States and other countries are determined must not be postponed again, even for a matter of two weeks as the Russians had asked.

That confidence can be shown if the Russians will remove their troops from Iran, as had been agreed upon a long way back, and thereby permit the Iranians to establish a new parliament to take the place of the one that had been dissolved and thus give the Iranians a peace-time government.

But the important point is that Mr. Stalin has placed himself upon record without qualification upon the general questions of the day. He has pronounced unqualifiedly against war and he has endorsed the UNO as an instrumentality for international understanding and peace. If he will adhere to that position, even Winston Churchill whom he had earlier singled out as the leading warmonger and others whom Stalin may put in the same category, will be glad that they spoke their fears and that they drove the taciturn leader of "all the Russias" into the world's forum and got him to speak his mind.

'TWOULD BE A DIREFUL TEST

Aroused by public indifference to the operations of "black markets" in this community and some public contention that "OPA controls" should not only be removed but that the removal will be welcomed by the community, Lloyd J. Hersh, chairman of the local price control board, has suggested that the national government make this community the guinea pig and learn thereby whether OPA controls should be ended generally.

Such an experiment would demonstrate for the entire country what the effects would be, whether inflationary or tending to get the country back to fairly normal levels thru the release of vast quantities of goods and the operation of competition to reduce the price of such goods after the initial buying spasm. Then if the experiment were proven generally satisfactory, the OPA could extend the idea upon vast scale and if the operation worked on a nation-wide scale as upon the local, the nation would also get back to normal.

But Mr. Hersh's picture of the situation that he is certain will result from removal of controls is not a pretty one to contemplate. He sees plenty of butter at $1.25 a pound, shelves and racks full of clothing at prices so high that but few will be able to purchase them, skyrocketing of the rental costs of apartments and dwellings and plenty of vacant housing of both types because so many lessees no longer will be able to afford to live in them, and increase in the cost of living all along the line.

How families on the unemployment allotment of $20, how the white-collar workers on small, fixed incomes and how the returned veterans who are without jobs but possess a family are going to survive, Mr. Hersh confesses he does not know, nor does any one else.

The simple fact is that it cannot be done; that the elimination of price controls is invitation to a runaway in the price of just about everything now subjected to such controls. It would be highly costly to the public until the leveling off time arrived, if in fact it ever did arrive.

If Mr. Paul Porter, OPA Administrator, chooses to listen to Mr. Hersh's appeal to test the theory that price-control has ceased to be useful it is to be hoped that the proviso for restoration of controls be included. It can be believed that long before the determined period of the test that Mr. Hersh proposes has come to an end, the people of this community will cry aloud for help and relief once more thru the re-imposition of price controls. They will have wearied of a bitter lesson and they will be sadder but wiser men.

Gen. Spaatz' Speech

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 22—President Truman may urge and Congress may even some day legislate a merger of the armed services, but it will be a useless move unless some way is found to remove the bitterness which apparently is increasing as between the Army Air Forces and the U. S. Navy in certain important segments of personnel.

Naval circles have resented for some time the derogatory remarks made about the Navy by various Army Air Force generals in the field even during the war. These were reported to Washington from time to time. But the sensation now is the speech alleged to have been made on the night of March 14th by General Spaatz, commanding general of the Army Air Forces, at a private dinner given by the Aviation Writers Assn.

General Spaatz is being quoted as having launched a tirade against the Navy, questioning why the United States should have a Navy now. He is reported to have said that, since the Russians have little or no Navy and the Japanese navy has been sunk and Germany never did have much of a navy, the navies of the rest of the world are negligible. He is said to have remarked also that the Navy has no enemies to fight any more except the Army Air Forces.

General Spaatz is credited with having declared also that there was no need of a separate air force for the Navy and that air forces from carriers would be a waste of taxpayers' money. Some comments were reported to have been made by the General about the impossibility of launching atomic bombs from carriers. The Navy's technical men say the General is mistaken and that it is possible to build naval carriers which can operate the same weight planes as the B-26 and that atomic bombs can be dropped even now at great ranges from existing carriers.

* * *

But the main point is that someone ought to take these high officers and sit them down together in a room and teach them that this business of disparaging an armed service isn't good from any viewpoint—not even from the practical side, for if unification is to be achieved at all it must be with a spirit of cooperation and not destructiveness.

The Army Air Forces have done a magnificent job. Nobody in his right mind has ever disparaged the marvelous work of the air forces from land bases, but can't the Army Air Force Generals concede also that maybe Admiral Halsey's third fleet with its carriers did help to defeat Japan or that the Marines, which are a part of the Navy, did help to get the bases at Iwo Jima and Saipan and Guam from which the Army Air Forces launched their attacks including the atomic bombs?

* * *

There was glory enough for all in the last war, including the infantry and artillery—which services won many a mile of terrain in cloudy, snowy weather when planes couldn't help them. If General Spaatz did make the remarks attributed to him, he owes an apology to the Navy, and nothing would be more conducive to the ultimate achievement of a unified armed service than if someone who had made a mistake apologized for it and admitted he might have been wrong.

General Spaatz is an able commander. He succeeds an exceptionally able commander, General Arnold. But if the new commander of the Army Air Forces said what is being attributed to him in the reports that are coming out about that Aviation Writers association dinner, he has made his own participation in future meetings of the U. S. joint chiefs of staff of questionable value. A forthright denial that any such statements were made would be reassuring and, if something like it was said, an explanation of what was really meant would be in order so as to bring harmony where today there is disunity among the high officers of our armed services.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

LEHMAN VS. HOOVER

Obviously Governor Lehman resigned from UNRRA in pique over the appointment of Herbert Hoover to discover why UNRRA failed to save Europe from famine. During the entire course of the war, Mr. Hoover has been warning of famine, and even when Governor Lehman visited him at the Waldorf-Astoria upon his appointment to head UNRRA, Mr. Hoover warned him of the nearness of famine. The former President is now in Europe representing not a congeries of nations but the people of the United States, the most generous nation on earth.

But UNRRA is a political agency. It is a compromise among governments and it cannot possibly work because some governments want to use hunger, starvation, distress and despair politically. I am sure that Mr. Lehman has all along meant well, but he is not one that fights great names nor for great causes. He is more the administrative type that respects authority even when it is vile, and dignifies the corrupt of heart by obedience when circumstance demands that he speak out truthfully, and courageously no matter whom his words may blast.

* * *

Mr. Lehman knows, as he must, that the wheat that Soviet Russia offers France is American wheat to be carried in American ships. Anyone with even slight political acumen will recognize that this offer was made France so that the hungry French, in their despair, will in May vote for Thorez, the French Communist. They will vote for anyone for bread, for they are hungry. Wheat is used for politics, not for relief. Hunger is employed to corrupt the spirit as it weakens the body.

Does Mr. Lehman or UNRRA dare to demand that Russia pool her surplus as we and Canada pool ours and as the Argentine would undoubtedly be willing to pool her surplus? Does he inquire of the wheat of the Ukraine and White Russia and Bessarabia and the Dobruja—granaries of Europe for centuries? Does he ask Russia to pay her full share into UNRRA?

Famine does not wait upon personalities nor politeness. Senator Pepper may servilely support politeness, but death from starvation is not arrested by the timidity of the Floridian whose heart is sensitive to Moscow. Until the next harvest is gathered, millions of men, women and children must die of hunger no matter how much is done for them.

* * *

What they need most are grains and fats. Rationing the American people will not aid more than voluntary abnegation. But what is absolutely essential is that grain, needed for human consumption, shall not be fed to animals. Because of OPA's unscientific, impractical ceiling prices, it pays the American farmer to feed grain to hogs rather than to sell the grain for human consumption. And again, because of OPA stupidities, it does not pay the packer to trim lard and tallow. The butcher, in the store, sells the housewife fatty meats which go into our garbage pails. Those fats are essential to save the European sufferers from famine.

To put the whole problem bluntly, the American garbage pail could save millions of lives. Has Mr. Lehman ever told the American people the truth about that? Has UNRRA waged a public battle against waste, depending upon the good-will and charity of the American housewife rather than upon snooping OPA officials? Has he ever shown the American people what he must know to be true, that UNRRA might have done an effective job if OPA had not dislocated farm-food prices so that food humans weep for, hogs eat?

It sometimes takes great courage and it is often bad manners to tell the truth. It might even involve a breach of good-fellowship with those who pull at the same straw. So, all that Mr. Lehman can offer to handle a famine is the resumption of rationing in the United States. That is about as stupid as Henry Wallace's fake report on wages and prices. It is of a piece with all the imitative totalitarianism in our planless, improvised New Deal.

Sniping at Hoover will not help bring anyone a loaf of bread. It will only comfort the Communists who fear the consequences of an honest report to the nation by a courageous American.

(Copyright, 1946)

Pert and Pertinent

In the British steel industry there are an unusually large number of rolling mills, but adoption of the high-speed continuous strip mill has been slower than in the U.S.A.

By 1942 more than half of the assets of member banks of the Federal Reserve System were government securities, contrasted with a proportion of less than 11 per cent in 1929.

A bald eagle called Old Abe was carried by a Wisconsin regiment through all its battles during the Civil War, and came home without a scratch although the regiment's loss was heavy.

In the 52 years since its first successful commercial production, rayon has grown so rapidly that its world consumption exceeds that of wool, is 13 times greater than silk, and is surpassed only by cotton.

More than 10,000,000 yards of cloth are to be sent from India to meet the immediate requirements of people in liberated Malaya.

England recently celebrated the 140th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar when Admrial Nelson saved England and rescued Europe.



Hard Times In Berks County

An Historical Narrative by L. A. WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by the Editor of the ECK)

THOMAS RIETH

In the spring of 1775 Baron Stiegel journeyed earlier that 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. The last named was presumably the son of Leonhardt Rieth or of Johann Casper Rieth, both brothers having been leaders in that first migration of Palatines from Schoharie down the Susquehanna into the Tulpehocken valley in 1723.

Quite early on the following morning Baron Stiegel, a robust man in his best years, came driving into Weiser's farmyard with his gayly decorated carriages. He had come to meet his guests assembled there and to convey them to his castle near Schaeffertown where extensive preparations had been made for their entertainment. The guests, including our red friend Shekelemy were soon comfortably seated in the carriages and merrily on their way to Schaeffertown. But Thomas Rieth could not be induced to attend this pleasurable affair; he excused himself on the ground that an indisposition forbade him to take part in the festivities, but if his condition improved he would later follow them.

While these well-known German men were making merry at Baron Stiegel's castle, Mother Weiser was devoted to caring for the returned maiden. (See "Kidnapped by the Indians" in ECK, Dec. 8 and 15, 1945). She provided her with proper clothing and assigned her some work, seeking thus to banish sad thoughts from her mind and to make her happy again, but she was not altogether successful in these endeavors. She did not give up hope however, for Elise (that was the maiden's baptismal name) entered gladly upon every task assigned to her. She showed herself to be very grateful and was very useful to the good housewife who was blessed with many children. But Thomas Rieth also found in Elise a great treasure, for she spoke very fluently the Mohawk language, to acquire which he had been sent to Weiser. Whenever the opportunity offered he associated with Elise, in order to chat in that Indian jargon with her. He actually learned more from her in a short time than he did in several months under the tutelage of Conrad Weiser, notwithstanding the latter's every effort to prepare the young man so dear to him for the tasks of an Indian agent and interpreter. But other interests now began from day to day to attract Thomas Rieth to the maiden. New and more suitable clothing brought forth her beauty and perfection of form. Even though her sweet face was pale and continued to bear traces of her deep sorrow, she was beautiful, and when in her kindly way she looked upon the youth with her large blue eyes, his whole being was inflamed with love for her. He declared to himself that of all womankind only she could make him happy. He resovled to win her heart and no obstacle should prevent him from attaining the happiness of calling her his wife.

After Conrad Weiser, his son-in-law Heinrich Melchior Muehlenberg and Shekelemy had returned again to the farm at the end of the happy days spent at Baron Stiegel's manor, Elise begged Thomas to have Conrad Weiser examine him, in order that he might learn what progress he had made in the Mohawk language. Conrad gladly consented, especially since Shekelemy was still present for he could render the best judgment. The examination took place at once, and they were amazed at the progress which the young man had made in so short a time. The Indian declared that Thomas was now perfectly able to negotiate in the Mohawk tongue and begged Conrad to recommend him to the Government in the highest terms. Muehlenberg also approved of this action and especially so because in these difficult times the Government in Philadelphia lacked capable and courageous agents, and Thomas could qualify as such.

It was hard for Thomas to take his departure from Weiser and his family, for he had spent happy days there. Still harder it was for him to say farewell to his charming teacher Elise to whom his heart was attached with the ardor of first love. When he shook hands with her he could hardly utter the words that were to assure her how highly he regarded and loved her, that his thoughts dwelt always with her and that he would do everything to alleviate her sorrow and win her love. He also begged her to remain kindly disposed toward her, for he entertained the firm hope that they would spend happy days together. Elise clasped his hand and with tears in her eyes she whispered: "Go, Thomas, be successful in your undertakings; you will continue to dwell in my heart until Death doth break it."

Thomas Rieth had arrived safely in Philadelphia and was directed to go at once to the Committee which was to question him. The gentlemen of the Committee as well as several Indians present were quite astonished that the young German could possibly have learned to speak the Mohawk in so short a time. The governor, a friend of Muehlenberg, having received a report from the examining committee, had the young man brought in. He praised Thomas and gave orders that his patent as Indian agent of the English government be issued him at once. At the same time Thomas was ordered to proceed to the Susquehanna with a small escort of courageous and experienced men, for the purpose of bringing about peace among the wild tribes, who had migrated from the Northwest and who had in part already crossed the river with hostile intent.

Abundantly provided with munition, weapons, provisions and gifts for the Indians, the brave little party proceeded by way of Lancaster to Harris Ferry and thence up the Susquehanna until they came upon an Indian camp where the town of Dauphin now stands. They were peaceful Munci Indians. When Thomas had delivered to them the greetings of the great white father in Philadelphia and made mention of their friend the good medicine man Conrad, he was kindly received. The pipe of peace was handed to him and his escort after which they were provided with safe and comfortable sleeping quarters. Early the next morning a chief of the Muncis, named Cehachquey, arrived in camp and was not a little astonished when he caught sight of the palefaces; but when he learned from his people that the palefaces had arrived with greetings from the great white father in Philadelphia, in order to conclude peace with all redman and bury the tomahawk forever, his face radiated; he approched Thomas and his men, shook hands with each in turn and said: "Let there be peace among us!" But when Thomas further told him that he had acquired the Mohawk language at Father Weiser's house and that he had also seen his relative Shekelemy there the face of the Indian beamed. He inquired eagerly about his friend Conrad Weiser, who had once saved his life with his medicine when he lay sick and without hope. In other respects too he had shown him great favors; never would he forgot the good brother and hoped for many opportunities to show his gratitude.

Cheered by this conversation Thomas now explained the order he had received from the Governor, who was so deeply inclined toward peace. He then also touched upon the experiences he had had at Weiser's place, how he had learned to know the good Shekelemy, and that no greater favor could be shown Conrad than to bring him information concerning the whereabouts of the relatives of the poor maiden whom Shekelemy had brought to Weiser.

After brief reflection Cehachquey replied: "As far as your orders from the government are concerned I can inform you that there is a large encampment of Senecas a two-day journey up the river from here. They arrived from the Ohio a few days ago and intend to spend the winter on the Susquehanna because there is good fishing and abundant game here and thus they are guarded against hunger. But since you do not know their language and they are very distrustful, I shall send one of my warriors with you. He has lived among them for some time and is intimately acquainted with their custom. You may reward him for his efforts. With respect to the maiden whom you mentioned I can say to you that I know intimately the Indian woman Gila, in whose power the maiden was. If anyone is in a position to discover the whereabouts of her abducted relatives it is Gila, but she is an avaricious and insatiable woman, who can only be moved to do good by rich gifts. I expect to meet her in the Blue Mountains in a few days and shall then induce her to search for whereabouts of the lost ones and give Conrad a report of it.

Happy over this promise Thomas thanked the Indian most heartily and, after he had given him some gifts for his warriors, left the camp with his escort and his interpreter. It was fortunate for our young friend that he was accompanied by the Indian brave that the chief had recommended to him and that the same proved so willing and trustworthy, since the paths up the Susquehanna lead through swamps and thickets in which Thomas and his companions might easily have lost themselves and perished.

On the third day after their departure from the camp of the Muncis they came upon a large camp of wild and horrible-looking Indians of the Seneca tribe, engaged in the building of canoes and who watched their approach sullenly and with distrust. But when the Indian guide addressed them in their own tongue and explained that the palefaces had not come with their blunderbusses to do harm but to do good and if they would give the chief of the palefaces their earnest promise to do no harm to the settlers, not to burn, murder and pillage but to live in peace with the same and to bury the hatchet, they would receive rich gifts and better still ,they would receive protection against all their enemies wtih the aid of the white man's blunderbuss.

After the Senecas had calmly listened to this address their chief, Cowahsoraa by name, called the warriors and elders together in order to take counsel over that which had been proposed. They sat down in a large circle in the middle of which stood Cowahsoraa and two old Indians, the one on the right carrying a long tobacco pipe. The council lasted only a short time whereupon Thomas and his people were called into the circle. The chief spoke the following words: "You palefaces have come here unbidden and taken our land and many of you have done us much harm through your cunning, your firewater and your guns; but we do not deny that many of us have also committed deeds of terror against innocent and guilty alike. When we compare our acts we must confess that both parties have been wicked. And now you come and offer us the hand of peace. We are prepared to accept it and wish to give you the firm assurance that we shall keep our word. But woe to you if you act in bad faith toward us. And now what have you to say in reply?"—When the Indian interpreter had conveyed these words of the chief to Thomas, the latter ordered the same to make the following reply. "It is true that you have not called us into this country, but after we had arrived your red brothers voluntarily sold to our great father Penn a large part of this land where we now desire peacefully to dwell amony you, but many of your wicked men have burned down our huits and murdered our men, women and children or dragged them away into captivity. I shall not deny however that many of our people have also done you warm. They have lied to you and deceived you and taken advantage of you in many ways. But our great father in Philadelphia, who has sent me to you, now desires peace and he has forbidden any paleface to harm you and all good men praise him for that. I now promise you in his name that henceforth no harm shall be done you, if you do not give occasion thereto. The redmen were greatly pleased with the words which Thomas had spoken. The large pipe was now lighted. It went the round from mouth to mouth to the last man, whereupon Cowahsoraa rose, stretched out his hand to Thomas and spake: "Red brothers and pale brothers! There is peace between us forevermore."

And now Thomas had his people carry the gifts which he had brought into the circle and Cowahsoraa was informed that they were to divide the gifts among each other. This they did but in great disorder. Thomas was heartily glad that he had dispatched his business with the wild Senecas so quickly and happily. The very next morning he intended to journey further up the river, but Cowahsoraa who had shown himself so well-disposed toward Thomas advised decidedly against it, since there was for a long distance no camping place and further, the wicked Peter Cartiere and his murderous gang made the path very dangerous. Thomas therefore decided, especially since the weather along the river was now getting very raw and disagreeable, to return to Philadelphia, make his report there and await further orders. He wished to take the Indian who had served him so faithfully as interpreter back with him and promised him great rewards for any further service he might render the government, but the Seneca was not to be prevailed upon; he did not wish to leave his wife and child under any conditions and when Thomas saw that all his entreaties and promises were in vain, he gave him rich gifts and let him return to his tribe.

Thomas Rieth and his men thereupon returned to Philadelphia without any further unusual incidents. He hastened to the Department for Internal Affairs to submit his report and to receive further orders. His report about the Upper Susquehanna was very favorably received by the commission and praised by the Governor. Thomas was ordered to start out again at once and to make contact with the Delaware Indians, some of whom were encamped where the Schuylkill flows forth from the Blue Mountains and others along the Maiden Creek and the Allemengel district. Thomas was to pacify these Indians who had been stirred up against the English by Peter Cartiere. Since his way led by Reading he was not to neglect visiting Conrad Weiser and get his good advice, for this man was well known among the Delawares and knew their habits and customs accurately and had several friends among their chiefs. The young man accepted this commission with the greatest joy. The hope of soon seeing again the girl who was so dear to him gave wings to his haste. Scarcely had the next day dawned when he and his men were following the Ridge Road on their way to Reading. On the third day the sun was still high when they reached the beatuifully situated little village of Reading.

Reading was at that time still a very small place. In the year 1756 it numbered thirty houses and huts and about 350 inhabitants. It had two main streets, Penn Street, named in honor of Thomas Penn) and Callowhill (now Fifth) named in honor of Thomas Penn's second wife Hannah Callowhill. It had but two frame church edifices, the German Lutheran and the Reformed, and a Quaker meeting-house. The founders and early inhabitants of this borough were immigrants from the Rhenish Palatinate, Wuerttemberg and Switzerland. The names of the most prominent of these immigrants were: Adam Stichter, Martin Ege, George Geiszler, Nicolaus Reim, Andreas Fichthorn, Heinrich Reithmeyer, Abraham Kerber, Peter Nagle, Mathias Feder, John Dengler, Jacob Eisenbeis, N. Hiester, etc.

Reading was at that time still surrounded by a great wilderness. It was not unusual to see bears and other wild animals in the streets of the village in winter time and it became necessary to set up a watch both because of the animals and the Indians. What a change between then and now! Then a miserable little village of peasants and now one of the most beautiful cities in the Union, and with prospects of soon becoming one of the most populated of our cities.

On that very same evening Thomas presented his letter of recommendation given him by the government in Philadelphia and was thereupon greeted and entertained most kindly on every hand. Despite the honors shown him there he found no rest in Reading, for upon his approach to the town he had seen the familiar Eagle Mountain at whose foot Weiser's farm lay and where those for whom his soul yearned tarried. Early the next morning he was in his saddle and his spirited horse soon bore the yearning youth to the place of his desires.

(To Be Continued)

AUS BERKS COUNTY'S SCHWERER ZEIT

This historical narrative, written by Ludwig August Wollenweber, was published in Reading, Pa. (W. Rosenthal) in 1875. The Editor of the ECK has translated it into English and is publishing it in the ECK under the title "Hard Times in Berks County." The first four parts of this narrative have already appeared as follows: "Conrad Weiser's Home" (Jan. 27, 1945); "Upright German Men" and "Baron Wilhelm Heinrich Stiegel" (March 10, 1945); "Kidnapped by the Indians" (Dec. 8 and 15, 1945.) The remaining parts of this narrative, begun in this issue of the ECK, will follow in successive installments.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

COME HITHER, SWEET ROBIN

Nau kumm doch mol Amschel,
So schee un so rot,
Ich nemm dir ken eenzichi Fedder;
Nau kumm doch mol, Amschel,
Ich hab en Schtick Brot
Fer dich in dem froschdiche Wedder.

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!

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.

TOLLY-WOLLY TADPOLE

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.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Noch May Limericks

Da onner dawg hen m'r tzwae may limericks grick'd fom Wm. J. "Aebaenicha" Searfoss fon Bedlahame. M'r sawga gross donk, un hoffa der William fergebt uns fer paar werta fer-annerra. Des is wos sei limericks sawga.

On Fendua howwich fiel g'shpass,
Un ich sawg eich liever leit wos.
Ich kauf ol der chunk,
Un der groyer sawgt donk,
Un ich gae hame ons foss.

Fiel kerls fisha im parrick,
Un fonga yusht shtivel um garrick.
Sie shtoppa om shtore
Un kaufa sich paar,
Un gain hame un liega so arrick.

Net Aenich Werra Kenna

Der Paul Mertz un sei fraw die Ella fon Neffs hen da onner dawg yusht net aenich werra kenna wies paper bobier fon ra shtub griega, un noh aw widder net wies die shtub tzu paperra. Im airshda blotz wor die Ella shur kent 's bobier 's beshd ob bolvierra mit 'm Paul seim bolvier messer, ow'r sel hut mohl grawd net g'shoft. Noh hut sie gamaint 's eishter messer maich'd besser shoffa, ow'r hut aw nix darta mit awfonga kenna. Endlich is der Paul niver tzu ihr'm paperer Willard Rabert, un hut fon seina bobier krotzer k'hol'd. Darta mit hen sies alt bobier noh glei hunna kot, uns nagshd aryerment hut g'shtart wies ons paperra gonga is.

Die Ella wor shure alla guter paperer dade die wend 's airsht hanka, un hinna noh die ceiling. Sel hut der Paul un der Willard ow'r net gaglawbt, un denk die Ella het nimmy fiela langer blauderra darfa, weara die boova uf 'n shtrike gonga. Die Ella hut die rot ow'r glei garocha os sie besser ruich wear odder ferleicht net gapaper'd griega maich'd, un die boova hen die papering k'hank'd da gawainlicha ardning noh-'s airsht die ceiling, un noh die wend.

Alta Games G'shpielt

Golly reich wos hen m'r 'm onnerra Dunnershdawg owet net g'shpass kot on da Laurys Grange fersommling, alta Pennsylfawnish Deitscha games shpiela. Alt un yung worra ol widder kinner, un is ershtounlich wie wenich fon da kinner fon heit os wissa fon da alta kinner games, ungfare games fon fartsich-fuftsich yohr tzurick. Un noh wors aw ershtounlich tzu sehna wie fiel fon da gons gute bakonta games os ols g'shpielt sin werra, unnershttlicha waiga g'shpielt sin werra in unnershttlicha gagenda.

'S wor 'n shtun tzeit gewwa tzu da games, un die tzeit is ol tzu shnell rum gonga. M'r hen grobba g'shossa, farva garota, blumsock, eck tagger, Pussy Wants a Korner, un noch 'n lot onnerra alta games g'shpielt. Mit 'm "Pussy Wants a Korner" game huts uf kours 'n lot blauderrei gewwa weil 'n yaders 'n onnerra waig hut fers shpiela. Dale hens g'shpielt mit tzwae uf yader 'm eck, un ains wor die kotz. Die kotz hut noh rum gae missa froga fer 'n eck. Hinna rum fon da hinnershda ecka gawex'ld,—sin farna onna onner eck g'shprunga, uns hinnershd hut sucha missa fer 'n onner eck finna. Warever os ken eck g'funna hut woh noh die kotz.

Ow'r eb sel game recht im gae wor, huts onnerra kot os 'n onnerer waig gawist hen fers shpiela. "S airsht bei recht wor 'n outside game, uns nagshd der "parlor" waig fers same game shpiela. Ol hen sich inna roy k'huck'd, un des woh die kotz wor is fon aim tzum onnerra, mit ma kissa fer sich mit da gree druf hucka, un hut gagrisha wie 'n kotz. Des woh k'huck'd hut, hut die kotz noh shtreicha missa unna locha,—un wons galocht hut, is es die kotz werra. Noch 'n waig fers same game shpiela is fer sich ains in yader eck fon da shtub shtella, un die kotz gait aw rum un greish'd, un des im eck mus sie shtreicha. Won sel woh shtaid, locht, werts die kotz.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Sis nix in da welt os der "Warrie" Kriebel fon da Huffa Kerrich besser gleich'd tzu duh, os wie nous gae bullband shpiela.

Der "Warrie" hut yusht ae failer won er shpiela gait,—er wert garn so shlaiferich, un huck'd gawainlich glei aryads imma eck odder uf 'm floor un shloaft, die weil woh er bei da boova sei sot shpiela.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Today's news is tremendous.

Canada and the Russian spy plot. More strikes in the offing. UNO gets ready for first conference in New York.

Yes, today's news is tremendous.

* * *

But all I can think of is chicken potpie and bread pudding. And bicarbonate of soda.

I feel very uncomfortable. I had too much for lunch.

So, my brain isn't working properly and I am grouchy, and what do I care about Russia or Spain or the UNO?

It's chicken potpie and too much bread pudding that's worrying me, and when I go home this evening and don't show the proper enthusiasm at the dinner table, my wife will think that I don't love her any more.

Isn't that more important than Russia and the UNO?

* * *

Last weekend we went home to Brookfield, where they are just about shoveling themselves out of a winter of snow.

We had been away since November and, here in New York, we had a pretty hectic season. Shows and concerts, visitors whom we hadn't seen for years, dinner out and a few night clubs—and not enough sleep or fresh air.

But when we got back home nothing much had happened. Oh, yes, one of the neighbor's kids had got married to another neighbor's kid, and there's a new minister in St. Jame's church and old Mrs. Koehler's rheumatism had bothered her quite a bit.

But Spring was on the way and the folks are getting ready for all the chores that go with Spring, and Paul Kominack, our letter carrier, is putting a new coat of red paint on his 1936 car, and Carl Borodenko has ordered a new icebox for his grocery store.

* * *

I hadn't seen a copy of the Newtown Bee, our very important local newspaper, for quite a while, and there were no New York newspapers available.

So I looked for the latest news, and I found it.

The Georgetown firehouse had burned down, and there was an editorial complimenting our highway department for having kept the roads open during the winter, and there was a two-column head over a story describing the church supper and dance and complimenting the people on behaving so nicely.

* * *

There was nothing about Russia or Spain or the strikes or the UNO, and everybody seemed happy and contented and eager for Spring and the very, very simple life that lies ahead.

I didn't see a soul during that weekend who was worrying very much about the terrible shape of the outside world, nor did I see anybody who had eaten too much chicken potpie and bread pudding for lunch.

And the only reason why they sell bicarbonate of soda in our store is—well, they call it baking soda.

* * *

It's a funny world, isn't it? Happiness and world events and stomach aches and chickens and cows all mixed up.

That, according to her, was my "di-

Horoscope

If you are today's birthday child, you are a good executive and meticulous about detail. You are a born leader in business and in your social life. Your considerate of others, and friendly. You have or will have a happy married life with many children. The celestial brakes are on at 1:31 a. m. today, so don't expect speed in your plans and hopes. Even at 3 a. m. "haste makes waste" under the prevailing rays. You are likely to blurt out a secret this morning unless you keep a guard on your speech. About the middle of the morning get in touch with old friends. Be the first to make up a quarrel. At 10:32 a. m., planetary vibrations assist in granting you your secret wishes. Lock the stable door before the horse is stolen this afternoon. Late this evening be careful in handling electrical devices and call an expert if repairs are necessary.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

They had reached the 49th floor of a new skyscraper when Finnegan, the hod carrier, lost his footing and went hurtling off into space.

He landed smack on his cramium, went through the cement pavement like a shot, and letched up in the cellar. His mates came down with a barrel expecting to shovel up the pieces, but there was good old Finnegan rubbing his head and chuckling to himself. "Thank the Good Lord for that concrete pavement," he said. "It broke my fall."

* * *

An old tramp sidled up to the back door of a little English tavern called the George and Dragon and beckoned to the landlady, "I ain't had nuttin to eat for three day," he weedled. "Would you spare an old man a bite of dinner?"

"I should say not, you good-for-nothing loafer," said the landlady and slammed the door in his face.

The tramp's face reappeared at the kitchen window. "I was just wonderin'," he said, "if I could 'ave a word or two with George."

Today's Scripture

Commentary by

REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D. D.

Luke 19:1-40

Zacchaeus was the chief of the tax-gatherers in Jericho. Small in stature, he climbed a tree along the roadside, in order that he might see Jeesus as He was passing through. But Jesus was also anxious to see Zacchaeus, so He looked up and ordered him to come down, for He wished to call on him at his home. Joyfully he came down and received Him. What the conversation was we do not know, but something happened. No doubt Zacchaeus was like many others of his profession, an extortioner, and had thus become rich, v. 2. Let us overhear him as Jesus takes leave of him. 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' (See Ex. 22:1, 'four sheep for a sheep'). With this confession and promise of restitution, Jesus declares that salvation had come to his house. "Occupy" in v. 13 means 'carry on business.' It is related to the word 'occupation.' Stones in v. 40 are literally crying out these days, as archaeologists dig up evidences of Bible truth inscribed on them by way of corroborating names of places and historical events mentioned in the Bible.

25 Years Ago Today

A Wednesday, March 23, 1921

Thirty amateur radio operators in this locality organized the Lehigh Valley Radio club at a meeting in the YMCA building. Officers of the group are: Kenneth Keck, president; William F. Smelzer, vice president; H. W. Butler, secretary and treasurer; and William J. Kries, assistant secretary and treasurer.

Stainer's beautiful Lenten cantata "The Crucifixion" was sung in Asbury Methodist Episcopal church by the church choir and the Schubert choir of Easton. The church quartet composed of Mae Ruhe, Mary Deeths, B. F. Conner and Walter F. Banghart took part in the rendition. Charles W. Davis directed the singers.

Dorothy Beidler was given a party in her honor at her home, 507 Chew St. Miss Beidler celebrated her birthday anniversary. Guests were: Mae Kehm, C

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor soon or late
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.

Browning.

GLAD TO SEE BUCKIUS BACK

Whatever the circumstances responsible for the return of C. H. Buckius to important post in the State Highway Department there will be much satisfaction locally among the many individuals and groups which knew him so well and worked with him so agreeably during the years that he was district engineer for the department.

The era of Mr. Buckius' work in this community was outstanding for the building of roads that were well planned and speedily built and have since given high service to the community. It was an era of the development of a splendid system of roads with Allentown as the focal point.

Thruout all this there was constant consultation on the part of many local bodies with the engineer and not only was there courtesy to these representatives of the public but satisfactory cooperation as well on Mr. Buckius' part. In a word, the community constantly regarded him as an advocate and friend and constantly he lived up to that reputation.

There were regrets when he left State employ. There will be satisfaction now that he has returned to that service.

ARE YOU ELIGIBLE TO VOTE IN MAY?

Interest in political matters cannot be said to be running high at the moment among the masses and politics as they concern the forthcoming primary elections on May 21 certainly do not dominate public discussion nor take up much time in the conversation of private gatherings.

But it is conceivable that as the day of the primaries approaches such interest in politics will increase greatly. When the day arrives many persons are going to be eager to vote and will then learn that they are unable to do so.

Today is the last day for voters to reexamine their status, determine whether they will be eligible to vote on May 21 and, if not, make a bee-line for the registration office in the court house.

There has been so much movement of population that many persons will learn that since they have moved out of one district into another, they are now ineligible to vote anywhere.

So it will be good for any and all voters to determine at once whether they are eligible to vote. Such decision and proper action thereon will prevent disappointment later on.

OUR HOPES AND CHEERS FOR A.H.S.

Allentown High school's basketball team, which early in the week attained the second highest rung on the ladder that is fame in Pennsylvania basketball circles, tonight will strive to achieve the topmost rung and repeat some glorious history for their alma mater.

As the community a fortnight ago was cheering for Muhlenberg's splendid athletes and a week ago for the Vikings of Central Catholic High school, so it will be cheering and hoping for success by the high school team when it meets Homestead—western champions—in Philadelphia tonight.

It has been a long and a hard season. But the end of the road is in sight and the prospect of the greatest glory may well spur the team to its highest endeavors of the season.

LAST DAY FOR OLD MOTOR TAGS

The State Highway Department avers that it is not fooling, altho April 1 is the day upon which it is insisted that all Pennsylvania-owned motor cars operating upon Pennsylvania highways shall bear the new license tags. Prosecution for failure to comply with the law is assured.

For so many years the automobile registration year ran according to the calendar year—January 1 to December 31. Motorists became accustomed to that date and there was a great deal of stir about the end of that year when thousands of motorists rushed to get licenses that had been forgotten during the busy holiday season or had not been applied for because of shortage of funds.

Then the State conveniently and graciously changed the motor registration year to begin April 1 and end March 31. That arrangement has been highly satisfactory but nevertheless many motorists have neglected the job necessary to the operation of their cars, namely procurement of a new license in good time.

So today is the deadline date for securing licenses in Harrisburg. Cars without 1946 licenses had better be kept off the highways until such licenses have been secured and attached.

BUILDING MATERIALS FOR HOMES

It was almost immediately realized following the announcement of the Government's program for the building of 2,700,000 homes (especially in the interest of returned veterans) that there was no possible magic whereby houses could be built almost overnight, as a magician pulls rabbits out of a hat.

While governmental fiat is powerful it cannot build a house out of thin air or even resolve the plans for a very modest home into a structure of bricks, concrete and wood.

Realization of this fact comes with announcement of the government order providing that building materials shall be withheld from all non-essential construction and shall be devoted to new housing.

In other words the real shortage in this country lies not in desire to help the veterans and all others who stand in need of housing. It lies in the scarcity of materials of practically every nature which are required for the building of homes.

Strict enforcement of the latest order and hearty cooperation on the part of those who produce and distribute the materials ought to make possible achievement or near achievement of the national program.

The Russian Walkout

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, March 29—Russia's peculiar behavior in the United Nation's Security Council may mystify the world, but the British and American governments have refused to be taken in by the maneuvers.

The habit of walking out on important conferences or threatening to walk out is one of the favorite techniques practiced by the Russians in international affairs. A threat to leave the Dumbarton Oaks conference intimidated American and British officials and caused them to yield to the Russian wish that the proceedings be conducted secretly. The Russians have participated in international aviation and monetary conferences only to have it left in doubt at the end whether they really were in or out of the picture. At San Francisco the constant threat of a Russian walkout kept the conference upset.

But today Secretary Byrnes and his colleagues of the democracies have seen through these transparent efforts to prevent the democracies from exposing to full discussion the merits of subjects in dispute. Some persons may have thought Russia was walking out of the entire UNO but it became apparent the next day that the Soviet representative was merely following instructions not to participate in discussions about Iran—at least till April 10th.

Meanwhile, Russia significantly enough never told her own people anything about the walk-out. Neither the radio nor the official Russian news agency mentioned the incident. In fact, for more than 24 hours, no news at all about the Wednesday UNO Council session was given to the millions of Russians who read and listen to the radio.

* * *

This might mean that the Russians were playing a game for external consumption and were hesitant to let their own people know they were part of a crisis with the United States and other countries.

The Russian people have suffered much. They have recently been told by Stalin that they must endure a continuance of the low standard of living in order that the new five-year plan may be successful. They may or may not learn that through the economic help of the United States the five-year plan could be made effective and the standard of living for the average Russian could be raised.

So it is important whether American public opinion is friendly to Russia or begins to suspect totalitarian tactics that could develop an estrangement between the two peoples. Russia is not willing apparently to let its average citizen know what is going on, possibly because of a genuine fear that he might not like more crises or more talk of war, especially after the many millions of casualties suffered by the Russians in the world war just ended.

The best chance for the American and British viewpoints to penetrate the Russian barriers is to keep on arguing and discussing in the open such misguided adventures as the coercion of Iran. More than Iran is involved. The Russians now dominate most of eastern Europe. Supposedly independent nations in the Balkans have Russians on top of them so that freedom of the press inside the Russian sphere of influence is already gone and other liberties are denied on the pretext that order has not yet been restored or that security measures must be taken against "Fascists."

* * *

A significant step has been announced by UNRRA. It has declined to let American food supplies be used by Russia's occupying armies in Central Europe and has insisted that food for relief of Europe must go to the peoples and not the armies. The true story of what the Russians have done within their zones of influence has been effectively suppressed, but in due time it will come out and possibly before the UNO.

It appears now that all disputes will eventually be aired at the UNO, because unless the nations work together in a single organization which encourages open debate, the totalitarian government of Russia could keep the facts from the world.

The UNO Council's debate in New York eventually will have its effect on the Russian government. The Iran case will be settled but at a price which it seems foolish for the Russians to pay—the loss of the good will of observant peoples who know the difference between a violated treaty and a belated excuse for intimidating a small nation.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE TECHNIQUE OF BOYCOTT

No matter what happens in the Iranian situation, the Russians have again proved that in a manner of speaking East is East and West is West. In the Western world, we understand the responsibility of voluntary association; that when one joins a body, the decision of the majority in that body is binding upon him. When in UNO, the decision was nine to two for considering the Iranian question, the Russia walked out. He boycotted the session.

It is a difference in point of view. It is the same as the Russian insistence on the Veto. It is the same as the Russians holding an election with only one list of candidates, with no opposition. To the Russians, what we call democratic action is the submission of the powerful to the will of the powerless. To us, democratic action is the recognition of the rights of the minority to equal opportunity with the majority. They believe that a free press is one that is permitted to exist by the government; we believe that a free press is one that exists without government interference.

* * *

Their concept of life is wholly different from ours because their traditions, their habits of mind, their beliefs are different from ours. The great Count Tolstoy sought to break through the darkness of his world and to discover what freedom meant. In the epilogue to "War and Peace," he struggles with the meaning of freedom. This is what he reaches:

"Freedom is what is observed; necessity is what observes. Freedom is the substance; necessity is the form. Only by separating these two sources of self-comprehension (which are to one another as form to substance) can we gain distinct ideas of freedom and necessity—ideas which, when combined, are both incomprehensible and mutually exclusive. Likewise it is only by uniting them that we can gain a clear conception of the life of man. . . ."

How much simpler is freedom expressed in the Constitution of the United States:

"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."

Or that clause in the XIV Amendment which reads:

". . . nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

* * *

We have to face the fact that henceforth we have to do business with a people who do not understand us and whom we do not understand. It is not a question of capitalism or communism, of a republic or a despotic oligarchy. It is a question of human reactions to identical situations. I have never seen that stated better than in William Aylott Orton's "The Liberal Tradition," when he says:

". . . The individual may say to the state in practical matters, I think you are wrong but for the sake of peace and expediency I will assent to your policy; but when the state says to the individual, I know I am right and I call upon you to testify to that fact—then comes the parting of the ways; one way may lead to tyranny while the other leads to the concentration camp and the firing squad."

Compare that with a statement by Stalin at the beginning of the Russian Revolution:

"The fundamental question of revolution is the question of power. Who holds power, which class is in power?—this is what wholly determines the character of a revolution, its course and outcome. What is called a crisis of power is nothing more nor less than the outward expression of the class struggle for power . . ."

We think in terms of rights and obligations; they think in terms of power. They think in terms of a class struggle; we think in terms of the rights, privileges, duties, obligations and immunities of the individual. When we talk to each other, we really do not use the same ideas. We use language that can be understood but we hardly reach a meeting of minds on anything. That is our difficulty.

(Copyright, 1946)

There is no group of fishes officially bearing the name "sardine." The United States herring, the menhaden and the European pilchard are the small fishes which generally fill sardine cans.

The Zoroastrians of ancient Persia built their temples around natural gas vents in what is now the Baku oil fields, and thus obtained the eternal fires which they worshipped.

The Virgin Islands of the United States consist of three larger islands—St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John—and about 50 small islands, mainly uninhabited.

Czechoslovakians will establish a factory at Bligh's Lane, Northern Ireland, for the production of mirrors, powder compacts and other articles.



Hard Times In Berks County

An Historical Narrative by L. A. WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by the Editor of the ECK)

THOMAS RIETH

(Continued)

Several months had now passed since Thomas Rieth had left the Weiser farm where he had spent such blessed days and since his departure there had been no news from him. They were therefore overjoyed when they suddenly saw their favorite standing healthy and cheerful before them. The welcome which he received was so hearty that the pen is not equal to the task. Elise came forward beaming with joy and greeted him with all the tokens of faithful love and attachment. But Thomas observed that deep sorrow and melancholy still lingered upon that lovely face. She confided to him that despite the kind treatment which Conrad Weiser and his entire family gave her, an increasing homesickness for her own people had taken possession of her and she would never find peace until she had obtained certainty about her dear parents and her brother and sister, where they were and whether living or dead.

Thomas tried to encourage her by telling her that he had already begun a search for her lost ones, that he had already conferred with a Munci Indian chief about them. The latter had told him that he knew the woman Gila and that she was in a position to shed light upon the fate of the lost ones and that she would do so if thereby she could satisfy her greediness. This same Indian chief, Thomas told her, was a friend of Shekelemy and a special friend of Conrad Weiser, who had rescued his life. He expected to meet that old woman Gila in a few days and intended to induce her to find out the place of sojourn of Elise's people.

After Thomas had spoken these words a beam of joy appeared upon the face of the maiden, her cheeks flushed, her eyes glowed, and she fell upon the neck of the young man, exclaiming, "Thanks! Thanks! a thousand thanks." Tears rolled down from her eyes, yes, tears of joy.

After Thomas had spoken with Weiser about his experiences among the Delawares, he soon left his friends and his dearly beloved Elise and hastened back to Reading. On the following morning he was to journey to the Allemengel region, where, as he learned at Reading, the main camp of the Delawares was situated.

After a wearisome journey of two days he reached Allemengel with his men and stayed with a farmer by the name of Valentine Brobst, great-grandfather of the venerable Pastor Brobst, now living in Allentown, to whom he was recommended and where he was kindly received. From here he visited the various camps of the Indians, but he was soon convinced that he faced many dangers before he could attain his purpose, but he bravely set out for the goal.

About this time it seemed as if the evil spirit had suddenly descended upon the Indians, for murder, pillage and burning increased in a frightful manner, especially in Berks county. From all sides came the most distressing reports about the atrocities of the Indians; yes, even in Weiser's vicinity along the Tulpehocken and at the foot of the Blue Mountains the most unheard of deeds were committed. History relates that within one week 32 German men, 21 women and 17 children were murdered in the most gruesome manner in the region of the Tulpehocken. Twenty-four houses and barns were set on fire, the cattle killed in part and in part led away by the savages. Conrad Weiser was kept extraordinarily busy during these sad times. He worked indefatigably day and night for the welfare and the rescue of his fellowmen who were enduring so much at the hands of these unknown Indians who suddenly came streaming across the Blue Mountains. Now he was here, now there, gathering people, arming them as well as he could. He divided them into companies of 30 to 40 men and gave them capable leaders in addition to his sons Philip Frederick and Samuel. In a short time 600 men stood under his own command and that of his friend Captain Spicker. They now quickly scoured the country on this side of the Blue Mountains from the Schuylkill to the Susquehanna but came upon no enemies. They had as it seems observed the activities of palefaces and withdrawn again into the wilderness. Upon these expeditions Weiser and the indefatigable Spicker had small forts erected in the vicinity of farms, wherever it was felt necessary. To these the inhabitants could flee and from there more easily defend themselves against the attacks of the savages. Such a fort, almost entirely preserved from the time of Conrad Weiser, is still standing on a farm near Sheridan.

This is indeed a sad picture from out of Berks county's early days. Encouraged by the excellent precautions taken, many of the German settlers returned again to their farms and began anew their labors, but alas! many of their loved ones were missing. They had fallen under the blows of the savages or else had been dragged off into captivity.

Again several months had passed and nothing had been heard from Thomas Rieth. Weiser was therefore very concerned about the young man and wrote to the Department for Indian Affairs at Philadelphia requesting information as to his whereabouts.

It was not long before a reply arrived bringing good news. The last report which Thomas Rieth had sent in had arrived in Philadelphia three and one-half months ago. Since there was no further news a messenger was now sent to his last place of sojourn in order to learn in what direction he had turned or whether perchance some misfortune had befallen him and his men. The messenger had returned and reported that Thomas Rieth and his escort had tarried for a time at the farms of Valentine Brobst, Michael Brobst and Philip Stambach. From there they had gone forth to visit the camps of the Indians. One morning about three months ago Thomas and his men had left Stambach's farm and toward noon of the same day shouts were heard from out of the distance, followed by several shots and then everything was quiet. The young man and his escort had not been seen since.

One can well imagine that this report filled Weiser's family with sadness. Elise especially was deeply stirred, for had she not hoped that Conrad Weiser would find her loved ones and return them to her? And now Thomas too was lost, perhaps dead. Sadly she stole into her little room and wept bitterly. She had lost all hope.

HOPE

CONRAD WEISER'S health had suffered through the many hardships which he had endured and he longed for rest. He had a house built for himself in Reading. Having put his son Philip in charge of the farm, he now retired to Reading with his wife Eva, two children and Elise, in the certain hope that peace would be granted him there. But the good man was to be disappointed, for scarcely had he got settled in his new house, when he received a message from the government informing him that his resignation as Indian Agent could not be accepted. Inasmuch as there still remained much to be regulated and adjusted, even though the savages had calmed down, Weiser was still sorely needed. They no longer expected him to go on missions into the wilderness himself, but they thought his house ought to remain a gathering place for such Indians who wished to conclude treaties. At the same time he was appointed to the office of Justice of the Peace of the borough of Reading, for, so ran the communication, they had full confidence that he would invest that office with justice and in a non-partisan way to the welfare of his fellow citizens. Weiser had to submit and thus, as the saying goes, he fell out of the frying-pan into the fire. His house now soon became the general gathering place for the Indians. His house became the scene of many a wild Indian dance. Many a treaty was concluded there and many a peace-pipe smoked. All this new life had a beneficent influence upon Elise. She was kept very busy now and could no longer give way to her gloomy meditations so readily as she had on the farm.

Mor and more Indians sought peace and their chiefs frequently came to Reading to conclude treaties, to receive gifts and to procure Weiser's famous fever medicine for their sick. Thus also came one day the son of Chief Shekelemy, Capachpitan by name, together with his wife and daughter to visit Conrad Weiser and to give him important information with respect to the Indians living on the Susquehanna. The young chief and his family were most kindly received and entertained. Conrad did everything possible to make the Reading sojourn of the son of his friend pleasant. Elise was friendly toward the Indian women and they in turn were drawn to the pale maiden because she spoke their language so fluently. She had to eat with them; without her they would not even leave the house; in short, she seemed quite indispensable to them. One day while the three were sitting together in the room engaged in friendly conversation, Elise told them about the fate of her people and how they must have suffered. And finally she also told them about the young man in whom she had placed her hopes and how he too had been taken prisoner or perhaps killed. But imagine Elise's astonishment when Capachpitan's daughter suddenly and joyously leapt to her feet, clapped her hands and shouted: "I have seen him! I have seen the light-haired one as he canoed across the river. He was going from east to west together with Mother Gila and several Munci Indians. They all seemed to be in great haste. Whither they took the young paleface I was not able to learn and when I informed our Father Shekelemy what I had witnessed, he thought we needed not to fear for the pale man, since Gila was with him, but he would endeavor to learn where they had taken him. On the following morning I saw our grandfather Shekelemy cross the river with several warriors. Unfortunately our grandfather Shekelemy had not yet returned when we departed for Reading."

Elise was highly elated over this news, hastened at once to Father Weiser and told him about what she had heard. He too was very happy to hear that his favorite was still alive and that they could be assured of seeing him again, since he was under Gila's protection. He promised to inform the government officials at once, so that they could make efforts to rescue Thomas.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE

Thomas Rieth, as we have already learned, had proceeded one morning from Stambach's farm with his men in order to visit an Indian camp not far distant. He had hoped to obtain favorable results there. When he arrived in the camp and the redmen showed themselves willing to fulfill all his wishes, he had his men bring in the bags of gifts. Scarcely had the same been opened when he suddenly heard an angry grumbling to his rear, and before he could cast his eyes in that direction, a rope had been thrown about him with the speed of lightning and in the same moment it was pulled together so tightly that it was impossible for him to move his arms and reach for his weapons. His men were likewise tied and when their guns had been taken from them, the Indians held a short council, after which the men were shot and scalped, the murderers accompanying their deeds with gruesome shouts. Without any further regard for the slain men the Delaware, now left, leading poor Thomas away with them attached to a rope.

All day, without a pause, they continued on rough and stony paths through a terrible wilderness, until they came at evening upon a camp of Delawares where the Little Schuylkill joins with the large one. After they had given Thomas some food and slept here for the night, they proceeded further the following morning with Thomas under guard of ten warriors. As on the previous day their way lead over terrible paths. Tormented by hunger and thirst, his clothes torn and his feet bleeding, he was so weary that he could hardly move forward. He longed for death and at various times begged his tormentors to slay him and thus end his sufferings. Pitilessly they dragged him on without any reply. During the march he overheard that they intended to bring him into the camp of the bloodthirsty Cartiere for he would reward them bounteously for this captured paleface chief. At last on the third day they reached the camp of the murderous savages that Cartiere had gathered together from various tribes. The camp was not far distant from the Susquehanna. There were at that moment only a few warriors in the camp, most of them having gone forth with Cartiere on a raid of rapine and pillage. They were expected back after several days. The Delawares were disagreeably stirred by this report. They had hoped to dispatch their business speedily and leave again richly laden with gifts. Since they were not kindly treated in camp and given hardly enough food to satisfy their hunger they became surly and seemed to regret that they had come. Thomas noticed that they were brooding revenge. Already on the second evening, after darkness had descended upon them, a young Delaware who showed pity on Thomas, threw himself down beside him and whispered in his ear that the Delawares had concluded to send him to a nearby camp of the Muncis with whom their own tribe had made an alliance both offensive and defensive. He was to induce the Muncis to liberate the Delawares, who were not allowed to go forth from this camp, from out of the hands of this murderous gang. He encouraged Thomas and urgently reminded him to keep quiet so that the enemy would not catch on to their plan. If they succeeded in gaining their liberty before Cartiere's return the Delaware promised to do everything also to procure for him his complete freedom. (To Be Continued)

HAUSBUTZE

Im Friehyohr un im Haerbscht
Gebt es en jwwli Zeit,
Wu all die Weibsleit 'act'e
Als waere sie net g'scheit.

Sie raase un sie dowe,
Sie renne hie un her;
Es gebt en mechtich Butze,
En Schrubble un Gekehr.

Sie gucke wie die Hexe,
Sie schmeise alles naus;
Die Menner un die Kinner,
Die hen kee Blatz im Haus.

Es iss en arriges Wese,
Doch iss es ball verbei;
Noh gebt es widder Friede
Un alles guckt wie nei.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL

Do You Dunk?

DUNK is a friendly little word, but apparently it possesses also some hidden source of strength, for it has entrenched itself firmly in the English language. Lexicographers have been obliged to take recognition of it and enter it in our dictionaries.

In Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language (1940) we find: **dunk**, verb transitive and intransitive.—to dip (bread, cake or the like) into coffee, tea, milk, etc., while eating. Orig.Dial.U.S.

The Winston Simplified Dictionary (Advanced Ed.) defines "dunk" as a transitive verb (Dial.) meaning "to immerse; especially, to dip (dry food into a liquid, as soup or coffee, before eating it)."

But the dictionaries fail to point out that this little word which has found its way into the hearts of millions of Americans scattered over this broad land of ours, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, started out upon its journey from the Pennsylvania Germans here in eastern Pennsylvania. Our dialect verb "dunke," to dip, is related to the High German verb "tunken," to dip. The English pronunciation of the **u** (like the o in Eng. **honk**) of course violates the original pronunciation of German **u** (as in Eng. wool), but at heart it is still the same old word. The root of this word occurs also in **Dunker** or **Dunkard**, the name of a religious sect, founded in 1708 at Schwarzenau in Wittgenstein, Germany, by Alexander Mack. They began to come to Pennsylvania in 1719. They consider nonconformity to the world and observation of the simplicity of the early Christian Church as important principles. Like the Baptists they practice immersion in their baptismal rite, hence the name "Tunker" or Dunkards, those who dip.

Perhaps you remember the time when you were nearly ostracized socially for having inadvertently dipped your cake or doughnut into your coffee. In consequence you felt yourself separate and apart from the rest of human kind. Perhaps your character has been suffering with certain inhibitions ever since. You may now let yourself go with complete abandonment and in the assurance that you belong to an ever-growing body of fellow citizens.

In fact that humble little word "dunk" now bids fair to become an important factor in the maintenance of peace throughout the world. We have just received a communication from the National Dunking Assn. Among its charter members we note such conspicuous names as those of Congressman Jennings Randolph, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Bob Hope, Dwight Fiske, Mrs. Martin Johnson, Carveth Wells and Bing Crosby. We quote: "How can we expect for international trust and unity when problems of shortages, labor strikes and foreign loans create dissension and disagreement among members of Capitol Hill and bad feelings between sections of the United States? It becomes more and more apparent that we need a way of building complete understanding to counteract prevailing rifts between labor and management, politicians, diplomats and others. Such efforts are being fostered by the National Dunking Assn., three million members of which are sponsoring a timely peacetime campaign for 'Don't Quarrel, Dunk!' . . . The National Dunking Assn. was formed several years ago "to spread good cheer and fellowship." There are now over three million members who enjoy the friendliness of dunking thru the clubs of this non-profit, non-political organization.

The Editor of the ECK has just received a copy of Cal Tinney's booklet "Don't Quarrel—Dunk!" by way of courtesy of the NDA, 152 W. 42nd St., New York. From Chapter III, "How to Win the Peace," we quote the following: "Today, I believe that the donut's important role in the world is not ended. It is just beginning! For if we can get the whole world to dunking donuts, world peace is here to stay. My plan for permanent peace is to load up every general in the world with a donut in each hand. It will guarantee world peace. Because nobody can shoot and dunk at the same time. And the diplomats—get the diplomats of the world to dunking donuts, and you close off, automatically, two of the greatest sources of future trouble, A, their hands are occupied, and B, their mouths are too full to talk. See? The cause of world peace is served right-away. Take the British; they are not really stuffy. You teach 'em the good fellowship promoted by a donut party, and they fall for it so hard I have seen revved-up duchesses, when the party was rolling, using a doughnut for a lorgnette.—Take the strikes we sometimes have in this country. There wouldn't be half this industrial strife if labor and industry would just sit down and dunk donuts, one with the other. . . . What will it take to make the United Nations Organization work? Why, an hourly serving of donut, with a liquid to go with 'em. I don't care what the liquid is. It can be coffee, tea, milk . . . it's all right with me if you dunk your donut in root beer. But dunk. Help promote peace."—Well,

En bissel Unsinn dann un wann,
Iss aagenehm fer yedermann.—ED.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Gute Ous G'shoft

Sie sawga ols 's wear 'n iwweler wind os ken gutas bei blosa dade, un grawd so gaits mit failer mocha. 'N mensch dut alsa mohl fon da dumshda socha, un woh hinna noh 's aller beshd ous drava. Ungfare do is 'm Warrie Wolfe fon da Kreidersville gagend sei ailduch erfohring do net long tzurick.

'M Warrie sei fraw het shun long garn ailduch in ebbes fon ma summer heis'l kot, un der Warrie nee net so weit griega kenna os wie fers messa. Endlich hut sie 'n ow'r draw grick'd, un er huts net yusht gamessa, ow'r is aw ains gongs gonga un hut ma shtore kipper die grase gabrocht, uns ail duch gaarder'd. Der shtoremon hut fershphocha fer owets kumma 's laiga. Der Warrie uf kours hut die ohra gahairich g'shpitzt wie der shtoremon kumma is un hut g'sawt er mist nous kumma helfa 's ailduch nei drawga, 's wear tzu shwear fer ae mon 's laenich drawga.

Der Warrie is noh nous un hut seina auga shier net glawwa kenna wie er die olmechdich gross roll ailduch g'sehna hut, un woh er gawist hut os 'n lot may wear os es nemma dade fer der budda in ihr'm summer hous badecka. 'S aintsich'd ow'r tzu duh wor, die roll fon da mashine nemma un don ob schneida so fiel os sie breichda fer der chob fartich mocha. Shpaiter is es rous kumma os der Warrie sich ferhudd'ld hut in seinra rachlerrei, un hut ae eck tzwae mohl gamessa, un tzwae mohl so fiel ailduch gaarder'd os es ganumma hut uf 'm gonsa chob.

So weit so gute. Midda in da shtub wor ebbes fon ma registher loch fer hitz ruf kumma, un wohs loch ous 'm ailduch g'schnidda hut missa werra. Sie hen noh 's gons shtick ailduch in da mid darrich gamocht, un die aint helft nei in die shtub ganumma. 'S wor 'n kalter owet, un yaders hut gawist os es ailduch iwwer 's uffa registher loch galaig'd wor—un hen noch so gore g'sawt sie mista gute ocht gewwa, so os niemond nei drada dade un dades ferreissa.

'N lot socha sin uf kours oft mohls leichter g'sawt os wie gaduh, un grawd so wors doh. 'S nagshd os sie gawist hen, hut der Warrie selwar 's ailduch fergessa kot—is bawf, datzu nei gadrada, un so kalt os es wor, is es ailduch in 'n dousand unnershittlicha waiga fershprunga, un hens gons shtick weck shmeisa missa. Dumhata weis worra fer im airshda blotz tzu fiel ailduch arderra, hen die socha doch ol recht ous g'shoft. Allas os sie noh tzu duh hen kot wor, 's onner shtick ailduch nei hola, un hen der Warrie nimmy in die shtub galust bis der ailduch laiger 's registher loch rous g'schnidda hut kot. Arya socha os sella waig g'shaina, net wohr?

Net So Gute

Doh shwetza fon failer mocha, gamohnt uns on noch 'n g'shicht os 'm Pumpernickle da onner dawg selwar in der gorda gawoxa is on da Mabel Kleppinger ihra fendu nagshd om Harmony Grange hall. 'N bauer freind os kee hut fer budder mocha, hut uns shun long g'frok'd fer 'm mohl 'n guter pund budder model kaufa. Ons Kleppingers fendu wor grawd wos er howwa hut wolla, un hen so'n shtick nava drous g'shtonna blauderre mit 'm Roge Knecht fon Lanark, wie m'r der Harry Weitknecht woh helfa hut hondlonga, sehna hen die budder shissel un der budder model in die hae hava.

Nadierlich hen m'r gamaint der Lester Miller wear sel om ferkaufa, ferol os m'r net fershtae hen kenna ferwos niemond may wie finf cent beata wot. Doch hen m'r gadenk'd, "Sis 's airsht gabut, un gait glei in die hae," un hen tzaea cent gabutta. Un eb m'r recht gabutta hen kot, hut der Lester uns die socha aw ob g'shloga, un galong'd fer die budder shissel, die butter britch, un der budder model woh der Harry 'm hee galong'd hut.

M'r hen grawd gawist os m'r net sellie socha kauft hen kot, un wie m'r ebber g'frok'd hen wos der Lester om ferkaufa gawest wear wie m'r gabutta hetta, hen sie g'sawt. "Ei duh hosh'd 'n gonser haufa lara golla grick kauft."

M'r maichda sawga os m'r der budder model noh aw net grick'd hen. Grawd wie m'r gadenk'd hen os er dade, wor er imma auga blick tzwae mohl so hoch nuf gabutta os unser freind tzailt tzu batzawla, un hen ebber shursh'd 'n mit hame nemma lossa. Un oh yar, won ebber is os tzaea cent wert lara golla grick fernix howwa will — won niemond shunshd sie mit hut, shtain sie ols noch ins Kleppingers hofe—m'r hen sie batzawlt, ow'r net mit hame ganumma.

GLA WAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won aenich ebber is os may boshdgnawda 'hut os es wase tzu yuse mocha, der Porra Elmer Kidd fon da 23d shtross doh in da shtadt kent dale yusa.

Der Porra is wenich ebbes fon ma lutta bauer, un sei fraw die Helen hut des gons free yohr ols howwa wolla er sot noch ihr'm gorda gae die boshdgnawda ous mocha woh er 'm shpote yohr net ous grick'd hut ebs kalt werra is.

Der Porra klaimt, drowwa im Kelvers Dahl owwich Bath woh er garais'd wear werra, hetta sie ihra boshdgnawda immer iwwer winder im gorda galust, un weara ols bis free yohrs sonderbore sees un tzort gawest.

Der Porra hut gatzailt kot fer sei lutta, woh er galaind hut kot, widder bauerra, uns da onner morya shier net glawwa kenna wie er k'hoert hut 's wear 'n shteam shoufel in seim gorda, omma kaller ous grawwa fer 'n hous baua.

Mit ma karb om ohr'm, is er ains gongs nous noch seim gorda fer die boshdgnawdo rubba, ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland, bis er nous kumma is hen sie 'm der gons gorda shun ob gadeck'd kot, un die boshdgnawda worra fert uf da dump.

Der Porra hut gore mechdich k'hoss'd fer hame gae seinra Helen sawga wos g'shaina wear, un sin shure os er donkbore un froh wear, won 'm ebber boshdgnawda gewwa kent fer uf mocha wos sie ferlora hen.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"I wish I were a writer so that the right people could read what I want to say and find it in their hearts to do a good deed," writes a woman from Muskegon, Mich.

"A couple of years ago I went on a fishing trip with some friends on Grand Traverse Bay. There I saw some beautiful summer homes, costing up to $50,000. Then, to my amazement, I found that these homes were occupied only a few weeks out of the year.

"We are facing such an acute housing shortage that people of good standing are forced to live in places that are far from desirable, and many of them have no home at all.

"To me money has always meant a medium of exchange, but it seems that this has been forgotten by some people. Some of the officials in the corporations whose men are striking for higher wages have and always will have money to live as comfortably as they please.

"If these men and their families could be forced to live on the wages they were paying their men, perhaps they could see things in a different light.

"It is a shame that such a wonderful country as our has to be blackened by the disagreement between capital and labor. There certainly must be some solution."

* * *

Yes, there must be some solution, and that solution will be found when there is a better understanding of human values and when both sides of the disagreement are more sympathetic with each other's rights—and duties.

One of the reasons many of the corporation officials, of whom my Muskegon friend speaks, have reached their positions is because they realized that a man, to get to the top, must hold his duties above his rights.

I think that every working man is entitled to a decent wage—enough to let him and his family keep their self-respect and their faith in the value of American democracy.

But I also think that the goal of every real American is to rise to the highest position to which his industry, character and ability qualify him.

Almost every official—or "capitalist," as he is often called—started at the bottom of the ladder. He, too, was a working man or a clerk or a shopkeeper. He knows what it means to live on little.

I know of one organization that has many officials who have summer homes and automobiles and go to Florida in winter.

The don't work from nine to five. They have no five-day weeks or seven-hour days.

They work for and worry about their business twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. Their business is their life.

One of them, the general sales manager, has a beatuiful home in the country. Every evening he goes home with a briefcase full of home work. He works in his den until midnight. His wife complams that his business is all he thinks of.

His employees have no such worries. When the clock strikes five they are through.

Is he entitled to more money, to occasional recreation, to a vacation every now and then—yea, even to a summer home at Grand Traverse Bay?

I leave the answer to you.

Today's Text

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

Luke 23:34-24:12

Jesus' first words from the cross were a prayer for forgiveness. 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do,' v. 34. Stephen must have heard this prayer, for he prays likewise as he is being stoned to death: 'Lord, lay not this son to their charge' (Acts 7:60). The prayer of Samson in Judges 16:28 was different. The 'parting' of Jesus' raiment was according to Psalm 22:18, as was the casting of lots for one garment. His mockers cried: He saved others; let Him save Himself. But they did not know that He could not have saved others, if He had saved Himself. It is only on the ground of His atoning death in our behalf that anyone can be forgiven and saved. This is the heart of the Gospel, and without it there is no Gospel. Jesus manuscripts read in v. 42; Lord, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom. Jesus replied, as if to say: You will not have to wait until I come in My kingdom. This Day shalt thou be with Me in paradise. A passport to Paradise! To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

Shimelhauser had been a member of th Happiness, Marching and Chowder club for less than a month when an elimination boxing tournament was announced.

The man who had proposed Shimelhauser for membership told him he'd have to enter the tournament to show that he was a good fellow. Shimelhauser had never hit anything in his life except when he wrapped his car around a telephone pole, and he looked forward to his first bout with ill-concealed panic.

When he came home after the fight, his wife could see that his worst fears had been realized. He was in terrible shape, and his head was bloody and bowed. "My poor husband," cried Mrs. Shimelhauser, bursting into

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is,—Let there be truth between us two forevermore. It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrances; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right. Emerson

ACT OF A NIT-WIT

One shudders upon thinking what might have happened in the Lehigh county court house on Thursday when some one is reported to have shouted "Fire" amid the crowd that packed the lobby.

Almost all citizens know the lay of the land in which the incident occurred. Scores of people, women and men, almost constantly during court sessions this week have packed the lobby at the head of winding and rather steep and difficult stairs. They have stood there waiting the forlorn chance of getting into the court room to hear testimony in the current murder trial. Any disturbance in the midst of a crowd gathered there speedily could result in panic, frantic attempt to descend the difficult stairs to the main floor and almost certainly injury or death for some persons caught in the jam.

The question that immediately comes to mind is whether some nit-wit thought a cry of "Fire" would empty out the court room and thus enable him to achieve a seat when the excitement was over and the trial had been resumed. Whether it was a person with such motive or whether it was a person with entirely thoughtless and irresponsible mind who uttered the cry, the fact remains that it was a criminal act and one that might have been terrible in its consequences. Pity it is that the miscreant was not made known and brought before the court for such summary punishment as would set an example for public behavior. Public example has been made in court of persons who have been guilty of offenses far less serious than this.

17 YEARS OF SPLENDID SERVICE

Congratulations of newspapermen thruout this section of Pennsylvania go out today to Town and Country, Pennsburg's famous weekly newspaper, which enters upon its 48th volume or year of publication.

Town and Country ranks with the very best weekly newspapers of the United States and it has held that position of esteem for a generation and more. It has been everything that a newspaper should be for its community in order that it may be appraised as a good paper. It has covered the news of the people of the Perkiomen Valley faithfully and well and it has served and promoted their interests. And for those who like a good, well-cooked meal served in attractive manner, Town and Country always has been well-dressed typographically.

It is not without the best reasons that the people of the Perkiomen Valley towns and rural areas are loyal to this weekly journal and tremendously proud at the same time of its high qualities. Meet them anywhere and talk newspapers and they will very probably boast about Town and Country.

GLAMOUR OF MAN ON HORSEBACK GONE

The glamour of the military man on horseback has been such a mighty and stirring tradition thruout all the years of mankind's wars and preparation for war that the existence of and training military units has persisted in our modern days altho their futility in warfare has been quite generally recognized.

Even up to the recent war, calvary units were trained in many State militia organizations and the U. S. Army itself had men trained constantly in the handling of horses for military action.

Now the Army has determined to merge whatever remains of cavalry, after the bitter experience of war, with the armored forces. There is little place left for the horse and mule except as a pack animal working in the most difficult mountain areas. So in future wars, as in the recent ones, so-called cavalry units will move more rapidly in heavily armored cars or in tanks. After all tanks and motor vehicles are the modern cavalry. The horse-borne soldier is as obsolete as the dodo.

VICTIMS ALL ALONG OF POLITICAL LIE

To top all the surprises, most of them pleasant, which have come out of the United Nations' deliberations this week concerning Russia and Iran, came yesterday's story that Iran and Russia have reached an agreement on the matter of OIL.

It will be remembered that, during the time when we were getting excited about Russia's quiet refusal to get out of Iran, we also were being assured thru statements to the UN's Security Council that no "negotiations" in this matter of oil were in progress.

The Australian delegate, Hon. W. R. Hodgson, now has put it mildly when he referred to these earlier statements as "completely hollow." We Americans generally use a shorter and an uglier word or phrase when referring to such deliberate deceptions as have been practiced upon the Security Council and thereby upon the peoples of the countries they represented.

Americans do not like to be "double-crossed," as they put it. But in this instance quite a neat job of this nature is revealed and while everything may turn out well, forthright, straight-shooting people do not like the manner in which we have been imposed upon by both Russia and Persia during the past months.

OSCULATION NIPPONESE

Japan is reported making its first movie in which Japanese actors kiss. To many Americans acclimated to the fadeout clinch this news will come as a surprise. But it's true. Except for the few who have learned to imitate Occidentals, Japanese have not known the custom of expressing affection by kissing.

And there are other peoples also who have their own way of doing or not doing commonplace things Americans and most Europeans take for granted. Some don't shake hands. Others are embarrassed if seen eating. Still others must never look at their mothers-in-law—origin, no doubt, of that particularly overworked breed of humor, the mother-in-law joke.

There is a timely world lesson here: If peoples and nations can differ so greatly in homely customs, should we be discouraged if everyone does not at once grasp such intangible concepts as democracy, progress by compromise, and tolerance of minorities?

But back to cinema osculation. We've just walked along movie row and we're half sorry we brought up the subject. The Tokyo movie people never should have got started on this celluloid kissing business. They didn't have to. Christian Science Monitor.

Picking the Winner

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 5—Diplomacy has many a means of saving face for governments that get into embarrassing positions but no better example of its operations has been furnished than the way Great Britain, the United States and Russia extricated themselves from the Iran dilemma.

On the surface it looks as if the United Nations Organization won a victory over Russia. But it could also turn out that Russia outsmarted the other powers. The answer will come only when it is known what the government of Iran does about oil wanted by the Soviets and about the setting up of an autonomous republic friendly to Russia in the northern part of Iran.

So far as the record of words is concerned, Russia hasn't altered her pledges or promises or conceded that she violated any. The assumption that the Soviet was maintaining troops in Iran and coercing the little country was widely made but nowhere is there any record or investigation that proves it.

True enough, the Russians promised to evacuate their troops "if no unforeseen circumstances" arose and there were indications that some of these circumstances might be the failure of Iran to grant the Russians the concessions they were asking. But when the Moscow government now officially announces that there wasn't the slightest connection between the promise to withdraw troops and the matter of oil concessions, the UNO promptly accepts the explanation and everybody seems to be happy.

The Russians never admitted before that there was any connection. All they said and all they have now admitted is that the demands for oil and the negotiations for the withdrawal of the troops happened to coincide and were carried on in a parallel manner. The British and American observers can read into this all they like but the Russians innocently insist such suspicions are unfounded.

The truth is the Iranian government has a premier who is friendly to Russia and he isn't likely to tell what the Russians said or what pressure they put on his government.

* * *

So long as Iran doesn't argue the case further, the world will be no wiser. What measures the Russians used to infiltrate into Iran, what methods they adopted to win the premier to their side, what form their propaganda took to undermine the Iranian representative in New York by reports that he didn't have the confidence of his government and all the other maneuvers that were made in the last fortnight—all this will not be put into perspective until more information is available from observers in Iran itself.

Certainly there may be basis for the pride of the UNO in having kept Russia from grabbing Iran completely. There may be basis, too, for the belief that Russia might have used her troops coercively if the UNO hadn't stepped in and put the white light of publicity on the whole episode. Small nations everywhere will take heart from the way the UNO operated. But it remains to be seen whether Russia didn't have the situation well in hand when she announced that she had an "understanding" with Iran and that there was no use bringing the matter to the attention of the Security Council.

* * *

Russia wanted until April 10th before discussing the Iran affair. A settlement was expected to be and has been reached before that date—and on Russia's terms. She did not take her troops out of Iran on March 2nd as agreed nor did she evacuate them anywhere near that date. She now announces that it will be May 6th and, because Iran accepts that date, the Security Council agrees to forget about it—though the violation of the treaty is as plain today as it was on March 2nd.

Maybe the UNO Security Council decided that too much fuss had been raised about the affair anyway and accepted the easiest way out. Anyway Russia has obtained her postponement beyond April 10th, succeeding by an adroitly phrased note in getting the matter off the Security Council table. And still Moscow has plenty of time to "negotiate" for oil and other matters with Iran. The UNO may have won a moral victory—but Russia may turn out to have gotten what she wanted in Iran.

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News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

MR. SPRUILLE BRADEN

The United States has rarely been adroit, competent or effective in intervening in the internal affairs of other countries. We have produced no Richelieus nor Talleyrands, although many have aspired to their roles. Americans lack the instinct for intrigue. In the first place, they talk too much; and secondly, they love too adoringly the glare of newspaper publicity.

A competent intrigant, such as Sir Basil Zaharoff, stayed out of the newspapers until the course of events forced him into them. Then he died. Interventionist intrigue, accompanied by mimeographed releases of learned speeches and carefully distributed photographs, does nothing to aid the accomplishment of the foul deeds of intervention. In fact, Disraeli, who was a master at getting into other countries for his Queen, never employed a public relations counsel.

So, we come to Mr. Spruille Braden's campaign to defeat Colonel Peron as President of the Argentine. The point is that Mr. Braden does not vote in the Argentine. He is an American citizen with some antecedents in Chile, but no voter in the Argentine. He is apparently opposed to Fascism which is, after all, his private opinion. Some Americans are opposed to Communism but they made no attempt to defeat Stalin in the recent Soviet election. The United States, of which Mr. Braden is a sworn humble servant, is not governing the Argentine nor holding an election there such as we helped to manage in Greece.

* * *

So when Mr. Braden went up and down the United States making campaign speeches in the recent Argentine election, he had as much effect on the voters as Gromyko, Soviet Russia's spokesman at UN, would have upon Kansas, if he told the worthy citizens of that state whom to elect as Governor. The people of the Argentine acted accordingly and kicked Mr. Braden in the pants. Unfortunately, it worked out that Mr. Braden sits comfortably while Uncle Sam rubs a sore spot. Apparently, the more brilliant the American diplomat, the greater Uncle Sam's hurt.

Mr. Braden once delivered himself of this philosophy: "It must be quite evident to anyone who has dealt with these problems that non-intervention cannot be negative either in concept or in practice. It is affirmative and positive by the very nature of things, since whatever we refrain from doing and whatever we refrain from saying may constitute intervention to the same degree as anything we actually do or say. We can dishonor our commitments to the cause of human freedom and to the principle of non-intervention equally by inaction as by action. If this were not so, then non-intervention would be a means for defeating the cause of freedom and encouraging the growth of tyranny. Surely this is not what is meant by non-intervention! I say we must be especially sensitive, in view of our great power, to our obligation of non-intervention. We must lean backwards. But we must lean backwards for the purpose of avoiding intervention by action and by inaction alike."

* * *

If that is a correct view of America's role, then this country has become Uncle Buttinsky. For what it really means is that we are to be petulant harriers of all peoples, telling them precisely how to live and what to do and in what manner they must do it. For otherwise we shall be guilty of intervention by inaction.

Surely, there are lots of countries in the world that are badly run. Soviet Russia is Communist; Poland is a puppet state; China has had civil war for a century; Spain has Franco but France has Thorez and Duclos; surely we do not like Tito any more than we do Peron.

Where does all this stop? Shall we set up American monitors in all countries to order their affairs that we might, to salve our superior consciences, avoid intervention by inaction?

Mr. Braden ought to resign. His policy of intervention in the affairs of a neighbor has proved a costly and ridiculous failure. The people of the Argentine, in a general election, by an unmistakable vote, have shown a preference to Peron over Braden. They don't like Braden. He made himself an issue. He made the United States an issue. His removal from office would remove the issue.

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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)

THOMAS RIETH

(Continued)

When the head of the camp on the following morning discovered that one of the Delawares was missing he became enraged; he had the remaining Delawares closely watched and Thomas was bound in such a way that he could not have escaped from his tent and for garments they left him only a dirty bearskin. However, on hearing the words of the the young Delawares his hopes of being rescued had risen again. That very evening an old Munci squaw appeared in the camp. She was accompanied by a white boy who was carrying herbs and medicines in a basket with which she offered to barter. Since she was recognized as an old acquaintance by several of the savages, they greeted her pleasantly, gave her and her companion abundant supper after which she at once began to barter with her medicines, which she had soon exchanged for all sorts of stuff. She was then asked to sit down by the fire and to tell about her journeys and new events she had learned about down on the plain. She gladly responded to their wishes and began to relate that early that morning, when the sun had scarcely risen, she had met a young Delaware who had told her that he intended to direct her to a place where he hoped to find Peter Cartiere. He wished to inform him that the men of his tribe had brought a paleface chief and several scalps into his camp, and if he himself could not return to camp he was to determine what was to be done with the paleface, for they could not remain in the camp much longer. They had already been there three days and since the camp of the Delawares was being threatened by the whites they would have to hasten to the aid of their brothers. He said he hoped to find Cartiere soon and to be back in camp again with his brothers before the evening of the next day with good news. She said she had then shown him what road to take to find Cartiere quickly and she doubted not that this sturdy and courageous young man would succeed in being back again in a short time. Cartiere's people were glad for the old woman's report, thanked her for the good news and praised the Dalawares for having come upon the thought of informing the severe Cartiere of the events in camp. The pipe of peace was then brought forth. While smoking they became more and more confidential. Even Thomas was not being forgotten. They undid the fetters around his legs and permitted him to walk about. He at once availed himself of the opportunity and looked about the camp. On these walks he thought he noticed that the newly arrived guest was exchanging significant glances with the Delawares and even saw her whispering to one of them, which brought him to the thought that something very special was brewing.

Darkness had descended and all was quiet in the camp and yet our poor Thomas could not fall asleep. The whisperings of that young Delaware together with the behavior of the old medicine woman busied his thoughts and increasingly called forth in him the hopes that he might be liberated out of the hands of these savages. Impelled by some foreboding, as it were, he found himself after midnight lifting his head from time to time and looking over into the camp, but he became calm again when he noticed that the stars were already growing pale and the dawn approaching.

Suddenly he believed he heard light steps and when he lifted his head again, he saw here and there the form of a Delaware rising up with tomahawk gleaming in his hand. Before he could rise to look further he heard terrible shouts and saw several strange Indians enter the camp, who, together with the Delawares now attacked Cartiere's sleeping men. A terrible massacre followed, in which neither man, woman nor child were spared. Fearing that he too would be struck by the bloody battle-axe Thomas wished to flee, but at that moment he was seized by a strong hand, which with one stroke of the knife freed his fettered hands and quickly he was pulled aside. Who will describe his astonishment when he looked up and saw before him the old Indian woman and the paleface boy beside her.

In a commanding voice the old woman bade him follow her without delay and opposition and as quickly as his feet could carry him if he valued his life; she would soon bring him to a place where he would be safe from further pursuit by his enemies.

Joyously Thomas followed her orders. Their way led through untrodden forests up hill until the three fugitives had reached a large hollow tree where the woman stopped and imitated the hooting of an owl. Thereupon two strong Indians appeared and took them under their protection. After they had rested for a short time they were led farther on Indian trails until they reached a place on the Susquehanna where a canoe, watched over by an Indian, was waiting for them. They got into the same at once and paddled in a westerly direction in great haste. After they had reached the western shore successfully and believed themselves to be in safety, they allowed themselves a respite and ate of the food which they had found in the canoe. After they had satisfied their hunger, the squaw told young Thomas that her name was Gila and her husband had been a chief of the Munci tribe, whom Peter Cartiere caused to be murdered in the most horrible manner. She further told them that Peter and his gang were at that moment carrying on their ravages on the eastern shore of the river and that she had to guard well against getting into his power. Surely a terrible death would be hers then for she had so often frustrated Peter's plans for rapine and murder. She also pointed out that what had happened in Cartiere's camp that morning had been her work. She hoped the pale chief would show himself thankful for the benefits she had shown him and would continue to show him and richly reward her and her people. But he was not to show any favors to the Delawares for they were just as wicked as Cartiere's men.

THE RESCUED ONES

While the government in Philadelphia was making every effort and sparing no costs to find out the whereabouts of Thomas Rieth on the assumption that since his body had not been found among those murdered in the Allemengel region he had no doubt been taken captive, a small group of people wrapped in rags and blankets but who seemed in spite of their sad appearance and their wretched clothing to be of good courage were wandering down along the northern bank of the Tulpehocken until they found a passage across the now shallow water in the region where Adam Deppen's farm is located. Among those wanderers were a squaw and two sturdy young Indians, but the rest of them were white people whom it seemed the redmen were serving as guides.

After they had successfully forded the brook and had rested somewhat they continued their journey and soon reached a pleasant valley, which lay there before them in its opulent green. A small brook meandered through it, turning a mill whose rumblings the wanderers clearly heard. Animated by the lovely scene the wanderers who now found themselves on a well-trodden road strode forward with fresh courage and cheerful mood. In a short time they had reached the end of the little valley. Their way then led uphill and without any considerable effort they soon reached the summit from which they enjoyed a splendid view upon a charming region. Suddenly the squaw who seemed to be the leader of the procession stopped and with her staff pointed to a large house in the lowland and said to her companions:

"There, you palefaces, lies the end of our journey; there lives Father Weiser, the great medicineman, who will take care of you, so that no harm will ever come upon you again. But then do not forget old Gila who has done you much good, yes, staked her own life for you." Touched by these words the whites stepped up to the squaw, shook hands with the old woman, repeating their promises that they would endeavor with the greatest zeal to reward her with rich gifts and also see that full protection be granted to Gila and her people whenever they should come among the whites. A short distance further and the caravan had reached Weiser's farm where they paused outside the enclosure.

With great astonishment Philip Weiser saw the ragged group stopping there before the farmyard, but still greater was his astonishment when one of the palefaces stepped forward, put forth his hand and exclaimed: "Philip, do you not know me, do you not recognize your lost Thomas any more?"

Scarcely had these words been spoken when Philip opened the little gate which led into the yard; and now the two friends lay in each other's arms and only after a long time did they find words to express their feelings. Upon releasing each other Philip gazed upon his long-lost friend in silence and then exclaimed: "Yes! yes! it is you, my dear Thomas! How my dear parents who are now living in Reading will rejoice when they see you and (here he hesitated, and then continued)—how the government in Philadelphia will rejoice. They have gone to great trouble and expense in their search for you. But who are these people whom you have brought with you?" he asked, pointing to the group which continued to stand outside the fence. "They are good people, Philip, to whom I owe my life and my freedom; and because I ask it of you, receive them kindly until tomorrow when we shall go on to your father in Reading, and there the rest will take care of itself," answered Thomas.

Philip then stepped quickly to the gate, opened it and said to the group: "Come in! you are all heartily welcome and whatever friendship and our kitchen and cellar can provide shall be yours, for have you not brought back to me my dearest friend here?" The wanderers now came into the yard. Soon they were seated at a table laden abundantly with all sorts of foods and ate with great gusto, especially since they were being entertained so cordially. Besides Thomas those gathered there were a squaw, two sturdy young Indians who were her sons, a pale, emaciated white woman of about 50 years, a pale and wondrously beautiful but timid white maiden and a white boy of about 14 years. They had satisfied their hunger and since they seemed to be much fatigued Philip showed them to their sleeping quarters for which they longed. Of Thomas he begged to remain behind a little while and to relate to him in brief his adventures for he was most eager to hear the same. Thomas consented to sit up with him for he also had many questions to ask his friend, questions which sorely burdened his heart.

Scarcely had his fellow wanderers left the room and Philip had sat down beside him, when Thomas said with apparent anxiety: "I do not see Elise in your house. Oh, tell me what has become of her. Where is she staying now? Is she well?" "Yes, she is well and is staying with my parents in Reading. They cherish and love her as their own child. She is the only one who has held to the firm belief that you would return with good news for her; she possesses a loyal heart and is attached to you with a great and unswerving love. We must reveal the joyous news that you are rescued and have returned only gradually for her grief over her lost parents and her anxiety about your life have enfeebled the poor girl and a sudden reunion might injure her health. But leave that to me and I shall make the proper arrangements," was Philip's reply. "But now tell me of your experiences among the savages and who these people are, whom you have brought or who have brought you here."

Thomas at once responded to the wishes of his friend with pleasure and after he had told Philip what the reader already knows about Philip's experiences among the savages, he continued: "Although we had crossed the Susquehanna safely and without having been observed by Cartiere's men, Gila nevertheless bade us be very quiet and cautious. She led us over an Indian trail through high thickets, through swamps and terrible bogs to a range of hills, where our road became much better and where we found a warrior of Gila's tribe, who had been left behind as a guard. He informed us that the tribe had migrated in a southwesterly direction out of fear that it might come across Cartiere's murderous band. We were to follow him trustingly for he would bring us safely out of all danger and conduct us into the camp of the Muncis.

"After this report we continued up the hills in good spirits; my soul was full of hope that my troubles would now soon come to an end. In my thoughts I was lingering with my friends, whom I should soon be seeing never to be separated from them again. In my dreamings I did not notice that the pale boy whom Gila had brought with her into Cartiere's camp was wandering by my side, until he addressed me in German. He begged me most urgently that I might intercede for him with Gila, so that he too might be allowed to return to the whites again for if he had further to carry on this wretched existence he could not live much longer. His health had already been ruined.

"Happy to hear my mother tongue again, I quickly seized the hand of the poor and emaciated lad, drew him to me and looked into his candid eyes. I then gave him the solemn promise that I would do everything to rescue him from his sad plight and asked him to tell me how he had gotten among the Indians.

"With tears in his eyes the lad, to whom I felt more and more deeply attached, clasped my hands and thanked me a thousand times for my promise, which he hoped I might with the help of God soon fulfill. He then related how he had been living with his parents, a bother and two sisters along the Swatara creek where they had settled a few years ago after having come to this country from Germany. There they had soon established for themselves a beautiful farm. They were happy there and looked to the future with the most favorable prospects. But that very fall after their entire harvest had already been garnered the Indians had set fire to the house of their neighbor and when his father and brother and he had hurried thither to render aid, the savages had attacked them, murdered his father and his brother and had dragged him away with them. What had happened to his poor mother and sister, only the dear Lord knew. He feared only terrible things 'for when they abducted me,' the boy continued, 'I looked back upon the place where our house stood and saw it going up in flames together with all the farm buildings. I had to follow the savages upon all their raids of rapine and murder to the settlements on the Tulpehocken and at the foot of the Blue Mountains, yes, even down to the Schuylkill. I had to help them carry their booty after they had committed the most atrocious deeds. I had to look on and see how they set fire to houses and barns, how they gruesomely murdered and scalped men and boys and left their bodies for the wild beasts; I saw them mercilessly violate women and maidens and then kill them; I saw them throw innocent children into the flames alive. Oh, what misery I experienced until I was traded over to Gila's tribe, whom I have not seen committing any deeds of horror, God be praised!'

"With the greatest suspense I listened to this poor and hopeless boy's narrative and when he had ended, my feelings overcame me. I drew him to me, looked into his frank eyes and with anxiety asked him: 'Is your father's name Jacob Weidle? Is the name of your sister Elise?'

"In great astonishment the boy looked up to me and exclaimed with trembling voice: 'You know my father and my sister? Oh, take me to them, and when I have seen them and pressed them to my heart I shall thenceforth be of service to you all the days of my life. But alas!' he continued, 'you are also a captive of these merciless savages and if the all-merciful God does not soon send us a rescuer, our bodies will then become so enfeebled through the hardships which we shall have to endure that death will soon overtake us and we shall never again see our loved ones in this world.' Tears smothered his voice. I had great trouble in calming the deeply dejected and sickly boy, and after he had recovered somewhat, I earnestly begged him not to be so discouraged and not to give up hope. Gila, I told him, had promised me freedom. She had rescued his sister and she would also rescue him. After these words of comfort he looked up to me joyously, raised his folded hands to Heaven, praying: "Great God, I thank Thee! Thou has sent me a rescuer; Thou hast heard my prayers. Praised be Thy name!"—"Amen", said I.

"Gila, who was walking somewhat in advance of us, must still have noticed something, for she suddenly stopped, waited until we had caught up and asked the boy harshly and with angry looks what had taken place between us and if he did not speak the truth he knew what his punishment would be.

"But the latter did not allow himself to be intimidated neither by words nor by looks; on the contrary he stepped up to her, grasped her hand and with joy in his voice he said: "Gila, this good man has told me that you have rescued by dear sister—take my hearty thanks! I want to entreat the Great Spirit daily that he reward you and your loved ones abundantly both here and in the eternal forests. Request henceforth from me what you will, I shall no longer murmur, but obey you and your sons with pleasure."

"The boy's words, spoken so sincerely, made a very deep impression upon Gila's soul; she bowed down to him and kised him, promising that she would never again treat him harshly nor would she permit others to do so if it lay in her power to prevent it. Then she beckoned me to her side and whispered that she had ferreted out, with the aid of her friend Cehachquey, the whereabouts of the mother and sister of the boy and that she entertained the firm hope that she could rescue the same. She would however be obliged to go about her task cautiously and that the boy must not know in the slightest about her undertaking for an expression of joy on his part, might destroy her plan. I was to remain quietly among her tribe, speak German with the boy as little as possible and promise her braves that they would soon be getting rich gifts. I was to bear in mind that there were many traitors among the redmen. She went on to say that after they had reached camp again she wanted to grant herself a day of rest, then start forth with several of her braves for the Juniata, where the two white women were being held by a tribe of Conestoga Indians. These Indians were at the time in great distress suffering from famine and disease. She hoped to induce the Conestoga chiefs through gifts and promises to surrender the two white women to her.

(To Be Continued)

FRIEHYOHR

Der Schnee iss vergange,
Die Kelt iss dahie;
Der Biwwi iss kumme,
Die Schwemm sin schunn grie.

Nau Daadi un Mammi,
O saagt yo net Nee!
Mer schaffe noch heit,
Noh waer's awwer Zeit
Mol fische zu geh!

—ELI KELLER.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Nix May Tzu Sehna in Washington

Die barichda sin, 's wear heit tzu dawg nix may tzu sehna in Washington D. C. os wie kerscha blumma-un ol weil der "Judge" Bill Shelhammer fon da 9d un Tilghman doh in da shtadt, 'm ledshda Sundawg allas shunshd weck gaguck'd hut fon Washington bis nunner noch Mt. Vernon. 'S wor der unnershrief Moulle Frantz un sei fraw die Dot, un boo Skippy, woh der "Judge" un sei Mamie, un dochter Patricia 'm ledshda Sundawg dart nunner ganumma hen fer die kerscha blumma sehna. Un bis es fartich wor, hut der "Judge" allas shunshd so arrick bagucka missa, os er tzu mead un ous gawora wor fer may gae die kerscha blumma sehna, wie sie tzurick ruf kumma sin fon Arlington un Mt. Vernon.

Der Moulie hut die gons gang darrich der Capitol ganumma, so wohl wie aw noch da Washington un Lincoln monumenter. Der "Judge," woh dafor sei lava net in Washington wor, hut yusht net fartich werra kenna gucka, un sich gons arbadich ershtouna missa iwwer 'm Huey Long sei shae gross monument. Ferol os m'r wase, hut er shun innerlich fohra guck'd tzu da tzeit woh ferleicht mohl sei monument in da North End Republican klub hamet shtae mawg. Aenicha waig, fon Washington sin sie noh noch Arlington, un fon darta nunner noch Mt. Vernon woh der Bill grawd so shnufflich wor fer allas sehna os wie aw on ol da onnerra bletz.

Ow'r bis sie widder tzurick ruf noch Washington kumma sin — duh liever tzushtond reich won der "Judge" net so ous g'shpielt wor, os er der waig shtire bol nimmy kotta hut fer ufrichdich in da mashine hucka. Aenicha waig, wie die onnerra nunner noch 'm Basin sin fer die kerscha blumma sehna, hut er g'sawt sie sotta yusht gae sich blessierra, er dade bleiva woh er wear un die mashine heeda. Wie die onnerra tzurick kumma sin hut er g'sawt now wotta sie ous dem narra hous fon ma Washington gae, un wotta nuf noch Gettysbarrick fohra woh er shure wear os sie aw ebbes sehna kenta.

Un noh sin sie ob owwa nous noch Gettysbarrick tzu. Der Moulie hut noh widder wunners gamaint wos er duh wot, un sie nuf noch Little Round Top ganumma mit da maining os sie iwwer 's gons g'shlocht feld sehna kenta mit out fiel rum lawfa. Yusht wos er fergessa hut kot wor, os sie 'n ordlish shtick waigs tzu foos tzu lawfa hen kot—un des noch so gore iwwer aryer shtaenicher grund. Aenicha waig, der "Judge" hut die socha mohl awenich aw gaguck'd, un noh g'sawt er wear in der ards grund nei tzu meag un shwoch fer now noch iwwer so grossa wogga nous groddla fer noch Little Round Top gae, un dade fohrshloga, fer aryads hee gae woh sie ebbes tzu essa griega kenta.

Der Moulie, woh aw immer 'n guter hunger hut, un ol die beshda ess bleta wase uf tzwae hunnerd mile rum, hut noh g'sawt sel maich'd ken shlechter blawn sei, un wotta don Tzurick nuf gaenich hame gae, un ob shtoppa ons Elmer Millers' in Strausstown, un yaders 'n shtakes essa. Die barichda sin, der "Judge" het die ohra g'shpitzt wie er 's wert "shtakes" k'hoert het os 'm sei hute nimmy recht hucka het wolla.

"Go ahead, fohr fert," het der Bill noh g'sawt, "des da g'shwinder os m'r noch Strausstown kumma, des da liever is es m'r."

Der Moulie is ufs gas gadraida, un hen die mila ob gabladder'd aenie noch da onnerra so shtarrich os m'r ewwa fohra darf. Sie hen gutie tzeit gamocht, ow'r doch wors shun langshd dunkle bis sie noch Strausstown kumma sin,—un wos noch 's shlimsh'd fol ol wor, 's Millers wertshous wor aw dunkle wie sie onna kumma sin, allas os wie gons awenich helling drous in da kich

'M Elmer sei fraw wor yusht ready fer ous da kich gae wie der Moulie nei kumma is un hut gawunnert wies wear fer 's shtakes supper griega. Sie hut mohl awenich g'shtutzt, un gawunnert tzu wie fiel os sie weara. Wie er g'sawt hut tzu sex'd, hut sie g'sawt, 's wear ol recht, er sot sei freind bringa, sie dade na die shtakes mocha.

Wenich shpaiter is der Elmer noh in die kich kumma un hut gawunnert ferwos sie widder helling het in da ess shtub, un wos sie om mocha wear uf 'm offa. Noh hut sie g'sawt der Hiram wear yusht kumma mit etlicha freind, un wot 'm g'shwind sex shtakes broda. "Oh" wor ol os der Elmer tzu sawga het kot, un hut noh fer 'n kartzie weil in da kich rum gagnudd'ld eb er nei in die ess shtub is. Wie er nei kumma is, is er mohl grawd shtae gabliva shier wie won er seina aigna auga net glawwa kent. Endlich hut er ow'r shtarta blauderra mit 'm Moulie, un woh er gute kent, un is noh widder tzurick nous in die kich. Darta hut er sei fraw noh g'frok'd fer wen os sie maina dade os sie die shtakes om mocha wear.

Non hut die fraw widder g'sawt, "El fer der Hiram, is sel net der Hiram Shook os forda doh hin in da kich wor?

"Nay," hut der Elmer g'sawt, "sel wor net der Hiram Shook, sel is der unnershrief Moulton Lewis Charles Frantz fon Lechaw kounty."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Charlie Moser fon g'shwishich Rockville un Cross Roads hut die ledshd woch on da Mabel Kleppinger ihra fendu, fergessa kot os er dahame fert is unna sei folsha tzae, bis er sich 'n doggie kauft hut kot om Frankie seim huckshter shtand.

Won 'n glaenie maul meal ferkauft wear werra, wolla m'r wetta os der Charlie sie ans gongs kauft het fer sei doggie maula.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

I was taking a Saturday walk with pop and I thought I saw a cent on the sidewalk and I made a quick grab down and I wasn't mistaken, and I yelled, Oh boy I found a whole cent.

I'm glad it's no werse than that, I thought you had an attack of lumbago, pop said, and I said, Jimminy, pop, I feel pretty near as lucky as Lucky Leroy Shooster. He's always finding money, I said.

Then he's more to be pitied than envied, pop said, and I said, Well G, pop, why?

Because he'll grow up with the mistaken idea that money grows on bricks and the public sidewalks owe him a living, pop said, and I said, But gosh, pop, if he grows up still being lucky in proportion to his size, he'll find more instead of less, so he'll never need to worry.

I don't believe a werd of it, pop said. A penny earned always gives more satisfaction than a penny found, so I hope you're never unfortunate enough to inherit a lot of money, although on the other hand I would consider myself quite fortunate to earn a lot of money for you to be unfortunate enough to inherit, he said.

Which just then he quick stooped down and picked up something himself, saying, Yee gods, we must of struck a gold field, I found a dime, a solid silver dime.

Well gosh, pop, you dont sound like somebody feeling unfortunate, I said, and pop said, By gollies that's true, I seem to be filled with an unaccountable sensation of elation that I dont seem to remember feeling the last time I earned a dime.

Well hay, pop, I bet somebody walked passed here with a hole in their pockit, I said. Shall we walk back slow and see if we can find some more? I said, and pop said, I'm afraid that would be undignified.

Only he kept looking down at the sidewalk the next couple of blocks just a same, only not quite as noticeable as I did.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

The Daily Blast editor, against his better judgment, gave young Wilkins a job solely because of the youngster's high-placed connections. Wilkins' first assignment was to cover the most important society wedding the town had had in twenty years.

Late that evening, the editor found Wilkins with his feet on the desk reading the comic strips. "Where's that wedding story I sent you for?" demanded the editor.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Wilkins. "It turns out there is no story. The bridegroom ran away last night with some strip-tease artist, so they had to call off the whole wedding."

* * *

Louis Paul tells the story of an author who wrote a novel and sent it off to his publisher, only to discover that he had forgotten to put a ribbon in his typewriter. His publisher replied, "We haven't made up our minds yet on your new book, but we will say it is the best manuscript we've seen this week."

* * *

A gambler's seven-year-old son, asked to count in school, responded promptly. "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Jack, Queen, King."

25 Years Ago

April 6, 1921, A Wednesday

Farmer's Mass in B flat was sung by the St. Peter's Lutheran church choir, under the direction of Ray E. Horlacher, organist. Mrs. Irene G. Rees accompanied the group on the piano.

Atty. W. H. Schneller, Catasauqua, spoke to the Allentown Real Estate board at a dinner meeting in the Hotel Allen. The speaker emphasized the need for honesty in the real estate business.

A dance for the graduating class of 1921 was sponsored by the Alumni Association of Allentown High school in Mealey's auditorium. More than five hundred attended.

Today's Text

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

John 6:52-7:39.

Jesus continues to speak of Himself as that bread which came down from heaven, of which the manna in Exodus 16 was a type. It is interesting to recall that Bethlehem, the town in which Jesus was born, means the House of Bread. On Him, His person and His work, we are to feed by faith and meditation. Some of His disciples were unable to grasp this, and when they realized that He was stressing the spiritual rather than the physical aspects of life, they left Him. There always have been so-called 'rice Christians.' Jesus then asked the Twelve, Will ye go away? Peter, as usual the first one to talk out in meeting, asked; Lord, to whom shall we go? Words of eternal life hast Thou. (Note the order of the words here, as the Greek has it). Peter evidently realized that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of the Lord. Jesus then foretells Judas' betrayal of Him, perhaps because Judas cared more for the thirty pieces of silver than for Jesus' teaching.

Horoscope

A birthday today means that you read a great deal and enjoy good literature. You are a good conversationalist, but do not care for light talk. You are quite domestic, and live very much within yourself. You are well liked for you are an interesting and entertaining person. Any change you might make early this morning would be permanent: don't start

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The woods were made for the hunter of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of pine
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with scent of fern
Are as new and as old as the world. Foss.

SAFE-CRACKERS IN POLICE HANDS

Recent arrests of three men by the police, followed by confessions of their participation in an elaborate list of recent crimes, have cleared up the mystery that surrounded the safe-cracking job in the Alden MacLellan offices and upwards of a dozen other thefts of smaller degree. Therefore the community has reason to breathe more freely just as it was duly alarmed when the thieves still were at large and it could not be known when and where their depredations next would be felt.

Appreciation for the professional success of the Allentown police department in this matter goes out to any and all persons responsible for the capture of the thieves and securing their confessions. All that promises the swiftest and surer meting out of justice.

UNITED NATIONS IN 'WORLD OF TOMORROW'

The United Nations, which apparently has not been too happy nor too comfortable in its first temporary home—the grounds and buildings of New York's Hunter college—now has decided to move to buildings of New York's war-time World's Fair in what had been the Flushing meadows.

Certainly for every American who knows the location of Hunter college and can picture it from the memory of a visit to its campus, there are a thousand persons who can visualize the new home of United Nations. They will remember its outlines from their visits to the great Fair and its great building which was dedicated to the World of Tomorrow. In fact it was about the only building on the grounds that gave promise of some degree of stability and permanence. Everything else was built for the immediate time and purpose only.

It is to be hoped that there will be very deep and valuable symbolism in the new choice of a home. It is to be hoped that the United Nations will be the World of Tomorrow and that it is going to be an enduring institution, which will be constructed as strongly as man's mind and will can devise.

RUSSIA'S FAITH IN U.N. EVIDENCED

Appointment of Andrei Gromyko as Russian ambassador to the United States provided a measure of the man from the Rusian viewpoint for it can be known that our great ally in the war would choose only an "ace" for the leading place in the diplomatic force.

Now Mr. Gromyko has been released from his duties as ambassador in order to devote his full time to work as Russia's representative on the United Nations Security Council.

The natural inference is that Russia is looking confidently to the United Nations to do the job for which it was created and that she intends to give of her best effort to perform the job. Russia gives evidence of a belief that the United Nations job is a bigger one than that of the leading diplomatic position.

That is what it undoubtedly is, providing of course there be sincere interest in the success of the United Nations. Appointment of Gromyko would appear to indicate this sincere interest.

LET FATHER NAME BOYS

Naming a boy should be left exclusively to the father, declares Paul Gallico in the May isue of True Magazine. That way there would be millions of happier men. Pop would give the boy a simple masculine identification which will allow his own character and personality to come through and make itself felt.

"There's nothing to naming a boy," continues Gallico, "if while picking the moniker the parent keeps his mind on the squirmer and off himself, his rich relatives and the cockeyed romantic notions of his so-called better half. For any time you come across a poor victim stuck with some ultrafancy or sick-making handle, it it six-two-and-even that his old lady hung it on him over the protests of the bewildered father."

There are names of strength and names of weakness, tough names and sis names, action names and dreamer names, names that indicate a man's religious, racial, family or geographic background, rich-guy and poor-guy names.

Here are a few picked at random, Jack is a strong outdoor guy, Cecil will probably decorate interiors, Elmer needs to get the hayseed out of his hair, Guy will shoot or punch his way out of trouble. Albert con.es in to ask for a job meekly, hat in hand and doesn't get it, Eugene could compose a quartette, Hartley would look well with doctor in front of it, Jonathan takes good care of his acres, Keith makes his on the stock market, Loredo teaches at Blank university, James drives your car, Radcliffe is a playboy and a snob while Charley is the salt of the earth.

INSURANCE COS. EASE RULES ON FLYING

Aviation must be far, far safer than it ever has been before. The life insurance companies of the country are saying so in the most eloquent language they can speak—liberalization of their policies to persons who fly.

Analyzing the current practices of 104 life insurance companies, representing 87 per cent of total U. S. life insurance in force, the institute of Life Insurance reports that several companies will now issue policies to persons contemplating travel as passengers in private pleasure planes at standard rates, without regard to possible extent of the travel.

Including these companies, more than 60 per cent of the companies surveyed will issue policies on this basis when the applicant does not contemplate more than normal pleasure flying, usually measured at about 5,000 to 7,500 miles annually. In 1940 there were no companies writing policies at standard rates without regard to amount of flight and only one-third of the companies wrote them with a limit, then usually about 2,000 miles.

Owner-Operators Written

Perhaps even more striking is the change in issuing policies to owner-operators of pleasure planes, who can now secure policies with about three-fourth of the companies at an extra premium of about $5 per $1,000 of insurance.

Truman vs Roosevelt

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 12—These words are being written just a year to the day and the hour that a flash came over the teletype announcing that Franklin D. Roosevelt had died. In the span of time that has elapsed, the Nation and the world have had an opportunity to evaluate the meaning of that event.

Would things have been different nationally and internationally if Mr. Roosevelt had lived, and how different? This question inevitably arises as one surveys what actually has happened.

If Mr. Roosevelt's health had remained good so that he could have tackled post-war problems with vigor, it seems plausible to suppose that he would have dealt with the last twelve months far more effectively than has President Truman.

Mr. Roosevelt would have been more successful with the labor situation than his successor because he would have recognized the importance of reconversion and getting production balanced with demand. To accomplish this, he probably would have retained wartime controls on both wages and prices. He would have relinquished controls gradually. Retention of wage and salary control appears now as the one step that would have prevented the present era of inflation. A readjustment in rates to care for the take-home-pay problem would have been inevitable but a national labor board directed by the President doubtless would have fixed on a 15 per cent or even 17 per cent increase of basic rates without the costly strikes.

Mr. Roosevelt would have been active in maintaining the United Nations as an organization working for peace and in this respect his policy would have been no different than that of Mr. Truman. There would have been one advantage—Mr. Roosevelt knew what he had promised Russia and would have been able to deal with Moscow more effectively than has Mr. Truman. This is no criticism of the present incumbent because, after all, he came into office handicapped by a lack of information. The Truman Administration under the circumstances has done an excellent job.

In relations with Congress, Mr. Roosevelt might have fared worse than has Mr. Truman because the feeling between the executive and legislative departments was bitter a year ago. Mr. Truman has by no means gotten his wishes on legislation but he is on better terms with the Senators and Representatives than was Mr. Roosevelt.

It seems certain that the late President would have dealt with the problem of the armed services far differently than has Mr. Truman. The Navy would certainly not have been punished after its magnificent showing in the war. Mr. Roosevelt would never have allowed the Navy to be weakened nor would he ever have made the blunder of forcing a merger on any of the armed services when by honest conviction so many of the men in the Navy and Marine Corps feel that the defense of the United States is thereby being impaired.

Mr. Roosevelt would probably have asked the heads of the armed services to form a council to study the best plan for defense. He would not have taken sides as to a concrete plan for unification till the military experts had threshed out the mistakes and achievements of World War II. Mr. Roosevelt had a thorough knowledge of what powerful blows had been and could be struck by air power but he also knew what the Navy has meant to America. He was the best friend the Navy ever had and that's one reason why the war against Japan was shortened and Japan was rendered virtually helpless even before the atomic bomb was dropped.

As for demobilization, Mr. Roosevelt probably would not have been able to stem the clamor for withdrawal of troops from overseas at a faster pace than was warranted. He would have been up against much the same opposition in Congress to extension of the draft but in the end he would have worked out compromises. Mr. Roosevelt's experience would have been invaluable in the post-war period.

Those who fought the New Deal, on the other hand, have felt quite relieved in the last 12 months that Mr. Roosevelt's aggressive handling of domestic problems was not copied by Mr. Truman. The conservatives were for a while inclined to support the present Chief Executive but lately they have veered to their own kind of conservatives in the Republican ranks. So politics is just the same as it would have been, international affairs are not much different, and only in the domestic picture might there have been considerable change in the tempo of reconversion to civilian production.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

PUPPET POLAND

The Polish people cannot desire the destruction of Spain either by renewed civil war or by foreign attack. The two peoples are too closely related by strong religious bonds. In fact, for centuries the two most completely Roman Catholic countries on continental Europe have been Poland and Spain. Both the Polish and the Spanish peoples are now held in thrall by police-governments which do not permit freedom of expression in any form.

Poland is now the property of Soviet Russia and its government is a Communist puppet. Poland was reduced to this condition at Yalta with the consent of the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Therefore, to embarrass Great Britain and the United States, Puppet Poland demands that U.N. take some action over Spain. That, of course, will remove Iran from the headlines. It will divert attention from Russia's expanding imperialism in Europe and Asia. It confounds and confuses the American policy of making U.N. an instrument of justice for small nations.

And to make the issue dramatic, Spain is accused of harboring "Nazi refugee-scientists" who are working on the Atomic bomb! The Poles demand that Spain be forced to expel these "Nazi refugee-scientists" so that they might be put into Russian concentration camps until they agree to do research work for Soviet Russia on the Atomic bomb! And if you want to know precisely what that means, read Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom."

The bearer of these tidings to U.N. from Puppet Poland is Oscar Lange, Ambassador from the Puppet to the United States, but until a year ago an American citizen and a member of P.A.C. He renounced his citizenship of our country last July to get the ambassadorship from Poland. Both events occurred almost simultaneously. That seems to satisfy our State Department although at the time it seemed to many that Professor Lange was selling a birthright for a mess of pottage. Since his renunciation of his American citizenship, Ambassador Lange has been a talkative shadow of the taciturn Soviet Ambassador Gromyko. Of course, Dr. Lange does what he is told to do, as all Ambassadors do—it is not his personal fault that he wants "Nazi refugee-scientists" turned into slaves in some Siberian or Turkestan laboratory where the Russians are now engaged in trying to decipher American thinking on atomic fission. These "refugee-scientists," Nazi or otherwise, might become extremely useful if properly conditioned.

Franco Unpopular in U. S.

Now, Franco is an unpopular figure in the United States and I am not going to get involved in any argument which might imply a defense of a dictator or an authoritarian way of life. Franco, Stalin, Tito, Peron and the late Mussolini and Hitler belonged to the same union of power-grabbers; they all operated, and only the dead ones have ceased to operate, police-governments in which the life of a human being is as important and as valuable as the life of a louse. I do not want to be listed as directly or indirectly favoring, supporting or mitigating the crimes of any member, living or dead, of the Union of Dictators.

But I must call attention to the fact that they are all birds of a feather. There are no good dictators. There are no good totalitarian governments. What this Polish demarche in U. N. amounts to is that the Communists, not having succeeded in capturing Spain by one means or another, want the United States to do it for them.

But to an American, it makes no difference whether Fascism is Red, Black or Brown, or whether it calls itself Communism, Falange, or even Democracy. The American test is human liberty and human dignity and the respect by government of the rights of the individual human being. There is little enough of that now in most European countries and none at all in Russia or Spain or Poland. There is no reason why this nation should be involved in supporting one set of gangsters against another. And the burden of making Spain Communist is being dumped in the lap of Uncle Sam by Puppet Poland. That is what this U.N. business really means.

(Copyright, 1946)

Tampala, the new vegetable, is believed to be far superior to spinach in color and flavor. The leaves are so tender it requires only five minutes to cook.

Darn small holes or breaks in underwear. If not caught promptly, small holes in underwear soon stretch to large ones or even ravel, and then may need patching



Hard Times In Berks County

An Historical Narrative by L. A. WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by the Editor of the ECK)

THOMAS RIETH

(Continued)

"After many hardships and tortures by hunger and thirst we reached the camp of the peaceful Muncis on the third day after we had left the Susquehanna. There Gila, who seemed to be held in high esteem by the tribe, was happily received and lead into a comfortable hut especially arranged for her and where she was to rest. As for us, we too could not complain about the reception given us; a fire was soon crackling in our honor, a deer was dragged into camp, skinned and skillfully cut up. The pieces of venison were broiled by drawing them back and forth in the bright flames and then ravenously consumed. In general order seemed to prevail among this tribe. I saw here none of the rude manners, the dark and sullen faces, the dirt and laziness and deceit, such as I hitherto found among Indian tribes. I was soon convinced that it was Gila's good spirit that dominated here and that she was trying with the aid of her fine sons to elevate her tribe morally (at least to the extent of her own conceptions) and to see that they did not suffer want. Gila served both as a doctor and commissary. Through her good counsel her tribe was molested neither by the whites nor the redmen, and wisely they stayed out of the path of their only foe, the evil Cartiere. No wonder then that Gila's people were attached to her in true devotion and that her commands, which she had her sons to pronounce, were carried out gladly and without protest.

"As she had promised Gila started out for the Juniata on the following afternoon. The weather was raw and stormy but she did not refrain from carrying out the plans upon which so much seemed to depend. She provided herself with considerable foodstuff and with gifts. She drew the same from her own store, had them packed on two horses, which two of her young braves had to lead; two warriors accompanied Gila and pow the little caravan proceeded in happy mood across the mountains.

"While this energetic woman was gone the weather grew steadily worse. It was decided in camp to make no further excursions but the necessary ones for hunting and fishing. Provisions were to be carefully preserved, and wood procured so that a good fire could be kept up constantly. Everything was to be arranged as conveniently as possible for in this region the winters are very severe and often the snows only leave the hills in April.

"Being treated kindly by these Indians I helped them in their undertakings with my best counsel. I aided them in their labors and complied with their wishes whenever I could. I now spoke their language fluently. They often requested me to sit down by the fire and tell them about the whites, how they live, what they did, about their big towns, their substantial houses, their clothes and adornments. Thus I soon won their full confidence and I could be well satisfied with my present condition. Following Gila's advice I refrained from talking German with Elise's brother as much as possible although it was difficult for me not to do so. To my great satisfaction I noticed that the good lad was becoming daily more cheerful and his body gaining in strength. Also his yellow complexion was vanishing and a reddish glow once more began to show in his cheeks. He seemed on the way of becoming a totally different person.

"A month had passed since Gila had left the camp and still her people had had no news from her. Her sons as well as the whole tribe began to be seriously disturbed. The youngest of Gila's sons, Tup-to-so, accompanied by several braves, now concluded to start out to meet his mother, and not to return again before he had found her and brought her safely back to camp.

"Again four days had passed in anxious expectations and no news had come either from Gila or her son. Further unrest and anxiety took possession of the camp. Perhaps some great misfortune had befallen them; perhaps they had been taken prisoners by one of the wild tribes that now descended so numerously from the Alleghenies. After a short council they now determined to send forth scouts, to set up guards and to fortify their camp as well and speedily as possible. They were pleased when I as well as the boy participated in these labors, especially when they now recognized that the suggestions which I had made for the construction of the fortifications proved very practical.

"On the sixth day after Tup-to-so had left the camp the sun was again setting behind the mountain summit without any news about Gila and those sent after her. The redmen were quietly sitting around the fires awaiting with anxiety what might happen next, when suddenly one of them exclaimed that he saw one of their men hastening in the direction of the camp. As if frightened by a stroke of lightning they all leapt to their feet and an Indian could actually be seen at some distance striving hard to reach the camp as quickly as possible and from time to time giving signs which signified that he had an important message.

"The runner soon arrived at camp where he was surrounded by the curious crowd. They learned that Gila together with her son and those who had gone forth with her were on their way back but they were obliged to travel slowly because of a sick woman whom Gila did not wish to leave behind; that had been the only reason for her long absence; she hoped to arrive in camp that very evening.

"This news caused great joy; they hurried to let the camp-fires burn up high and went about preparing a good meal; nor did they neglect to send some sturdy men out to meet the approaching party and to render help in case of need. The runner whispered to me that I was to take the pale boy and go away from camp a short distance and wait there until Gila called me. She had something important to tell me, something the boy was not yet to know.

"I went away at once to hunt Jacob—that was the boy's baptismal name—and soon found him by one of the fires. I asked him to follow me because I wanted to talk with him. Engaged in all sorts of conversation we soon found ourselves quite a way from camp. He told me that he had had such awful dreams last night. He had seen how white men had buried his father and his brother, and how his mother and his sister stood there and wept bitterly. And when they saw him there among those present they came rushing up to him, took him in their arms and drew him away, whereupon he had awakened, but these images had not yet left him. I comforted my young comrade in sorrows as well as I could, remarking that after all the dream had not been a bad one for he knew already that his father and his brother had been murdered by the savages; that this vivid dream had also indicated to him that his mother and sister were still living . . . We would find them again and that I was resolved not to yield from him until we had traced their whereabouts; and I also told him I believed Gila to be the tool through which to find the lost ones and that she had given me to understand pretty clearly that she would also soon give him his freedom. We were still engaged in our conversations when we heard quite a noise from the direction of the camp indicating to me that Gila and her people must have arrived. Jacob wanted to hasten back to camp at once but I detained him and begged him to stay with me until the redmen's frenzied welcome had subsided and Gila had recovered somewhat. Then he would learn to know everything. Jacob obeyed without any protests and after we had talked pleasantly for a while longer we returned slowly to camp. Outside the camp we came upon an Indian who seemed to be expecting us and who indicated to me that Gila wanted to see me in her hut; the boy was to follow him to the fire, take some food there and then go to sleep. Tomorrow Gila would also speak to him. In good spirits Jacob went over to the fire and I into Gila's hut.

"In the hut I expressed to the good woman my joy over her return. In the glow of the small fire I noticed in one corner a sort of litter such as the Indians were wont to use in carrying their sick ones. Upon it a white woman, deathly pale, lay moaning. Before her kneeled a maiden clasping the hands of the sick woman; they were talking in the German language and I heard these words from the mouth of the maiden: "Dear mother, the Lord has hitherto had mercy upon us and heard our prayers; He will also protect us further; calm yourself. You will grow well again; you are much better today and once you have overcome this bad fever Gila will keep her word and rescue us, I surely believe."

"Surely she will do that!" I interrupted in the German language, and as if struck by lightning the two women startled and looked up at me in the greatest astonishment. When they had recovered the sick woman lifted her hands and as if in a delirium she whispered to her daughter: "Maria, this is the angel who appeared to me in a dream yesterday. Yes, yes! it is he—now my recovery is near at hand. Soon I shall see my loved ones again, if not in this then in the next world." A deep sigh followed upon these words and then her eyes closed.

"I now stepped up to the litter and said in gentle words to the sick woman that I too was a captive and had suffered much among the Indians until Gila had rescued me from out of the hands of the most barbarous Indians; I doubted not in the least that Gila would carry out the good work which she had begun; she was to take new courage and consider her health. Her sufferings would soon take an end and happy days still lay ahead.

"Comforted by my words she stretched forth her emaciated hand and spoke just as softly as before: I hope—I believe you are the angel the Lord has sent me." "Amen" the girl said with a sweet voice and cordially pressed my hand.

"The darkness which now filled the room made it impossible to get a good look at the maiden who continued to kneel. Besides, Gila now called me to her side in order to relate to me her adventures on her recent journey. She said that to her astonishment she had gotten through with the Conestoga Indians much more quickly than she had expected, the reason no doubt being the illness of this pale woman. As soon as the negotiations had been completed she had had the sick woman brought into a warm hut and prepared her a potion of herbs. After she had drunk the same she had fallen quietly asleep on the hides beside her daughter. The next morning she had her people make this litter, wrapped the sick woman in warm blankets, placed her on the litter and brought her hither.

"When she had ended her tale, I took both her hands and thanked her cordially for this noble deed, which surely the Great Spirit had witnessed and would richly reward. The palefaces too would reward her liberally.

"After these words Gila let me out of the hut and said: "I have up to now done everything in my power to keep my promise which I gave you and Shekelemy and my friend Cahachquey; as soon as this raw season is ended and the pale woman is well, I want to journey with you to your paleface brothers and there see whether you will keep your promise also. Be sure not to tell the boy about his rescued mother and sister and keep him away from my hut. A sudden meeting with the sick woman might be injurious and make her condition worse.

"The worst part of the winter was over and the rays of the March sun warmed the good Mother Earth more and more. Here and there bits of grass were coming forth and on the trees the buds were swelling. The sick woman had very visibly improved under the good care and the medicinal herbs which Gila gave her daily. Leaning on the arm of her faithful daughter(the very image of her sister) she could now walk up and down before Gila's hut; she had grown considerably more cheerful. I had already prepared the boy Jacob for the meeting with his mother and sister. I now considered the woman strong enough to tell her about Elise and to inform mother and daughter that Jacob's whereabouts were known and that he might be arriving at any moment.

"What pen can describe the joy when the women learned that I had seen Elise in the house of the good Weiser; that I had spoken with her; that I loved and esteemed her and had promised to search out her mother and her sister among the savages and if possible to rescue them. And how wondrously possible this had been made through the cooperation of that noble Indian woman, who had repeated her promise that as soon as good weather returned and the sick woman felt herself strong enough she would accompany all of us to Weiser's farm.

"On that very evening I brought the mother her son and the sister her brother. They clasped each other in a long embrace without being able to utter a word. I was obliged to turn away from the scene. The reunion with her son and the good news about her daughter had done wonders for the sick woman. Her strength increased day by day and she became constantly more cheerful. Early in April the weather was so wonderful that Gila found it was time to start upon the journey."

Philip had listened attentively to Thomas' narrative and thanked him, but remarked that his father would have to make every effort to get the government to reward the good Indian woman liberally; he further said that he would early the next morning ride ahead and prepare his parents and Elise for the arrival of the rescued ones. The caravan was then to follow him later; but now it was midnight and Thomas was to go to rest without any further concern.

(To be Concluded)

IN APRIL'S SWEET MONTH

Abril iss die Zeit
Wann die Schaefelcher schpringe;
Die Baem griege Gnepp
Un die Veggelcher singe.

COME TO THE WINDOW

Nau kumm mol ans Fenschter,
Mei Bobbelche glee!
Wie scheine die Schtaerne
Dart draus uff der See!

Un guck mol im Wasser
Wu Fischelcher sin,
Wie schpiele die Schtaerne
So luschdich dart drin!

Die Bullfracke greische,
Noch lauter, noch meh;
S iss Zeit fer mei Bobbelche
Schlofe zu geh.

ALL AROUND THE GREEN GRAVEL

Do rum am griene 'Gravel',
Do wachst des Graas so grie;
Un all die scheene Maedcher,
Die kumme darde hie;
Nau wesch sie all in Millich,
Un gleed sie all in Zwillich;
Die Erscht was sich verhoppelt,
Den Takt verfehlt im Danz,
Die waerd emol gekoppelt,
Un heiert dann der Hans.

PUSSY CAT ATE THE DUMPLINGS

Die Bussi esst die Schnitz un Gnepp.
Die Bussi esst die Gnepp;
Do kummt die Mammi graad dezu
Un saagt, "Was hoschte nau geduh?
Was fresscht du mir die Gnepp?"
—Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim
MAMMI GANS BUCH

SCHLECHTE UN GUTE

Der Mensch wu liegt
Un Leit betriegt
Iss net viel waert
Uff unser Aerd.
Er fool't die Leit
Uff weit un breit;
'n nuisance iss
Un Hinnernis.

Der Kaerl wu faul,
Mit grossem Maul,
Wu blost un brallt
Bis alles schallt,
Iss aa ken gut—
Hot schlechtes Blut;
Wann dot er geht,
Iss aus 'm Weg.

Un der wu sauft
Un hesslich schnauft,
Un laaft wie'n Gans
Un schtinkt wie'n Wans—
Was doch 'n Schand
Uff See un Land,
Un Elend immer
Fer Weib un Kinner.

Der Mann, wu Gut
Un Rechtes duht
Hot grosser Waert,
Iss lieb un schmaert;
Er lehrt die Leit
Bis braaf un g'scheit,
Bis so gelaernt
Ass Welt verschtaunt.

Wer lobt un liebt,
Uns net betriebt,
Un gebt uns Brod
Wann in der Not;
Bringt aarme Leit
Viel Freidigkeit,
Viel Schtark un Glick
Mit Himmels Blick.

Die Mutterlieb
In ihrem Trieb
Unschreiblich iss—
Das iss gewiss.
Sie gebt ihr Schtark
Un taeglich Waerk
Fer Mann un Kinner—
Vergesst sie nimmer.
—H. HORACE ROMIG.

'S BEWI WAAR UNSCHULDICH

Die schtolse Eltre hen in de train g'sotze mit ihr'm erschte Kind. Sie waar'n uffem Weg fer der Graempaep un die Graemmaem b'suche. Do kummt uff eemol en fremmer Mann zu ihne un pischpert em Vatter ins Ohr: "Saag, daet dei Fraa net verleicht besser mol noch eier'm Bewi gucke? Die Luft waerd hesseldonisch dick dorum!"

Der Vatter saagt scinre Fraa ebbes ins Ohr un die Fraa andwart ihr'm Mann gans leis—awwer sie hot's recht laut gemeent: "Nee—sell iss net vun unserm Bewi, so ass 'd sell weesscht!" —"Nee", saagt der Vatter zum fremme Mann, "'s iss net vun unserm Bewi, so ass 'd sell weesscht!"

"Well", saagt der Mann, "es guckt mer awwer all die seem selleweg."

"Ich geb nix drum, wie's guckt, 's iss ennihau net unser Bewi", saagt die Fraa. Ihre Andwart gebt ihr'm Mann Muth un Eifer un er saagt:

"Nee, mer gewwe en Hunsbohn drum wie's guckt, 's iss ennihau net unser Bewi, so ass du sell weesscht, un eenicher son-of-a-gun as secht, unser Bewi hett sich unmanierlich uffg'fiehrt, liegt un kann's net prufe; un wann's ihn net suit, kann er rausschteppe un's aus mir nemme. Ich nemm alle bissel uff mich, aas sell Bewi dutt, un vergess dich net druff."

Die zwee waar'n yuscht ready fer nanner druffhalte, do drengt sich en Fraa, wu bissel weiter hinne g'sotze hot, dezwische un saagt: "Ach, ihr misse mich 'excuse'-e, awwer ich weess, was do der Druwwel iss". Sie nemmt en gleener package owwe vum rack un saagt: "Do hawwich en Limberger Kees kaaft—mei Mann gleicht en so arrick—un weil ich der Geruch so schlecht verdraage kann, hawwich en do owwe in der rack gelegt un hab mich bissel devun wegg'setzt."

"Ich hab's gewisst, ass es net unser Bewi waar", saagt die Fraa mit em Kind—"Ya", saagt ihr Mann mit me schtolse Blick, "mer hen's gewisst, ass es net unser Bewi waar; mer kenne sei Handschrift besser as sell, verloss dich druff!"

—Anonymous.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Wert Bol Obnemma

So wies uns fohr kumt, maich'd der kitzlich Ramie Knerr drowwa beim Bobby Yarrick in da J. M. Snyder bauerra g'shar kumpany on Neffs aw iwwer dem dale fon seim shpeck ferlierra. Der Ramie wie m'r wissa, board ons Shankwellers wertshous nagshd on Levans, un woh aw der Roy Miller un sei Dottie dahame sin, so wohl wie aw der alt flintamon Ollie Biery. Der Ollie hut die flinta, un der Roy, woh fert im greik wor wase wie die flinta tzu handla. So weit os der Ramie aw gait, hut er doh net long tzurick owets mohl 'n lot galarnt fon flinta socha, os er dafor net gawist hut kot.

Der Roy hut 'm amie aenie fom Ollie seina shwearra alta flinta in die hand gewwa, un 'n shtarta drilla. Endlich hut der Roy der Ramie noch marcha mocha, un sawga 's het shier galoud wie won die rebels rum weara. Immel odder wohl hut der Ramie g'sawt er het now grawd ganunk fon dem waisa, un hut die flint onna g'shmissa, un g'sawt er wear anyhow tzu alt fer may in die army gae, ow'r der Ollie hut 'm glei onnishder g'sawt. Alla gagend maint der Ollie sot 'n "Home Guard" howwa, un is shure os die Levans gagend ken besserer soldawdt griega kent os wie der Ramie so long os die "Enemy" 'm ous da ribba bleibt. Ow'r won sie 'm in die ribba kumma maich'd er im shtond sei fer sich aintwedders dote locha, odder dade brovierra fer iwwer der mond jumpa.

Un so weit os der Roy aw gonga is, sella airshta owet drilla, hut 'm so'n rauer hols gamocht os er gamaint hut fer 'n ous shwanka mit holswae socha. Sei Dottie hut ow'r shun 's licht ous gadray'd kotta, un wos hut er gaduh os wie 'n buddle hoar shampoo ganumma, un der hols darta mit ous g'shwank'd. Die barichda sin, er het loud ganunk k'hoosh'd os sie 'n bol drowwa in Neffs hoerra hetta kenna goutsa.

'N Neier Shtyle

Sis doch wunnerbore wos die weibsleit dun so weit os glaider, shoe un heet aw gain. Frocka weara sie os m'r alsa mohl nimmy wase ebs frocka odder yusht blocka sin, un on da shoe shtecka sie tzaca un foushda hous—sis miner sex 'n shond. Un so weit os die heet aw gain, wel sel is widder ebbes gons bei sich selwar un is alsa mohl hard tzu sawga won m'r sie sehnt, eb sie kumma odder gain. Un now wohrhoft won sie drowwa in da New Tripoli gagend net noch ebbes gons neisa aw g'fonga hen so weit os heet waira aw gait—sie weara die heet im bed fer shlofa gae.

Un war maint die socha weara net so shlim wie sel, brouch numma mohl shwetza mit 'm Wilmer Mantz, un woh fertzalla kon wie er owets hame kumma is un sei Norma wor im bed om shlofa, un hut der hute uf kotta. Won der Wilmer sel gaduh het, wolla m'r wetta os die Norma g'sawt het er het abissel tzu dief in die buddle gaguck'd. O'r sie hut ewwa yusht mohr gadenk'd sie wot 'n neier shtyle awfonga—der hute weara fer shlofa gae.

Die Norma wor ow'r net fert noch ra party wie dale ferleicht denka maichda os sie gawest wear. Sie hut der gons owet tzu gabrocht drunna on da kerrich, un woh nix tzu drinka wor os wie brunna wosser. Aenicha waig, der Wilmer hut shier net fartich werra kenna gucka wie er die Norma sehna hut shlofa mit 'm hute uf, un des da wenicher os sie hoert dafon, des da liver is es ra.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Der Harvey Shireman fon Point Phillips klaimt, 's wear heit tzu dawg 'n lot blessier fer shule direcktor seibardich won m'r nagshd ganunk om shule hous wohna dade fer da shule maishder'n die ketta uf die mashine mocha, wons unnabadenk'd glot odder dreckich werra dade.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Saturday afternoon I went up to ma's room to see if she looked in a good enough of a mood to ask her if I could go to the movies, and she was taking things out of one draw and putting them in another, saying, Oh dear, I was never so board in my life.

Me thinking, Heck, and said, I tried to read my Relaxation book but it just seemed to make me nerviss. I terned the radio from station to station, but one program was just more uninteresting than the other. Even the telefone has been as silent as the grave the whole livelong day. I'm just simply board stiff, she said.

I wish I knew a good movie plot. I'd tell it to you, I said, and ma said, If wishes were horses, life would be a different story.

Proving she hadn't took the hint, and I had a good idea and went downstairs and came back again, saying, How do you feel now, ma, any better?

No, thank you, ma said, and I said, Well I bet you soon will, ma.

Why will I for land sakes? ma said, and I said, Because people are probably going to start ringing the doorbell to talk to you, so you may as well stop worrying about being board.

What people, what are you talking about, have you any idea? ma said, and I said, Sure, ma. I bet about 10 different people have stopped me on the street the last cupple of days to ask me if I knew of any rooms to rent around here, so I just went down in the living room and printed a sign with black crayon on a piece of paper saying Cheep Rooms to Rent, and I stuck it up in the front window by leening a book in back of it, so people are libel to ring the bell any minute now and you can go down and talk to them, I said.

The result being ma made me run and take the sign down again before anyone noticed it, only I was pritty near too late because some lady was just starting to walk up the front steps with an excited expression till I shook my head at her through the window.

Proving people would rather be board than bothered.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

We took a walk last evening and as we stopped at a store window we saw a mother giving her boy—he was about five years old—a terrific bawling-out.

The kid was crying and telling his mother that he was hungry.

"You've had your dinner," she yelled, as she shook him, "and you don't get any more to eat. And one more sound out of you and I'm going to give you a good licking."

The father, a rather meek-looking specimen, stood by and didn't say a word. He just looked at the exhibits in the shop window.

* * *

I felt like giving those parents a piece of my mind, but then I figured that the affair was none of my business and that I had better keep out of it.

But I couldn't help thinking of an article I had read earlier in the day, which quoted Dr. Bruce B. Robinson, director of the Bureau of Child Guidance for the Board of Education in Newark, N. J.

"Would we dare," asked the educator, "to let children talk to us as we talk to them?

"Children are entitled to courtesy just as we expect courtesy from them."

And then he named a few of the discourtesies of which parents—and teachers—are often guilty.

Among them are "peremptory commands, inconsiderate criticism, interruptions, contradiction, showing impatience and anger, sharp reproof, refusing to listen, showing disapproval or annoyance by raising the voice, pushing, pulling, sarcasm, dislike, contempt."

"Imagine," adds Dr. Robinson, "entertaining respected guests and talking to them as we do to children!"

* * *

Whenever I see parents acting the way those two I told you about did, I always feel that I see cowards.

Whenever I see a man like the one who stood by and let his wife yell at a child, I see a man who is henpecked at work and at home, a man who is afraid to stand up for his rights and whose only inferior is a helpless child.

The mother who does the things frustrated woman, a woman with a terrible inferiority complex, who takes Dr. Robinson criticizes is usually a advantage of her child's littleness and innocence to give expression to everything that is bad and weak in her.

* * *

Parents ought to realize that in their children lies their immortality, that the proper raising of children is a duty to society and that by hurting their children they are hurting their community.

If I wanted to hire a man I would want to see his children. They would be his best—or his worst—reference.

Horoscope

You have perseverance, are energetic and versatile if today is your birthday. You are easy-going, and when thwarted in your purpose you are resourceful in accomplishing it in other ways. You are quiet and reserved, uncommunicative and do not make friends easily, but you do hold those you make. Your love is sincere and steadfast. Studies you contemplate early today should be profitable. Take advantage of the stimulating rays from the luminaries and be energetic. The evening does not promise enjoyable social intercourse, so read a soothing book. Around 8:06 p. m., however, a spirit of energy may arouse you, so put it into a worthwhile project.

25 Years Ago

April 13, 1921, A Wednesday

Misses Edith Womer and Elsie Donecker, pianist and vocalist, presented a recital in the studio of William Rees, St. John's Reformed chapel.

More than 300 persons attended the card party and dance held in Young Men's hall under the auspices of the Ladies' auxiliary of the Sacred Heart hospital.

Conrad G. Voigt won first place in the annual oratorical contest of Muhlenberg college. Second place was awarded to Mark K. Trexler and third honor went to James G. Morgan.

Dr. V. G. Gangewere gave a banquet and musical program for members of the Adult Bible class of St. Peter's Lutheran church in appreciation of the class' loyalty and interest.

Fifteen of the ex-service men of the Reichenbach Memorial hospital attended a showing of a double feature at the Colonial. The boys were the guests of the management.

Judge Groman made clear the system prevailing in Lehigh

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Seek ye the Lord?
Search not the cold and empty tomb:
He is not linked with night and gloom:
He is not bound by death or strife:
His name is Light, and Love and Life.
He lives: Is risen: Go, find ye then
The living Lord—in the hearts of men.
Anderson.

SO THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE!

The American people now have been provided with their dietary program that is designed to enable a maximum number of the people of the world to live instead of dying of starvation, as presently is threatened.

By Government fiat, American consumption of flour is to be reduced 25 per cent below the amount used in 1945. This will probably mean that upon two days of the week there will be only about half the normal amount of food on hand for Americans and that on those two days we shall realize sharply how Europeans and Asiatics eat at all times.

That Americans are ready to do this, whether in the spirit of necessity or sacrifice, is likely after the triangular appeal issued to them last night by President Truman, former President Hoover and ex-Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia. Speaking from Washington the President told Americans that we cannot remain healthy and happy in the same world where millions of human beings are starving. Speaking from Cairo, where he has been making a study of food conditions thruout Europe and North Africa, Mr. Hoover outlined measures whereby he believes one of the greatest crises in human history can be averted in great part.

So, beginning next week, the processors of food from cereal grains are going to receive only 75 per cent of what they were using a year ago. They will then have to work out a program for distribution of this reduced output with their retail customers.

At the same time the Government expects thru the offer of a substantial bonus of 30c per bushel to coax about a billion and a half bushels of wheat now estimated to be stored in American barns and by another bonus payment to acquire about fifty million bushels of corn for resale to feeders and processors who may be in urgent need.

It is to be noted further that the program is being worked out in cooperation with the Dominion of Canada and Great Britain and also, it is hoped, with Russia. Thus Mr. Hoover is of opinion that Great Britain can at once divert half a million tons to feed people who now are hungry and that Russia should be able to deliver 300,000 tons of wheat a month as against the present 75,000 ton quota.

The main part of the burden still will fall upon the United States. Mr. Hoover estimates that about 1,100,000 tons of wheat should be exported from the United States monthly until the end of the summer. Even with that amount and with the most careful distribution, Europeans are going to be getting only about half the average fare and something less than the amount which most persons require in order to maintain health.

The greatest importance lies in swift and effective action. As Mr. Hoover points out, this world crisis is unique in that it has "a definite terminal date—the arrival of the next harvest." So if all the countries concerned—the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Russia, Argentina, Australia and Siam—will immediately do their part, the world can be pulled out of this crisis. As President Truman put it: "The time for talk has passed. The time for action is here," and fitting action to the word he has approved all the moves whereby Americans will eat less in order that other peoples may eat a little and live.

CONQUEST OF MALARIA PROMISED

So many young Americans have returned from the wars with the affliction of malaria still clinging to them that a new interest in this disease which it has developed and high hopes have been entertained that ultimately this historical foe of mankind will be conquered.

It could have been highly tragic for the American people that, first of all, the majority of our young soldiery were trained in the former swamplands and malaria-infested areas of the Southern States and second, that they went on to fight wars in some of the worst malaria areas of the world—North Africa and Southern Italy and the islands of the Pacific.

Some time it will be told how frantically the scientists worked in order to hold this terrible threat in check and how successfully they worked in the main. Even tho it was difficult to get thousands of men to obey rules—to take preventive drugs regularly and to sleep at all times under netting that would protect them from the dangerous mosquitoes it was remarkable how few men, relatively speaking, contracted the disease. Certainly the mosquitoes got after all of them and in virtually every country where there was fighting the malarial mosquito abounded.

Some time it will be better known how our scientists deprived of quinine by the Jap conquests in Asia, went to work to develop chemical substitutes and from fully fifteen thousand such found powerful and practical new drugs. One of these is said to cure the relapsing type of malaria, the most serious form that our young men have brought home with them from the wars. It is also reported that a drug to prevent or completely suppress the non-relapsing type of this serious fever has been developed. Accordingly the eradication of this plague from the face of the earth would seem to be promised ultimately.

A HOPEFUL NOTE FROM GEORGIA

One of the most hopeful pieces of news out of the deep south is that from Augusta, Ga., where during the week a candidate for the Legislature, who campaigned on the antiquated and prejudicial "white Democratic primary" slogan, was defeated by a newspaperman who believes that Negroes as well as whites should be permitted to vote, even in Georgia, and at Democratic primaries.

The number of Negroes who participated in the election was so small that they could not have swung the election in favor of the man who was elected, altho the defeated contestant now charges it was Negro votes that did the trick.

Accordingly he promised to carry his fight thruout the state and to run for governor of Georgia on the same platform that brought his defeat in a smaller political subdivision.

It would seem to be demonstrated that many whites in Georgia have come to recognize the shame in a situation where a great part of the electorate is disfranchised and has no voice in political affairs altho guaranteed such voice by the Constitution of the United States.

The Iran Black-out

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 19—Iran, which has needed the help of world opinion to keep Russia from grabbing her resources, now suddenly clamps a censorship on all news dispatches sent from that country. Theoretically Iran no longer needs the help of world opinion.

This is incredible. And, of course, nobody in the Department of State which made public the facts about the censorship believes for one moment that this step was taken by Iran of her own free will.

Here is a situation which is far more dangerous to world peace than the Spanish problem or even the question of keeping Russian troops on the soil of Iran. For if a nation can be blacked out by the dominating influence of a neighboring government, the United Nations might as well confess failure.

The whole theory behind the charter adopted in San Francisco is that an appeal can and should be made to the conscience of countries which are inclined to choose the path of aggression. Russia has exhibited tendencies toward aggression, though the polite word to use nowadays is "expansion."

Up to now the question before the United Nations Security Council was whether Iran was being coerced into an agreement on oil concessions as the price of withdrawing Russian troops. Now, however, a greater and much more menacing form of coercion has appeared—the imposition, probably at the behest of Russia, of a censorship such as Moscow often imposes.

* * *

The principle of censorship is well understood in wartime but it has absolutely no justification in time of peace. The very fact that Iran had to impose the censorship indicates that the Russians are afraid to let the truth come out about what is happening. Fear of the truth about the misbehavior of major powers in their relations with other countries is the usual reason for censorship in peacetime.

The United Nations has proclaimed its interest in "Freedom of Information." This was one of the "Four Freedoms" extolled by the late President Roosevelt and inscribed on many a banner that was unfurled during the war to encourage American boys to give their lives for that cause.

What will the United Nations Security Council do about it? Should it not ask the government of Iran for an explanation and ask for testimony from newspapers in Iran? Should not the representatives of the press and government of Iran be brought before the council in an inquiry as to what were the forces or influences behind this sudden use of censorship powers, especially as they relate to foreign correspondents?

If the Security Council is authorized to investigate "any situation" which could conceivably endanger the peace of the world, then what has just occurred in Iran is pertinent. The form of censorship imposed is one of the most unreasonable ever devised. Correspondents are not even permitted to see what is deleted or to learn whether their dispatches have been suppressed. The American embassy at Teheran cabled to the Department of State the facts and indicated the seriousness of the development.

* * *

The American delegate to the United Nations conference has the right to ask that the subject be put on the agenda of the Security Council for further investigation. Once a small country subject to foreign influences loses its autonomy, the United Nations has the right to inquire whether the nation back of the move has an aggressive purpose. The forcing of a censorship on a weak neighbor is an incipient form of aggression.

The United Nations Charter was designed to nip aggression in the bud before it could flourish. If the League of Nations could have sensed the dangers in Hitler's totalitarianism as early as 1934 and 1935 and if the powers had acted in concert then, there might never have been an opportunity for the Nazis to gather the raw materials they needed to build their armament and World War II might have been prevented. The United Nations has before it the pattern of totalitarianism which led to aggression before. The abolition of the four freedoms can be readily regarded as the beginning of trouble in any area of the world.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

LILIES IN OUR MEMORY

Of course, we shall wear our Easter bonnets and walk in the Easter parade, having been to church to partake of the spirit of the day. The war is over and life goes on. In fact, even while the war was in course, the Easter parade on Fifth Avenue was gay and cheering. It is Spring and the flowers are beginning to bloom.

That is the story of man. Each generation lives its own resurrection. It dies a thousand deaths. It is always going to the dogs. It is never like the one that went before. Yet, man continues, hoping, dreaming, planning and plotting, marrying and creating new families. It is the resilience of the human race that makes it so marvelous. Hope springs eternal . . .

And the atomic bomb will change none of it. For man will adjust to atomic fission as he has adjusted to steam, electricity and electronics. Man split the atom and he will harness it. He will do with it what he has done with radium; he has taken the poisons of the vegetables and minerals and turned them into healing and life-giving properties.

Man is a miraculous creature, particularly in the Spring, when the spirit of the resurrection enters his soul. He can not only dream but he can make his dreams come true. He traverses the world through the air in what amounts to minutes of time as compared with other years because his mind, his reason, masters what the birds and beasts can only do by instinct. His work is the product of his thought.

* * *

Miracles! The world is filled with miracles. There is the miracle of streptomycin and the miracle of penicillin, of plastics, of the atom. And these miracles are not the things themselves but they are that man possesses mind and will. Today, having become spiritually poverty-stricken, we call the results of man's noblest and most miraculous inspirations, science, and set it apart as something without a soul.

Jesus said:

". . . For verily I say unto you, whosoever shall say unto this mountain, 'Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea'; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. And when ye stand praying, forgive, if we have ought against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses."

And that, of course, is the greatest miracle of all—the willingness of man to play fair, to be just, to forgive, even to forget. Without that we should be like beasts in the fields, one preying upon the other, clawing and chewing and hating endlessly without reason or right but because we pursue vicious instincts. It is the miracle of goodness that really saves the human race from its own banalities. It is the miracle of a moral life that frees us from the beastliness of a biologic life.

* * *

And that, of course, is what Easter has always really meant, for the story it tells is of goodness, of a life spent in goodness, that was lost and resurrected for goodness. For it is good to be charitable, to have pity, to feed the hungry, to give oneself to an ideal, to build hospitals and to care for the sick, the weary, and the miserable. And we do that—we Americans. We do it objectively, for those who are dear and near to us and for those who are distant and whom we may not even like. We do it for friend and foe. We are, in our hearts, a good people.

And so we move among our neighbors on Easter day, in the friendly Spring sun, in good cheer, in the spirit of liberty and of decent living, not too sure of our virtue but certain of our intentions, a religious people in the sense that we walk not alone but with our God.

(Copyright, 1946)

Mexico's biggest hotel, the Alameda, in Mexico City, recently acquired by the Mexican Pensions Ministry, is to be opened next May after 10 years of construction.

Britain's coronation chair, which was sent to Gloucester, England, for safety during the war has been returned to Westminister Abbey.



Oschderhaas, Oschderhaas

Oschderhaas, Oschderhaas!
Kinner, gehne frieh ins Bett!
Un die Nacht, wann ihr im Schlof,
Kummt der Haas in unser Hof;
Guckt wu ihr die Neschder hett,
Aryets dart im hoche Graas.

Ya, der kummt aa rei ins Haus,
Wann er draus ken Neschder find.
Dart im Eck 'n alder Hut,
Der iss ihm doch graad so gut;
Legt er dann die Oier gschwind,
Un dann schpringt er widder naus.

Marye dann in aller Frieh,
Sin aa schunn die Oier dart,
Rot un grie un geel un bloh,
Ei, was sin die Kinner froh;
Oschderhaas iss widder fart,
Un ich weess aa net wuhie.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

FEIERDAAGE

The following article was translated from DER UNABHAENGIGE REPUBLIKANER (Allentown, Pa.) for April 23, 1829. The writer of the article found the Pennsylvania Germans of 117 years ago having little respect for Holy Week and the Easter holidays. Are their descendants of today more devout?—For the folklorist this letter written by one Joshua (the name Jeremiah might have been more appropriate) contains one precious bit: old folks scratching tulips on colored Easter eggs!

Mr. Publisher:

Permit me a bit of space in your beloved paper for a few comments about the observance of the so-called holidays. The Easter holidays have just passed and that leads me to write this little article. I was on a journey from Nazareth to Sumneytown and on my way I passed many taverns.

Good Friday, the holy day on which the Redeemer of the world suffered for us and died for us—how was it being observed? The boys were playing the game of pitch penny and the girls were running about in the neighborhood seeking young men. The men sat about in the taverns or else they were engaged in making business deals and the women were gathered together for the purpose of gossiping. Very few of them spent their time in proper religious meditations. I ask, is that the way to observe a holiday? If it is, then I intend in the future to work on that holiday.

And Easter Sunday! Nowhere did I see on my journey the celebration of any Easter services—everywhere however colored eggs that the rabbit had laid! The little ones were pecking eggs; the old folks were scratching tulips on the eggs. The young lads ran around to invite their sweethearts to the frolic and the maidens were looking for their beaus, if the latter were not looking for them. No one was giving thought to this holy day of the resurrection of Jesus. And is this the way to observe a holiday? I had rather be busied with making fences on such a day than to celebrate it in this fashion.

(Signed) JOSHUA

For the above interesting item the Editor is indebted to Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, Lafayette College.

DER EWICH HOLSHACKER

Lange Yohre zerick iss en g'schpassicher Mann zum Vorschein kumme in der Nochberschaft, wu ich uffgewachse bin. Es waar in de '50 Yohre. Des waar wull lang var meinere Zeit. Er iss als an meim Grossvatter sei Haus kumme. Mei Grossvatter iss g'schtarwe in de '50 Yohre. Die Gegend waar was mer die Machadunki (Mohantonga Valley) bis heit noch heesst. In selle Yohre bis schpot in die '90 Yohre waar sei Uffhalt in der Machadunki un der Hegins Valley odder Beinddaal (Pine Valley). En hocher Baerrick, der Machadunki Baerrick, schtreckt sich zwische der Machadunki un Beinddaal. Beinddael, Hegins un Diefgrick sin drei Naame fer ee Gegend.

Der Naame vun dem Mann waar Gottfried Schaefer. Er waar'n besonderer Mensch. Bei viel Leit waar er yuscht g'halte fer'n Bettelmann, Tramp, Siffer un Rumlaefer. Sei Gleeder waare zwaar net vun de beschte, wie mer sich wull eibilde kann. Er waar en aarmer Mann. Er hot en alter abgedankter seidner Schtitzhut uff em Kopp gedraage. Sei gans Haab un Gut waar in en Bindel gerollt un zammegebunne mit re Schnur. Darrich die Schnur g'schteckt waar en Koppax. Die Ax waar immer so schee hell wie en neier Daaler. Er hot sich viel bekimmert um sei Ax. In seim Pack waar en Kaffeekann un Kaffeebohne. Die Ax un die Kaffeekann waare sei greesschte treasures. Die zwee Dinge hen ihn raus g'schtellt wie meh as en 'common'er tramp. Er hot aa sei eegner Kaffee mit sich gebrocht.

Der Gottfried iss vun Deitschland kumme. Er iss aus Deitschland gezogge weil er die grob Disciplin in der deitsche Armee net vertraage hot kenne. Es waar behaapt er waer wennich narrisch warre vun de schtrenge Disciplin. Er waar awwer net so narrisch wie viel die gemeent hen sie waere g'scheit. G'schpassich waar er. Mit de Leit vun der Machadunki un der Diefgrick hot er gut faahre kenne, weil sie aa deitsch waare un sin heit noch.

Er waar g'halte fer en Bettler. Awwer er hot net gebettelt. Wann er an en Haus kumma iss fer iwwernacht bleiwe un ebbes zu esse, hot er Hols g'hackt. Fer der Zweck hot er die Ax g'halte. Viel Leit hen ihn bewillkummt. Er hot sei Kaffee immer selwer mache wolle un der Kaffee, wu er gekocht hot, hot er mit annere gedeelt.

Leit hen ihn aageguckt fer en Siffer. Niemols waar er g'soffe. Bier, Wei un Whiskey hen ihm gut g'schmackt. Awwer er hot gewisst, was genung waar. Dummkopp waar er net. Er hot immer en guti Antwart g'hatt. In seinre bessere Zeite hot er am Waertshaus schlofe un esse kenne.

Mol ee Owet am Waerthaus an der Diefgrick soll er 's schenscht Gebet am Disch gemacht hawwe, das graad gemacht kann warre. Nooch em Nachtesse waar er varne am Waertshaus un hot arrick wiescht g'flucht. Eener as am Disch waar un hot ihn heere bete, saagt, "Du hoscht so schee gebet am Disch, nau fluchscht du so wiescht. Basst so ebbes?" Der Gottfried saagt, "Wann mer darrich die Welt geht, muss mer die zwee kenne."

In de Yohre, wu der Gottfried uff un ab gange iss, hen die Leit so Verunglickte als Esse gewwe un viel hen en Schtubb un Bett g'hatte fer so Leit. Es sin gans wennich so Leit an unser Haus kumme, weil mir von der grosse Schtross weck waare. Dann un wann iss eener der Weg kumme un g'frogt fer in der Scheier schlofe.

Die beschte Zeite, as der Holshacker verlebt hot, waare darrich die Graveyard Insurance Zeite. In selle Yohre hot mer en Mann inschure kenne, wann er sei Erlaabnis gewwe hot. Iss der Mann, wu insured waar, g'schtarwe, hot der, wu'n insured hot, en schee Heifl Geld gezogge. Die Scharfschpieler hen als gedenkt der Gottfried waer alt un daed ball unnich der Grund geh. Fer sei Erlaabnis hen sie ihm en zehe Daaler Goldschtick in die Hand gelegt. Etliche hen ihm zwansich Daaler gewwe. Sie hen awwer seilewe ken roter Heller gemacht. Er iss 'ne net dot gange.

In selle Zeite waar der Holshacker en willkummer Gascht an de Waertsheiser. Dart hot er sei Geld g'schpent. Es waare immer Darschtiche dart, die helfe hen 's zu versaufe. Er hot im Waertshaus schlofe un esse kenne. Die Waert hen sei Geld in ihre Geldseck g'schteckt. Die insurance business iss awwer zum End kumme un so aa en End zum Gottfried seine gute Zeite. Ken Goldschtick sin meh in sei Hand gelegt warre un er waar nimmi willkumm an de Waertsheiser. Er iss awwer noch hie un haer gange darrich die '90 Yohre.

In de schpote '90, baut '97 odder '98, waar ich mol ee Owet am Waertshaus an der Diefgrick. Es waar um sechs Uhr wie der Gootfried in die Barschtubb kumme iss. Wie der Waert ihn g'sehne hot, iss er weckgeloffe un hot ihn verflucht. Er hot seim bartender befohle er sott der alt Rumlaefer nausduh. Der bartender geht zum alte Gottfried un saagt, "Daadi, ihr geht naus, ihr basst net do rei." Noh hot der mied un hungrich alt Mann in der Geilsschtall geh misse. Der Waert hot g'saat, "Der verdammt alt Dreckewwer iss net fit fer im Haus sei." Er waar als fit. Gold hot 'n fit gemacht.

Der Waert waar en reicher Mann. Er hot viel Geld iwwer der bar genumme, das Brot kaafe hett solle fer hungriche Weiwer un Kinner. Er hot's veddersch in der Kaerrich g'schtanne. Mit all seim viele Geld iss er waerklich verhungert. Grebs im Maage hot ihm's Esse verbotte. Er iss vergraawe im Diefgrick Kaerrichhof. En grosser granite Schtee maerrickt sei Graab.

Der Gottfried mit seim Bindel, Kaffeekann un Ax iss ins county Aarmehaus. Sei Lewe iss aa zum End kumme. Ich weess net ob er en Graabschtee hot. Er hot awwer ken aarme Kinner 's Brot vum Disch g'halte. Es hot en Fraa mir g'saat, "Mannicher Daaler hot mei Mann versoffe bei sellem Waert. Mei Kinner un ich hen Hunger leide misse."

Nau weller waar's bescht ab am End? Der Gottfried odder der Waert? Weller waar der greesscht Sinder? Ich will's awwer unserm Gott, dem gerechte Richter, iwwerlosse.

—WILLIAM F. YODER

Scranton, Pa.

Hard Times In Berks County

An Historical Narrative by L. A. WOLLENWEBER

(Translated from the German by the Editor of the ECK)

THOMAS RIETH

Conclusion

THE REUNION

On the following morning after the wanderers had rested and wakened from their sweet slumbers, Philip was long since on his way and reached the village of Reading just as the first warming rays of the sun streamed down over the Neversink Mountain. He hurried on to his father's house at Penn and Callowhill Streets, where despite the early hours he already found much life and animation. On the open square before the house he saw a large gathering of armed men, who were being called into rank and file by their officers. They were told to keep themselves ready for immediate departure. He also learned that news had come yesterday evening that the Delaware Indians had come forth from the Blue Mountains and attacked several farms along Maiden Creek, destroyed the same by setting fire to them and committed the most atrocious murders. These Indians were to be pursued and punished. He further learned that a troop of government soliders was already marching along the road that threaded along the mountain. But these armed men were to cross the Schuylkill and then follow the west bank up to the great gap in the Blue Mountains and then march in a southeasterly direction, whereas the government troops were to march southwest and approach the others, and thus it was believed the enemy could be brought between two firing lines and the savages shot down without mercy and like wild animals. Since Colonel Weiser could at present not leave Reading, the brave Hiester had taken over the command.

Having gotten this important news Philip now hastened to his parental house where he found a great number of men engaged in lively conversation and his father so occupied that he could hardly even respond to his greeting. Philip therefore betook himself to the kitchen where he was heartily received by the womenfolk. They saw to it that he got a good breakfast, which he relished after his sixteen mile ride. Since Philip had arrived in Reading looking so cheerful and in such high spirits (which ordinarily was not the case) Mother Weiser was curious to know what had brought him there so early. She knew that Philip was not allowed to march with the armed men against the Indians since he was Captain of the Tulpehocken Company, which had been commissioned to guard over the upper part of the county. She therefore asked her son without showing the slightest curiosity what had induced him to come to Reading so early. He looked so cheerful. Had he had some good fortune? He was to come out with it and conceal nothing from her.

When Philip saw that his sister and Elise entertained the same wish and eagerly awaited his reply, he heaved a deep breath and began: "Yes, dear mother, this is indeed a joyous day for all; I bring you the happy news that the lost one has been found again."

"Thomas! Thomas! Thomas! the women shouted as from one mouth and looked with astonishment upon the teller over whose cheeks tears of joy streamed. Once more he assured them that Thomas had been found and that last night he had entertained him and still others that had been lost, others who were close to Elise. Those were on their way hither now and they would be able to greet their dear ones before sunset.

"God bless you, my son, for the good news," said Mother Weiser, stirred with deep emotions.

"Dear, good brother!" whispered Philip's sister and embraced him. "Good God, thou has heard my prayers!" exclaimed Elise and fainted into a chair, the while Father Weiser entered the room and looked with astonishment upon the scene.

"For heaven's sake, what has happened?" he asked. But when Philip took his hand and informed him that Thomas Rieth would be arriving on that very day and that Elise's mother, sister and brother were with him, all of them rescued by that Indian squaw Gila, then the pious old man lifted his head, folded his hands and quite softly murmured a prayer after which he took the hands of his son and thanked him for the good news.

Philip then related how Gila together with her two sons had last night brought the rescued ones to his farm thinking that Father Conrad still lived there. He had entertained them well but could not forego the opportunity of being the first one to bring them the good tidings. Then he urgently implored his father to intercede at once with the government in behalf of Gila and her sons. He must insist that they be richly rewarded for their noble deeds. Conrad Weiser promised his son that inasmuch as there were several delegates of the administration in Reading at that very moment but who wished to return to Philadelphia that same day, he would inform them of the good acts of the squaw and her rescue of the Agent Thomas Rieth. He would also take every necessary measure to procure for Gila rich rewards and hoped he would soon be informed in what manner Gila and her sons were to be repaid. In the meanwhile he would see that the Indians were well entertained.

It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon when Thomas and his companions crossed the Schuylkill in a boat. At that time no one had yet thought of building a bridge over it, and even if one had, building such a structure would have been inadvisable in those difficult times of Indian uprisings. Whatever was built up during the daytime was again laid low by the savages at night. At three o'clock the wanderers had reached Weiser's house. Many curious people who had heard of the miraculous rescue of Thomas Rieth were gathered outside. Shouts of joy greeted them, whereas Gila and her sons were greatly frightenened since they believed these exclamations to be warcries and that the whites were about to attack them. But at that moment Conrad Weiser pressed through the throng and spoke kindly to Gila and her sons, taking them by the hand and leading them into his house.

What pen will describe the scene which now took place in the house when Elise once more saw her mother, her sister and her brother—and her so dearly beloved Thomas. Exclamations of joy and grief intermingled. Elise flew alternately into the arms of mother, brother ,sister and beloved in her joyous frenzy and no eye that witnessed the scene remained without tears. But Gila, too, was included. Elise rushed up to her, embraced her and said to her that she thanked the Great Spirit, who now gave her this opportunity to show herself grateful. When Thomas explained that they owed this beautiful act entirely to the Indian squaw then all present hastened forward to shake hands with her and her sons.

When good Mother Weiser saw that the women were quite exhausted she led them and Elsie into her own Tusculum, the kitchen, where they soon refreshed themselves and partook of an excellent meal, to which Thomas Rieth, Conrad Weiser and the two Indians were also invited.

After the repast Weiser announced to the Indians that they were now to look upon his house as their own hut; they were to express their wishes unreservedly and they would be granted them; he had already reported their good acts to the great father in Philadelphia, he said, and doubted not in the least that they would see thereto that Gila, her sons and her whole tribe were amply rewarded.

Several days later Conrad Weiser received orders from the government that he was to deliver to Gila, her sons and her tribe such gifts as they desired at the cost of the government and also he was to see that they suffered no harm.

When Gila learned of this good news, she told her friend Conrad that she would later inform him what gifts she would accept. For the present she desired to have a small hut in the vicinity of Reading in which she and her sons could stay undisturbed. She wished to remain for some time among the whites. As for food, well, Mother Weiser would no doubt take care of that! Gladly did Weiser grant this request and promised to attend to it.—

Where Mr. Frederick Lauer's Ale and Porter Brewery is now located there stood about sixty years ago a little hut. It stood beside an excellent spring sheltered by shady chestnut and walnut trees. There Gila and her two sons dwelt for a time, until driven by yearning and richly laden with gifts they returned once more to their own people on the Susquehanna.

* * * * *

Since those days many years have passed. Conrad Weiser had long since been resting beside his faithful wife in the cool grave, when on a beautiful spring morning a gentleman with silvery hair and an old lady dressed in mourning were seen driving along the highway leading from Reading to Womelsdorf in a fine carriage drawn by two black horses. A short mile below Womelsdorf the carriage stopped before an inn, and the occupants descended. After giving the carriage over to the hostler of the inn the couple betook themselves to the nearby Weiser farm and to the grave of the revered Conrad Weiser.

While the aged man wound a garland about the tombstone, the old lady knelt on the grave and softly murmured a prayer. It was Thomas Rieth and his faithful wife Elise.—

THE END

WANN KEN DICHTER WAERN

Was waer doch unser Welt so leer,
Waern gaar ken Dichter meh;
Un ken Gedichte, hie un her,
Mit ihr Gedanke schee.

Daet scheine wie en drucknes Land
Mit gaar ken Blumme drin;
Wu nix wie Schtaab uff aller Hand,
Un Schtee un Wacke sin.

Gedichte sin die Blumme fei,
Die Farb in unser Schproch;
Un Dichter sin die Gaertler frei,
Wu sehne de Blumme nooch.

Ihr Dichter, seid ihr fleissich dann
Un wessert gut der Grund,
Aus eier Haerz un Mund.
Wie sehne de Blumme nooch.

—RALPH S. FUNK

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Tzwae Dawg in Nei Yarrick

Sis yusht mit alsa mohl fert noch ra grossa shtadt wie Nei Yarrick gae os 'n mensch ous fin'd wie ruich un fergneech'd os es lava is, doh im Lechaw Dahl. Die Katerinah un der Pumpernickle hen yusht mohl widder tzwae dawg tzu gabrocht in Nei Yarrick, un wos 'n lava. Sis allas imma shprung, tzucht un yocht dawga-nocht, un hen net ae bakont g'sicht g'sehna in da tzwae dawg os m'r fert worra. Unser wertshous shtub om New Weston on da 50 un Madison Avenue hen m'r shun fer sex wocha gaarder'd kot, un doch net nei gakent bis owets sex uhr, un hen da nagshda dawg shun widder hous sei missa bis nommy dawgs om drei.

Die wertshous akommodations sin iwwer rous gute won m'r sie hut, uns saans halt aw ous mit 'm essa. Ow'r sis net dawert os heit tzu dawg ebber tzailt fer noch Nei Yarrick gae shtakes un garoash'd rins flaish essa — so socha sin rohr tzu finna. Oyer sin blenty, uns fail'd aw net on wersht un ponna kucha. Socha ous 'm sae sin aw blenty, uns fail'd net om ice-kream, un gabocka socha. So weit os prica aw gain is allas wies shun long wor, yusht os sie glannerra leffel yusa fers ous messa, un hen naryads 's tzwet glass wosser grick'd. Die wertsheiser sheinds dade 'n iwwer rousie bisnis on da bar—hen sie siva dick sehna fer da bar shtae, weibsleit so wohl wie aw monsleit.

In da kartza weil fon tzwae dawg os m'r in da grossa shtadt worra, hen m'r drei shows g'sehna, so gore da airshda dawg, sin in dudsenda fon shtorra rum gakess'ld, un hen 'n tzwae shtun bus ride ganumma so weit owwa nous wie die 168d shtross, bei waig fon St. Nicholas Avenue, un tzurick bei waig fon Riverside Drive. War wil ker. 'n lot fon Nei Yarrick sehna mit bus rides nemma. Die fare fer 'n shtun ride fon unna aw bis owwa nous is tzaea cent der kup, un tzaea cent may fer tzurick runner. Sie hen "double decker" bussa, un hen 'n ewwerrie fedderrie sitz kotta, un wor wenich unner waigs os m'r net g'sehna hen. M'r maichda ow'r sawga os es hoca tzeit wor os der griek tzu ma end kumma is, fiel fon da Nei Yarrier bussa so wohl wie aw taxie kabs sin ready fer ousa nonner falla, un glabberra wie alta blutz wegga.

So weit os mashina aw gain, sehnt m'r 'n dudsend un noch may taxie kabs fer alla ae onnerrie, un wie in da welt os es is os net may ungicker g'shaina, kon m'r net fershtae. Won sie fohra, fohra sie wie 'n blitz, un won sie shtoppa, shtoppa sie grawd uf 'm blocka. Fiel taxies hen ken lichter may, un fohra nochts so wohl os wie aw dawgs. Die taxie rates sin 20 cent fer die airsht fartel mile, un finf cent fer alla fartel mile darta driwwer Wons wear os m'r taxies bei da shtun tzu batzawla weara in blotz fon da mile, hetta die taxies gons Nei Yarrick im ohrma hous.

Die drei shows os m'r g'sehna hen, wors airsht Radio City Music hall woh sie fon fier bis finf shtun in line shtain fer tzettle fer nei. Tzu all'm glick hut 'n freind uns etlicha mohnet tzurick g'sawt, 's wear miglich fer reserved sitza griega farna nous, un hen unser tickets shun fer sex wocha kot fer "Green Years," uns gross Oshter Show sehna. Oshterra un Grishdawg sin immer grossa tzeita im Music Hall, un woh sie gons arbadicha, shicklicha shows hen. 'S missa gons dicht 'n hunnerd leit uf da stage sei, in da aller shanshda glaider os m'r hoffa kon tzu sehna. Der Oshter Haws wor aw darta, ow'r hen net ae farvich. Oshter Oy tzu sehna grick'd. Ferol os m'r wissa, laig'd selar haws ken farvicha oyer.

Fom Music Hall sin m'r nunner noch 'n Centre Theatre yusht 'n block aweck fer "Hats Off to Ice" sehna. Darta is die gons stage 'n grossie blot ice, un wert ken wert g'shwetzt,—nix wie g'shkate fon awfong bis ons end. Der honswersht fon show,—der keri os ol die g'shpassicha, dumma socha dut, guck'd leib hoftich wie unser freind der Colonel Clifford Bortz doh fon da shtadt. Owets hen m'r "Show Boat" g'sehna, 'n wunnerbore gute musical show. Sis es tzwet mohl os sel show k'halta wert, 's airsht mohl tzurick in 1927, un now shun widder om gae fer etlicha yohr. Die tzettle fers show sehna sin fer 'n gonser mohnet un noch langer farna nous ferkeuft, 's same wie aw in bout ol da onnerra grossa shows os om gae sin in Nei Yarrick. Die shtadt is welt bakont fer guta shows, un leit kumma hunnerda un dousanda mile bei, yusht fer paar shows ei nemma.

So welt os die shtorra aw gain, sin die shtorra wie immer, ow'r fiel fon da sneifte sin bol lare. Kinner shpiel socha un glaider sich bardich rohr, un in aim shtore hen sie nonner bol unnich die fees ganumma, wies k'haisa hut, 's wear budder rum. Shnops sheinds wear blenty, un hen on unnershittlicha bletz g'sehna woh sie kern whisky fon alla orta kotta hen,—kern whisky os in Pennsylvania garaation'd is, dart driwwa is er tzu kaufa, net may wie 'n dudsend budila tzu ma kustomer. So weit os price aw gait ferkauft er bout 's same wie aw doh hiwwa—in die welt nei tzu fiel, ferwos in da buddla is.

Aenicha waig, m'r hen uns arrick blessiert in da grossa shtatd, un is ae blotz in da welt woh socha immer onnishder sin, alla mohl os m'r hee kum't. M'r is immer froh tzu gae, un aw widder froh fer tzurick hame wor m'r aw net nagshd g'sehna hut wos m'r gaglicha het tzu sehna, in da kartza tzeit os m'r kotta hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Als 'n shluss tzu ra trip noch Nei Yarrick wissa m'r nix shicklicher os wie wos g'shaina is uf 'm tzurick waig, wie unser train g'shtopt hut midda im tunnel in Jersey, 'n shtick uf da onnerra side fon Easton.

Der kola shmoke is tzu da kar fenshterra nei kumma, un 'n yaders hut gawunnert wos g'shaina wear, ow'r allas os m'r hoerra hut kenna wor shteam om ob blosa, un train leit nonner om yohla, ow'r niemond hut sie fershtonna, un wissa now noch net wos g'shaina wor.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop was smoking to himself in his private chair and ma said, "William, it seems Maud Hews cant go to the concert with me Saturday night, so I have an exter tickit, and now please dont be narrow minded on the subject.

Meening she wanted pop to go with her without a lot of argewing, and pop said, It might be very instructive.

Well, I'm relieved to hear you take that attitude, ma said, and pop said, What kind of a concert is it, is it a history of jazz from Alexanders Rag Time Band up to the beginning of jive?

Certainly not and you know it's not, ma said, and pop said, Is it an evening of Strauss waltzes?

Now William we're not living in the stone age, ma said. If everybody always had such a backward viewpoint tords the fallward advance of music, we'd still be in the age of chop sticks, I mean tom toms. The orkester is playing a very intristing program of modern music, she said, and pop said, Okay, I'll applaud with the rest of them, maybe even louder.

I'm not asking you to go to extremes, ma said, and pop said, Did I ever tell you why

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I have always in my own thought summed up individual liberty, and business liberty, and every other kind of liberty, in the phrase that is common in the sporting world, "A free field and no favor."
Wilson.

HURRY EMERGENCY HOUSING FOR VETS

If there be absolute determination to get housing for veterans in this community and if there be enough vigor to implement that determination, then it would seem that something can be done speedily and quite effectively, if we will follow out today's report from local Federal Housing officials.

According to this report about 4,000 family units of temporary housing remain to be allocated to cities in this section of the country. Inasmuch as Allentown up to this time has received none, it is to be presumed that an application from this city would be welcomed by the Federal Public Housing Authority. By the same token it is to be assumed that unless action be taken the 143 units, for which Allentown is eligible by reason of its population, will be taken up by some other communities.

Inasmuch as about 130 municipalities in the FHA region, of which Allentown is a part, have already received and erected 26,000 units it can be understood that the project is practical.

Naturally it is required that there be official action in the local scene. In the current matter it will be necesary for the city of Allentown to provide the land, which it may already own or may acquire by purchase or lease, and provide utilities such as water, electricity, gas and sewerage. At the end of the emergency the city will become the owner of the structures.

So it would appear that the last call for temporary Federal housing has been heard. If the veterans really wish the help that 143 units of shelter can bring, then it is timely for them to let their voice be heard. And if the city authorities know that there is need for such relief then it is timely to be proceeding rapidly along the lines by which it can be secured.

SET THOSE CLOCKS FORWARD

When Allentonians take to their beds tonight it will be wise to turn all clocks ahead by an hour for it may just as well be taken for granted now that the daylight saving plan is going to be adopted here as thruout the country.

While there has not been much to-do about it locally and while the clocks in public buildings cannot legally be changed as to time, there is no doubt that as in other years Allentown and the business area tributary to it will observe daylight time in its many arrangements.

The railroads and other public transportation services have adopted the time-saving schedules and just about any and all who try to operate in their own way upon the old system of time will find himself snarled up at all turns.

So, whether one likes it or not, daylight saving has come to us again this summer and will be with us for five months. For most persons it is easy to put up with. And for most persons, especially those in the larger communities the change really results in ability to enjoy an extra hour of daylight and it really does add to the joy of living.

AS THEY DID IT IN DALLAS

Every message that came from Herbert Hoover on his recent trip to Europe was couched in sadder and more desperate words. The plight of every country visited seemed to be worse than that of the country just life behind.

But bad as the situation undoubtedly is for many European nations, there is little doubt that the situation as to the Jews in those countries is even worse. This is logical when one realizes that whereas other peoples still for the most part have their roots in the earth of their homeland, the Jews as a people have been chased from country to country, and are not even permitted entry to the one country that most of them would like to colonize, namely Palestine.

The poignancy of the suffering of these millions of people—the ragged, starving and homeless survivors of the pogroms, the Lidices, the prison camps and the concentration camps such as Belsen, Dachau and many others—is particularly called to mind at this time by the campaign which the Jews of America are conducting in order to raise $100,000,000. While it has been publicized quite widely, the local angles of the campaign have passed almost without any attention from the general public. Like a deep family sorrow, the Jewish people have kept the story of the local campaign almost entirely within their own councils and bosoms.

It was like that too in Dallas, Texas, whence comes one of the finest stories of Christian charity in any community's history. In that city a Catholic rector, a Methodist minister and a social worker who had had dinner together reasoned in this wise: "Dallas has but a few Greeks, a few Chinese and only a few British. But," they said, "in recent years, Dallas contributed $12,000 for Greek relief, $40,000 for Chinese and $190,000 for the British. But what about the Jews?" Then they said to themselves: "European Jewry is just as hungry, sick and naked as were the Greeks and Chinese. So why not a general campaign in Dallas in behalf of Europe's stricken Jews? Why not a generous outpouring of non-Jewish support to help the Jewish community of Dallas attain its goal for the relief, rehabilitation and resettlement of Europe's homeless and destitute Jewish survivors?"

From then on the Christian people of Dallas went to work under inspired leadership. They realized that the Jews of their community had assisted every Christian and every community enterprise during all the years with their hearts and hands. And when the brief campaign had ended, the Christians handed a check of some $70,000 to the United Jewish Appeal.

There must be the same sympathy in this community with a great people who have suffered most at the hands of conquerors and the base criminals of all types in their train. There must be the same sympathy for our fellow-citizens who seek to alleviate the misery of those who still cling to the precious spark of life. There must be the same desire on the part of many to help them as they have helped in all our community's noble enterprises.

Reds Adopt Nazi Technique

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, April 26. — The American government's inability to comprehend the Russian viewpoint on current international questions is well known, but some of the paradoxes and contradictions that lead to such a state of mind have not been disclosed.

Thus government officials here receive every day from Moscow excerpts from the Russian press and radio broadcasts. Day in and day out these dispatches are studied because they are published only with the permission of the Russian government.

Scarcely a day goes by that the Russian press does not select for emphasis some article taken from the American press which is a criticism of the policies of the United States government. Anybody who speaks out against American policy is given prominence in the Russian newspapers. The other day an American author wrote a book revealing some differences of opinion between American and British military leaders over campaign strategy in the war. This is given sensational emphasis in Russia.

The tendency appears to be to accentuate articles that have produced or are likely to produce friction or bad feeling between America and Britain. Under a system of free press this is permissible and understandable, because any newspaper should have the right to print or emphasize what it pleases. But in Washington it has been repeatedly stated by the Russians that the only reason for their control of the press is to maintain friendly relations with foreign powers and that criticisms or dispatches in the newspapers which tend to promote ill-feeling are controlled and can be suppressed.

* * * *

Throughout the Balkans the Russian conception of censorship has been imposed on the smaller states by the iron hand of Moscow and the argument in defense usually is that the dispatches going out of such countries may possibly reflect on the country in question in relation to the outside world.

If, therefore, the Russian point of view is that a controlled or censored press is necessary in order to prevent peoples from being inflamed against one another by unfriendly dispatches, then the Moscow government certainly has its tongue in its cheek as it allows criticism of the American government as well as the British government so often to be given display in the Russian newspapers.

Nobody here wants to see any of this criticism suppressed but would ask that the Russians allow the other side of the controversy also to be printed or at least to permit the Russian people to be told when a minority or a majority sentiment in the United States is being transmitted.

The Russians, however, are adamant against allowing anything except what the Moscow government wants printed to be published. This tends to make the Stalin government responsible for everything that appears in the press in Russia. Foreign governments now feel that an attack on the United States or Britain through "Pravda" or "Red Star" or "Izvestia" is the same as if the Russian government had issued a statement denouncing these governments.

The technique of selecting criticisms voiced by persons who do not represent the prevailing sentiment in the United States but who happen to take the Russian side of a controversy is similar to that employed by the Nazis before and during the last war period.

* * * *

The Germans developed the technique on the theory that this was the way to stir up internal dissension and cause a rift between Russia and the United States or between Britain and America. The Russians were loud in their condemnation of such tactics but nevertheless in recent months they have adopted the Nazi method almost entirely.

The use of Nazi propaganda methods by the Russians is one of the obstacles to better understanding. It is raising questions here as to the sincerity of those Russian officials who profess openly great friendship for the United States and Britain and then permit a controlled press to give display to such attacks.

There can be no doubt of the genuine desire of the American government and the American press to find a basis for friendly and cordial relations with the Russians. But recent events, and especially the extension of the Russian censorship into sovereign countries in the Balkans under Moscow's control, have produced much disappointment and discouragement. Until hurdles like these are surmounted, the settlement of larger questions of state will inevitably be delayed.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

BURLESQUE

Rex Stout, the bearded avenger, devoted himself for years to the delights of murder. He would kill off a person or two and then set a burlesque of a man, Nero Wolfe, to the task of discovering who done it—which Nero invariably did, to the accompaniment of many stirring and gay episodes. It was good, clean fun, colorful and even delightfully grotesque.

Now I have before me a matter of a different nature that represents an expansion of Rex Stout's genius for theatrical assassination. He has selected six American citizens whose opinions differ from his and whom, apparently, he ardently dislikes, as many do. In fact, the word, hate, would more accurately portray this particular emotion. Unwilling or unable to murder them and to set Nero Wolfe up as the discoverer of who done it, he will hold a dinner for the same purpose on May 6 at the Waldorf-Astoria. It will all be done in merry fun, the victims themselves not being present.

That magnificent scene of so many glorifications of personalities will now be transformed into the good, old-fashioned pillory-box. The culprits, Senator Theodore Bilbo, Upton Close, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, John O'Donnell, John Rankin and Gerald L. K. Smith are to be portrayed by actors. In fact, Mr. Stout's letter says:

"Before the balloting, the qualifications of each candidate will be persuasively delivered by prominent actors who will present the case of each candidate." The victims will, of course, not have a chance to defend themselves or to convert the audience. It will, in fact, be a trial in absentia.

After these actors have adequately, and I am sure competently, burlesqued each one of these citizens of our country—whose civil rights have not been withdrawn from them by due process of the law—each of the "liberals" attending this pillory at the Waldorf-Astoria will be permitted to ballot for the "Ignoble Prize for 1946"—the selectee to be reported subsequently in the daily press.

Stout himself guarantees that there will be fun. In his Nero Wolfe stories, he often provides the most macabre fun; his murders are often technically fascinating; and his beer-drinking, orchid-raising hero grips the attention of the reader by his frigid, almost inhuman impersonality. There is hardly a single kindness in his soul—which makes him so bizarre, for most human beings possess a modicum of goodness. If, then, Rex Stout is writing the scenario of this performance in character assassination, it ought to be brazen and tough—the kind of thing that would have thrilled the sober hearts of the witch-hunters of Salem, Mass., in the good-old days before the movies vivified Frankenstein and Dracula.

Rex Stout himself assures that there will be fun. His circular letter announcing the event says:

"I will personally guarantee an evening you will never forget—and in behalf of a cause that is fighting vigorously against active fascism, anti-semitism, and the rest of the threats to everything we cherish."

All this may be had for $7.50 per person, the proceeds to go to the "Friends of Democracy," who, of course, have objected, in the past, to the suppression of differences of opinion by Hitler but never, oh! never, by Stalin or other democrats who impose censorships upon thought and its expression. It is a crime, of course, not to agree with these friends of this or that—and even if one disagrees because he favors liberty of action and freedom of thought, he becomes ipso facto a fascist. Thomas Jefferson and James Madison would, by definition, be so included, because both assumed that difference of opinion was a noble human trait.

Personally, I am not of counsel of defense for the six involved in this fantastic burlesque, and could not be as with some of them I utterly and completely disagree—and a few I find totally incompatible. But I am no imitator of Hitler and do not seek to destroy those who differ. Such counsel will undoubtedly, in due course, appear. But I should like to amend Mr. Stout's circular letter by suggesting that one of the traditions that Americans cherish is—Decency.

(Copyright, 1946)

A Stoke Newington, England, policeman claims to have received more letters from servicemen than anyone in Britain—1,600 since 1939.

Chile is considering a reforestation project to restore the wealth of timber that prevailed at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards.

When cooking a young turkey, do not put water in the bottom of the pan. Steaming breaks the skin and forces juice out of the meat.

Hashed brown potatoes should be fried with low heat and no stirring. If too much heat is used the potatoes are apt to scorch.



Echoes From The Past

By Arthur D. Graeff

A POW-WOW PALINDROME

One of the most interesting word charms and which appears in nearly all of the early Pennsylvania pow-wow books is the following Latin palindrome:

SATOR
AREPO
TENET
OPERA
ROTAS

This palindrome appears in Albertus Magnus "Egyptian Mysteries" published in Allentown, 1869, and in John George Hoffman's "Long Lost Friend". Reading, 1820, reprinted by Aurand in Harrisburg in 1920. In occult lore and practice it was believed by some that these words written upon a slip of paper and placed in strategic positions would ward off witches and other works of the devil. In the medieval days of Albertus Magnus there seemed to be no doubt of the potency of this safeguard because that learned writer wrote the word "probatum" after his explanation of the charm. Somehow this palindrome has survived in our Pennsylvania German folklore.

In 1863 the British Archeological Association found the above words inscribed on plaster when they excavated ruins near Cirencester, England. The discovery set many scholars to work in an effort to find some rational explanation of the mystery. Articles on the subject appeared in the London Times, the Spectator and the Antiquarian's Journal. So many theories were advanced that the editor of the London Times was obliged to announce that his newspaper would not engaged in a controversy on the subject.

The Honorable Frank M. Trexler of Allentown made a study of the various theories advanced by the savants, partly out of curiosity and partly out of interest in trying to explain the presence of this cryptogram in our own Pennsylvania German folklore. After weighing the various theories he came to the conclusion that the following explanation appears most reasonable.

The word square or palindrome was employed by the eary Christians in lands where they were persecuted. It was a concealed confession of faith. The time was probably during the third century after Christ when Roman persecutions were very severe. The letters formed a code. Rearranged they may have been used to spell out "Pater Noster", our Father, and Alpha and Omega. The following word order uses all of the letters of the original square:

A
P
A
T
E
R
A — PATERNOSTER — O
O
S
T
E
R
O

We cannot be sure that this is the proper interpretation, but it does appear reasonable that a sign which meant so much to the early Christians would have survived in some form. In folklore there are roots for every feature and a religious root for this palindrome seems to be a logical conclusion.

THE "DIVINE" JEMIMA

The efforts of "Father Divine" and his followers to establish a "heaven" on the South Mountain near Wernersville, have served to revive interest in a similar cult which gained a foothold in a neighboring county more than a century and a half ago. Calling herself the "Public Universal Friend" one Jemima Wilkinson, a native of Rhode Island, came to the Skippack region of Montgomery County in 1782 and there established a colony of followers, drawing her supporters from the credulous German settlers of that region.

Born in 1751 Jemima became "ensouled", as she phrased it, in 1776. In less than ten years of proselyting she established twelve congregations scattered over New England, New York and Pennsylvania. "Ensoulment" meant to her that she was the embodiment of Christ and the Messiah. Because it was not proper that the Messiah be thought to be a woman she assumed the attire of the male sex and tried in every way to simulate masculine traits in carriage and voice. None of her followers spoke of her as Jemima Wilkinson but always called her Jesus. Since her body was "ensouled", she claimed there no longer existed any Jemima but the body took on the characteristics of the divine being.

Jemima had two "witnesses" who were her assistants. One was Sara Richards who claimed to be a saint; the other was a man named James Parker, middle-aged and boastful. Parker never claimed that he was a saint but he dressed in sack-cloth and eschewed menial tasks of all kinds. One of his favorite boasts was that he obtained his living without any labor or effort. Sara Richards' long suit was falling into trances and then revealing the conversations which she claimed she had had with departed ones. This act served to impress the credulous, much in the same way that spiritualistic seances awe the gullible in our own enlightened age.

In 1782 Jemima founded a colony at the home of one David Wagner in Worcester Township, near the Skippack, and Sara Richards became her manager. Among the devotees were numbered members of Wagner's household, a maid named Anna Steyerin and three sisters whose maiden names we do not know but their Christian names were of German origin. One of these sisters, Sara Wilson, a widow, began to "backslide" in the faith in 1787 and made some blasphemous remarks about the cult which led to what she claimed was an attempt upon her life by a zealot named Abigail Dayton.

Mrs. Wilson claimed that the Dayton woman had tried to strangle her during sleep. The Dayton woman attributed these allegations to dreams which Satan put into the Wilson woman's head. During the summer of 1787 the two women carried on their feud in the Philadelphia newspapers, each writing long accounts of their actions on the night of the allegedly attempted murder.

The scandal attracted so much public attention that Jemima Wilkinson, leader of the sect, was forced to write a letter explaining the "divine" interpretation of the incident. According to her explanations, the devil took possession of the body of Abigail Dayton as a means of punishing the Wilson woman for her faltering faith and then the consciousness of her guilt led the Wilson woman to fear Mrs. Dayton and imagine that she was attacked while asleep.

In spite of Jemima's efforts to explain away the incident, public indignation caused continuous embarassment for the tiny sect. In December, 1787, Jemima, "the Universal Friend," came to Pennsylvania to investigate the state of affairs. Matters must have appeared to be hopeless, for she led her little band, the Wagners and others, to establish a new colony on Lake Seneca in New York.

ARTICLE OF AGREEMENT 1810

From the family archives of Bryan Wiest Sr., of Elizabethville, we present the following articles of agreement which show how early settlers contracted for the building of new homes. While the document is written in the English language it will be interesting to note some of the Germanisms which have crept into the account, revealing that the writer wrote in one language and thought in another. —

ARTICLE OF AGREEMENT made and concluded upon this twenty-third day of February, A Domini 1810 Between John Koch of Mohantango Township, Berks County of the one Part and Henry Fisher and Adam Ohlinger of Northumberland County of the other part.

THE SAID Fisher and Ohlinger hereby engage to Build a House of Logs for said Koch on the Land of the said Koch where he now lives of Twenty-six feet by Thirty—to cut the Timber out of the Woods to Hew it & square it and the Timber after Hewed and Squared to be delivered by the said Koch on the Spot where the House is to be Built. The said Fisher and Ohlinger are to put the House under Rooff, Two Stories high and all the materials to be furnished by the said Koch. No Windows Doors or anything that belongs to Carpenter Work (The Rooff excepted and Window Frames) is to be done by the said Ohlinger and Fisher—but merely to put the House under Rooff, all of which Work, they, the said Ohlinger and Fisher hereby engage to have finished by the first of November next.

THE SAID KOCH to find the said Fisher and Ohlinger their Board and Lodging and to pay them the sum of Twelve Pounds. Six Pounds thereof to be paid as soon as the Logs are Hewed & the remainder as soon as the work shall be finished—for the true performance of the above agreement each of the parties bind themselves to each other in the sum of Fifty Dollars—to be paid by the party not performing this Contract. In witness whereof We have hereunto set our Hands and Seals, the Day and Year aforesaid.

Witnesses present:

Johann Koch
Jacob Weast — Adam Ohlinger
Wm. Witman Jr. — Heinrich Fisher

When The Bishop Flew The Mail

A rollicking True Story by JOHN LEAR

The Pennsylvania-Dutch village of Strinestown still talks about the day that the Bishop flew the mail. It was a matter of Special Delivery, and the Post Office may raise Cain when it learns what happened. So it is only fair to point out, at the very beginning, that the Bishop was flying on the Lord's account.

The Bishop needs no introduction to the Lord at this late date. For the benefit of earthly strangers, he may be identified as Bishop Ezra Funk. He presides over part of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ (Old Constitution) known to Pennsylvania Dutchmen as the UB's.

The UB's are a strict people. If their ways had prevailed a generation back, the flying machine might never have come to pass. Stern old UB Bishop Milton Wright would not hear talk of men moving through the air like birds. It was sinful, he told his boys, Orville and Wilbur. In fear of his righteous wrath, they built their first wings in secret, beyond his sight or hearing.

Risked Devil's Clutches

Because the Wright boys risked the devil's clutches and came out whole, Bishop Funk can fly with a clear conscience. And he does, every chance he gets. In fact, flying was on his mind this particular day when he hopped a bus at his home in Waynesboro and went over to Chambersburg to call on the Reverend Clyde W. Meadows.

Preacher Meadows, shepherd of the biggest flock in the Bishop's pastures, is one of God's children who actually possesses wings. He also has a propeller, a fuselage, and a gas tank. His cruising speed is 105 miles an hour, and he flies all over heaven when the weather is good.

Now it might seem simpler to say the Reverend Mr. Meadows has an airplane. But that would neglect the spirit of his celestial wanderings. He flies as naturally as he prays, taking to the air as other men take to bowling, poker or a glass of cold beer.

Spins Through the Clouds

An hour of diving, rolling, looping and spinning through the clouds — alone — gives him the same serenity the Biblical visions gave to the Prophets and the Saints.

The jargon of flying often creeps into Preacher Meadow's daily talk. "The weather is closing in," he will say when the sky begins to cloud up for rain.

He uses flying in his sermon texts, and no one in the congregation will be greatly surprised if he some day booms forth from the pulpit: "All sinners will be grounded on Judgment Day."

Well, at least no one will misunderstand him. **The Sunday School superintendent flies a plane. So does the financial secretary of the church.** One of the trustees has a student pilot's license. The secretary of the church board and his family often go up as passengers. Two hundred and fifty communicants have flown with the preacher from time to time, some going with him by air to church in neighboring states. And it was with the Reverend Mr. Meadows that the Bishop flew the mail.

"The ceiling is good," the Bishop said on this particular day. He was peering through the Meadows' parsonage windows at the sky. **The words came out as smoothly as though he had said "amen."** In a way, it was an "amen" for he said it in hope that Preacher Meadows would propose an aerial spin. All they really needed was a good excuse. And there on the Meadows desk was a Special-Delivery package the mailman had just left . . . a Special Delivery addressed to the General Mission Secretary of the UB's, who was staying with the Reverend Jacob Zepp across the mountains in Strinestown.

The size of the package left little doubt of its contents. The Special Delivery contained proofs of the "Missionary Monthly." If they were delayed, the "Monthly" would not come out on time and the reading habits of thousands of UB's would all be mixed up.

"Good ceiling," the Bishop said again while Mrs. Meadows was driving them out through the country lane that bordered the take-off pasture. "Good ceiling," Preacher Meadows agreed, and up they went.

Strinestown is a very small place. It looked even smaller from the air. The Reverend Mr. Zepp's house stood in a long row of houses with narrow back yards. If the Special Delivery were aimed at the Zepp back yard, it might land over the fence and squash a neighbor's celery.

Saw An Empty Lot

The Reverend Mr. Meadows flew low, circled. There was a big empty lot directly behind the Zepp back fence. A corner of that lot would be perfect.

A large part of the town's population was in the streets by then, looking skyward. The Reverend Mr. Zepp was a conservative man, however, and no ordinary curiosity would get him to crane his neck. The plane roared low, over the empty lot, in full view of the Zepp kitchen windows.

R-R-R-R-R-R-R!!

Up it went, circling around the town and before long soared down again.

R-R-R-R-R-R-R!!

Up, around and down.

Strinestown was groggy with staring. Necks were getting sore. Eyes were showing a tendency to pop.

Then Preacher Zepp appeared at the back door. He walked into the back yard. As he did that, the Reverend Mr. Meadows dove for the empty lot. And the Bishop dropped the Special Delivery squarely on the corner.

Whizzed Past House

As the plane whizzed past the Zepp house, the Bishop stuck his head out the cabin window and flung an arm backward toward the mail. The Reverend Mr. Zepp waved in return but didn't move a step.

Down the plane went again. Again the Bishop leaned out, pointing wildly. Again the puzzled preacher on the ground acknowledged the unusual attention. But he still didn't move from his own back yard.

The roaring, waving and pointing went on for some time, during which the plane almost clipped the top of the Zepp back fence.

But Preacher Zepp was so excited at seeing the Bishop practically throwing himself out of an airplane that it never entered his head to look for a meaning behind it. He just continued to stare.

Finally the Reverend Mr. Meadows gave up. He flew on to the airport at York, landed, phoned the Reverend Mr. Zepp and told him for goodness sake to get that mail.

It was a wonderful trip for the Bishop, who was safely back in Waynesboro before the sun went down. It was a wonderful thing for the reading habits of the UB's, because the package did contain the proofs of the "Missionary Monthly."

No one in Strinestown has said a word to this day about the Bishop's infringement of the prerogatives of the Post Office. The one small complaint that arose never even got beyond the town, for it involved local pride.

A Strinestown housewife, on her way to the grocery when the plane came over, was confused by the general hubbub, forgot what she set out to buy, and went home with an empty basket.
The End.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Die Widder Breeder Fire Kumpany

Sawg hen ihr shun k'hoert fon da Widder Breeder in Emmaus ihra arya fire kumpany os darta om gae is in da seida meal? Fermuthlich werra n'r wol net howwa, weil die fireleit sich immer wenich im shodda k'halta hen bis doh die ledshd woch die Gehmens shier weck gabrent is drowwa nagshd on Macungie. Net os sie gadenk'd hen os sie aenich ebbes helfa kenta, ow'r weil sie druf ous worra fer pointers griega wie fire fechta sin sie da nagshda middawg darrich die rook shtun nuf noch Macungie fer der iwwer reshd fon da shire sehna woh darrich die nocht weck gabrent wor.

Der Myron Hilbert fon Emmaus is der fire chief, un die fireleit os mit 'm nuf noch Macungie worra, wor der George Neumoyer fon Vera Cruz, der Edgar Moyer fon Emmaus, der Myron Fink fon da Weilerschtadt, un der Myron Fink fon Maple Grove. 'S wor der Myron woh die mashine gewwa hut fer die trip mocha, un aw sei mashine woh ol der druvel uf gariehrt hut wie sie sich widder g'shwind tzurick noch da seida meal shoffa hen wolla so os sie yoh ken tzeit ferlierra dada.

'S wor uf 'm tzurick waig,—shier ons Fausta gas station woh 'm Myron sei weedicher Willys shtae gabliva is, un hen 'n aw yusht nimmy fom blotz griega kenna. Die inshein is g'shprunga, ow'r der kar hut sich nimmy fermook'd, un die finf fireleit hen tzu glei g'sawt, "Doh is miner sale die ox ob." Und die ox wor aw ob, uns wor shun tzwonsich minuta noch da elfa, un die Emmauser bus huts Beidelmans wertshous ferlossa om tzwonsich bis tzwelfa, un die boova worra noch 'n halb mile aweck.

Der Myron hut bletzlich ous gamocht fer sei mashine shtae lossa bis owets, un sawga allas os may tzu sehna gawest wear fon da finf fire leit der pike nunner, wear finf paar shoe sola gawest, — sie weara g'shprunga wie lavendicha bander so os sie die bus yoh net ferfaila dada. Tzu all'm guta glick sin sie aw noch in tzeit hee kumma woh die bus ous shtart, eb die bus darta wor, ow'r hen glei ols noch mainer druvel uf da hand kotta.

Ol worra kumma in ihra shoff glaider, un der Myron un der Hilbert worra die tzwae aintsicha os gelt bei sich kotta hen. Noh hut der Hilbert shun tzaea cent fon seim gelt fershpritz kot uf 'n ice kream kone, eb er ous g'fuzna hut os die onnerra gore ken bus fare gelt kotta hen.

Tzu all'm guta glick hut der Myron sich nol erbarm'd, un da onnerra gelt fohr g'shtrack'd so os sie net tzu foos tzurick noch Emmaus lawfa hen breicha. Wos der Martin un der George awenich grick'd hut wor, os sie doh mit 'm Myron gonga sin, un yaders hut 'n gutie mashine drunna on da seida meal shtae kot—der Martin sei Chevy, un der George sei weedicher Chrysler.

Aenicha waig, won die boova pointers grick'd hen wie fire tzu feehta, hen sie widder allas fergessa kotta bis sie tzurick noch Emmaus gayacker'd worra mit da bus. Un fer die socha ols noch ferdreaslicher mocha, sin sie 'n halb shtun shpote noch da arwet kumma, un woh ol net g'shaina wea', won 'm Myron sei mashina ox ol in aim gabliva wear wie sie bleiva he. solla fer finf fire leit noch ma fire remma un sie widder glicklich tzurick bringa.

Won die boova aw nimmy wissa wos sie ol g'sehna hen, hen sie aenicha waig neia fire leit badges grick'd darrich die bisnis. Fer koshda shporra, yusa sie keffer bree buddla tops ol os wie der Hilbert net, un woh 'n soda top yus'd fer weissa os er der chief is fon da Widder Breeder fire kumpany.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won aenich ebber im marrick is der housbutzer dinga os basem hen fer ecka ous kaira, shwetza mohl mit da Marie Miller fon nagshd on Laurys, odder 'n Alvin Hoffman fon Egypttzwae Laurys grange gleader.

Die Grangers on Laurys hen wos sie 'n "Secret Pal" club haisa, un wohrhoft won net yaders fon sella tzvae 'm Dunnershdawg owet net 'n funkle neier basem grick'd hut mit shteal so grum fertzoga, os sie gucka wie rechda boga flinta.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop was looking at the financial page of the paper with a sad expression, and ma said, William, there must be hundreds and thousands of people like us, I mean people who are hesitating about going away for a summer vacation because of the present high cost of luxuries. There must be litterly any number of people like that, she said.

I'm sure there are, and some of them are probably as nice as we are, and others are people you could spend a very agreeable life by never meeting, pop said, and ma said. What I'm thinking of is, it's a golden opportunity for somebody to reep a fortune. You're always hearing about people making unheard of profits through little ingenious schemes that never occurred to anybody else because of their very simplicity, and this is one of them. Lake Sundown would be an ideal place for it, she said.

For what, for Peet sake? pop said, and ma said, To open up a bix luxurious hotel where you could go even if you dont happen to have the reddy cash to settle your bills. People would flock there in uncounted numbers, she said.

People with no money have been flocking to hotels for years, pop said. At the end of the ferst week they dissapeer with the wool blankits, pop said, and ma said, But William, dont you see, that's just the point, I mean if they came there with the understanding that they could pay in installments just as if they had a charge account in a department store, then they could stay as long as they pleased, even the whole summer if they felt like it, basking in the sun like millionaires, and the owner of the hotel would receeve a steddy streem of checks all through the year, just like a department store.

I know a more ingenious scheme than that, pop said. Just invent a magnet that attracts silver instead of steel, and fix one on each shoe, and at the end of each day you'll come home with your feet plastered with quarters and half dollers, he said, and ma said, Oh, that's just plane silly.

Being the end of the subject.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A 16-year-old high school girl is in jail in one of New York's suburbs, charged with having stolen $6,000 worth of clothes and jewelry from neighbors and local stores.

She has admitted the thefts and told the police that she had shipped all the loot to her 19-year-old fiance in Virginia as a trousseau.

"I am wildly in love with Roy," she said. "I wanted to start life right—like in the movies."

* * *

You have all seen those wonderful movie weddings.

And a couple of days ago I saw a picture of an English couple, all dressed in formal wedding clothes—she in white satin and a long bridal veil, he in full dress uniform.

And in the wedding procession there were a lot of hunters on horseback and a long queue of attendants leading beagles and pointers and setters on leashes, while the hunting horn was tooting the wedding music.

Somehow I feel sorry for that 16-year-old kid who wanted to have a wedding "like in the movies." I hope the judge will go easy on her and explain to her that marriage isn't "like in the movies" at all, but a long, laborious, complicated trek down a long unpaved road that sometimes gets very muddy and sometimes very dusty and sometimes is so slippery that it is difficult to negotiate.

* * *

But the little girl should also know that at the end of that road, and on the way, there is much that is beautiful, and there are many shady places where one can rest and dream and that there is sunshine as well as rain and spring as well as winter.

* * *

My wife and I are soon going to celebrate our silver anniversary, and just last night we were looking back over that long road, and we decided that it has been a wonderful journey.

Don't think it was an easy one, though. Many a time we thought we'd never finish the trip. Many a time we were weary and tired, and there were brambles and thorns and blisters and streams to cross and hills to climb.

But we made the trip together and sometimes I gave her a lift and more times she lifted me when I was about to drop.

* * *

From now on it is easy. The road lies straight ahead and while I hope that the end of the journey is still a long way off, we both have found our stride and know that ahead of us there are peace and happiness and contentment.

* * *

It hasn't been anything at all "like in the movies."

But it has been fun, and every minute of it has been worthwhile.

(Copyright, 1946)

Today's Text

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

Psalms 100 and 103

Psalm 100 offers three reasons for universal praise and thanksgiving to God. "All ye lands" in v. 1 is in the Hebrew "all the earth." We are to serve Him and to come before His presence with singing, because He is our Creator, v. 3. In Psalm 103 we are with all our powers to bless the Lord for all the benefits He confers upon us, vs. 1, 2, mentioned in the rest of the Pslam. Check all the verbs beginning with v. 3: Forgiveeth; redeemeth; crowneth; satisfieth, etc. Note in vs. 11-13 the three dimensions of His love: The height; the breadth, and the depth, and compare with the four dimensions in Eph. 3:18; the breadth; the length; the depth, and the height of the love of Christ for us. In Christ the love of God for "all the earth" is fully revealed, for God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son to die for us. Truly the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children, v. 17. This is the most desirable inheritance a child can receive. The Psalm ends as it begins: "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Horoscope

Sometimes you are stubborn if this is your birthday, but you are not quarrelsome. You are fair with people and expect fairness in return. You are strong-willed and your head very definitely rules your heart. You are a leader in any group of which you are a part. Plan a quiet weekend during which you will get rest and relaxation; no excitement. Changes made at 1:37 p. m. will most likely prove either temporary or unsatisfactory. At 4:29 p. m. energy may be at low ebb, so do not tackle any job that requires much outlay of strength. At 8:40 p. m. is the best aspect of the day, make up for lost time, or invite friends to your home.

25 Years Ago

APRIL 27, 1921, a Wednesday

Amos A. Ettinger was elected by the board of trustees of the University of Pennsylvania as a university scholar of history in the graduate school for the year 1921-22.

Gertrude Smith was appointed chairman of the May dance which was held by the nurses of the Sacred Heart hospital. The dance was sponsored to raise funds for a new nurses home.

A farewell banquet for the graduating class of Muhlenberg college was held at Nazareth Inn. Class President James Morgan was master of ceremonies.

The Ushers' Union of Grace U. E. church entertained friends at a variety program in the basement of the church. Tracy Rees sang several selections for the group.

The "Freshman Mob" tussled with sophomore and senor boarding students of Allentown College for Women. After the raid the freshmen had to restore the dorms to their usual order.

The band members and uniformed guard of Allentown Forest, No. 41, Tall Cedars of Lebanon, were hosts to guests from Bethlehem, Easton and this city in Mealey's auditorium.

New Words and Phrases

The war brought into being a large number of new words and gave new significance to many old ones. This timely booklet of New Words and Phrases, issued by our Washington Information Bureau, is an authoritative compilation of many such words and phrases. There is also a long list of names of foreign places found in the news dispatches and their English pronunciation. Get up to date! Know these new words and phrases. Fifteen cents postpaid.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted dreams,
And into glory peep. Vaughan.

COMPENSATION PLANS' LARGE FIELDS

During the month of March the State of Pennsylvania thru its public assistance programs made payments totaling $6,112,000 to blind persons, to dependent children, to aged persons and to those requiring general assistance. The last mentioned category received $1,022,000.

While the amount is low by comparison with some of the years before the war it is high by camparison with expenditures in days before current programs were enacted into law and the poor and helpless struggled along pitifully or were the wards of their respective counties.

But the amount is especially low when compared with the expenditures which are being made to jobless workers under the State Unemployment Compensation program and to unemployed ex-servicemen under the Federal Servicemen's Readjustment Act. The total amount under those two programs which was paid out in March was $29,226,000 and the amount paid out to the veterans alone was even greater in April than it had been in March, rising to $17,615,082. That was a record figure for operation of the law that has been in effect since September, 1944.

These figures serve to show the wide difference between expenditures for General Assistance and plans for compensation. Unemployment compensation payments are based on amounts previously contributed to the insurance fund and are made without regard to extent of need. Similarly, payments under the Servicemen's Readjustment Act represent a fixed allowance during a period of unemployment following separation from the service. The object of an assistance program is to enable needy persons to live as normal members of their communities during periods when they cannot be self-supporting. Such aid is determined by need and available income or resources.

There is wide difference in the expenditures but there is likewise wide difference in the entire conception, foundation and operation of the plans.

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP IN PHILIPPINES

Now that the returns are all in from the widely scattered elements of the Philippine archipelago it has been established that General Roxas won the election for the presidency over General Osmena who now holds the post.

Thruout the campaign there was great bitterness, each side charging the other with collaboration with the Japs during the period of the occupation. To what degree the charges were true will probably never be known but it did seem to have been established that it took clever skipping around to keep heads upon shoulders while the Japs were in the Philippines—something that both Roxas and Osmena accomplished.

But the best note of the election, as heard in the United States, was the message of congratulation extended by the loser to the victor. It was like an echo from an American election. The spirit was like that of the American baseball diamond. Americans felt a lot surer as to the Filipinos' ability to handle freedom and independence after noting the behavior of President Osmena toward his successor General Roxas.

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYES ON INCREASE

It may or may not come as a surprise to know that the non-defense agencies of the federal government show an increase of 82,000 employes since V-J Day. Altho the trend should be cause for alarm, the recent recommendation of the Congressional economy committee that federal payrolls be cut should be of some consolation.

This committee has demanded that government personnel be reduced to 1,650,000 by June 30, 1947, which would mean a reduction of 1,243,000 civilian employes and a tremendous saving of tax dollars.

There is nothing new about the idea. Some of our legislators, notably Senator Byrd of Virginia, have been calling for reduction in government expenses for years. But it seems that there are always other considerations that spoil whatever plans are advanced. This year it is the fact that we have an election coming up and it just isn't politically smart to fire potential voters at such time.

So the Congressional committee wisely picked a date a year from this coming June for its deadline. Perhaps something else will arise to interfere in the months to come, but at this writing it looks hopeful, particularly if Congress watches its appropriations more carefully than it did during the war years.

ANOTHER FINE SEASON OF LOCAL OPERA

Four audiences that on as many nights this week packed the Lyric theater to the doors make a chorus of public congratulation to that excellent institution, the Allentown Municipal Opera Company, for its production of the tuneful and perennially interesting operetta "My Maryland."

Thus the eighteenth season of this succesful organization has come to a close and the upwards of a hundred members of the company can know that they have made another worthy contribution to the community's culture and to its recreational satisfactions.

Many thousands of Allentonians in the life of the opera company have been benefitted and pleased by the many productions which have been given but the greatest values have been derived by the hundreds of persons who now or at some time in the life of the organization have had the opportunity to work and play in it.

It has been a distinct community asset to have an organization in which talent for histrionics and all the arts which are brought together under a theater's roof can bud and blossom. There need be no stifling of a Bernhardt or a Barrymore, a Hopper or a Schuman-Heink, if any such arise in our midst for the media to find them and to encourage them have been provided here.

But it is an even greater community asset to have an institution in which so many people have such a very happy and wholesome time over such a long time. They are not stars and their ambition is not for careers of the stage. But they do crave the occasional joys of the world of make-believe and in the Allentown Municipal Opera Company and its sister institution, the Civic Little Theater, they are able to get them and to be the better poeple for them.

Coal Settlement Nears

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 3—President Truman's intimation that the coal miners may soon be found striking against the government means, of course, that he wants the country in general and the miners' union in particular to know that the present impasse will be followed by a seizure of the nation's coal mines.

This is a significant way to put pressure on the miners' union to bring about a compromise, but it is also a gentle warning that the government may be thinking of using its enforcement powers under the Smith-Connally law against any leaders who conduct a strike after seizure.

The law is plain that a man may quit work of his own initiative once the mines are seized or that he may refrain from going back to work if this is his own decision. But, on the other hand, if the continued abstention from work is the result of a concerted action such as a notification from a union officer or from any two or more persons in the union, then prosecution is possible under criminal provisions.

There have been some prosecutions in the past under the Smith-Connally law but no instances involving anyone prominent in the labor movement. Not long ago when the tugmen's strike was in progress in New York City and the boats were seized by the federal government, there was a union meeting held after the seizure. In this case, however, the administration did not prosecute anybody because a representative of the Department of Labor was present at the meeting in an effort to persuade the men to go back to work, so it was ruled that this was not a clear case.

* * *

The power exists, however, for the government to appeal to the miners to go back to work when the mines are seized. If, thereafter, the miners ask instructions from their individual leaders and the word is passed to them not to go back, the provisions of the law could be applied against anyone who advised the miners not to go back to work.

It is beginning to be believed that the Truman administration will not hesitate to use the Department of Justice to enforce the Smith-Connally law and that this drastic step may be taken because of a nation-wide protest against failure to heed the President's call to go back to work.

There have been such pleas before from Mr. Truman which have gone unheeded but in none of those instances has there been a seizure. Usually when the government has stepped in, the workers have filed back to their posts.

In the past the miners have worked under government auspices when the mines were seized and it is difficult to see what possible excuse there would be for ignoring the precedent. It could be urged perhaps that there is no longer any need for obedience to the call of the government because the war is over but the plight of many industries and businesses which handle products needed to maintain the health and safety of the people of the United States constitutes a circumstance that is of equal gravity.

* * *

Official Washington guesses that the final chapters in the coal strike are being written and that in a few days a turn toward settlement will be witnessed.

The effect of the episode will last long beyond the time of the strike's termination. Every day that labor unions use their collective bargaining powers and especially the closed shop—which was granted the miners' union by a Democratic administration in Washington—public resentment against the one-sided Wagner labor relations law is increased.

Some labor unions are trifling with the most far-reaching reform they were ever granted. Abuse of authority leads to revision or repeal. The labor movement might take a lesson from the experience of the prohibitionists who did not see soon enough that bootlegging and the drop-off in public sentiment would cause a collapse of enforcement and finally repeal.

It used to be said that the larger labor unions were the more responsible but the experience of the last few months shows that with the assumption of vast power there has been in too many cases no commensurate exercise of responsibility to the public interest.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

FREEDOM HOUSE PROTESTS

George Field, executive secretary of Freedom House, protests an article I wrote criticizing Rex Stout's burlesque pillory of six American citizens, Senator Theodore Bilbo, Upton Close, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, John O'Donnell, John Rankin and Gerald L. K. Smith, whose views differ from his. In my article, I never mentioned "freedom House, not knowing that that organization had gone into the burlesque business.

This is what Mr. Field has to say:

". . . (Sokolsky) excoriates Rex Stout for placing certain 'Americans' into the 'good, old-fashioned pillory-box.' Among them, Senator Theodore Bilbo, John O'Donnell, John Rankin and Gerald L. K. Smith.

"Where should one place them, Mr. Sokolsky?

"To keep the record straight, Freedom House not long ago refused to accept a $5,000 contribution to its Willkie Memorial Building from the Communist party, and accompanied this refusal with a strongly worded letter of opposition to this organization."

Now I do not know what the Communists' attempt to contribute $5,000 to the Willkie Memorial Building fund has to do with the good taste and decency of Rex Stout's house party to ridicule six American citizens. Certainly, if the Communists liked Wendell Willkie, that was their privilege. If he liked them, that was his privilege. It was also Mr. Field's privilege not to take the money.

But his last paragraph is a non-sequitur since what we are discussing is the lumping of unassociated men into an artificial association, hiring actors to impersonate them, accusing them of misdemeanors and felonies without giving them a chance to defend themselves, and charging $7.50 for the fun.

* * *

Mr. Field would like to know "where should one place" these six American citizens. That is clearly not his business nor mine. They have their constitutional civil rights and it is not for us to interfere with them. If ony one of these six has committed an offense under the civil or criminal laws, there are police and law officers whose duty it is, under the law, to punish them. If they have committed an offense under the moral codes of mankind, they will suffer the condemnation of society and they may some day have to make their peace with God.

But in a society of free men, those who differ from others in thought are entitled to the protection of the law. Mr. Field, I am sure, will have to agree with me that it was a disgrace for American veterans, in full uniform, to march, as they did on May 1 in New York, in a Fifth Column parade. Yet, here in America, we let them march. We even permit them to speak. We even permit them to speak foolishly. It is because we believe in human freedom.

Of course, if they committed an overt and illegal act, they should be arrested by the properly constituted officers, tried in a duly constituted court, preferably by a jury; they would have right of representation by counsel, and the sentence could not be excessive. That is the American way.

* * *

I should like to know, chapter and section, precisely what laws these six men have broken and why, if they have broken them, the law officers do not take the required action? I do not agree with the opinions of these six. Senator Bilbo, for instance, voted for most of the New Deal measures to which I am opposed. Nevertheless, unless it is recognized that he has a right of choice which may be different from mine, we cannot maintain a free society.

Or take the matter of John Rankin. He has made some very nasty speeches about my kinsmen which must include me. I do not like those speeches. But if I stop him from saying what he chooses within the law to say, I must attack the entire structure of our free society.

I do not say that anyone should break up Mr. Stout's pillory party. In fact, I advertised it beyond its deserts. But I maintain my right to say that the intimidation of individuals for differences of thought and attitude, by intimidation, coercion, boycott, humiliation and the use of force and money, is contrary to the spirit of the American people and, while it might be fun, it is nonetheless indecent.

(Copyright, 1946)

Nell Gwyn, English actress of the seventh century was illiterate and with difficulty scrawled an awkward E. (Eleanor) G. at the bottom of her letters, written for her by others.



DIE OSCHDERZEIT

AN DER ALDE "BLOE KAERRICH"

Die Oschderzeit iss widder do
Mit ihre scheene Gaawe;
Die Auferschtehung vun unserm Herrn,
Dutt Leib un Seele laawe.

Die Blumme schluppen aus em Grund
Nooch ihrem langen Schlof;
Die Feggel fliegen widder rum,
Im Schwamm dart weiden die Schof.

Die kleene Weideketzelcher
Mit ihre scheene groe Kittel;
Un weisse Windblumme bliehn,
Wu waarmer Wind sie schittelt.

Palmsunndaag iss die Nachtmolszeit,
Un Freidaag owets yuscht devor,
Wann's Wetter recht schee iss,
Waerd's voll wie alle Yohr.

Die Leit duhn singe un duhn bete,
Uff em Kaerrichhof duhn sie schteh;
Es is die haerrlich Oschderzeit,
Die Trombones lauten schee.

Schier wie en Draam iss die Nadur—
Sie blieht, draagt Frucht, geht dod;
Ass mer sell awwer net duh misse,
Ging Christus darrich sei Not.

Ya Er iss auferschtande—
Un die schee Friehyohrszeit
Gemaahnt uns an unser Herr Jesus
Un was Er geduh far alle Leit.

Locust Valley — ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

We regret that the above verses arrived too late to be included in the Easter issue of the ECK.

HEIDELBERG CHURCH REPAIRED IN 1819

The congregations at Heidelberg, Lehigh County, in more than two hundred years, have worshipped in four buildings. The first church was erected in 1745 and lasted only 12 years. The second was in use until 1787 and the third was replaced by the present building in 1849. The first three buildings were all of log construction, although the third building served these large congregations for sixty-two years.

The church records state that this third building was extensively repaired in 1819, at a cost of more than $500, when it resceived a new roof, weather-boarding and new plastering. The "baumeister" for the job were Johannes Saeger, justice of the peace of Saegersville, and Michael Wehr who ilved near Best Station. Recently there has come to light a bundle of papers which include an itemized statement of expenditures, original bills and receipts, and a memorandum book in which Saeger kept his daily accounts, together with a "vendu zettel" of the left-over materials which were sold at a public sale. All these contain much of interest to the local historian, the philologist, and those whose ancestors worshipped at Heidelberg. The following is a complete copy, in the original spelling, of the statement of expenditures:

			Thaler	Cent
Wilhelm Fenstermachers bill				
vor 800 fusz Geruest Bord	@	1.25		10
vor 3000 Schindeln			11.00	33
vor 2829 fusz Bord			16.00	45.24
vor 68 pfund Naegel			.11	7.48
bor 3 fasz weise Farb			4.50	13.50
intressen				.82
John Rex Holz vor 1402 fusz Latten	@	20 cent		2.81
John Peter Holz for 2110 fusz Latten		20		4.18
tito vor 1500 Schindeln samt fuhrlohn				15.50
Christoph Rex vor 2110 fusz Latten Saegerlohn				4.13
vor 1402 fusz Latten tito				2.81
Joh. Jacob Schneider 263 fusz Skendling zu saegen				1.74
Johannes Rebert vor 1827 fusz Bord				29.23
Christian Krum 1500 Schindeln				14.50
Adam Kunkel vor 14 Tag Schreinaubeit	@	75 cent		10.50
tito vor 2 Tag Kostgeld				.50
Christian Schneider 20 Tag Schreinarbeit zu		0.80		16.00
tito 3½ Tag Kostgeld		0.25		.87
John Traxel 25¼ Tag Schreinarbeit		0.80		20.20
tito 25¼ Tag Kostgeld		0.25		6.31
tito 3 Tag geschaft				2.75
Daniel Hunsicker 7 Tag Schreiner Arbeit		0.75		5.25
Nicolaus Miller 12¼ Tag Schreiner Arbeit		0.80		9.80
Jost Heinrich Miller vor ½ Tag Laettelcher splitten				.38
tito vor die Bottel, die ihm verbrochen wurde				.16
Daniel Rader vor 3 Quart Brandwein				.40
Jacob Mezger (Metzger) vor 2 Gal. 3 Qt. Brandwein				1.47
William Rex, Schmidt vor 17 pfund Speix				3.66
Daniel Hunsicker, Schmidt, vor Bohrer machen				.40
Peter Roehrich vor die eiserne Stang		180 pf.		16.20
tito kleine tito				.78
Georg Blos ½ Tag Zaunen (?) gefahren				1.00
Michael Wehr 18 Tag	@	50 cent		9.00
vor 18 Tag Kostgeld				4.50
vor 800 fusz Bord fuhrlohn				.80
100 pfund Naegel				10.25
vor 1 faeszlen weise Farb intresse				4.00
				.40
Caspar Pfeiffer vor Heu				.40
vor 49 Tag Kostgeld fuehr die Schreiner				12.25
Philip Hesz vor 125 Hicory Widen				1.50
Jacob Schneider Sandfohren				1.00
Conrad Ebert ½ Tag Saegbiaek gefahren				1.50
Georg Handwerk 4½ Tag geschaft				3.40
tito Kostgeld wer 4½ Tag				1.12½
tito 2000 Laettelcher gesplitt				2.50
John Mayer, Maurer 1 Tag Geruest gemacht				1.00
tito ½ Tag Ris gemauert				.50
Wilhelm Wuchter ½ Tag Ris gemauert				.50
Georg Sensinger 15½ Tag vor Maurer Arbeit samt Kostgeld				15.50
Heinrich Mille 'r vor 40 bushel Kalk fuhrlohn				2.50
Abraham Raeder 6 bushel Haar	@	20 cent		1.20
Michael Sieger vor 30 buschel Kalk	@	0.25		10.00
John Krum 12 Tag Hand gelangt	@	67		9.38
tito Kostgeld vor 14 Tag				3.50
Jacob Handwerk 2½ Tag Samt Kostgeld				2.29½
Peter Haas vor 16 Gall Leinoehl		1.10		17.60
Jacob Dillinger vor 26½ Gal. Leinoehl		1.12½		29.81
John Saeger 21½ Tag	@	.50		10.75
21½ Tag Kost		.25		5.37½
interesse vor $107 auf 8 Mon. thut				4.00
2 Tag versaeumt Leinoehl zu Hole, Fuhrlohn				2.00
Philip Kraus vor Rohr und dass zu gehoer an den Ofen in die Kirch				11.85
John Peter Handwerk vor den Ofen (donated)				22.00
Peter Neuhart vor Artikel bey seiner Bill				8.00
Joseph Saeger vor verschiedene Artikel zeit der Rechnung				19.19
				.99

Besides the above, the following persons were credited with having worked one or more days—"Tag geschafft samt Kostgeld"—at 67 cents a day, for a total of $12.02

John Peter	Heinrich Blos	alt Christian Blos
Caspar Peter	Daniel Raeder	Caspar Pfeiffer
Jacob Peter	George Rex	Peter Handwerk, Jr.
Andreas Kunkel	Jacob Rex	Jost Heinrich Miller
John Miller	Daniel Rex	Joh. Jacob Schneider
Joseph Hunsicker, Jr.		

The items on Peter Neuhart's "seiner Bill" are listed on an invoice of the partnership "Jacob and Peter Neuhart, Allentown", as follows:

71 lb. mineral black	at 5	2.85
2 boxes		.50
2 paint prooches	at 40	.50
2 paint prooches	at 20	.40
2 door latch	1.25	2.50
16 screws		.10
(15 cents off for cash)		8.15

Joseph Saeger, who had a store in Saegersville, also wrote his invoice in English, but John Saeger kept a record of the same items in his memorandum book in German. Among these items were:

Krug und Blech	.31
1 Sieb	.80
12 lb. Bleiweis	2.40
1 lb. Kienruhs	.25
2½ Rothi Farb	.45
2 faeszer Farb	9.00
1 birst	.31
1 fensterglahs	.10
ofen schwartz	.06
2 banden und 1 schlos	.39
2 banden und 1 Riegel	.34
2 banden	.13

Joseph Saeger's invoice calls "Bleiweis" litharge, "Kienruhs" lampblack, and "Rothi Farb" venetian red. On the "vendu zettel" the litharge or Bleiweiss is called "Silberglaett."

The "Hicory Widen" which Philip Hesz sold are described in Saeger's memorandum book as "Witten". These were hickory poles or rods used in the construction of the "geruest". The term "widd stang" is still used in some localties for a hickory pole used to bind a load of hay, etc. Philip Hesz who furnished these was one of the Hess family who had a rifle factory at the base of the Blue Mountain.

The "eiserne Stang" which weighed 180 pounds was forged by Peter Roehrich (now Rehrig), a blacksmith, who had his shop on the property now owned by Frank Handwerk at Saegersville. Using an engineering table, we find that a wrought iron rod, one inch square, weighing 180 pounds, is approximately 53 feet long. This rod was run completely through the building to brace the walls. The "bohrer" made by Daniel Hunsicker was used for boring holes through the log walls. By using a little arithmetic and the number of shingles that were used, together with the dimension we get from the length of the iron rod, we find that the church was a building approximately 30 by 53 feet.

Peter Haas and Jacoz Dillinger who furnished the linseed oil had oil mills at Lynnville and in North Whitehall, respectively. Michael Sieger, who sold the lime, lived in North Whitehall. Abraham Raeder, who sold the hair, was a tanner at Saegersville. The hair were used in the plaster.

The "15½ Tag vor Maurer Arbeit" by Georg Sensinger were actually for plastering, with one day marked "vor die Traep zu machen" and one marked "gelaettelt". John Krum was his "Hand Langer".

Philip Kraus who furnished the "Rohr und dass zu gehoehr an den Ofen" was a farmer and tinsmith who lived on the property now owned by Allen Fink at Saegersville.

The reader will note that although the job took a total of 6 kegs of paint and more than a barrel of linseed oil, there is no mention of any wages paid to painters. There were no painters and there were no labor unions. The carpenters did the painting job.

Royersford, Pa. —RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

EN SCHDUNN G'SCHBAARD

Mit alles hendich eigerichd
In unsere gude Zeit,
Mit Fuder blendi uff em Disch
Un blendi aa inside,
Hot unser Volk fer yohrelang
Die goldich Gans geridde
In grosser Schdeil un Hochmud
Un doch waar net zufridde.
Wie Raam un Hunnich darrich's Land
So iwwerflussich waare,
Hot's Volk an Hunger net gedenkt
Un wennicher ans Schbaare.

Des Fuder schbaare iss am End
Ken iwwel Ding bischur,
En mancher as Dispepsi hot
Find darrich des en cure.
Un's Kohleschbaare kann mer aa
Am Schwansend vun em Winder,
Fer iwwerwennich senkt die Sunn
Die Barschde vun de Sinder.
Un dohaer waar noch ken Verdruss
Bei patriotic Leit,
Un's scheind mer laerne iwwerall
Die Nod vun Schbaarsamkeit.

Nau karzlich gehn die Adders naus
Ass Zeit verlore gehd,
Un im Abril waerd alle Uhr
En Schdunn vorwarts gedreht.
Des baddert mich gaar schauderhaft
Un's schafft aa mechtich queer,
Fer wann die Uhr laud fimfmol schlackd
Dann schdeht mer uff am vier.
Yuscht mittes imme siesse Draam
Im Schlof vum very bescht,
Do muss mer'n Schdund ahead vun Zeit
Alle Marye aus em Nescht.

De Tillie ihre beau fu als
Gebliwwe iss bis drei,
Gehd nau am zwee Uhr fart un saagt
Paar hunnert Mol "Good-bye!"
De Bank im Schdedtel ihre Dier
Am nein waerd uffgemacht,
Un doch iss actually die Zeit
Net meh as Uhre acht.
Die Haahne wecke uff am vier
Un graehe wie net g'scheit,
Die Hinkel gehne all uff's Nescht
En Schdund ahead vun Zeit.

Die Sechs-Uhr-train kummt rei am fimf,
Un wer sei watch net richt
Accordin' zu de rules uffkors
Verfehlt die train gedicht;
Die Kaerrich iss am zehe Uhr
Un fangt am neine aa,
So wann mer net die recht Zeit hot
Dann kummt mer hinnedraa.
In fact des Ding waerd iwweraal
Un allewege g'schbierd,
Un's hot mich schunn gaar sabberlot
Un dief verkollebierd.

Die Sunn wu als am siwwe Uhr
Verschluppd iss fer die Nacht
Loafed noochdem uff em job un gehd
Net unner bis am acht.
Die sechs-Uhr Wissel blost am fimf,
Mer grickt so wennich Ruh,
Ich tschotsch es waer ken iwwler Blaan
Ins Bett geh mit de Schuh.
Un allemol ass ich draa denk,
Kann ich's gaar net verschteh,
Wann's drei schlackt uff de Uhr b'tschinks,
Dann iss es doch yuscht zwee.

Die Polly saagt es macht nix aus
Un ich waer yuscht zu dumm,
Fer alle Daag fangt reg'ler aa
Un schtoppd aa mit de Sunn;
Un was die Uhr saagt, iss uffkors
Die Zeit vum Daag fer mich,
Un niemand figger'd annerschter
As Dickkepp so wie ich.
Doch wann ich an die Uhr guck
Un heer sie schlagge drei,
Un 's iss yuscht zwee, dann liegt sie,
Un ich hass bedroge sei.

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

ALLE MENSCHEN SIN GLEICH GEBORE

Der anner Daag hawwich en Mann heere en speach mache un der hot g'saat, Mensche waere all gleich gebore in dem Land. Ich denk er hot gemeent, mer waere all gleich, weil mer all nackich uff die Weit kumme un kens kann graad en Daagloh verdiene am Reffsense maehe. Es brauch awwer kens en hunnert Yohr alt warre far sehne, ass es en grosser difference iss, wem sei Bobbi as mer iss, far wann du me Bresident, Congressmann odder Senator sei-Bu bischt, dann warrscht du noch West Point g'schickt un gebscht en General eb du recht drucke bischt hinnich de Ohre. Ya, mer sin all gleich gebore un dart iss about die eensich Zeit as mer gleich sin. Im alde Land, wann du zu em Keenich seinre Familie g'heerscht, dann fiedere sie dich mit me silvere Leffel un 'raise'e dich wie en Kalb far die fair. Do waerd's ball zimmlich es Naemlich. Es macht nix aus wie schmaert, ass du bischt, wievel Laerning, un wie guter Verschtand, wann du net en Congressmann hinne an dir hoscht far dich vorschiewe, dann hoscht due wennich Hoffning far der Hiwwel nuff kumme —un wann du nuff kummscht dann musscht du schiewe, ass wie en Ochsefuhr mit me Wagge voll Fettbeind.

Was mich an des denke hot mache, iss die Neiichkeite, dass der Major Curtin, em alde Andy sei Bu, draus waar un hot helfe die Italians nunner schiesse in de coke regions. Denkscht du nau far en Minutt, dass der Major Curtin waer seilewe Major warre, wann sei Daadi Boonastiel g'heesse nett? Net viel. Guck emol iwwer die Naame vun der officer in der Armee un du finnscht die Helft vun de colonels un majors Blutsfreind sin vun de very Mann, as net yuscht allee vum Government lewe, awwer welle aa hawwe, ass ihre Buwe devun lewe. Sie sin als en rule grossfiehliche, uffg'schteckde Fratzhans, wu nix as ihre Naame hen far sich zu 'recommend'e. Awwer es iss net yuscht allee in der Armee, wu mer seht, ass die Leit in dem Land jet all gleich sin. Geh emol noch Washington. Dart laaft's so voll vun Congressmenner un Senators' Buwe as Fleeh uff me Hund, un yeder hot en Blatz im Government, as eenich vun unsere schmaerte, uffrichtiche Buwe es Maul wassere daed mache.

Ya, em Congressmann sei Bu un em Bauer sei Bu gucke so gleich as zwee Kaerbsekaerne, wann sie gebore sin—der eensich difference iss, ee Kaern waerd uff der Mischthaufe geblanst un die anner uff die Feierschtee Ritsch.

—BOONASTIEL
(Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Bei Da Shule Maishder

'M Dunnershdawg owet hen m'r uns mohl widder dahame g'fiel'd on da yairlicha fersommling fon da alumni fon da KSNS, odder ewwa wie die shule now gakent is, ols die Kutztown State Teachers college. Ferol os m'r shun fer tzwonsich yohr ous da shule shtub sin ols 'n teacher, brents shule halta ols noch noh, un fiel'd sich immer dahame on ra shule maishders fersommling. M'r brouch ow'r numma onna blotz wie sel gae fer sehna wie shtarrick os die tzeit flieg'd, un wie feranderlich os es lava is. Sis net so monich yohr tzurick os m'r 's grebsht dale fon da shule maishder gakent hen os noch da KSNS alumni fersommling kumma sin, un now is yusht may 'n hondfol darta os m'r kent. Wos sel tzeit alta shule maishder worra sin now so tzu sawga fert, wos die yunga worra sin now aw bol alt, uns sin fremma g'sichter darta fer denna ihra bletz nemma woh nimmy kumma kenna.

Der Dr. Quincy Rohrbach, president fon der kollege un ainer fon unserra Normal shule dawga shule kummerawda wor der habt shwetzer, un hut net yusht wichdicha socha fertzailt fon da KSTC in Kutztown, ow'r aw 'n wunnershae bild hee g'shteld in seim g'shwetzt, fon da harda tzeit os yunga leit heit tzu dawg fer ous da hoch shula noch kollege un shule kumma fer weiter shtudierra. In ol gons'm wear blotz fer ebbes wie 25,000 shtudenta in haicherra shule fon larning in Pennsylfawnia, un weara gons dicht 50,000 om brovierra in die shula kumma. Maid un boova os fert im griek worra wolla tzurick ihra arwet uf nemma woh sie sie ferlossa hen, un die fiela hoch shule graduates, dada 's yusht ummiglich mocha fer ol gae os garn fert larna dada, secht der Dr. Rohrbach.

Der Dr. Rohrbach hut noh ow'r weiter fertzailt, wie sie alla weil om blawna weara fer 'n grossie kollege, odder ewwa 'n shule fon larning ous 'm grossa Indiantown Gap training centre mocha—in gons'm may os 60,000 ocker grund. 'S wear blotz darta secht der Dr. Rohrbach fer alla ains fon da 25,000 ei nemma os ken blotz het fer noch da kollege gae, un graichda der same kredit wie won sie aw in ra rechda kollege odder shule weara.

Onnerra os garufa sin werra fer shwetza, wor unser David A. Miller doh fom Call, der Prof. Paul Kneedler un der Prof. McClelland fon da kollege, der Dr. Hostler un der Dr. Seidel fon da Allentown shule, un der Tilden Kelchner doh fon da shtadt. Der Tzaderviller fire kumpany hut 'n guter welshhawna supper garish'd kot, un is numma shawd os net 'n drei mohl so fiel fon da alumnus rous kumma sin os wie os darta worra. 'N klassmate un nochber doh in da shtadt, der shulemaishder Paul Hertzog un mier her bei nonner k'huck'd fer essa, mit da Lillian Bittenbender Ziegler, noch 'n klassmate, un ihr'm mon Raven uf da onnerra side fom dish. Om onnerra end fom dish hut der Russel Yohe un sei Eva fon East Texas k'huck'd,—aw klassmates, un noh wor aw der Porra Raymond Jeremiah Heckman, un die fohrsinger'n Mildred Kemmerer darta, ol fon da klass fon 1913.

'S airsht dale fom program wor singerrei bei 'm weibsleit shule maishder korus doh fon da shtadt, mit da Mildred Kemmerer ols fohrsinger'n. Der E. Emory Barner, 'n Allentown shule principal hut die fersommling darrich g'sehna ols Bresident, un hinna noh helfa der geigamon Prof. Osville Seip nei shtimma, bresident fon da Lechaw Dahl Alumnus association fers nagshd yohr. Noch da fersommling hen ol 'n gutie tzeit kot alta freind frish nei larna kenna, un blauderra fon da tzeita os ols worra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis bakont gamocht werra Somshdawg, der 25d Moy Alumnis Dawg wear on da kollege, un alla graduate is hartzlich ei galawda werra fer tzurick noch da kollege kumma ols noch may alta freind un bakonta sehna, un aw sehna wie shae os allas in arder is, der blotz woh m'r ols gakent hen ols die KSNS.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

I was taking a Saturday walk with pop, and I said, G, pop, here comes Admiral Tricker, shall we cross over to the other side of the street so he can't stop and talk to you?

It's too late now, we'll just pray for the best and expect the werst, pop said.

Being what we got, Admiral Tricker sticking out his hand for pop to shake it and saying, It's nice weather for this time of year, it's a lot better than most people deserve.

Some fokes probably shouldn't have any kind of weather, pop said, and Admiral Tricker said, There's too much hate in the werld, that's the big trubble, and that's why people are going to keep on making war against each other till human nature changes.

The difficulty seems to be, how to change it and still have a few people left, pop said, and Admiral Tricker said, Every people of every country have their own manners and customs and their own way of life. Is that any reason we should hate them? They might as well hate us because we're different too, he said.

Don't worry, they do, they do, pop said, and Admiral Tricker said, I don't hate any people. No matter what language they speak or what native clothes they wear, I say they have a right to leed their own life without interfeerance. I say it takes all kinds of people to make a werld, and I say we all ought to respect that fact no matter which side of what ocean we live on, he said.

That couldn't be truer if it was in a 2 volume book, pop said, and Admiral Tricker said, Well, good bye now, I'm expected home, my wife's relations are there for dinner and they're the most inexcusibly shiftless, ignorant, bull headed tribe that ever blighted the face of the earth and I'd like to see them all in the middle of the A bomb experiments.

And he kept on going, and I said, G, pop, ain't his wife's relations people? and pop said, Well yes, in a way, but they don't live on the other side of any ocean.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

Flanagan bumped into his friend Dooley just outside the Whoops-a-Daisy bar. Both gentlemen were listing slightly to leeward and had a fine aroma on their breaths.

"Flanagan, me boy," said Dooley, "you're just in time to come to McGrath's wake with me."

"A fine idea, that," allowed Flanagan. "But I never had the pleasure of your friend McGrath's acquaintance."

Dooley assured Flangan that this made no difference whatever, and the two men reeled into McGrath's homestead, where a first-class wake was hitting on all cylinders. Flanagan just made the grand piano in the front parlor when his legs gave way beneath him. As he fell, his jaw gave the ivory keys of the piano a terrific jolt. He looked at them wonderingly, then turned to his friend Dooley, and said in tones of admiration, "It is true that I never saw McGrath in rale life, but I must say he sure had a fine set of teeth."

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Horoscope

You are witty, intelligent and always do the unexpected. You are friendly and very popular. You can adapt yourself to circumstances or environment, are loving and fond of children. Share a confidence with someone you trust today; you may get valuable help or advice. Disappointment may upset your plans. The moon enters Cancer at 3:25 this afternoon. A delay in collecting money is indicated early this evening, and a pleasure is likely to be curtailed. There may also be a delay in hearing from someone you expect, and money news is delayed by mail.

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN SERVICE

Q. Is the periodic cicada found in other countries besides the United States? B.Y.

A. The periodic cicada lives only in the United States. It nas the longest life span of any known insect.

Q. When was the name Palestine first used in reference to Holy Land? T.T.

A. The name was introduced officially in the period after 138

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Allentown's Slogan:

"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss—fullest when most
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity.
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink.
Pollok.

MOTHER'S DAY AWARD TO NEGRO WOMAN

If any one has become pessimistic about the success or the enduring value of democracy in America then it will be good to consider the fact that for the observance tomorrow of annual Mother's Day a committee of leading Americans has selected a Negro woman, granddaughter of a slave, as "The American Mother of 1946."

Thus honor is again accorded motherhood but there is also the recognition of the fact that this greatest of all human loves reposes in and actuates the women and mothers of the entire race regardless of race, creed or social status.

Probably however in no other country in the world would such honor be so accorded. Probably nowhere else would opportunities such as this Negro woman availed herself of be open to women of her color and social standing.

But it was in America, (and let it be added, south of Mason and Dixon's Line) that Mrs. Emma Clarissa Clement was able to go thru college. Then, following her marriage she became the mother of seven children, every one of whom became a college graduate and an American of high usefulness and considerable fame.

This colored woman struggled to secure an education for herself and then she struggled over even more years to provide higher education for her children. Now she is the mother of a college president, two college professors, a Red Cross official, and an Army chaplain, to mention the eldest members of her family.

The story of this splendid woman's life is one for many to ponder. Despite the greatest handicaps such as surround the people of her race she rose superior to them and in turn defeated unfair environment and other disadvantages for her children.

Hers has been a great individual triumph. It is appropriate that she has been honored as the examplar of millions of women who have and are giving their lives for the advancement of their children and thereby the advancement of the human race.

MAKING ROOM FOR THE G.I.s

There is good reason again to be happy that Muhlenberg college is in our midst and that it is operated in a manner of which the community justly can be proud. Such satisfaction comes from the announcement that, beginning in September, the college will accommodate 925 students, thereby providing place for two hundred or more students in excess of the present figures.

As the community knows, the ideal enrollment of our local college has been regarded as about five hundred. Only because the ex-service men, who have come home from the wars, wish to enter college did Muhlenberg expand its classes to present figures of about 715. That has stretched Muhlenberg's capacity in all ways almost to the breaking point.

But thruout the country there is the plaint of the G.I.s that the colleges are filled for years to come and that there is no room for many of them. To the extent of its ability Muhlenberg is going to answer the implied cry for help. It has already employed additional teachers and all preparations are under way to handle 925 young men in the autumn.

Just as Muhlenberg was ready for the war emergency, so it is proving itself to be just as ready for the peace emergency. During the war the principal thought was serving our country thru the training of young men for the United States Navy. Today the thought is service to the men who served their country faithfully and well by giving them chance to secure education.

Uncle Sam promised the boys in the armed services that he would provide them with a college education. But it takes institutions like Muhlenberg to make good that promise.

There is little doubt if all the educational institutions in the country were to expand similarly the G.I. educational problem would be solved.

LIFE IN FUTURE IN THE ARCTIC

Elimination of the ice-cap that covers Greenland, Northern Alaska and Siberia is possible through atomic bombing, declare Wallace W. Ashley and Elmer D. Swan in the May issue of Mechanix Illustrated magazine.

Long a dream of the world's greatest scientists, this would open up large portions of the world to productivity and help eliminate cold waves that now sweep the earth each year.

The terrific heat generated by atomic explosion would successfully melt the large areas of ice that have accumulated for thousands of years, thereby opening up these areas to the mining of gold and coal. Signs also point to the existence of large deposits of uranium, the mineral now required for atom-splitting, as well as natural gas, cryolite, pitchblende, and marble.

The writers point out two factors that would greatly help in this de-icing project. They are the United Nations which would supervise the operation, and the existence of enough uranium to carry out this vast atomic bombing of Arctic areas.

De-icing the Arctic would mean new frontiers, new markets for the world's industrial goods, and new sources of food and raw materials. Scientists agree the huge cost of the project would pay for itself many times over, with the financial burden becoming the obligation of all nations, since climatic benefits would be worldwide.

Once destroyed the polar ice is not likely to accumulate again, as ice formed each winter is never more than ten feet and usually melts the following summer. The great concern is with the ice-sheet that has accumulated in ages past.

DRAFT ACT EXTENDED TO JULY 1

The chaos that would have confronted the American military system had the draft Selective Service Act been permitted to expire on Wednesday next has been averted, or deferred, by Congress' decision to extend the operations of the Act until July 1.

Thus time is afforded the Congress for straightening out the snarls and difficulties in which legislation concerning this matter of gaining and maintaining an Army necessary for American commitments and safety has been involved.

So there are no changes in the operation of the Selective Service Act and there will be none for another month and a half. During that time it may be possible for Congress to forget for a time that elections are in the offing in November and remember that the United States requires an Army and can get it apparently only thru a compulsory military service and training program.

Famine Fruit of War

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 10.—Six years ago today the world awoke to find that Hitler had ordered the invasion of Belgium and Holland—and the war which had been called "phony" suddenly became total war. That day transformed the whole world situation and caused the United States quickly to begin armament building on an unprecedented scale.

Today the consequences of the sudden and arbitrary act whereby one man could plunge a whole world into total war are by no means ended. They are just beginning. The economic disturbance caused by the war is not confined to the war-torn countries. Nearly every nation is feeling the effects of the war.

The biggest single effect is famine. Food is short and peoples are suffering, not only in former enemy countries but in liberated areas as well. The world cries out for more food. Countries like the United States are being asked to conserve and help their brethren across the seas. But the necessary aid has not been forthcoming.

On top of the difficulties of getting food without rationing are the complexities due to transportation difficulties growing out of the coal strike.

Millions of persons in this world didn't feel the impact of bombs and heard no shots fired. They were the lucky ones. To what extent are they today expressing their gratitude to divine providence by sharing their food supply with the other peoples of the world who were not so fortunate?

* * *

The figures show that the United States must give the biggest share from its granary. The coal crisis must be ended soon if food is to be carried to the seaports for shipment.

The mood of the people in America toward these disturbances here and abroad seems strangely indifferent. If there were an aroused public opinion, it would be felt in Congress.

Some members of the House and Senate are vocal, but they are in the minority. The Congress has not been told by the people that there must be greater attention given to the economic problems resulting from war and that it is the business of the legislators to tackle rather than to avoid these questions.

One major problem is the reconversion from wartime to civilian production. In this, there have been interjected labor controversies. The Nation has no constructive labor policy. The politicians know the country wants justice done to the workers and a fair return on capital for management, and the average man feels that somehow this is something Congress should work out.

Under a system of representative government the people are not the ones to figure out solutions. They hold this to be the task of their chosen delegates in the Congress. If the members fail, then there is little else to do but change representatives at the polls.

The present Congress has an enormous responsibility, and it shares with the President the blame for the failure to achieve for the country an orderly reconversion.

The coal strike is not the first one on the list. Damaging strikes have caused staggering losses in the automotive industry and in the electrical business, to say nothing of dozens of other related categories of production.

* * *

The people do not want anyone's rights taken away but, on the other hand, they don't want to see the public interest damaged by any group. The present picture in the coal strike should occasion no surprise. For several weeks the "creeping paralysis" now prevalent in the whole economic system was foreseen. Pressure on the operators as well as upon the union for a projection of the issues should have been exerted by government. The policy seems to have been to allow the public to suffer and then use the dilemma to compel a compromise. This is not the way to settle labor disputes or to bring about the production of necessary articles. The transportation facilities of the Nation rest on coal. In the midst of a world-wide famine freight embargoes have had to be imposed.

Where was the statesmanship to prevent this from happening, and where is the sense of responsibility for the public welfare? The people turn to their government to demand that leadership. But if they are disturbed, Congress hasn't felt it as yet. Maybe next week will see an avalanche of protests.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WAR BY IMPUDENCE

Soviet Russia has now established by every political and diplomatic means her opposition to peace and the processes of peace.

At Paris, Secretary of State Byrnes offered Soviet Russia more than the United States had ever offered to any nation, a political and military alliance, a guarantee of security from invasion to be binding upon us for half a century. When Winston Churchill proposed such an alliance between Great Britain and the United States, the outcry against the breach with tradition, particularly from the Left and the Liberals, was vehement. Yet, we put it on the platter for Joe Stalin and tied Great Britain and France into the bargain.

The Russians have now turned that offer down and have substituted none of their own. Byrnes, desperate as any decent man would be, has now proposed that 21 nations meet on June 15 to write a peace treaty. Russia has turned that down, too. Russia does not desire peace by international consent. Russia seeks a peace only of her own making.

Are no more formulas available? Can you think of one that Russia will accept? You can't. Nobody can. For Soviet Russia will accept no formula and for an excellent reason which every student of international relations should have grasped.

* * *

Peace—a formal, binding peace—is not to the advantage of Soviet Russia. Her program is for a global expansion not only by war but by economic, political and dogmatic penetration. Let me cite three examples:

1. Iran is not tremendously important as a country but the Iranian question is crucial in the United Nations. The authority of the Charter and of the Security Council may be established or wrecked by the determination in this case. Soviet Russia signed the Charter and is bound by it. Soviet Russia is a member of the Security Council.

When Iran and Soviet Russia were to report on the evacuation of Soviet troops from Iran, according to the terms of an agreement signed by Russia, Iran reported but Soviet Russia boycotted the session. What is more, it is becoming clear that while Soviet Russia has removed her troops from Iran, her Fifth Column, international Communism, has produced a native revolutionary army in Azerbaijan.

The principle Soviet Russia seeks to establish in U.N. is that whereas the Security Council may deal with all other countries, Soviet Russia is sacrosanct and may not even be discussed, no matter what the cause.

2. France is an independent country and one of the great powers. Soviet Russia maintains in France a Fifth Column headed by Thorez and Duclos, French citizens, who are actually in government. This Russian political party rose to power in France during the social and economic disturbances of strikes which so reduced France's power of self-defense that, when Germany and Russia were in actual alliance, France was defeated with surprising rapidity. After the war, in the distress of hunger and disappointment, this Fifth Column put such pressure on General de Gaulle, France's heroic figure, and for that reason unsatisfactory to Soviet Russia, that he was finally driven from public life. Now, under the leadership of Thorez and Duclos, Soviet Russia expects to conquer France by political means in June. It is not impossible.

3. Spain is governed by a paternalistic despotism under Franco. Whereas Soviet Russia has in Eastern Europe and Asia favored the general type of government now existent in Spain, Stalin has always opposed Franco because he is a Roman Catholic rather than a Marxist. Catholicism, according to the Marxist dogma, must be extirpated. For years, Soviet Russia, even while supporting Hitler, opposed Franco.

* * *

Now, by diplomatic means via the United Nations, Soviet Russia seeks to conquer Spain. For if Franco is driven out, Russia's Fifth Column in Spain will take over. There is no practical alternative to that.

Here we have three examples of Russia's successful technique for world conquest. In Iran, by occupation and civil war; in France, by political action through a Fifth Column; in Spain, by diplomacy through the United Nations. And it may be that Russia will succeed in all three because the liberty-loving peoples remain confused over the real issue, which is that Russia desires a disturbed world.

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PENN STATE RURAL

Some time ago a curious little book came to the editor's attention: PENN STATE RURAL As Told By Sam, a Sixty-year Old Farming Man. Printed by George H. Shaeffer, Lebanon, Pa., 1941.

Sam preferred to express himself in verse. In today's ECK we have printed some excerpts from Chapter II "Gristmills and Sawmills", not because we considered Sam's verses excellent poetry, but because we believed them of interest in relation to Mr. Gingrich's paper on "The Old-Time Flour and Grist Mill" in the same issue of the ECK.

Our readers will find PENN STATE RURAL valuable, despite the limping verses, for it is the expression of an observing farmer who has expressed in homely fashion the farmways of his Pennsylvania German forefathers, many of which are today unknown to the younger generation. Of the many subjects that receive consideration we mention at random Applebutter Making, How to Build the Swiss Type of Barn, Bake Ovens, Butchering Time, Fences, Firehearths, Flax Breaking, Splitting Shingles, Ox Teams, Harvest Scenes and Spinning and Knitting.

The author is the late Samuel S. Shenk. From his sister Annie B. Shenk the editor has received the following information: Samuel S. Shenk, son of Samuel R. and Annie (Reist) Shenk, was born Dec. 25, 1879, on the old Shenk homestead, a 49-acre farm near the village of Fontana, Lebanon County, Pa. He attended the public schools at Fontana, later taking a course at the Lebanon Business College. In his earlier years he was active for a time as a book-keeper and a carpenter, but spent most of his life as a farmer on the parental farm. In 1937, after his recovery from a long and severe illness, he began to write about "the olden ways of doing the work which will be lost to the younger generation unless there are records of them". PENN STATE RURAL appeared in 1941. Samuel S. Shenk died March 10, 1942, on the old homestead where he was born. The booklet can be procured from Miss Annie B. Shenk, R. 4, Lebanon, Pa.—P.A.B.

GRISTMILLS

(Excerpts from PENN STATE RURAL As Told By Sam, A Sixty-year Old Farming Man)

Those early settlers took large tracts:
Few hundred acres hills and flats.
They could not clear it all at once
But so divided to their sons
Who then continued this great work
Of hard labor which they'd not shirk.
So now these smaller farms are here:
Sub-divisions by pioneer.
That time they had much timber-land:
With trees removed it was new-land
With many stumps which would not budge
However much they might try such
With team of horses to pull out
Or else some other way to rout.
The dynamite was not then known
As a good router; quick and strong.
In many years the roots would rot,
Hence loosened, for most roots were not.
A horse-team to a sideroot hitched,
By chain attached, drew these and twitched.
To plow and harrow there between
The stumps, not easy was, 'tis seen.
The briars grew there, now and then,
Among these stumps, hence work for men
With briar-hook and grubbinghoe
Was extra manual labor, so.
'Tis also seen, horse drawn machine
Did not work well there in between.

Some gristmills also were built then
Along the creeks and in the fen
If they could there the water raise
By coursing water through a race;
They then could have a water-wheel
Which did to them so much appeal
Because it was best source of power
For grinding grain, hour by hour.
The wheel was large with buckets, many;
Going down, all full; then up, not any.
Yes, these gristmills! A need had been,
And these settlers here then had seen
That flowing water in these creeks
Could here fulfil their power needs.
Mechanically minded they were
Hence naturally it did occur
To harness water power at creek
By changing water course and feed
The water to a water-wheel;
Hence got power for many a wheel.

In those days farmers brought their stuff
Of wheat, oats, rye, earcorn; enough
To a gristmill to get it ground
By that big stone going round and round.
Often they brought a wagon-box full
Of earcorn which millers would pull
Up, up, way up to the third floor
And there in separate bins did pour
From two deep wooden tubs, apace,
Which they had used for this corn raise.
The tubs were pulled up by a rope
Which was controlled by a small rope
Attached far up there to a clutch
Which made it either go or budge.
From the third floor the corn came down
Through a square chute as if to harm,
For cob-breaker did this now find;
The big stones made the final grind.
The gristmills for grinding the grain
They made with heavy stones, cut plain
Or nearly so; they were great, round;
Perhaps three feet diameter found.
There, inbetween, the grain was ground;
The upper one went round and round;
A large hole in centre was found;
A good supply did here abound
Of grain which slowly dropped therein
And came out nice as could have been.
A small device at place of feed,
By chattering, filled the need
Of guaranteeing slow dropping,
Continuously, without stopping.
The grinding grain came from above
Through a square chute, by gravity's shove.
When it was ground, its way it found
O'er to the row of bags' compound.
Here with a worm or screw it pushed
It o'er all bags till each batch hushed.

The water-wheel, made of much wood!
This may be sixteen feet so stood
From the intake down to the drain,
Depending on the water's gain
By damming it for use at mill;
This great, good wheel, to grind cornmeal
And other grains, both coarse and fine,
For table use and for our kine.
They ground hereon so constantly
By water power, incessantly.
Unless perchance for lack of grain
The mill would then idle remain,
Or water in the creek, if low,
The wheel would surely fail to go.

By water-wheels we should explain
So you may know definite and plain:
On heavy shaft, this wheel, upright,
Had many boxes, watertight,
There, out around the circumference,
With the opening there, for instance,
At the right slant for water flow
From the intake and stay there so
Until it at the bottom did
Promptly flow out and away slip;
Hence weight of water made it go.
If it was then enough of flow
To keep it reg'lar running right
A miller oft was found at night
In a small room inside the mill,
Where he did sleep whene'er he'd will;
Where he the noise of mill could hear
Which, falling on his well-trained ear,
When waking from his sleep could tell
If things went wrong or all was well.

Long time ago they made wheat flour
On these stone mills, then called stone flour,
However, rolling-mills, not few
But many, did these then outdo.
The rolling-mills roll the wheat grains;
The shells crack off; bran, this attains.
The bolting-cloth this then assorts
Into bran, flour, middlings and shorts.
These mills were great and good; just fine,
For useful work in their time;
Many are now still on the run
But many more whose day is done.

THE OLD-TIME FLOUR AND GRIST MILL

(Part of a paper read before the Snyder County Historical Society, Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania, on Friday, January 18, 1946, by Mr. Frank S. Gingrich, veteran school teacher).

The origin of grinding corn or grain with stones is a mystery. We do know, however, that prehistoric man used a hollow stone made stationary and a larger stone either to crush or grind the grain for food. The Aztec and South American Indians, for example, resorted to stones to prepare their grain for food. The Old Testament mentions mills; Samson himself was engaged in grinding grain. The New Testament mentions two persons who were grinding at the mill, one of whom was taken and the other left. Jesus referred to the millstone in the statement about man's needed attitude toward children: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones . . ., it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

One may truthfully say that the grinding of grain, which perhaps even preceded the use of fire, was one of the fine arts of living in early days. Although the date of origin is unknown, we do know that the motive power was furnished by hand at first and then by ox or donkey. The lower stone was stationary; a piece of timber was attached to the upper stone so that the latter could be revolved. The grain was inserted in a hole in the upper revolving stone. When it came between the two huge stones, it was pulverized. An expert was needed to hew, dress, and shape these millstones out of the rough rock.

The grist mills I have in mind had their power furnished by water. A huge dam was constructed at some distance from the mill and when the dam was filled a flood gate was opened into the race which led to the mill or water wheel. Sometimes the last twenty or thirty feet or more of the race were built of wood. The dam had some elevation or so-called head to give force to the water when it landed on the wheel. Naturally, the amount of power depended on the height of the dam and the volume of water. In dry weather most of the mills could run only part of the time. Occasionally several creeks were run together in order to furnish more water power for large mills.

The water wheel was constructed of wood. The higher the head, the larger the diameter of the wheel. Our old homestead farm in Juniata County was adjoining to an old-fashioned grist mill known as Sellers Mill, which was razed about twenty years ago. The mill, never modernized, had a water wheel twenty-four feet in diameter. The chopping and flour were made with stones. I was told that the large diameter of the water wheel of this mill was rare and unusual.

The maker of the machinery for these early grist mills was called a millwright. He was kept very busy building new mills and helping to repair the machinery of old mills—a lucrative occupation in those days. The buildings were generally built of stone. Most of the old grist mills still standing have some of the best type of masonry; although the walls have stood for over a century, they are practically as straight as they were when they were built.

The mills were usually two, three, or sometimes four stories high. The height was necessary in order to gain elevation for the grain to flow from one floor to another. The huge wheels, geared to the water wheel which turned the stone, were made of wood. The rim and spokes were made of the toughest oak, the cogs of very dry apple or cherry wood. The mill always kept a supply of these varieties of wood on hand for an emergency; the millwright too did not lack these supplies.

The ground wheat had to be elevated and run through a reel. The reel was constructed of wood with tiny holes in a tin. In some way a brush kept these holes open to let the fine particles of flour pass through and to let the course part enter a separate compartment. Later a cloth was used instead of tin, and finally a fine silk cloth. After the flour was taken out, the rest was divided into bran and middlings or shorts, used for feeding stock. The flour and bread in those days were very dark in color because the millers could not get out all the bran or shells of the wheat. The first elevating in the early mills was done by hand with rope and pulley. Later these implements were geared to the other machinery of the mills, and the same power was used.

The name "grist mill" originated at an early day. The term grist means the grain which was brought to the mill and therefore refers to that which has been ground. It implies that the farmer would take the grain to the mill one day, leave it there for several days, and make a second trip to get it. Most grist mills served in a radius of three to five miles.

The miller was accustomed to take toll as compensation for his job of grinding. The toll varied, perhaps the tenth, fifteenth, or even the twentieth bushel. This percentage applied to the grinding of corn, rye, oats, or buckwheat for chop to feed animals. In the case of wheat it was an exchange. If you brought a bushel of wheat weighing sixty pounds, the miller gave you thirty-six pounds of flour, six pounds of bran, six pounds of middlings, making a total of forty-eight pounds; and he exacted twelve pounds toll. In earlier years it was customary to toll your wheat, a procedure which meant that you would have to wait in order to get the flour from your own wheat.

Tolling created much gossip in the community. If the miller's son bought a new suit of clothes and dressed better than the other lads of the community, or if his daughter had a more expensive Easter bonnet than the other lassies in the neighborhood, then there was talk that the miller did some extra tolling. The farmers sometimes complained that their bags were not as full as they might be. In the community where I was born and reared in the days when tolling was still done in the grist mills, there lived a farmer who had the habit of exaggerating everything he said. People always handed his statement to others for what it was worth; in other words, they did not expect a true story from him. He was telling one day of his mill experience with tolling. He said that every week his bags had less and less in them. As time went on, he received still less, until finally he got nothing but the empty bags.

I remember a sentence we had to diagram from Reed and Kellogg's grammar: "What is bolder than a miller's neck cloth which takes a thief by the neck every morning?" My firm belief is that the millers on the whole were honest and took only what belonged to them. The grist miller I knew was one of the most respectable, honest citizens in our community. I know of his giving flour to poor people in our section. After his death, when his estate was settled and when the executor came to his book account of the mill, the stipulation was found that the accounts of certain poor neighbors should be exonerated.

Some of these old grist mills have been changed to roll mills with all the modern machinery for the preparation of the best blended grain varieties. But many of the old grist mills have been abandoned altogether, and left standing to crumble and decay. I would much rather see them torn down and their timber sold. I feel about the mill as Joyce Kilmer feels about the house with nobody in it: it has served a good purpose in its day, and so it should either be kept under roof or torn down.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Gens Sin Naidlich

Da onner dawg wie m'r nei g'shtopt hen om Milt Harmony seina anda bauerrei g'shwishich Friendensville un Centre Valley, hen m'r in ra gons kartza tzeit 'n lot galarnt fon anda un gens. Der Milt hut 'n grossie anda un gens oyer bree'rrei, ow'r secht 's wear ols noch nix os 'n breeichie and odder gons beata dade, fer yunga rous griega. Die weil os 'm boo LaRoy sei gens uns doh im winder 'n gonsie nocht wocker k'halta hen drous uf da bauerrei wie sie alla fingers long 'n gens parade k'halta hen om bed shtubba fenshter ferbei, hen m'r bardicha indressa in gens, un der Milt awenich ous g'frok'd dawaiga.

Tzitter os m'r gablauder'd hen mit 'm Milt, wissa m'r airsht wie glicklich os m'r 'm winder worra fer net duh wos m'r etlicha mohl g'fiel'd hetta fer duh, wie die gens 'n gonsie nocht gagrisha hen. M'r hetta ols g'fiel'd fer nous gae na die hels rum draya, ow'r sin now nimmy gons shure os uns die socha ferlecht gaglick'd weara—bardich net tzu hoerra wos fer 'n "battle" os der Milt mohl kotta hut mit ra bree gons, un ma alta gonsert.

Ow'r eb m'r sellie socha fertzaila, des sin dale fon da socha os m'r galarnt hen fons gens. So weit os laig gens aw gain, sin sie wenich nutz fer da airshda fier odder finf yohr. Oyer fon yunga gens secht der Milt, weara tzu shwoch, un die yunga kaimta net yusht shlecht rous, ow'r weara aw gawainlich shwoch un tzimberlich—fiel dafon tzu shwoch fer sich ous da shawla shoffa. Gens dada so hoch os fuftsich yohr alt werra, un weara gawainlich guta laiger bis nuf tzu finf un dreisich yohr. Gonsert paar yohr alt weara 's beshd, un kent die airshda yohra tzwae gen's tzu yader'm gonsert rachla. Noch finf odder sex yohr sotta sie gapaar'd sei un dada immer bei nonner bleiva. 'N gense'n unna gonsert hetta 'n shtaryie lieb fer nonner, un won gens'n odder gonsert gawex'ld dada werra, wears immer 's beshd fer sie shun shpote yohrs tzomma shparra, so os sie in lieb falla dada.

Der Milt secht, gens breichda ken shwim wosser fer sie g'sund halta, un weara aw so'n leicht feedrich shtick fee os 'n bauer halta kent. Allas os sie wotta wear blenty graws, un dada bol dawga-nocht fert shnovla. Fers graws haltta fon net gons fernicht werra, sotta net may wie tzaea gens tzum ocker sei. M' Milt sei fraw hut mohl so shaina shtink beck im gorda kot—roya un roya fon sella shaina, glaina blumma. Mohl ae dawg sin die gens ous da ben gabrocha, un sel wors end fon da fraw ihra shtink beck—die gens sin da roya noh un hen alla shtink buck, shtuck fer shtuck tight uf 'm budda ob g'fressa.

So weit os naidlichkate aw gang'd, secht der Milt, weara gens bardich g'fairlich won sie om breea weara, odder hetta yunga. 'N yohr odder so tzurick hut er 'n aryer erfohring kot wie er ra alta bree gons finf yunga genslicher nemma hut wolla os sie yusht rous gabree'd hut kot. 'S wor drunna nagshd on da grick wohs neshd wor, un hut naryads nix g'sehna fom alta gonsert wie er gonga is fer die yunga nemma. Die alt gens'n hut sich ow'r grawd gahairich uf gablosa, un eb der Milt recht gawist hut wos om aw gae is, is der alt gonsert owwa iwwer der gricka dom nunner wie 'n weedicher bull, un tzum nei g'floga os der Milt shier fon da fees ganumma hut. Un tzu gleich hut der gonsert shtarta greisha un flotcha mit da fliegel, un alla shtraich os er g'shloga hut, hut sei marrick galust.

Die alt gens'n is noh aw noch himnich der Milt, uns hut mohl fer 'n weil iwwer ous g'sehna. Sie hen 'n etlicha mohl shier drunna uf 'm budda kot, ow'r hut endlich 'n dicker hevel ferwish'd, un die gen's darta mit ummechdich g'shloga. Noh hut er 'm gonsert paar guta ous gawish'd, die yunga genselcher gagrabb'd, un is ob tzu da ben nous allas os er gae hut kenna.

"Gens sin ol recht tzu howwa," secht der Milt, "ow'r sie sin oft tzeita 'n lot g'fairlicher os 'n lot leit maina dada sie weara."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won der welshhawna bauer Fred Sell fon g'shwishich Schnecksville un Pleasant Korner aw 'n lot welshhinkle un hawna hut, hut er ols noch ken doubider welshkern blonser fer hinna on de tracktor hanka.

Er het ow'r in aim hoar 'n blonser grickt—hut 'n so gore shun uf 'm truck kot fer 'n hame nemma, ow'r 's Fleckensteins hivel drunna is der blonser 'm fom truck gajump'd un hut sich garoll'd uf 'm pike os die shticker g'floga sin.

Dale wolla bahabta der Fred wear ol dawaig hame g'fohra eb er ous g'funna het os er der blonser ferlora het, ow'r der Fred klaimt 's gang'd niemond nix aw woh er gawest wear wie er g'sehna het os der truck lare wear.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

When recess was over at one of New York's nursery schools, two little girls, one five, one six, were missing.

The police were called in, the parents were notified, and a city-wide serach was begun.

At three in the afternoon two little girls were seen sitting on a bench in Manhattan Square Park, several miles from the school. They looked lost and their faces were streaked with tears.

A kindly policeman took them to the nearest station, where their identity was quickly established and they were promptly returned to their homes.

* * *

When asked why they had wandered away and where they had intended to go, they replied that they wanted to see the world and and that their teacher had told them that "the best way to learn is by doing."

The school which these two youngsters attended is a so-called progressive school, and "learning by doing" is part of progressive education.

Maybe these two tots are still too young to learn much from their experience, but they did definitely express their opinion that the world really is not worth seeing if there is so much bother attached to it.

"Learning by doing" may be a good principle, and there isn't really anything so new or progressive about it. "Experience is the best teacher" is an age-old adage, and most of us have probably learned more that way about life than we ever did in school.

* * *

However, what you learn by doing is not always the right thing.

How can a child learn by doing whether what it does is right or wrong?

Those two kids lost their way and had to be rescued by someone who did know.

But, fortunately, there are too many people who lose their way and have nobody to show them the way home.

The prisons, the hospitals, the poorhouses, the reformatories are full of people who "learned by doing" but who went astray because they had no one to guide them on the right road.

* * *

I have learned much by doing. But first of all I had good parents and good teachers who taught me right from wrong.

Whatever I learned on my own caused me much pain and grief, much disappointment and sorrow.

By all means, learn by doing—but first of all be sure you have a good road map.

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Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop and ma were getting reddy to go and call on Mr. and Mrs. Sitgrove at their house, and ma said, Now William I do hope you and Mr. Sitgrove aren't going to engage in one of your interminable endless political arguments that always leave you both with red faces and unconvinced minds. Surely just for a change you can find some topicks that you both agree on before you start, she said.

By gollies that's a thought, I wouldn't be serprised if Sitgrove and I found we had all kinds of things in common if we only layed off of politics long enough to discover what they are, and tonight's going to be the night of the big get together, pop said, and ma said, Well, congradulations in advance, I'm sure.

And this morning at breakfist I said to ma, Hay ma, how did pop and Mr. Sitgrove get along?

Perfectly, ma said, and pop said, I give you full credit, my dear, I didn't broach a single subject that we didn't see eye to eye on, and it ended up by Sitgrove asking me if I wouldn't like to join his club, pop said, and ma said, I'm sure you had a very agreeable and probably instructive evening. I'm sorry I was so bizzy talking to Mrs. Sitgrove I couldn't catch what you were discussing, she said.

It's too bad you had to miss it, it was really good, pop said. It's amazing how much we had in common. He agreed with me that a fried egg isn't werth eating unless it's been terned over lightly in a combination of bacon fat and butter, and I agreed with him that the art of shaving meets its severest test just under the chin line rather than on the upper lip. We mutually agreed that with the possible exception of a disobedient child, nothing is more annoying than a fountain pen that won't start flowing the moment it touches the paper, and we were also of one mind on the proposition that although 2 sexes are probably necesserry for a well ballenced werld, men are invaribly more broad minded than women, pop said, and ma said, Oh, I might of known.

Not saying what.

Today's Text

Commentary by

REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D. D.

Revelation 7:1-9:12

The successive openings of the seven seals bring great judgments upon the earth, as the Lord wrests from the control of Satan the dominion over the earth. Mighty powers and forces are at work, voices lightnings, tnunderings, and earthquake, 8:5 And meanwhile, the church triumphant, interested in the consummation of events on the earth, having come up out of THE great tribulation, is serving God with great rejoicing before His throne. Some time ago a scientist remarked that in the atomic forces which we are beginning to utilize, there is enough power to destroy a third of the population of a nation. Why a third? Is it an echo of 8:9? Are the verses describing what seems to be a great explosion the same thing which we saw in pictures describing the atomic bomb tests. Read 8:7-13. Perhaps fear is the real reason for the postponement of the Bikini test. In the last chapter of 2 Peter we evidently have the same picture: 'the elements shall melt with a fervent heat.' The prayers of all the saints in 8:3 may refer directly to the petition: 'Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.' Then will the evils which now are plaguing the earth be done away, and righteousness and peace will prevail.

25 Years Ago

May 11, 1921, a Wednesday

Owen W. Metzger was notified of his election as orator for the Lodge of Perfection of the Keystone Consistory. The honor was bestowed for Metzger's promotion of the interests of the Masonic order.

The congregation of the First Baptist church held a reception for the 40 new members admitted to membership since Jan. 1. Rev. H. G. Dooley, pastor, welcomed the guests.

The Muhlenberg freshmen entertained 70 couples at the annual class dance in the Hotel Traylor. The Jazzland Novelty orchestra furnished music for the affair.

Arthur L. Cooper, former Allentonian, was the inventor of a truck and trailer coupler. Cooper was working in the Los Angeles yard of the Santa Fe railroad line.

Plans for the local American Legion post to sell poppies on May 30 were made by the general Memorial Day committee at a meeting in the rooms of E. B. Young post, No. 87, G. A. R.

Horoscope

You are strong, both mentally and physically; you are versatile, energetic and artistic. You enjoy reading very much, and are good-natured, happy in your home life, popular and accepted as a pleasant and reliable person. You would be successful in an executive position. The moon enters Libra at 8:55 this morning, and Mercury enters Taurus at 9:24. The favorable aspect should restore your energy, but plan a quiet evening working at your hobby. Keep your thoughts to yourself, retain your mental balance and don't gossip.

Fun with Faces

Every face has a story to tell. Whether or not your face is your fortune, you reveal character unconsciously in dozens of ways—by the expression of your eyes, the way you shut your mouth, the set of your chin. Learn your character from the features of your face. This kind of study is great fun and is dealt with in the booklet FORTUNE TELLING, which also contains chapters on palmistry, fortunes in a teacup and playing-card fortunes. Get a copy of this fascinating booklet on fortune telling. Endless amusement for parties. Fifteen cents postpaid.

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Allentown's Slogan: "DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of reports
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream
And wrack thee in their fancies. Shakespeare.

AS ROARING LOCOMOTIVE BEARS DOWN ON US

President Truman has seized the nation's railway system but that does not mean necessarily that the ending of railroad operation at 5 o'clock this afternoon by the two brotherhoods of railroad employes has been averted. Paralysis of transportation may be just a few hours in the future.

The strike has been called for this afternoon by the presidents of the brotherhoods in accord with a strike vote by the men months ago. Those orders have not been recalled. In fact the presidents of the engineers and trainmen brotherhoods have said that they will not order their men to continue work upon the railroads, now that the Government has taken over all the railroad lines.

Inasmuch as the union heads have seen fit to confuse the situation by apparently leaving action in this vital matter up to individual worker's decision (altho there probably is secret understanding between officials and men) the President of the United States has appealed over the heads of the leaders to the men. Directly he has called upon every employe of the railroads to cooperate with the Government "by remaining on duty."

Incidently, he has reminded the railroad men that, legally, the country still is at war. Therefore he has appealed to the workers to remain at their tasks in the interest of "the war effort."

Under the seizure order, the Secretary of War is empowered to furnish protection for railroad employes which might be taken to mean that if the conductors, firemen and switchmen wish to work, they will be protected in their exercise of that right. However, these three classes of workers can do nothing on a railroad system if there be no engineers and trainmen.

So the situation continues to look mighty hopeless. And it may continue to look hopeless thruout the day. But it is to be hoped that something will happen or will be done at the last minute, which is the way these things generally are handled. The American public on other occasions, figuratively speaking, has been pinned down upon the American railroad track; it has heard the scream of the approaching locomotive and has awaited impending destruction. Then at the last minute, in the dramatic fashion of the sensational novel and the movies, it has been snatched to safety at the last minute.

Messrs. Whitney and Johnston may be the saviors in the dramatic rescue, or it may be apparent mass action by well-minded Americans who put their country and their people above their own interests. But whatever the method and whoever the men, it is to be hoped that the tragedy of a nationwide railroad strike may be averted today, especially since a strike and demonstration will now be against the Government and the people of the United States, not against the small body of men who are the representatives of the owners of 337 American railroads.

MAKE IT A 'HEAVY' ELECTION

Unless all signs fail and unless the people of Pennsylvania over the weekend develop a new and very strong interest in the primary contests that are to be decided on Tuesday, the tickets for the general election in November will be made up by a very small minority of the voters of the State.

Governor Martin, who has been doing considerable traveling over the State, has said in recent days that it is discouraging that "so many of our people are not even interested."

Now Governor Martin is himself a candidate for office. Wherever he goes it can be known that fairly good meetings develop because of the visit by so important an official. But in spite of this he notes that there is lack of interest. He is discouraged and believes the vote on Tuesday will be very "light." However, he has thrown out a thought with a challenge that well may be considered and which, it is to be hoped, will stir up the lethargic condition. He said that this prospect of a light vote at the election "seems too bad after 1,200,000 Pennsylvania boys and girls offered their lives to sustain the right to vote."

This is a challenge to every citizen who was not actively engaged in the war. If all these will turn out, the voting will not be light and the elections will not be uninteresting.

But the challenge very well may be taken up by the million or so young men and women who have returned from the armed services and who are back in civilian life. If they fought in order that Americans may continue to have the right to free elections, then they fought for their own rights to such a privilege. So it is up to them, likewise, to exercise that right and privilege on Tuesday.

So if all the ex-service men and women, plus all the other citizens, go to the polls, then we certainly will have the most surprising primary election in State history. But it will at the same time be the best one and the most wholesome for our entire political life.

REVIVAL IN 1946 OF FAMILY REUNIONS

Announcement by the Knauss-Iobst Family association that a reunion will be held this year calls attention to the fact that during the war this pleasant and valuable local institution—the Family Reunion—was largely discontinued. Some of the families have not had a reunion for five years. Virtually all have had interruptions in their schedules.

The coming summer is the time for the resumption of these reunions. So much has happened during the past five years that the members of the various families should gather from far and wide to talk about it all. Most of all the members of the family who have returned from war service will wish such reunions.

All these families in this time have made valuable contributions to Americanism. New traditions have been built up and old ones have been strengthened.

It is timely for many other family associations to be following the lead of the Knauss-Iobst family group in making plans for their 1946 meeting.

Must Make Decision

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 17.—President Truman has to make a major decision soon—whether he will allow the economic system to become further demoralized or whether he will use the powers of his office and the statutes as he did during the war to insure a continuance of economic operations during the post-war period.

Britain legislated to retain her wartime controls for another five years because the conditions arising after V-J Day were deemed to be a part of or to be in direct consequence of the war itself. Mr. Truman has indicated to callers that he thinks the British were foresighted and that he wishes America had done the same thing.

Now the opportunity is presented for the President to insist that reconversion be regarded as of paramount necessity to the national welfare. He can, if he chooses, reinstitute wage and salary controls and maintain price controls under the second war powers act. Extensions required can be gotten from Congress if the President formulates an over-all program and takes his case to the country.

Need Executive Leadership

What is needed is executive leadership. Congress would rather see the President take the initiative than to do so itself. The coming elections have confused the members somewhat, as was indicated by their failure to give the Selective Service system the authority it requested.

There has recently been little cooperation between the executive and legislative branches of the Government, largely because Mr. Truman has endeavored just to "get along" with Congress. Presidents in recent years have been successful in getting legislation through the Senate and House only in proportion to their ability to persuade the country that it is necessary.

Naturally the country accepts the argument of a President when it has confidence in his judgment. Mr. Truman has allowed his hold on the country to be frittered away to some extent by his drifting policy on labor questions. He has hesitated—and it is said for political reasons—to put the weight of his office behind bills to curb the monopoly powers of labor unions and to penalize abuses of collective bargaining. If Mr. Truman permits the country to be injured by a drifting policy, he cannot expect to get supporters when he does cry "national disaster."

If Mr. Truman is thinking about politics, there's a good argument for an aggressive leadership on what might be termed "middle-of-the-road" policies. Certainly the Nation isn't in a radical mood and the contention of the PAC folks that acceptance of their views is necessary to a 1948 victory for Mr. Truman falls to the ground because the Republicans will never nominate a radical or a New Dealer. Mr. Truman stands to benefit by retaining the middle or independent vote, plus the regular Democratic vote.

The Majority Electorate

By his appointments to the Supreme Court and by his willingness to get the Wagner Labor Relations Act clarified without eliminating any of the rights that labor should retain, Mr. Truman will be able to maintain a majority in the electorate. Just as Mr. Roosevelt stayed in office by reaching into the opposite political party, so Mr. Truman will find it necessary to do likewise. Only Mr. Truman this time will discover that the voters on the radical fringe would not dare to start a third party and thus insure the election of a Republican and hence they must stay in the Democratic party.

It is unfortunate that politics must play such a controlling part in the making of decisions hereabouts. But if politics is the prime consideration, there is every reason for an assertive leadership to reflect the middle-of-the-road viewpoint which the country has today. That viewpoint is succinctly expressed in this way—America never has belonged and never should belong to any special group or class. The Jeffersonian motto of special privileges for none and equality for all still is the basic American doctrine which, if sincerely applied, can win elections.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

A SLICE OF BREAD

It ought to mean something to an American that his country is asking for no booty. Maybe it is sentimentality. Maybe it would be good business to strip the countries we occupy, to destroy the economy of the people, to move out foodstuffs. But we do not do that. The Morgenthau Plan proposed that we should, at any rate, for Germany, reduce that country to the lowest standards of living of Europe. But we have not done that even in our zone in Germany. We have not done it in Japan. We have not done it anywhere.

We fight but we do not steal. Genghis Khan is not our model. We, the capitalists, continue to give. Maybe it is smarter to take than to give, but it goes against our grain to be that smart. We cannot pick the bones of starving people—even if those people were our opponents in war. We defeat but we do not conquer; we can deliver a knockout blow and shake hands afterwards.

And that leads to the phenomenon of Herbert Hoover. On Aug. 10, he will be 72 years old. He has just circumnavigated the Earth in an Army transport plane. He was called to serve, and age notwithstanding, he entered upon a mission of love and service. He has visited every country in Europe and Asia where children starve and he has brought the hope of a slice of bread and a bowl of soup. Maybe he only offered a hope—but that is more than these big-eyed, hungry infants dared to dream possible.

And having brought back facts and figures, he enters upon another mission and ordeal. He becomes the beggar, the universal beggar. He begs of us a slight forbearance, a slight reduction of waste, a slight sacrifice of a surfeited appetite.

Mission of Love

And then again, he will fly through the air to South American countries to beg them to save the descendants of their European forbears from starvation. He will succeed in South America. He will succeed in the Argentine. For Hoover employs no authority but pity, no power but charity, no claim but love. And no civilized person can resist pity, charity and love.

These missions of Herbert Hoover may shorten his days. He comes of a Quaker breed that never believed war right; yet always went to war to serve its victims. The Quaker gives; he does not mix politics and charity. He does not ask a return.

And so, Herbert Hoover, American, spends his old age fighting death by starvation. What a blessed old age for any man! What a blessing is a country that in a few months forgets hatred and feeds its enemies!

We Are Traditionalists

Maybe all this is sentimental emotionalism to the materialistic dialectician who reasons only from "scientific" facts, but we Americans are not "scientific." We are traditionalists—and our traditions are based upon such expressions of the human spirit as the Ten Commandments, the Psalms, the struggles of Job with truth, the Beatitudes of Jesus Christ.

Who can say that we are wrong? Certainly not the little boy who is puzzled by the pangs of a gnawing hunger, by the soft bones of rickets, by the parched mouth of bitterness. That child cannot understand that he is a warring power and that the peace-loving nations are taking it out on him. Nor can he understand that democracy demands that he is to live his years with a warped brain and a twisted soul.

Nor can any American, really. If Herbert Hoover has accomplished nothing else that is noteworthy in his long life, this he has done: He has, in the years when his head is grey and the bones grow weary, when most men retire to peace and reminiscence, become to all who are hungry and helpless the American messenger of the God of pity, charity, and love. America's answer to the cry of the hungry is still—Love thy neighbor—even thy enemy—as thyself.

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Pert and Pertinent

Applications to take over wartime factories in Australia for peactime production greatly outnumber the available plants.

Northern Ireland has a shortage of school text books and is appealing to older pupils to sell or lend their discarded volumes.

Belfast, Northern Ireland, has decreed that its city officials may travel by air, without a special permit, if the mission warrants it.

Of 1,777 men admitted into Hertz, England, casual wards in the last three months, nearly one-third said they were ex-servicemen.

Air passenger servive between Rome and Palermo, Italy, has been restored, and most of the passengers are government officials.

Nearly 130,000 square feet of glass is being used to repair Charing Cross Station in London which was destroyed during air raids.



BOOK REVIEW.

A LETTER by DR. BENJAMIN RUSH Describing the Consecration of the GERMAN COLLEGE at LANCASTER in June, 1787.—Printed, with an Introduction and Notes, from a newly discovered Manuscript, now in the Fackenthal Library at Franklin nad Marshall College.—Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Published by Order of the COLLEGE. 1945.—Price: $2.50.

Among the many important Biddle papers, sold at auction in New York in 1943, was Dr. Benjamin Rush's LETTER Describing the Consecration of the German College at Lancaster in June 1787. This manuscript letter of twenty-two quarto pages was acquired by Franklin and Marshall College in June, 1944.

The author of this letter, Dr. Benjamin Rush (1745-1813), liberally educated at Princeton and in Edinburgh and Paris, was not only the foremost medical figure in the colonies, but a man of the widest interests who took a vital part in the affairs of his day. He wielded an able pen and expressed himself with elegance and discernment on subjects most diverse of range, but perhaps none were dearer to him than agriculture and education. In 1769 Benjamin Rush became Professor of Chemistry in the Philadelphia Medical College. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In Ajril 1777 he was appointed surgeon-general and in July of that year physician-general of the Continental Army. He established the first dispensary in the United States and was founder of the College of Physicians. In 1799 he became treasurer of the U. S. mint and held that position to his death in 1813.

With a knowledge of the German language, and an enlightened and tolerant mind trained in science, at the same time imbued with the spirit of pietism, Benjamin Rush approached the subject of the Pennsylvania Germans, their ways of life and their place in the New World with a penetration and an understanding beyond that of any of his Anglo-Saxon contemporaries.

Little wonder then that the movement of a small group of Lutheran and Reformed clergymen to found a German college received Rush's enthusiastic support and that he gained patrons among his influential friends. On Dec. 11, 1786, a petition signed by ten Philadelphians prominent in business, political and professional life was laid before the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. The signers who termed themselves "Trustees of the German College and Charity School to be established in Lancaster" offered also a general plan for such a college. On March 10, 1787, the Assembly granted a charter. The charter specified a fixed equal number of Lutheran and Reformed trustees, the rest to be chosen "from any other society of Christians." On the original board there were also Episcopal, Moravian and Catholic clergymen. On June 5th the Trustees met in Lancaster and unanimously elected the Faculty;

The Rev. Gotthilf Henry Ernest Muhlenberg, son of the patriarch Henry Melchior Muhlenberg and famous as a botanist, Principal of the College; the Rev. William Hendel, Vice-Principal; the Rev. Frederick Valentine Melsheimer, Professor of the Latin, Greek and German languages (later famed as pioneer entomologist); William Reichenbach, Professor of Mathematics; and the Rev. Joseph Hutchins, Professor of the English language and Belles Lettres.

The dedication of Franklin College took place in the German Lutheran Church on June 6, 1787. The Rev. Justus Henry Christian Helmuth, Professor of German at the University of Pennsylvania, who more than any other one person was responsible for the idea of this "German College" made extensive preparations for fitting ceremonies. Programs with the order of exercises printed both in English and German were to be distributed. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Gotthilf Henry Ernest Muhlenberg, the elected Principal, he requests a German sermon and a German prayer at the ceremonies. In the prayer special mention is to be made of the prosperity of the Germans and its increase by means of education. Also in the same letter he points out that "Lancaster owes much to Dr. Rush and the university will always find in him an active supporter."

Dr. Benjamin Rush with other trustees and patrons journeyed to Lancaster to attend the dedicatory ceremonies of Franklin College. His observations and reflections on this occasion form the content of his letter. In this letter, dated at Philadelphia, June 19, 1787, and addressed to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Richard Stockton, he writes of his arrival in Lancaster on Monday, June 5 and attending the meeting of the trustees of the new institution on that date. The business was opened by a prayer in German by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth. Rush himself addressed the group and gives the contest of his address as nearly as he can recollect. He is indeed very hopeful about Franklin College and believes "the partition wall which has long separated the English and German inhabitants of the State will be broken down;" hopeful that this college "will serve to unite the different Sects of Christians among the Germans together;" that "the Lutherans and Calvinists (meaning the Reformed) by sharing equally in the honors and government of the College will here bury all their past jealousies and disputes;" "that the English language will be introduced among our German fellow citizens;" that "by means of this College the German language will be preserved from extinction and corruption by being taught in a grammatical manner," but also that through an understanding of German we shall be able to "adopt all the discoveries in Science that shall hereafter be made by one of the most learned nations in Europe."

To what extent these hopes of Benjamin Rush were later realized it would be unbecoming for this reviewer to speculate upon. However, despite most auspicious beginnings difficulties soon arose. The Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Episcopal clergyman and recently appointed Professor of English, had delivered the English sermon at the time of the dedication, in which he tactlessly argued for the supremacy of the English language at Franklin College thus causing illfeeling among the Germans. He resigned from the faculty after a year. But there may have been other reasons for his resignation. Before the end of the first year Franklin College found itself in financial difficulties. The 10,000 acres of land somewhere in the mountainous areas with which the state legislature had endowed the college brought no revenues and receipts from tuition were very small.

As early as Sept. 20, 1787, John Hubley, Vice-President of the Board, wrote to Dr. Rush, imploring immediate aid, but Dr. Rush could only in reply regret "the languor that has infected our trustees in this city." Circumstances determined Dr. Rush (so he wrote in the same letter) "to look to my German brethren as the future reservoirs and vehicles of a great part of the knowledge, virtue and religion of Pennsylvania." The Rev. Mr. Melsheimer, Professor of Greek, Latin and Germna, also hoped for aid from the same source, for in an article which appeared in the Lancaster **Neue Unpartheyische Zeitung** (Feb. 27, 1788) Melsheimer wrote in part: "If the Germans of this country learn to love the arts and sciences; if their love for their country and for posterity induces them to increase the endowment by their contributions, so that a part of the expense may thus be met, the College in Lancaster will soon be among the most prosperous institutions in Pennsylvania." But Dr. Rush and Professor Melsheimer were too sanguine for immediate aid came neither from the Anglo-Saxons nor the Germans. In July, 1788, Melsheimer's salary was reduced, after April, 1789, his quarterly payments were suspended, and in May of the same year he tendered his resignation from the faculty. But as we all know the infant institution survived those precarious days and grew to lusty manhood.

With the petition for a charter, which was laid before the General Assembly of Pennsylvania in 1786 went also the request that "From a profound respect for the character of His Excellency the President of the State, the institution shall be called Franklin College." It was a gentle irony, to say the least that a German College proposed for the education of Pennsylvania German youth, should be named for Franklin who had written so harshly about the Palatinate boors in a pamphlet in 1751 asking "Why should Pennsylvania, founded by the English become a colony of Aliens, who will shortly be so numerous as to Germanize us instead of anglicizing them." Whether remembering what a political boomerang this pamphlet had been or whether mellowed by the advancing years, His Excellency Benjamin Franklin headed the list of patrons with the largest contribution "Cash paper.....lbs. 200).

Did Benjamin Franklin attend the dedication of Franklin College? Dr. Joseph H. Dubbs, in his excellent **History of Franklin and Marshall College** argues that he did attend. But Rush's letter brings no evidence of his presence there and only once alluded to Franklin without direct use of his name. Could the most famous, most talked-of and most picturesque personality of his day have been in Lancaster and no mention made of his presence? The editor of this letter argues well that Franklin did not attend.

The Rush letter is of unique interest and value, inasmuch as it sheds light upon Rush's famous ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS OF THE GERMAN INHABITANTS OF PENNSYLVANIA, long looked upon as a classic of its kind. Mr. Butterfield, the editor of the letter is of the opinion that the care and fullness with which the letter is written may indicate that Rush had already in mind the longer ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS OF THE GERMAN INHABITANTS OF PENNSYLVANIA, which appeared in **The Columbia Magazine** in 1789, two years after the writing of the letter.

Mr. L. H. Butterfield of the Department of English, Franklin and Marshall College, has edited the Rush letter for publication. His Preface, Introduction and scholarly annotations are indicative of careful scholarship. The Princeton Press had done a beautiful piece of printing. P. J. Conkwright, art director of the Princeton University Press, designed the volume in the manner of the 18th century printer. It contains a portrait of Rush and four facsimile pages from the manuscript letter.—P.A.B.

Der Berks County Riggelweg

Vum Astor C. Wuchter

'S waar in der "gute alte Zeit"
Sell Schprichwart schtaerbt net aus
Wie alles noch im Busch gelebt,
So newe hinne draus.
'S waar am Bloberg, un sell meent viel
So fufzich Yohr zerick;
'S waar aus der Welt, kummt ebber hie,
Waar's Accident un Glick.

'S waar weit bis an die County Seats
In Berks un Lecha dart;
'S waar Faerriwell, Goodbye, iss eens
Die weit Welt nei un fart.
'S waar wie die Betz gemeent hot mol
Vun ihres Bruders Fraa:
Sie kummt draus vun de 'Hio rei
Do noch Amerika!

Wie g'saat, 's waar alles noch gans wild
An dem Bloberg draa hie;
Vun Reading bis noch Slatington,
Un's iww'rich weess mer wie.
Dart drunne hen sie noh geplant,
Sie hen's gut ausg'schtudiert,
So zwische Drinks un ann're Jokes,
Wie as mer's schee ausfiehrt.

Die Bushong un die Griesemer,
Verleicht deel ann're noch,
Hen g'saat: "Mer bau 'n Riggelweg
Dart darch sell Graewwelloch."
Sie sin aa draa darch Hecke, Busch,
Darch Felder schee un grie,
Vun unne ab so schepp un krumm
An der Altlaanie hie.

So'n Lewe waar noch net gewest,
Beim greesscht Bedallye net,
Wu's so im Graewwel rumgewiehlt,
Un g'soffe, g'fochte hett.
'S hot Mensche g'hatt aus aller Welt
Bis noch Italye hie;
Deel waare zimmlich wild un frech,
Deel waare zimmlich grie.

Sie hen dart g'schafft, druf nei, druf los,
Gepiffe in der Hut,
Bis dass es ans Bezaahle geht
Far Schwitz un hitzich Blut.
Die aerschte Munet waar's in Cash,
Vum Onkel Sam seim Schtofft;
Die naegschte, Dunnerwetter, 'Scrips'!
Sie waare all geblofft.

Die Boss sin kumme unneruf,
Die Silky iwwerm Ohr,
Un schmiere Taffy fingersdick
De Schaffleit in die Hoor.
Noh sin sie widder frisch druf nei,
Un hen der Weg gebaut;
Deel hen am End doch Bauchweh grickt—
Die 'Scrips' sin net verdaut.

'S waar G'schpass mit sellem Riggelweg
Far'n zimmlich langi Zeit;
Die 'Kitty' huscht als wann sie kummt:
"Kummscht marye, kummschte heit!"
Was hot's als g'schallt vum Donatskopp
Am Schochrie darte naus:
Die Fuhrleit uf der County Brick
Sin bang un drehe aus.

So faahrt die Kitty uf un ab,
Die Boxcar hinne draa;
Mer hockt uf Board so newe hie
Un guckt yuscht nanner aa.
'S waar'n Riggelweg, wer will der kann
Die Welt mol sehne geh;
Er hot die Leit mol ufgeweckt
Im Graewwel un de Schtee.

Die City Chaps hen oft ihr G'schpass
Mit denne County Jakes.
Yuscht eens! ich gaebt mei Brotwarseht net
Far ihre Jelly Cakes.
Die Buschleit sin net gans so dumm,
Wie eens sie oft aaguckt;
Sie sehne scharf un denke dief,
Wann eens die Naas verzuckt.

Ee guti Schtory waar im Gang—
'S waar's Ice Cream un Champagne,
Wie uf de grosse Riggelweg,
Express un Pullman Train.
Sie gebt die History nett un schee
Vun dem Berks County Weg.
Wie sie'n gebaut, sie schtammt aa noch
Vun so me Country Jake.

Der Daavid Schitz voll Witz un G'schpass
Hot g'fischt am Lynnport Damm;
'S waar bissel reggrich, drieh un kiehl,
Un's Fische des waar bum.
Er hot dart g'hockt, schmeisst nei, ziegt raus,
Un schpaut als frisch uf's Bait;
Sie wolle net, ken Wunner wann's Em beschte Mensch verleed.

Die Schneppe fliege newe rum,
En Frosch quackst hie un do;
Der Biwwi schelt am Bricke Eck—
'S waar 'n recht nadierlich Show.
Noh brummt en alter Bullfrog dart
Wu's Marrebletter hot;
Glei gebt en ann'rer Antwort druf
Un frogt en was er wott.

Der Daavid guckt mol rum un horcht
Dem Wasser G'sindel zu,
Noh schallt's uf eemol unne ruf—
Die Kitty kummt: "Du, du!"
Noh jumpt er uf un lacht: "Bei Gad"
Now weess ich was do fehlt."
Noh iss er ab un hot's de Kerls
Am Waertshaus dart verzaehlt.

"Do drunne hawwich g'hockt un g'fischt,
'S waar awwer 'nix kumm raus';
Noh greckst so'n alter Bullfrog dart
So bissel newe draus;
Uf eemol fangt er lagsam aa
Un ziegt die Bass Saet uf;
'S macht graad as wann die Kitty kaemt
Vun Jacksonville dart ruf.

"Der Bugger hot mich schier verschreckt,
Un halwer noch verzaernt;
Noh denk ich, well, vergunn's em net,
So hot er's yo gelaernt;
'S hot aa sei Meening wammer's wisst,
Wie viel so Kaerriche G'sang;
Graad blost die Kitty, noh geht's ab:
'Buu-shong, Buu-shong, Buu-shong!'

" 'S hot g'schallt am Wasser newe nous,
Un um die Brick dart rum,
As wann die Band im Picnic Busch
Ge'march't kaemt mit der Drumm.
Ich hab die Peif noh widder g'fillt,
Frisch noch em Bait geguckt;
Noh kummt en Schnep, die hot em noch
Mit Kopp un Schwans genuckt.

"Die Kitty rabbelt unne ruf
Beim Davy schtee verbei;
Die Redder greische, 's hot gemacht
Wie'n Carload yunge Sei.
Noh fangt so'n Kleener driwwe aa
Un macht so schpettlich: 'G-rr'
Der Hals gebutzt un noh geht's los:
'Gries-mer, Gries-mer, Gries-mer!'

" 'Du kleener Rascal' howwich g'saat,
'Sell biet der Lindsay noch,
Wann er als mit seim Bobbe Show
Vun Ellsdaun kummt far'n Woch'.
Der Biwwi hot aa mit gemacht,
Am Bricke Balke dart;
Noh fliegt er ab, fliegt hie un haer,
Un hockt sich uf mei Gart.

"Die Kitty waar schun owwenaus,
An es John Phillipse drollt sie hit;
'S macht: 'Racki, dacki, weck, geh weck,
Heit kumm ich bissel frieh.'
Uf eemol iwwer's Wasser naus,
Dart unne an der Brick,
Do flitscht so'n kleenes newe ab
Un ruft noch: 'Scrip, Scrip, Scrip.'

" 'Bei Gad! Sell biet mich', hawwich g'saat,
'Der Bushong, Griesmer, Scrips.'
Was, kennt ihr aa die Gentleleit—
Was weesscht dann du, du Rips?
Bigasch, ich glaab ihr hett's gelaernt
Vun selle Redding Kaerl;
Sie schniecke summers als do ruf
Un fange eich beim Baerl.'

"Ich zieg mei Grottegickser raus
Un schneit en Duwack ab;
Noh saag ich: 'Well, des Fische waar
Am End ken schlechter Job;
Die Fisch hen heit mol net gewollt,
Ich geb ken Deiwel drum;
Was ich do g'heert hab, gaebt ich net
Far'n scheeni, rundi Sum' ".

Sie hen dart g'hockt, gelacht un g'heilt,
Die Ribbe duhn ne weh;
Der schtumm Dan hot aa mitgemacht,
Un schpaut so darrich die Zaeh.
Noh jumpt mol eener uf un ruft
'Die Crowd iss drin far'n Treat;
Kumm, Daavid, nemm der was du witt,
Die Schtory iss der Biet'.

Ich weess net wu der Bushong iss,
Der Griesmer un die Scrips;
Heit faahrt mer uf dem Riggelweg
Un macht sei Bisniss Trips.
Die menschte as draa g'schafft hen g'hatt,
Die sin der Rewwer nuf;
Die Yunge kaafe Tickets now
Un faahre druf un druf.

May 2, 1916.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Is Jeep G'fohra

Der Harold Ziegler fon Breinigsville—des is da Pearl ihra Harold, is 'm onnerra Sundawg mohl Jeep g'fohra nunner noch Delaware fer fisha gae. Der Herbie Haas wor der fuhrmon, un sawga der Harold wear so olmechdich fershudder'd gawest bis er widder tzurick dahame gawest wear, os er die hossa gallasa bol nimmy drowwa halta het kenna. Uf kours 's mawg ferleicht aw gawest sei os der Harold awenich ous gadart wor weil er nix gessa un gaddrunka hut fon da tzeit os er dahame fert is, bis er widder tzurick uf 'm lond wor, fon da fisher trip. Ebber hut 'm ferota sel tzu duh, noh dade er net sae gronk werra, uns sheind die socha hetta aw tzimlich gute ous g'shoft. Aenicha waig, er wore net ae bits'l sae gronk, ow'r noh mawg sei weissie kop os er gawora aw ebbes tzu duh kot hawwa fer net gronk werra. So weit os fish aw gonga is,—wel sel is 'n onnerrie shtory woh die boova net weiters rum fertzailt wolla howwa. In gons'm hen sie drei gonsa fish mit tzurick gabrocht, ow'r sis noch net hous eb sie sie g'fonga odder kauft hen in Delaware, odder aryads uf 'm tzurick waig.

Mohl Widder Tzurick

Wen sotta m'r heit 'n woch tzurick aw dreffa im Bauerra Marrick uf 'm Fair Grund doh in da shtadt, os wie die Jean Weaver Wyne fon Jonesboro, Tennessee. Die Jean is 'm flaish un kasemon Rufus Gingrich fon East Petersburg, Langashter kounty seinra fraw Sara Mae ihra shweshter, un hut fer yohra long helfa ob worta im alta Bauerra Marrick on da 12d un Chew. Finf yohr tzurick wie die Jean der Porra Jacob C. Wyne fon da hame gagend k'heiert hut, hut sie 's marrick shtand tenda uf gewwa, un shtarta 'n Porras hous in arder halta.

'S Porra Wynes' kaira tzu da Breeders Kerrich, un sin glei nunner noch Jonesboro, Tenn. g'shick'd werra, un woh sie ihra hamet hen. Die Breeders Kerrich is wos gawainlich gakent wor ols die Alt Dunkers kerrich, un woh iwwer rousie gutie arwet shoft bauers leit im alta lond os in da note sin tzurick uf die fees helfa. Glei wie der griek ous gabrocha wor, hen die Breeders gamainsgleader awfonga yung fee raisa fer tzurick niver noch 'm alta lond shicka, won die fechterrei feriwwer wear.

Wel, der griek is feriwwer, un die Breeders Kerrich is shun fer 'n longie weil on shiff load noch shiff load fee niver noch 'm alta lond shicka darrich die UNRA. Der Porra Brendle fon Egypt hut uns yusht g'sawt die Refamiert Kerrich dade now aw noch mit da Breeders kerrich ei shoffa, fer helfa ols noch mainer fee niver griega. Ols fee os sella waig g'shick'd wert, wert ous gadail'd tzu da ohrma bauer unna aenicha koshda.

Der Porra Jacob C. Wyne is ainer fon sella os mit niver noch 'm alta lond is mit ra shiffload geil. 'S sin drei shiffer tzu gleich fert, un woh alla weil drous uf 'm sae sin. 'Sis 'n siva wocha trip niver noch Polond un tzurick, un is darrich sellie tzeit os die Jean tzurick hame noch Langashter kounty is, un Somshdawgs ols mit noch Allentown kumt fer helfa marrick hous shtand tenda, 's same wie sie aw ols hut eb sie k'heiert wor.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

'S kumt uns fohr wie won 'n lot may midleides wear die welt iwwer, won 'n lot may leit 's same g'fiel hetta fer die ohrma fon da welt, wie die Breeders Kerricha gleader hen.

Die Breeders Kerricha gleader,—ol Pennsylfawnish Deitscha, hen sich net tzurick k'huck'd heila, wunnerra, un die ohrma dauerra, wie sie k'hoert hen fon da fiela bauers leit in note, ow'r hen die armel nuf gawick'ld, un gewwa da leit in note freiwillicher weiss, wos sie om aller notewenichda breicha-fee fon alla orta fer sich widder tzurick uf die fees shoffa fer sich selwar ernahra.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

What do you want out of life?

A friend of mine just came into my office and told me that he is going to quit his job.

He is 38 years old, has a wife and an eight-year-old boy and gets a good, fat salary check every week.

Duke—that's what we call him—is a smart fellow, has a wonderful personality and showed every indication of "making good," as we call it, in a big way.

* * *

"But," Duke told me this morning, "the other evening my wife and I sat down together and did some thinking and some talking.

"My job takes me traveling quite a lot (Duke is a salesman), and my wife and my kid see very little of me.

"I like my home and my family and the family like me, and, after all what is the sense of having a wife and a swell kid if you can't be together?

"So we asked ourselves 'What do we want out of life?' and the answer was certainly not what we are getting out of it now.

"We came to the conclusion that there is a big difference between living and just making a living, between just having money and using money to have security and happiness, and between being a successful business man and a successful human being."

So Duke is going to go into a little business of his own in Indianapolis, his home town.

* * *

There is one thing I forgot to tell you, though.

Duke, as he confessed, is lazy and never did want to be a tycoon.

So, for years now Duke, with the help of his wife, has saved his money and invested it wisely, and he did not save it for that proverbial "rainy day," but for the days of sunshine which I wish him with all my heart and which I know he will have.

* * *

If anybody in Indianapolis reads this I want him to be sure not to disturb him when he is attending to his flowers and his vegetable garden, and not to bother him with business when he is getting ready for his fishing trip. That would take all the joy out of Duke's planned way of living.

* * *

Another friend of mine—he is fifty—makes very much more money than Duke. He goes on all eight cylinders every day in the week and it's rush, rush, rush from morning to night.

He's just come back from the doctor—hardening of the arteries and a possible brain hemorrhage if he doesn't take it easy.

But the doctor didn't tell him how to take it easy.

* * *

What do you want out of life?

(Copyright, 1946)

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

I was taking a Saturday walk with pop, and I said, G, pop, a fite.

Meening a crowd of kids with 2 kids in the middle jumping around aiming puntches at each other without hitting each other much on account of being too careful not to get hit themselves. One being a long legged red headed kid and the other one being shorter but having more freckels, and pop said, I imagine it's my civic duty to step in and break this up.

Why so? They're evenly matched, somebody else said.

Being a fat man standing there watching, and pop said, Well that's so by gollies, the tall kid has the reach, but the little fellow more than makes up for it by being so light on his feet.

I wouldn't go so far as that, the fat man said. The best footwerk in the werld cant ivercome superior reach. I used to write about fites, so I know, he said, and pop said, I never wrote about them, but I've seen plenty and read about the rest, and I'll bet on footwerk every time.

Oh yeah? Well if this was a professional scrap I'd lay you 5 to one on the red headed kid, the fat man said, and pop said, Well I'd give you 10 to one on the short boy. Footwerk and headwerk will beet a dum stabber any time. Come on, Stubby, keep dancing, keep weeving, he said.

Come on Reds, use that reach, stick 'em out, the fat man said, and I said, G, pop, here comes a cop.

Which one was, and pop said, Yee gods.

This looks bad, the fat man said, and him and pop quick got between the 2 kids and made them stop, pop saying, This is no way to be settling an argument, boys, and the fat man saying, You kids ought to know better.

Wich just then the cop came up and pop said, It's all right, officer, this gentleman and I have put a stop to it, and the cop said, I'm glad to hear it, there's some men actually encourrage kids to fite, would you believe that?

And he kept on going and so did me and pop and so did the fat man.

25 Years Ago

May 18, 1921, A Wednesday

Florence Simms, national industrial secretary of the YWCA, was the speaker at the annual banquet of the Girl Reserve department of the Y. The banquet was held in the Hotel Allen.

Mrs. George Hunsicker and Mildred Frey announced their candidacy for election as members of the Allentown school board.

The annual May dance and card party of the members of Anne Penn Allen Chapter, No. 143, Order of Eastern Star, was held in Mealey's auditorium.

Rev. J. R. Rothermel made a plea for better education in an address at the 24th annual commencement exercises of the Upper Saucon schools held in Union Chapel, Center Valley.

The teams of

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious
both over them and in them;
The iron will of one stout heart shall make
a thousand quail:
A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will
turn the tide of battle,
And rally to a nobler strife the giants that
had fled. Tupper.

TRANSPORTATION BY SEA ALSO TO BE LAMED

As if we were not getting ourselves into enough trouble to satisfy those who appear to love confusion thrice confounded, threats now are being heard as to a strike that will tie up all shipping on our Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts. That will bring trouble to the millions of people thruout the world who are awaiting the shipments of food that have been promised to them and that are ready to move out of Atlantic and Pacific ports.

Of course it is only fair to say that the maritime unions have agreed to move ships that are carrying food for the relief of the starving and also troopships. But ships are not loaded that way and most of those which carry wheat will also carry some miscellaneous cargo. Furthermore there may be shipments to a number of countries upon the same ship which will make stops at a number of ports for the unloading and loading of merchandise. Complete reloading of ships may thus become necessary,—if a ship is to sail. If the huge expense of such action cannot be assumed then, the ships will remain in port.

So at the same time that we are being paralyzed as to transportation on land, there is good reason to believe that there is going to be paralysis of the transportation of our foreign trade in just about three weeks. And just as some American manufacturing concerns have closed already because they cannot get delivery of raw materials and partly finished products because of the railroad strike, so other American concerns will have to shut up shop because they cannot get raw materials from abroad.

SAVE ALL THE GAS YOU CAN

Every consumer of gas in this community may well listen to and follow the suggestion of President John A. Frick of the Allentown-Bethlehem Gas Co., to adopt conservation measures at once.

As any consumer can reason for himself, the more gas that can be saved today will be available for use tomorrow and in the days to come. Or, put it another way, as gas is saved the day of absolute want is pushed into the future.

As the people of this community must well know, our supply of gas comes from Bethlehem's coke ovens. Those coke ovens can turn out gas only as long as soft coal is fed into them. Since the railroads are delivering nothing, not even soft coal, it is self-evident that production of gas will cease when the stockpile of coal is exhausted. That stockpile will last longer if the people use a smaller amount of fuel.

So consumers will be helping themselves by adopting a conservation program. It will be a sad day indeed in thousands of households in this valley if and when there is no gas to cook meals, heat water, and perform a thousand and one other domestic and business tasks. Such a time and such a situation can develop. So let's do everything possible to make that pile of coal at Bethlehem last as long as there is any threat of such privation.

CLOSE S. A. CAMPAIGN GLORIOUSLY

Today is to be known in Allentown as Salvation Army Day in recognition, as Mayor Diefenderfer has proclaimed, "of the good that it has done for the people of our community and the entire world, in lending a helping hand to the unfortunate and needy, both spiritually and materially."

The best way for the city to observe the day will be to complete the current campaign in which $60,000 is being sought and only about $14,000 remains to be secured.

It should be possible for the thousands of people of this community to make up $14,000 this very day while the bands are playing the good old gospel hymns at various stations. It will be a splendid thing if this spirited campaign can be closed speedily and in a blaze of glory.

SIX YEARS OF SPLENDID SERVICE

The giant liner, Queen Mary, recently ended six years of work as a troopship and it is possible now to appraise in part the magnificent contribution made to the war effort by this splendid ship and her sister, the Queen Elizabeth.

In the course of the war, the two carried 1,243,538 soldiers, most of them across the Atlantic ocean altho there were dark and difficult hours when the ships had to be speeded to the Pacific or to the Mediterranean with men who could fight on some newly threatened lines.

It was a tremendous job and it was achieved because of the size and speed of the ships. In effect they were a convoy all by themselves altho their great speed made it unnecessary that warships accompany them on their runs.

AVOIDING DOMESTIC PITFALLS

Because so many domestic dissensions are winding up in the divorce court it may be wise for many young people to be examining many matters pertaining to the marriage state and, by learning where the pitfalls are, learn to avoid the difficulties that will bring them so much unhappiness, scar their souls and perhaps influence for harm thruout their lives the little children whom they have brought into the world.

A study of many of these matters has been made by a writer in Today's Woman magazine and particular emphasis is placed upon the fact that neither a husband nor a wife has the right to move an in-law into the home, if the other partner objects.

The article, "a legal primer for brides on their rights and responsibilities," says that on the basis of legal precedents, the wife is required to cook but the husband must eat what she serves. At least, he cannot accuse her of cruelty for spoiling meals as long as she makes "a reasonable effort" to carry out her duties.

Husbands and wives may go away for brief vacations, but any prolonged absence without the other's permission, is classified as desertion. Courts also have held that the husband is not responsible for all his wife's debts, only those involving necessaries—food, clothing, shelter and medical care.

The rulings affecting in-laws are based on the premise that a married couple is entitled to protection from third parties in the home. A wife who deserts her husband cannot claim support from him and a husband who leaves his wife is still liable for her support.

On physical or mental cruelties, which are the basis for most divorces, the law entitles each marriage partner to "conjugal kindness," although the interpretation of what constitutes mental cruelty depends on the judge handing down the decision.

A wife can take a job outside the home, but she can't work in a distant city without her husband's consent. Ordinarily a wife should accompany her husband to a new locality, although he cannot compel her to move to a place that might harm her health.

Marriage is not merely a contract between two persons. There is a third party—the State—and laws governing marriage and divorce vary from state to state, except South Carolina which won't grant a divorce for any reason.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHY SURPLUS GOODS ARE UNAVAILABLE

Many reasons have been given for the delay in disposing of surplus goods. One Washington explanation, noised about freely, particularly among veterans, has been that business men do not want to glut the market with military surpluses.

So, George Stringfellow, who manufactures the Edison Alkaline Storage Battery, an important item in transportation and mining, undertook to get his product out of the state of a surplus and into useful productive activity. He tried to help his government and naturally failed because his government—and yours and mine—does not wish to be helped. It apparently wants the surplus to rot while Americans are short of goods.

On May 8, George Stringfellow addressed a letter to his government which every American ought to read a dozen times until he grows sufficiently indignant to do something about these creatures who waste our worth. Here is the letter:

"I should like to review as briefly as I can the efforts which the Storage Battery Division of the Edison Industries have put forth since November, last year, to help the government dispose of surplus Edison batteries to industries which were and still are in urgent need of this equipment.

"In November, 1945, I had our field men contact all known bases in the United States, depots and other points of operation where Edison Batteries were employed, for the purpose of determining the number and type of idle batteries. These idle batteries, or batteries which we assumed to be idle, were tabulated for the purpose of presenting them to the proper government officials in the hope that inquiries might be made, through the proper offices, to determine how many of these batteries could be declared surplus and sold to markets in urgent need of them and thus aid the reconversion effort.

"The early part of December, 1945, I called on the War Assets Corporation and interviewed the director and sales manager of Capital Goods Division, Mr. Sterling Foster, who I was told was in charge of the Disposal Branch. Mr. Foster in turn referred me to one of his assistants, Colonel Dwight Garrison who, he (Mr. Foster) said, would have the necessary authority and knowledge to effectively handle the problem.

"Periodic contacts were made with Colonel Garrison by one of my assistants during the period extending from December, 1945 to March, 1946. During this interval I was advised that the government would be glad to enter into an agency agreement with our company for the purpose of disposing of the surplus Edison batteries and that negotiations were pending and an agency agreement would (be) negotiated very shortly.

"On or about March 25, 1946, we were told that all negotiations with regard to this agency agreement were terminated. No plausible explanation was given us which I thought was rather unusual.

"On May 6 I visited you (Mr. J. B. Harvey) in your office to determine the exact status of the negotiations. You informed me that Colonel Garrison had been guilty of improper handling of our case inasmuch as he had not kept you informed of the trend of the negotiations and that therefore for that reason it was necessary to relieve Colonel Garrison of his duties.

"You then remarked that 'you (the Edison Company) unfortunately were made the goat.' I should like to ask why our company should be made the goat for any internal strife or misunderstanding between two or more employees of the government.

"Our primary purpose is to aid the government in disposing of surplus property at a time when the taxpayer can realize the most for it and at a time when it will best serve the need of industry and at a time when it can be disposed of with the least possible disruption of markets and thus avoid aiding unemployment.

"When we realize that a negotiation such as we have been trying to carry on over the last five months in the interest of both the taxpayer and the government can be blocked by a quarrel between two government employees and the transaction delayed for months, we become disturbed and we are now wondering whether the current negotiations may become snarled in some internal personnel administrative matter over which we have no control and for which we are not responsible."

(Copyright, 1946, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Justice for Greece

Since the days, 125 years ago, when Samuel Gridley Howe and other American lovers of liberty were giving aid and comfort to Greece in her fight against Turkish tyranny, the Greeks have looked to America as a strong and loyal friend. America has a chance to prove that friendship now.

America has a chance to prove, too, that this country is mindful of the debt which all the United Nations owe to Greece for her magnificent fight against the Axis powers in 1940 and 1941. By hurling back the Italian invaders in 1940, the Greeks won the first phase of the Battle of the Mediterranean—a battle which was vital to eventual Allied victory. By delaying the invading Germans for almost two months in 1941, the Greeks upset Hitler's strategy and forced him to defer invasion of Russia. Some day, when military historians get around to a full analysis of World War II, they may find that the way for Allied victory and Axis defeat was cleared in Greece.

Remembering all this, it is gratifying to read Senator Claude Pepper's announcement that a nationwide committee of prominent Americans has been organized for the purpose of supporting Greek claims at the peace conference in Paris. The committee, of which Chauncey J. Hamlin of Buffalo is chairman and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge is honorary chairman, has an advisory board headed by Sumner Welles, former Undersecretary of State and one of America's foremost diplomats.

The title of this organization, the Justice for Greece Committee, is most appropriate. Greece is asking no rewards over and above her just and honest claims to restoration and preservation of her territorial integrity and full exercise of her national sovereignty.

In order to assure Greece of justice in these particulars, the American committee has announced four objectives:

"1—Adequate reparations to enable Axis-ravaged Greece to restore its economy and the health of its people.

"2—The return of the Dodecanese Islands to Greece.

"3—The return of Northern Epirus to Greece.

"4—The rectification of the Greco-Bulgarian boundary to a line that will provide a natural defense, and thereby give an assurance of security."

It hardly should be necessary to argue the first point, that of reparations. The Germans, Italians and Bulgarians ravaged and plundered Greece so thoroughly that the population—decreased 13 per cent by starvation under German rule—now is destitute.

As long ago as 1920, the United States Senate adopted a resolution, introduced by the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, recognizing the justice of Greece's claims to the historically and ethnologically Greek Dodecanese Islands and to Northern Epirus. Those claims are even more urgent today when both national economy and national defense require restoration of all Greek territory to the homeland.

As for the final point, rectification of the Bulgarian frontier, no Greek can forget that, three times in three decades, his country has been attacked by Bulgaria, the quisling nation of the Balkans. The Greeks are not seeking territorial aggrandizement at Bulgarian expense. They are asking that the Greco-Bulgarian frontier follow a natural topographical line which will give them the protection of the mountains from which the Bulgarians thrice have come down into the peaceful valleys of Greece.

There are other perils which are facing Greece and of which the Justice for Greece Committee eventually, no doubt, will take cognizance. But the four objectives outlined make a good beginning. The new committee is working not only for Greece but for America, whose own security demands vigorous support of the friends of freedom in other lands.

(Buffalo Courier-Express)



DES ALT BEGRAEBNIS

Ich hab des alt Begraebnis b'sucht;
Dart sehnt's gans hesslich aus—
Ungraut iss hoch wie die Fens—
Mer kann schier net nei un raus.

Die Mauer iss am zammefalle,
Die Graabschtee henge schepp;
Es Dierli iss am zammefalle,
Un hengt schier gans im Dreck.

Die Aage sin mir iwwerloffe—
Ich hab's net helfe kenne—
Die wu in denne Graewer schlofe,
Kann ich mit Naame nenne.

Dart leit die Graemmaem in sellem Eck,
Der Graempaepp naegscht debei;
Do leit der Paepp un do die Maemm—
Ich meen es kennt net sei.

Mei Schweschter leit in sellem Graab,
Mei Bruder in dem do,
Ich meen ich kennt ihre G'sichter sehne—
So haerrlich, yung un froh.

In ihrem Daag hen sie gelebt,
Sie hen des Land gebauert;
Hart g'schafft in Hoiet un in Aern,
Oft freehlich, oft gedrauert.

Mir sette den Blatz in Ehre halte,
Des Ungraut gans verdilye,
Graabschtee, Mauer un Dierli fixe,
Im Naame der Familye.

Sie gewwe awwer verleicht nix drum,
Wie es aussehnt bei uns do—
Wu sie sin nau iss alles schee,
So haerrlich un so froh.

Reading, Pa. THE HON. DANIEL K. HOCH

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

(The following humorous letter was received in response to our request for the English for "Schtrohgnewel" Eck, March 16.)

Aus'm Eileschwamm
An der Bisskatzegrick
Bei der Nuff-un-nunner-Saegmiehl

Liewer Editor:

Die anner Woch hoscht du g'frogt "wie heesst mer en Schtrohgnewel in Englisch" Was in der himmelse Welt wott dann en Yankee (Leit as net Deitsch sin, meent der Yockel waere Yankees.—Ed) mit me Schtrohgnewel? Sie sin doch viel zu dumm fer so en hendich Schtick Schaffg'scharr benutze. Sie duhne alles hinnerschtveddersche. Hoscht du sellewe en Yankee sehne Hoi gawwele? Sie picke draa rum wie en Schpatz amme Geilsgnoddel. Sie nemme en Hendlivoll uff die Gawwel un schmeise es eenich aryets uff der Wagge. Fer Wegge hen sie so zwee-redderiche Dumpkarrich. Wann sie en Schubbkarrich Loadche henn, dann hocke sie sich so gross druff, blose sich uff wie en Grott imme G'widderregge, fiehle sich so gross wie en Mahommedaner uff me Kamel un faahre in die Scheier. Mir Deitsche henn lange, breede, vier-redderiche Wegge. Mir schtecke en ganser Haufe aa mit der Hoigawwel, hewe der Hendel so wedder die Gnie un wupsch! iss es uff em Wagge. Die aerscht Gawwelvoll geht uff's vedderscht Eck un noh gleich zurick uff yedere Seit bis ans hinnerscht Eck. Die Ecke sin schee graad uffgebaut un wann mer nimmi nuff reeche kann, dann hot mer en load. So en load schtrippt owwe am Gebelk, wann mer in die Scheier faahrt. Es nemmt zehe so yankee load fer ee guti deitschi load mache.

Wie ich en Gripps waar, henn mei zwee Brieder als Karn abg'fleggelt fer lang Schtroh. Mei Brieder waare grosse Schlingel vun Menner, abaddich der eldscht, der Rollie. Er hot als der Fleggel hoch in die Heeh, dass der Kilb als wedder's Owwerdenn g'schlagge hot. Es hot als recht gepiffe, wann er der Fleggel owwe runner gebrocht hot. Wie es Karn abgedrosche waar, hot er es als uff Gebinner gemacht un hot's gegnewelt. Noch sellem hot er als der Gnewel newe am Seel ins Gebund g'schteckt, grickt halt am End vum Gnewel un hebt's Gebunn uff. Es waar so tight gebunne gewest, dass es net vum Gnewel gerutscht iss. Wann er es net selleweg uffhewe hot kenne, dann iss es iwwergebunne warre. Wann er als en Gebund selleweg uffg'howe hot, saagt er als, "Yockel, du musscht noch en mannich Schtick Budderbrod fresse, bis du des duh kannscht."

Mol ee Daag hawwich ihn awwer g'fooled'. Er hot sechs Gebinder gebunne g'hatt un sechse, as noch zu binne waare. Er iss aus der Scheier. Noh hawwich der Gnewel genumme un hab die iwwerichе sechse gegnewelt. Wie er zurickkumme iss, guckt er mei Gebinder aa un saagt lecherlich, "Ich wett ich kann mei Hut zwische em Seel un em Schtroh in selle Gebinder schmeise." Er schteckt der Gnewel newe am Seel nei un hebt's uff un es iss net abg'schlippt. So waar's mit alle sechse.

Wie es naegscht Gebedd aagelegt waar, reecht er mir en Fleggel un saagt "Wer gnewele kann, kann fleggele." Noch sellem henn mer zu dritt g'fleggelt. Ee Fleggel waar in der Heeh, der anner waar am nuffgeh un der dritt waar uff em Boddem. Alle drei henn uff der same Blatz g'schlagge, dass es Karn net ufftschumpe hot kenne. Selleweg iss es gange uff drei vier Zeit (ich wett der John Birmelin hett's zu musick setze kenne) vun de Ehre zu de Schtarze. An de Ehre hot's laut g'schallt, uff em dicke Schtroh waar's schtiller. So is es gange bis mer driwwer waar, hot widder uffschittle un gnewele misse.

Es hot mol so en dummer Yankee helfe wolle, awwer er hot net "schtepp" halte kenne. Er hot sich gaar ken G'schick gewwe kenne. Er hot uns als uff die Fleggel g'schlagge un net uffs Karn. Wie er uffbinne hot wolle, nemmt er so en eeglaasichi Brill, petzt sie so ins link Aag, nemmt der Gnewel un browiert's mol. Wie er faerdich waar un will's Gebund uffhewe, dann fallt's Schtroh aus em Seel. Noh saagt er "Ah, de deuce your damm marlin pin is no good" un geht aus der Scheier. Mir hen ihn sellewe nimmi g'sehne.

Wie heesst mer en Schtrohgnewel in Englisch?—Ya, was in der himmelse Welt wott dann en dummer Yankee mit me Schtrohgnewel!

wie immer
sei
YOCKEL X BUMBESCHWENGEL
Maerrick

NOTE.—Yockel informs the editor that a marlin pin or marlin spike is really much smaller than a "Schtrohgnewel" and is used in splicing rope, but that is the nearest approach to "Schtrohgnewel" he has found.

Im Friehyohr

Liewer Editor:

Was hoscht du do ebbes uffgebrocht, as de Leit Freede macht—ich meen die Warde, alle Sarde, lange, karze, rechte un letze. Es iss graad en de recht Zeit, ass des uffgebrocht waerd. An de Vongu-e un an de Schtor-e waerd defun g'schwetzt. Es macht gewiss die Leit zurickdenke. Es bringt verleicht deel alte Sache raus as niemand meh draagedenkt hot.

Die Feggelcher sin do. Weesscht noch, wie var alters die Fenschdre voll waare mit Heffe un klee G'schaerr mit allerlee Blanse-Graut, Peffer un Tamats? Was hot mer des als beguckt! Wie oft sin de Blanse als umg' falle un hen iwwerg'saet sei misse! Nau kammer die friehe Blanse kaafe fer wennich Geld un hot net all seller Druwwel, awwer mer hot aa net die Blessier fer acht gewwe uff die Blanse un sie sehne wachse.

Die Welt hot sich viel verennert in de letschte fufzig Yohr. Was sin die Nochbersleit als zammegange sunndaags noch der Kaerrich odder varmiddaags, wann ken Kaerrich waar. Dann hen die Weibsleit ihre weisse Scharz aageduh, grosse weite Bendelscharz, alsemol mit lace b'setzt odder ausgenaeht—was waaren die so schee! —un dernoh sin sie zu de Nochbersleit, hen der Gaarde begukt odder im Friehyohr 's Saamesach. Die Mannsleit hen 's Vieh g'sehne odder sin in de Felder rumgeloffe fer noch de Frucht gucke. Was waaren sie froh un zufridde un gutesmuths! Nau iss ken Zeit meh fer Nochbere b'suche, der Automobile nemmt sie weiter fart un die Leit sin enanner meh fremm un vermisse die scheene Zeite as die alte Leit als g'hatt hen. Awwer genung fer heit.

Im Lokesdaal Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver

'S ISS G'SCHPASSICH

'S iss g'schpassich, wann mer driwwer denkt,
Uff unser alte Welt,
Mer blanst der Saame in der Dreck
Vun Gaarde odder Feld,

Noh ziegt die Sunn un Regge beed
En Schtock schtrack in die Heeh,
Wu blieht in seiner gute Zeit
Mit Blumme, rein un schee.

Im gleiche Grund do sehnt mer schunn
Deel rot, deel blo, deel weiss;
Schtink-blumme—Rose graad so wohl,
All wunnerbaarlich neis.

Wann die Nadur dann ziege kann
Aus Dreck so Siessichkeit,
Dann kummt's mer vor, in Mensche aa
Mer's graad so finne daet.

Doch finnt mer efters imme Mensch,
Wu mer en Blumm erwaart,
Der Saame wu mer ehrlich saet,
Zu Ungraut ausgeaart.

Allentown, Pa. —RALPH S. FUNK

ALLE SARDE WARDE

Ach! Was hot's doch so viel Sarde
Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Warde!

Who will offer explanations for the following dialect words?

DIE WIDDSTANG — DER GNECHELZUCK
BELUCHSE (verb) — 'S WAERYEL
DER GLICKER — 'S WAERKELHOLS
DER ALLESCHWANS — DIE WAERRICKGAWWEL

In the ECK for March 16 we had requested information about the following unusual words: **das Deschelgraut, ballaadsche** (verb), **gedemmt** (adjective), **die Poschde-ax, der Dreschfleggelkilp, die Wittib, die Schleefkett, der Backoffehuddler.** From among the various replies received we submit the following definitions:

DAS DESCHELGRAUT—shepherd's-purse (**bursa pastoris**), a white-flowered herb, member of the large **Brassicaceae** family (cabbage, mustard, cress, etc.). It bears pouchlike seedpods, hence its name: **Deschel,** diminutive form of German **Tasche** (pouch, pocket, purse), plus **Graut,** High German **Kraut** (herb). Replies from Mrs. E. G. Weaver, Coopersburg; A. George Stahl, Allentown, and Mrs. Florence Shiry, East Greenville.—Wann du dei Niere reiniche witt, geh un mach der Tee vun re Handvoll Deschelgraut, hen die alte Leit als g'saat (Mrs. E. G. Weaver).

BALLAADSCHE (verb)—from the French **parlage,** talk—Sie iss alfert am Ballaadsche, talk in a tiresome manner (A. Geo. Stahl).; to talk without much meaning, tiresome nonsense. I used this word in the poem, "Anekdote vum Zivil Krieg," printed in the ECK, March 2, 1940:

Mann, mit deim Ballaadsche
Hoscht Druwwel do gemacht;
Des duhn mir net erlaawe—
Nau nemm du sell in Acht!

(Dr. D. Geo. Knecht, Allentown); to talk incessantly, especially on the same subject. Harrich yuscht emol, der Frank iss schunn lang am Ballaadsche vum Wetter (Mrs. Weaver).

GEDEMMT (adj.)—steamed, stewed. Ich meen gedemmte Blaume sin gut (A. Geo. Stahl).

DIE POSCHDE-AX—I think it is an axe used to cut holes in fence posts. First they bore holes in the posts about six inches apart and then use an axe to cut out the wood between the two holes. This gives an elongated hole in which the rails are set. (Dr. D. Geo. Knecht).—An axe with a bit about two inches wide, used for cutting the holes in fence posts into which the pointed ends of the rails were inserted (Wm. F. Yoder, Scranton, Pa.).

DER DRESCHFLEGGELKILP—the swingle of a threshing-flail. See Yockel Bumberschwengel's letter in today's ECK.

DIE WITTIB—a widow, used instead of Wittfraa. 'M Hanyarrick sei Wittib waar do uff B'such (Mrs. Weaver).—The **b** in **Wittib** is a regular derivation from **w,** as in High German **Witwe,** from Old High German **witowa,** Middle High German **witewe** (Dr. E. M. Fogel). —We mention also an old South German **Witiber** for widower.—For similar **b** and **w** relation compare Eng. **yellow** with High German **gelb.**

DIE SCHLEEFKETT—A large chain with rings at both ends, one smaller than the other, to be looped around things to be dragged (Mrs. Weaver).—An anchor or drag chain. Mit de Schleefkett hen sie als die Bleck aus'm Walt g'schleeft (A. Geo. Stahl).

DER BACKOFFEHUDDLER—A very long stick with rag attached to the end and used to clean out old kind of bake-ovens before they put the bread in (Mrs. Shiry).—Also **Huddellumpe,** a long pole with rag attached at one end. After the wood was burned and the oven hot, they used a **Kitsch** to scrape out the ashes, then dipped the **Huddellumpe** in a bucket of water to wipe out the remaining ashes (Dr. D. Geo. Knecht).—Die Mammi hot der Backoffe ausgebutzt mit me Backoffehuddler. (Mrs. Weaver).

Mr. M. D. Mertz wishes to have the English name for the big bundles of straw called in the dialect **Gebund** (plural, **Gebinder**).

Please send definitions of the above new list of words and Pennsylvania German sentences illustrating use of the same to THE EDITOR OF THE ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

AUS'M JOHN BIRMELIN SEIM MAMMI GANS BUCH

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Es waare drei Menner vum Weisebaerrig,
Die gehn uff der See in re Schissel;
Die Schissel verschpringt—un iss es net arrig?
Nau heert mer vun denne ken bissel!

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN HAD THREE SONS

Der Mammi ihr Buwe, was mache sie dann,
Der Jim un der Jake un der John?
Der Jim waerd g'henkt, der Jake iss versoffe,
Der John is verzottelt im Land rumgeloffe.
Der Mammi ihr Buwe, was machie sie dann?
Ei, yeder macht's ewwe so gut as er kann!

FIRE! FIRE! SAID THE TOWN CRIER

"Feier! Feier!" saagt der Schqueier;
"Wu? Wu?" saagt der Ruh;
"Drin im Schtedtel," saagt der Schteckel;
"Geh un guck!" saagt der Schuck;
"Hot ken Zweck," saagt der Keck;
"'S iss schunn aus," saagt der Schtrauss;
Ya, dann kummt der Hinnerschitz
Viel zu schpot mit seinre Schpritz.

LEND ME THY MARE TO RIDE A MILE

"Leehn mir die Maerr, 's iss yuscht fer en Meil!"
"Die Maerr iss yo lahm, muss ruhge derweil."
"Was soll ich dann mache? Ich muss an die 'Fair'!
Ich will dir bezaahle, wann's noch so viel waer."
"O ho, sell iss annerscht! Mit bisselche Geld,
Do reit mer en Geilche, regiert aa die Welt!"
(Money makes the mare go)

ELIZABETH, ELSPETH, BETSY AND BESS

Elisabet, Betsy, Eleisa un Liss,
Die wisse doch all wu en Voggelsnescht iss;
Sie sehne aa glei ass fimf Olyer drin sin.
Die nemme all eens, losse viere noch drin.

I HAD A LITTLE HEN, THE PRETTIEST EVER SEEN

En Hinkelche hawwich, so wusslich, so glee,
Des wescht mir mei G'schaerr un butzt mer so schee;
Es geht nooch de Miehl, un hold mir mei Mehl,
Iss widder zurick in re Schtund unne Fehl;
Es backt mir mei Brot, es kocht mir mei Bier;
Es hockt sich ans Feier un blaudert mit mir.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Shpotzierra Gonga

So wie die Fegelcher uns yusht gapifa hen, is 'm Woodrow Steigerwalt fon Palmerton sei fraw die Myrtle die ledshd woch ae owet mohl unna badenk'd shpotzierra gonga noch Reading. Die Myrtle wil die socha aw ferleicht net hous howwa, odder der Woodrow het sie fertzailt in seim Palmerton news kolumn doh in Call. Aenicha waig, des secht 'n Fegelchie wear wie die socha gawest weara.

Die Myrtle wo runner noch Allentown uf bisnis un blessier. Owets wies tzeit wor fer hame gae, is sie nunner noch 'm Central rigelwaig station un hut net onnishder os wie gadenk'd, alla train os darta shtoppa dade, gang'd noch Palmerton, un is ewwa uf die airsht train gagrodd'ld os dawaig kumma is.

Sie hut ihra ticket fon moryets noch kotta, uns hut sheinds long ganumma bis der konductor kumma is fer der tzettle nemma. Eb er ow'r kumma is hut die Myrtle shun gamaint die londschoft dade so frem gucka om rigelwaig nous, un hut aw net fershtae kenna woh die Lechaw wear. Un die train is gonga wie 'n rechder fogel—fiela shtaryer os sie ols gawain'd wor fer tzurick hame noch Palmerton gae.

Der konductor is endlich rum kumma un hut ihra tzettle paar mohl aw gaguck'd woh sie 'm hee garaich'd hut, un noh g'frok'd woh sie runner wot. Wie sie g'sawt hut, "on Palmerton," hut er die tzwae hand owwich der kup un g'sawt, "For lands sake lady you are on the wrong train, this train is enroute to Reading."

Die Myrtle wor noh gabutta un hut net gawist wos tzu duh. Wie der konductor ra g'sawt hut 's wear ken train may tzurick sella dawg, hut sie ous gamocht fer ol dawaig mit nous noch Reading gae, un darta 'n bus nemma tzurick noch Allentown. Un sie is aw ol recht noch Reading kumma un hut glei 'n bus g'funna os sie g'sawt hen wear ready fer ferlussa fer Allentown.

Sis da Myrtle noh ei kumma sie dade ihra Woodrow besser uf rufa fer 'm sawga woh sie wear, un aw os er sehna dade datzu os ebber noch Allentown kaimt fer sie hame hola mit da mashine. 'S Woodrows' hen ken machine, uns hut ordlich blauderras ganumma iwwer der fone fer 'm ous laiga woh sie wear, un wie sie noch Reading kumma wear. Die Myrtle wor so fergelshter'd os sie etlicha mohl shier heila hut missa, ow'r der Woodrow hut endlich fershprocha fer sehna datzu os 'n mashine in da shtadt wear bis sie tzurick riwwer kaimt.

Bis sie ow'r fartich wor blauderra mit 'm Woodrow, wor die bus fert, un sie hut so'n glaenie aewichkeit worta missa bis die nagshd bus kumma is. Darta is sie ow'r druf un shpote in da nocht tzurick noch Allentown kumma, un woh sie nochberra om bus station g'funna hut fer sie tzurick hame nemma. Die barichda sin, sie weara kartz fer dawg tzurick nuf noch Palmerton kumma.

Darrich ol der druvel uns aeland os die Myrtle kotta hut uf die letz train kumma, wor sie doch sare froh un donkbore fer ebbes—un sel wor, os sie sich net der nei housruck kauft hut os sie baguck'd hut uf 'm waig noch 'm Central rigelwaig station. Die Hamilton shtross nunner hut sie so'n shainer blummicher housruck sehna imma show fenshter hanka, un is nei in der shtore fer 'n besser bagucka un 'n aw brovierra. Sie hut mohl gamaint fer 'n kaufa, ow'r noh doch ous gamocht sie dades besser unner waiga lossa bis 'n onner mohl, un hut 'n net ganumma. Uns wor aw gute os sie net hut, odder sie het wohrhoft der housruck widder ferkaufa missa fer gelt raisa fer bus fare fer tzurick noch Allentown kumma.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'N lot leit hen 'n lot blessier nous gae geil rida, ow'r wos uns wunnert is, eb sellie sama leit won sie bauer weara, 's aw blessier haisa dada won onnerra rider tzu ihna kaimta, un dada wos m'r tzwae da onner dawg sehna hen duh, hinnich Sherersville drous.

Tzwae rider uf geil hen ihra geil im eck fon ma bauer seim waitsa feld shtae kot, un die geil sich blessierra lossa, 'm bauer die waitsa ehra ob fressa.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Ma was opening her mail at breakfist, saying to pop, Well, here's an answer from the Billows hotel at Magenta Beach.

An anser to what, for Peet sake? pop said, and ma said, Why, I told you I was going to write them to reserve us their most exclusive sweet of rooms for the intire month of August, just for the personel sattisfaction of getting a reply to the generel effect that they're extreemly sorry and so forth and so on. Because naturely everybody knows they're absilutely filled up to dubble capacity for the remainder of the season, so I thought we could injoy many quiet chuckles over their letter while we're staying home economizing this summer, she said.

What larks, pop said, and ma opened the letter, saying, Oh, my goodness, low and behold, they're actually reserving a sweet for us. It seems they had an unexpected cancellation. I wont even tell you the rates they quote, she said.

I'm not even intristed, pop said, and ma said, Oh dear, now I hardly know what to do.

I'll tell you precisely, pop said. Write and cancel that cancellation as quickly as you can get to a postage stamp, he said, and ma said, But William, do you think it would be safe?

A telegram might be safer, pop said, and ma said, I dont mean that, I mean supposing they sue us? They'd probably lose the suit, naturelly, but even so you know what it costs to get mixed up with lawyers, even in self defense. What I means is, in that case it might be cheeper to simply change the reservation from a sweet for a month to a small room at their minimum rate for a few days or perhaps only a weekend, just to show our good faith in case by one chance in a million they get an inexpensive cancellation. What do you think, William? she said.

I think it's a women's werld, pop said.

Meaning go ahead if she wanted to.

25 Years Ago

May 25, 1921, A Wednesday

The annual farewell dance of the graduating class of Allentown High school was held in Mealey's auditorium. Herman Rau's orchestra played for the affair.

President Judge Clinton A. Groman spoke at the annual banquet of the Men's Club of Christ Reformed church. The Judge spoke on "The Boy and His Good Points."

Three of the four honor men of Muhlenberg college for the 1921 term were local boys who were graduates of Allentown High school. They were John T. Bauer, Amos E. Ettinger and Alfred K. Hettinger.

Members of the Rose of Sharon club of the YWCA entertained their mothers at a party in the association auditorium.

Cedar Crest college celebrated "College Night" in Dietz Hall. The freshman class presented an original skit, "A Trip on the Kutztown Trolley."

NOTICE
To All Gas Customers

During this emergency it is necessary that you REDUCE to the minimum YOUR uses of gas. The present supply of coal for the manufacture of gas is dangerously low, but—if ALL gas users will cooperate in conserving gas it may be possible to avoid rationing. YOU can help by practicing the following:

In Cooking—

Do not use your gas range for heating purposes.

Cook whole meals in the oven.

Cook "one dish" meals on top burner.

Use lid on cooking utensil.

Use "waterless" cooking method.

In Water Heating—

Repair leaky faucets.

Use cold water instead of hot wherever possible.

In Refrigeration—

Cool hot foods before placing in refrigerator. Do not make ice cubes.

In Home Heating—

Keep room temperature at 68 degrees and turn as low as possible at night.

Commercial and Industrial users are also asked to REDUCE their use of gas to bare necessity.

Do YOUR part — Conserve gas during this emergency and the rationing of gas may be avoided.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Lowell.

TOWING SQUAD TO CLEAR HALF STREETS

It has been emphasized repeatedly that regulations as to parking of cars in the business district do not phrase the whims of the police department. They are the results of extended experience and they represent a policy that is designed to be of the greatest benefit to the greatest number.

While the police department for the most part is lenient in enforcing many of the regulations that are conspicuously publicized and posted on streets thruout the business district, there comes a time every once in a while when even the patience and forbearance of City Hall becomes overstrained and either snap or crack.

Such a situation has developed in recent days with respect to motorists who, despite common knowledge and abundance of signs, insist upon parking cars on half streets.

Again, as when the regulation was originally adopted, it must be pointed out that cars which are parked on half streets are a menace to life and property. Only a short while ago on the occasion of an alarm of fire in the Second ward, fire apparatus could not reach the scene of the blaze by the most direct route. Detours had to be made because parked cars blocked entry of the fire apparatus. Fortunately the fire was not serious.

So the police department is serving notice upon any and all motorists that when they park their cars along the curb on half streets they must expect to find them later in a public garage to which they have been towed in order to keep the streets cleared. Of course the towing cost will not have been assumed by the police. It will have to be paid by the motorist before he can repossess the car.

There is going to be a lot of weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth as a result of this, but it cannot be said that the police department has been rough with the motorists. On the contrary, the present administration has given the motorists more rope than they have enjoyed for many a day. But the old adage, "Give them a finger and they will take a hand" again is proven to be true as to human nature.

A DANGEROUS PERSON AT LARGE

With perverted sense of humor or serious lack of intelligence, some person as yet unknown to the authorities on Memorial Day asked that the Allentown Hospital ambulance be sent at once to the scene of an automobile accident near Quakertown. Upon arrival at the spot designated, it was learned that a hoax had been perpetrated. No accident had occurred and no persons needed a speedy trip to the hospital.

Of course there always are chances of error in the transmission of telephone calls. One might question whether there was intention to mislead if it were not immediately made known that similar hoax has been perpetrated upon at least two occasions during recent days.

It requires little imagination to realize that here is one of the most dangerous practices that any one has developed against the public welfare. It can be realized that if and when an ambulance is out upon the highways upon a fruitless quest for accident victims, it cannot be sent out in answer to a bona-fide call.

Furthermore, if hospitals have to check very carefully against all calls before sending out ambulances upon their errands of mercy, there may be occasions where accident victims will bleed to death or suffer very grievously by reason of delay in response to the call for help.

If and when the perpetrator of this dastardly hoax is apprehended salutary example must be made of him. He is dangerous whether he be a practical joker of some intelligence or a moron.

CITIES STUDY FEPC MEASURES

The adoption of an FEPC ordinance in Milwaukee and consideration of similar ordinances in eight other large cities is reported by the American Municipal association.

The Milwaukee measure, adopted May 13, prohibits job discrimination because of race, creed or color by both city agencies and private employers and provides a penalty of a $10 fine or five days in the house of correction for violation of the ordinance.

Sterner penalties have been provided for in proposed fair employment practices ordinances now under consideration in Los Angeles, Seattle and Phoenix, Ariz. Ordinances being discussed in these cities are modeled after the one adopted in Chicago last year which makes it a misdemeanor for the city, its contractors or subcontractors, or for any employer within the city limits to discriminate in employment because of race, creed, color, national origin or ancestry. A maximum fine of $200 is possible in event of conviction.

Philadelphia's proposed FEPC ordinance is the most comprehensive one introduced thus far. The ordinance includes an express recital that it is an "exercise of the police power of the city of Philadelphia in order to promote the general welfare, safety, peace, health and prosperity," and also expressly includes labor unions and employment agencies in its coverage.

In addition to other penal sanctions, the Philadelphia proposal would also invoke stronger punishment of loss of city privileges such as franchise license, permit, or tax exemption. Other provisions of the suggested ordinance call for conciliation prior to the application of sanctions and lists reasonable exceptions to the scope of the ordinance.

An amendment to St. Louis' City Charter will be considered by voters in the August primary that prohibits discrimination in the appointment or advancement of city employees under the civil service system because of race, color or creed. Meanwhile a committee of the board is studying a more comprehensive measure which is suggested for adoption by a city ordinance.

Detroit, Minneapolis and Toledo, O., are also reported considering anti-discrimination measures.

Among the states, New York and New Jersey have enacted anti-discrimination laws and a similar act is now being considered by the Massachusetts legislature. Fair employment laws also have been enacted in Indiana and Wisconsin but the statutes in these two states do not contain penalty provisions.

Truman's Big Decision

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, May 31—President Truman may in the next several days ruin his whole political career, or assure himself of re-election by an overwhelming majority in 1948.

Whether to sign or veto the modified Case Bill on labor relations involves for him a choice or decision of transcendent importance, and while he may get considerable advice, the final judgment must be his own.

The President is in a difficult spot. The record shows that he temporized with the railroad labor unions and did not act in time to prevent a nation-wide paralysis of the economic system for 48 hours which cost the country heavily.

The stenographic record as revealed by A. F. Whitney, railroad union chief, alleges that Mr. Truman promised immunity from prosecution under the Smith-Connally law in return for a postponement of the rail strike for five days—an exercise of power which is clearly unconstitutional and wholly indefensible from the standpoint of law enforcement.

The record also shows that the President played ball with John L. Lewis and gave him a contract, overlooking entirely the violations of the Smith-Connally law growing out of the concerted action of miners in staying away from work after the mines were seized.

But while all this may have alienated some labor votes among railroad unions and captured some among coal miners for Mr. Truman, the big and dramatic battle for votes revolves around the Case Bill which has been passed by a heavy vote of both Houses of Congress and lies on the President's desk.

* * *

It is not an extreme measure and could readily be signed by Mr. Truman without doing any real injury either to collective bargaining or to the cause of responsible unions. But the left-wing labor groups have made the proposed law the acid test of the President's friendship for labor. These groups completely ignore their own violent attacks on Mr. Truman and threats to vote against him anyway for recommending to Congress that workers be drafted into the military service when "any plant, mine or facility" is seized by the federal government after a strike or work interruption seriously affecting the country's economic operations. This latter Bill is before the Senate but may go back to committee and die there. If it is pressed for passage, it will be considerably amended and weakened.

The Republican-Democratic coalition which wants to see some restrictive legislation passed to curb labor union monopolies is much more interested in the Ball-Smith-Taft Bill, which is the Senate version of the Case Bill, and wants it signed by the President. While there are enough votes to override a veto in the House, there will not be a two-thirds vote for the Case Bill.

Under the circumstances, some Senators want to tack the Ball-Smith-Taft Bill on to the President's Bill for emergency powers and send it to him to sign or veto. But there are other Senators who think this would be playing into the hands of those who want both Bills vetoed, for, if the emergency measure contains the Case Bill, the President has a good excuse for vetoing the whole thing on the ground that he did not get from Congress what he asked for.

If, however, the emergency bill is delayed or sidetracked for several days as it is likely to be either by filibuster in the Senate or by conference delays between the two Houses, the President may be confronted only with a choice between signing or vetoing the Ball-Smith-Taft Bill. On that issue his political dilemma is, indeed, very irksome. For if he vetoes the measure he will be regarded by the conservatives and the middle-of-the-road voters as having made a theatrical gesture with his drastic proposal for a draft of workers and then as deserting the very voters with whom he achieved a new popularity only the week before.

* * *

The labor vote is bound to go to the Democratic party anyway, no matter what Mr. Truman does with the Bill before him. But a substantial segment of the middle-of-the-road and conservative vote, which would be enough along with the regular Democratic vote to assure him of election in 1948, would be lost to him, as well as the election.

Senator Vandenberg or Harold Stassen or Governor Dewey could beat Mr. Truman in 1948 if he misfires in the present crisis and winds up with a record of having offered a drastic bill to curb strikes and then as having vetoed a much milder one.

Mr. Truman's best bet is to sign the measure and enforce all laws hereafter without fear or favor. It's the sure way to win the vast independent vote which dislikes a timid and weak-kneed executive but admires and votes for a man with courage.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

HOG WILD

Many events are occurring in the world which invite discussion, but none are as important fundamentally as the Truman demarche into fascistic legislation and the consequence of this error. The issues are basically constitutional and it is satisfying to note the public revulsion to Saturday's enthusiasm. But labor imperils itself by going hog wild.

It is notable that Representative Clare Luce and Senator Robert A. Taft were among the first to reject the Truman proposals because they immediately recognized the peril. Clare Luce was among the handful of Representatives who voted against the measure; Senator Taft alone blocked passage in the Senate by withholding unanimous consent.

Over the week-end it was possible to read and study the Bill and many discovered the lapses of thought in this hastily drafted and poorly conceived measure. Public opinion, which supported the President excitedly, cooled and turned on its heel. But labor went hog wild.

* * *

The point is that the labor leaders want no legislation. They are as opposed to the Case Bill as to the Truman Bill. They would oppose any measure to rectify the evils, correct the abuses or improve the conditions resulting from the Wagner Act. Recognizing that the Wagner Act gives to the labor union powers to dominate, in their own interests, the industrial life of the country, they always refer to all that has grown out of the Wagner Act as "labor's gains," and these they insist must remain unchanged no matter what happens to the country. They do not inquire whether it is wise, even for them, that labor's gains should be the country's loss.

And therein lies our peril as a nation. The reason that Mr. Truman's proposals were so popular on Saturday is that the country is fed up with the arrogance of the labor leader. Had the Truman Bill passed by a viva voce vote in the Senate as in the House, the President, of course, would have signed his own measure on Saturday night and this country would have started on its first experiment with direct fascism. A cool head saved that situation, not as a sop to the labor leaders but as a recognition of the unalienable rights of the American people.

Yet the labor leaders must recognize as strategists for their own cause that they are stretching the patience of the American people beyond endurance. The country is not going fascist, but it also will not be dominated by Communists. The American people wish to preserve for all citizens the rights and immunities guaranteed by the Constitution, but they will not tolerate chaos stimulated by individuals in their own interest or in furtherance of a world-wide policy of economic and social disturbance, pursued by an alien power as an instrument of foreign policy.

My fear is that unless labor leaders soberly assess American public opinion, in the present mood of disgust with their conduct, their struttings, their threats, their sabotage, legislation will be introduced in Congress compared with which the Truman Bill will be a mild flurry in the storm.

* * *

The labor leaders are making a grievous error if they assume that opposition to the Truman Bill represents the slightest sympathy with them. Such a creature as A. F. Whitney, cited 35 times by the Dies Committee, threatening to spend his union's $47,000,000 to win an election, has no place in American life. Sidney Hillman's alien political concepts have no place in American life. John L. Lewis's obduracy in the face of his country's needs is intolerable. Joe Curran's threats against his country cannot become acceptable to the American people. These men have run hog wild. They must be put down.

The danger is that in seeking to preserve American liberties we give them added strength and comfort. But that danger can and will be overcome. We shall preserve American liberties and yet not submit to their obstinacy and truculence. It would be wise for them to recognize this decisiveness in American public opinion now before they are steamrollered out of existence.

The Case Bill—compromise that it is—is a step in the right direction, for it was drafted within the framework of American tradition.

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ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

THE INFANT OF THE REGIMENT

Many residents of Reading will remember the towering figure of the one-time Chief of Police of that city, Mahlon Shaaber. He stood six feet and six and one-half inches, a giant in stature. Early in the trying days of the Civil War Shaaber joined the company of Zouaves known as Company B of the 93rd Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. This company was recruited in October, 1861, from Reading, Bernville and Womelsdorf and other sections of Berks County. Mahlon Shaber was the tallest man in the entire regiment and won for himself the nickname of "infant of the regiment."

In January 1862 the 93rd Pennsylvania Regiment passed in review along Pennsylvania Avenue of the nation's capitol. Afmong those who reviewed the troops was Abraham Lincoln, the president of the United States. When the Reading Zouaves passed the reviewing stand Lincoln's attention was attracted to the tall lanky private who towered high above his comrades. A signal from the President to the Captain of the Zouaves led to the orders to Shaaber to fall out of line and approach Lincoln.

"How tall are you?" asked Lincoln. "Six feet six and one-half," replied the Berks volunteer. "And how old are you?" "Seventeen and weigh one hundred and forty pounds."

Then, as Shaaber related it years later, Lincoln intrroduced himself saying "I am old Abe" and then introduced Shaaber to Hanibal Hamlin, the Vice President.

The three tall men stood side by side. The unusual picture made an impression upon Lincoln. Two other tall Pennsylvanians were invited to join the group and then the President made the following notes in a small black note book.

Mahlon Shaaber Co. B. 93 Regt.

P. V.	6 ft. 6½ inches
Abraham Lincoln, President	6 ft. 4 inches
Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President	6 ft. 0 inches
Andrew Curtin, Gov. of Pa.	6 ft. 2 inches
Simon Cameron, General	6 ft. 1 inch
Total heights	31 ft. 1½ inches

After the interview Lincoln gave the soldier a pass permitting him to rejoin his regiment and inviting him to visit at the White House. Several months later Shaaber and Sergeant Fritz of the Zouaves paid a call upon the President in the executive mansion. They were ushered into the Blue Room and there were greeted by the President. Lincoln invited his Berks County guests to dine with him. The young men lost courage and fumbled for excuses.

According to Shaaber's testimony he "preferred bean soup and hard tack better than a reception dinner." In later years the Reading Chief of Police expressed regret that he had not accepted the President's invitation to dine with him.

MISHLER'S TEN-HOUR HOUSE

In 1895 an American named Forsey Brion was in London, England. In conversation with friends there he had boasted that houses could be built in ten hours in America, citing an instance of such construction in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The English friends laughed at him and pronounced it only another "Yankee yarn." In order to substantiate his statement he offered to bet that it was true and some English sportsmen took him up on the wager. Therefore it became necessary for him to produce the facts, and here they are.

Benjamin Mishler, a Lancaster merchant dealing in "Herb Bitters" believed that it paid to advertise and the more sensational the ad the better. In 1873 he conceived the idea of attracting attention to himself and his wares by building a house in one day. August 1, 1873 was the day set for the test.

Mishler spent weeks in planning the undertaking. He consulted engineers, hired the most expert workmen he could find, had the cellar dug and the foundation laid before the building began.

At six o'clock on the morning of the great day there were more than one hundred poised to go to work. At a signal they set to their tasks, each one of them having been thoroughly coached in advance. The bricklayers began with a rush and the first story was raised from the foundations in two hours. Meanwhile the partitions were placed in the lower floor, lathed and partly plastered. The doors were fastened and the stairway leading to the second floor was built by eight o'clock in the morning. At ten o'clock bricklayers had nearly built the second floor and were ready to lay the second floor. While this was being done painters were painting the woodwork of the first story and other workmen were pencilling the brickwork.

At eleven o'clock the bricklayers had built the walls and the tinsmiths began to put on the roof. Shortly after noon the scaffolds were removed and by two in the afternoon the tinsmiths had completed their tasks, even to the placement of the spouting. The rubbish was cleared away and in ten and one-half hours after the first brick was laid the house on the east side of South Prince street in Lancaster was ready for the tenants.

AN AMISH BISHOP'S FUNERAL

More than fifteen hundred persons attended the funeral of Bishop John P. Mast, June 14, 1888. All roads in lower Berks led to the Mast homestead near Morgantown. The mourners came from Robson, Cumru, Brecknock and Caernarvon in Berks. Hundreds of others came from Lancaster, Lebanon, Chester and Montgomery Counties. More than 350 carriages came to the farm and more than half of these joined in the long funeral procession that plodded its way to the grave. A great man had gone to his reward.

The square-rigged buggies began to arrive at daybreak. Young Amishmen served as hostlers. Horses were unhitched and fed by these efficient farm lads and in spite of over-crowded conditions in the barn and adjoining buildings there was not a single instance of neglect or mismanagement.

The scene in the home of the funeral resembled a Biblical picture of a gathering of the patriarchs. The women removed their black bonnets and revealed their little white "devotion caps" of swiss cambric. A black kerchief was worn draped over the shoulders and a black apron covered the dress. Of the males only the boys were beardless. The older men sat on chairs near to the officiating clergy, their long snow-white beards covering their "brustlappen" and their visages cast in the form of the saints of Old Testament Days.

Once the funeral cortege was on its way to the burial plot in Caernarvon hundreds of busy hands began to prepare the meal which inevitably followed upon Pennsylvania German funerals. All of the first floor rooms of the farmhouse, adjoining porches and summer kitchens and barn floors were converted into dining rooms to accommodate the two thousand people who came to partake of the repast.

The custom of feasting at funerals may appear to be barbarous to persons who do not remember the era when that procedure was the accepted order of ceremony. It should be remembered that mourners came from great distances in carriages which could not travel faster than three or four miles in one hour. Refreshment before returning homeward became a vital necessity.

The quantities of food consumed at the Mast funeral will serve to show how life was sustained for the weary traveller in those days. There were 300 pounds of choice beef, 35 large loaves of bread and 900 rusks and buns. There were hundreds of pies and cakes, 2 boxes of cheese, gallons upon gallons of coffee and high heaps of fruit and vegetables.

The diners were seated at the tables in shifts. The number that could be seated at one time at the barn-floor table was forty. Young Amish girls hurried from kitchens to the various improvised dining places keeping hot dishes filled and waiting upon the needs of the many guests.

Long before sunset the mourners were on their homeward way. Bishop Mast had had a fine funeral and everyone agreed that he had been "a model man, peace to his ashes."

"Dutchified" German*

By Albert F. Buffington
The Pennsylvania State College

The term "Dutchified" has been used for more than a century by Pennsylvania Germans and others to describe habits and characteristics peculiar to the Pennsylvania Germans. (1)

The appellation is particularly applied to the peculiar brand of English spoken by the average Pennsylvania German. "He talks Dutchified" is the layman's way of saying that a certain individual's English speech is colored by the phonological and syntactical features peculiar to the Pennsylvania German dialect. (2)

The same term might likewise be used to describe the type of German I have heard sung in my home community (i.e. the northern part of Dauphin County, the southern half of Northumberland County, and the southwest of Schuylkill County) by the majority of those attending midweek prayer meetings, revival meetings, and other religious gatherings.

My observations are based largely upon the situation existing between 1910 and 1940. Up until 1930, English and so-called "High German" hymns were sung in approximately equal proportion at the prayer meetings and revival meetings sponsored by the Evangelical and United Brethren denominations in my community. Since 1930, attendance at mid-week prayer meetings has gradually dwindled to such a degree that most of these denominations have had to give up the prayer meeting. And the proportion of so-called "High German" hymns sung at revival meetings has greatly diminished.

Most of the people who attended these meetings and who joined in the singing of so-called "High German" hymns had not studied Standard German in school; they knew it only from having heard their grandmothers and grandfathers, or, in some instances, their mothers and fathers, read **Die heilige Schrift** and pray and sing in "Pennsylvania High German."

In order to check on my memory, I recently asked seven former participants to sing for me three of the hymns we sang most frequently. Although my informants were of different age groups (three were between 65 and 80, two between 50 and 65, and two between 40 and 50) no variations in phonology or morphology could be noted.

Here are the hymns as I heard them: (3)

I.

1. O wie selich waerdes sei,
   Bei den scheenen Engellei,
   Chorus:
   So selich, selich,
   Wann der Haer mich holet heim.
2. Meinche Mieder freien sich,
   Yesu wannich denk an dich;
   Chorus:
3. Denke doch an yenen Daag,
   Da man ewich leben maach,
   Chorus:
4. Yesus Grischdus hot's vollbracht,
   Was en Sinder selich macht,
   Chorus:
5. Mit den Gleider aantschtaan,
   Die mer net zereissen kann,
   Chorus:

II.

1. Macht eire Lamben faerdich, (3 times)
   Un fillet sie mit **Eel**.
   Chorus:
   O wie lieblich, wie lieblich, wie lieblich,
   Iss Yesus, er iss:
   Mein Aerleeser, mein Haer un mein Freind.
2. Un sei des Heils gewaerdich, (3 times)
   Bereidet Leib un **Seel**.
   Chorus:
3. Der Obend iss yekommen, (3 times)
   Die finschdre Nacht bricht ei.
   Chorus:
4. O Brieder sei dir haerrlich, (3 times)
   'Siss Yesus in der Seel.
   Chorus:
5. O Schweschder sei dir haerrlich, (3 times)
   'Siss Yesus in der Seel.
   Chorus:
6. Ya, Gott sei Dank, 'siss haerrlich, (3 times)
   'Siss Yesus in der Seel.
   Chorus:
7. Ach, waerich doch schun droben! (3 times)
   Mein Heiland, waerich dart.
   Chorus:
8. Wo dich die Schaaren loben,
   Und singt halleluya!
   Chorus:

III.

1. Selich kannsisei im Leben,
   Selich in denn Todenschtunt.
   Seliches Lob waerdsi erheben,
   Selich in denn Todenschtunt.
   Chorus:
   Heiland fiehr mich.
   Immer fiehr mich.
   Fiehre mich bei deinre Hand;
   Aufwerts, aufwerts bis mir kommen
   Ins verheissne Land.
2. Niemand hot's noch ausgegrinden,
   Aber noch so hoch gelehrt;
   Was die Seel im Jesus findet,
   Die da Welt denn Ricken kehrt.
   Chorus:

It will be noted by those familiar with Pennsylvania German and Standard High German that certain parts of these hymns are neither Pennsylvania German nor High German. Lack of knowledge of High German on the part of those singing these hymns has resulted in such false word-separations and word distortions as: [waerdes] for **wird es**, [Meinche Mieder freien sich] for **Mein Gemueth erfreuet sich**, [aantschtan] for **angetan)**, [kannsisei] for **kann sich's sein**, [waerdsi] for **wird sie**, [ausgegrinden] for **ausgegruendet**.

Not one of my seven informants could tell me the meaning of the following lines:

1. [Meinche Mieder freien sich]
2. [Un sei des Heils gewaerdich]
3. [Selich kannsisei im Leben]
4. [Niemand hot's noch ausgegrinden]
5. [Aber noch so hoch gelehrt]

"Ja, ich wees net, was sei meent," was the reply I received from each one. Even my 80-year-old informant said, "So hot mei Daadi sie g'sunge, awwer ich wees net was as meent." (That's the way my father sang them, but I don't know what it means.)

It is not likely that the above hymns have ever appeared in print in the particular versions which we have noted above. Indeed, it would have been useless and difficult to have these hymns printed: useless because most of the people who sang them could not read German; and difficult, because the hymns were no longer High German hymns, but "Dutchified" German hymns having the phonological features peculiar to the Pennsylvania German dialect.

These hymns seem to have been transmitted verbally by several generations of **Vorsinger**. The latter was the man who led the singing and who very often sang the verses of the hymns alone, not infrequently introducing innovations into them or borrowing lines freely from other hymns. Indeed, a few of the High German versions of some of the stanzas of the three hymns under discussion occur as parts of other High German hymns in **Die Geistliche Viole**, published by Heinrich Fischer at New Berlin, Pennsylvania, in 1850. (4)

At this early date, when the first **Vorsinger** lifted the stanzas for his hymns from other hymns, he probably did not sing them in Standard High German, but in "Pennsylvania High German," which, as Dr. Ralph C. Wood has pointed out in the **Pennsylvania Germans** (Princeton, 1942) and particularly in a study published in the most recent issue of the **Germanic Review**, differed phonetically only slightly from the dialect used in everyday discourse. (5)

Whatever may have been the succeeding development, the hymns as I sang them and heard them sung between 1910 and 1930 reveal the definite influence of the dialect phonemic system upon them, e.g.

1. Under the influence of the following r the high vowels and the mid-vowels have a) either been lowered to short [a], so that we hear [wad]6 for **wird**, [ha]6 for **Herr**, [fadich]6 for **fertig**, [halich]6 for **herrlich**, [dad]6 for **dort** or b) are pronounced with the low front vowel and the r vocalized to a mid-low mixed vowel, as in **Aerleeser gewaerdich, aufwerts, gelehrt, kehrt.**

2. The [r]-sound has disappeared completely after the short [a] when final or when followed by a dental, e.g. [ha] for **Herr**, [wad] for **wird**, [fadich] for **fertig**, [dad] for **dort.**

3. The unlauted vowels are unrounded, so that we hear **scheenen, Sinder, fillet, Eel** and **Ricken** all pronounced without rounding.

4. The diphthong **eu** is replaced by [ai] written **ei** in the traditional popular orthography), e.g. **freien** for **freuen, eire** for **eure, Freind** for **Freund.**

5. The long **a** of Standard German is replaced by the low rounded back vowel (written **aa** in the traditional popular orthography), e.g **Daag** for **Tag, aantschtaan** for **angetan, Schaaren** for **Scharen.**

6. The stop consonants are pronounced as voiceless unaspirated lenes, just as in the dialect, e.g. **Grischdus** for **Christus, Gleider** for **Kleider, Lamben** for **Lampen, bereidet** for **bereitet, Schweschder** for **Schwester.**

7. As in the dialect, the **s** is voiceless in all positions.

8. The combination **st** is pronounced **schd** in all positions, e.g. **Grischdus** for **Christus** and **finschdre** for **finstere.**

It should be pointed out, in closing, that scholars have paid too little attention to the interrelationship of Standard High German and the Pennsylvania German dialect. To get a better picture of the linguistic and cultural development of Eastern Pennsylvania more studies must be made of the "Dutchified" German used in the past and present by Pennsylvania Germans in various sections of the dialect area.

* Presented as a paper at the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, Saturday, December 29, 1945.

(1) It is so used as early as 1829 in Ernst Braun's **Mittheilungen aus Nordamika, die hoehern Lehranstalten und die Englisirung der dortigen Deutschen betreffend** (Braunschweig, 1829).

(2) This Pennsylvania German influence on the English as spoken by the Pennsylvania Germans has been treated in a number of articles. Cf. J. W. Frey "The English of the Pennsylvania Germans in Eastern York County," **'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck**, May 18, 1940; E. R. Page, "English in the Pennsylvania German Area," **American Speech**, XII (1937), 203-6; G. G. Struble, "The English of the Pennsylvania Germans," **American Speech**, X (1935), 163-72; R. W. Tucker, "Linguistic Substrata in Pennsylvania and Elsewhere," **Language**, X (1934), 1-5; Clyde S. Stine, **Problems of Education Among the Pennsylvania Germans**, unpublished Cornell Ph.D. Thesis, 1938.

(3) I record the hymns in the traditional popular orthography used by Dr. Barba in the **Eck** and by Dr. J. William Frey in his **Pennsylvania Dutch Grammar** (Clinton, S. C., 1942). Speakers of Pennsylvania German who are regular readers of the **Eck** will know how to read this spelling. They will know, for example, that even though in the traditional orthography an **r** is still written in such words as **Haer, waerd,** and **dart,** no r-sound is pronounced. Since most of the readers of the **Eck** are not scientifically trained linguists, it has not been considered expedient to use the phonetic symbols of the International Phonetic Association. Linguists who are not native speakers of the dialect (but who might be interested in reading the hymns) should first refer to Frey's **Pennsylvania Dutch Grammar**, pp. 1-9. For a bibliography of general and detailed discussions of the phonetic structure of the Pennsylvania German dialect, cf. Otto Springer, "The Study of the Pennsylvania German Dialect," **Journal of English and Germanic Philology**, 42:31-39 (January, 1943).

(4) Cf. Heinrich Fischer, **Die Geistliche Viole** (New Berlin, Pa., 1850), pp. 73, 74, 126, 156, 172.

(5) A study of old grammars and spelling books has shown that a Pennsylvania High German pronunciation was actually taught.

(6) Written **waerd, Haer, faerdich, haerrlich** and **dart** in the traditional popular orthography.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

In Da Hunda Bisnis

So wie die barichda yusht rei kumma sin, wil die Mame Yoder fon Fullerton un ihra Walter, woh in da Dent Hardware shoft, ferarnsht in die hunds busnis gae. Die socha sin ol in der gong kumma darrich so'n shainer, glainer, liever Boston terrier pup, os sie mohl ae owet g'funna hen on ihra hinnershda kicha dier. Die Mame un der Walter hen gore net ous mocha kenna wem der ferlora hund sei maich'd, un hen 'n haisa nei ins hous kumma mit ra maining sei aigner kaimt fer 'n sucha. Ow'r sis niemond kumma, un wies tzeit wor fer ins bed gae hut die Mame 'm hund 'n shae bed in die kich gamocht, un sie un der Walter sin owwa nous.

Ow'r sie worra net may os wie im bed, bis der hund 's aller arrickshd awfonga hut drunna in da kich rum brilla, un hut aw nimmy uf gewwa bis die Mame nunner is fer 'n dishterra. Ow'r eb sie die shtake fartich drowwa wor, hut er frish nei shtarta brilla, ebbes os die Mame endlich laedich werra is. Iwwel odder wohl is sie widder nunner in die kich un hut der hund mit nuf in ihra bed shtub ganumma. Die socha worra noh nimmy gons so shlim os wie dafor, ow'r hut ols noch gawins'ld, un woh die Mame endlich 'n waig ous g'funna hut fer 'm shtoppa. Wos hut sie gaduh, os wie der hund nuf ins bed ganumma, un huts iwwerreshd fon da nocht tzu gabrocht uf 'm kuppa kissa g'shwishich 'm Walter un da Mame.

Da nagshda morya is die Mame fernarnsht uf die yocht fer ous finna wem der hund sei maich'd, ow'r niemond hut wissa wolla fon aenich ebber os 'n Bostonf terrier ferlora het. 'S wor net bis der policemon Luther Kline dawaig g'shtiv'ld is kumma os sie aenicha barichda grick'd hut. Wie sie ihn g'frok'd hut eb er wist eb ebber 'n hund ferlora het, hut der Luther g'sawt, "Ei gawiss duh ich. Der shtoremon Frank Stoudt doh hunna om eck is die gons ledshd noch in Fullerton rum g'shprunga sei Boston terrier sucha. Wos fer 'n hund hosh'd g'funna?"

Wie die Mame g'sawt hut sie het 'n Boston g'funna, hut der Luther galocht iwwer 's gons g'sicht, un gamaint er dade wetta os der Frank grawd 'n pund budder gaibt won er sei hund tzurick graich'd. Die Mame hut ow'r net gamaint os sie grub sei wot, un is g'shwind on der fone, un hut der Frank uf garufa, un gawunnert eb er 'n hund ferlora het. Wie er k'hoert hut sie het 'n Boston hund g'funna, hut er 'n rechder grish ous galust fer glora fraida, un g'sawt er kaimt ains gongs fer der hund hola. Un er is aw booms kumma, ow'r eb er budder gabrocht hut kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, 's wor sei ferlorner hund os die Mame g'funna hut kot, un wor hard tzu sawga wel os es frosh'd wor fers onner tzu sehna, der Frank odder der hund.

Aenicha waig, won die Mame un der Walter der hund aw yusht fer ae nocht kotta hen, hen sie sich so arrick blessiert fer 'n tzu howwa, os die Mame om kunsiderra is fer ebbes fon ra hunds hamet in der gong griega, ocht gewwa uf hund won die leit uf vakation gain. Ebbes uf kours is fershtonna,—un sel is, os sie net fershpracha os alla hund os sie in die kosh'd nemma, lochts g'shwishich na uf 'm kuppa kissa shlofa kon. Sel recht halta sie fer'm Frank Stoudt sei Boston, ol die onnerra missa tzu fritta sei fer unnich 'm bed, odder outside rum shlofa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Pennsbaryer tzeitingmon Cal Christman fon Bechtelsville un sei fraw die shulmaishder'n Martha, hen 'n neier waig ous g'funna fer p'such ei lawda tzum essa fer da rohrichkate fon flaish un budder fhr kumma.

In blotz fon die freind ei lawda fer kumma middawg odder supper mit na essa, lawda sie ei fer kumma 's freeshtick, odder ewwa "breakfast" mit na nemma.

In blotz fon noh bodderra breicha mit roasht odder shtakes, kenna sie 'm p'such gabockna oyer un sida shpeck onna sheeva, un sie folshter sot feedra mit gleia shprow un milich.

Der Cal un die Martha hen ihra blaw.. Deckoration Dawg morya om tzaea uhr ous gabroviert uf der Irvie Mensch fon da Huffa Kerrich, un kenna net sawga wie arrick os er nei g'shloga hut om dish, un wie arrick os er ra gawissna box hinnich da dier ous gawicha is, uf 'm nous waig.

Die box wor 'n kollect box, ow'r der Irvie maint net so long os ebber tzu da koshd gang'd fer 'n ocht bladberichie eilawding nous shicka fer kumma breakfasht mit na essa, os er shuldich wear fer batzawla dafor.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Saturday afternoon I was taking a walk in the sun with pop to see if it would be good for his cold, only he kept on sneezing just a same, saying, By gollies this is one of the best colds I ever had, I can't remember ever getting so many sneezes to the gallon.

Cant the docters cure a cold, pop? I said, and pop said, Not unless the medical profession has made a couple of giant strides recently.

Well how do you know it hasn't, pop? I said. We have to go passed Dr. Rorer's office in the next block, why dont you go in and find out? I said, and pop said, There's nothing narrow minded about me.

Meening he would.

Which he did, me going with him, and Dr. Rorer said to pop, Well, where have you been keeping yourself? How do you expect me to make a living if you dont drop in with an interesting simptom once in a while? he said.

Well, I'm here now, better late than never, pop said, and just then Dr. Rorer sneezed a fierce sneeze, and Pop said, Dont tell me you've got a cold, Dock?

I've got a prize winner, believe me, Dr. Rorer said, and pop said, What are you doing for it?

Oh, just sneezing regularly and giving myself frequent applications of handkerchiefs, Dr. Rorer said. What seems to be trubbling you? he said, and pop said, Oh nothing, not a thing, nothing at all. I just dropped in to show you how healthy I've been since I took those red pills of your about 3 years ago, he said.

Which just then he sneezed himself, saying, I better get out of here, I seem to be catching your cold.

And he sneezed twice more on the way out, saying, Hay, Dock, I could sue you for this.

And we kept on walking, me saying, G, pop, you just saved yourself a docter bill, and pop saying, And not only that, I didn't do my cold a bit of harm.

And he sneezed 3 times in a row to prove it.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

I visited a very interesting art exhibition yesterday.

And you know where? Not in an art gallery or a museum, but in the headquarters of the New York Bar Assn.

There were sixty paintings and sculptures—most of them good, some of them excellent, and all done by lawyers.

Harrison Tweed, president of the association and one of New York's best-known attorneys, showed three paintings. Elihu Root, Jr., a noted corporation lawyer and son of an illustrious father, had a delightful landscape called "Moonlight," and a number of other lawyers, whose business time is taken up with figures and facts and murderers and thieves, proved by their works that there is more to life than business.

* * *

In my many contacts with people in all walks of life I find an appalling lack of diversification.

The great majority of men and women dig themselves a rut in which they travel, and as they go along in life that rut gets deeper and deeper until it is so deep that they can't get out of it, nay, not even look over it.

* * *

Less than an hour ago I had a conversation with a very successful business man.

Starting with nothing 25 years ago, he now is a millionaire.

I wouldn't be in his shoes for anything.

"What do you really get out of life?" I asked him.

"Oh

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To live is not merely to breathe, it is to act; it is to make use of our organs, senses, faculties, of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of existence. The man who has lived longest is not the man who has counted most years but he who has enjoyed life most. Such a one was buried a hundred years old, but he was dead from his birth. He would have gained by dying young; at least he would have lived till that time. Rousseau.

HARD COAL STRIKE SETTLED

Very fortunate for Eastern Pennsylvania, and for that part of the country whose industrial economy depends upon hard coal, is the fact that the strike in the anthracite coal regions has been settled after only a week of idleness and loss of production.

The effect of the settlement of the soft coal strike was evident in the swifter coming to terms in the hard coal field. A pattern had been established in the first instance. To large degree it was followed in the new contract that the miners' battling leader, John L. Lewis, was able to secure from the operators. Most important element of that new contract is the inclusion of a health and welfare fund which will be administered by a board of trustees of three persons, two of whom will be named by Mr. Lewis. This fund, plus increases in miners' wages, is expected to cost the coal mining business about $70,000,000 per year.

But even with the new increases miners' wages will be nothing to brag about. Considering the hazards to health and safety of life and limb and the disagreeable factors in their work, miners never can be considered to be over-paid.

HOUSE OF SAVOY 'GETS THE AIR'

Victor Emmanuel, who had been Italy's king during two wars and earned no laurels in either one, abdicated the throne when he felt it tottering seriously during recent weeks. His son, Humbert II, who had taken over in the uncertain days preceding a popular election to determine whether Italy was to remain a monarchy or become a republic, had a very short stay upon the throne, for during the weekend the Italian people voted overwhelmingly for a republic.

Almost before the vote had been cast, Humbert announced he would go into exile in Portugal for it had become evident that the House of Savoy had fallen into disfavor in Italy; that a new day in Italian affairs had come. Humbert explained that he did not wish to remain and probably by his mere presence incite opposition to the republic.

That he judged correctly was evidenced yesterday when riots broke out in Southern Italy where the people for the most part (4 to 1) voted for the monarchy. The rabid elements paraded the streets, battled police who tried to maintain order and otherwise created a serious situation that is yet to be disposed of.

The Italians have yet to learn to abide by the will of the majority. Those in the south, where the monarchy was popular, apparently cannot understand that their votes were outnumbered by those in the north who voted just as preponderantly for the republic.

Thus the ancient differences between the people of north and south Italy are reemphasized. There is considerable ethnological difference between them and there have been temperamental differences, all of which have led to serious misunderstandings thruout the years. Only a strong government has been able to hold them together in the past. Only a strong government can hold them together in the present and prevent what easily could develop into two nations—a republic of Italians in the north and an Italian monarchy in the south.

X-RAY STUDIES' WIDE HELPFULNESS

While 86 per cent of all persons who were X-rayed during the month of May, in the course of the Lehigh County Tuberculosis society's effort to fight this disease, were found to be in normal healthy condition, something like 536 of the 3,744 pictures which were taken indicated some trouble, past or present, mild or serious.

Only 82 persons were found to be affected as to their lungs and, if they have followed instructions now are under medical care and should be able to make recovery. Other pictures revealed some persons with physical troubles not related to tuberculosis, but worthy of attention on the part of the victims. Among these are persons who discovered that they had foreign bodies in their lungs which should be removed. Others have abnormal outlires of the heart and therefore are advised to consult physicians as to that vital organ.

So it is to be seen that while the Tuberculosis society's work is along one specific line it is really aiding in many lines of disease. It is putting the people's money, gathered thru the Christmas Seal campaign, to work and it is bringing large and widespread benefits.

SURE MARKET FOR ALL POTATOES

Lehigh county potato farmers undoubtedly planned their season in the high confidence that business is going to be brisk for them and that they will be able to sell advantageously every potato that they can grow during the coming season.

In the first place there is the outlook for continuing world scarcity of food. To the degree that conditions are serious abroad, demand for potatoes at home will increase inasmuch as they will be asked to take the place in part of cereals in the American diet.

Even if conditions as to cereal crops abroad should improve greatly after the 1946 harvest, potatoes still are going to be in lively demand according to present outlook. The U. S. Department of Agriculture says American distillers are preparing to buy large quantities of potatoes to make alcohol and thus help themselves out during the period when there is restriction upon the use of grains for beers and whiskey-making.

Alcohol made from potatoes can serve as neutral spirits in blends of whiskeys and thus stretch production of an intoxicating beverage that is in such high demand.

And it is not to be overlooked that production of potato alcohol does not call for prime, graded tubers. While the housewife wants smooth, uniformly sized potatoes of high quality, the alcohol maker does not question appearance and size. All he is interested in is conversion of the potato's starch into alcohol.

Truman's Appointments

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 7.—All three major appointments just made by President Truman may be classified as "middle-of-the-road" so far as radicalism or conservatism is concerned.

The new chief justice, Fred Vinson, is by no means a conservative. He has played along with the New Deal in Congress. In the post of Secretary of the Treasury, however, he has not allowed the left-wingers to formulate national policy.

Nobody, of course, can foresee how the new chief justice will line up on questions of constitutionality, but he will probably tend to go along with the thinking of Justices Jackson and Frankfurter rather than Justices Black and Douglas.

In a sense it is not fair to classify any of the present justices as radicals or conservatives—for seven are Roosevelt appointees—but their decisions at times reveal, nevertheless, a certain political animus which causes many observers to think they are still living in the atmosphere of party politics.

Maybe Mr. Vinson will be able to harmonize the Supreme Court and keep it from making so many split decisions but this may be doubted. In the end there will be a grouping in the court consisting of Justices Frankfurter, Jackson, Burton and Murphy along with the new chief justice to constitute a majority. Justice Reed belongs in the group but he became so imbued with the viewpoint of the administrative side of the government when he served in the executive agencies that he almost always sides with the federal agency or department as against the citizen.

* * *

Broadly speaking, the basic issue in America is the encroachment of government on the rights and properties of the citizen. The trend toward confiscation has been growing. Maybe Chief Justice Vinson will head a new majority in the court to re-establish the rights of those who work through the years, save their money and expect to have their children enjoy the benefits of it without disturbance by an arbitrary Supreme Court which seems to change the rules at will.

If a new justice had to be chosen from Washington's officialdom, it was better that the selection be made, as it was, from the ranks of former members of Congress. It will be recalled that the late Chief Justice White was formerly a United States Senator. Also several members of the court have been chosen from Congressional ranks.

It is unfortunate, of course, that the court now has eight Democrats and one Republican. These members serve for life. It would have been better if Mr. Truman could have selected Judge John J. Parker or some other eminent Republican with a background of juristic experience.

As for the new Secretary of the Treasury, John W. Snyder, his appointment is not surprising. It has been believed ever since Mr. Truman took office that Mr. Snyder would eventually land in the Secretary of the Treasury's post. He has been much maligned recently by New Dealers. A systematic smear campaign has been directed against him though his only offense was to give to the President straight-forward advice which the New Dealers didn't like.

Mr. Snyder, therefore, remains not only an adviser to the President but he becomes the head of an important department. This is Mr. Truman's way of answering those who have been sniping at John Snyder.

With respect to the new Undersecretary of the Navy, John Sullivan of New Hampshire, the President could not have made a better appointment. Mr. Sullivan is a Democrat of the liberal school and served as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under the last Roosevelt administration. He is an able administrator and a conscientious public official and this correspondent suggested at the time of the Pauley appointment that the selection of Mr. Sullivan would have been a much wiser choice, especially since he is well liked in the Navy department where he is now serving as Assistant Secretary. He is one of the younger officials who has made good in Washington and when Secretary Forrestal evacuates the Navy job it is certain that Mr. Sullivan will succeed him.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CASE OF THE $10,000 BILL

Earl Browder, who has been expelled from the American Communist party of which for many years he was the leader, visited Moscow, where he was received as a big-shot. This makes it possible for the American Communists to say that they have no connections with Soviet Russia, are not members of the never-abandoned Third International, for actually Stalin loves him whom they despise.

Meanwhile, Earl Browder, now apparently a capitalist, has set up in the book business, receiving a monopolistic contract as the selling agent for Soviet publications in the United States. The deal was made with Mr. Lozovsky with whom Browder has had a long connection and friendship.

* * *

Earl Browder was once sent to China by the Profintern, which the aforesaid Lozovsky then headed. The Profintern was an International trade union body, established by Soviet Russia, of which the American affiliate was the Trade Union Educational League headed by William Z. Foster. This is the testimony before the Dies Committee:

"Mr. MATTHEWS. You never heard directly or indirectly that Mr. Browder had had considerable difficulty in getting that $10,000 bill exchanged into smaller denominations in the Orient?

"Mr. FOSTER. I heard it rumored around that he had difficulty in China; I heard that about it.

"Mr. MATTHEWS. That he had difficulty in getting a $10,000 bill exchanged into smaller denominations?

"Mr. FOSTER. I do not know what it was; I heard there was some difficulty."

Foster, having admitted that, then switched a little as follows:

"The CHAIRMAN. You said you heard it rumored around; that is, that he had some difficulty in getting the $10,000 bill changed?

"Mr. FOSTER. Yes.

"The CHAIRMAN. Is that correct?

"Mr. FOSTER. I said I heard it rumored around that he had some difficulty in China.

"The CHAIRMAN. In getting the $10,000 bill changed?

"Mr. FOSTER. The details I do not know."

And further, this colloquy appeared:

"Mr. MATTHEWS. Have you ever heard, by rumors or otherwise, that Mr. Browder entered a bank in Manila and tried to get the $10,000 bill changed; that the bank teller told him he would change it, but that he would have to leave it overnight; that he would receipt for it; and that meanwhile the bank would cable the United States Treasury, giving the serial number, and that upon receiving that advice from the bank teller Mr. Browder grabbed the $10,000 bill and rushed out of the bank and fled from Manila?

"Mr. FOSTER. That is all news to me.

"Mr. MATTHEWS. You do not know that Profintern closed up the entire apparatus of the China work because Mr. Browder went into a panic?

"Mr. FOSTER. I do not know that, not a thing about it. That is the first I ever heard of such a statement.

"Mr. MATTHEWS. You do not know that there is a record of this in the Treasury Department?

"Mr. FOSTER. There are many records in the Treasury Department that are not correct.

"Mr. MATTHEWS. Then this cablegram from the bank in Manila was forged?"

* * *

Now, I was in China during those years from 1924 to 1927 when Soviet Russia was conducting a revolution in that country. Browder was then one of the Russian agents, representing the Profintern, and lived generally at Woosung, outside of Shanghai, where he advised Chinese trade unionists in revolutionary tactics. I had ample opportunity to study these activities and found it difficult to understand how any American could support a group that used violence in driving American business men and missionaries out of China.

At that time there were many rumors in Shanghai that American banknotes of high denominations were being circulated in China to help pay the expenses of the revolution. At the time, the rumors varied as to the banknotes being genuine or forged. I never was able to trace the story down, although I worked on it for a long time. It was therefore interesting to read this testimony of Foster's about the $10,000 banknote, particularly as Browder is being assisted in his new capitalistic venture of selling Soviet books in this country by Lozovsky, who at the time of the Communist revolution in China headed the Profintern which Browder represented there.

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Pert and Pertinent

The most highly prized souvenir displayed by several Poles when they were repatriated from Scotland recently were the caps and gowns they wore when they graduated from Edinburgh university.

Kenya is arranging for British ex-prisoners and internees who have relatives in Kenya to spend sometime in the colony to recuperate.

Believed to be the world's smallest book, a volume about the size of a matchstick has been made by Sergeant M. Howman of Dartford, England, and presented to the British Museum.



DAS UNION ARCH

This poem was written by Henry Harbaugh during the Civil War when there were but thirty-four states. It appeared in THE GUARDIAN for August, 1862, but was not included in his collected poems published in 1870 as "Die Harfe."

Sehnst du sell Arch von vierundreisig Ste?
Un wescht du a was sell bedeuta dut?
Es stellt die Union vor, gar grieslich schoe;
Der Keystone in der Mit steht fesht un gut.

Sell Arch loss sei! — ke single Ste reg a;
Dort mus es steh bis Alles geht zu Nichs;
Wan Epper legt sei Treason Hend dort dra,
Den schiest m'r wie en Hund mit Minnie's Bichs.

Sell Arch is vesht cement mit Hertzensblut;
Es stant en harter Rebel Sturm, I'll bet;
"Verreist's!" kreisht aus die gans Sesession Brut—
Der Lincoln watcht sie close un losst sie net!

DER SCHNEIDER

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

Several days ago a man came out of a clothing store, bitterly complaining because he was unable to buy exactly what he wanted. Of course, he was only thinking of his own inconvenience. He probably did not realize that we are all in the same predicament in these post-war days. This is a reminder of how far our civilization has progressed from the days when practically all our needs were provided in our own homes or at least produced in our neighborhoods.

The original meaning of the word **tailor** is "one who cuts." A tailor, or **schneider,** was originally a person who cut cloth for some one else to make into clothing. The customer brought the cloth (which was generally homespun), the tailor cut it for him, and the women at home did the sewing. Of course, there were always homes in which no one could sew, so gradually the tailor came to do the complete job. All clothes were made to order. The ready-made clothing business, as we know it today, is almost entirely a development of the last three generations.

The first ready-made clothing stores were **second-hand** stores and were found in the larger cities, principally along the seacoast where they catered to sailors. These seamen had no homes and no wives to make their clothes, so they had to buy clothes already made as they were not in port long enough to have a tailor make them. When the demand for these clothes exceeded the supply available, the dealers had new clothes made up for sale of the cheapest material they could get. They did not expect their customers to come back into the same port again, so satisfied customers was what they least thought about. Therefore, this business acquired such an unenviable reputation that reliable merchants absolutely refused to have anything to do with the ready-made clothing business.

The real founder of the modern ready-made clothing business was John Wanamaker, a man of Pennsylvania German blood and at one time a president of the Pennsylvania German Society. Wanamaker risked his money and his career as a successful business man when he laid in a supply of ready-made suits made of reliable materials, which he expected to sell at honest prices. Other merchants were skeptical but Wanamaker's success came almost immediately and the fortune with which he later built his department store business was all built up from the ready-made clothing business. He opened his store in 1861, and the success of his store and of the hundreds of others that soon sprang up throughout the country marked the beginning of the end of the old-time country tailor, who was at one time as numerous as the village blacksmith.

The account book of Johannes Krumm (1802-1892) of Heidelberg Township, Lehigh Co., for the years 1848 to 1870, throws an interesting light on the passing days of this trade. The following are a few entries taken from his book:

James Kemmerer		
February 1850	Wammes und Brustduch geschnieden	.24
Jenner 1851	Ein Rok gemacht Willen duch	1.80
	dito Ein Brustduch geschnieden	.06
	dito Ein Schnall darzu geben	.02
	dito Ein Par Hossen geschnieden	.06
Juni 151	2 streng Netz	.02
	Ein Halb bogen baum woll	.06
Johannes Krumm, Junior		
Mertz 1851	Ein Rok gemacht Sek rok	1.10
	dito Ein Seyden Brustduch gemacht	.66
Monro Sensinger		
Jenner 1852	Ein Par hossen geneht	.70
	dito ein brustduch gemacht, seyden	.70
	dito ein Schnall	.02
Stieben Ebert		
Mertz 1852	Ein Rok geflikt und ½ streng Seyden	.15
Abraham Riedy		
April 1852	Ein Rok gemacht	3.00
	dito 3 Streng Netz	.03
Ruben Kotz		
Juli 1853	Ein Par hossen geschnieden mit leining	.08
Heinrich Fritz		
October 1853	Ein Wammes verkauft	1.00
Abraham Fenstermacher		
November 1853	Ein Par Welbert hossen gemacht	.60
	dito Ein Hut verkauft	1.00
Mertz 1854	dito 2 Par Welberd hossen geschnieden	.12
Johannes Krum		
Jenner 1854	Ein Rok rum gemacht	.40
Abraham Riedy		
August 1854	Ein brustduch geflikt	.10
Elias Riedy		
December 1854	Eni Rok rum gemacht	1.87
	dito Netz und Warding	.18
September 1855	Ein Rok auf gefixt	.06
Andres Friedsinger		
February 1857	Ein Wammes gemacht	.90
	dito Ein par hossen gemacht dobelt geleind	.50
Heinrich Fritz		
August 1858	Eni Weis hemd gemacht	.25
February 1859	Ein bloh hemd gemacht	.25
Daniel Krumm		
Jenner 1859	Ein Wammes geschnieden	.08
Abraham Riedy		
February 1861	Ein brustduch geneht	.60
	dito Ein Rok verandert	.25
Elias Friedsinger		
Jenner 1855	Ein ober Rok gemacht	2.00
William Kerschner		
Mertz 1862	3 brustdicher geschnieden	.10
	4 Rek geschnieden	.50
Georg Krumm		
Mertz 1861	Ein par hossen gemacht mit leining	.55
	Ein halb Jard moslin	.09
Stefen Ebert		
Jenner 1865	2 Sek in sein Rok gemacht	.18
Jonas Sensinger		
Mertz 1867	Ein par hossen gemacht Willen	.75
	dito 3 Streng Netz dazu geben	.03
Edward Krumm		
December 1867	Ein halbleinen Rok gemacht	1.25

Practically all of Krumm's tailoring was done during the winter months. In the days when a man's Sunday suit lasted practically a lifetime, there was not enough business to make a living on tailoring alone and all these country tailors also farmed some land. For additional income, Krumm also operated a small applejack distillery.

Krumm's prices varied very little during the 22-year period, even though the latter years were in the time of the post-Civil War greenback inflation, when prices in towns and cities skyrocketed. Inflation apparently did not reach the base of the Blue Mountain.

Brustduch	—geschnieden	4 to 6 cents
	—gemacht	45 to 65 cents, silk 10 cents higher
Hossen	—geschnieden	3 to 6 cents
	—gemacht	40 to 65 cents
Rok	—geschnieden	10 to 15 cents
	—gemacht	1.10 to 3.00

On approximately one-half the trousers and vests, Krumm did only the cutting and the sewing was done at home. Of the coats, which were more difficult to sew, he finished approximately two-thirds.

These prices appear very cheap but when you consider what a man earned in a day in those times, you find that, if anything, they are a little higher than what you would expect to pay today. In Krumm's time a day's wages of a farm laborer were 45 to 50 cents. Therefore, to buy a complete outfit of coat, vest and pants, a man had to work from 4 to 9 days, and this does not count the cost of the material which the man had to furnish himself. Today a laborer gets about ten times as much per day, but he still has to work about the same number of days to pay for a suit. This only illustrates how our money has been inflated over a long period of years and that when you come to buy anything it still takes the same amount of sweat on a man's brow.

Krumm used the word **brustduch** for **vest,** although the common Pennsylvania German word for vest is **brustlappe.** Although Krumm's customers were all farmers, some had their vests made of **seyden** and their breeches of **welbert** (velvet).

An interesting observation is that in the 22 years covered by Krumm's record there is mentioned only one overcoat, but he made plenty of pants that were **geleind** or **dobelt geleind.**

Der Heffner Im Pulwerdaal

'M Thomas Stahl zum Aadenke (1863 — 1942)

vum RUSSELL W. GILBERT



Im Pulwerdaal geht's haerrlich zu,
Dart haerrscht die Freede unni Ruh:
Der Heffner kummt yo g'faahre
Freehlich froh mit gudi Aerd,
Die ihm iss goldeschee un waert.

Lange dausend Yohr zerick
Der liewe Haerrgott wie im Blick
Vum Himmel runnerg'faahre,
Hot goldni Aerd in die Welt gelegt
Un dann sich nuff zum Himmel bewegt.

"Du, Helfer, schaffscht die Aerd far mich!
Gans feicht, doch net zu wasserich!
Mir iss sie meh als Lehme;
Du musscht sie maahle in de Miehl,
Uff Balle rolle wie im G'schpiel."

Land un Wasser—Wasser, Land,
Sunne, Schtaerne, Gottes Verschtand;
Die Yohre zeitlos vergehne,
Licht un Dunkel, Daag un Nacht,
Verennring darrich Gott vollbracht.

Noh geht die g'schaffne Aerd uffs Raad;
Es grechst un brummt un lacht aa graad.
Was soll des doch do gewwe?
Der Heffner macht der Boddem nei.
Will des en gans glee Heffli sei?

Grie Grass un Graut un Baem in Blieh,
Gediere, Feggel, Fisch un Vieh,
Der liewe Gott duhn lowe;
Die Schepfung iss dem Schepfer gut;
Doch hot die Welt ken Menschebliut.

Es Raad geht rum un widder rum;
Der Heffner kimmert sich aa drum,
Was aus der Aerd soll warre.
Er gnotscht, er schiebt, er drickt, er dreht
Mit feichte Hend, ya alle beed.

Die sin begaabt mit Gottes Kunscht,
Wie in alle Welt nix schunscht,
Es brummt un grechst noch immer;
Der Scheiwekopp geht rum un rum,
Der Heffner schmunselt friedlich schtumm.

Es Weltraad geht noch immer rum,
Aa kimmert sich der Haerrgott drum,
Was aus der Aerd soll waerre:
Es soll rauskumme 'n Gottesbild,
En Mensch nooch Gottes Wunsch aerfillt.

Der Boddem ziegt der Heffner ruff
Un macht der Knechelzuck graad druff;
Es Heffli iss hart am Browiere.
Der Ranf kummt draa, der Bauch kummt raus,
Es Heffli kann sich blessiere.

Mann un Fraa, zwee Mensche frei,
Aus Gott un seinre Heffnerei,
Sie misse sich hart wehre;
Im Lewe laerne Mensch un Gott
Zu ehre, net yuscht allegbott.

Do schteht's feicht Heffli nackich kiehl,
Gebore im Heffner seinre Miehl;
Schtols un langsam drickelt's.
Im Offe muss es g'feiert sei
Mit Hols gebrennt, glessurt debei.

Der Offe der Aerfaahring brennt
Die Mensche, die glessurt am End
Im Himmel lewe kenne;
Der Dod mit Sens in Hand kummt schnell
Un schlagt zu Schtaab es Menscheg'schtell.

Es wachse Deller aus der Aerd,
Schissle, Heffe—die sin's waert!
Lauter scheene Sache
Kumme aus 'm Offe raus,
Verlangt vum Mann im Kunschtehaus.

"Die Schissel iss aus Aerd gemacht,
Wer sie verbrecht, der waerd verlacht,
So laut en aldes Schprichwart,
Schissle, Luschdichkeet un Boi,
Die g'heere zamme Roi uff Roi.

"Do sitz ich an meim Schweiwekopp
Un meen ich waer en aarmer Dropp
Un kennt nix Scheenes mache;
Die Hoffning iss verlore—fart!
Ich hab nix meh, yuscht's Heffli dart!"

Der Schadde vun seim Zweiwel kummt
Un macht aus ihm en Mensch verschtummt;
Sei Aage blicke nunner.
Die Sunn guckt an 'me Fenschder rei,
Sie meent un meent es kennt net sei.

Sie setzt sich uff en Glumpe Gold
Un sitze bleibt sie wie sie g'wollt;
Der Heffner laaft noh niwwer
Un hebt die goldne Aerd uffs Raad
Un des iss was er laut hot g'saat:

Du Glumpe Aerd! Musscht wachse schee,
Geduldich in en Heffli glee.
Dann bleibt die Sunn do hocke;
Ich bin der Heffner, der sei Graft
Aus Gott un seinre Aerd aerschafft.

O Gott, ich bin die blosse Aerd,
Net schee, net gut, ken bissli waert;
O du, du grosser Kinschdler,
Setz mich uffs Raad, o mach mich Mensch,
Frei, lieblich, gross, barmhaerzich, gut,
Un freindlich schee mit deinre Glut!"

O Heffner aus der Aerd gemacht,
Vun Gott gelobt un gut bedracht
Vun annre, die dich liewe,
Du hoscht schee g'scheppt aus Brunne dief
'ne Aerwetsgraft, mit Hende schief.

Es Raad geht rum un immer rum,
Un dann uff eemol iss es schtumm,
Ach, Gott hot ihn gerufe;
Der Heffner losst die Aerwet schteh,
Er guckt im Dod noch in die Heeh.

Es menschlich Lewe, grank Gewiehl,
Es g'faehrlich Schtrewe, Zank un G'schpiel,
Die falle all minanner;
Der Dod greift zu un hot dich fescht
Un schwingt dich hoch zum Himmelsnescht.

Doch lebscht du, liewer Heffner, fart
In unsre Haerzer, dir gedrei;
Der Mensch waerd Aerd, die Aerd waerd Mensch,
So soll es aa noch ewich sei,
Es Raad geht rum un immer rum.
Lewendiche Kunscht im Weltgebrumm!

(The writer is indebted to Isaac Stahl, brother of Thomas Stahl, for dialect terms relating to the potter's craft.)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Konadaw Fisha

Etlicha wocha tzurick wor 'n aryie tzeit drowwa in Konadaw, wie der Mayor Pfeifle, der Nate Fritch, der Merrit Kreidler, un der gabeier inshpector Walter "Straussy" Strausburg, ol fon Bedlahame, darta owwa nous worra fisha. Sie gaina ols inna kabin aryads nagshd on Messines, un hen 'n aryer guter blotz fer onna gae. Der "Straussy" is ols die koch, un die weil os sie ol guta Pennsylfawnish Deitscha sin, is es leicht tzu denka, os es blenty laves middle nembt. Des sin dale fon da socha os sie mit ganumma hen fer libe un sale bei nonner halta bis sie widder tzurick kumma sin, Hoffa kase, lodwarick, kuttlefleck, shunka flaish, sida shpeck, si fees, 'n bind'l ux shwentz, frish un g'shmokda wersht, tzwivla, gnovloch, anda oyer, koffie, ponna kucha male, un noch 'n gonser lebdawg onnerra socha. Oh yar, sie hen aw etlicha kase coco cola mit ganumma weil der Nate Fritch nix shunshd drink'd wie sel, won er fon hame gait.

Da airshda owet hen sie rivel sup, lodwarick, un shunka flaish un oyer kotta fer supper. Sie hen ol wunners gamaint wos fer guter koffie os der "Straussy" gamocht het, un wos hen sie net ol koffie gadrunka. Noh wie er gonga is fer nocha mohl 'n kon fol mocha, hut der "Fritchy" 'n gawatch'd, un wos denk n'r os er gaduh hut? Er hut 'n tae leffel fol shnops tzu yader 'm kupchie koffie gaduh, uns wor gore ken wunner os die onnerra gamaint hen der koffie wear so wunnerbore gute.

Der kabin wor net so gute ei garicht, un hen ols nous in die hecka gamist woh die bush micka un mushkeeters tzimlich shlim worra. Fer sella socha fohr kumma hen sie ebbes fon so ma boxa waisa gawainlich gakent ols 'n kommode, nei baua lossa, un woh bardich handich rei kumma is wie der Kreidler der Mayor bolvierra hut wolla mit 'm butcher messer, un hen ken shtuhl kot fer 'm druf hucka.

Aenicha waig, der Mayor hut fer die airshda drei dawg ken saelicher fish g'fonga, un hen endlich ous gamocht 's wear, weil er net gabolviert wear-er hut waricklich 'n recht shoffender bocka board kot. Ol hen g'sawt der board mist ob, un die weil os es fuftzae mile wor tzum nagshda hoarschnidder un bolvierrer, hut der Kreidler g'sawt er kent 'n bolvierra. Ow'r bis es recht druf un draw kumma is, hut kenner ken bolvier messer kot, noh hut der "Straussy" 's butcher messer gawetzt, woh 'm Mayor net tzu gute aw g'shtonna hut. Endlich hen sie 'n ow'r doch fershwetzt, un er hut sich uf die kommode k'huck'd, un der Kreidler hut 'm sei longie weissie nocht aw fer 'n barber shartz. Noh wie er 'n gute ei g'sham'd hut kot mit "lifeboy" safe, is er iwwer 'n har mit 'm butcher messer, un hut 'n so glot gabolviert wie n shpeck 'shwort, un hut 'n yusht ae mohl abissel g'schnidda. Da nagshda dawg hut der Mayor shtarta fish fonga os es recht gabrumm'd hut.

Ow'r grawd so'n guter bolvierrer os der Kreidler is, so arrick shnarricks'd er won er shloaft. Die barichda sin, er het ols g'shnarricks'd os die fenshter sheiva garobb'd hetta. Un oh yar, der "Straussy" hut aw so guter tzalawdt gamocht mit kuttlefleck, aesich, knovloch, un si fees. Shtondhoft wie so'n kosh'd wie sel sei sot, wors doch net nagshd ganunk fer der Nate Fritch nochts warm halta im bed. Fer deck shpora, hut er ols drei paar hossa aw, 'n sweater, 'n ruck, unna iwwerruck, un noch 'n paar bloea iwwer hussa darta driwwer aw in blotz fon ra nocht hut.

Ae morya hut der Kreidler so shaina yunga ketzelcher g'sehna, un woh er mit aller gawolt fonga hut wolla fer sie mit hame nemma. Der "Straussy" hut sich ow'r gahairich uf gablosa un g'sawt, "hunds bohna nembshd fon sella mit hame, sel sin ken ketzelcher, sel sin yunga biskotza."

Bis sie ready worra fer hame gae, hen sie 'n ordlichie lot fish bei nonner kotta, so wohl wie 'n shnapper, unna lavendicher bossum. Der bossum hut sich ow'r gahairich ungleidlich gamocht im kar, noh hen sie 'n hinna in der trunk tzum shnapper un da fish. Bis sie hame kumma sin, weiss der tzushtond won der ketzer sich net in die fish box g'shoft hut kotta, un hut drei fon da shanshda fish g'fressa kot.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Mohl ains fon da tzeita, wons noch net wor, gebts garoashder bossum un shnapper sup in Bedlahame, un woh sie sawga, der "Straussy" wear aw "Die Kats kommona," fer socha wie sel rishda.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the girls in our office looked very dejected this morning.

She is only 20 years old, and 20-year-old youngsters shouldn't be dejected, even on a Monday.

So I asked her what the matter was. And this is what Jane told me:

"I am engaged to be married to a very nice boy who has recently got out of the service.

"He loves me and I love him, but he won't marry me until he makes enough money to support me.

"I am perfectly willing to go on working, but he doesn't want his wife to work. Being a wife—and maybe some day a mother—is enough of a job in his opinion.

"I can't make him change his mind, although I told him that this is a modern world and there is nothing wrong about a woman working after marriage.

"And frankly, I think it's his pride as much as anything else that keeps him from marrying me now."

* * *

At this point Jane started to cry and between sobs, asked me what I thought about it. She was sure that her fiance would accept my opinion and act accordingly.

"Why don't you ask Beatrice Fairfax or Mary Haworth?" I asked her. "Those women know more about marriage and love problems than I do."

"No, he wouldn't listen to them," she said, "he says women can't tell a man what to do."

Well, I told Jane about my own case.

When I met my wife I didn't make enough money to support the two of us, and my wife was working.

But we were very much in love with each other, so pride or what the neighbors would say didn't enter into the matter at all.

All we knew that it was spring and that spring in the life of boys and girls comes only once.

* * *

And we had all the cocksureness and self-confidence which only youth possesses—youth which knows no obstacles or handicaps.

So we got married, and my wife kept on working until I made enough money to support her.

We skimped and pared and went without things, and her cooking was miserable and we ate in many a cheap restaurant, and on Sundays we took rides on trolley cars and buses, and we went to cheap movies and when we went to see a play we sat in the gallery.

* * *

Now we are what you would call prosperous, and my wife recently discovered some gray in her hair and mine is getting thin.

But what do you think we talk about more than anything else, now that it is early fall in our lives?

Those days of skimping and paring and doing without—those days of spring and those moonlight evenings when we could afford only to sit on a park bench and dream.

Would we do it again?

You bet we would—even if we were more broke than we were then!

(Copyright, 1946)

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

We were going to have liver and cnions in pop's honor Saturday, and I was taking a walk with him in the afternoon on account of him wanting his appetite to be perfect, and we started to go passed the bank and pop said, Oh, I've got a little check that needs cashing, and this looks like as good a chance as any. The modern bank is a great institution. A man can walk in off the street, and if's got an honest face they'll hand him over real money for a little scrap of paper, he said.

And we went up the steps and in the bank, and pop went to a little window marked Paying Teller with a man behind it looking as he was looking out of a prison, and pop slid his check underneeth the brass bars, saying, Will you cash this, please? and the man picked it up slow and looked on both sides of it, saying, You're William P. Potts?

Thats right, pop said, and the man said, Is this your endorsement?

Absulutely, pop said, and the man said, Do you have an account here?

Why, no, pop said, and the man said, Do you know of any of the officials here?

Well no, I can't say I do, although I'm sure they're all very nice, pop said. I live practically around the corner and I can show you my driver's license and my pearl handle pen knife, he said, and the man said, But you say you have no account here?

I'd be the first to admit it if I had, pop said. It's a nicely shaped little bank with just enough marble steps leeding up to it to give your depositors a feeling of importance without tiring them out. If you'd like me to lend you a half doller I'd be pleased to oblige you. You can pay me back any time you're passing the house, or I'll stop in here and collect it some time if the doorman will let me through, he said.

The result being the man gave pop 7 dollars and 40 cents for the check still looking sispicious, and pop didn't lend him anything.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Today's Text

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

Acts 7:44-8:13

This section of the chapter begins with a reference to the last part of Exodus, where we read of the construction of the Tabernacle at the base of Mt. Sinai. This was a movable structure, taken by Israel with them through their wilderness wanderings, brought across the Jordan, and erected at Shiloh, which became the religious center of the country for some years. Jesus, in v. 45, is Joshua, as also in Heb. 4:8. The Greek has no 'sh' sound, hence cannot write the Hebrew name Joshua as such. The possession of the Gentiles in the same verse means Canaan. Stephen accuses Israel of having killed the prophets, v. 52, thus rejecting God the Father; of having slain the Just One (Jesus), same verse; and of still resisting the Holy Ghost, v. 51. This is a very serious passage, because it officially declares Israel's final rejection of the Trinity. A few years later Jerusalem is destroyed completely, and the Jews scattered among all the nations, still rejecting their Messiah, and suffering frightfully. They killed Stephen by stoning him as he exclaims "Behold, I see heaven opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God," as if to receive the first Christian martyr. 'Stephen' means a crown. His last words, vs. 59 and 60, he may have heard Jesus use while hanging on the cross. Note the first mention of Saul (Paul in v. 58.

Horoscope

You are just and ambit

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The best antidote against evils of all kinds, against the evil thoughts that haunt the soul, against the needless perplexities which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words and prayers and deeds. Little doubts will not avail against great certainties. Fix your affections on things above, and then you will less and less be troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth. Stanley.

THIRTY PER CENT FALL IN WAGES

Effects of voluntary and involuntary idleness in local industry are shown in the report of the Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank for the month of April. This reveals that 19 per cent fewer persons were employed at that time in the Allentown area of three counties than there were in April of 1945.

Even more serious is the indication that those persons who are employed are working fewer hours per week and are therefore receiving less wages than an equal number of persons working during April, 1945, earned and put into business circulation. The figures in both these matters is 30 per cent under the figures for 1945.

Such losses are very serious. While there undoubtedly was much resort to savings during the period and this cushioned the effect of the 30 per cent loss to business in general, it can be foreseen that savings will not last indefinitely. Resumption of production with increase in employment and in employe-hours is necessary. The sooner it can be achieved the better for business and general happiness in this area.

PRECAUTION AGAINST POLIO

It is timely to consider the advice of Dr. Frederick Bausch, city physician, as to preventive measures which may halt any incidence of infantile paralysis in this community during the current season of the year which appears to be most favorable for the occurrence of cases of this disease.

The scientists are not absolutely certain as to the character and characteristics of poliomyelitis. They are certain that it is a germ disease and so they advise the following precautions:

Avoid use of possibly contaminated water for drinking, swimming or washing utensils.

Avoid exhaustion from exertion or chilling.

Avoid injury to the delicate lining of nose and throat.

Avoid unnecessary contact with other people; wash hands carefully before eating and don't put unclean objects in the mouth.

Destroy flies and their breeding places; wash all fruits and vegetables before eating; maintain sanitary conditions.

Following these rules may not be an absolute assurance against infection but they are so sound that if they do not prevent polio absolutely, they certainly promote ways of life that will not encourage the disease nor permit others that are known to be contracted thru unsanitary habits.

CEMENT DUST PROBLEM AIRED

The problem of dust from cement mills in the Coplay-Northampton-Bath area, as brought to a head by the boro council of Northampton, promises to be solved within reasonable time according to the indications given at a meeting in Howertown on Thursday night.

Cement dust is not new to the region north of Allentown. It was a problem in the early days of the industry. It was one of the disadvantages that came in the wake of great advantages for the people of that section. It was a problem that management in cement quite as eagerly desired to solve as the population of the cement region desired that it be solved. But it took a good many years to find the scientific solution for the problem which science had created.

So, today, it appears that the officials of the various mills desire to eliminate dust. They themselves do not desire to work in it and be subject to its discomforts and inconveniences. They do not want it inflicted upon their neighbors.

But today they are working with new processes in cement manufacture. These processes are as diametrically opposite as the two terms "dry" and "wet." These two terms picturesquely describe the change that has come about in cement manufacture. Effort is being made thru engineering studies to find ways of eliminating dust. And just as when it was learned years ago how to control the dust problem, the process was found to produce a commercially profitable article, so it is conceivable that when the current problem is solved, it will result in direct as well as indirect advantage to the industry.

IS INSURANCE COVERAGE SUFFICIENT?

While a recent large and startling fire prompted many persons to examine the face value of the fire insurance policies on their properties and resulted in discovery by many persons that such policies were highly inadequate to cover their losses in event of fire, it is pertinent to suggest that all property owners make such examination and then speedily take action if the examination proves unsatisfactory.

Allentown's committee on fire prevention and safety of the Chamber of Commerce is urging upon all its members that they take the warning that was offered by the Rialto fire. It will be good if all property owners, whether members of the C. of C. or not, will take the advice which is based upon a recent report issued by the insurance department of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. Pointing out that all insurance is based on dollars, this report says:

"Everyone is aware of high costs, rising values and the lower purchasing power of the dollar. Yet many do not realize that these increased values are leaving their homes and property without sufficient fire and other kinds of insurance. If a home or other building is destroyed or badly damaged by fire, the replacement costs of steel, brick, concrete, lumber, plumbing, heating, electrical work, roofing, painting and decorating will be at current market prices. All of these items require labor to create and labor to install. Labor costs, too, are up and give every indication of going higher."

What does this advance in replacement costs amount to in Allentown? Well, the Allentown Chamber of Commerce, following a recent study announces increase in costs of building and materials and labor since 1939 of forty per cent. The sources of this information indicate a conviction that they are bound to go still higher.

So the best advice to property owners is to check as to insurance policies. As the old saying puts it: It is better to be safe than to be sorry.

Contradictory Messages

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Hypocrisy is a mild word to apply to the political chicanery whereby officially worded messages and documents nowadays seek to mislead the American people.

Despite the protestations of sincerity and fair-mindedness which characterize their self-appraisals, many of our public men continue to make statements which upon analysis are revealed as transparently contradictory.

This week, President Truman used the following language in his message vetoing the Case bill:

"We are not faced with a decision of choosing between this legislation and no legislation at all. It is more properly a choice between this particular bill and a more adequate and more inclusive solution of the problem."

Yet if the President has the slightest knowledge of the legislative situation on Capitol Hill, he must know that there will be no legislation on labor questions at this session of Congress if he continues to exercise his veto power.

* * *

The next bill to come before him will be his own proposal for emergency legislation empowering him to seize properties in essential industries when a major strike occurs. But that proposal may have in it a substantial part of the Case bill and this means another Presidential veto, according to intimations from authoritative quarters. As long, therefore, as Mr. Truman insists upon a two-thirds vote of both Houses as the only means of getting labor legislation enacted, there will be none. Yet he gives the country the impression that he really expects to be given an opportunity to consider corrective legislation to stop strikes and help solve labor disputes. Mr. Truman had the opportunity to correct some of the abuses in the Wagner law and ignored it.

In another paragraph of this week's veto message occurs this language:

"In 1943, in the heat of a controversy over a stoppage of war production in the coal mines, the Congress passed the war labor disputes act, more commonly known as the Smith-Connally act. In his veto message of June 25, 1943, President Roosevelt warned the Congress that the strike vote provisions of section 8 of the Smith-Connally act would not lessen but would promote industrial strife. That prediction was fully borne out by subsequent events. It is my belief that a similar result would follow the approval of this bill."

The foregoing gives the passing reader the impression that the Smith-Connally law has been a useless law. It doesn't tell the people that Mr. Truman himself lifted bodily the main section of the Smith-Connally law and inserted it in the emergency bill which he transmitted to Congress for enactment a week ago Saturday when the rail strike had paralyzed the nation's economy. He does not tell the country that virtually all the seizures of property and operations by the government of plants where labor disputes occurred have been conducted under authority given by the same Smith-Connally law.

A glance at the executive orders recently seizing the railroads and the coal mines will refresh the President's memory as to the value of the Smith-Connally law because that statute is specifically mentioned as the basis of his orders of seizure.

* * *

Why does Mr. Truman then mislead the public by such statements as are quoted from his message? He doesn't do so intentionally, of course. Mr. Truman doesn't study these questions himself. He probably didn't write very much of that veto message. He calls for memoranda from associates and takes the language they give him. Doubtless if he gave personal study to these questions, he would realize how contradictory some of his comments have been, but he is too busy and too harassed by public duties to do it and apparently his advisers are not as mindful of the impression created by their ambiguous words, such as quoted above, as they should be.

Confidence in the candor of governmental spokesmen is essential to a continued faith in representative government. But the Truman veto message does not increase such confidence. Its contradictions merely confirm a growing impression that the man in the White House is just playing politics in a misguided belief that this is the way toward a continuance in public office.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CONSPIRACY OF WICKEDNESS

The Jackson-Black feud spotlights a conspiracy of wickedness to reduce American institutions to the will of a small, aggressive political group that, having achieved power by the accidents of 1932, devoted themselves to self-perpetuation in power.

American political theory has acknowledged the two-party system in the organization of committees in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, in the laws requiring bi-partisan appointments to commissions, in the traditional bi-partisan appointments to the Supreme Court bench and in a thousand details of political action.

The New Dealers rejected that concept as they did the wisdom of oft changes in the political complexion of the Government. Very early in his career, Henry Wallace said that his party would remain in power 40 years, which was more modest than Hitler's boast of a thousand years of Nazism. And while, at the time, men laughed at Henry, as they so often do, the fact remains that the New Deal group has managed to be in power now for 13 years by devices so corruptive of the spirit of American institutions so devoid of honesty of purpose and dignity of action that they have actually succeeded in reducing the stature of the constitutional agencies devised to safeguard the freedoms of the people by limiting the power of the Executive.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt's personal popularity and his brilliant use of the device of the emergency gave him an authority over Congress unequaled in our history. He developed what came to be known as "must" legislation—a mechanism for putting through the Congress bills, not prepared by Congress but by his own bureaucrats, at such a speed and in such profusion as to make due consideration and debate impossible. Congress, for years, came to be known as the President's rubber stamp.

This, by itself, reduced the stature of Congress in the eyes of the public. The New Dealers then utilized the smear. Motion pictures were prepared ridiculing members of Congress. Actors and vaudevillians were encouraged to poke fun at Congressmen, reaching an apogee in the clowning of Zero Mostel, who mouthed sounds but not words in an imitative address of a representative of the people to the amusement of the multitude who did not recognize that they were laughing at their own political funeral.

In the ultimate object of substituting an intellectual elite bureaucracy for the chosen representatives of the people, the New Deal ultimately failed, thanks to the courage and patriotism of Southern Democrats and inspired Republicans who, composing their differences, stood together for constitutional government in the United States. When Mr. Roosevelt attempted to purge the members of his own party who, while not opposing his proposals, insisted upon the coeval rights of Congress, the people defeated the purge and the "Rubber Stamp" Congress ceased to be a political auto-da-fe.

Similarly, the New Dealers attempted to destroy the stature of the Supreme Court. The first step in this direction was the court-packing proposal in 1937. Public opinion met that challenge courageously. That was followed by the appointment to the Court of insignificant and unfit men of whom Hugo Black was one. The Court, under Mr. Roosevelt's appointments, was to have become a political instrument of the Executive, an agency of political action. No Republican, no conservative was appointed to the Bench by Mr. Roosevelt, although American tradition requires a balance between the parties and among varying points of view.

* * *

Theoretically this should have resulted in a Court that was an appendage to the team of Corcoran and Cohen. Actually, as the Judges mellowed and matured, some of them recognized the dignity of their positions and the inviolability of their oaths and the Court fell into the traditional division between conservatives and radicals, Mr. Justice Frankfurter leading the conservatives, and Hugo Black leading the radicals.

A further device was employed to lessen the dignity of the Court, namely, the employment of Justices in administrative positions and for political action, a characteristic victim being Mr. Justice Jackson.

This conspiracy of wickedness is failing but the damage it has already done to American life is terrifying. The Jackson-Black feud gives the country an opportunity to ventilate a great evil.

(Copyright, 1946)



An Attempted Kidnapping of the Governor's Son

(The following thrilling narrative appeared in the Selinsgrove Times-Tribune for Oct. 19, 1944. It was prepared by Dr. George F. Dunkelberger and Dr. Russell W. Gilbert, both of the Faculty of Susquehanna University.)

While Simon Snyder, a resident of Selinsgrove, was the Governor of Pennsylvania (1809-1817), an attempt was made to kidnap the Governor's youngest son, Antes Snyder.

The proposed scheme of kidnapping the Governor's son was an infamous attempt to intimidate the Governor to grant a pardon to a man convicted of murder. A certain disreputable woman by the name of Mrs. Anna Baker Carson Smith, whose husband was under sentence of death for the murder of her former husband, started from Philadelphia for Selinsgrove, with two or three hired criminals recently liberated from the penitentiary, with the intent and purpose of abducting Antes Snyder, then a lad in school, and holding him as a hostage until her husband was pardoned. The plot was discovered by friends of the Governor, and they succeeded in conveying the information to him before it could be carried out. That was in a day when there was no Board of Pardons and the Governor alone had the exclusive power to grant pardons.

Just recently the attention of the Snyder County Historical Society was called to an article in **Der Neue, Amerikanische Landwirtschafts Calendar** for 1877 — a shorter title being **Der Neue Reading Calendar**, under the caption of "Versuchter Kindes-Raub im Hause des Gouvernor Simon Snyder." The following is a translation of the story as recorded in the Reading Almanac for 1877, about the attempted kidnapping.

The translation is reproduced because it provides interesting details about this unfortunate affair. For the translation of the article, the Historical Society is indebted to Dr. Russell W. Gilbert, professor of German, Susquehanna University. There doesn't seem to be any way of verifying some of the details. In some respects they are at variance with the data usually accepted as the facts of the case. The following is the translation:

. . . But while the high-spirited Governor, in the midst of official duties at Lancaster, and his no less patriotic wife, in the midst of her family circle in the beautiful homestead along the shore of the graceful Susquehanna River, were thinking only of the common weal and exerting all their energies and influence upon their surroundings solely for the general welfare of the State and the Nation, the cruel hand of wicked infamy was plotting to steal under cover of night into the peaceful family circle of the Governor and to abduct and kidnap from it the fairest and most beloved of the children, the youngest son, a lad of ten years, who was enjoying his simple instruction in the solitary "Schulhaus an der Creek" with the other children of the neighborhood.

Hunter's Falls was at that time the name of a bus Ferry Station with service across the Susquehanna River ten miles above Harrisburg. On the evening of August 30 (1814 according to this account) the frequenters of the neighborhood were sitting as usual on the benches before the inn, waiting for the mail-coach, when Squire Montgomery arrived on foot unexpectedly with two strangers whose exterior seemed so suspicious that they were taken by the hotel proprietor, Mr. Wallace Hunter, for arrested defendants rather than for plaintiffs. Because of their coming with the Squire, one of the most important and respected persons in the region, all suspicious comments were made in a mere undertone by those sitting out-of-doors when the Squire, with his customary serious "Good evening all," led his strange guests past them and without delay into the taproom. Here he presented them to the proprietor, who alone had followed, as two mounted couriers from Harrisburg to Selinsgrove. They had brought him important papers . . . and wore such poor clothes purposely in order to arouse no sensation. Mr. Hunter welcomed them and a powerful, genuine and repeated free-mason handshake immediately gave him the hint that he was not dealing with scoundrels. "Besides," said the Squire to Hunter, "to the people here these strangers must be passed off for criminals; if someone asks, say that they have been accused of horse thievery, and my neighbors John Spiess and Myer Fritz have gone bail for them for $200 under the condition that they may have the horses and carriage as surety, a thing which I have permitted." To the strangers, who had listened carefully, Mr. Hunter gave a free-mason greeting with a smile and then said to the Squire: "I understand you are all waiting for the mail-coach. I shall help you in every respect." He then called his porter and had him place two old chairs in front of the inn for "the two strange tramps"; later he told the porter privately that he and one or two of his best comrades should keep a slight eye on them. That was enough to establish the conviction, in a very short time, among the small group surrounding the inn in expectation of the post-chaise, that here were two rogues . . .

The sun was sinking behind the blue hills, and the deep red evening glow which was reflected in the stream was already beginning to disappear, when suddenly the cry resounded: "Here they come!" It was the Harrisburg Stage, filled again as usual, with an extra coach (on a posting line) for extra passengers and heavy baggage. When they came rattling along at the hotel, it was already dusk, and lanterns had to be lighted. Various inhabitants of the vicinity got out and were welcomed by their waiting friends and directed to the ready carriages for the trip home. Noise, din, loud calls and turmoil reigned everywhere . . . Finally all was quiet again before the inn; only in the barroom and in the reception hall were there signs of life and humanity.

Among the arrived guests was a woman who had attracted general attention through her martial appearance, from the moment she got out of the post-chaise and entered the inn; and especially the circumstance that she was accompanied by two well-dressed men with wild beards—men of suspicious appearance; one with a muzzled English bulldog—caused various citizens of the region who usually go home immedaitely after the arrival of the post and the distribution of the newspapers, to stay somewhat longer, in order to see who the remarkable strangers might be.

The woman who promptly proved by her accent that she was English (with sharp London accent), gave orders to her companions and soon also to others as if she were the mistress of the inn. She asked whether she and her companions might have a good meal. A nod by Squire Montgomery and the raising of three fingers sufficed for Mr. Hunter to observe immediately that three other guests had already ordered supper and that he, the innkeeper, would be happy to serve the woman and her friends also. "Who are these guests if I may ask?" whispered the woman as she approached the innkeeper with an intimate smile. "Oh, they are two poor devils accused of horse thievery before the Squire, but freed under bail; they have invited the Squire to have supper with them."

"Fine, fine!" she said laughing. "If they are good fellows, they shall eat with the Squire and drink with me."

She was presented to the Squire who showed himself to be equally cordial. He introduced his companions as horse dealers who wanted to buy horses here; and with a stolen glance to the innkeeper, the lady gave them a friendly handshake. Soon supper was ready, and the entire party stepped into the sideroom and sat down to a splendid meal. The Squire and the English lady set the tone for the conversation. There was talk of the war and the stress of the war; the English woman declared herself decisively in favor of independence, and her patriotic observations were so striking that the people in the barroom, who listened to the conversation (the doors were open), often shouted approval . . .

The conversation turned to Governor Snyder. The Squire was the first to mention his name, but it did not seem to strike the proper chord. And when the Squire's praises of the Governor broke out in earnest, one of the woman's companions made an unfavorable remark about the Governor. Having cast a serious glance upon her friend, the woman said smilingly to the Squire that this good man had a grudge against Simon Snyder, but that it was a personal matter and did not belong here.

"What?" retorted the man, "you say this does not belong here? This is a matter of concern wherever one talks about this German blockhead. He is nothing but a stupid York county tanner and is not fit to be Governor."

"Quiet, quiet!" cried the woman and threatened him with a finger. "These men are the Governor's friends, and we should not spoil our supper with such exciting talk."

The man mumbled several curses—to himself, and called the bulldog lying in the corner. The vexed tone of the master's voice caused the dog to rise and stretch as if he were ready to obey any command to attack.

In the meantime the Squire had gotten up and walked into the barroom; his two friends wanted to follow but the lady asked them to remain . . . They did remain, but they found it difficult to keep the conversation moving. The Squire had closed the door; one heard footsteps as if a crowd of people had come in. And that's how it was, too. Some thirty well-armed men of the militia had arrived from the neighborhood, and the Squire had invited each of them to a glass of whiskey. Later he took about a dozen into the open and had them surround the inn. Ten of these had to go quietly through the kitchen into the room behind the one in which the English woman was sitting, for from that room too a door led into the dining hall; about a dozen men he kept with him in the barroom. When all was in order, he gave a signal with a loud whistle. The two doors leading into the barroom opened and everything was filled with armed militiamen, while the two supposed horse thieves suddenly sprang up and with well aimed pistol shots laid the bulldog low, whereupon the Squire enjoined the two well dressed strangers and the lady, all of whom had drawn pistols, to surrender immediately. "The intent of your trip here," he said, "is known. You are on the way to Selinsgrove, in order to kidnap a child of Governor Snyder and to abduct it to Canada, until he pardons your friend and confederate, the notorious counterfeiter and burglar, McDoughal. But your own friends have betrayed you; these men whom I have presented to you as horse thieves are the two best police detectives in the country. When they remove their false beards, you will indeed know them." While the Squire spoke these words, the two detectives tore off their excellent disguises, and the woman uttered a cry when she looked at one of them. She merely exclaimed "Capt. Williams," let her pistol fall, and shielded her eyes with both hands.

"And what do you want with us?" the owner of the lifeless dog inquired defiantly. "You have no right to arrest us without a warrant, and I shall make you sweat for the shooting of my dog."

"Seize him and hold him, and the other one too!" shouted Capt. Williams, and the militiamen fell upon both; after slight resistance on their part, Capt. Williams' assistant had applied the handcuffs to both while the police captain himself secured the woman's hands in a similar manner.

All other necessary preparations had already been made. A post-chaise with four horses was standing before the door—also saddled horses for the Squire, for Capt. Williams and his police-sergeant, and for six militiamen.

A half hour after this incident in the hotel at Hunter's Falls, the three conspirators were on their way to Harrisburg under escort of the couriers.

Some weeks later the proceedings were conducted; conclusive proof was presented that the three were on their way to Selinsgrove in order to kidnap the youngest son of Simon Snyder and to hold him captive in Canada till the Governor had pardoned the notorious counterfeiter, their friend. But instead of this, they too had to keep the counterfeiter company in prison for ten years, and the noble-minded Governor of Pennsylvania thought of this story for many years whenever he came into the circle of his family and could extend the hand of welcome to his youngest son.

EN BREDDICH

Die Parable lest mer in dem Buch
Wu alle ebber lese sett;
Deel glaawe draa ihr Lewelang,
Un annere net bis Dodesbett.

Der Saame g'saet uff guter Grund
Geht uff un wachst, vermehrt sich;
Un der wu fallt uff Schtee, verfault—
Der Verluscht iss doch bedauerlich.

Die Leit wu schaffe uff em Land
Vun maryets frieh bis owets schpot,
Die waerr'n net meh bezaahlt as die,
Wu schaffe yuscht wann ruft die Not.

Die Leit wu schpringe fer vannedraa
Un welle immer 's erscht sei,
Die finne aus der gans letscht Daag,
Dass die Letschte kumme 's erscht nei.

En Haus verdeelt, des kann net schteh,
'S macht gaar nix aus wie gut gebaut;
Wann't net verbunne iss wie eens,
Dann waerd's aa net vun Gott erschaut.

Es macht nix aus der Weg mer geht,
Sie gehne all yuscht noch em Graab;
Der Ludderisch un der Refermiert
Die kumme yuscht zu Grund un Schtaab.

Der Himmel iss dann yuscht ee Blatz,
Iss net verdeelt de Glaawe noh;
Wer druff hie lebt dart hie zu geh,
Muss dankbaar sei zu Gottessoh.

Der Soh hot g'saat in Gotteswelt
Waern's viel Gebeier fer uns all;
Ken Foggel geht verlore dart,
Un all des Vieh grickt aa en Schtall.

Mir bekimm're uns dann viel zu viel
Um's Sach in daere alte Welt;
Mir misse geh wie mir kumme sin—
Unne Gleed, unne Schproch un unne Geld.

Oley, Pa. —MAURICE K. de TURCK.

A Political Celebration In 1856

In November 1856 James Buchanan was elected to the Presidency of the United States by the Democrats. The victory was celebrated amid great jubilation. In eastern Pennsylvania large barbecues and the firing of cannon were the order of the day. At this time the **Lebanon Demokrat** announced a barbecue to be held at Fredericksburg, Lebanon County. Since a Pennsylvania German advertisement as early as 1856 must be of interest to all students of our dialect it is reprinted here as it appeared. The editor came upon it in a scrapbook made by the York County poetess Rachel Bahn in the year 1885.—ED.

EINLADUNG ZUM OCHSENBRATEN

Mister Demokrat.—Es soll den naeschste Samstag ein Ochs gebraten werden um Buchanans Erwaehlung zu feiern—ich sehn es ist net im **Libanon Demokrat** adverteist, und do flinden zwei Drittel von den Leut nix davon aus bis es vorbei is—ich haet gern en guter Turnout so dasz der ganz Ochs sammt Dreck und Speck ufgessen werd und sauber an's Weg kommt. For desz will ich noch geschwind ein Einladung im Demokrat publische, so dasz es ueberall bekannt werd. Un, Mister Drucker, wann du des nau druckst, grad so wie ich schreib, dann magst du ehns ven den Heesenknochen abschlecken wann du frueh kummst.

Hurrah, Hurrah, ihr Demokraten,
Herbei, herbei zum Ochsenbraten;
Macht euch raus in aller Frueh,
Es gebt en wetterliche Sprie,
En alter Ochs is bei der Heck,
Den braten mir mit Haut und Dreck.
Der Kalbskop Butscher und der Hans
Die heben schon den Ochs am Schwanz.
So wie bei jeder Lumperei
Ist der Hockster ah dabei.
Mer hen viel Stange und Fahne
Mit Picters von Boeck und Hahne,
Un was noch macht der groesste Spasz
En gut gefuelltes Whisky Fasz.
Old Buck (so hab ich hoeren sagen)
Wollt kumme uf'm Windmuehl Wagen,
Um uns selber recht zu belehren,
Wie mer daet die Neger vermehren.
Den Saenger und grosz Spieker
Den Libanoner Tickets Schnieker,
Un selle Sort von Schmeese-Muecken,
Wu so gut zu der Party sticken,
Un Eirische Lumpe ueberhaupt
Werden die besten Brocken erlaubt.
Der Kuehdoktor derf der Wambe leeren
Um sich en neu Hem raus zu scheeren;
Der Kalbskop un der Hans,
Behalten of kohrs der Schwanz.
Die besten Staeks un all der Speck
Nemmen die Lieders vorne eweck;
Die ehrliche Leut sin gut zu betruegen,
Die derfen just an den Knochen riechen,
Schaffleut muessen wie Neger zurueck
Sell is'm Bock sein Politick.
Ihr habt euch so gut behaeft
Un die Negertreiber gesaehft,
Ihr Sklaven und Eirische Lumpe
Moegt dem Ochs uf die Hoerner tschumpe.

Fredericksburg BOCKSHOERNER

(The pungent allusions to local political figures in the above are of course lost upon the reader of today.)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S Batzawlt Net

Sis doch now wunnerbore wie 'n mensch sich also mohl fersehnt, un net nagshd so sharaf is os er gamaint hut os er wear. Un won m'r fon socha wie sel shwezt, kon m'r net onnishder helfa, os wie on der tzeitingmon Cal Christman un sei Martha fon Bechtelsville denka. Doh hen sie net long tzurick wunners gamaint wie g'sheid nase os sie hetta paar freind ei lawda Deckoration Dawg morya fer breakfasht, so os sie net bodderra breichda fer na middawg odder supper mocha. Flaish un der budder is grawd so rohr dart drunna wie aw on shunshd bletz, un hen gamaint sie kenta ihra psuch sot feedra mit gabockna oyer, sida shpeck un waitsa gleia un milich. O'r wohrhoft won sie net gahairich fersehna hen, un wissa now ous erfohring os es net batzawlt fer leit ei lawda fer kumma breakfasht mit na nemma, bardich net won der p'such noh anyhow 'n gonser dawg bleib'd, wie darta der fol wor.

War ol ei galawda wor fer noch 'm breakfasht kumma moryets om tzaea uhr kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, der frockdurer Irvie Mensch fon da Huffa Kerrich wor darta, so wohl wie aw 'n eiwohner fon Perkasie, un der gute bakont Porra Lester Kriebel fon Pennsbarrick un noch 'n gonser hang'l onnerra. Sie sin ol free kumma, un shpota gabliva, ferol os der Porra net gamaint hut os er tzeit finna kent fer so long fert uf p'such gae. Dadarrich hut der Cal un die Martha noh net yusht breakfasht tzu rishda kot, ow'r aw so gore middawg un supper. Won sei lebdawg ebber 'n drup esser uf 'm hofe kotta hut, don wor sel die gang, un der Cal un die Martha wissa ous erfohring, os gore nix gamocht is p'such ellawda fer kumma breakfasht mit na nemma.

So weit os der bisy Porra Kriebel uf kours aw gonga is, sei maining wor gute, un hut nommy dawgs so uhra finfa awfonga shteera fer hame gae. Er hut uf 'm shpeicher awg'fonga un na ol farawell gewwa fon aim tzum onnerra un is endlich nous in die kich kumma yusht wie die kech shtarta hen supper ready griega. Ols fiela gute socha sehna os sie shun ready kotta het fer uf der dish duh, hut 'n frish nei blinsla mocha, un wos hut er gaduh, os wie sich ains gonga rum gadray'd, un shtarta's aller haifish'd "Hello" sawga, tzu yader 'm os er yusht farawell g'sawt hut kot, un is net yusht gabliva fer supper, ow'r is aw net fert bis shpote im owet. Die onnerra uf kours sin aw grawd so long gabliva, odder ewwa wie ols g'sawt wert, "so long os 'n gnub im hoffa wor," bis alle ledshda drubba lemonade un bloe bols'm tae gadrunka wor, un der dish hut so glore gaguck'd wie won 'n windwarvel driwwer nous wear, un het allas fert gablosa wies g'shar net.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Der LeRoy Eckhart fon Chubbsville klaimt, er gaibt gore ken hanker drum won die Nazareth hoch shule da gonsa summer aw k'halta het—noh het sei maid'l 's ols net nagshd so weit fer middawgs kumma 'n sehna wie sies het wons sie noch Chubbsville kumma wot.

Der LeRoy gang'd wol numma tzu garn sie ols sehna, ow'r die mashina tires sin shlecht un fer lawfa is es tzu weit—er hut da onner morya so gore 'n flatter tire kot wie er yusht gonga wor fer 'n load seck hola, noh wie gang'ds 'm noch won er sei altie nemma wot fohra.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

My sister Gladdis and Harvey came over after supper, and Gladdis said to ma, Did you catch the What's Your I. Q. program on the radio this afternoon?

Yes I did, and only one question stumped me, ma said. When he asked what singing berds remind you of a certain groop of islands, for the life of me I couldn't think of the canaries. How many did you miss? she said, and Gladdis said, I think I missed two. Let's try to remember the questions and try them on the so called brainy sex, she said.

Meening pop and Harvey, and pop said, We're good enough to ask our own questions. Harvey, what would you use to fix a leek in your cellar, a pipe of peace or a piece of pipe? he said.

I wouldn't fix it with either, I'd send for a plummer and fix him and his 2 assistants with about 12 dollers and 50 cents. Harvey said, and pop said, Correct, now you ask me one.

What's the most shapeless potato? Harvey said, and pop said, The mashed potato.

Correct, Harvey said, and pop said, It's well known that you shoe a horse, but what insect do you shoe?

You shoo a fly, Harvey said, and pop said. A hundred per cent right, and Harvey said, If a man with a delicate stummick can't stand banannas, can he sitrus grapefruit? Answer Yes or No, he said, and pop said, Yes.

You're right again, Harvey said, and pop said, There are 4 quarters in a doller. Are the last 2 quarters the hine quarters? he said.

Yes, and is writing paper stationerry when it's blowing in the wind? Harvey said, and pop said, Yes and no. Am I correct? he said.

Well, yes and no, Harvey said.

Which just then ma and Gladdis claimed they couldn't stand any more.

The result being bridge.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

25 Years Ago

June 15, 1921, a Wednesday

Old graduates, members of the class of '86, Muhlenberg college, met for their quintennial banquet at the Hotel Allen. The old timers exchanged remembrances about their college days when Muhlenberg was located at 4th and Walnut Sts.

Mary J. Spence and Irene G. Bergstresser were two of the honor students who spoke at the graduation exercises of Keystone State Normal school, Kutztown.

Dr. Duncan Spaeth, Princeton rowing coach, spoke on "The Education of Abraham Lincoln and Henry Adams" to members of the Alumni association of Muhlenberg college.

Three students were graduated from the Hanover township school and a fourth person received post graduate honors at exercises in the Shoenersville church.

Richard J. Schmoyer, Clarence W. Hillegass, Joseph Hummel, Harold W. Helfrich, Melville Boyer and Roy Kaiser were included in the class which was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania.

The Juvenile band of Allentown combined in offering a concert and a festival in the Fifteenth ward. A program of 14 numbers was presented by the band.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

The first year that a group of Bahamian sportsmen introduced racing in Nassau, the spirit was willing but the horseflesh was weak. The biggest horse on the island was about the size of a Shetland pony.

A racing card was scheduled for every Wednesday during the season. For the second meet, two gentlemen hired a rig to drive to the track. The driver let his horse amble along to suit itself.

"We'd like to get to that track today, driver," said one of the men. "Get move on that nag."

"No suh," said the driver firmly. "Dis hea horse am entered in the third race.

* * *

Ed Wynn recalls that one of his first professional appearances was made as a monologist in a gas-lit, outdoor amusement park. The applause, he says, wasn't terrific, but it was very steady; in fact, he began to hear scattered hand-claps almost as soon as he began his act. After his fifth low, the stage manager hauled him off by the scruff of the neck. "They're not applauding you, you fool," he grumbled, "they're slapping mosquitoes!"

(Copyright, 1945)

For Servicemen

Q. What is meant by a mission in reference to air warfare? W. R. D.

A. A mission is an ordered operation which may include one of many operations such as bombing, strafing, dropping paratroops, photography, diversions for the purpose of drawing the enemy away from the main target, and the like.

Q. Can a man who has been deferred three times enlist in the service? O. W. R.

A. The Selective Service System says that the man may ask his local board to put his name on the list of volunteers. He may be inducted into the armed forces only through Selective Service.

Q. —How long is the period of training for enlisted men in the Navy? D. C. G.

A. Training for enlisted personnel in the Navy varies from six to 12 weeks. Upon completing it a man may be assigned to active duty or sent to a school for advanced training.

Q. Please give some information about the U. S. S. Chepachet. K. N. N.

A. The U. S. S. Chepachet is an auxiliary oiler. Oilers have been largely responsible for increasing the range of our fleet and in speeding naval striking power.

Today's Text

Commentary by

REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

Acts 13:31-14:7.

After quoting several passages from the Old Testament to prove that the resurrection was in fulfillment of them, Paul points his sermon for a decision by declaring that through Jesus he was preaching to them the forgiveness of sins, and that by Him all who believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses, v. 38. Many did believe and begged that they would speak to them again the following Sabbath, which they did, and to a larger congregation. The simple Gosped will always attract a crowd, for it is what the human heart needs. But Satan will see to it that such preaching will be opposed, for he hates the Gospel, v. 50, so after having brought joy to the hearts of many, both Jews and Gentiles, they go to the next town, Iconium. Here too a great number of Jews and Gentiles believed but persecution by stoning drove them on to Lystra and Derbe, cities of the province of Lycaonia. Those who may not be so well acquainted with the geography of the missionary journeys, may with profit consult the map printed especially to aid readers in tracing the course of Paul's travels.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

SIMPLETON

I'm just a grateful as can be
The Lord left foolishness in me
And let me have, instead of brains,
The sombre pride of taking pains,
The arrogant desire to rule
The simpler talents of the fool;
The sort of fool that goes to shops
With children small for lollypops.

I've watched companions, strong and wise,
To posts of great importance rise,
I've seen their faces solemn grow,
The lines of care begin to show,
Where smiles should be, the frowns appear,
And glad I've been, from year to year,
That sense to me was not allowed
To grow so powerful and so proud.

I'm grateful for my love of play,
The honest words that children say,
The glory of a head of curls,
The twinkling eyes of little girls,
The joy of roguish little boys,
The happiness in Christmas toys,
My lack of all desire to rule,
The fun of being "such a fool!"

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Horoscope

You are quick witted, intellectual, serious and diligent in all you do. You enjoy reading and have considerable critical ability. You have many friends and are popular with them. Your home is dear to you and you will have a happy marrie life. The moon enters Capricorn at 3:38 a. m. today. You should feel released from burdens and responsibilities on this your birthday. The day, however, promises little excitement.

THE MORNING CALL

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find. Arnold.

MUHLENBERG MEETS G.I. DEMANDS

Extensive changes in the administrative staff of Muhlenberg college, plus a planned increase of 100 per cent in the faculty by the opening of the September semester, tells this community the important story that Muhlenberg is to have more than a thousand students within a few months and that hitherto undreamed of growth and usefulness are to be attained thru the progressive spirit of the board of trustees and the administrative branch of the college.

The situation is an outgrowth of the recent war. Muhlenberg accepted the challenge to train men for the armed services. It did such an outstanding job that it became one of the very last colleges in the United States to be retained in the Government's educational program. That program has just ended at Muhlenberg.

But now a new Government program confronts the colleges of the United States and Muhlenberg. As in war, so in peace, Muhlenberg is answering the challenge which the Government has now issued to American colleges to open their doors to former service men who wish to continue their formal education under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Muhlenberg answered that challenge during the past year by opening her doors to so many G.I.'s that her enrollment was increased more than 50 per cent over the college capacity as to dormitory facilities, faculty, class rooms and other matters.

Now, without adding a brick or a stone to any of its buildings, Muhlenberg proposes to make room for more than double the average number of students it had during the immediate pre-war years.

Such provision is for and in the interest of ex-service men. Muhlenberg desires that as far as she is able, not a single ex-service man is going to have any trouble as to getting an education. Muhlenberg is stretching herself until she might seem ready to split at the seams. Muhlenberg is outdoing herself and in the development of her program money is no object. The only objective is serving the G.I.'s now, which is the time when they want to go to college.

Muhlenberg anticipates that this pressure will last but a few years. But while it is on, the college is not going to shirk what the administrative heads and the board of trustees consider plain duty—to furnish educational opportunities for as many men as possibly can be crowded into the college and who can be educated efficiently and thoroly.

It is a splendid spirit. Let it be said that if all the educational institutions in the country were meeting the problem in the same spirit and with the same willingness to work unusually hard, and to assume inconveniences, there would be many more thousands of G.I.'s in the nation's halls of education and there would be greater happiness in the ranks of the returned ex-service men.

A THRILLING GIFT FOR ALLENTOWN

Allentonians must have thrilled yesterday to the report of the gift of a collection of early Italian paintings to the Allentown Art Museum by Samuel H. Kress, the world's most notable collector of Italian art and presently the head of the National Museum of Art in Washington.

Such a gift is in effect a gift to the people of Allentown because the Allentown Art Museum is of the people, by the people and for the people. It is as tho every individual in this community had been addressed personally by Mr. Kress with these words: "I want to give you a gift of 26 of the finest paintings I have been able to collect during many years at great cost. I want you to be able to enjoy them during your life and to pass them on to your children and your children's children so that they too may enjoy them." In order that all may enjoy them, a public institution that will show them properly thruout an enduring corporate existence has been selected as the custodian.

Mr. Kress also could have said, had he wished, that possession of this particular collection of priceless and incomparable works of painters of the Venetian and Florentian schools will make Allentown outstanding as to art of these schools among cities of the United States. It has been said that nowhere in this country except Washington and New York are comparable collections to be found.

Furthermore, it has been said, there are unlikely to be any competitors inasmuch as virtually all these ancient works of art, going back to days more than a century before Columbus sailed for the New World, have been located and their limited number (under 10,000) is known. Virtually all are in great museums which make no sales. The day of the private collectors, men of great wealth, has come to an end and is expected never again. Only a few private holdings of Italian paintings are known and these are rapidly passing into the museums to become permanent possessions and exhibits.

Thruout the years people of this community have been proud of Mr. Kress and of the splendid local family from which he sprang. He has been regarded as bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh altho his activities in the busy marts of men have permitted little association with any but his abundant kinsfolk in this city and vicinity.

That he has reciprocated this feeling is expressed in a gift such as could and might well have been offered to a dozen or more different great cities of the country or that would find room waiting for them in the National Museum, which he heads as president, or the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York City, of which he is a trustee.

It is a wonderful gift which has been tendered and which has been accepted on behalf of the people by the Allentown Art Museum's directors. Allentown's people and their friends far and near now anticipate the time when these paintings can be properly housed and displayed for the pleasure of all who will come to see them at the Museum in the Allentown Rose Garden.

TRIBUTE TO PUBLIC-SPIRITED GROUP

All local roads will lead to Cementon today where the thousands of volunteer firemen in this four-county area will be holding the final sessions of their annual convention and will be strutting for the pleasure of that vast mass of people who "just love a parade."

Certainly one of the most commendable activities on the part of men is that of fire-fighting. The cities for the most part have their departments of full-time employes. But it is the boros and the rural communities which must and do depend upon the volunteers—those earnest, public-spirited men, who forget their personal comfort and convenience and everything else when a fire bell rings and calls them to protect the life and property of others.

It is this splendid group of men whom Cementon honors today as she entertains them in her midst. Everything that can be done to promote the organization of these men is in the public interest.

And So We Keep the Bomb

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 21.—There was quite a sigh of relief here among those who never have wanted to give up the atomic bomb secret when they read the cooperative statement by Andrei Gromyko, the Russian representative at the United Nations.

Prior to the speech by the Russian spokesman, it had been feared that the Russians might accept the plan offered by Bernard M. Baruch, the American representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy commission, whereby the atomic secret would be given up gradually as assurance was given by other nations against misuse of atomic energy.

What the Russian counter-plan really does is to produce a stalmate, which is exactly what the proponents of keeping the secret inside America really prefer.

The Baruch plan, which follows the main ideas of the so-called Lilienthal-Acheson report, is considered here to be a masterful presentation of what might properly be called a compromise between those who do not want to give up the secret at all and those who think America can afford to entrust the secret to an international monopoly under certain conditions guaranteeing inspection in foreign lands.

It was not seriously thought here that the proposal in the Baruch plan to abolish the veto would be accepted by Russia and it was, therefore, no surprise when the Russians cleverly pointed out that, in effect, the United States is exercising a veto when it refuses to give up the secret except under conditions and specifications which the United States can check.

The sentiment for keeping the secret on atomic energy has grown rapidly in Congress and the biggest single influence behind the building up of that sentiment is the attitude of Russia in world affairs. Had the Russians revealed themselves as cooperative instead of obstructive in recent months, it would have been difficult for members of Congress to argue that the atomic secret should be forever kept from any other nation. The Russian tactics have strengthened a belief in many quarters here that the Soviets are bent on world expansion and that they are not interested in preserving world peace but instead are preparing for another war. The Russian military force is the largest in the world today, and the five-year plan announced by Moscow has a strong military aspect. These points are frequently referred to in discussions here.

Also the effort of the Soviets to encircle the Balkans and the recently stimulated program of Communist infiltration in South America have not made members of Congress feel like handing over the atomic secret to Russia.

The Russian proposal that the United States sign a treaty agreeing not to use the bomb and, instead, binding itself to destroy the bombs that have already been manufactured is considered revealing. For such a suggestion would not be made by a nation which expected to work out the bomb secret itself in a few years.

The agitation inside the United States to persuade our government to give up the atomic bomb data may now be expected to rise. Many "left wingers" and many others who are not at all connected with the Communist party line are likely to be calling on the government at Washington to accept the Russian proposal. From the outset the viewpoint outlined by Mr. Gromyko appears to have been propagandized rather widely in this country.

In Congress, on the other hand, there is a Missouri attitude. Show us, say many of the members on Capitol Hill, that we are going to live in a peaceful society and we shall bind ourselves never again to use the bomb. But ever since V-J Day the conflicts and controversies between Russia, on the one hand, and the British and American democracies, on the other, have been multiplying.

The Russians apparently are not satisfied with their vast territories. They have annexed one third of Poland an ally and victim of the war against the Nazis—and have assumed what appears to be control of the individual liberties of citizens in nearby satellite states. This is far different from merely establishing "friendly" states as neighbors. When American and British correspondents are subjected to severe censorship or are excluded from various areas under Russian control, it does not look as if Moscow has learned how to build up confidence in either the United States or Great Britain.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

PARLIAMENT BY VETO

I recall a book by a Russian which was a defense of autocracy. It was a defense of the notion that order can only exist if one man, who rules by his own right, governs a nation. It is the old theory of the divine right of kings which, when applied to a Twentieth century problem, seems ridiculous.

Yet, in Russia, autocracy has generally been acknowledged as correct. Such rulers as Peter the Great, Catherine the Great, Ivan the Terrible, even the progressive Alexander I, were autocrats who required no popular or parliamentary sanctions for their decisions or conduct. The establishment of the Duma in 1905 was the first attempt at an approach to parliamentary government. It failed. The Kerensky Revolution was a democratic movement. It failed. Even after the Bolsheviks seized power, in 1917, the Constituent Assembly was convened to serve as the American Constitutional Convention did in Philadelphia in 1787. The Bolsheviks vetoed and dispersed the Constituent Assembly although they constituted a tiny fraction of its membership.

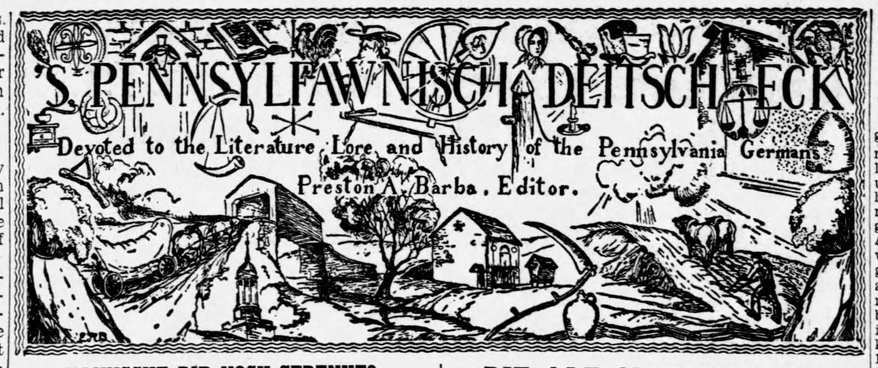
The Soviets are not democratic bodies, although they were intended so to function. In the first place, they are limited to a single political party. There can be no opposition. When, for instance, opposition has developed within the one legal political party, those who oppose the ruling hierarchy are purged, punished and even killed. Most of the old Bolshevik leaders who served under Lenin have been killed for rightist deviations, leftist deviations, sabotage, and other equally queer and unprovable reasons. Their death was, in fact, the result of a liking for independence of thought and freedom of expression.

There is no majority rule in Soviet Russia. For instance, at elections, only one name appears on the ballot, and that name is not selected at a primary election or at a convention, or by some similar democratic device. The name is chosen by the thin political hierarchy that governs the country and rules its people. Those who go to the polls may vote Yes or No for one name. There is no election campaign, no discussion of issues, no scrutiny of character. In fact, a vote is a personal declaration of loyalty to the autocrat. The alternative to loyalty is treason. The reward is death.

It is in that tradition that Soviet Russia has made such a stand for the Veto. At Yalta and at San Francisco, the Russians insisted upon the Veto and would not make any concessions toward the democratic process of decisions by majority. When, in the session of the Council of U.N., the vote on the Spanish resolution stood 9-1, the Russians exercised the Veto. Nine said, yes; Russia said, no. Therefore, Russia must prevail.

I do not discuss the merits of the Spanish resolution but only the impossibility of conducting a parliament in which one nation may veto all. It makes the conduct of business impossible. It reduces U.N. to a debating society and a recording instrument. In fact, if Russia continues to use the Veto, the Council will have to cease to exist and all business will revert to the closed and secret diplomacy of Yalta with its indecent and cynical deals that are an insult to the intelligence of decent people.

It is for this reason that on the subject of the Atomic Bomb, the Veto cannot be recognized. After all, the bomb is ours. Whether the scientists are correct in their nervous guesses that the world will catch up to us in three years or five years or any date, the fact is that as of today's date, we have it and the Russians do not have it. They tried to steal it in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, and actually we do not know what they have or how much scientists turned politicians have leaked. But this is clear: today we have atomic bombs and they do not have them. Mr. Baruch has stated the basis for discussion, but that does not give them the bomb. Nor should they have the bomb until the Veto is killed. Russia will either submit to world government or there can be no world government. Mr. Gromyko's Veto of the Spanish resolution has made that clear.



KANNSCHT DIR NOCH GEDENKE?

Weescht du noch wie die Glappbordfens
Schier um yeder Gaarde waar,
Un Poschdefense odder en Mauer,
Der Mischthof eigebennt schier gaar?

Weescht du noch wie bei de menschte Bauer
En Schpringhaus waar net weit eweck,
Un en kleenes Schmokhaus naegscht debei,
Hiegebaut ans Heiseleck?

Weescht du noch wie all die Paad
Gemacht waar'n vun Bord recht schtarrick,
Un es Brod noch heemgebacke,
Gange iss in schtrohne Backkarreb?

Weescht du noch wie an all de Fense,
Hemmbeere un Blaeckbeere gewachse sin?
Im Hiwwel waare niddere Daabeere—
Mer waare bang, 's waere Schlange drin.

Weescht du noch wie die Hollerbeerehecke
Blumme fer Tee un Beere hen g'hatt?
Rote, siesse, schwarze un Sauerkaersche
Sin gedaerrt warre uff de Hard?

Weescht du noch wie die wilde Aerbeere
Gewachse sin schier in allem Eck?
Sie waare so voll, mer iss beim Roppe
Gaar net kumme vum Blatz eweck.

Weescht du noch wie die grosse Ebbelbaem
Hen die Nescht schier uffem Boddem g'hatt:
Baldwins, Greenings, Paradeis un Jacobs,
Falliwalder un mannich andere Sart?

Weescht du noch wie die Mammi friehyohrs
Griener Grusselbeereboi gebacke hot?
Vun schwarze un rote Kansdrauwe
Hot sie O! so guter Tschelli gemacht.

Weescht du noch wie an Graewe un Demm
Bullfracke gegrische Beer-um, Beer-um;
Un sie hen alsemol en Schnaepper g'fange
As rumgekraddelt iss im Schwamm?

Weescht du noch wie in de kleene Gricke
Kleene Fischelcher sin g'schwumme,
Un kleene schwarze, goldduppiche Schillgrotte
Waare wu mer hie ans Wasser iss kumme?

Un so hot es noch viel meh so Sache,
As schnell vergehne mit der Zeit,
Awwer mer kenne devun blaudere un draadenke
Bis mer waerre gerufe in die Ewichkeit.

Locust Valley, Pa. Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver.

Education in the Oley Valley

The educational system of Oley Township, which is the heart of the Oley Valley, is the result of what we might term evolution. The early settlers of this area were a religious folk seeking freedom of worship in a new world. They were of good stock, intelligent, and skilled in the arts and industries that were to play such an important role in the early life of our country. The driving force that impelled them to undergo the hardships of the pioneers also inspired them to seek better ways of living for their offspring. To this end they insisted on having, not only religious instruction for their young, but also a term of instruction or apprenticeship in a trade or art of that early period.

Some of those early settlers were skilled artisans and they played a great part in imparting the knowledge of their craft to others. Among these were also some scholars of note and they, too, added their bit to the cultural life of that first settlement. The first step was the establishment of a place of worship. Once a church was established it was but a step further for the establishment of a church school. These church or parochial schools were taught by a paid parish teacher. However, we have no record that these schools flourished, for often the teacher proved unworthy or else there was a lack of funds for his support. Then, too, there was the language question. The Quakers used the English while the Huguenots spoke French and the early Lutherans and Reformed parishioners spoke German.

The first district school of Oley was started by Quakers, according to Dr. P. G. Bertolet's "History of Oley." They, for almost a hundred years, had the exclusive patronage of teaching the young of this entire neighborhood. After they were well established and had paved the way, the German immigrants literally flooded the section and began establishing their homes here.

The first great teacher of Oley to be recognized as such was Dr. George de Benneville. The Moravian school for higher education came next. A Mr. Baders was their star teacher. Then came the parochial and the private pay schools, to be followed by the present system of public schools.

After the matter of education was taken up by the State about a century ago we find that there was much opposition to the State plan by the people of the Pennsylvania German communities. This opposition was not the result of disapproval of education but was brought about by opposition to taxation for educational purposes. The people felt that they should not be taxed to provide something which they already had provided through their parochial and pay schools. They also feared probable secularization of the public schools. Then came our own Pennsylvania German governors, Shulze and Wolf, of Berks and Northampton counties. They were instrumental in pushing the school bill through the Legislature, and finally signing it to make it a law. In time this bill had its effect on Oley. It called for a distribution of school houses over the township, as well as for the provision of teachers for all of them. The first meeting of a Board of School Directors was held March 29, 1849, at the home of Jacob Kemp. At this meeting the tax levy for school houses to be erected and the time of opening schools were fixed. The Oley district was organized into twelve integral school districts. This system followed the usual paths of evolution from writing with charcoal on wood to the slate and sponge era.

When the public free schools had become fully established in Oley there were those who felt that there existed a need for a higher institution of learning, where higher branches of study might be pursued and especially where teachers might be trained for the township system. The first attempt at establishing such a school fell through. But its advocates, Dr. Peter G. Bertolet and Martin Yoder, although temporarily defeated by the Board, were not discouraged. They bided their time and in 1857 another effort was made by Dr. Bertolet. He was then strongly supported by such men as Benneville A. Glase, Daniel S. Leinbach and others. Thus came about an institution where the higher branches would be taught and the community lifted in general enlightenment. Subsequently the Oley Academy was established. It was erected and controlled as a school independent of State funds. The promoters became incorporated, and consisted of Daniel S. Leinbach, Benneville A. Glase, John B. Edelman, Daniel H. Levan, John K. Bertolet, Peter G. Bertolet, Daniel S. Bertolet, Samuel F. Busby, Jacob H. Major, Peter Guldin and David S. Baer.

A large two-story brick building was erected in the village of Friedensburg. This building is still standing altho it has been converted into a two-family dwelling and is no longer recognizable as a former institution of learning. After dissolution of the Academy the building was used as a township school house for many years. It housed the Primary grades which were taught for about half a century by that grand patriarch, John G. Dengler. The Academy opened for service Dec. 1, 1857, with Prof. Jacob H. Major as its first principal. The enterprise proved a success and the enrollment rose to the number of forty.

The Academy came to be known far and wide as an excellent school for advanced courses and enjoyed singular success until there rose on the horizon, ten miles away, a competing element in the form of the Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown. That marked the beginning of the decline and in 1874 and 1875 the outlook was discouraging. A concerted effort was made to revive it. New financial interests were sought and finally old debts were paid and a new boarding house and dormitories were erected. Once more it rallied and reached out for students to farther outlying sections. A better library and school equipment generally was provided and its standards rose. By 1885 it graduated a dozen in number. Through a new and able corps of teachers it had secured a new lease on life.

The men who served well as principals and teachers are: Jacob H. Major, 1857-58; I. B. Hankey, J. P. Matthews, 1857-60; Israel M. Bertolet, Frank Laucks, 1861-62; Rev. L. K. Evans, 1863-64; Daniel M. Wolf, M. G. Guinther, 1865-67; Rev. Calvin S. Gerhard, 1868-70; Howard Gutelius, 1870-72; J. Adam W. Hetrick, 1873; Samuel A. Baer, 1874-75; Rev. D. E. Schoedler, 1876-84; George H. Heffner, 1884; Hiester A. Bowers, Martin S. Harting, Howard U. Mittman, C. Waldo S. Leinbach steered it from 1885 to 1907 when it merged into the township system and became what is now the present High School. The first principal of the High School was Waldo S. Leinbach. Other teachers were Dr. Ed. Herbst and James B. Leinbach.

Perhaps the one to leave the most permanent imprint on the sands of time was Rev. Dr. D. E. Schoedler. He was gifted as a teacher and principal and diligent in the promotion of the success of the school. He is most gratefully remembered by those of his former pupils still living. Among those who came forth from its portals are such well known men as former County Superintendent of Schools and noted educator, Eli M. Rapp; the Revs. David C. and Roger C. Kauffman; Congressman Daniel K. Hoch; the Rev. Dr. Henry I. Stahr, President of Hood College; the Misses Mary and Camilla Stahr, well known teachers, the latter Dean of Women at Ursinus College; Dr. Harry Hess Reichard, Professor Emeritus of German at Muhlenberg College; the late Hiester Bowers, well known in legal circles in Berks County, and no doubt many others not known to the author.

Although it closed its doors as the Oley Academy, it opened them again in 1905 as the Oley Township High School. On January 7, 1908, its board of trustees wound up its affairs and sold its property and equipment to the township school board.

MAURICE K. deTURCK.

Sources: Dr. P. G. Bertolet: "History of Oley"; Rev. P. C. Croll, D.D.: "Annals of the Oley Valley"; records of the late Chas. S. Bower, and facts recalled from legendary tales of those still living who remember facts and incidents of the past.

DIE ALT OLEY 'KADEMIE

(Written upon the occasion of the sale of the old building which had formerly housed the Oley Academy. An account of the latter is found elsewhere in this issue of the ECK).

Mei Haerz iss schwer den Owed,
weil ich hock do in de Kich;
Ich hab en Brief vum Daadi gricks,
sei G'schreib, des wunnert mich.

In unserm Schtedtel waerd gebaut
en mechtich schee Gebei,
En Township Schulhaus gross genunk
fer all die Kinner nei.

Do bin ich net degege,
verschteht mich recht, ihr Leit.
'S geht alles vaerschich heitesdaags,
un schtill schteht net die Zeit.

Die Laerning waerd heit ausgedeelt
en ganser neier Weg;
'S iss net wie's als var alters waar;
die A-B-C un Schlaeg.

'S waar als die Saag, wer rechle kennt,
un en scheeni Handschift schreiwe,
Der kennt sich glei verbessere
un breicht net im Daagloh bleiwe.

'S iss nimmi gans so simple heit,
wie's in selle Zeite waar—
Du musscht en Hochschul graduate sei
fer schaffe in me Schtor.

Es muss Ladein gelaernt sei
un Schpiele in de band;
Wann die Maed en Saam schepp naehe,
waerd's widder uffgedrennt.

Die Buwe laerne schaffe,
mit alle Sarde G'scharr;
Es geht druff naus mit allere Ord,
'S iss niemand an de Schparr.

Awwer sell iss net was mich druwwelt,
un lach mich nau net aus;
Ich wunner yuscht, was gebt es,
mit dem lieblich alt Schulhaus.

Es schteht gewiss gans unschuldich
un guckt naus uff die Schtross,
Un wann ich denk, was g'schehne kennt,
dann gebt's meim Haerz en Schtoss.

Mei Gedanke gehne weit zurick,
wie ich's erscht hie gange bin;
Was ich gelaernt hab selli Zeit,
halt ich heit noch in meim Sinn.

Mir hen gelaernt die A-B-C,
un hen die tables g'sunge.
An recess hen mir Balle g'schpielt,
ich hab die ropes als g'schprunge.

Zweeschteckich schteht des alt Gebei,
's waar als die 'Kademie,
Un schpaeter naus die public Schul
fer all des yung Rinnsvieh.

Unser lessons hen mir do vorg'saat,
un g'exerziert unser Lunge,
Die Grosse waare owwe drin,
un unne drin die Yunge.

Wie schtols waar ich den erschte Daag,
do in die Schul zr geh!
Die Maed die waar'n mir net im Aag,
ich waar noch gans zu glee.

Ich bin als gaern do in die Schul,
un alsemol aa net;
Der Daadi hot gemacht en rule,
dass ich net verseime sett.

Emol ee Daag, in me heesse Zarn,
hawwich g'saat, "Ich geh net heit"—
Schlaeg hawwich grickt yuscht dann un wann
awwer seller Marye waar die Zeit!

Der Daadi hot mich nausgepuscht
un die Dier vun inside g'schlosse;
Gebrillt hawwich mit grosser Luscht,
dart kannscht dich druff verlosse.

Uff die Kichedier bin ich druff los
mit de Fiess un em Besemschtiel,
Dalle gemacht mit yedem Schtoss,
gebatt hot's gewiss net viel.

Die Dier geht uff, der Daadi raus,
du weesscht yo's anner—gell?
Un yeder Marye nochderhand,
bin ich in die Schul gans schnell.

Die Dalle in meim Hossesitz
sin schunn lang gans abgewore,
Awwer die Dalle in de Kichedier
bleiwe dart fer lange Yohre.

Draame kennt ich Schtunne lang
vun gute alte Zeite,
Un ich wott, ich kennt eich hie nemme,
des Schulhaus eich zu weise.

Des alt Schulhaus waerd nau verkaaft,
velleicht aa umgerisse.
'S iss net wohr, es kann net sei!
Die Leit sotte besser wisse.

Vun Yohr zu Yohr bis Ewichkeit
will ich hoffe, bleibt es schteh.
'S iss Blatz genunk in daere Welt
un des Schulhaus iss yuscht glee.

O schpaart des Schulhaus an der Schtross!
Erhaltet es ewich lang,
Dass unser Kinner sehne's Mos
vun de Glaech in ihrem Schtrang.

Fer unser Lewe waar's en Licht,
vun sellem bin ich schur,
Un wu mir sin heit uff em Weg,
vun dart ab geht die Schpur.

Oley, Pa. MAURICE K. de TURCK.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Die Shtiefmutter

Wel, 'm Midwoch owet worra m'r gonga sel nei g'shpiel, "Die Shtiefmutter" sehna drowwa on da Mickleys kerrich. Fer kumpany hen m'r unser alter shule kummerrawd un hoch shule klassmate Melville Boyer mit ganumma, un shure hen uns gross ordich blessiert. Die Dorothy Alexander, wohs dale fom Benj. Follweiler g'shpielt hut, sols 's g'shpiel g'schriva howwa, uns kumt in drei acts. Die Luther League fon da kerrich huts g'shpiel gewwa, un is net bis es g'shpiel bout halver feriwwer is, os die obsicht fon da socha rous kumt—os es gewwa is werra fer 'm Porra Harvey Sell un seinra fraw ihra 31d hochtsich fesht helfa feirra.

'S g'shpiel is arrick nadierlich im gablauder, un arrick nadierlich so weit os es Pennsylfawnish Deitsch folks lava aw gait wohs 'n bild dafon sei sol. Sis 'n lot g'shpass dabei, so wohl wie aw dreabsahl,—bardich wie die "Shtiefmutter" im ledshda act ready mocht fer die hamet ferlossa weil die Dottie, alns fom Benj. seina kinner sie immer hinner gonga is. Ow'r die Dottie sehnt ihra failer in tzeit, un die familia bleib'd bei nonner, net mit da Thelma Alexander ols "Shtiefmutter," ow'r so gore ols 'n Mutter tzum Benj. seina fier kinner.

Der Benj. wor 'n widmon fer etlicha yohr, un hut seinra fershtarvna fraw ihra shweshter kotta fer 'n hous helter'n. Sie wor 'n alt maid'l, un hut innerlich immer 'n g'fiel kot sie graichd der Benj. mohl fer n mon. Un wie er g'shwetzt hut fon heirra, wor sie grawd ready, uns hut gahairich gamocht wie sie ous g'funna hut os er tzaila dade fer 'n widfraw fon da nochberschoft heira. Sie hut ow'r yusht ains fon da kinner fershtifda kenna,—die Dottie, un woh g'shpeilt wor bei da Valeria Hilbert, un ihra beshdes uf alla waiga gabroviert hut fer die nei Mam wie der Benj. g'sawt hut, odder "Shtiefmutter" wie die Dottie immer g'sawt hut, ous driva.

'M Pap safe g'shwishich 's brode duh in blotz fon kase on ihr'm airshda picknick essa un woh aw 'n hochtsoch fesht essa sei hut solla, un shpaiter die shpiel lumba weck butza, un die hollerbierra boy fersolsa, worra ol so g'shpichta os die Dottie hinna rum gadriva hut fer ihra neiie Mam hinner gae. Ow'r 's end fom band'l is kumma wie sie 'n program gewwa hen im Grange gabei fers Porra Sella hochtsich fesht feirra. Die "Mutter" hut 'n lot fon da shticker selwar g'schriva kot 'm g'shpiel noh, un woh die Dottie 's ledshd tzu sawga hut kot. In blotz fon ow'r yusht sawga wos sie hut solla, hut sie aw noch 'n lot socha datzu gamocht, un woh der Benj. un sei gonsie familia so arrick g'shloga hut, os sie die grange fersommling so shnell ferlossa hen os der Billie da nagshda dawg noch gaglawk'd hut er het nix tzu essa grick'd.

Der program wos sie gewwa hen im grange hall wor iwwer rous gute, un arbadich so, ihra aigner waig fer Schnitzelbank singa. Der Benj. huts aw g'fonga mit ra glaina schnitzelbank in da hond, un wie er sich hee k'huck'd hut kot, sie onnerra ains noch 'm onnerra fohr kumma yaders mit ebbes shunshd inda hand, ungfare so os wie der Batschlor fnit seim goldna hartz, un weisser shartz, aenie mit ma shaina shoe un shtrump datzu, 'n onners mit 'm Porra Sell unna fenshter g'shtell, 'm Porra sei fraw un ihr'm goldna tzaw, un so weiter. Allas wor in da mutter shproch, un der fohrmaishder fom program woh m'r glawwa wor der Harold Holland, hut gons arbadich gute gaguck'd mit seim dunkle brauna handle bar mustach un long shpitzicha negel rubber ruck.

'S gons g'shpiel wor shae ous gablawn'd, yusht os paar fon da scenes awenich kartz ob worra. Ungfare 'm Benj. sei ready mocha fer die hochtsich wor shier iwwer imma auga black, odder ewwa 's hut gons tzu kartz g'sheind fon da tzeit woh er 's tie aw hut, bis er widder tzurick tzu da dier nei kumma is mit da "Neia Mam." Un won ebber 'n dale fon ra gute ganadurda shtiefmutter shpiela kon, don is es die Thelma Alexander. 'S wor ken tzeit ken baesie oder in ra, evens net gaeich die Dottie woh sie alla waiga hinner gonga is. Die Dorothy ols der Benj. hut aw iwwer rous gute gaduh, odder ewwa so gute os aenich weibsmensch duh kon, 'n mons dale nemma imma g'shpiel. So weit ou uns aw gait, is es beshd g'shpiel ferhous'd won weibsleit monsleit sei wolla, un monsleit weibsleit.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

M'r wolla gross donk sawga fer die eilawding fer kumma "Die Shtiefmutter" sehna, un hof sie halta die mutter shproch socha so fert om gae, on da Mickleys kerrich.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop was smoking to himself in his private chair, and ma said, William, I'm thinking of advizing a young cupple what to name their baby.

Yee gods, any couple that hasn't got enough sense to name their own child deserves the werst advice that can be wished on them, pop said, and ma said, But William, this is their ferst baby.

Oh really? I suppose somebody advized them to have it or they would of been helpless, pop said, and ma said, What do you think of Prunella as a name?

For a breakfast food? pop said, and ma said, Certainly not. I mean for a gerl, she said.

All I can say is, it would be still werse for a boy, pop said. If you want a child to grow up into a cilly simpering ptrson, just give it a simpering name. That's a scientific fact and the scientific name for it is the law of the mincing returns. All male children should be named Jack or Bill, and all female children should me called Mary or Bess. Then maybe we'd start to have a safe and sane civilization. Prunella, yee gods, he said.

But William, this isn't an ordnerry young couple, ma said. The father's name is Royster and the mother's name is Ripples, she said, and pop said, What a family, you certainly get mixed up in some queer sissiety. What's their last name—Bubblebump? he said.

Don't be silly, I'm talking about Royster and Ripples Loveydovey on the comic page, ma said. Anybody who selects a suitable name for their new baby will win a dozen pairs of nylons. So how about Prunella. William, what do you think? she said, and pop said, I think I've stopped thinking.

Saying it from in back of the sporting page.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

In two New Jersey towns, not far from each other, two men recently died, two men of whom you may never have heard—at least I never heard of them until I read their obituaries—but whose lives must have been lovely lives.

Montell Toulmin, 72, had rung the chimes at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York for 44 years. Three months ago he was stricken ill and taken to a hospital in his home town, Somerville, where he passed on a few days ago.

In Hillsdale, N.J., Thomas Alfred Weston, horticulturist and flower lover died at 68 after undergoing an operation a week earlier.

Mr. Toulmin wrote most of the music he played on the chimes. When he rang them on New Year's Eve, thousands of New Yorkers would gather near the cathedral to hear them—finding a little peace and harmony, thanks to his playing.

His father before him had played the chimes and the harp at St. Thomas Church in New York. One of his daughter has taken her grandfather's place at St. Thomas; another daughter is a professional harpist.

Mr. Weston, a native Englishman, built his first greenhouse in his early teens. Later he became associated with seed firms and nurseries, and after the first World War came to this country.

He introduced many new flowers into the United States, he wrote many horticultural publications, he was the author of many books on flowers, and he did much to make American gardens more beautiful.

Somehow the deaths of these two men seem different from the death of an average business man.

Their lives seem to have been just the preparation for something that is in our minds in connection with the hereafter.

Believe what you will, but there can be no thought of Heaven without picturing it with soft and soothing chimes ringing their everlasting message of final peace; nor can one picture Heaven without millions of wonderful flowers in eternal bloom.

Heaven needs men like Mr. Toulmin to play the chimes and Mr. Weston to tend to the flowers.

And Earth needs more men like them to take our thoughts away from the more sordid and commercial things and the gentle to help us on the way to what is yet to come.

I don't think that either of them left much of earthly goods, as they are measured in the banks and the credit bureaus.

But they left something much more precious—something of which the only inheritance is gratitude and pleasant memories.

They left beauty and harmony and men's dreams translated into sound and scent and color.

What more glorious heritage can any of us leave?

(Copyright, 1946)

Today's Text

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

Acts 20

The study of a map of Paul's missionary journeys is almost necessary to understand the geography of this chapter. After Paul's stay in Ephesus he left Asia for Greece in Europe, spending several months there, until opposition on the part of the Jews obliged him to leave. We next find him in Troas again, staying seven days, preaching on the first day of the week at a church service, a gathering of local Christians. These folk were not satisfied with ten minute sermons. Although he was going to leave the next day, Paul preached until midnight. The many lights, v. 8, were, of course, open flames, which consumed the oxygen in the atmosphere. Eutychus, a young man, became drowsy and fell asleep, because of the long sermon! Worst of all, he fell out of the window and was picked up dead. Paul restored him to life. Eutychus as a name means 'Good Fortune.' Paul moves on to Miletus and summons his Christian friends from Ephesus. He gives them a touching farewell, beginning at v. 18, which should be read carefully. Afflictions did not prevent him from pursuing his course, v. 24. The last sentence in v. 35 is a saying of Jesus not recorded in the Gospels.

Horoscope

A birthday on this date means you are sensitive, retiring intrested in the lovelier things of life, an ardent reader and an amusing and interesting conversationalist. You love to travel and will, and enjoy outdoor sports. You will be a loving parent and a devotional mate. Sabbath thoughts will bring peace and quiet rest today. The moon enters Aries at 7:15 a.m. Don't make any innovations in your way of life today; your mind should be clear and active. Inner urges may come to the fore today. The sun enters Cancer at 7:51 p.m., the Summer Solstice. Friendship, love and affection abound, so join a congenial gathering of friends.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power,—
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind!

Hayne.

WASHINGTON WEATHER THE WINNER

That despicable practice of United States Senators—resort to the filibuster—when they have lost a legislative cause in which they are concerned and seek to defeat the democratic process of submission to the will of the majority, petered out badly in recent days and Washington weather can be given all or much of the credit.

Senator W. Lee O'Daniel had promised on Thursday that he would begin talking and continue until after midnight of June 30, tomorrow night, in order to prevent Senatorial action upon the OPA bill, therefore killing price control over everything in the country. Senator Bilbo of Mississippi also constituted a threat as to a talkie marathon and there was no telling what other Senators might pop into the arena if the two leather-lunged Southern orators weakened.

But Washington weather, which in summer days is known as a man-killer, tempered the wild men, it would seem. At any rate no serious filibuster developed. Legislation proceeded with a fair degree of speed and the OPA bill was put into the President's hands for his action better than 48 hours before the time limit for the present system of controls. If there be a serious delay therefore it will not have been due to Congress.

G.I.'s GET WONDERFUL SERVICE

From many parts of the country have come reports of disappointment on the part of former service men at inability to secure surplus war materials even tho they have established their records, placed their orders for goods and laid cash on the line for the delivery of the same. Everywhere the story has been one of getting the "run-around."

It is a satisfaction therefore to be able to report that sales of surplus war materials to former G.I.'s, who have gone to the Fullerton warehouse of the War Assets Administration during the past three days, have been eminently satisfactory to the men. Not only have most of the men effected purchases but they have already received the machinery and other items that they desired. And they have not waited for days, weeks and months.

Of course a new system has been developed and the nearly five hundred G.I.'s who visited the Government's bargain counters in Fullerton during the past three days benefited from it. Whereas the great mass of paper work used to precede delivery of goods, the paper work now is following upon the sale and delivery of goods to the ex-service men. In fact, the G.I.'s in many cases walked or drove away from Fullerton during recent days with their purchases and those who will follow during Monday and Tuesday of next week will be able to do the same. And that is as it should be.

The important point is that the criticism of Government red tape with respect to disposal of surplus property to the veterans may have been true in the past as to veterans who did business with other depots, but it has not been true at Fullerton during the past three days.

ATOMIC BOMB TEST TOMORROW

Sunday may easily be a highly fateful day for the peoples of the world for the much publicized tests of the atomic bomb against a battle fleet, anchored for the purpose of the tests in the Bikini atoll, are to be conducted at that time.

Thousands of men and some seventy ships are concerned in the test and there is considerable opinion that few if any of the target ships will escape. There is a more limited opinion that all ships and all men who are in that general vicinity on the day of the explosion will be liquidated. And there is a very tiny segment of scientific opinion — or perhaps it should be termed fear—that world-wide destruction or dissolution may ensue from this playing with the elemental forces of nature.

It is not too much to say that the eyes of the world will be upon Bikini on Sunday. Never perhaps has any scientific test been so well advertised and so widely discussed. And, if the reporters and scientists can get home from it all, none will ever have been more completely reported.

MORE MEAT CERTAINLY IN OFFING

In all reasonableness householders can expect little or no meat to be on food store counters during this weekend, but in common with people thruout the country they have every reason to expect that there will be more abundant supplies of this important food early in July.

There is no question that there has been vast manipulation by many hands of the supplies of meat. And, too, there have been normal factors that have decreased the supply of meat at this season of the year. But both normal and natural factors during July should coincide with an ending to much of the selfish manipulation of this phase of the food business and bring about far greater abundance than the people have known for a long time.

Livestock undoubtedly has been kept from the market in anticipation of an end to OPA and price controls. Whether the President signs or does not sign the bill presented to him on Friday, the suspense will have ended and almost certainly meat again will flow in greater quantity both to the legitimate and to the black markets. In fact it was reported yesterday that the wholesale meat trade had about given up hope that controls were to be lifted and was moving meat from jammed up abattoirs.

But the normal factor that should make meat more abundant within a short time is this: Cattle are put out on the ranges in the west and southwest in the spring to feed upon the grasses. As the burning suns of June and July dry up this growth, the cattle are driven to market. Any delay in this brings about serious weight losses and so the cattlemen forget any sentiment about the matter and disregard all other interests in their haste to dispose of the animals.

The animals held on the range and feeding lots for a price rise are believed to be overdue for the market. Their presence on the farms is not only wasteful of feed but costly to the owners. So they will reach the market and while they will not produce prime steaks, roasts and other cuts, they will probably be sold as such very often and will relieve the meat situation.

New Forgotten Men

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The forgotten men of America are the workers now members of labor unions who are about to lose their jobs or are fast losing them. In countless small plants throughout the country, employers are finding it difficult to make ends meet and are either selling out to larger companies, who take only a fraction of the displaced workers, or else closing down altogether.

Unfortunately, these workers might have kept their jobs and many of them who now own their own homes and are about to be displaced could keep their jobs if they were not hamstrung by the Wagner Labor Relations law which the Democratic majority, in power in Congress today, has refused to amend.

Under the provisions of the Wagner law, an employer cannot talk to his own employees. He must talk only to the union committee and that committee need not tell the members anything. There is no way by which the employer can inform his own workers of the real status of his plant and, even if he were able to do so, the workers cannot act individually. They must remain members of the union to keep their jobs in so-called "union shops." Nor can they influence their fellow workers who may run the union, for they do not have the information to debate the issues.

Hence an employer, unable to tell his loyal workers that he cannot agree to increases in wages when he is operating at a deficit, must sell out or close down without warning his employees in advance. If he endeavors to explain the situation ahead of time, with a view to getting a deferment even temporarily on wage increases, he runs the risk of being hauled before the National Labor Relations board on an alleged "unfair labor practica" involving intimidation of workers.

* * *

The employer must, therefore, keep his own counsels. When he finds that the wage increases are going to be impossible to meet, he then takes his action without warning. Employees who would have counselled patience and perhaps might have attempted to influence the union negotiators can do nothing about it, for it is then too late.

As a matter of fact, even if the employees in a small plant do want to work for a lower wage scale, they cannot do so, for usually union wage rates are imposed for an entire industry or for an entire group of producers in a city or region. The small plant which cannot pay the going rates then must accept the higher wage rates or go out of business.

At the moment, when presumably manpower is scarce, it is assumed that the workers can get jobs but they can't always get them in the same city where they own homes and have their friends or relatives. The damage done thus cannot be repaired. Unionism is not very intelligent when it forces wage rates above the capacity of the small plant or business to pay.

There are certain types of business which operate on a fixed or uniform price to consumers. The prices become known over the years as standard, like a $3 shoe or a 5-cent cigar. The first economy step, as a rule, is an effort to keep the price but reduce the quality. The public, however, soon senses that change and sales fall off. Then the producer tries to raise his price, but his sales are not the same. Yet his costs are up. In the end unemployment is created.

The growth of national labor unions has been such that the same wage rates now apply through large areas of the country. There is no differential in favor of the small plant where costs are higher than in the large plants due to unavailability of machinery or due to the absence of a large enough volume of orders each month to get the benefits of quantity production methods.

* * *

The heart of the free enterprise system is the small businessman. Many so-called champions of small business appear from time to time in Congress but few of them really represent them. Nobody in Congress today is really championing the cause of the small business men against labor union monopolies and against those Wagner act provisions which are making it impossible for an employer and his employees to work out their own problems locally or in individual plants.

The Wagner law has already been and will be in the future responsible for many business failures, the closing down of small plants and the spread of unemployment. But the Democrats are about to adjourn Congress and a Democratic President is content to do nothing to get the Wagner act rewritten to permit true democracy among the workers.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE READING OF CHILDREN

Do you know what your children are reading? Do you ever pick up the comics to which they are so devoted? The other day, I picked up "World's Finest Comics" and noted a distinguished Editorial Advisory Board, consisting of Dr. Laureita Bender, Josette Frank, Dr. Robert Thorndike, Commander Gene Tunney, Dr. W. W. D. Sones, Dr. C. Bowie Millican, Pearl S. Buck, Bess B. Lane. So I thought that with such a group of advisers, this must be something extraordinary indeed. On the very next page to this listing of these great names appears a comic entitled "Johnny Everyman."

Now, it is all right to say to children that "The world is not perfect," which this comic does, but when the United States is pooh-poohed and Soviet Russia is made out to be better than she is, the minds of our children about their own country are corrupted.

This is the story: A lad, Nikitin Vashilov, is brought before "the Young People's Court," in Soviet Russia, charged with stealing a bolt of cloth, an accusation that Nikitin denies, claiming that he found it. The judge tells him that he should not keep what is not his, but Nikitin has seen advertisements of things like candy, a bicycle, games, toys, etc. in an American magazine, which his mother says turned the boy's head. Nikitin seems to be rebellious at working so hard when it is possible to get nicer things elsewhere.

So there is a discussion about luxuries and necessities. What Nikitin calls luxuries are to us the ordinary articles of American living. But in Soviet Russia they are luxuries. Nikitin wants to know if luxuries are bad. The judge replies:

"No, Nikitin. But before there are luxuries in Russia, there must first be necessities! And an American could tell you, I think, that luxuries are expensive in his land, too!"

But who in America would call an automobile a luxury on our standard of living? And who would say that automobiles are expensive according to our standard of living? It is the standard of living that matters and that is what an American child should be told. But Johnny Everyman says it differently. He tells Nikitin:

"You see, Nikky, in the first place, although America is far ahead of Russia in production, not everybody in America possesses the things you saw advertised in that magazine."

Of course, Nikitin does not read that. No Russian child will read any American comic. All this is for American children. Its object is to tell them that the American standard of living is of no importance and to explain to the American child that Russia's lower standard of living and lack of consumers' goods is all to the good. So the comic says that millions of Russian comrades till the soil, as though millions of American farmers, who own automobiles and washing machines, do not till the soil. Then Everyman says: "Other millions work in factories making badly needed machines. Trucks and tractors come before pleasure cars."

But we make pleasure cars in the United States as well as trucks and tractors. We normally have close to 30,000,000 motor vehicles on our roads of all kinds, most of them privately-owned. Nothing is said about that in this comic strip.

So then they get into an argument about race prejudice, Johnny Everyman warning Nikitin that there is lots of it in America. And for a couple of pages they show race prejudice as though that is all that a Russian visitor to our country would see. In a word, to the child reading that strip, Americans must appear mean and hateful. Nikitin asks:

"It's terrible! America is rich and beautiful, but where is the democracy they talk about?"

And there is not a single thing in the cartoon to show democracy or decency in America. The question is asked, but no one answers about freedom of speech, of movement, of thought, of the press, of secret elections, of trial by jury and the privacy of one's home and possessions. Not one word of this.

Is that what you want your children to learn about their country? Is that how you would teach them to love their country?

(Copyright, 1946)

The 70 priceless stained glass windows, some being 700 years old, of York Minster in England, which were stored in a safe place during the war, are being replaced.



WIE MIR GLEE WAARE

Der Mensch guckt oftmols gaern zurick,
Un wunnert aa iwwer sei Glick,
Des ihn begegent hot.
Mer waar so kinnisch un so dumm,
Hot net gewisst ferwas, warum
Mer sich behefe sott.

An Wunnerfitz hot's uns net g'fehlt,
Mer hen knapps alles nohgezehlt,
Hen alles gaern gewisst.
Mer hen aa alles ausgefrogt,
Die Eldre gans unneedich geblogt,
Un hen gaar nix gemisst.

Die Andwart waar uns oft net glor,
Hen oft gemeent es waer net wohr,
Wie sie's uns gewwe hen.
Mer hen of course knapps nohgeguckt,
Un unser Kepp dezu genuckt,
Un ernschtlich g'saat: "Amen!"

Wann mir nixnutzich waare, dann
Waar's g'saat: "Es kummt en beeser Mann
Un nemmt eich all mit fart."
Sell hot uns schrecklich bang gemacht,
Noh hen mir nimmi laut gelacht,
Un nimmi meh gezarrt.

Un fremme Leit hen zu uns g'saat—
"Wann du net gehscht un duscht sell graad,
Schneid ich dei Ohre ab",
Do iss mer ab in aller Eil,
So schnell abg'schprunge wie en Peil—
Un in der Hand die Kapp!

Es waar uns Kinner oft verleed,
Hen net gewisst wie's uns noch geht,
Bis mir emol gross sin:
Die Bickel hen sie uns gewippt,
Un oftmols ninnedruff gekickt,
Wann mir net graad ab sin.

Un in der Schul waar's graad des 'same'—
Mir hen's grickt dart graad wie deheem,
Un hen aa noh gebrillt!
Der Meeschter waar net hoch gelaernt,
Wann er fascht waar, hot's ihn verzaernt,
Noh hot er un gedrillt.

Winters sin mir als naus uffs Eis,
Mit Schnee waar oft der Bodde weiss,
Die Fiess un Finger kalt.
Mir waare oftmols drauss zu lang,
Fer Schlaege waar's uns noh als bang,
Am Kopp hot's oft geknallt.

Un wann en Bewi kumme iss—
Waar es en Bu odder en Siss—
Hen mir gewunnert glei—
Wer hot uns des lieb Kind gebrocht,
Un was hot es der Paepp gekoscht?
'N yeders secht: "'S iss mei!"

'Vum Dokter hen mir's Bewi grickt,
Die Graemmaemm hot ihn mit geschickt,"
So hen sie uns gesaagt.
"Der Dokter iss en guter Mann!
Er bringt uns alles was er kann,
Er waerd net fart geyaagt!"

"Wie weess der Dokter wu sie sin?"
"Er fangt sie tief im Wasser drin,
Un nemmt sie noh mit fart."
"O mei! Die aarme gleene Drepp,
Die schwimme bei de Muli-kepp,
Hot er uns aa grickt dart?"

Der Wunnerfitz, der dreibt em hie
Ins Wasser bis nuff an die Knie,
Dann waerd all rumgeguckt.
Sie waare allemol dief im Dreck,
Doch hot mer g'saat: "Ich geh net weck!"
Un hot sich net vermuckt.

Doch kummt kens raus, 's hot nix gebatt,
Dass mer sei Zeit verlore hot
Mit Gucke unnich der Brick.
Sie waare all im Dreck verschluppt,
Ken eens hot drunner raus geguckt,
Mer hot ken oemol's Glick.

Noh waar der Belznickel aa noch!
Am Grischdaag kummt er aus seim Loch
Un hot en G'sicht, kohleschwarz.
Noh sin mer dapper unnich 's Bett
Un hen gewinscht er find uns net,
Un hart kloppt unser Haerz.

Nau sin die Grischdaag uns en Freed,
Es hot sich alles rumgedreht:
Mir hen ken Angschte meh!
Des Grischtkind iss gaar weit bekannt,
Sei Naame lebt im Heideland,
'S iss alles gut un schee.

Mir brauche's aa net all verschteh,
Un alles wisse, yung un glee,
Was Kinner gaar nix batt.
Un wann mer mol gewachse sin
Un hen Verschtand un guter Sinn,
Hot's uns aa gaar nix g'schatt.

Wie schee hot's doch der Herr gemacht,
Ken Mensch hett alles so bedacht,
Un alles so am Platz!
Sei Allmacht iss unendlich gross,
Weisheit gebt er uns aller Moos,
Den Himmel, unser Schatz.

Un so dutt's immer noch fart geh;
Die alte Sache bleiwe schteh,
Viel neie gebt's dazu!
En yedes sott duh, was es kann,
Un lewe wie en Gottesmann,
Sell bringt em gudi Ruh!

Denn alles kummt emol zum End,
Die Freind un Feinde waerre gedrennt,
En yeder findt sei Haus.
Un wie mer's do macht, kummt's em zu,
Wann mir mol schlofe in der Ruh,
Noh findt mer alles aus!

JOHN SCHUMACHER.

(The above poem appeared in THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN, Jan., 1903)

DER WUNNERFITZICH HANSJOERG

Mischter Drucker:

Ich sehn so viel Sache, as ich net begreife kann, un ich denk, es geht annere Leit aa so. Ich will drum do en paar Froge schtelle un wann ebber mir sie "answere" kann un will, dann maag er.

Wie kummt's, dass die Weibsleit die Wesch an der Lein henke losse, bis sie rappeldaerr iss un sie dann widder eischpritze, wann sie biggle welle?

Wie kummt's, dass oftmols Menner, wu mer bei Lebzeite wennich Gutes vun ihne g'heert hot, so iwwer die Mosse gelobt waerre in de Zeitinge, wann sie dod gehn?

We kummt's, dass en Mann, wann er far en office laaft, alle Leit so freindlich die Hand schittelt un noch der Leckschen niemand sehnt odder kennt?

Wie kummt's, dass en yunger Kerl viel freindlicher iss zu me annere Kerl seinre Schweschter, wie zu seiner eegne?

Wie kummt's, dass die yunge Buwe viel liewer schpot ins Bett gehne, as wie maryets frieh uffschteh?

Wie kummt's, dass en Krabb em annere ken Aag aushackt?

Wie kummt's, dass en Vatter viel ehnder zehe Kinner ernaehre kann, as wie zehe Kinner ee Vatter?

Wie kummt's, dass die Grumbiere so viel Aage hen un doch nix sehne?

Wie kummt's, dass es in dem do reichschte Land vun der Welt so viel aarme Deiwel gebt?

Wie kummt's, dass mer im Summer liewer Winter un im Winter liewer Summer hawwe mecht?

Wie kummt's, dass der Wettermacher in Washington de Leit alsfart ebbes vormacht, wann er doch nix far schur weess?

Wie kummt's, dass die Welt will ge'humbug't sei?

Wie kummt's, dass des Fleesch so deier iss, wu's doch so ferchterlich viel Rinnsvieh gebt uff der Welt?

Wie kummt's, dass schier alle Leit winsche, sie waere reich?

Wie kummt's, dass der Mond alle Munet voll waerre kann un niemand ebbes degege zu saage hot?

Wie kummt's, dass die yunge Kerls alles viel besser wisse as die Alte?

Wie kummt's, dass mer manchmol mecht aus der Haut raus faahre un kann doch net?

Wie kummt's, dass die grebschte Mensche oftmols des bescht Haerz hen?

Wie in aller Welt kummt's, dass ebber so viel dumme Froge schtelle kann?

DER HANSJOERG.

(From the ADLER CALENDER for 1905)

DER SENSEWETZER

Es iss en Mann in unserm Land,
Kummt alle Summer rum;
Er schpringt graad zu de Felder nei
Un maeht die Schtobble um;
Er schpautzt en Duwack in die Hand
Un hot ken Zeit far schwetze;
D'noh ziegt er g'schwind sei Schtaahl heraus
Un fangt aa sei Sens wetze:
Te-witt, te-wett, mit Haasefett,
Verlumpter alder Ketzer!
Te-witt, te-wett, kennscht du en net?
Sell iss der Sensewetzer.

Es Ungraut fallt unmechtich hie,
Do bleibt nix bei em Lewe;
Der Klee un Dimmedi mit nei
Un 's iss nix kann en hewe;
En Glans vun sell're alde Sens
Iss so viel zu em Fuder;
Wann's net far Sensewetze waer,
Gingt alles rum zum Luder.

Dart hinne in em Eck vum Feld,
Sehnscht's Fessli Wasser henke;
Un newebei sei Liniment
Far's Wasser nunner schwenke.
Guck wie er schafft far an sell Eck,
Un selli braune Boddel!
Dart iss ken frischi Millich drin,
Un aa ken Seefedrottel;
Doch weess ich net, te-witt, te-wett
(Nau schtoppt er eens abpetze)
Te-witt, te-wett, 's iss Haasefett,
Do mit de Sens als wetze.

En yedes Yohr do kummt er rum,
Verdingt sich zu de Bauer;
Er maeht die Frucht ab unni G'flucht,
Der Weeze un der Hawwer.
Un so denk ich zum Beischpiel als,
Wann ich kunsiddere duh—
Mol ee Daag aerndt der Dot uns all
Un legt uns in die Ruh.
Te-witt, te-wett, ich wott ich hett,
Vun nix wie des zu schwetze;
Doch dot im Bett, te-witt, te-wett,
Sell schtoppt es Sensewetze.

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

HAY MAKING

If we mow grass and let it lie
We're making hay; if it gets dry.
To make the hay we must have grass
Or else have something in its class
Like oats or wheat or other grain;
By cutting, it will hay attain.
The grasses, clovers, and such like
Are most times used in haying's tide.
Some older folks may have cut some
Of clovers, grasses, but some none,
To make the hay they had to use;
Now we some well selected choose.
They mowed the grass with a good scythe
Which was a long, thin blade; a knife
Attached to a bent handle, a snath
Which made it well to mow a swath
Down on the ground while walking up
Along the grass; 'twas done with pluck.
The scythe, no doubt, was brought by ship
From Europe when they made a trip.
Some later time our blacksmiths made
Some strong, good scythes, and some remade.
The edge just had to be well sharp,
Made so by grindstone's, whetstone's part;
But when the edge became too thick
The blacksmith thinned it out quite slick.

Those early settlers, with hand-rake
Gathered the hay, when dry, to make
Some heaps, or hay cocks, so that they
Could fork quickly, without delay,
On a wagon to haul to barn
Where they could store it without harm
From overheating it; 'twas dried
Quite properly; this law applied.
This was the slow and usual way
In olden times to make the hay.

In those past years when many stumps
Were in the fields, (also tree runts),
These modern implements might not
Have done so well mid stumps (to rot).
Good clovers were then selected
And some poorer ones rejected.
The red, alsike and crimson ones
Were well; they gave a good response.
Timothy was equally good;
In a high class it also stood.
The bluegrass for meadows was fine.
The orchard grass and millet line
Were useful too, and stood the time,
And used for hay in the meantime.

Excessive moisture in the hay
May do much harm if stowed away;
It might take the combustion turn
And therefore cause the barn to burn,
And even burn cattle, forlorn;
Hence, don't take hay with dew, in morn.
Spontaneous combustion is
The danger only if by thi
Our hay will test too hot for hand;
But get it well dry from the land.
Quite warm new hay may get till cured;
It makes best hay if so secured.

Some women helped to make hay heaps
Because raked hay required these needs.
They used sunbonnets or SCHTROH HIET:
Protection from the sun's great heat.
Two men then forked the heaps right up
While one man loaded good and snug.
Now if the load was right well made
We had no trouble with the intake
Unless the teamster would forsake
His caution for this load at stake.

To make good hay we'll have good grass.
Unless we sow grass seed, alas,
We'll lack good grass but have bad weeds:
No sustenance for animals' needs.
To have good grass we then would sow
Some timothy with the wheat sown
In the late fall so it would grow.
Then in the spring clover we'd sow
On this same field to get a yield
Of this good hay next year, in field.
Perhaps this year in the late fall
We'll get pasture for cattle—all.

(The above passages are from the quaint little book PENN STATE RURAL, As Told by Sam: A Sixty-Year-Old Farming Man.—Annie B. Shenk, R. 4, Lebanon, Pa.—See ECK for May 11.)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Hut Pennsylfawnish Deitsch Fershtonna

'N mensch wase heit tzu dawg nee mohls won er fon hame gait, woh er Pennsylfawnish Deitscha leit aw dreaft. Ungfare so wie der chief deputy shrief Moulton Lewis Charle Frantz doh fon da shtadt, die onner woch nommy dawgs 'n erfohrin kotta hut, drunna im Upper Darby police station. Der "Moulie" wor dart unna nous uf bisnis, un hut om police station nei g'shtopt fer bletz uf rufa woh er onna tzu gae hut kot fer leit sehna. Wie der "Moulie" k'hoert hut er het ae mon os er sehna hut wolla, ferfail'd bei finf minuta, un paar shtun tzu worta het bis er widder tzurick hame kaimt, hut er shtarta tzu ech selwar blauderra in Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, un paar socha gawinsch'd in da mutter shproch wie ewwa 'n mensch dut, won die socha net gain wie m'r maint os sie gae sotta.

Wos der "Moulie" uf kours gablauder'd hut, wor yusht tzu sich selwar, un sei hartz hut net draw gadenk'd os aenich ebber shunshd rum wear os 'n fershtae dade. 'S wor net bis der police Sergeant omma desk net weit aweck in die hae gaguck'd hut, un hut gawunnert in gute Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, "Wos is letz," os der "Moulie" ous g'funna hut os 'n ebber fershtonna hut.

Der Moulie hut g'sawt wos g'shaina wear, un noh g'frok'd fon woh os der Sergeant kaimt, os er Pennsylfawnish Deitsch fershtae dade. "Ei," hut der Sergeant g'sawt, "Ich kum fon Allentown, fon woh bish'd duh?"

Wie der Moulie g'sawt hut "Ei, ich kum aw fon Allentown," hen sie alla bait locha missa, uns hut gore ken tzeit ganumma bis sie nonner gute bakont worra. Der police Sergeant wor noh niemond shunshd os wie der Charles P. Reinhard woh doh in da shtadt uf gawoxa is, un is mit so gute bakonta kerls wie 'm Judge "Jimmy" Henninger, un 'm Frank Hausman tzum "Dusty" Rhoads im Wolfe shule gabei in die shule gonga. Der Charlie hut nohn aw fertzailt wie 'n monich mohl os er un der "Jimmy" un der Frank ous g'falla weara darrich politicks in da shule. Der Jimmy un der Frank weara sel tzeit shun shtondholfta Demagrawda gawest, un er wie aw heit noch 'n Republiganer. Er hut noh aw gawunnert noch ol seina alta freind doh howwa in da shtadt, hut fertzailt fom bretzelmon Bill Kane, un gawunnert eb ols noch so fiel dada g'shpielt dade werra on da fire heiser wies ols g'shpielt wear werra yohra tzurick.

Der Charlie hut noh weiter fertzailt, os er ols noch 'n bruder Harry het doh in da shtadt, un aw fertzailt wie er tzurick in 1912 rum noch da army wear, un noh wie er darta rous kumma wear, wie er noch Upper Darby kumma wear, un woh er now shun fer ebbes wie 20 yohr uf 'm police force wear. Un in sel'm g'shelft hut er sich nuf g'shoft tzu Sergeant, uns wor yusht darrich abissel Pennsylfawnish Deitsch brummla tzu sich selwar, os er un der "Moulie," nonner bakont sin werra.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Der shule direcktor Howard Breisch fon Upper Saucon township, kons alsa mohl shier net iwwer 's hartz griega, wie fernotter'd os sei fraw die Martha is, iwwer ols fendu socha os er waig hame bring'd.

Heit 'n woch tzurick hut er widder gross ordich ei kauft on da Miltenbergers' fendu un wolla wetta os es nimmy long nembt bis er mohl aushpruch mocha mus fer 'n shtick on die shtub baua, woh die Martha 'n sei "fendu dreck" drin halta mocht.

Der Howard hut ols awenich druvel kotta fer dale fom fendu socha hame griega os er sella waig kauft hut, ow'r selar druvel is now ol feriwwer tzitter os sei boo der Clair, woh ins Christmans garage shoft, sich 'n doublder bicycle grick'd hut.

Won leit im unnerra dale fom kounty heit tzu dawg maina sie dada 'n tzeiner fohr sehna der pike nous gae, besser gucka sie tzum tzweta mohl, nine mohl ous da tzaea is der Howard un der Clair uf 'm hame waig fon ra guta fendu.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This is a public note of thanks to a reader of my column in Muskegon, Mich., who sent me a big, fat letter on which I had to pay three cents postage due. She enclosed three items.

Number 1 was my column in which I have complained that I had to ride around in a seven year-old jalopy, that I couldn't get any shirts, shoes or suits, and that if the country were still better off than Mr. Truman seems to think it is, we would all be losing the frayed shirts we still have.

Item number 2 was a section torn out of a mail order catalogue showing a number of inanely smiling young men, wearinig gorgeous shirts in all colors and advertised at $2.49. (I tried to get a couple of those shirts in the Danbury branch of the mail order house, but they told me that they would take the order without promising delivery.)

Item number 3 was a help-wanted ad from a Chicago newspaper which offered me jobs as purchasing agent, mechanical draftsman, foundry foreman, accountant, mail clerk (with a future) and traveling audition.

* * *

With these enclosures was a very nice letter in which the lady told me that maybe if I got me a better job than columnist I might be able to buy the goods advertised in the mail order catalogue.

She also said that the trouble with Truman was that we newspaper people and the public in general did not cooperate with him but criticized him and made things hard for him.

* * *

She says that she is happy and has no complaints. And then she ends her letter:

"I've had a nice home here and a nice little business which was progressing. And then, in one hour, all I had was the clothes I had on. The dirty rats of political drunks stepped in and grabbed me. I was glad to have my life left, they almost took that too.

"Let us not kick our President too much. He can help us if we help him. I know he will. God bless America."

Well, it was a nice letter, and a nice mail order catalogue, and it was considerate of the lady to try to help me get a better job.

In the meantime, I just went to four more stores trying to find a union suit (which proves that I am not anti-labor), but was told that I would have to wait until production starts again which would probably happen when they did away with OPA.

And in this morning's mail there was a letter from my automobile dealer telling me that he could now promise me delivery on the new car which I ordered last fall, by spring, 1947, almost positively.

* * *

I am glad the Muskegon lady is so happy.

Which reminds me of the old story of the fellow who hit himself over the head with a hammer because it felt so good when he stopped.

(Copyright, 1946)

25 Years Ago

June 29, 1921, a Wednesday

In recognition of his part in stroking the Princeton crew to victory over the Olympic champions, John Henry Leh was presented with a gold watch by the Central Recreational council.

The typhoid epidemic at Walnutport was checked according to reports from the borough. Precautions against contamination from the water supply were taken by health authorities.

George Zimmerman was appointed representative for Allentown and Lehigh county of the Raymond and Whitcomb Company tourist agency.

Today's Text

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

Acts 27.

After a brief period of waiting, the time came for Paul to set sail for Rome to make his appeal to Caesar. There were other prisoners in the company. The course of the voyage must be traced on a map of the Eastern Mediterranean. The first ship, after skirting Cyprus, took them to Myra in Asia Minor where they changed over to another ship just come up from Alexandria in Egypt, bearing a cargo of wheat. There were 376 people on the ship. A Roman centurion, by the name of Julius, was in charge of the prisoners. He was particularly kind to Paul. In time they come to Fair Havens on the island of Crete. The time of the year was approaching when severe storms could be expected, so Paul advised the captain to winter there. But he prefered to risk the trip, only to run into a very severe storm. Paul was the one who cheered them when things looked hopeless, saying that, by the providence of God, not a life would be lost, but the ship would be. The description of the storm; the arrival of the ship at Malta (Melita, 28:1), and the breaking up of the ship in the harbor are described by Luke in a seaman's technical vocabulary. "Boat" in vs. 16, 30 and 32 was the lifeboat. "Meat" in vs. 33, 34 and 36, as always in the Bible, is food.

Horoscope

If this is your birthday, you have an alert mind and think deeply. You are forceful, determined, and have good sound judgment. You are uncommunicative but have a quick and violent temper and love with the same impulsiveness and intensity. You need someone on whom you can lavish your affections to be completely happy. The afternoon does not favor career, money, or budgetary considerations, so defer them. Exercise all your wit, charm and tact to avoid any unpleasant discussion.

Pocket-Size Dictionary

This handy dictionary contains 378 pages, more than 21,000 definitions. It is 3¾ by 5½ inches in size and illustrated. In addition there are Special Supplements on Current Words and Phrases, Abbreviations, Words Often Mispronounced, Foreign Words, Curious Word Origins, and other helpful information. Pocket-size and up-to-date, this handy dictionary is bound in a durable, flexible cover. It is an excellent reference for home, school or office. Only 25 cents, postpaid.

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Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Me and pop and ma were taking a Sunday walk, and some lady going passed shook her head to ma and said, How do you do, and ma said, There she goes, looking as demure as a 2 weeks old kittin, the brazen thing, you might think butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

You'd be wrong, though pop said. It would be running out of her ears in 5 minutes, he said, and ma said, Now William, you dont know the woman, and I've never even spoken to you about her, and no man is clever enough to judge a woman by her ferst appearance, especially you.

Just a same, butter in her mouth wouldn't last any time, and I can prove it by statistics, pop said. For instance, her 2 favorite perfumes are Careless Caress and Seductive Swoon, he said, and ma said, I dont see how you can know any such thing as that, and besides all perfumes have romantic names. Why I'm using Midnight Murmur myself, come to think of it, although I never come to think of it. So that doesn't mean a thing, she said.

But I've got more statistics, pop said. She makes a practice of using Lake's Vanish Cream on her face, he said, and ma said, How do you know, and what if she does?

Dont you ever read the ads? pop said. Men's fingers love to stroke the skin that's had Lake's Vanishing Cream rubbed in. And besides that, she wears Nymph Maid what you callems. You've surely read that Nymph Maid what you callems give you the poise that makes the gerls jelliss and pleases the boys. And even her sports jackets are made of Zeffer Wear, and Zeffer Wear has the feminine hang that makes the manly pulses bang. And wait till I tell you about her stockings, he said.

Now William, that's enough, that's too much, ma said.

Being the end of the subject.
(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

Fred Allen and his wife, Portland, were strolling down Eighth Avenue when Fred spotted a sign that read "Barnum and Bailey." "I'll have to go there," announced Fred. "When those two fellows get together, it's a circus."

"Better take these cheese sandwiches with you," suggested Portland. "What's the idea?" quoth Fred. "Mementoes to take to the circus?" "Two of them are mementoes," said Portland. "The rest are camembert."

* * *

"I think I can explain why my husband feels down in the mouth," said a housewife thoughtfully. "I forgot to take the feathers off the duck we had for dinner."

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accident alone, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two; but it is as sure as life, it is sure as death. Carlyle.

HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS AT HOME

Celebration of the Fourth of July on Thursday found many more thousands of Allentonians enjoying the comforts and attractions in their own back yard than the number of those who went away to other points whether by rail, bus or private motor cars. So it is very nice that Allentown has so many pleasant and attractive places where our people can enjoy any period of leisure, whether it be a weekend, a holiday or a more protracted vacation period.

Thus several thousand persons visited the Game Preserve and enjoyed, in addition to the showing of animals, scenery and weather that was superb up in the beautiful rolling hill-country. The commercial parks entertained their thousands and the wide spread public park system was jam-packed with young and old who came to the bathing beaches for the day and found their way at meal hours to the convenient picnic places which have been provided in such great numbers by the city. There was of course fishing for many and other attractions offered and availed of by various groups with special interests.

The important point is that Allentonians need not leave the confines of their city to have a very good and a very interesting time with varied recreations that are provided by public and private agencies. People from many other communities come here at their every opportunity to enjoy those facilities. They are just as good and as interesting for our own people as for our visitors.

PAYROLLS OFF 30 PER CENT

The serious effect of unemployment, some of which is due to continuance of local strikes, is indicated in the report of the Federal Reserve bank of Philadelphia for business conditions during the month of May.

This report shows that payrolls in the Allentown area (three counties) fell by eight per cent during May and that the amount of money paid the workers in this area during that month was 30 per cent under the amount paid to the workers in the same month a year ago. Employe-hours showed similar decreases. Obviously thirty per cent, or nearly one-third, constitutes a very serious loss to the people and to business in general.

The hope must be that settlement of labor difficulties can be achieved speedily and that the economic outlook for the community, as appraised by the Chamber of Commerce in its latest bulletin may prove correct, viz:

"Allentown's economic future continues to loom bright in the light of steady expansion of production in the area and promises of increased employment and community income in the months ahead. Expected added employment by existing industry and new manufacturers in the near future will greatly reduce the number of available male workers."

TO BIND UP THE WOUNDS OF WAR

It is not only necessary to feed the victims of the recent war but also to bind up their wounds, a fact that is taken cognizance of in the recent purchase by the Greek War Relief of equipment for an 1800-bed hospital and its shipment yesterday to Athens.

For some months past the principal project of Greeks in America has been to get money to send hospital facilities to the sick and the wounded in their native land which suffered so grievously at the hands of the Germans. The great opportunity came in recent days. Equipment for a hospital that was to have been set up in the Pacific to handle the wounded from the invasion of the Japanese islands was surplus material. The United Nations Relief Rehabilitation Administration bought it from Uncle Sam and then in turn sold it to the Greek Relief for about a fourth of its million dollar value.

Already it is on its way and should be able to do much, when set up, to alleviate the wretchedness and the suffering that afflict such a large proportion of the poor, underfed Greek populace.

DIVIDENDS FROM EASTER SEALS

The Easter seals that Allentonians put on their envelopes during April have paid excellent dividends, according to the Pennsylvania Society for Crippled Children, which received a portion of the proceeds.

Funds realized from the seal sales provide diagnostic clinics as well as the services of nationally prominent orthopedic surgeons and the procurement of necessary braces for wasted arms and legs.

During the past 12 months, 579 of Pennsylvania's partially disabled children were given hospital treatment and 157 others received home convalescent care by the State and local societies.

Many of the young patients suffered from the effects of poliomyelitis or from congenital deformities and tuberculosis of the bones. The majority, however, were afflicted with cerebral palsy, an injury usually suffered at birth to that area of the brain controlling the motor nerves.

Increased clinical care for the more complex cases of physical disablement was adopted as the primary objective of the Pennsylvania society at a recent State-wide meeting in Philadelphia.

POISON FOR YOUNG AMERICAN MINDS

The minds of American soldiers are being poisoned in Germany today and they will spread the poison when they return to the United States, delcares Leo J. Margolin, New York newspaperman, in Paper Bullets, published by Froben Press.

Mr. Margolin, who was news editor of the Psychological Warfare branch during the war, charged that the Army's program of educational immunization against the Nazi-microbe has broken down completely because of the Congressional economy panic.

"The dirty work has already begun, with the fawning over our occupation troops," writes the author in Paper Bullets, the first book describing the operation of propaganda as a weapon of combat in World War II. "Many of our soldiers are already remarking on the 'clean, neat well-dressed, well-fed appearance of the Germans, so different from the dirty French, Italians, Czechs and Belgians.'"

"The entire German population from the age of three up, has been trained in propaganda," charges the author. "The Germans are already actively driving wedges among the four occupying armies, and the commonest remark in Germany today is: 'Germany's greatest salvation will be a war between America and Russia.'"

"Bedroom propaganda among the troops is specially deadly," claims Margolin, "and few if any soldiers are protected against this poison, either by hatred generated in combat or by an intelligent campaign of education among the troops."

The Atomic Bomb Test

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Whether the dropping of the atomic bomb at Bikini was a "success" or "failure" depends entirely on an understanding of what the intention behind the test was.

The scientists were convinced that the atomic bomb would destroy all human life on the fleet of ships, and apparently not all the living things died. The verdict here is uncertain.

The naval strategists were convinced that naval vessels could stay afloat—not all of them, but many of them. They were proved correct. But of what use are vessels without officers or crews?

The Army Air Forces were convinced that controlled planes could be sent into areas where atomic bombs were being dropped and that such planes could be recovered. They were proved correct.

Military and naval men generally were convinced that the atomic bomb would require changes in systems and weapons of warfare and they, too, are proved correct.

After examinations of the damage done to surface vessels, it seems probable that the naval craft of the future will be built differently than those of today.

Unfortunately, many of the headlines about the atomic bomb gave emphasis to the fact that certain ships were found afloat and certain ones were sunk. This was all the information available at the time but it was meaningless. For anyone who knows anything about aerial warfare and naval defense knows that fleet strategists wouldn't concentrate vessels in such a small area and invite attack from bombs of any kind. If ships were to be set up as they were in the Bikini lagoon, it would take only a few B-29's to destroy all the vessels there last Monday. In that sense a more devastating job could be done in one fell swoop by planes than by a single atomic bomb.

But the object of the test was not to find out how many ships would be sunk or how many would stay afloat. It was hoped that enough vessels would stay afloat to afford an opportunity to determine the effect on steel armor plate, on deck and ammunition compartments, on machinery and on electrical apparatus. When this is known, there can be changes in design or scientific research to protect ships against complete destruction.

Naturally Navy men were anxious to refute the notion that navies are obsolete. Those who believe in naval power aren't any less interested in the atomic bomb because of these tests, but they can insist that the last word has not been spoken on the part which navies will play in future warfare.

The next two tests will be underwater detonations of the atomic bomb. These are regarded as the most important of all. If submarines can survive at great depths, then the whole character of naval warfare may be changed. Just as armies and heavy bombing have brought underground defenses on land, so the atomic bomb may revolutionize underwater fighting.

It would seem logical that the Navy department now would give special attention to undersea warfare. Unfortunately, the submarine branch has not been given the recognition it deserves in the staff set-up in the Navy department. There is as much radical change possible through undersea warfare as there has been in the air force operations of the last several years.

Some naval experts see the probability of building huge aircraft carriers to move entirely under the water. These would be able to rise at night and send out planes carrying atomic bombs or else guided missiles. The use of submarines to attack coastlines with guided missiles is in its infancy. It is here that the Navy has a chance to provide means of attack and defense not now envisioned by military men of the old schools of thought.

The atomic bomb test was neither a success nor a failure—for no weapon that promises such destruction can be characterized as a "success" for any nation. The principal governments of the world are today discussing the abolition of atomic bombs altogether. So the world may truly hope that the tests will prove wholly superfluous in a military sense and that the lessons learned may be useful in the civilian uses of atomic energy.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

AUTONOMOUS REPUBLICS

Since the war ended, Soviet Russia has abolished three Autonomous Socialist Soviet Republics. One is in Mongolia; two in the Caucasus region. Soviet Russia is organized as a federal government as is the United States. But the difference is sharp and distinct: the United States cannot abolish a state nor a state government; Soviet Russia can and has abolished three such states, called autonomous republics. They are neither autonomous nor republics.

This fact becomes increasingly important as the Soviet pursues its course of loading down the United Nations Assembly with Soviet Autonomous Republics and satellite states. If all of them were admitted to membership, Soviet Russia would have a clear majority in the Assembly unless the United States demanded that every one of its states and possesssions and the British demanded that each of its colonies be admitted to membership. They are all on a par, with this exception that no Soviet Autonomous Republic possesses the rights, privileges and immunities of a Soviet state.

* * *

Already, the Ukraine and White Russia has been admitted to membership in the United Nations, although there cannot by the wildest stretch of imagination be any reason for regarding them as separate countries. Now Mongolia is claiming membership, in spite of the fact that the Mongolian People's Republic has not for a quarter of a century been independent of China. Mongolia used to be an integral part of China. The Mongols, under Russian inspiration, rebelled and after a series of Chinese attempts to hold them in line, by 1925, a revolutionary government entirely controlled by Russia came into existence. Since then China has had no voice in Mongolian affairs; Russia's authority has been supreme. To regard Mongolia as a separate, sovereign state is factually and historically ridiculous.

The Albanian situation is different. Albania is an independent country under the control and domination of Soviet Russia. Albania is one of the nations behind the iron curtain of Russian authority. It is as likely as not that some form of union will be arranged between Albania and Yugoslavia which, under Tito, is a Russian fief. By all the forms of organization, Albania is, even as now constituted, entitled to membership in the United Nations.

The Russians, in their own country, do not operate by majority rule. Theirs is an absolute dictatorship, Stalin and his immediate associates being in supreme control. To oppose this dictatorship is to court death. They possess no parliamentary forms, no such body as the American Congress or the British parliament existing. They do recognize a Presidium, which is merely the Dictator and his chosen associates. Under such a system there cannot be such a concept as a majority rule. Is the majority wiser than Stalin? Suppose that majority represents 99 percent—are the 99 percent wiser than Stalin? Not in a dictatorship. There an elite govern a vast, illiterate population who live by the will and consent of the master.

* * *

Soviet Russia first faced the problems of majority rule when Molotov discovered at San Francisco that his vote and the Czechoslovakian vote were but single ballots and not final decisions. But the Russians had an ace up their sleeves, namely the Veto which they could use to kill any measure. In the negotiations concerning the Veto, it was agreed that it would be sparsely used. It has not been sparsely used. Gromyko uses the Veto like a drunken sailor scatters money. He has made the U.N. Council a laughing stock too early in its career.

If in addition to this profligate use of the Veto Soviet Russia can load the Assembly with autonomous republics and satellite states, the United Nations will be completely and finally dominated by Soviet Russia, so that no business can be done except such as pleases Russia. That is not a parliament of nations. It is an attempt to apply the methods of dictatorship to a parliament of free peoples; it is an effort to enforce the will of one nation without regard to the attitudes of others. It is a total rejection of majority rule.

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GEBET AM VIERTEN JULI

The following prayer for the Fourth of July appears in a little book "Sonntags-Schul-Gebetbuch fuer verschiedene Zeiten und allerlei Umstaende," arranged by the Rev. S. K. Brobst. The first edition appeared in 1847; the second, with a Preface signed by S. K. Brobst, Allentown, Pa., published in Philadelphia in 1862. The eminent Lutheran clergyman, S. K. Brobst, was born Nov. 16, 1822, a son of the Allemaengel Parish, and died in Allentown, Dec. 23, 1876, pastor of St. Peter's Church. As Editor of the Jugend Freund, the Lutherische Zeitschrift, the Theologische Monatshefte and the Lutherischer Kalender he became a widely known and beloved figure. Indeed it would be difficult to find another in the second half of the 19th century who wielded so wide an influence in perpetuating the spiritual and the cultural heritage of our Pennsylvania German people.—ED.

Herr des Himmels und der Erden, Du bist Gott von Ewigkeit her: derselbe gestern, heute und in Ewigkeit. Du warst es, der unsere Vorvaeter geleitet und gefuehret hat, und bist auch noch heute bei uns, ihren Nachkommen. Als sie in Gefahr waren, standest Du ihnen zur Seite and gabst ihnen Weisheit, dass sie ueber ihre Feinde siegen konnten. Dir allein, O Herr, haben wir die Freiheit unseres Landes und alle Vorrechte, die wir als ein Volk geniessen, zu verdanken. Wir freuen uns in Dir, dass wir in einem Lande wohnen, wo wir die Heilige Schrift haben und ungestoert in die Schule und Kirche gehen koennen. Erbarme Dich auch ueber die Kinder, die noch in finstern Heidenlaendern wohnen. Lass die Zeit bald herbeikommen, wo auch bei ihnen das helle Licht des Evangeliums aufgehen wird. Uns aber wollest Du beistehen, damit wir unsere Vorrechte recht gebrauchen. Segne unser ganzes Land. Vermehre die Zahl der Frommen in demslben und lass die Uebelthaeter nicht ueber uns herrschen. Lass uns aber auch das Land jenseits des Grabes nicht vergessen, sondern gieb, dass wir hier alle unsere Pflichten mit Treue erfuellen, und im Tode lass uns hinueber gehen in das himmlische Canaan. Amen.

Pennsylvania 'Dutchmen' Contributed to Growth of Leading Steel State

One of Them Made Patented Bolts for U. S. Navy in 1812



In 1817 Peter Karthaus, a native of Hamburg in Germany, and the Reverend Frederick W. Geissenhainer, a native of Muhlberg in Saxony, pooled their interests in an American business partnership. Three years later they built a blast furnace at the mouth of the Little Moshannon or Mosquito Creek in the lower end of Clearfield County, Pennsylvania.

The firm of Karthaus and Geissenhainer was not an enduring connection, lasting as it did only until December 1818. However, it appears to enjoy the distinction of being the earliest partnership of Pennsylvania "Dutchmen" associated with the iron and steel industry in that state.

In point of fact, the number of Teutonic names that stud the annals of the iron and steel industry in Pennsylvania during the first half of the 19th Century is smaller than might reasonably have been expected. Nevertheless, the "Dutchmen" of Pennsylvania played a considerable role in the development of what eventually became the greatest steel producing state in the Nation.

Among the more illustrious ironmakers of Teutonic origin was Clemens Rentgen, a native of the Palatinate in Germany. Rentgen emigrated in 1791 from the town of Zweibruecken in Bavaria to Kimberton in Chester County, Pennsylvania, about six miles from Phoenixville. There he purchased a forge.

Site of Early Nail Factory

This locality, already familiar to readers of this historical series (see **Steel Facts** No. 62, page 6), was the site of America's first nail factory.

Soon after establishing his forge, Rentgen constructed a small rolling mill. His various enterprises were known altogether as the Pikeland Works, after the name of the township in which they were located.

That he had a flair for invention is attested by the fact that in November 1796 Rentgen obtained a patent for "forging bolts or round iron." Fourteen years later he obtained a second patent, this time for "rolling iron round, for ship bolts and other uses." The machine for which he secured the latter patent consisted of two large iron rolls fixed in a strong frame. Each roll had concavities meeting each other to form perfect round holes from half an inch to 1¾ inches in diameter. This diameter could be enlarged within certain limits. The iron was drawn through these rolls from the mouth of the furnace "with great dispatch" and then manufactured "better and more even than it is possible to forge it out."

Navy Placed Many Orders

As early as 1812, Rentgen was engaged in rolling iron commercially by his patented method. According to existing records, he appears to have filled many orders from the Navy Department of the United States which at this time was endeavoring to encourage domestic manufacture of war materials.

About the time Rentgen was negotiating for his second patent another "Dutchman" named David Heimbach was building Hampton furnace near Shimersville in Lehigh County. This furnace continued in operation for more than a score of years under his management and remained in blast as late as 1857 under various operators.

In 1820 David Heimbach and his son, David Jr., built Clarissa forge on Aquashicola Creek in Carbon County. Seven years later, the son built an adjoining furnace which he operated until his death in 1834.

The elder Heimbach meanwhile had purchased 129 acres of land located on Pocopoco Creek near Weissport in Carbon County. On this tract, Heimbach erected a furnace and forge in 1827 which he called New Hampton in commemoration of his early enterprise at Shimersville. Subsequently, the name of this furnace and forge was changed to Maria when it passed into the hands of William Miller in 1836.

In 1806, three years before David Heimbach had built his first furnace, Jacob M. Haldeman, of Swiss descent, purchased a forge at the mouth of Yellow Breeches Creek on the Susquehanna at New Cumberland. In due time he added a rolling and slitting mill which were operated until about 1826.

Four years later, Jacob Haldeman died at Harrisburg, but he left a tradition for the Haldeman family to follow and his offspring were prominent in the manufacture of iron in Pennsylvania throughout the entire 19th Century.

The association of particular families with Pennsylvania's iron and steel industry was not, however, by any means restricted to those of Germanic origin. On July 2, 1810 Isaac Pennock and his partner Jessey Kersey acquired a tract of land on Brandywine Creek at Coatesville. With the help of farmer labor they constructed the Brandywine rolling mill on this site.

About 1816, Dr. Charles Lukens, Pennock's son-in-law, purchased the Brandywine rolling mill, where it is claimed the first boiler plates made in the United States were rolled under his direction. In 1825, upon the death of Dr. Lukens, the management of the mill devolved upon his wife, Rebecca Webb Lukens, by whom the business was greatly extended and profitably conducted for twenty years. After her death, the name of the works was changed to Lukens rolling mill as a tribute to her memory. The firm still bears her name to this day.

Though the first boiler plates are believed to have been made by Lukens, boiler plates made from blooms comprised the chief product of the Cheltenham rolling mill between the years 1849-1858. At this period, the Cheltenham mill, which had been founded in 1790, was under the management of Rowland and Hunt.

The last named was Alfred Hunt who subsequently became the president of the Bethlehem Iron Company when that precursor of the contemporary steel corporation was organized in 1860.

Excerpt from a longer article under the same title in STEEL FACTS, No. 65, May, 1944, published by the American Iron and Steel Institute, and here reprinted by kind permission of the publishers.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

All Americans share, and share alike, in the glory of Independence which was achieved on the Fourth of July, 1776. It ill behooves any one group of Americans to lay claim to the credit for breaking the bonds which bound us, politically, to the old world. It was the work of all sections of the country, of all ethnic groups, all churches and all of the thirteen original colonies. The United States resulted from the United Effort of a courageous people.

But the contemplation of the great event becomes all the sweeter when we know all of the facts which helped to bring it about and each contributing group, colony, church, nationality does real service in calling attention to its share in assuring the freedom of America.

Pennsylvania was the Keystone of the Union Arch. This figurative statement becomes increasingly evident as we view the geographical position of Penn's colony; the strategic position it occupied politically; its bountiful economic wealth and the historical events which recent, diligent research uncovers.

This "Keystone" was formed out of three major ethnic groups. In the southeast of the province the English elements predominated—Quakers, Welsh and Anglicans. The northwest, then the frontier, was populated mostly by the sturdy sons of northern Ireland, known as the Scotch-Irish. The middle of the Keystone, the counties of Northampton, Lehigh, Carbon, Berks, Lancaster, Lebanon, Schuylkill, Northumberland and York, were settled by German peoples who were forced to flee from old world tyrannies. To all of the groups the magic word LIBERTY was dear for had not all of them come here in search of her?

At the time of the Declaration of Independence the Germans in Pennsylvania constituted nearly one-half of the population of the province. In a letter to John Adams, a few weeks before the meeting of the Continental Congress which issued the Declaration, Charles Thompson, Secretary to the Congress, wrote:

"In Pennsylvania our chief reliance is upon the Germans." It was the votes of the delegates from the middle counties which decided in favor of having the Continental Congress issue the declaration. If Pennsylvania had voted "No" there would have been no Declaration of Independence.

The immortal document was printed for the first time in Heinrich Miller's German newspaper, the Staatsbothe. On the eighth of July the Declaration was read from the courthouse steps of all the middle counties to great gatherings of people and each county rang the courthouse bell. Therefor there are liberty bells in all of the old Pennsylvania German counties of Eastern Pennsylvania. Riflemen from Berks and York were the first to report to General Washington at Cambridge; a Pennsylvania German regiment from Northampton prevented the defeat at Long Island from becoming a rout; Molly Pitcher, the heroine of Stony Point, was a Pennsylvania German girl; Washington's bodyguard was composed almost entirely of Berks County boys; Major-General Peter Muhlenberg, grandson of Conrad Weiser and son of the great Lutheran clergyman, was Washington's right arm in all of the conflicts; produce from Berks, Lehigh and Lancaster farms kept the troops from starving at Valley Forge, a campsite chosen because it could draw upon the rich agricultural hinterland to the north and west.

The Pennsylvania Germans helped to secure the liberty which they prized so highly and ever since have been alert to guard the fruits of the victory, for themselves and for all who deserve to bask in its blessings. To them, as to their English compatriots, liberty meant freedom from old world chains. They never owed allegiance to the country from which they were so cruelly expatriated. There was nothing in their case to be grateful for to Europe. But once America was free they had a country to which they could "dedicate their lives and their fortunes" for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

VACATION ZEIT

Vacation Zeit iss widder do
Mer traewwle, dass es batt;
Die Schdedtler gehne noch em Land,
Die Landsleit noch der Schtadt;
En yeders nemmt sei eegner Wek
Un sucht e bissel Ruh,
Un's bleibt ken Mensch deheem except
Der Kaader un die Kuh.

Die Rachel kaaft en Ticket
Un geht nunner an der See,
Un schwimmt im Unnerhemm dart rum
Wie'n Schillgrott uff zwee Bee;
Deheem iss sie so wunners schee
Un singt long meter Hymns,
Am See danst sie der Hutschi
Hutschi-kutschi in de Shins.

An Ocean Grove dart iss der Bill
Un wescht emol die Fiess,
Un fangt en Shark am Hemmerschwans,
Un kreischt far die Boliess;
Die Sal hockt an Atlantic City
Im Sand vun Kopp zu Fuss,
Dann tschumpt en alder Lobschter raus
Un fangt sie am Caboose.

Der Reginald Fidelfi Jones
Sucht Ruh an Sucker Krick,
Un zwansich dausend Harnesel
Beisse der Mister Jones ins Knick;
Die Goosie Goldbrick vun Nei Yaerrick
Find en Bauerei recht hendich,
Wu Moschkieters, Micke, Hawwerleis
Die fresse sie lewendich.

Des iss en ordlich Ding, uffkors,
Doch find mer's oftmols so;
Mer sucht Blessier un Ruh weid fart
Un nemmt sich kenni do.
Mer yaage wilde Gens draus rum,
Un kens erlangt der Schwans,
Dann guckt mer in der Schpiggel do
Un find am End die Gans.

Der Sam nemmt sei Vacation
Mit re Fischgart in der Hand,
Un siwwe Krebs un Rummadis
Iss alles as er fangt;
Far traewwle uff em Riggelwek,
Sell iss em Jake sei G'schbass
Un wann er schbautzt kummt Russ un Schmok
Aus seim Esophagus.

Deel gehne mit em Auto naus
En langer, weider Wek,
Un kumme in re Eis-box heem,
So fei as Hamburg Schteak;
Un annre fahre uff em See
In Schiff vun alle Sart,
Dann kummt en wilder Schtarrem uff,
Noh sin sie nimmi dart.

Deel gehne in die Barye nei
Eweck vun Yacht un Hitz,
Un finne uff re Rasselschlang
En weech ge-cushioned Sitz;
Un annre bleiwe in de Schtadt
Un drenke sich recht gut,
Mit Hoppebidders, Wei un Gin,
Un hen en Schlang im Hut.

Des Schaffe alle Daag im Yohr,
Des macht em endlich schtump,
So sammelt mer die Greenbacks
In me gude alde Schtrump;
Un eb's der Schtrump verreist, uffkors,
Dann geht mer uff Vacation,
Un traewwelt alle Wege naus
Un dutt's in Circulation.

Noh geht mer widder eifrich draa
Un mit frischer Mut;
Far fufzich Woche schafft mer hart,
Zwee Woche nemmt mer's gut.
Sell is die Rul bei manche Leit,
Doch schdick ich noch dezu—
Die bescht Blessier iss do deheem
Beim Kaader un de Kuh.

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

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the farm boys has been mowing the lawn of my home in Brookfield for two years.

* * *

Two years ago I paid him 50 cents an hour.

Last year, on his request, I raised that to 75 cents.

Last Sunday he told me he would have to have $1.25 an hour.

"Why?" I asked him.

"Well, everything has gone up, and people are getting more," he replied.

"Don't you raise your own vegetables and your own chickens and don't you kill your own pigs and occasionally a steer?" I inquired.

"Yes, we do."

"And don't you even grow your own feed, so that the increase in feed prices doesn't bother you?"

"Yes, but how about clothes?" he asked.

He was wearing overalls and a pair of shoes that I had given him, and even his Sunday suit was one of mine that had become too tight for me.

"Well," I remarked, "I don't see where clothes mean an awful lot to you."

"That don't make no difference," he came back (you must pardon his English, he never went beyond the fourth grade in school), "everybody is getting more and I want more, too."

"Are you going to do more work or better work if I give you more money?" I asked.

"No, I don't see how I can. But everybody's getting more, so I want more too."

And there you have it.

Just like that farmer boy—"everybody's getting more, so I want more, too."

That has become the general trend of thought and all these millions who think they ought to GET more have no idea of giving more.

I think that there is much room for improvement in the relations between employer and employee.

But is it fair that only one of the two parties of the controversy is supposed to do the giving, while the other does all the getting?

Fair dealing means equal rights and reponsibilities.

No deal is fair if it is onesided.

* * *

By the way, the farmer boy isn't mowing my lawn any more. He has gone to work in a factory at 65 cents an hour.

(Copyright, 1946)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Om Wogga Rawd

Sawg, hen n'r shun nei g'shtopt om Wogga Rawd? Wel won n'r net hen, don sotta n'r obsalut mohl ae tzeit nei shtoppa ol die fiela shaina socha sehna os darta uf exhibition sin. Un won m'r sawga 's Wogga Rawd, don nadierlich maina m'r 'm Len Sefing sei fendu hous drous nagshd on Wescosville. Un so weit os die shaina socha aw gain, sel is louder laedich nei ufgapaint alt housrote socha, 's gleiches woh dafor noch naryads doh rum tzu sehna wor.

'S sin drei leit, die Murii un der Karl Manahan, un der Egon Johanson woh die socha darta hen, un woh doh kartzlich ferarnsht in bisnis sin alla orta housrote socha deckorata, ebs dafor gablumm'd wor oddер net. Sie gain net nei fer socha gucka mocha os wie won sie alt weara, ow'r so gore duhn ihra eigna socha mohla wies na g'fall'd. Ungfare 'n alter settee is fol grossa hartzer un blumma, unna altie kish'd hut 'n bind'l blumma druf gamohl'd so gross wie 'n bushel karrab. Alta dressers un wash shtander hen aw blumma druf, unna alter eck shonk mit ol tzu da dierra, hut 'n alter drummer boo uf yader'm shpiegel. Noh hen sie aw grossa un glaina bilder fon alla orta, un so fiel onnerra socha os em die auga bol iwwer gain fer allas sehna.

Blenty Druvel Kot

So wie die Fegelcher uns gapift hen hut 'm Charlie Bartel sei frau die Florence net yusht druvel mit ihra folsha tzae, ow'r so gore mit da brill won sie fert gait fer sich 'n frock kaufa. Doh weil tzurick wor uf kours aeland im haichda grawd wie sie mohl moryets breakfasht essa hut wolla, un hut ken tzae may kot. 'S Charlies wohna uf 'm tzweta shtuck bei ihra elterra 's George Resha, on 45 Main shtross, Northampton.

Wie die Florence ihra gabiss net finna hut kenna is sie mohl grawd nunner uf der airsht shtuck un' hut allas ous g'such'd bei ihra Mam da Edna, ow'r die tzae vusht net finna kenna. Noh wie sie gadenk'd hut sie weara gawiss naryads may tzu finna. is sie owwa nuf hame, un ferhoftich sei shpaiter im dawg wie sie 's bed gamocht hut, won sie die ferlorna tzae net g'funna hut unnich 'm bed.

Ow'r so weit os ihra brilla bisnis aw gonga is, sel wor noch alla beat. Doh wor sie runner noch da shtadt fer sich 'n neier frock kaufa, un hut sich naryads suita kenna bis sie nochs Leha kumma is. Darta hut sie so gore grawd bout g'funna wos sie garn kot het, un hut der frock baguck'd mit da brill, un mit ous, so os sie shure wist wie er gucka dade.

Allas wor noh ol recht bis sie der frock dahame widder bagucka hut wolla mit da brill, un hut ken brill may kot. Brilla koshda gelt, uns sis leicht tzu denka os die Florence shun innerlich om rachla wor wos ihra neier frock sie now koshda dade bis sie widder 'n brill het. Die Florence wor shure die brill wear fert, ow'r ihra Mam die Edna hut gons onnerra gadonka kot, un da nagshda morya 's Leha in aller free uf garufa, fer sehna eb net ferleicht ebber ebbes wist fon ra ferlorna brill.

In wenicher os ken tzeit hut die Edna k'hoert 's Leha hetta 'n ferlornie brill g'funna, un wear tzu howwa in ihr'm shtore. Die weil os die Florence noh g'farrich'd hut wos sich gatzwet het, maich'd sich dritta, odder ewwa now os sie die tzae un brill ferlora het kot maich'd sie sich noch selwar ferlierra, hut sie noh ihra dochter noch da shtadt g'shick'd fer die brill hola. Tzu all'm guta glick wors die recht brill, uns wor aw gute os es wor, weil die Florence kupwae kotta hut os sie gamaint hut der kup dade ra fershpringa bis die Edna tzurick hame kumma is. Niemond wil ow'r recht wissa fon wos es kupwae kumma is, ebs wor weil sie die brill net kotta hut, odder weil sie gamaint hut sie graich'd die brill nimmy tzurick.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Doh is noch 'n Eisahonnas g'shicht os der Porra Brendle fon Egypt g'funna hut, un wie geshter g'sawt, woh m'r gleicha dada ols noch may dafon tzu griega.

'S hut mohl nochts g'shpuck'd in ra meal.—'s wor 'n mon drin gamard werra, uns hut niemond nochts drin shoffa wolla.

Endlich hut der Eisahonnas der chob ganumma, un pinklich om tzwelf uhr is die fedder dier hinna wedder uf g'floga, un der Deivel is datzu nei kumma un grawd uf der Eisahonnas gajump'd.

Der Eisahonnas hut sich ow'r drunner rous g'shoft, un der Deivel mit 'm g'sicht uf der meal shtae k'hova bis der shtae halver nunner g'shlifa wor.

Der Deivel hut noh gabaid der Eisahonnas sot 'n gae lossa,—un wie er aw hut. Der Deivel is ob tzum loch nous, un fon selra tzeit ob huts nimmy g'shpuck'd in selra meal.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Text

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

Esther 4:4-5:14.

Mordecai put on sackcloth and ashes when he learned of Haman's plot, and then took his stand at the gate of the king's palace. This was reported to the queen, Esther, by her attendants. She sent one of the courtiers, Hatach by name, to learn from Mordecai why he did so. He sent word to the queen about the whole situation, explaining particularly that Haman had bribed the king with a large sum of money, v. 7, to have all the Jews killed, and then suggested that Esther intercede with the king in behalf of her people. When she replied that one may not make a petition to the king unless summoned into his presence, Mordecai presses the matter and says, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" 4:14. This is perhaps the best known sentence in the book. Esther promises to go, saying, "If I perish, I perish". When she appeared, the king extended his sceptre to her. She asks that Haman be allowed to attend a dinner which she was preparing. The king consents, whereupon Haman is so proud of this favor that he boasts about the invitation, and then builds a gallows on which to hang Mordecai.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop looked at my hair at breakfist this morning, saying, Benny, the barber doesn't know it yet, but you have a date with him, and I mean today.

Aw heck, pop, it seems like I just had my hair cut, I said, and pop said, Time flies, and boys hair flourishes.

Meening it needed it again, which it did, and ma said, I sincerely hope that one invitation will suffice and that he'll have it cut today, so I wont have to listen to the same twice told tale every day for a week, but I suppose the age of miracles isn't quite here yet.

Sure it is, ma, I said. Hay pop, what do you bet my hair wont be all cut perfect the next time you see it tonight? Do you bet a dime? I said, and pop said, Your reward will be much greater than that, my boy.

G, pop, do you mean you'll come home early on account of Satturday and take me to the movies? I said, and pop said, I'm thinking of an even more sattisfactory reward than that. You'll enjoy the priceless glow of duty performed and werk well done and conscience sattisfied. You'll bask in the pleasant nolledge that your parents are proud of you and that you are proud of their pride. You'll feel an indiscribably delicious itching on top of your newly mown head, but try not to scratch it, because it will be a rudimentary halo and very perishible, he said.

Me tainking, Aw heck, and ma said, And I'll make a coconut custard pie for you so you can feel generosity being added to your other virtues when you see your father and me eating a reasonable share of it.

Oh boy, I'll run around to that barber shop before I've hardly finished this milk, I said. But not just for the pie, ma. I mean I'll do it mostly for what pop said, I said.

Proving men may have the best ideas but ladies know how to get things done.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

25 Years Ago

July 6, 1921, a Wednesday

Any boy under the age of 12 who appeared at the first afternoon performance at the Colonial of Jackie Coogan's latest picture, wearing a typical Coogan outfit of old trousers, sweater and cap was admitted free of charge.

The second annual community block dance, sponsored by the Hacker Athletic Assn., was held on 2nd St., between Chew and Turner. Music was furnished by Smith's band.

A Brazillian missionary, Rt. Rev. Bishop Amandus Vahimann, who was touring the country for funds for missions along the Amazon, described river civilization among the natives to members of the Sacred Heart of Jesus church.

Employes of the traffic department of the Lehigh Portland Cement Co. held a doggie roast at Neffs park. Chief Clerk T. B. Refbord was the master of ceremonies.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

Bob Considine tells about a fight in a second-rate arena that failed to entertain the bloodthirsty spectators. The two contestants acted more like rhumba dancers than pugilists: They circled each other warily, exchanging practically no punches.

After a deep silence, a voice rang out from the back: "Hit him now, yah big bum. You got the wind wit' yah!"

* * *

The conductor, making his rounds on the train, was surprised to find a little old man rolled up under one of the seats. Caught in his hideout, the little man pleaded, "I'm a poor old man and haven't the money for a ticket. But my daughter is being married in another town, and I simply must get there for the wedding. Please let me stay here; I promise to be very quiet and not disturb

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The eye observes only what the mind, the heart and the imagination are gifted to see; and sight must be reinforced by insight before souls can be discerned as well as manners, ideas as well as objects, realities and relations as well as appearances and accidental connections.

Whipple.

McKINLEY GROUNDS NEEDED BY CHILDREN

Sale of the McKinley school building again has been postponed and it is to be hoped that whatever disposition is made of it will be in the best interests of the community. This is what the school board very evidently is seeking thru its delays. President Haas of the board is making that quite clear.

It cannot be said that the Allentown School district is desperately in need of money. It is not. It can easily afford to continue holding this property, especially if an important public use is being served. Such use will be served if the Veterans' Administration should desire to retain its offices there and if tentative plans for conversion of the old post office building for the veterans' use should happen to fall thru. Certainly Allentown does not want to lose the Vetrans' Administration center. It is too valuable for the service men in this area.

Even if the Veterans' Administration decides to move to the old post office building, the school district will be wise, we believe, to retain firm hold for public purposes upon this tract of ground. The board already has indicated its desire to retain the play facilities that are provided on these grounds for the children of that vicinity. When the Veterans of Foreign Wars were in the market for the building there was understanding that in the event of purchase the grounds should continue to be a play-place for the little people of the neighborhood. Of course if the Veterans' Administration continues its home there play opportunities will not be changed.

The residents of that section have a real interest in this grounds as a play-place for their children and they should prevail upon the school board to do nothing which will interfere with, curtail or bring an end to this use. There is all too little open land in densely populated areas to supply the play needs of our children. There must be no sacrifice nor surrender of any such open land. It is all too precious.

ASK BLACK ABOUT BARNAK MURDER

The confessed murder of a soldier by a former local prison inmate last Saturday night at Willow Grove Park followed an entirely different pattern from the murder of Madeline Barnak and Lieutenant Benjamin Bowman in this city on Dec. 20 last, but it is nevertheless highly urgent that Allen Black, the murderer, be questioned carefully about the latter crime. And it would appear that it should be done speedily while Black continues in the communicative mood that has prompted him to make a clean breast of the murder and other wrong-doings.

While a jury found John Barnak, the husband of the murdered woman, guilty of the crime there was and continues to be considerable public doubt. So there must be continued effort to establish the truth, whether it be that the jury was correct in its findings, or erred in its judgment as to the testimony that was heard.

Allentown is likely to think of this more seriously in light of the fact that 26 years ago two young women, the Gorgodian sisters, were foully murdered and their assassin never became known. It is not forgotten that police rivalry at that time was made more important than the solving of the crime and that in the bitter rivalry no solution ever was arrived at altho swift, clear-headed and impartial thinking and inquiry might have solved the mystery.

A BLOW AND A BOOST FOR CHINA

(By James D. White, AP Staff Writer)

In one day China has been slapped down hard and given a gesture of deep, understanding friendship in the best American tradition.

China needed both.

The slap-down is the cutting off of UNRRA supplies until China cleans up the odoriferous way she has been handling these supplies.

Although UNRRA Director LaGuardia speaks tactfully about how the lack of transportation keeps goods in Shanghai from moving into the interior, it is common knowledge that UNRRA goods turned over to official Chinese organizations in Shanghai find their way to the black market while people starve in the country.

The gesture of friendship is the appointment of Dr. John Leighton Stuart to the long-vacant post of American ambassador to China.

China-born Dr. Stuart speaks the same Yangtze dialect as many prominent Chinese. He has been dealing with them on a personal basis many years. He knows their problems, their reasons for doing or not doing things, perhaps better than any other American.

His contacts have been developed as an educator, rather than as a missionary, during the 27 years he has been president of Yenching university in Peiping, a top-flight institution which he organized out of a group of scattered little mission schools.

The Chinese respect him in their traditional way as an "elder," as a scholar, and as a man of peace. He probably is closer to Chiang Kai-shek than any other currently active foreigner, yet habitually is so non-partisan and fair in his viewpoint that it comes as no surprise to learn that he is approved by communist negotiator Chou En-lai.

He has been helping General Marshall unofficially in the faltering American effort to get the nationalist government and the communists to work together instead of fighting each other. That this assistance now is official with Marshall's expressed "warm approval" is both a hopeful sign and a warning.

It's hopeful because Stuart has personal influence among Chinese unmatched by any other American.

It's a warning because the situation in China has degenerated so far that the United States has found it advisable to tap such an unusual source to find the right ambassador.

Wage Control Necessary

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 12.—After a lengthy piece of propaganda argument defending the President's position on the OPA bill—something that hardly belongs in a document which professes to give an account of what has been happening in reconversion—the report of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion just issued makes this amazing statement:

"Steadily rising and sustained production requires: An assured supply of labor at foreseeable cost, an assured supply of materials at foreseeable cost, and an assured market for the products of industry.

"Under stabilized prices we are guaranteed all three of these necessities—labor, materials, and markets. Under rapidly rising prices—which we would certainly have without adequate price control—we are guaranteed none."

Certainly the first sentence is correct, but the second sentence is a fallacy.

Unquestionably there would be sustained production if business had "an assured supply of labor at foreseeable cost." Indeed, there would be unexampled prosperity. But how can business and industry today know what their labor costs will be? No labor union of any size has pledged itself to maintain present wage levels for anything but a few months. Union contracts longer than a year are rare because unions refuse to make them, and almost all contracts contain clauses which furnish excuses for re-opening wage provisions on 60 days' notice.

* * *

Does anybody who knows anything about the operations of business think that by stabilizing prices there is a "guarantee" of an assured supply of labor "at foreseeable cost"? Quite the contrary is true. The refusal of the administration to continue to stabilize wages and salaries, as was done during the war, and the refusal of labor leaders to accept reasonable adjustments since V-J Day have made it impossible to foresee labor costs.

Labor unions are arbitrarily and capriciously using the collective bargaining power granted them under the Wayner Labor Relations Law. They have been forcing up costs so rapidly in the last few months that many small businesses are closing up and many more will have to be liquidated before 1946 is ended. There simply is no way to meet the unending demands of a monopolistic group which recognizes no restraint on wage levels and uses the threat of costly strikes as a means to enforce its demands.

* * *

President Truman refused to apply the rules of fair play to collective bargaining when he vetoed the Case bill. He encouraged the present wage inflation and now, when industry wants its costs covered in prices, as provided in the Taft amendment, the President of the United States seeks to make a political issue out of it by denouncing the author of that amendment.

This is just plain, ordinary politics. The inflation about which so much has been written is not coming. It is here. The only controversy is as to who is responsible and it begins to look now as if Mr. Truman may have deliberately killed the OPA in an attempt to build up an alibi for the confusion caused by his own inflationary policies.

There can be no effective price control without wage control. Price control is supposed to be justified with respect to shortages until supply can catch up with demand. But the shortage of manpower during the recent reconversion months was nevertheless exploited to the utmost by the labor union leaders, who were aided and abetted by the administration.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

POLAND'S DEATH RATTLE

Poland is a small country that makes a big noise. The significance of Poland in the past has been that it was the outpost of Western civilization in the Eastern world. At Warsaw, Europe ended culturally and spiritually; Asia began.

Today, this role has been reversed. Poland has become an Asiatic bulwark, the ramrod, as it were, of Soviet Russia in Europe. In the past, Poland never acceded to being partitioned and controlled. When the Polish language was forbidden, mothers taught it to their children in secret. When Polish schools were forbidden, they were conducted in cellars and caves. When Polish newspapers were suppressed, they were published clandestinely.

The heroism of the Polish people, their intense nationalism, their love of country and liberty, aroused the sympathy of the world. It was for Poland that England went to war in 1939 against Germany. Soviet Russia was then an ally of Germany.

Poland was the last Roman Catholic country in Europe. Beyond her borders were the Eastern churches, some allied to Rome, but most were not. Most of them were national, political churches, arms of government. This fact made Poland one of the most religious countries of Europe, for the affiliation with Rome meant not only membership in a religious fellowship; it was also the distinction between West and East. Across the border, for instance, in the Ukraine, were Uniates, who while affiliating with Rome, adhered to Eastern rites. Poland made no compromises. It belonged to the West completely and aggressively.

Today, Poland is moving East and with apparent willingness. Soviet Russia has taken control of the Polish government which it has reduced to a puppet. Poland has been stultified into an arm of the Soviet Foreign Office, doing its bidding slavishly, permitting itself to be represented in international councils by the renegade American citizen, Oscar Lange of the P.A.C., who plays the Russian tune whenever Gromyko grows weary of it. It is a negative, nihilistic tune, cynical, ugly, like a horrible pagan god out of Asia.

It is a sorry spectacle for the country that produced Ignace Paderewski after the last war. Then Poland was proud of international approval; today Poland is the most contemptible among nations—a thing used, a parrot without a character or mind of its own. It is a horrible spectacle, like a beautiful girl forced on the streets by a brutal fiend. And for that millions in all countries gave their lives.

There is now an election campaign in Poland and characteristically of N.K.V.D. provocation, it starts with a pogrom on the Jews. That stirs enough excitement, so that the mind of the people is transferred from their own troubles to a highly emotional issue. It is the recurrence of an old Czarist trick. The ancient Russia secret police, the Okhrana, predecessor of the Cheka, the O.G.P.U., the N.K.V.D.—all the same no matter how named—possessed as an ally and aid a vast organization called the Black Hundred. This was a Russian-government controlled and managed K.K.K.

Whenever the going got tough for the Russian government and it looked as though the Russian people might rise in their agony, the Black Hundred killed Jews, started riots, burned villages and accused Jews of ritual murders. Its history is one of the most horrible in Europe. It produced an unbelievable nightmare for millions of men, women and children.

This technique is now being repeated in Poland by a Communist government, a Russian puppet, during an election period. In a country completely dominated by the police power of the state, it is nonsense to say that the people got out of hand. This generation of Poles is too weary, too hungry, too broken in spirit, to initiate anything. This generation of Poles is cowed—cowed by defeat, by war, by torture, by the constant smell of death. The provocation is inevitably of N.K.V.D.—of the Russian secret police—origin, and it will frighten those who might have given a last gasp of liberty. In Poland, those who gasp, die.

(Copyright, 1946)

Pert and Pertinent

Admitted to a Brisbane, Australia, hospital with a leg injury, a soldier was found to have two hearts beating alternately.

To encourage visits by tourists Colombia has removed restrictions on changing United States funds into Colombia spending money.

The silence of the centuries-old Carmelite Abbey at Kinsale, Eire, was broken recently by the singing of a nightingale—a rare bird in Ireland.

Textile workers in Mexico have complained that garbage and waste in the mills where they are employed is being substituted for raw materials.

The six sons of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lewis of Worlingham, England, with combined service of 96 years, recently spent a reunion leave together.

The Guatemalan Government has dissolved farm labor unions whose activities were judged to violate anti-strike measures in force.

Australians are protesting against advertisements in strike-disturbed areas offering to buy Australian war bonds at reduced prices.

The Citizens' Advice Committee of Ebbw Vale, Wales, has been asked to do something about the declining quality of local beer.

The hand-knitting industry of Donegal is being utilized by the Eire Government in the production of knitwear for the relief of distress in Europe.



The Kentucky Rifle and Its Snyder County Makers

(The major part of a paper read before the Snyder County Historical Society by Mr. Ray Smith, of New Berlin, Pa., on Friday, April 19, 1946)

When on March 4, 1681, King Charles II of England issued a Charter to William Penn for a tract of land of about 45,000 square miles, as payment of a debt to William Penn, and named Pennsylvania in honor of Admiral Penn, William's father, he secured title to one of the richest domains in North America. For it was rich, not only in the undiscovered minerals but, more important to the pioneers who were soon to throng thither, the verdant flora and varied and profuse fauna were especially valuable.

Penn needed settlers for this virgin territory, so he advertised and extolled the merits of Pennsylvania to all and sundry oppressed peoples of Europe, where religious persecution with all its bigotry was still extensively practiced, and from which these harried, persecuted and oppressed people welcomed the opportunity to flee to this promised land, where the benefactor, Penn, promised political and religious freedom. Many pamphlets were circulated throughout Germany by Penn's agent, Benjamin Furley. It is these German emigrants with whom we are especially concerned in this study. From the Palatinate and Switzerland came artists and craftsmen who brought with them their tools and skills which were so urgently needed in Colonial America, and which they used to make life on the frontier easier and safer.

Among the craftsmen who decided to seek new homes in Pennsylvania were numerous gunsmiths from South Germany and Switzerland, where guns had been made for generations since the discovery of gunpowder by Berthold Schwartz, a monk in Freiburg, Germany, about 1330. Their reasons for emigrating were indeed logical, for in a land teeming with game, the necessity of gunsmiths for providing the tools so vitally necessary would enable the pioneer to provide meat for the larder, furs for barter and a weapon of defense and offense in subduing the Indian.

The rifle that was brought from Europe to America was heavy of barrel, large in bore, unreasonably heavy, clumsy and with poor, vulnerable sights, inaccurate, slow to load, and because of the large amount of lead and powder consumed, expensive to shoot. It was soon found by the roving hunters and pioneers to be entirely unsuited for prolonged trips into the wilderness, far from the services of the gunsmith so frequently necessary to maintain the functioning of these "Smokesticks."

Investigation seems to indicate that the first rifles made in Pennsylvania were made near Philadelphia, copies in the main of those brought from Europe. The earliest of these we have had the pleasure of examining was the one carried by Christopher Gist, who accompanied George Washington on the famous trip to Fort Venango. This weapon clearly reflects the general shape and style of the European type of rifle made in Pennsylvania in the early 18th century.

By 1709 Swiss emigrants had pushed into the wilderness of Pennsylvania and settled at the present site of Lancaster. By reason of its location it was destined to become a city of great importance. At this early period it was a "jumping-off" spot for the settlers who were pushing farther North toward the Schuylkill, and West and Northwest to the Juniata and Susquehanna valleys. And here in Lancaster, sometime between 1730 and 1740 was born the Kentucky rifle, which reached its final stage of perfection prior to the Revolutionary War; a rifle which enabled the pioneer to subdue and settle the wilderness, ultimately to free the colonies from a tyrannical king and to alter the course of history.

Viewed from the standpoint of today's methods of mass production, the fabrication of a Kentucky rifle, which was entirely hand-made from brass butt plate to muzzle, would appear to have been a slow and costly process, and to a certain extent this was true. It was a slow process, and the cost of a Kentucky rifle varied from $10.00 upwards to $50.00 or more, depending upon the inlays or other ornamentations that were applied to the weapon. A flint-lock rifle of this period contained from 44 to 50 separate parts, depending upon the type of lock action used and the number of keys used to anchor the barrel to the stock, this number excluding the inlays, which in rare cases numbered 150 separate solid silver inlays, the largest number we have ever seen. It required about a week's work to fabricate one of the plain rifles under average conditions.

The most difficult part of the rifle to make, and which required considerable skill, was the barrel. The material used for these barrels was iron, reduced from the locally mined ore, in charcoal furnaces, hand-puddled, and forged into billets or flats, which were peddled to the smiths in sizes conforming to their specifications. The smiths of this period possessed no boring machine capable of boring a straight hole through an iron barrel 42 inches in length, which, while not a standard length, for there were no standard lengths of barrels or calibers, was nevertheless the most common length used. The process was therefore to take a flat bar of iron, heat it in the forge, and bend and weld this bar around an iron rod of smaller than finished bore diameter. Sometimes this rod was inadvertently welded fast to the bar, and this required considerable effort to free it. The welding always began in the middle of the bar, these smiths being very superstitious, believing that the Devil was always up to his pranks and machinations of making an abortive job of welding, and the welding proceeding from the middle towards the ends chased the Devil out. The smiths were masters in the art of welding, the welds on these old barrels being practically flawless, those that had any flaws being promptly scrapped. The outside of the barrel was then given its rough shape with swages, fullers and flatters. The wrought-iron barrel was sometimes further softened by placing it on a specially prepared level spot and building a fire of chestnut wood on and over it, allowing it to burn out entirely and cool in the ashes. This annealed it to such a degree of softness that the barrel could actually be cut with a good draw-knife and some were shaped into the conventional octagonal form with this tool. The octagon shape was generally used as it was extremely difficult to give the barrel a round shape, no lathes being available at this early date. Later, however, barrels were made in round and half-octagon shapes also.

The hole left in the bore by the aforementioned process of welding was quite naturally rough and irregular. It was therefore bored out with a "short" bit, which was square, and followed the hole in the barrel without leading off to one side, the bit being turned with an ordinary brace. This removed any rough spots and left the bore in a fairly smooth condition. It was next bored to the desired diameter with a "long" bit, which, as its name imples, was long and cut only on one side. It was made by welding a piece of tool steel to an iron rod, and on the opposite of the blade or cutting edge was affixed a piece of convex-shaped hickory wood to act as a guard to prevent any scratching of the bore. This final boring left the barrel in a smooth and polished condition, and ready for straightening.

The bore was next straightened. A thread was passed through the bore, held in position along the bottom of the bore by a hickory bow, which held the string taut. In looking through the bore toward a good light the spots could be seen where the thread did not touch the bore, and which needed straightening. A heavy lead hammer was used, as it left no marks on the barrel. This required considerable skill, as the blow had to be struck just heavily enough to remove the kink or bend and not increase it further. The barrel straightening began from the middle, just as the welding, in order to chase the Devil out of both ends.

The barrel was now ready for the rifling machine, which cut the spiral grooves in the bore so necessary to impart the spin to the bullet and cause it to maintain a uniform path through the atmosphere. The invention of spiral rifling is credited to one Gaspard Zeller of Nuremberg, Germany, in the 16th century. The number of these grooves numbered from 5 to 9 usually. They varied in shape, some being "V" shaped, some ratchet, square or concave, though the square form was more commonly used and seven grooves the more conventional number. The widths and depths of these grooves also varied, some as wide as .125 inch and .010 inch deep. A variety of twists were used; one turn in 48 inches to 1½ turns in 48 inches; some as fast as one turn in 30 inches, the latter usually being used for target rifles. Thomas Cherrington of Catawissa, Pa., used a machine of one turn in 30 inches, whose machine is now in the writer's possession. Some used a gain twist and some a reverse twist, but these were not popular. The rifling machine consisted of a wooden cylinder approximately 54 inches long, with grooves of the same pitch as the required rifling for the bore cut into the outside of the cylinder and of the same number as the desired number of grooves for the barrel, though some were made with only one groove. This cylinder was about 4 inches in diameter and was set in a wooden framework to which was affixed an index with prongs or fingers engaging with the grooves in the cylinder and which forced the cylinder to revolve, carrying with it at the forward end the rod, with a rifling head made of hickory wood, 4 to 8 inches in length and of bore diameter. Into this hickory rifling head a steel saw-toothed cutter was fitted carefully, at the correct angle and depth, which cut the grooves into the bore. The teeth of this cutter were so shaped that they cut in both the forward and rearward movement of the rifling machine. With the barrel securely fastened and correctly centered to the rifling machine, a cut was made, pushing the machine back and forth until it no longer cut. The rifling head was now withdrawn, the cylinder turned to the next index stop, and the process continued until all the grooves had been cut. The cutter was now removed and a thin strip of paper placed under the cutter to cause the cutter to cut deeper into the metal, and continuing in this manner until all the grooves had been cut to the required depths. This cutting or rifling required upwards to 100 or more passes for each groove, or 800 cuts for an 8-grooved barrel.

After the rifling was completed the bore was lapped with a lead lap, cast on a hickory rod centered in the bore and charged with fine emery, or some other abrasive. This lap was attached to an iron rod with a swivel handle which allowed the rod to pass freely through the bore and worked back and forth, which smoothed the bore at all places very uniformly, removing any roughness or blemishes left in the bore from the rifling cutter. Care was exercised to lap the muzzle end of the barrel less than the remainder of the bore, thus leaving the muzzle "choked" and insuring better accuracy and easier loading.

The breech of the barrel was next threaded with a handmade tap, and the breech-plug with integral top-tang fitted and screwed into position. The barrel anchors were attached and the slots for the sights filed into the barrel. The rear sight being of iron and the front sight of brass or German silver, also carefully filed out by hand and set low upon the barrel for better visibility and to eliminate canting. The barrel was then ready to be browned, which prevented glare in the sunlight and which might reveal the hunter to an unseen foe; also, to prevent rusting when exposed to the elements. This browning was a rusting process, achieved by the application of chemicals, such as cider vinegar ,aqua fortis, or a combination of chemicals the particular smith was partial to.

The locks for these Kentucky rifles were next made, most of the parts being forged in the anvil and filed to graceful shapes, particularly the hammer, or cock, and the beautiful artistic lines of some of these old flint-lock cocks, bespeaks the artistic ability that these early smiths were capable of executing. Springs were made from old saws and swords, heated in a charcoal-fired forge and so extremely well tempered that even today some of these old springs have maintained their elasticity to a remarkable degree. The complete lock for a flint-lock rifle contained approximately 26 separate parts. During the latter part of the 18th century many locks were imported from England, but one family, the Golcher family of Eastern Pennsylvania, achieved considerable fame as lock makers, particularly James and Joseph whose names are found on many locks, as they sold their product to other riflesmiths complete and ready to be fitted to the rifle. Practically all of the flints were imported from England as the quality was superior to any domestic variety of flint. The men who made these flints were called "Knappers", and strange as it may seem, this trade is still carried on, for some of the African natives still use flintlock weapons.

The triggers and parts of the trigger plate were also hand made. The double set, or "hair" trigger was introduced shortly before the Revolutionary War. This refinement of a set trigger added the final mechanical device necessary for the rifleman to utilize the potential accuracy of the weapon, as a pressure of only a few ounces was necessary to fire the rifle, which minimized muscle tremor while firing the rifle, consequently enabling the rifleman to place his bullet nearer the elusive "Center".

(To Be Concluded)

BOOK REVIEW

HOME CRAFT COURSES—Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Plymouth Meeting, Pa. Volume XIV. PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN QUILTS. By Marie Knorr Graeff. Photographs by E. C. Gerhart. Designed and Printed by The Kutztown Publishing Co., Kutztown, Pa. 1946. — $1.00.

Few of Mrs. Keyser's various booklets in the well-known series of Home Craft Courses will make such a wide and general appeal as Marie Knorr Graeff's PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN QUILTS.

It is a curious thing about the love of the Pennsylvania German **Hausfrau** for her patchwork and aplique quilts. None of the home arts and crafts has become so much a part of the household, none has so captivated the fancy and bound the affections of its members, and none lingers so fondly in memory as the quilt that mother or grandmother made. Yes—

'S iss yuscht en commoner Deppich — seh!
En quilt alt-fashion — awwer schee.
Wie scheckich guckt's! Die patches fei,
Die scheine Schpotyohrbletter zu sei.
Hoscht du die Scheeheet schunn bedracht
Vun so me Deppich, heemgemacht?

The making of quilts is the only one of the various home crafts that has been continuously practiced down into our own day and yet it is not of native origin. We have never seen anything in the nature of a patchwork quilt in Germany. Whether it is of Anglo-Saxon origin we do not know, but it is evident that in the making of quilted patchwork and applique bed coverings the early German **Hausfrau** found in her new home in Pennsylvania that which made a very special appeal to her nature. Here was an opportunity for the expression of her innate love of gay colors. But here she could also exercise her acute sense of thrift and economy. Patches and left-overs and the better portions of worn-out garments were carefully laid aside later to emerge, chrysalis-like, in a form which would delight the eye of future generations.

Even though the making of such quilts was not originally German, it was not long before the Pennsylvania German housewife impressed upon her handiwork her own racial characteristics. The familiar symbols—hearts, tulips, rising suns and trees of life, seen elsewhere in Pennsylvania German folk art also manifested themselves in her patchwork and applique quilts. Her fancy and imgination created names for her designs and in her **Sunnedeppich, Staerne,** der **Ewich Yaeger** and **Gaensefiess** she recognized ancient and familiar concepts.

"Four major motives," writes the author, "inspired the Pennsylvania needleworker to turn from ordinary household chores to ply needle and thread through the many hours needed to complete a quilt. First was the thrifty impulse to increase the stock and stores of bed coverings for the maker's immediate family; second, the custom set by some housewives for themselves by which each new bride entering into the 'freundschaft' or family relationship, should be given a quilt; third was the romantic longing of the young maiden in her teens filling her hope-chest or dower chest, against the day of triumph and finally the practice of group-quilting to produce revenue for a church or some other worthy cause. In the group-quilting activity the patchwork was usually supplied by the persons who were willing to pay a fee for the more tedious work of plunging thousands of stitches through several layers of cloth to bind cover, batting and the reverse side of the quilt into a finished product."

After a brief introduction the writer considers the various types of quilts, dimensions and materials required, and the processes of quilting. There is an interesting list of the names of old patterns. In selecting designs to illustrate her work Mrs. Graeff has attempted to choose only such that were distinctly Pennsylvania German. There are excellent half-tone illustrations as well as line drawings showing the methods of laying out of quilts and of border quilting.

For those who have gotten away from the old patterns that once graced the four-post beds of our grandmothers and who desire to employ such will find this a most useful booklet.—P.A.B.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Die Hunds Dawga

Des is widder die tzeit fom yohr woh gawainlich 'n lot ruf rei kumma won die "Hunds Dawga" awfonga dada. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r hen shun fer etlicha wocha 's selwar uf gucka wolla im kalanner, ow'r won m'r beim kalanner worra hen m'r net on die "Hunds Dawga" gadenk'd, un won m'r draw gadenk'd hen, hen m'r ken kalanner handich kot. Iwwel odder wohl wie der R. S. Weaver ow'r da onner morya uf garufa hut fon da Bedlahame shtawl er het finf dahler gawet die hunds dawga hetta da 5d July awg'fonga, sin m'r uf der chob fer 'm die rechda barichda griega.

'S airsht hen m'r g'shwetzt mit 'm Brillaschmidt Harry Bautsch woh immer 'n lot wase fon so alta socha, ow'r er hut uns net rous helfa kenna in dem fol. In blotz hen m'r ow'r ihm bayoh'd os er recht wor wie er freind g'sawt hut "pillow slips," in English weara kuppa tziecha in Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, un net kuppa kissa wie sie 'n weiss mocha hen wolla os es weara. Sei Mutter hut er g'sawt, het ols die hunds dawga arrick in ocht ganumma, ow'r denk die weil os der Brillaschmidt sich weiters nix may bakimmert um gorda socha, bodder'd er net fiel mit da shtarna un tzaicha so weit os der kalanner aw gait. Ow'r der Dr. Harry wor noh 'n hilf—hut gawunnert ferwos m'r net der tzaerubber George Knecht rufa dada, un woh uns aenich ebbes un allas fertzaila kent fon da hunds dawga un shtarna, os m'r wissa wotta.

Imma auga blick hen m'r der Dr. Knecht uf 'm fone kotta, un woh aw 's airsht g'sawt hut er wist ferhoftich sei net recht won die hunds dawga des yohr g'shtart hetta, ow'r 's dade yusht 'n segund nemma fers uf gucka in seina reckords. Un wie wos yusht g'sheind hut wie 'n halvie sagund, is der Docktor tzurick kumma mit. "Hello Bill, die hunds dawga hen des yohr g'shtart da 3d July 'm Barra kalanner noh fon Langashter, un halta aw fer sex wocha."

Der Docktor, ols 'n shtarna laiser, hut uns noh g'sawt die hunds dawga dada ous garach'ld werra da shtarn Sirius noh, odder ewwa die gross hunds shtarn woh immer so om awfongs fom July uf gait mit da sun. Er hut noh g'sawt 's wear aw noch 'n glaenie hunds shtarn gakent ols die Trozyon, ow'r woh nix im garindshda tzu duh het mit da hunds dawga.

Die hunds dawga sin gawainlich die haishda dawga fom Summer, un 'n lot leit hen 'n maining sie weara so k'haisa werra, weils die tzeit fom yohr wear woh die hund ols weedich werra hen solla fon da hitz. Noh nadierlich sin aw noch onnerra alta glawwa os tzu duh hen mit da hunds dawga. Ungfare glaina boova—so wohl wie aw grossa, sin immer ob garota werra fer net shwimma gae darrich sellie tzeit weil die sawg wor, war shwimma dade darrich die hunds dawg dade fol g'shwarra werra. Millich hut aw immer gons arbadich gute ferwohr'd sei missa sei grawd noch 'm shpring hous odder der keel kaller nemma, odder in der brunna hanka darrich die hunds dawg, un alla hond ess socha wors immer g'sawt dade so fiela g'shwinder ferdarva darrich dies tzeit fom yohr wie aenichie onnerra tzeit.

Aenicha waig, die hunds dawga sin doh—hen g'shtart da 3d July—un halta aw bis shier gore middas fon August. So weit os die shwimmerei aw gait huts may wenich os nei glawwa, un so weit os milich un ess socha ferdarva aw gait, wissa die leit aw os es die hitz is os sel feruhrsoch'd un net die hunds dawga.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'N mon os fiel drous rum kumt hut da onner dawg g'sawt, des da glanner os die bisnis bletz weara, des da arver hetta sie ihra socha nuf gamarrick'd in da prica.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Well, I certainly started something when I asked my readers to tell me whether they considered dogs or cats better pets.

From all over the country came an avalanche of replies—all the way from four-line postcards to twelve-page letters, each of them positive that the writer was the final authority on the dog vs. cat question.

Let me quote from just one of these letters. It came from a cat lover, of course.

"When did you ever hear anybody call someone 'a dirty cat?' It's always 'you dirty dog', you dirty dog."

I have a faint idea as to what my "fan" was driving at, and now, after having read these stacks of replies, the question still is: "Which is the better pet, the dog or the cat?"

* * *

The largest number of cat lovers who wrote me were women, while men apparently are more apt to like dogs.

"Maybe that is because women are supposed to be more catty than men," remarked my secretary Jean, who helps me a lot with my fan mail and thinks that, being a woman, she knows women. (While I always maintain that being women makes women know less about women than men do, and men know nothing about them.)

* * *

After reading all that cat-and-dog mail I have come to one conclusion: One of the main reasons why people like pets is gecause pets flatter their ego.

For instance, it is a great feeling for some poor guy, who doesn't amount to much at work or at home, to have his dog worship him and consider him as lord and master.

It makes this poor guy feel good to think that at last, he has found someone who isn't wise to him and knows less than he does.

It is wonderful to whistle and to have his dog obey him instantly, when nobody else pays the slightest attention to his whistles or commands.

* * *

And isn't it lovely for some woman who has passed her prime and who has lost her attraction, no matter how hard she tries to keep it in repair, to have a kitten purr when she strokes it, and snuggle up against her, as if her touch still held that magic thrill of long ago?

* * *

Well, let it be what it may. We owe much to dogs and cats.

You take your cats, I'll take my dog and both of us will be happy in the world of make-believe in which they let us live.

Excuse me. Deuce is barking. I think he wants to go out.

Or maybe he wants to tell me that he knows me better than I think he does.

Or, maybe it's a cat he's after.

(Copyright, 1946)

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop was smoking to himself in his private chair, and ma said, William, would you mind helping me balance my checkbook?

Not at all, my dear, no more than I'd mind ballencing on a titerope and juggeling 6 orange and 2 bottles of ketchup with the corks out, pop said. Hand it over, he said, and ma said, Now just keep calm, William, all I want is a simple suggestion or 2 to help me cleer up a rather baffling entry of 13 dollers and 49 cents. I dont mean the amount itself is baffling, because I've often payed out odder amounts than that, but instead of writing on the stub "butcher" or "light bill" or any of the old favorites, I've simply got a question mark with quotation marks on either side of it, she said.

You mean you forgot to enter what the check was made out for, and then you forgot what you forgot, pop said, and ma said, Not at all, I delibritly remember putting down this question mark at the time I wrote the check to indicate something very definite, but what, William?

That's the question, pop said, and ma said, Now William please be logical. Cant you imagine any simple reason why I would put down a question mark instead of a name? she said.

I can think of a lot of simple reasons, but I better not name them, you'd think I was exaggerating, pop said. Maybe you were just thinking to yourself, "Another bill to pay, oh what's the use?" and down went a question mark, he said, and ma said, I remember, William, it was for the laundry, the Question Laundry.

Yee gods, is that the name of laundry? pop said, and ma said, Certainly not, but that's what I call it because I always have to ask the delivery man a duzzen questions such as why he's calling on the wrong day, and if he's found your blue shert yet, and so fourth and so on. I knew it must have a logical explination, she said.

So must the present state of international relations, pop asid.

Being sourcastic.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

QUATRAINS

Baseball Memory

Baseball's fun, beyond a doubt.
But the laughter's gayest when
Youngsters throw their fathers out
Playing 'gainst the married men.

* * *

Fisherman's Secret

A fisherman is one who knows
A spot where no one ever goes
And slips away, by boat or car,
To find, as wise, his neighbors are.

* * *

Tree Hunger

Despite its loveliness, a tree
A very greedy thing can be.
It sends its roots afar to feed
On nourishment the roses need.

* * *

Vacation

Vacation is a time to play,
And go for ice, three miles away;
To do exactly as you wish—
And when you've caught them,
clean the fish.

(Copyright, 1946, Edgar A. Guest)

25 Years Ago

July 13, 1921, a Wednesday

An innovation in labor disputes was the "soldiered on the job" strike of State employees of the Italian government. All the workers stayed on the job but refused to work.

William Howard Taft was sworn in as Chief Justice of the Supreme court of the United States.

Margaret Ziegler, a graduate of Allentown Hospital Nurses' college, was appointed child welfare nurse.

Charles Everett was chosen president of the Mosser Playground Assn. Charles Apple became vice president, Henry Falstich, secretary, and Harry Fritch, treasurer.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

A soldier of fortune named Spectorsky joined the Foreign Legion and, to toughen him up, the head man at Casablanca sent him on a 1000-mile trek through the Sahara desert.

The fourth day out, the valiant Spectorsky spied a wooden tower in the distance. For a while he thought it was a mirage, but no! As he drew closer, he saw that it was real.

On top of the tower lolled a stoutish gent, reading a magazine. He was dressed in a striped bathing suit with the words "Life Guard" emblazoned across his manly chest.

"What are you doing 'life guarding' in the middle of the Sahara?" called Spectorsky in his best Riff dialect. "Don't you know that it's at least a thousand miles to the nearest water?"

"Sure I know," said the life guard. "But isn't this one wonderful beach?"

* * *

Hal Block met a little cockney who was enthused over a cruise he had made to South America. "First," he reported, "we stops in Cuba, and then we puts in at Haiti." "And what comes after Haiti?" asked Block politely. "Heighty-one," said the cockney.

(Copyright, 1946, by Bennett Cerf.)

Today's Text

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

Proverbs 5 and 6

The chapters for today have much to say about the clean life. First, there is the warning against 'the strange woman,' involving the violation of the seventh commandment, concerning adultery. See also 6:23. Death and hell, 5:5, are for those who seek to fulfill the lusts and desires of the flesh. By way of contrast is the picture of a happy marital relation and family life, 5:18, 19. Solomon, according to I Kings 4:33, was a natural scientist, the Theodore Roosevelt of his day, able 'to speak about trees, from the cedar tree of Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. He spoke also of beasts

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

God hath given to mankind a common library his creatures; and to every man a proper book, himself, being an abridgement of all the others. If thou read with understanding, it will make thee a great master of philosophy, and a true servant to the divine Author; if thou but barely read, it will make thee thy own wise man and the Author's fool. Quarles.

A HAPPY CITY FOR FOR BOYS.—AND GIRLS

Have you noted the scarcity of boys upon Allentown's streets during these summer days? And evenings, too? Have you observed that this is especially true in the central business and theater section where their activity and noise are so conspicuous at other seasons of the year and during those hours of the day when the schools are not in session?

The fact would seem to be that there is so much for Allentown boys to do during the summer months that they seem to vanish from the busy haunts of men. And, paranthetically, the situation is quite similar for the girls of the community.

First of all there are the summer camps which are conducted by such organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Boys' clubs and which take hundreds of youngsters away from home for weeks at a time. Many boys of course are sent away to private camps while many more take part in briefer over-night camping trips.

Then there is the extensive playground system whose attractions keep the boys pretty well interested during most of the hours of the day and evening. This is especially true during the heated season when all the bathing beaches are thronged by boys (and girls) for hours and hours of the day and early evening.

So if you have missed much of the laughter and noise of the coming generation in the movies and upon the streets, especially in the business section, know that the young folks are storing up plenty of Vitamin D against the sunless days of the coming winter. And they are having a very good time. They are realizing that it is a good thing to live in Allentown and that there is abundance of opportunity for them to have a good time and to be building health and strength in the course of their pleasures.

CANADA THISTLE SPREADING ITS BANE

This is the season when the Canada thistle is spreading its fluffy seed and despite abundance of law upon the statute books of Pennsylvania little is done to halt it, just as little was done during a recent fortnight when chicory was in bloom and likewise should have been cut down before it could develop its seed.

Altho just about everybody in rural areas is affected in some degree or other by neglect of these two baneful weeds, few law enforcement officers and few landowners who are victims choose to do anything about it.

But much damage has been done and much will continue to be done. And there will be little or no recompense from any one to the sufferers.

NEXT ATOM BOMB TEST MOST IMPORTANT

The second extensive military test of the atomic bomb is to be held in Bikini atoll on Thursday next. This time the world is going to learn what happens when this powerful new weapon is discharged or exploded under water.

If the bottom of the Bikini atoll was considerably strained in the course of the recent explosion of a bomb high above the water, it may be completely smashed when the next bomb is set off under the surface of the sea.

More particular of course the U. S. Navy and our Government are interested in what such explosion is going to do to surface ships and to submarines. The performance of the bomb is almost certain to determine whether the submarine is to be the offensive and defensive weapon of future navies or whether the atomic bomb has relegated it to the museums in which the tomahawk, the bow and arrow and other primitive weapons are exhibited.

The physical effects upon water also are to be carefully studied. These will include temperature, transmission of radioactivity and many other matters.

Just about everything that was learned at the first Bikini test was confirmation of what had happened at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It is expected that an entirely new body of information will result from the underwater explosion on Thursday next.

BAD DAYS FOR THE PROPHETS

Events are occurring to the confusion of the prognosticators, old and new, as may be noted from two recent items; St. Swithin's Day and the ending of OPA.

The ancient rhymester who encased a popular superstition in the amber of jingling verse promised forty days of rain in the event that rain fell upon July 15.

Mr. Chester Bowles, while making his vigorous fight, predicted a doubling of prices in two weeks in the event that OPA were permitted to come to an end.

Last Monday it rained hereabouts but there has been no rain since that time. At least not within many miles of Monday's rainfall.

Today the OPA has been dead for almost three weeks and while there have been serious price increases they do not approach Mr. Bowles' calamitous predictions.

EYES FOR THE SIGHTLESS

Just as blood is stored in banks of hospitals, so it is entirely probable that in the very near future human eyes will be stored in such institutions, ready for transplantation to persons who have lost their sight by disease or accident.

Just as it has taken much publicity and a virtual crusade to get the American public to build up the blood banks, so it is going to take an even greater amount of publicity and crusading to get individuals to agree to removal of their eyes immediately after death. But that campaign has been begun by Dr. H. E. Pine of Chicago, president of the National Optometric fraternity, Beta Sigma Kappa.

Dr. Pine has begun his campaign at home, it may be said, for he has appealed to the 10,000 members of the American Optometric association to allow their eyes to be used after their death. That appeal came spontaneously when he was addressing the national convention of optometrists in Pittsburgh. And it was immediately endorsed. As he said at the time: "These men have devoted their lives to improving vision. What better way of improving people's vision can be found than willing their eyes to posterity?"

Now Dr. Pine is checking with eye-banks to determine the extent of the need for eyes. He is going to propose to such repositories that a national index be set up so that available eyes can be handled quickly and without confusion.

Truman May Take Stump

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 19.—Despite the almost unbroken rule that a President of the United States cannot successfully influence the voters in behalf of other candidates even of his own party, President Truman has made up his mind to take the stump this autumn to help win for the Democratic party a majority in Congress.

The Republican party should really welcome that decision, and the Democratic strategists should think about it twice. For if Mr. Truman does campaign and the Republicans make considerable gains in Congress, it will amount to evidence that the country repudiates his leadership.

Experience in the elections thus far shows that the voters generally resent outside interference. It happened that way recently when Representative Rankin, Democrat, was renominated in Mississippi. It happened also this week when Senator Wheeler, of Montana, though possessing the President's endorsement, failed to win the Democratic nomination for another term. There are many mistakes in judgment of the same sort, and they were made by the late President Roosevelt as well as by Republican presidents.

* * *

The voters are likely to feel that they know what is best for their own constituencies and they usually look upon interference from Washington as gratuitous. Sometimes even a weak candidate uses the outside pressure as an argument to gain sympathy and support. Thus it happened that while the late Senator Ellison Smith of South Carolina won easily in the Democratic primaries when he was openly opposed by Mr. Roosevelt's influence, defeat came subsequently when the Roosevelt administration kept hands off.

Mr. Truman is trying now to defeat Representative Slaughter, Democrat, one of the ablest members of the rules committee of the House of Representatives. The President doesn't vote in the Missouri district from which Mr. Slaughter comes, and it certainly didn't add to Mr. Truman's prestige to find him sending for a member of the notorious Pendergast machine in Missouri to help in a political conspiracy to defeat Slaughter.

The President has played politics a good many years and owes his elevation in public life originally to the Pendergast machine. Contact with the machine is something which liberal Democrats would prefer to see him avoid.

Theoretically, the leader of the party in power is obligated to do all he legitimately can do to assist in winning control of Congress. For his legislative program may rise or fall on whether he has a majority in the national legislature. But actually the Democratic party is divided, and the things for which the northern Democrats stand are not the same as those which the southern Democrats support. To elect more northern Democrats to outvote the southerners is not exactly supporting the Democratic party but only the faction which plays ball with the administration.

The record of the present Congress shows that many Democrats often called administration supporters failed to vote with Mr. Truman on certain legislative proposals. Opposing Republicans will have plenty of opportunities to point out the inconsistency of any blanket endorsement of a Democratic Congress that may be given by the President.

So far as the proprieties are concerned, Mr. Truman is well within precedent and custom in urging the election of a majority in Congress of his own party. No President in recent years, however, has made any direct campaign on the stump for a Congress majority of his own party. Efforts heretofore have been confined to letters of endorsement or occasional statements of policy and sometimes to vague and implicit speeches in political situations during visits to a particular locality for some other ostensibly non-political reason.

It is, therefore, an example of candor for Mr. Truman to have announced that he intends to engage in a political campaign to help the Democrats win Congress. It is a big risk, to be sure, because Mr. Truman's record in some states will prove more of a liability than an asset.

* * *

The reasons for the step, on the other hand, are doubtless related to a belief that the President can put many members of the party in his debt if he helps them win their individual contests. Certainly that is one way of lining up votes in Congress for the next two years. But it is likely that the advantages will be outweighed by the disadvantages and it could conceivably happen that by the time autumn comes, Mr. Truman will find himself so busy trying to keep his bureaucratic agencies in Washington in line and settling the next wave of strikes that he will not make many appearances on the stump after all. (Reproduction Rights Reserved)

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE CLOSED ECONOMIC SYSTEM

Mr. Byrnes's estimate that the Russians have already seized $14,000,000,000 of reparations, most of it unilaterally, is, of itself, a condemnation of the processes of peace. War is bad enough but peace has become organized loot, rapine and murder. The peace is for booty and the enslavement of human beings. This sort of peace may, in the end, be ever more horrible than war.

But the real curse of Russia's international activities is that Soviet Russia has established "a closed economic system" which separates large areas of the earth's surface from the rest of mankind. Whereas for a century, the United States has been fighting for the "Open Door Policy," the Russians have been for a shut door. It is because the Russians are unwilling to permit the discussion of this closed economic system that they have for so long objected to a calling of a Peace Conference and that they have sought to continue the restrictions upon the small nations. Their effort has been in the direction of getting everything settled by agreement among the Great Powers in advance, so that the real parties at interest will have no voice whatsoever.

Mr. Byrnes's statement, "The four Allied Governments cannot indefinitely delay the making of peace with countries which they have long since ceased to fight simply because they cannot agree among themselves on peace terms," was altogether correct, but it would have meant more had he categorically declined to take part in any further discussions except at a Peace Conference at which all the Powers, great and small, friend and foe, were present. No one today knows who is friend and who is foe and we might just as well have everybody at the table. We might discover who is our friend and who our foe.

* * *

Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin still fear an open breach with the Russians. But Molotov shows no fear of an open breach with either the United States or Great Britain. The reason is obvious, namely, that whereas the United States and Great Britain seek peace, Soviet Russia seeks a closed economic system; that while the United States and Great Britain are prepared to pay a heavy price for peace, Soviet Russia is still waging a universal war for the establishment of a Communist system throughout the world. All the difficulties faced at all the Conferences since Mr. Roosevelt died arise from this incompromisable difference.

Throughout the world an anti-Communist movement is developing among the people. This will undoubtedly aid and comfort every reactionary and subversive tendency; nevertheless, it is impossible to prevent people from rising against their oppressors—and the Russian is an oppressor in too many countries and over too many peoples. The principal political interest of the United States in this situation is that we are not a party to the oppression nor partners with the oppressor. We have unfortunately not been too careful about that.

The situation in Europe grows steadily worse. The pogroms in Poland cannot be regarded as an isolated instance; they are the symbols of the general deterioration among the peoples of Europe, the food shortages, the lack of popular support for the various governments, the resistance to super-imposed Russian-controlled officialdom, the deep despair and utter hopelessness of the people. Pogroms do not happen when human beings are happy. Pogroms are the end result of futility. They mark mass brutality as a reflex to mass misery. It has always been so.

* * *

The real misfortune is that the United States is so helpless, in spite of all its power and wealth, to do much to save the peoples of Europe. For the United States signed away its rights at Moscow, Teheran, Yalta, San Francisco and other conferences where, pursuing Roosevelt's malicious "Grand Design" we were left without a card to play or a device to use.

For all this there can be only one remedy. That remedy lies in a complete break with the Roosevelt agreements. The United States ought to take a flat and forthright stand that Yalta was wrong and that the earth and all that exists thereon was not created for Soviet Russia.

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The Kentucky Rifle and Its Snyder County Makers

(The major part of a paper read before the Snyder County Historical Society by Mr. Ray Smith, of New Berlin, Pa., on Friday, April 19, 1946)

(Conclusion)

The stock was next made, the favorite wood, curly rockmaple, which weighs 38 pounds per cubic foot, grown on this soil and chosen for its beauty and compact grain, which varied from plain to fancy curly and birds-eye patterns. Walnut, apple and cherry wood were also used, but maple predominated. The channel for the barrel, lock mortise, patchbox, cheekpiece, etc., were formed with special chisels, planes, rifflers, etc., of the smiths' own fabrication. The wood used for these tools was usually persimmon, the ebony of America, which was ideally suited, being very hard and resisting wear extremely well. After the inletting of the barrel was completed the stock was given its final shape and dimensions with drawknife, spokeshave, rasps and files, then sanded smooth and frequently stained with aqua fortis, and sometimes slightly charred. This process brought out the contrasts and lights in the wood. The furniture was attached, the buttplate, usually of cast brass, cleaning-rod thimbles, patchbox, escutcheons and inlays inletted in the stock, and the lock set into correct position. After the lock was set into correct position, the flash hole was drilled into the barrel to allow the powder in the chamber to ignite from the pan. Such furniture was usually of brass or German silver, though sterling silver, and rarely gold, were also used. The inlays were made by the smith, often very artistic, taking the shapes of fish, birds, dogs, fleur-de-lis, crescents, etc. A favorite design was an eight-pointed star, doubtless chosen for its religious significance, and usually set in the cheekpiece of the stock. These inlays were frequently tastefully and artistically engraved, this being done with a graver, just as a jeweler today engraves rings or other jewelry. These inlays were attached to the stock with small, tapered pins of the same material as the inlay, and when dressed down could scarcely be detected. The patchbox, as its name implies, was used to carry the greased linen or muslin patches and extra grease. Many of these patchboxes were very ornate and artistically engraved. Some of them had concealed catches, operated by pressing what appeared to be a solid piece of metal. The stock of the rifle was finally finished with varnish or linseed oil. The ingredients used must have been very good, and the finisher had mastered his art, for many of the stocks on rifles 150 years old have acquired a rich patina that resembles tortoise shell, or the back of a fine Stradivarius violin.

The bullet mould was next made, so as to cast a spherical bullet of lead slightly smaller than the bore of the rifle; a greased patch of linen, buckskin or muslin around the ball made loading easy, sealed the bore from escaping powder gas, and assisted in cleaning the residue and fowling from the black powder from the bore. The mould was forged on the anvil in the same manner as a pair of tongs or pliers. The cavity for the bullet was cut into the mould with a spherical cutter or reamer, called a "cherry," probably because it resembled that fruit. The smith had many sizes of these cherries and usually of his own manufacture. The calibers of these rifles varied considerably, and were usually determined by the number of balls the mould cast per pound of lead. They varied from 400 or about .18 cal., up to 25 per lb., or .58 cal. Hunting calibers usually ran from .30 to .45 cal., casting 180 and 52 balls per lb. respectively. However, as the barrels of these rifles were quite soft, wear was rapid, and the bore had to be "freshed," i.e., the rifling cut deeper, which enlarged the bore, quite naturally, and a rifle that was originally a .30 cal. might eventually become a .45 cal. rifle, after it had been "freshed" or recut a number of times.

The loading of the Kentucky rifle was accomplished as follows: A charge of powder was poured into the charger, leveled off and poured into the barrel. A greased linen patch was removed from the patchbox, laid squarely on the barrel; the bullet with sprue uppermost was placed on the patch and pushed into the barrel until it was flush with the muzzle. The excess patch material was cut off with a sharp knife and the bullet pushed down the bore until it rested on the powder charge. It was NOT rammed, as this gave uneven upsettage, unequal pressures, and consequently inaccuracy. The priming pan was filled with a fine grained powder for quick ignition, the cock half bent, the frizzen closed, the rigger set, and the rifleman was ready. All this might seem to require considerable time to perform, but an expert rifleman could fire three to four well-aimed shots a minute, and if he were really in a tight spot, would dispense with the patch and use a naked ball, which while not as accurate nor powerful, was often entirely satisfactory.

How important was the Kentucky rifle, and to what extent is posterity indebted to it, are pertinent questions. This long, graceful, economical, superbly accurate rifle tamed the wilderness and subdued the Indian, carving out new homes for the ever increasing numbers of restless pioneers, pushing ever Westward until finally halted by the Pacific Ocean. It provided meat for the pot, skins for barter, scalps for bounty, protected the pioneer from four-and two-legged "varmints," and ultimately freed the Colonies from the yoke of an unprincipled king. For without this rifle so feared by the British, which was so superior to the famous "Brown Bess" musket used by their armies, our victories at Bunker Hill, King's Mountain, and finally on the plains of Chalmette at New Orleans, where the British suffered 3.326 casualties to the Americans' 21, independence would have been impossible—conclusive evidence of the accuracy of the rifle and the marksmanship of the men who used them. Again, in the famous defense of the Alamo, Crockett, Travis, Bowie and a few others killed over 1,600 Mexicans, most of them shot through the brain, and through their skill the Lone Star State was finally added to our territory. The list is lengthy, but these serve as outstanding examples. These rifles were sufficiently accurate to drive 10 successive nails at ten rods, hit and kill a man at 300 yards, and "bark" a squirrel from the tallest tree. At 60 yards, the usual distance for match shooting, they were capable of placing 5 shots in a one-hole group. This accuracy is not equalled by many of our present high-power rifles of present manufacture, but is surpassed by special custom built rifles from the hands of men like Harry M. Pope who has built the world's finest and most accurate.

It seems ironical that this superb rifle, born in Pennsylvania, should have been christened the "Kentucky Rifle," when it would be more properly and more rightfully termed the "Pennsylvania Rifle." Brought from Europe by German and Swiss immigrants and perfected in Eastern Pennsylvania, it performed with entire satisfaction its mission in subduing the wilderness. It was used under the most adverse conditions and was not found wanting in the hands of the men who cherished it. Had it not performed satisfactorily, Kentucky would have been settled much later than it was. Daniel Boone, who is usually associated with the settling of Kentucky, did not enter the "Dark and Bloody Ground" until 1769. Boone first learned of this attractive region from John Finley (who had hunted there) while they were serving under General Braddock in 1755, during the ill-fated attempt to capture Fort Duquesne, where the "Smoky City" of Pittsburgh now stands. Incidentally, had Braddock heeded the advice of George Washington regarding frontier military strategy, and had he accepted the services of "Captain Jack," also known as "The Wild Hunter of the Juniata," and his Rangers, all "dead" shots, armed with their Kentucky rifles, the outcome would have been a far different story for the historical records. He failed, however, was mortally wounded and ingloriously defeated.

Therefore by the time that Kentucky was in the process of being metamorphosed from the "Dark and Bloody Ground" to the "Blue Grass Country," the Kentucky rifle had achieved its final state of perfection and accuracy, aided in firmly establishing frontier settlements throughout the buffer counties of Central Pennsylvania and subdued the Indians before it made its debut in the regions for which it has been named. Pennsylvania riflesmiths fabricated the rifles that were used in Kentucky and also supplied many of the migrants who were to subdue another wilderness.

SNYDER COUNTY RIFLESMITHS

The constant, steady push of the pioneers into the unsettled regions of Central Pennsylvania resulted naturally in the settling of the present-day Snyder and Union Counties. Because this region was as abundantly supplied with game as any part of the State, and because these were buffer counties against the French and the Indians, the riflesmiths who chose to follow closely on the heels of the settlers found a ready market for their products.

Documentary evidence of these old riflesmiths is sadly lacking; the only concrete evidence of their craft being the few rifles still extant, from which we have secured the following information:

Arnig Benfer, Beavertown. Period unknown.

Amos Benfer, Benfer, Snyder County. Born 1841; died April 2, 1916, aged 74 years. He was a carpenter and farmed a few acres. He made double superposed rifles. He bought the barrels, bored and rifled them. He bought the locks ready to be fitted. He received $22.00 for these rifles. He was a good mechanic and made beautiful inlays. His son Charles Benfer is still living near the old shop of his father.

Ely Specht, Beavertown. No data concerning the period he worked in

William Lloyd, Middleburg. No data.

Joseph Long, Beaver Springs. One of Snyder County's best riflesmiths, from evidence of the few rifles still in existence. He specialized in double superposed rifles with swivel breech. His workmanship was of the best. He made rifles from about 1825-1880. His shop is no longer in existence.

Henry Laudenslager, Selinsgrove, R. D. 1, located at Fair Oak. Born April 17, 1839, near Fair Oak, Penn Township. He learned his trade from his cousin, William Laudenslager of Mifflin. He served an apprenticeship of two years without pay, the usual custom. He was a splendid mechanic, ranking with the best in the county. He used an unusual rifling machine that rifled two barrels simultaneously, if desired. The prices of his single-barreled rifles varied from twelve to sixteen dollars, and the price of the double swivel breech models was approximately $22.00 during the Civil War era. He was also a cabinet maker, owned a sawmill, cider press and two threshing outfits. His favorite wood for stocks was maple, though he also used walnut and cherry. He made most of his tools, and most of the gun parts such as the drums, nipples, breech plugs, butt plates, etc. He had mastered the art of tempering steel, and was very much at home at the forge and anvil. He died March 22 1912, aged 72 years, 11 months and 5 days, and is buried in the old Salem Cemetery.—His old rifle-shop is still standing and can be readily recognized by the many rabbit and squirrel tails and pheasant feet nailed thereon, which have been accumulating for three quarters of a century.

There were several German and Swiss riflesmiths located on the old road leading from Freeburg to Freemont, but we have been unable to obtain any information as to who they were or anything of their rifles.

This in brief is the story of the 18th and 19th century flint-lock rifles. By the early 19th century most of the rifle-smiths had boring-machines to bore out the barrels; or if they did not, they bought the barrels bored and rifled them. Most of the locks were also bought ready to be fitted, many of them imported, especially from England, from whence came the finest locks of that period as well as today. Most of the buttplates, patchboxes, and other furniture were also purchased from factories. After 1820 many of the finest specimens of flintlocks were converted to percussion locks, which is one reason why so few specimens remain today. After the adoption of the percussion cap, the patchbox became smaller and less ornate, and was frquently used to hold the caps instead of the greased patches. The fine carvings disappeared and the stocks were plainer as a whole; after 1860 the beautiful inlays were fewer in number and less frequently used. In short, the Kentucky rifle had reached its zenith, and was degenerating for two reasons: the older craftsmen had died; and the breech-loading weapons were now introduced, with the repeating mechanisms a prime factor.

Though the breech-loading and repeating mechanisms seemed destined to doom the Kentucky rifle to oblivion, its admirers clung tenaciously to it, and some are still made for the fans who use them in preference to the modern rifles. There is even a National Muzzle-loading Rifle Association, sponsored by the disciples of the Kentucky, who prefer the incense of black powder to that of the smokeless in their nostrils. The Kentucky rifle is not dead, and after two centuries of use, it has had, so it would seem, sulfa or some other drug injected into it and now bids fair to recapture some of its former prominence in the field and on the rifle range, which is as it should be.

(The author of the above interesting article closes with Jack Crawford's poem "The Old Kentucky Rifle", which epitomizes the admiration and esteem felt for it by the old riflemen. This poem appears elswhere in this issue of the ECK.)

THE OLD KENTUCKY RIFLE

By CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD

I am crowdin' close to eighty—
gittin' mighty nigh the end;
My hair is white and scattered,
and my back has got a bend;
I am shaky on my trotters,
and my eyes has got so dim
I kin scarcely see yon mountain
that so oft'n I hev clim.
I've gathered up som treasures
that I value mighty high,
And thar's one that all the money
of this earth could never buy;
Among my goods and chattels
here I prize it more than all—
It's that old Kentucky rifle
hangin' thar agin the wall.

Its stock is scarred and battered
and its bar'l is full o' nicks,
Its lock is worn with service
till I skeerce kin hear its clicks,
It has lost the shinin' beauty
that it had when it was young,
But you bet it's never, never
lost the sharpness of its tongue!
It was my lone companion
when this country was a wild,
And I love it dear as father
ever loved a favored child.
And I've seen some skeery moments
when to me it was all in all—
That old Kentucky rifle
hangin' thar agin the wall!

Lots of deer has fell before it—
yes, and many a panther too,
And in airly days some Injins
knowed about what it could do!
And a squirrel's eye peepin' at me
from the very tallest tree,
I could bust all into bits, and
bring the critter down to me!
And the Chris'mus shootin matches—
master mine, but it war fun,
And I reck'n I surprised 'em
by the shootin' that I done!
Ev'ry turkey that I drawed on
felt the vengeance of a ball
From that old Kentucky rifle
hangin' thar agin the wall!

I have seed the new inventions
they are makin' nowadays,
And I won they're mighty slick
in a variety of ways.
They are han'sum fer to look at;
you kin load 'em with a snap,
And you never have to bother
with a flint-lock or a cap.
You can shoot 'em mighty lively
when you bring 'em to the scratch,
Never have to ram yer bullets,
never have to cut a patch;
But fer close and hair-breadth shootin',
I could once down 'em all
With that old Kentucky rifle
hangin' thar agin the wall!

But thar's one thing makes me love it
as I never did afore—
When I heered the ringin' summons
callin' loyal men to war,
All the fire that nerved my daddy
in them Revolution days
Got to surgin' in my bosom
till my heart was all ablaze!
Then I shouldered that old rifle,
filled my bullet pouch with lead.
Put that ol' warm cap of coonskin
sort o' keerless on my head,
And I offered 'em the sarvice
of a mighty keeneyed man
Fer to do some fancy shootin'
under glorious ol' Berdan!

Through the bloody war I packed her,
then I brung her home agin,
Proud and sassy of the reckerd
that I tuck her in to win!
And when age was creepin' on me,
and I couldn't shoot no more,
With my shaky hands I hung her
up to rest behind the door.
When this old and worn-out body
underneath the ground they hide,
I hev asked 'em fer to lay it
sort o' lovin' by my side,
And when Gabriel blows his trumpet
I'll march upwards at the call,
Hangin' on to that old rifle
hangin' thar agin the wall!

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Alla Beat

Won des net alla beat is wie der George Swain fon da Tilghman shtross doh in da shtadt 'm Midwoch morya gamaint hut er het sei mashina harn shtoppa blossa, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear. Ow'r fer die socha recht fertzaila, des is wie sie worra.

'M Clarence Bernd sei fraw die Annie fon 1018 Green shtross but 'm Midwock morya so uhr sexa g'sawt, sie net ferhoftich sei fergessa ebbes fon kucha tzu griega fer breakfast, un gamaint won der Clarence dunka wot, mist er niver nochs Weisels' shtore gae uf da Tilghman shtross, ebbes fon kucha hola. Wie der Clarence, un woh shoft fer die Wenza grawbshtae kumpany, tzu da dier nous is, hut er 'n machina harn hoerra blosa, ow'r net recht ous mocha kenna wohs sei maich'd. Des da naicher os er ow'r niver nochs Weisels' kumma is, des da mainer hut er shtarta denka 's maich'd ferleicht sei aigna machine harn sei, un hut ken grawe unnich seina fees woxa lossa, un sich widder shnell tzurick hame g'shoft un seim kucha.

Der Clarence is noh ains gongs nous noch seim mashina shub hinna uf da lut, un hut mohl k'hoerich'd, ow'r allas wor ruich un shtil un er hut gawist os es net sei mashine is os om blossa wor. Noh is er niver noch seim nochber George Swain seinra garage un hut darta k'hoerich'd, ow'r aw nix hoerra kenna. Endlich is er noch 'm Roland Zimmerman seinra garage woh grawd wedder die Swaina garage gabout is, un ferhoftich sei wons net 'm Roland sei Dodge wor woh om blosa wor.

'S wor noh so on da fartel noch da sexa rum, und der Clarence is mohl hinna on die Zimmermans' dier fer na sawga ihra machina harn wear om blossa, ow'r die dier wor noch g'shlossa, un der Roland un sei Dorothy worra noch gute om shlofa. Grawd is ow'r 'n onnerer nochber, der George Signarvitz rous kumma in seinra nocht kut un shoff hossa, un hut gawunnert wem sei mashine os so om blosa wear. Der Clearance hut noh g'sawt 's wear 'm Roland seinie, ow'r sie weara noch im bed, un kent sie net uf greiga.

Der George hut noh g'sawt er wot mohl farna rum gae die bell dricka, ferleicht kenta sie sella waig ebber rous griega. Un er is aw fohr, uns hut gore ken tzeit ganumma bis 'm Roland sei shwar der Fred Portz on die dier kumma is, un hut gawunnert wos om gae wear. Wie der George g'sawt hut ihra mashina harn wear om blosa, hut der Fred die garage shlissel grick'd, un sin noh tzu drit in die garage, der Fred, der George Signarvitz un der Clarence. Die mashine wor ols noch heftich om blosa, und re Fred hut sie mohl gute g'shitt'ld, ow'r sel hut nix gabot. Noh hut er der harner graub gadrick'd, un wie sel aw nix gabot hut, hut ers shteer rawd gadray'd, un ferhoftich sei wons harn net shtoppa hut blosa.

Noh die weil os sie tzu drit darta in da garage g'shtonna hen blauderra un wunnerra wos now letz gae kent fer 'n harn so blosa mocha, war sot unnich die garage dier kumma, os wie der George Swain fon nagshd dier, un woh fershwitzt wor as es wosser recht iwwer 'n nunner garoll'd is. 'S airsht os er wissa hut wolla wor, wie long os es harn shun gablosa het, un wie der Clarence g'sawt hut er hets fers airsht wohl om sex uhr k'hoert, hut er shtarta fertzaila wos fer 'n aryie tzeit os er kotta het fers harn shtoppa blosa.

Der Fred, der Clarence un der George Signarvitz hen wohl nonner awgaguck'd un 'm noh g'sawt, 's wear net sei mashine gawest os gablosa het, 's wear die Zimmermans mashine gawest. Sel hut der George Swain ow'r noh net uf kumma lossa, un fertzailt wie er mohl fers aller airsht die tzwae battery drode lose garissa net on seinra mashine, un wie sel nix gabot het fers shtoppa, het er die harner drode lose garissa, un ols hets harn fert gablosa. Die weil os er net die gons nochbershoft so free wecka het wolla, het er noh shtarta die drode unnich' rous reissa, un wie sel aw nix gabot het, het er sich hinnich 's rawd k'huck'd, un der gons harner gnub fom shteer rawd g'shnebt met ma shrawwa tzeiga. Un bletzlich wie er sel gaduh net, hets harn shtoppa blosa.

Ols hut der George Swain ow'r gamaint 's wear sei mashine harn gawest os gablosa het, uns wor net bis die onnerra 'n gons gore iwwerweldich'd hen, os er letz wear, os er uf gewwa hut. Der George Beltz is noh aw noch datzu kumma, un allas os der George Swain may gawist hut tzu sawga wie er endlich g'sehna hut os er sei mashine drode ol fer ewwa fiel rous garissa hut kot wor, "Well I'll be d . . . . .

Der George Swain is sella morya noh net yusht shpota noch da arwet kumma, ow'r hut er etlicha dawg arwet uf hond kotta fer sei drode widder ol tzurick on die rechda bletz duh, so os sei Terraplane widder shpringa hut kenna. Fon da nochberra hen sich endlich erbarm'd um 'm kholfa, odder er kent ferleicht ols noch net fohra-un ol weil er ol die weil gamaint hut sei mashine harn wear om blosa, uns wor ol die weil 'm nochber Zimmerman seins.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Ferol os m'r missa, wil der George Swain woh fiel drous in da londs shtorra rum kumt da shtorekipper shtore socha ferkaufa, die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter, so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Me and pop were on our way back from a walk, and I said, Heck, pop, here comes Admiral Tricker, now I'll have to stand and wait while he stops and talks to you.

He's limping, too, horse blanket to blazes, pop said. That means he's got a touch of his famous roomatism and I'll have to hear all about it again, he said, and I said, Well what are you going to do pop?

I guess I'll have to beat him to the puntch, pop said.

Which just then Admiral Tricker stopped going passed, saying to pop, The weather is going to change. My roomatism is back and that's a sure sine. It's going to rain before another day and you can bet your bottom doller on it, he said.

If I were a betting man I might take a flyer on that, because whenever my ear itches it's an unfailing sine of fair weather, and the docter tells me it's a roomatic itch, pop said, and Admiral Tricker said, The ferst thing when I woke up this morning, I knew I was in for it. These roomatic panes shoot werse than bullets, there's nothing werse, he said.

Well, that's all in the viewpoint, pop said. Sometimes there's nothing werse than something you're not even sure about. For instance take my case right at this very moment. I have a stabbing sensation on the bottom of my foot, as if there was a pebble in my shoe, but on the other hand it might meerly be a wrinkle in my sock that will smooth itself out if I ignore it. I dont like to take off my shoe and investigate, out here in public, and yet if I dont get the question settled soon I'm sure I'll have one of my nerviss breakdowns. Pebble or rinkle, rinkle or pebble? Come on, Benny, let's get home before this suspence kills me, he said.

And he quick grabbed my hand and kept on going before Admiral Tricker got a chance to get started on his roomatism again.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Today's Text

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

Proverbs 16:19-17:28

Humility is stressed in 16:19 as a virtue characteristic of true Christians. Pride is offensive. The middle letter of it is the personal pronoun 'I.' In v. 31 'The hoary head is a crown of glory,' and usually the quotation stops there. The next clause is the most important part of it, 'if it be found in the way of righteousness.' A hoary head is a disgrace, if the life has been spent in the service of Satan. 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city,' v. 32. Temper is good for steel, but not for a man! A certain man was described as highly temperamental; 90 per cent temper, and 10 per cent mental. 'The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord,' v. 33. This is the basis of the familiar proverb, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' The Chinese have this form of the proverb, written in six characters: 'To plan rests with man; to complete rests with heaven.' The thought of the last verse of ch. 17 is often expressed in a proverb of three words. 'Silence is golden.' The Germans say: 'Reden ist Silber; Schweigen ist Gold.'

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

WAGE AND COST

Wage and Cost forever
Side by side will stay.
None the two can sever,
Struggle as men may.

Sight of this the ages
Never once have lost:
Up or down the Wages,
Up or down the Cost.

Things are made by labor.
Things for profit sold.
Pay and Price will neighbor.
Until earth grows cold.

Though the law may irk man,
Under it we stap.
How to help the workman?
Would I knew the way.

(Copyright, 1946, Edgar A. Guest)

Horoscope

A birthday today indicates that you are shrewed, honest, studious and conscientious in your work. You are inclined to be outspoken, straightforward but tactful. You are fond of society and are very popular in your own circle. You will be (or are) happily married and make a pleasant and attractive home. You may have an intense urge to improve your home and ameliorate conditions today, and as restrictive forces are weakened by the influences prevalent, new energy should enable you to lighten your load. Your mind is stimulated by potent rays, so put your thoughts into a speech, story or letter. This evening allocate new budgetary or financial arrangements temporarily to the limbo.

DUST CAUSES RAIN

There would be no rain in the world were it not for dust particles, which provide surfaces on which the tiny particles of moisture condense to form drops of rain.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book
By BENNETT CERF

A banker left a thousand dollars each to an American, a Canadian, and a Scotchman with the sole proviso that each of them put ten dollars in his coffin to assure him first-class passage in crossing the River Styx.

The American and the Canadian each put in their ten-dollar bills. The Scotchman put in his check for thirty-dollars and took out the two tens.

* * *

Harry Ruby, the famous song writer and baseball fanatic, tells the story about the time the late John McGraw, manager of the Giants, proved that he would not stand for players changing his strategy.

"When McGraw gave an order," Ruby says, "it was either obeyed—or else. One day he sent

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Nothing is more certain of destroying any good feeling that may be cherished towards us than to show distrust. To be suspected as an enemy is often enough to make a man become so; the whole matter is over, there is no farther use of guarding against it. On the contrary, confidence leads us naturally to act kindly, we are affected by the good opinion which others entertain of us, and we are not easily induced to lose it. —Madame de Sevigne.

LONG LIVE KING COAL!

For years Pennsylvania's anthracite towns and cities have known that the day is surely coming when their dependence upon a single industry—coal mining—can again prove a bane as it did in the bleak early 30's.

The temptation could well be to postpone the day of reckoning. For right now, the demand for hard coal exceeds production. Sixty million tons of black diamonds are being mined each year and still the anthracite companies are unable to fill all their orders.

Wages of the coal miner are at the highest figures in history; living standards are at a new peak; the entire region is enjoying a wave of post-war prosperity.

The miner has never stinted. It is a well known truism that he is a free spender and a good provider. And now that he has more income than ever before, he is again demonstrating that he prides himself in having a tastefully furnished home, plenty of everything to eat and, if he can get it, a car. He believes in education for his children, and in most localities pays a relatively high tax rate to support excellent public school systems. He is an ardent booster of sports, and a devotee of solid entertainment, which explains why all kinds of sporting events and amusement centers flourish when the mining region has money.

But there is a growing realization in key areas of the coal belt that the inevitable decline from the present boom can be cushioned only if there are other industries to take up the slack. And instead of viewing the future with a "we'll cross that bridge when we come to it" attitude, forward-minded members of the anthracite community are acting now.

The coal region's largest city, Scranton, has waded into the problem with such vigor that its program known as "the Scranton plan" has already won nation-wide attention. Scranton has enlisted the best minds of the city in a far-reaching movement to attract new industry.

The result has been highly gratifying. Scranton has succeeded not only in underwriting a substantial number of new industries. It has been able to retain other war-born industries and to convince them that they should locate permanently.

Now along comes the Panther Valley Industrial Commission with a well-planned program to insure that area's future industrial stability. Evan Evans, vice president and general manager of the Lehigh Navigation Coal Co., a native and lifelong resident of the Coaldale-Lansford community, is a prime mover in the commission's timely effort to attract new industries to Panther Valley. James H. Gildea of Coaldale, publisher of the Coaldale Observer and former congressman, is chairman of the commission. E. V. McCullian of Summit Hill, former faculty member at East Stroudsburg State Teachers college, is full-time executive secretary.

The commission has prepared an attractive brochure detailing the advantages of Panther Valley: The splendid sites for industry, bountiful supply of power available from the coal mines and the nearby Hauto plant of Pennsylvania Power and Light Co., ample reservoir of labor, convenient access to main rail lines, fine highways and key Eastern cities.

All this has been tied in with an impressive effort to make Panther Valley a place with a future for the young men and women who served with such distinction in the recent war. The commission has encouraged expansion of educational facilities with the setting up of special courses and night study groups.

While it is still too early to assess the results of the commission's work, it is heartening to know that there are those in Panther Valley who view the future with optimism. It now seems reasonably certain that the Federal government's $400,000 anthracite research laboratory is to be located in the Lansford sector—a project which the Panther Valley Industrial Commission worked mightily to bring to the valley.

Thus the first positive achievement of the commission appears soon to be recorded. It is indicative of the determination held by Panther Valley's backers that a bright future is ahead. They are saying, in effect, that Old King Coal is not going to die, but that with a little support he will continue supreme.

In this project they should have the wholehearted support of citizens in every neighboring community, for what is good for anthracite is good for the entire Lehigh Valley.

FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

Another auto inspection deadline will be here July 31 at midnight. At that time any motorist whose car does not bear the official sticker will be in violation of the law and subject to fine.

That, however, is the least of the reasons why owners should have their cars inspected. Few new autos are on the roads these days, but plenty of old ones are, many of them 8 to 10 years of age. None are as safe as they once were. Obviously, the purpose of inspection is to correct deficiencies before accidents happen, and that is why motorists should be interested in periodic checkups. After all, it's not entirely a question of obeying the law, but of self preservation. Auto inspection is something we ought to submit to cheerfully and willingly—for our own sakes.

YOUR CHILDREN'S WHEREABOUTS

"How many Harrisburg parents knew where their teen-age sons and daughters were last night?" asks the Harrisburg Patriot editorially.

There is a question that might well be posed in any community. In its answer lies one of the principal reasons for the current wave of juvenile delinquency; for in all too many cases entirely too many parents are unaware and don't particularly care where their children spend their evenings.

And all too often they wake up to find the boys and girls have been where they should not have been and have done things they should not have done. By that time it is usually too late to prevent heartache and disgrace and ruined lives.

Do you know where your boy or girl were last night? Well, you should, if you are not indifferent to the responsibilities of parenthood.

The New OPA Bill

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, July 26.—President Truman certainly has helped the Repuolicans out of a hole by signing the new OPA bill. Had the measure been killed, the Republicans would have been gambling with the prospect that lack of controls would not produce stabilized prices in time to achieve popularity with the voter before the autumn congressional elections.

As it is, the OPA remains and the country will infer that whatever prices prevail, they are the result of President Truman's policies. The Democratic party assumes thereby full responsibility for the price disturbances.

The President would have been far better off poticically if he had vetoed the second measure because the readjustment which had set in after his refusal to sign the first bill showed clearly that, once de-controls go into effect, it is better to let them follow their natural course until buyer resistance sets in and stabilizes prices at a natural level.

The Congress was ready to maintain rent controls irrespective of the fate of the OPA. But administration supporters, on orders from the White House, blocked it. The present confusion in the rent situation will not be straightened out.

The new situation politically is better for the Republicans also because they will be able on the stump to show that the President's leadership was faulty when he vetoed the first measure against the advice of the top men of his own political party in the House and Senate.

It is significant that three Democrats, beaten this week in their own primaries in Oklahoma, blamed their defeat on government controls. This is a symptom of what is coming in November.

Now, with the OPA revived, the people will expect stabilized prices and increased production and will blame the Administration and the OPA if this doesn't materialize. The President has just told Congress the bill he signed is better than the one he vetoed.

Labor union politicians will have to give up their idea of reopening wage contracts or making fantastic demands based on the absence of OPA controls. They will have to base their action on other reasons than the OPA.

Ultimately, of course, a period of readjustment when price controls are taken off will have to be borne. It is unfortunate that the progress toward readjustment which was under way after the President vetoed the first bill was not allowed to follow its natural course. A price flurry of a few weeks would have been followed by a stabilization at natural levels and even at a reduction, as the black market was eliminated and production was stimulated at fair prices. Such high prices as did ensue would have been blamed on the Republicans.

So while the President might have gained politically, and the country too, by sticking to his veto policy, the present situation will redound to the benefit of the Republicans.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The Democratic Cleavage

The Democratic party has to face the fact of divided leadership and authority. The cleavage is frank and in some respects is wider within the Democratic party than between Democrats and Republicans. The bulk of the party ordinarily would be led by President Harry Truman; the vociferous minority is actually led by Senator Claude Pepper, James Roosevelt and Harold Ickes.

Mr. Roosevelt, on the whole and with rare exceptions, did manage to hold together the irreconcilable elements that composed his following. He managed to hold Earl Browder, Sidney Hillman in line with Bilbo and Rankin. It was an amazing political feat. Perhaps the principal reason for his success was his insistence upon a recognition of his leadership and his punishment of those who doubted him, but even more, his powers of sly restraint served him well. He tried not to shoot until he could kill. The one time he announced a purge in anger and unprepared, he largely failed.

Mr. Truman, temperamentally a gentle and kindly man, loses his temper too easily and too candidly. Also, he appraises men and situations poorly. His acceptance of Senator Pepper's advice rather than Senator Barkley's on OPA is beyond understanding.

Truman's Candor Appeals

It is true that Mr. Truman's candor makes a strong appeal to those who are weary of clever liars in high places. His decision candidly to be a political President—which all Presidents have more or less been—represents a relief from camouflage and chicanery. But when he permitted Senator Wheeler, whom he supported, to be defeated by the Left-Wing of his own party, he established the impotence of his leadership.

This is not comparable to the defeat of Senator Shipstead, who, after all, was fighting Harold Stassen in a state which had elected Stassen to the governorship and which knew that the reelection of Shipstead would withdraw from Stassen even a fighting chance for the Presidency.

In Montana, the question, toward the end of the primary, was whether Mr. Truman's influence within his own party was of any value to a candidate. It was decided there whether the labor unions could punish a President by reprisal. The result showed that Mr. Truman could not even control Jimmy Roosevelt, who has shown the color of his sympathies in his support of Hugh De Lacy in Seattle, De Lacy following the Communist party line all the way through.

Questionable Assistance

Mr. Truman's offer to campaign for members of Congress, if they need his aid, may produce some queer results. Suppose it turns out that nobody can afford to accept his assistance; suppose he establishes himself as a liability—then his leadership within his own party becomes nil.

It was not sound for this country to have more than two major parties. The gang of schemers who are splitting the Democrats are performing their task with the object of seizing cotnrol of that party in 1948. They are opposed to Truman. They seek his humiliation. What they are likely to discover by 1948 is that in many parts of the country, Republicans and Democrats will unite to keep out those who dare not fly their own colors. That should still happen in Montana.

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Pert and Pertinent

On Mars, astronomers tell us, it never gets any warmer than six degrees below freezing. This leaves Martians nothing to complain about in summer but the humidity.

Zadok Dumkopf wonders if reporters covering the undersea atom test used those fountain pens that write under water.

When helicopters are plentiful the unexpected guests will not only drop in but also on you.

A slight earthquake shock caused a golfer's ball to roll into the cup. No wonder the duffers continue to believe in miracles.

France has just had its first post-war duel. This being the atomic age, one naturally wonders what weapons were used.

The skull of a sabre-toothed tiger has been found within the confines of Los Angeles. If the beast had only managed to remain alive another million years he could have named his own figure on a movie contract.

Russia's Field Marshal Gregor Zhukov has been demoted. For those German Eastern Front generals it happened about two years too late.

The last Japanese soldier has been repatriated from China to Japan. As he embarked the Nip must have noticed the marked absence of any "Come Again" signs.

In view of what that atom bomb did the lucky warship of the future will be the one the Naval architects never got around to building.

It's weather like this, says the man at the next desk, that convinces a fellow that Mahatma Gandhi in his suit of clothes, consisting of a king size towel, is a very smart man, indeed.

Five countries seek admission to the United Nations. Maybe they are really just looking for box seats at those stirring contests when the foreign ministers get together to talk peace.



A HARVEST SCENE IN 1865

(From the curious little book PENN STATE RURAL, As Told by Sam: A Sixty-Year-Old Farming Man.—See ECK for May 11)

I'll tell you now, Let's take a sneak:
Let's go half mile down to the creek:
But wait a bit, I'll have to say,
Because 'tis far by the driveway.
A wheat harvest in Peter's life
Was mown with reaper's mowing knife
In year of eighteen sixty-five.
The reaper they would, maybe, drive
Industriously, in the field
Until all mown; the whole crop yield.
The great stone-house and barn still there;
Had been there when this story, fair,
Were facts on Cousin Peter's farm
Who raised the crops of things we farm.

The story starts with first July.
He raised much wheat, perhaps some rye,
And 'twas the wheat that was then ripe;
It must be gathered with men's might.
Some help he must get for next day,
Hence he'll "hitch up," go on the way
To town, yes, in the rockaway;
(A common wagon of that day.)
But first he asks the good wife more;
If she needs something from the store
To feed the many harvesters?
Coffee, pepper, salt, molasses.
Arriving at the general store
He asks for help; he does implore
Of several townsmen for their help,
For many farmers great need felt.
His quest is o'er; his help will come
Tomorrow morn near rising sun,
In "wegley" drawn by a good steed
(Wegley—small wagon.)
For which horse he provides the feed.

He arrives home; evening chores done
By them; the father and the son;
Attending cows, the horse and sheep,
And hens and pigs; for all must eat.
Then they'll go in for their repast.
Then ready for the bed at last.

But they must rise in early time
To do the chores at barn, betimes,
So they get ready for field work
When laborers come; hence they're alert
To get much of the harvest mown
If weather will permit as shown
By observation of the skies;
For rain or wind may soon arise.
If rain 'twill be field work will stop,
But if just wind they mowed their plot.

To harness horses! This we'll do:
Put harness on and fasten too.
Shoulder's cushion on the collar
Is to avoid soreness' bother;
The hames fit on the collar, hence
With traces make connection thence;
The belly-band must be buckled
That this harness will stay coupled.
It 'tis a frontgear we put on
At tail the crupper does belong;
If 'tis a hindgear we now mean,
Just pull the breeching down, as seen.
Another thing I will say yet:
In summertime use a fly net
That biting flies chased off will be
Where horse's tail they may not see.

The fly net, made of many strings,
Or narrow strips of leathern things,
May be quite coarse for on each horse
'Twill move and chase the flies, of course,
When horses walk, hence we'll agree
That horses may more useful be.

To push the bridle top o'er ears
Is something hard to do; with fears,
But tame nags will this act allow
E'ven though their head's above our brow.
The bit should fasten with a snap
For easy change of fast thereat;
Also to drink, take out of mouth;
And bridling, also, this allows.
Close chin-band of the bridle right;
This may be buckled nearly tight.
Now lead the horse to where you know
He shall be hitched and likewise go;
He's needed for a pulling job
And beats you here by far; a lot.
This is the way they harnessed them
When they had need on roads, or when
They needed them for harrowing,
Sowing, plowing and many a thing.

Harnessed the horses now must be;
The reaper is ready, we see.
By wagons, helpers came from town;
They'll help reaping by wind or calm.
The reaper! A machine so great!
The horses do it all but rake!
It mows a swath, yes, four feet wide,
And man must rake from platform, right.
The cutting bar of which each guard,
(Slotted finger), three inches apart,
In even order on a bar
Is bolted on to stand each jar.
The cutting-knife now works therein,
Just back and forth with speed and vim.
Triangular is each small knife:
Each one there is riveted twice
On a flat bar, the cutting-knife,
So they will shear easy and nice.
An arm has fast at this good knife
And also at small wheel device
Which goes by gears driven by shaft
Which likewise goes by horses' draft.
The extra man will sit hereon
And with a special rake made on
Will rake it back and off, each gavel,
While the same time the team will travel.
Yes, that machine was no selfrake
Hence we will tell what it would take
For making this a mowing job
With several men helping a lot.
The usual rule, Have a square field,
Or nearly so, generally appealed
For these five men; or were there four
To tie these sides of field, the four?
This rule they followed usually
For tying must be really,
Continually, as fast as mown,
Because heaps lay where they were thrown,
Hence in the way for the next trip
Around this plot to mow next strip.
To rake it off on a nice heap
It took a man not apt to sleep,
Or nearly so, when on the job;
Some did excel in this a lot.

Mowing begins; each corner has
A "binner" ready so to pass
To the next corner by tying
Each heap quickly that's there lying.
At fourth corner a man will start
When reaper is three-fourth about:
When reaper starts the second trip
A fifth man then must start with it,
Hence these five men bind sheaves and go
And two men will shock them also.
The horses draw around the plot;
The man rakes off from spot to spot;
The men! Each binds the sheaves so fast
That five will bind them all ;the last.

Much wheat there is from farm to farm
To gather into every barn.
Much help they need; so many men
That sometimes it will be women.
If rainy weather comes our way
And will persistently here stay
It may be needful to dry out:
To open bands and lay about;
That is, if dry weather sets in,
In time for sheaves to dry within.
The bindered sheaves of modern ways
Will dry quickly in a few days
Because the binder-twine is thin;
It will not hold moisture within;
And then also, we'll thresh it when
'Tis fairly well dried out again
Because the straw stored loose in barn
May be done thus without a harm.

Oh, this greaet job of harvesting!
We must use speed for gathering.
The day is hot; one in July.
The work is hard and long; Oh My!
Cold well-water is great delight;
That is, if you will use it right:
Be careful; do not drink too fast;
It is best slow; will better last.
The heat is great; the sun is hot;
The shade feels good; yes, does it not?
Some men are here shocking the wheat;
It dries quickly in this great heat.
Then in the barn we'll take and pack
And thresh in winter when no lack
Of time will be because of work
In fields from which we can't now shirk.

EN STICK UEWER'S AERNDEFELD

Henry Harbaugh

The following "Harvest Song" is one of Harbaugh's less-known poems. It appeared in The Almanac of the Reformed Church in the U. S. for the year 1868, and was in a sense illustrative of a picture on the same page: the picture of a girl standing in a grain field.—This poem was not included in Harbaugh's HARFE.—ED.

Die gold'ne Aern is wider do,
Die Hoyet is verbei;
Die geele Felder gucka froh.
Sie waeva schoe im Wind, you know—
Un Marga ge'en m'r nei.

M'r hot als mit der Sichel g'rupt—
Wo's g'stanna hot gerefft;
Des war en Elend many a day,
Von Schwitza un' von Buckelweh,
Un' soreness right un' left.

Der Picture, wo do owa steht,
Is weit behind the age:
M'r lacht wann m'r en Sichel seht,
Un' even's Reff is ausgeplay'd—
Reapers sin now die rage.

En Sichel un' en Waetzaschaeb
Hot's Maedel in der Hand!
Was macht der Drucker do for G'fraes?
Sell basst vo gar net now a days,
Die Maed hen meh Verstand.

En Maedel now im Aerndefeld
Waer gut for Aageweh!
Uf so en Scene sin des my Strictures:
Sell los da Poets un' da Pictures,
'S is nix in our day.

Wer now en Aernde-Picture macht,
Losst Maed un' Sichel wek;
Spannt Geil in Reaper, wie en Stage,
Dann geht's ahead in perfect rage,
Un' kracht in alle Eck.

Wer des geplan'd hot, der verdient
Die thanks von every soul;
Un' doch en mancher dummer Trop,
Verlacht des Studya mit dem Kop—
Sei eg'nes kan er wohl.

July 1868
(The original spelling has been retained)

The good wife has some hungry men
To feed this noontime; maybe ten.
Oh! Do you hear the horn for dinner?
Unhitch the team at field's beginner:
The nearest to the barn, the place
Hence save steps in this harvest race.
So now we'll take the horses in;
Down at the creek they'll walk therein
So they can drink because they too
Get thirsty as we also do.
Then in the stable they may stay.
We'll feed them corn and oats and hay.
The cows are in the pasture, green,
Hence they need not now here be seen.
The creek through the pasture flowing
Satisfies the cattle's lowing.
Now to the house we'll wend our way
And wash our face and hands. Oh Say!
But does not this cool water feel
Refreshing just before the meal?

The good wife has good food prepared.
To this fact many have declared.
But she has preparations made,
(That is, I mean, she and her maid,
And her daughter also lends aid),
On baking-day when they would bake
In the bake oven, pies and cakes,
And bread and "weck" and all it takes
To make a farmer's table here
Of Penn State's Dutch for labor's cheer;
The apple-potpie and corn-pone
With all the milk that you have room,
And mashed potatoes, meat, cold slaw,
And things that laboring men can stow
Away for all their bodies' need
To do things heavy and with speed.
The apple dumplings and the sauce
And garden vegetables, in rows,
We'll not forget for they produced
Most of the things that they here used.
Modern machines of our day
Will do some heavy work, I'll say;
We still have plenty much to do
But if less work less eats to you.

These farm bake ovens, being so well,
Made oval like a turtle's shell,
Were large enough to fill with sticks
'Most six feet long. They'd also fix
A door on front, while on the back
Was chimney's draft, hence had no lack
Of burning sticks until reduced
To ashes; thus our forebears used.
The ashes pulled close to the front
Dropped down a hole where more was found.
Hot oven was now filled with cake,
Pie, bread, and all they had to bake.
Tey had to judge the heat and time
To some extent, but 'twas in line
With their experience; work oft done
Determined what's the best outcome.

The men keep mowing a few days
Through wind and sun and other ways.
It much depends if good or ill
The weather, for the barn to fill.
To haul sheaves in and pitch them up
And lay in layers with speed and pluck
Until we get to the barn's peak
Will take much time; makes a big heap.
Say, will you go on wagon now
And lay the sheaves? I'll tell you how,
On this wagon with ladders, deep,
You fill in layers until you heap
It even full, and then begin

Put side-layers on; not too far in
Nor too far out but load them straight;
From end to end good loads are made.
Lay outside layers and in between.
Lay them quite tight; no space there seen.
Now we shall load this ten layers high;
Keep the load straight; I'll tell you why:
If it slips off while going in
We must again do what has been.

We have enough on this big load.
Now Jake, take care; take the best road
Here through the field, there to the bars.
If we're not careful, one allows,
We might upset there at the hill
Where loads would slant; the whole load spill.

Now we came safely to the barn.
With no mishap this time; no harm.
Now you may pitch off this first load
And I, in there, by this same mode
Of using pitch-forks thus to throw,
Will pass along for I well know
The extra man will lay each layer
Till all is full; no room nowhere.

Oh! Here they come with the next load;
We just in time got out this float.
Now you pitch sheaves to overloft
And I'll catch them; not missing oft.
With small pitch-fork I'll throw them in
To extra man on mow within.

We'll now go with a four-horse team;
Yes, we four men will go, I mean.
Now I will ride the saddle-horse
And take the single-line, of course.
Now, all ready? Hep, Jack, Pit;
"Haw," yes I reckon we'll get it.
Now all today, and on this load.
"Gee," Jack: I 'most got oft the road.
"Whoa." We are here so now to start.
You two men do the loading part.
I'll pitch up sheaves and take the team,
And you, young man, can pitch, I've seen.
So we will go from shock to shock
With many a start and many a stop.
Sometimes a turn to right of left.
One steady pull and "Haw" to left;
Some short, quick jerks and "Gee" to right.
The line leader may hear me light
Without being jerked or pulled with line,
Depending on the training, fine.

The harvest now is in the barn.
If put in dry there is no harm
Except some mice likely will eat
As much as cats will let them feed.
This farmer is too busy now
To thrash it slowly out of mow,
Hence he will wait till later time:
When field work is not much in line,
Except, perhaps, he may thrash some
If straw is all; if he has none.
In times long past 'twas done this way.
By moving on you'll find today.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S Wor Aw 'N Waig

Sis net dawet os grundsi brovierra wolla fer lavendich dafon kumma won der "Tzup" Werley rum is, won er sie ken onnerer waig griega kon, don draid er sie dote mit seina grossa fees. Un sellie socha hen sich da onner dawg ol selwar gawissa drowwa ons Snyders bauerra g'shar blotz in Neffs wie ebber 'n altie grundsow sehna hut unnich 'm "Ans" Bachman seinra mashine rum groddla. Niemond wil ow'r recht wissa woh die grundsow bei kumma is, dale hen shun gamaint der "Franc" Keener het sie in der kaller g'shpart kot un wear 'm rous gabrocha, un onnerra widder maina, sie het aryads unna om "Ans" seinra mashine k'honka wie er moryets noch da arwet kumma wear.

Aenicha waig, 's wor 'n aryer uf ruhr wie sie die grundsow g'sehna hen, un der Lamont Snyder woh immer die flint noh dracht fer grundsi yawga wons so boss'd, is helter skelter g'shprunga fer sei flint hola. Ow'r langshd eb der Lamont kumma is mit da flint, wor die gons onner gang darta so wie der Percy Snyder, der Paul Mertz, der Ollie Yarrick, der Ollie Blose, der Stewart Peter, der "Ans" Bachman, der Arthur Andreas, der "Tzup" Werley, un noch 'n gonser hang'l onnerra. Dale hen hevel kot, dale shtae, un ewwa so aenich ebbes un allas os sie gadenk'd hen os ol recht sei maich'd fer 'n grundsow dote shloga.

Die grundsow nadierlich wor hard ferkullabiert wie sie g'sehna hut os sie ol um ring'd wor, un hut mohl rote k'halta wie aw tzu gae. Won sie numma gadenk'd hen os der "Ans" owets noch da shtadt uf die Green shtross gang'd, wear sie ferleicht unna die mashine nuf gagrodd'ld un het sich owets fershlupt in da Angie Sittler ihr'm gorda. So ow'r hut sie gabroviert fer fert shpringa, un wie die onnerra gagrisha hen "Darta kumt sie," is der "Tzup Werley awfonga rum donsa wie won er hummla in da hossa het un is ferhoftich sei da grundsow uf der kup gadraida mit seina grossa fees, un hut sie mousrocka dote gadraida.

Die barichda sin, der Lamont hets gore net gaglicha wie er k'hoert het os die grundsow date wear, un hut da boova net weissa kenna wos fer 'n guter shitz os er is. Wie niemond shunshd die grundsow howwa hut wolla, hut er ferwillich'd fer sie ob tziega, un sie ufs ice on da grossa wosser buddle, un sie owets mit hame ganumma. Die barichda sin, sie het 'n guter eems gamocht uns wear ae mohl gawest woh der Lamont net in line shtae het breicha fer flaish griega. So weit os grundsow 'n guter eems mocha aw gait, wissa m'r ous erfohring os sel recht is. Net long tzurick sin m'r tzurachdie tzeit datzu kumma wie der Fendu Groyer George Miller fon Lynnville un sei dochtermon, der Shquire Alton Snyder, ob g'sett'ld hen kot mit ra grundsow os sie ferwish'd hen hinnich 'm gorda socha. Die weil os niemond shunshd sie gawolt hut, hen mier sie haisa mit hame gae, uns wor gawiss os allas ken iwwel gess.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Ferol os blumma shae sin, wolla m'r wetta os naryads ken bauer tzu finna sin, os aenichie shaehate sehna kenna in da wilda weissa drechter blumma, gawainlich gakent ols "Morning Glories."

'M Dunnershdawg nommy dawg sin m'r ufs wenich'd omma halb dutzend bletz ferbei woh sie om drechter blumma shteck rubba worra, un hen noch 'n lot may grumbierra un welshkern felder g'sehna, wohs nix shodda dade won mohl ebber shtarta dade die sama ort shteck rubba.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"How much do you get out of the tobacco trust for sticking that pipe in your mouth?" writes one of my readers in Lubbock, Texas.

"Shame on you, spoiling a nice face like that."

* * *

Well, thanks very much for calling my face "nice." I don't like it very much myself, but if you do it's all right with me.

Now about that pipe in my mouth. I guess that reader refers to my latest picture which many of the papers that publish my column run every day, a picture of which, by the way I am very proud.

I purposely stuck the pipe in my mouth when it was taken, because a pipe in my mouth is as much part of me as my shirt or my trousers.

As a matter of fact, when Margaret Turner, the women's editor of the Texas Avalanche-Journel, visited me in New York a few weeks ago, and wrote a story about the visit, she mentioned my ash tray with three pipes in it.

She was wrong, though. There were five pipes in that ash tray and one in my mouth. In my New York apartment there are at least 20 more pipes and in my home in Brookfield there must be 60 or 70 I have lost count.

Pipe collecting is my hobby. I have pipes in all shapes and sizes. Some of them smell more than others, but they are all pets of mine. Some of my favorites even have names.

* * *

I know that some of you will now write me and call me down for using "that filthy weed, tobacco" and for advocating smoking.

Well, I like it, and every one of my columns is written with a pipe in my mouth.

Maybe it's a rotten habit. But I have it and like it and shall continue to smoke.

My pipe helps me to think, and in the smoke of that pipe I see pictures —of you and of life and of today and tomorrow, and somehow, when I light one of those friends, my troubles seem to grow less in importance, and contentment and peace envelop me.

* * *

By the way, I went to my doctor a few days ago for a check-up. I told him how much I smoke.

"Shall I cut it down?" I asked.

"Would it make you any happier if you did?" he asked me in turn.

"No."

"Then don't."

* * *

I don't like smoking. I think it's a bad habit.

But I shall continue to smoke my pipe.

I don't want to be too strong and too good and too perfect. I'm just human. Are you?

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

By LEE PAPE

I was taking a Satturday walk with pop and a man went passed in a big shiney red car, and pop said, There he goes, the lucky stiff, and I said, Who is he pop, and why's he lucky!

He's Sibley D. Enders, and he's lucky because he became tremendously rich while I remained comparatively poor, although, outside of his money, all he's got that I haven't got is a memory like a filing cabinet, the ability to talk on 4 telefones at the same time, and the instincts of a killer, pop said. So you see, it's only by mere chance that I'm not driving that expensive big car, and I can think of only one quick way to lift my flagging spirits and expand my deflated morale, he said.

How, pop? I said, and he said, By stepping into the barber shop and engaging in an airy conversation with the manicure girl while she polishes my nales with her snowy fingers and giggles musically at my excruciating witticisms. It will put starch into my wilting self confidence and give me a strange new sense of power, he said.

Do you mean that cerly blonde manicure gerl with all the little white teeth? I said, and pop said, I believe I do, now that you mention it.

But G, pop, she's been changed for a manicure gerl with a crooked nose and frizzy black hair and thick glasses, I said, and pop said, Are you sure?

Sure I'm sure, pop, I couldn't imagine anything like that, could I, pop? I said, and pop said, Perhaps not, or at least it would hardly be werth the trubble.

Hay, pop, we're going passed the barber shop, I said, and pop said, Oh, so we are. Well, didn't some great general say, Never tern back? he said.

I dont know, I said, and pop said, Neither do I, but great generels are always saying the darndest things, according to the newspapers. I'll change my plan of campaign by buying myself a 30 cent cigar at the next drugstore, he said.

Which he did, looking like somebody feeling better instead of werse as soon as he lighted it.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

The Future

What about tomorrow?
That's for youth to learn.
Oldsters, touched with sorrow,
Dread the distant turn.
Past and present bind them
Fast as bands of steel.
Youth that treads behind them
Must the new reveal.

All that now is ended,
All that's best today
Once on youth depended
First to find the way.
Once the old denied it,
Vowed the dream was vain,
Until young hearts tried it
Time and time again.

All that seems completed,
All that men have done
Will with scorn be treated
When new goals are won.
Youth! The future's waiting,
Wonder-filled and vast!
Why stand hesitating,
Shackled by the past.

(Copyright, 1946, Edgar A. Guest)

25 Years Ago

July 27, 1921, a Wednesday

The Tall Cedars of the Allentown and Bethlehem Forests entertained families and friends at the annual outing at Dorney park.

Dorothy Long, Allentown's premier saxophone artist, played a special engegement at the Dorney park dancing pavilion in conjunction with the return engagement of the Dorsey Novelty Six.

Harvey H. Knerr, president of the John Taylor Co., returned home from Europe where he visited the battle fields of World War I.

Horoscope

You concentrate your earnest efforts on all your undertakings, and, with your ambtions and determination, you are capable of great success and happiness. You are vivacious and lovable, and your friends are true and loyal to you. You love with your whole heart and need a sincere and constant love in return. Today is not the day to plan to ask for a raise in salary; economize instead. Speed and motion and thought are yours at this time. Especially attend to matters of domestic importance. Trips, study, and extended plans are likely to be vetoed, so plan an alternative. The moon enters Leo at 10:57 p.m.

Today's Text

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

Proverbs 26:13 - 27:27

What an interesting figure in 26:14, "As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed". Note another vivid picture in the phrase "taking a dog by the ears", 26:17, a risk as dangerous as meddling in a quarrel between two strangers. Another interesting one is in v. 20, that is, if you put no wood on the fire, it will go out; so if one keeps one's mouth shut, there is an end to quarreling, there being no unkind words as fuel to keep the strife going. Verse 27 is a familiar proverb: "Whoso diggeth a pit (for others) shall fall therein (himself). Remember Haman's gallows. In connection with 27.1 read James 4:13-15. One should never praise one's self, according to 27:2. There are many expressions in use today derived form this section of Scripture: "Open rebuke", 27:5; the kisses of an enemy and the wounds of a friend, v. 6; a bird wandering from its nest, v. 8; a prudent man, v. 12; a continual dropping, used to symbolize nagging, v. 15; braying a fool in a mortar, v. 22. Goats milk mentioned in v. 27, is still recommended as a superior diet for invalids.

GI Bill of Rights In a Nutshell

Here is a booklet—the Home Law Book—which no veteran can afford to be without. Has a clear, easy to understand digest of all the current provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. And there are many other facts which make this a valuable reference work. Tells all about that patent or copyright you're thinking of taking out. And all the 1945 State Laws on Marriage and Divorce are provided in detailed tables. Don't delay—send today. Fifteen cents postpaid.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

You reap what you sow—not something else, but that. An act of love makes the soul more loving. A deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundred fold. You have sown a seed of life, you reap life everlasting.
—F. W. Robertson.

THE 79TH CONGRESS

The first session of the 79th Congress, which sat through most of the year 1945, was notable for its reversal of the policy of isolationism in international affairs maintained by the United States between World War I and II. In July, 1945, the Senate accepted the United Nations charter, and in December, 1945, both branches of Congress adopted the bill for participation in the United Nations.

The 1945 session concerned itself mainly with problems of postwar foreign policy. The 1946 session, which was scheduled to end on Aug. 2, 1946, was given over almost entirely to domestic problems. The chief struggles of the 1946 sessions were over: (1) Continuation of price controls; (2) Continuation of other extraordinary powers exercised by the Executive Branch during the war; (3) Power to deal with postwar strike emergencies. Ultimately no anti-strike legislation of any kind was enacted.

President Truman in his state-of-the Union address (combined with the annual Budget message) on Jan. 21, 1946, reiterated the 21-point program for specific legislation which he had laid down at various times during 1945. Prior to the annual address the President in a nation-wide broadcast (Jan. 3) had called on the voters to spur Congress to action on his program. On the next day Senator Taft, most effective opponent of the Administration in Congress, called some of the Presidential program "Communist." Taft defended Congress for its delay in such "left-wing" proposals as fact-finding boards in labor disputes, federal health insurance, and guaranty of full employment.

The President's record of achievement on his points in the 1946 session of Congress was as follows (in some instances a bill embodying his wishes got through one house but not the other):—

1. Fact-finding boards in labor disputes. No.
2. Full employment bill. **About 50-50** (the bill fell short of the Administration proposal).
3. Higher unemployment benefit payments. No.
4. Fair employment Practices Act. No.
5. Higher minimum wages. No.
6. Program for scientific research. No.
7. Health insurance. No.
8. Universal military training. No.
9. Higher Government salaries. Yes.
10. New Presidential succession act. No.
11. Unification of the armed forces. No.
12. Control of atomic energy. Yes.
13. Government retention of U. S. Employment Service until July 1, 1947. **About 50-50** (it is to be returned to the states on Nov. 15, 1946).
14. Higher unemployment allowances for veterans. No.
15. Social security coverage for veterans. Yes.
16. Extension of crop insurance. No.
17. Disposal of surplus shipping. Yes.
18. Stock-piling of defense materials. Yes.
19. Federal airport legislation. Yes.
20. Repeal of Johnson Act on foreign loans. No.
21. St. Lawrence waterway. No.

Thus the President achieved 6 of the 21 points of his program submitted at the beginning of the 1946 session, achieved about one-half of two others, failed to achieve 13, for a batting average of .333—good in baseball but not in government.

ADEQUATE STREET MARKERS

The old adage about the little things counting most never was better exemplified than in Allentown's lack of adequate street signs.

Time and time again we run into visitors whose delight with the many fine things about Allentown is changed to exasperation by their inability to find their way around because so many streets here are unmarked and so many which are marked, have signs that are read with difficulty in the daytime and not at all after dark.

This is a simple thing that means so much to the out-of-towner. Adequate markers avoid innumerable and unnecessary delays and reduce traffic hazards. They are mighty useful to the home-town folks as well.

OUTBREAKS OF TWO WORLD WARS COMPARED

"This must be the last great international war," was said by almost everybody—including President Woodrow Wilson—after World War I broke out. The same thing was said after the outbreak of World War II. Here's hoping there will be no World War III to make everybody say once more: "Never again!"

Thursday, Aug. 1, was the 32nd anniversary of the outbreak of World War I. It was on Aug. 1, 1914, that Germany declared war on Russia. Several days before, Austria-Hungary, Germany's ally, had opened war on Serbia, Russia's ally.

But until Germany and Russia had actually been drawn into the conflict, hopes had persisted that it might be localized. In fact, for a brief time Austria-Hungary had seemed willing to be reasonable and draw in its horns.

There are certain outstanding similarities and certain outstanding differences between the outbreaks of World War I and II. In each case Germany was aggressor. In each case the Allies controlled the seas. In each case the spark that set off the explosion was attack by a great Power against a weaker one—Austria-Hungary on Serbia in 1914, Germany on Poland in 1939. In each case, Italy did not come in until later—in 1915, against Germany, in 1940, with Germany.

On the other hand, in the first World War Russia was with the Allies at once; in the second, not for almost two years. In 1914 Japan was with the Allies, but did no fighting; in 1939 Japan was neutral for the time being. In World War I, France was invaded at once; in World War II, not for almost nine months. The first World War was fought almost entirely in Europe; the second was really a world war.

THE DIRECT APPROACH

The report of investigators sent out by the Pennsylvania Department of Welfare to look into the quality and adequacy of food supplied to guests at the county home has been submitted to Judge James F. Henninger and indicates that the food situation there "is fairly well handled."

In the absence of any reliable information to the contrary, we are willing to accept the report at its face value, concurring with the authors that "it is natural that not all the guests would be pleased with all the food."

However, there is one paragraph in the report of the visitation by two State agents on July 2 that interests us mightily. It reads: "Mr. Theodore Titlow, acting superintendent since June 1, 1946 and formerly assistant superintendent, spent the day with us. It was expedient to take the information given us by Mr. Titlow, rather than obtain it first hand. This information was given freely and questions answered graciously."

We cannot help wondering if this is typical of all investigations and inquiries made by the Pennsylvania Department of Welfare? It certainly recommends itself as being uniquely simple and direct, time and expense saving. Why, it could even be done over the telephone!

All a department of welfare investigator need do is call up the superintendent of an institution under investigation and ask, "How's the food there?" To which he would reply, "Fairly good." And that would be that.

Perhaps Miss S. M. R. O'Hara, head of the department, has shown us something new in governmental efficiency and red-tape cutting.

Those Russians Again!

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2—Relations between the United States and Russia grow no better. In many respects the armed services of the two nations behave as if a state of war existed. The mysterious disappearance of two American Army officers who ventured into the Russian zone near Berlin, presumably on a holiday of sightseeing, has not been explained. The officers were held for 27 days, and during that time the senior Russian commander told General McNarney, the U. S. commander in Berlin, that he did not know the whereabouts of the pair. Yet they were at Potsdam, near Berlin, all the time. The Russians said they thought the Americans were spies.

Not long ago a Russian naval officer was accused of spying but was acquitted after a jury trial in Seattle, Wash.

Before these two episodes, the Canadian government discovered a spy ring of Russians interested in trying to find out secrets related to atomic energy.

In China it is suspected that the Communists are being aided by the Russians and that the attack on the American Marines may have been indirectly connected with Russian encouragement of the Chinese Communists. It would be to Russia's interest to get American Marines out of China so that the Russians could aid in the overthrow of Chiang Kai-shek.

* * *

All this is not a healthy state between nations which claim to be at peace and which have sent representatives to Paris to write the first set of peace treaties. Nor is it encouraging to read the speech of Ambassador Gromyko, who tells the United Nations that under no circumstances will Russia agree to any international inspection if she is given the secrets of the atom bomb. Clinging to the principle of sovereignty, the Russian viewpoint is that Russia can be depended upon to do her own inspecting and policing to prevent violations of the agreement with respect to the use of atomic energy.

The Russians must be naive to believe that the American government will yield the knowledge it has about the atom bomb and turn it over to a totalitarian government whose record of suppression of freedom inside Russia indicates an unscrupulous and ruthless use of power. The present state of suspicion in Washington is such that few people trust Russia to refrain from using the atom bomb if she ever gets possession of its secret or finds out from her own scientific investigations how to use it.

On the contrary, the feeling here is that America's whole defense plan for the future must be based on the assumption that a sudden attack could be launched by a totalitarian government. While Russia is not mentioned, the suspicions are usually pointed in that direction.

Russia may be wholly innocent of the impression her acts are producing here. Mr. Gromyko cannot possibly realize—unless he is acting under rigid instructions from Moscow to say certain things irrespective of their effect—how discouraging is his statement about international inspection. If Russia is to maintain her right of veto in the Security Council, she can keep herself aloof from any inspection.

* * *

Maybe Russia feels she will soon have the atomic secret anyhow and can do as she pleases. But American sentiment, as reflected in Congress, is opposed to giving away anything or to stopping the manufacture of atom bombs until Russia manifests her willingness to accept inspection.

It may be that Russia is relying on "left wingers" inside the United States, including various scientists, to agitate for the handing over of atomic secrets to Russia. The crusade for giving the secret to Russia without any assurance that Russia will agree to refrain from using the material aggressively against peaceful nations is one of the unexplained mysteries of our times.

One thing is sure. Mr. Gromyko's speech has ended for a long time to come any possibility that the United States will share the atomic secret with Russia or any other power unwilling to accept international control and inspection.

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Interpreting the News

By JAMES D. WHITE
Associated Press Staff Writer

TOWARD FREEDOM OF INFORMATION

History will write—and may not do it for some time—the real importance of throwing the Paris peace conference open to the press.

In terms of today, this historic concession by diplomacy is likely to result in more news, and more accurate news. But even that gain is limited by the limited nature of the conference itself.

It deals with the peace problems of five second-string war makers, not the German backbone of the Axis. The view may be cynical, but it nevertheless is so, that the conference is something of a yes-session by 21 nations dealing with points already agreed upon by the Big Four. Big Four agreement was a prior condition for holding the conference at all, and the Big Four are not bound by its decisions. They may be swayed by talk, but they don't have to be.

Meanwhile, the prompt agreement of the big four on the two-thirds majority voting rule indicates a determination not to be pushed around by small powers or combinations thereof as could easily happen with a simple majority voting rule.

To British, French and American diplomats, opening the hitherto secret doors of diplomacy to the press represents no concession in principle, for they are committed to it in principle. Practice is something else again, for diplomats are people who lug great burdens through a world of power. The conditions of their work are such that secrecy has seemed to many of them the only way to get anything done. Some regret this; other definitely don't.

The big departure is for the Russians, who recently have shown other signs of interest in the somewhat neglected field of their public relations. A good many people think the Russians were impressed by world public opinion in the uproar over Iran, where they conceded its influence by backing down. Could be they now are testing the idea further at Paris, possibly feeling that open discussion on some unsettled points might help them as much as any one.

In any event, with major points already decided, neither the Russians nor the other members of the Big Four are risking too much by admitting reporters.

But reporters who know diplomats and how they have to operate are not greeting the millenium just yet. No one has suggested seriously that, say a big four meeting, be open to the press.

Brazil has a new super-luxurious hotel atop a 2,700-foot mountain. This must be wht they mean by high living.

Junior is spending his vacation listening to dozens of broadcast programs daily. In fact he's almost as full of radio-activity as an atom bomb.



BOOK NOTES

HOME CRAFT COURSES—Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.—Volume XXII. PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN SPLINT AND STRAW BASKETS. By Guy F. Reinert. Designed and Printed by The Kutztown Publishing Co., Kutztown, Pa. 1946.—$1.00.

The most recent of Mrs. Keyser's useful Home Craft Course Series is Guy F. Reinert's "Pennsylvania German Splint and Straw Baskets."

Like the fashioning of clay into pottery, basket-making is one of man's earliest handicrafts; but unlike pottery, baskets are subject to decay and but few specimens have come down to us from ancient times. Basket-making in America was of course not confined to Pennsylvania but it is the basketry of the Pennsylvania Germans with which Mr. Reinert is chiefly concerned in this booklet.

We have probably all gazed with delight upon the fine workmanship of old baskets which continue to appear occasionally at our **vendues**—old **Schienekaerb** (splint baskets), willow baskets and straw-rope baskets, once so common and used for various purposes in the home, field, orchard and barn. Our Pennsylvania Germans were given to use the same materials with which they had been familiar in the Palatinate. The **Schienekaerb** were made in sizes from half-peck to two bushels and were perhaps the most durable of all. Straw was once extensively used for making baskets into which the kneaded bread dough was placed until it had risen sufficiently to be baked in the old tile-covered, turtle-back "Backoffe," or for making beehives and huge hampers. The binding for such straw baskets and containers was made either of white oak or hickory.

Of the various materials willow is no doubt the one which would recommend itself most readily to the modern basket-maker. We are therefore very grateful to Mr. Reinert for his informative treatment of willow or osier culture. Although basket-makers frequently grew their own willow there are today but few traces of willow culture. Mr. Reinert points out that there were three varieties used for the purpose: the common American green willow, the Welsh or purple willow and the Caspian or Lemley willow. Also he gives a clear exposition of the processes of willow culture. Since in more recent times commercial basket-makers imported their best willow from the Argentine and Germany, willow baskets disappeared from the American markets during the war years.

It would seem to us that here is a fine opportunity for recapturing an industry which had become extinct, namely, the raising of willows for the making of baskets and furniture, especially since willows require swampy ground which is often looked upon as unproductive. And further, what craft is better suited for the rehabilitation of war-blinded and maimed veterans than the making of willow baskets and furniture of willows raised on American soil, in our own marshlands and meadows, as in the earlier days.—P.A.B.

* * *

WALK THE LONG YEARS Through Pennsylvania, With Converse And Rumination By The Way. By Frederic Brush. Illustrations by Betty Dawson Miller. Introduction by Arthur Herman Wilson and Russell Wieder Gilbert.—Susquehanna University Press, Selinsgrove, Pa. 1946.—292 pp. $2.00.

There are few men today for whom walking or "hiking" for days and weeks is a spiritual necessity and a ritual. Dr. Frederic Brush, physician in New York but a native of Susquehanna County, is such a man. He has through the years traversed the lengths of the Susquehanna Valley, and now with the wisdom that comes of solitude and communion with nature he has set forth his experiences in this book. He is also the author of four other books: The Alleghenians, The Hillman, Crooked River and Seven Round A Mountain, all of them more or less related to the Susquehanna Valley and its people.

"Walk The Long Years" is written in a gnarled and virile style that might well entitle him to be called a Robert Frost in prose. The various ballads scattered through the book have a refreshingly salty tang and are indicative of a creative talent of high order.

One can only wonder that so observing a writer, one so keenly sensitive to nature and the ways of men can write a book dealing with the Susquehanna and yet have so little to say about the Pennsylvania Germans. Do not the Susquehanna and its tributaries flow through Pennsylvania Germandom as the Rhine and its tributaries flow through the Fatherland? And yet we find only one rather casual consideration of the Pennsylvania Germans under the title "Lancaster and Northward" (p. 188 ff.) where we read: "The valley grew thinkless and ordinary under a slate sky above York Furnace and I took the first ill-used road over the escarpment to fertile lands and souls of Lancaster county. An ignored absorbent floor-backed boy with head on a dog by the stove in our upland home had never forgotten a fancy-vested merchant's telling of going out one day from the Centennial of '76 to see if the Pennsylvania 'Dutch' could show us news or views in farming: 'Twelve foot corn, sleek sturdy men, wide horses and busting pink women. Came back chagrined and deeded my rocky place to a town-trotting nephew. Asked an old stolid what he'd take for his whole outfit. He looked at me, or in my direction, with a salt mackerel eye for five minutes, then out over the acres, never twitching lip, hip or finger—till I wondered and stammered and left. There he stood like a hundred-year, locust, hitching post as I passed the last rise. In the Philadelphia evening I learned that I should not have asked that question; they never sell nor shift—nor fail to raise such mighty crops and straight-backed cattle and dooryards of children. Land—land in the veins—we hardly know the sense of up here. Their barns made me ashamed of our business blocks. It all gave a safety feeling, though' . . .

"And there they were decades later by the corn shocks that almost touched bottoms, making the brown soil terminate in taller, handsomer holders of the terrain; professors, chemists, singers, using conservationists, governors—leavening afar, their thick blood quickened by gradual racial admixture of Indian to nervous Yankee. No dumb peasantry here, with brick an granite schools on the knolls and all-age play fields below. Three days of unique feel of harvest and earth and silent hospitality, renewed faith through their lusty smiling youth. A new out-hole was punched in the belt—no dietitians wanted there. A referable literature has grown about this group—overdone, indiscriminate?—resented at times."—P.A.B.

* * *

TYPICAL PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN WILLS, an interesting article by Russell W. Gilbert, appeared in Pennsylvania History, Vol. XIII, No. 2, April, 1946.

Pennsylvania German wills as recorded in the courthouses of our eastern counties offer a fascinating source of material for the modern student. They are not only interesting human documents but they also shed light upon economic and social conditions of the past. In preparing this article the author confined himself to the records of Snyder and Union counties: those covering the period from 1855 to 1871 in Snyder county, and those recorded at Lewisburg during the first half of the nineteenth century, that is to say before Snyder county was carved out of Union in 1855. These latter wills particularly mention many articles that have for us of today an antiquarian interest, as for example the dough tray, bread baskets, flax, hackled flax and tow, the bucking tub (Bauchzuwwer), the ten-plated stove, the loom, spinning wheel, etc. In 1813 a husband bequeathed to his wife "a right in the garden; further she shall have a right and privilege to keep of my household and kitchen furniture, beds and bedsteads, and of my flax as much as she thinks proper . . . my said son Daniel is to keep one cow in the pasture, and in winter to feed the same with the cattle for my said beloved wife and give her annually ten bushels of wheat and ten bushels of bookwheat (Buchweeze) during her lifetime." One husband grants his widow a special privilege: "It is my will that my wife Mary shall live in the house we now live in and shall have the use of one half of the garden, one half of the cellar, right to the spring house, right to the bake oven, **privilege in the pig sty.**" Fortunately the author comes to our rescue and informs us that this special privilege simply grants the widow the right to use the pig sty for her own hogs just as her son uses the same for his own.

Similar studies in wills recorded a century earlier in Berks, Lancaster, Lebanon and Northampton counties would no doubt afford even more fascinating material.

Dr. Gilbert is Professor of German at Susquehanna University and is a frequent contributor to the ECK.—P.A.B.

DIE COPLAY GRICK SCHUL

50 Yaahr zurick, 1891

Wie mir waar'n Kinner yung un glee,
Dann waar als des die rule;
Summer verbei, un Zeit fer geh,
Noh sin mir in die Schul.

Die Schul was mir die vornehsmcht waar,
(Un des behaapt ich fescht)
Waar die Coplay Grick Schul; sell waar
Zu mir die allerbescht.

So'n Schul wie sell finscht naeryets meh,
Kannscht suche weit un breed:
Die rules waar'n 's same fer Gross un Glee,
Fer Buwe un fer Maed.

Dart hen sie all ihr Pflicht geduh,
Un oft noch me dezu;
Ken Mensch dutt meh, iss gross sei Luh;
Schulmeeschter, was saagscht du?

Als alle Daag der Wek gemacht,
In Wedder, wiescht un schee;
En gansi Meil do zugebracht,
In Sunneschein, Regge, Schnee.

In diefer Schnee do tritt mer sacht,
'S waar oft en Fuss un meh;
Do waar als noch ken Baa gemacht
Fer noch der Schul zu geh.

Die grosse Schieler vannenaus,
Die gleene hinnenoh;
Bis mir als waare im Schulhaus,
Noh waar'n mir als so froh.

Wie ich in selle Schul dart waar,
Waar als Schtudier die rule;
Zu Lese, Rechle, un noch paar
Meh g'schtudiert dart in der Schul.

En manches hen mir dart gelaernt,
En manchi Summ un rule;
Die Mieh hot die "three R's" geaernt
Gelehrt in selle Schul.

Als g'seifert daerrich's ganse Buch,
Geduh mit Mieh—bischur!
'S Harn ball verschtreend; doch mach ken Schpruch
Wann uff der rechte Schpur.

Oft net gewisst wie noch! ich waar
Verleicht aa bissel dumm:
Der Meeschter kummt zu hilf, un zwaar
Ich hab die Antwart schunn.

Der Meeschter hot's uns all gelehrt,
Un noch deel newebei;
Doch hot mer sich als hart gewehrt
Am head der class zu sei.

Wer hot sei lessons fei g'schtudiert,
(So fei wie Miehlschtee mahlt!)
Un hot gewiss recht hart browiert,
Waar endlich gut bezaahlt.

Frieh maryets als schunn uffem Wek,
Oweds widder zurick
In selle Schul waar's kem verleed,
Dart an der Coplay Grick.

Guck nau mol selli Landschaft aa!
Noch graad wie sie mol waar;
Doch ebbes fehlt; ich denk oft draa,
Sell iss net wie devor.

Der Blatz iss nau verennert, so,
Ken Schul nau meh im Hof;
Die alte Leit sin nimmi do,
Sie ruh'n im diefe Schlof.

Wann ich an sell alt Schulhaus denk,
Do kummt mir alles vor;
Die gute Schtunne mir hen g'schpendt,
Gemietlich wie's dart waar.

Ich kann's aa nau noch sehne schteh,
Wie's waar an selle Zeit,
'S iss nimmi dart—des dutt mir weh!
Ich gengt gaern widder heit.

O yes! die Welt hot sich gedreht
Im Laaf der Zeit zurick;
Sell iss der Wek, die Zeit vergeht,
'S iss wie en Aageblick.

'S iss zu mir en gross Blessier
Fer schreiwe so en Schtick;
Sell waar als graad wie heem zu mir—
Die Schul an selle Grick.

Feb. 14, 1941 —D. GEO. KNECHT

DIE VIELE SARDE NARRE

Mei subject die Woch iss vun Narre. Mei Daadi hot als g'saat, "Ee Narr macht en hunnert." Sell iss nimmi so. Ee Narr alleweil macht en dausend.

Mer hen alle Sarde Narre. Do iss der ald Petzmiller, er iss en Hundsnarr. Schwetz wege Hund un dann grickt niemand ken Ward meh iwwerzwaerrich nei. Er hot die beschde Hund schunt g'hatt as sei Lebdaag gelebt hen. Awwer seini sin nau all dod wie die gude Buwlin in de Sunndaagschul Bicher. Er denkt nau viel meh vun seim gleene schtruwweliche Mischthofhund, as er vun seinere Fraa dutt. Ich kann's ihm aa net verdenke. Wann ich so en Fraa hett, daed ich sie verhandle uff en Hund un daed der Hund schiesse.

Es hot aa dernoh Fischnarre. Do iss der Bensch Hess. Schwetz wege Fische un dann waerd er gans wild. Er hockt un babbelt un liegt far ganse Schtunde, un verzaehlt meh Liege in fimf Minutte, as er selwer glaawe kennt in drei Daag. Er iss en grosser Liegner. Mer hen drei grosse Liegner am Baerrick. Der Henner Schenkelmoyer iss der eend un der Bensch Hess die annere zwee. Me Mann sei Ward maag so gut sei as sei note, awwer wann er ans Fische kummt, dann glaawich bei jabers niemand—net even em Parre wann er selli Fischschtori verzaehlt wege em Jonah wie er der Waldfisch g'schluckt hot.

Es hot dernoh aa Narre wege dress. Selli Narre 'wear'e schier all Unnerreck. Die grosse hoops waare als in Schteil, awwer wie sie der ald Jeff Davis g'fange hen mit hoops aa, hot's die grosse hoops g'settelt. In a paar Munet noch sellem sin die Maed rumgeloffe un ihre Dresse hen ihne an de Bee nunner g'hengt wie nasse Fischerhosse. Dernoh iss der bustle kumme, awwer bei greibs er iss nau widder fart.

Es hot viel annere Narre un unnich ihne iss der Mann wu verrickt iss uff Grischdendum. Der wu meent der Wek noch em Himmel waer so schmaal, dass er allee drin laafe kennt un gingt hinnich ihm zu as wie en ragoon, wann er in sei Loch schluppt un ziegt 's Loch mit sich nei. Mer lest vun ihm in de Biwel. Dart hen sie Pharisaeer g'heesse. Wann du Geil handle widd mit so me Mann, dann geb acht odder du warscht b'schisse, ass dir die Aage iwwerlaafe

Dernoh iss noch der Geilsnarr, wu liewer unnich seine Geil ihre Bee rum schluppt, as wie in der Kumbani sei vun verschtenniche Mensche; der Wettnarr, wu alsfart Geld wette will un hot kens far sei ehrliche Schulde bezaahle; der Geldnarr un viel annere.

—Aus'm BOONASTIEL
(Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Cigaretts Un Fees

So weit os die Lottie Strauss fon Treichlers aff gait, wase sie net recht wel os es shlimsh'd is won m'r shlofa wil uf ra train, cigaretts im g'sicht howwa, odder ma fremma mon sei shtinkicha fees. Die socha sin ol g'shaina doh weil tzurick wie die Lottie un ihra Billy nous noch Oklahoma worra fer ihra boo Allen, un sei familia p'sucha.

Sie hen nochts g'shlofa in ihra sitza uf da train, un allas wear ol recht gawest wons net gawest wear fer 'n kerl in ra sitza grawd hinnich na. Der mon hut sei fraw bei sich kotta, un allas wor recht un gute bis er mohl hinna nous noch ma onnerra kerrich wor, un is tzurick kumma galawda mit shnops, os er bol nimmy shtaggerra hut kenna.

Bei selra tzeit wors dunkle, un hen ous gamocht fer shlofa gae. Die weil os ken bedder tzu griega worra, hen sie g'shlofa uf da sitza, ains hinnershich uns onner farshich. Die Lottie hut k'huck'd mit 'm buckle gaeich ihr'm shwear galawda nochber, un woh ae cigerett noch da onnerra g'shmok'd hut. Un noh hut er aw net yusht g'shmok'd, ow'r die hond mit da cigarett ols grawd unnich da naus har gatzoga. Won sie shmoka het wolla het sies moul yusht abissel shpitza breicha fer halt nemma, un der kerl hets ferleicht net ous g'funna.

Aenicha waig, die Lottie hut etlicha mohl gagnutter'd er sot sich uf seinra aigna side fon da sitz halta, un wie er grawd so fert gamocht hut, is der Billy shponkish werra. Der Billy Strauss is wie 'n meal shtrawm, ruich un shtil un hut net fiel tzu sawga bis er mohl ganunk hut. Ow'r noh wie aw der meal shtrawm 'n gahairicher uf ruhr mocht won er der iwwer shuss nunner gait, so is es gonga mit 'm Billy. Wie da Lottie ihra shwetzes nix gabot hut, is der Billy uf gajump'd, un hut gahairich lose gatzoga. Der kerl woh er g'sholda hut, wor tzu hard galawda fer wissa wos recht om aw gae wor, ow'r sei fraw is uf un ob tzum kerrich nous un hen sie nimmy tzu sehna grick'd bis na nagshda dawg.

Ow'r 'm Billy sei shelderrei huts doch g'sheind het gabot. Der kerl hut bletzlich shtoppa shmoka, sich rum k'huck'd in seinra sitz, die shoe ous, un die fees hinna uf die sitz galaig'd navich da Lottie ihr'm kup, un is shlofa gonga. Noh wears ol recht gawest, ow'r sheind der kerl hut alla gabut gadrahm'd, un shtarta kicka, un die Lottie hut bong sei missa fer shlofa gae, der kerl dade ra sei fees im g'sicht rum reiva.

Die nocht wor long, ow'r die dawg helling is endlich kumma, un so is aw 'm mon sei ferlornie fraw. Bei selra tzeit wor der kerl uf kours uf g'sober'd, un hut sich net arrick ganunk fermocha kenna wie arrick os ers hossa dade os er sich nochts so dum aw g'shick'd het mit seinra cigaretts un shtrimp fees. Un sei fraw, woh so shnell ous 'm kerrich is wie der Billy sich uf gablosa hut, hut g'sawt, "You know Mister, when you started to scold, I sure thought you were going to pull a gun and shoot, that's why I beat it the way I did."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die Grace Sell fon Centre Valley, klerrick ins Schadlers Beckerrei uf da 6d shtross doh in da shtadt, hut 'n follie fer ihra Sundawg shule teacher, der 'semmlymon Franklin Lichtenwalter froga, fer 'n law gapass'd griega in Harrisbarrick, os alla doda ous laiger woh "viewings" hut, waig weisser uf duh mus in seim blotz fer da leit sawga woh hee tzu gae fer die doda sehna.

Die Grace wor doh net long tzurick owets noch da arwet nochs Trexlers leicht hamet fer 'n freind nocha mohl sehna os da nagshda dawg bagrawwa is werra.

'S worra 'n lot leit in da shtub woh die lawd wor—ow'r ol frem, un sel in da lawd hut aw frem gaguck'd.

'S wor net bis da nagshda dawg os die Grace ous g'funna hut os es Trexlers sella owet tzwae "viewings" kotta hen un os sie in da letza shtub wor.

Won waig weisser uf gawest weara is die Grace shure os sellie socha net g'shaina weara, ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil sie die socha aw net hous howwa.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Do American Men Like Women?

By DAVID L. COHN

NOTE:

Two out of every five American marriages are destined for divorce. Something evidently is wrong with our man-woman relationship. Is it because American men have never learned how to be both intimate and companionable with women?

The following, last of a series of three articles on a timely subject, is printed through the courtesy of the Atlantic Monthly.

It is commonly assumed that American men began to put women on a pedestal in early pioneer days, when their scarcity gave them a high rarity value; and it is true that many a frail lady who went West to tend bar was soon snapped up in marriage and frequently became a good wife, good mother, and the matriarch of what are now first families. But it is also clear from the records that pioneer women were often treated pretty roughly; that their lives were hard and short, alternating painfully between repeated childbearing and strenuous physical labor. May it be that women were put on a pedestal for other reasons?

It seems to me that when pioneer times had passed, when men were no longer dependent upon their wives' or their children's labor, and above all, when they made the staggering discovery that there is more gold above ground than underground, they placed woman on a pedestal because they did not know what else to do with her. She was not wanted at a man's side. She was not desired as a companion in intimacy. She could be taken down and put back without disturbing the essential pattern of man's life, and, at the same time, standing there on a pedestal she gives the satisfying appearance of a household goddess. One might pay homage to her at stated intervals and lay at her feet the fruits of the chase—cars, emeralds, country houses, old masters.

What are the reasons for our real attitudes toward women as opposed to our rather nauseating pretensions? One is, as R. H. Tawney puts it, that "industry has risen to such a position of exclusive prominence among human interests," that the world is "like a hypochondriac . . . absorbed in the processes of his own digestion." Among us the business of living is so often business that historian call our civilization a business civilization. Men, in an environment where competition is fierce but money-prestige rewards are high, have little time to give to anything but business.

Business is exciting. It is all-absorbing, filled with heady scents of power more alluring than any perfume, more demanding than any petulant mistress. It may be that men so absorbed are good providers and the backbone of the country.

Continued on Page 14, Column 4

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book
By BENNETT CERF

Babcock was intrigued by the advertisement of a canary that could sing every song in the world. What's more, the bird lived up to all his advance notices.

On request, he warbled "Melancholy Baby," "Rule Brittannia," and an aria by Bach. "How much?" said Babcock. "Two hundred dollars," said the proprietor, "and you'll have to buy this other bird with him."

"The two hundred is steep enough," complained Babcock. "Why must I buy this other bird as well?"

"The canary needs him," said the proprietor. "That's his arranger."

* * *

At a luncheon of wives of Hollywood bigwigs, one producer's bride arrived literally dripping with diamonds. "Aren't they beautiful," gasped a visitor from New York. "Hmph," snorted the hostess wtih a shrug, "last year's jools."

A little later, the New York lady had occasion to speak with the bejeweled matron. She came back with her eyes popping. "What do you think her husband made last year?" she whispered. "Half," snapped the matron.

(Copyright, 1946, by Bennett Cerf.)

Little Benny

Pop was reeding his paper and ma was reeding hers, saying, Sooner or later, William, it seems the intire werld will be international.

Probably later, pop said, and ma said, Rome wasn't bilt in a day.

Still, it may be blown up in a night, pop said, and ma said, That's the very reason why everybody ought to werk fast. I mean everything has to have a beginning, so why cant internationism start at home just like proverbial charity? I haven't been at all pleased with the Sunlight Laundry lately. Their deliveries seem to depend on the idle whim of the driver rather than on the days of the week, and when I called up to make a complaint, I was sneeringly informed that they have no complaint department. So why don't we kill 2 berds with one stone and start to foster internationalism by patronising the Chinese laundry up on the Avenue? she said.

But for Peet sake we tried that fellow once and everything came back either too shiney or too starchy, pop said, and ma said, Well, that's true of course, that's a drawback, isn't it? Well, then we might give the Frentch a helping hand by trying the Parisian Hand Laundry, she said.

If I remember correctly, that place has gold letters on the window that spell A. Ippsky, Proprietor, and the State Department of this country still seems a bit confused on its Russian policy, so perhaps we'd better not act rashly, pop said, and ma said, Well, laundry aside, there's the Swiss Watch Repair Shop. We might let them look into this living room clock, she said.

But G. ma, I know the kid that lives in that store, I said. His name is Shrimp Kelly and there's nothing Swiss about him, and his father does all the repairing and there's nothing Swiss about him either, because I've saw him, I said, and ma said, Oh dear, the newspapers must be right, it's not a simple problem.

Which it's probably not.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Today's Text

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

Romans 3:9-4:8

Paul insists that no one born of Adam's line is righteous, having charged all with being under sin, quoting Ps. 14:1-3, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one;" for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God, 3:23. Now, by deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight, for the only thing the law can do it to bring in the knowledge of sin and make us miserable, since we know that we cannot meet the demand of God's righteous moral law. We are therefore driven by the law to find our only help in Him, Who fufilled the demands of the law in our behalf as sinners, in that He died for our sins, and by grace justified us freely through redemption which is in Him. No boasting on our part! It is not to be earned, not to be bought, not to be merited, but it is "freely" through His grace that we are delivered from the guilt and power of sin, a "double cure." Abraham in the Old Testment, before he was circumcised, believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness, and they who believe as he did, are the true children of Abraham. Man always seeks to do something to be saved, but he can't, because it has all been done by Jesus, Who "paid it all." The acrostic on FAITH is still good, "Forsaking All I Take Him."

25 Years Ago

August 3, 1921, A Wednesday

Lieutenant Governor E. E. Beidelman was the speaker at the regular meeting of the Kiwanis club held at the Livingston club. Charles Kline was the booster for the day.

The Reading, New Jersey Central and Lackawanna railroads arranged for the operation of a fast mail train between Philadelphia, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Binghamton and Syrause begining Aug. 15.

Lehigh county's potatoes for 1921 were to be considerably higher than in 1920, according to a statement by William Hoffman, New Tripoli, an expert on the subject. The smaller yield of the crops was the reason for the increased price.

Fred O. Raymond was elected to replace Atty. Milton F. Schantz as president of the Masonic Temple association. Raymond filled the vacancy only for the expiration of the term of office.

The Delaware river bridge between Easton and Phillipsburg was formally transferred to the Joint Bridge Commission of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The collection of tolls was ordered stopped at the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton K. Grim, of Boyert

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us; and this goes on to the end. And after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor.
Goethe.

BAIT THAT DRAWS FARM LABOR

The method may already have been employed locally but if not, then it would seem that the means whereby farmers of Onondaga county, New York, secure ample farm labor during seasonal shortages well may be adopted hereabouts.

Thru their Farm Bureau Federation the farmers have had no difficulty in getting city dwellers to come into the country and help to harvest the crops of fruits and vegetables. While wages have been good and working conditions satisfactory, the real bait has been the reasonable offer of the farmers to sell the fruits and vegetables so picked to the city dwellers at wholesale prices.

City dwellers report to farmers in the country for chores and return home with fresh foods which they have purchased at reasonable price for immediate consumption and for canning and preserving. A double purpose is served: The farms get the necessary number of harvesters and a considerable number of people reduce the amount of food that ordinarily would be wasted and they manage to live better and more economically than otherwise would be possible.

PUBLIC SPIRITED COPLAY OFFICIALS

It is praiseworthy public spirit which is being evidenced by public officials of Coplay these days as effort is being made to establish a new town hall and set up the boro's public business in better quarters then the community ever has enjoyed.

It must be remembered at the outset that most of the officials in this and in other boros, receive no pay, not even so much as a dollar a year. Most small town officials serve because they are citizens of high caliber who believe it is their duty when called upon to give themselves unstintedly to the community's benefit and service.

But in the case of Coplay, officials now are performing almost all the manual labor necessary to remodel and renovate the building which is to be the community's town hall and they are providing this labor without any charge to the community. It is further recorded that a party of the town's officials only recently made an extended trip, at their own expense, to secure needed materials which they learned might be acquired on the site of a building that was being razed.

The officials have been doing all this without any fanfare for many months. It is only proper that their unselfish work and efforts should be noted and that they should be set up as examples of what public-spirited citizens are ready to do.

THE EARTH'S INCREASE WITH GOD'S BLESSING

A cubic inch, 360 grains of wheat which were planted in the soil of Lanawee county, Michigan, six years ago this year produced a harvest of 66,560 bushels of grain and this year, in conformity with interpretation of Scripture upon which the entire enterprise has been based, there is to be distribution of the yield to the poor of Europe for whom and the church the crop originally was planted.

The project was begun in 1940 when a visiting clergyman in the church in that area quoted John 12:24: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringest forth much fruit;" and Malachi 3:10: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse * * * and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it" and Leviticus 25:3: "Six years thou shalt sow thy field * * * and gather in the fruit thereof but in the seventh year shall be a Sabbath of rest unto the land, a Sabbath for the Lord."

That prompted the farmers to sow the first 360 grains. Every year a tithe was given to the church and the remainder replanted. This year the grain that was planted covered 2,666 acres.

TOBACCO TAX RECEIPTS INCREASE 73%

In a survey just released, the Federation of Tax Administrators reports that state cigarette and tobacco tax collections for the first quarter of 1946 has jumped 73.5 per cent over collections during the first quarter of 1945.

Relaxation of the cigarette shortage following the close of the war, return of service personnel to civilian life and boosting of tax rates in three states are among the factors accounting for the increased revenue. Figures listed by the Federation show that 23 of the 31 states having tobacco taxes reported a revenue increase of 60 per cent or more for the period.

A 32 per cent increase in the state motor fuel tax for the first quarter of 1946 over 1945 also has been reported. A total of $231,800,000 was collected by the 48 states during this period as compared to $175,700,000 collected in the same period last year. Although receipts for the first quarter of 1946 are six per cent short of collections for the last three months of 1945, the Federation states that preliminary collections for April and May, 1946, show definite recovery and indicate a return to pre-war levels.

Receipts from the general sales, use and gross income taxes levied by 23 states during the first three months of 1946 increased 14.9 per cent over the first quarter of 1945 and 22.5 over the last quarter of 1945. The total collections amounted to $258,100,000. Collections from these taxes rose 20 per cent or more during the year in the following 11 states: Arizona, Arkansas, California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, New Mexico, Ohio and Utah.

Nine states, as listed, collected more than $2,000,000 each from cigarette and tobacco taxes during the first quarter of 1946: New York—$7,009,000; Texas—$4,553,000; Massachusetts—$4,435,000; Pennsylvania—$4,338,000; Ohio—$3,300,000; Illinois—$3,013,000; Florida—$2,901,000; Louisiana—$2,600,000; Oklahoma—$2,078,000.

Truman Prestige Wanes

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—President Truman may have won a Congressional election contest for his candidate in Missouri, but at the same time he lost something more—his prestige as an exponent of morality in national elections.

For when Mr. Truman associated himself with the Pendergast machine, he made an egregious blunder. It is well known that the President owes his original start in politics to the same machine. The boss of this machine, now dead, went to the penitentiary a few years ago in an insurance fraud case involving misuse of political power but the organization has continued to operate. It had been believed rather widely that Mr. Truman wanted to be disassociated as much as possible from that machine.

Now, however, with Mr. Truman having openly asked the Pendergast machine to assist in defeating an independent-minded, courageous Democrat, who voted his own convictions conscientiously in the House rules committee, the American people are being told, in effect, that the President is not averse to a continued tie-up with a notorious political machine.

The Congressional primary was between three Democratic candidates. Mr. Truman's choice won out, but only after such astonishing results were certified as a count of 284 for the Truman candidate and zero for Representative Slaughter in one of the districts dominated by the Pendergast machine. In a similar district, the Truman candidate received 297 votes, while 4 were counted for Mr. Slaughter and 7 were counted for the CIO-sponsored candidate.

* * *

This type of election result is what started a revolution in Tennessee last week. Year after year, in Tennessee, machines turn out the same kind of election results in certain areas. The whole country was shocked by the fact that former GI's took the law into their own hands and by physical force tried to secure a fair election. The American people do not want in any way to sanction or condone violence and Mr. Truman, as President of the United States, should have been free to condemn vigorously what happened in Tennessee. But he couldn't do so with consistency, because he had already made an alliance with the same kind of a political machine in Missouri.

When a man reaches the high office of President of the United States, the people expect him to become the leader of the United States, the people expect him to become the leader of the Nation on moral issues affecting the purity of elections. Otherwise confidence in the fairness of representative government would be undermined. Machines have been conspicuous for their corruption in American politics, and there have been wicked Republican machines, too, which for years controlled voting in major cities. Today the Democratic party depends on big-city machines for votes but not all of these resort to the counting out method or stuffing of ballot boxes or other vote frauds such as have been proved in the past against the Missouri machine.

There really should be a complete investigation of the election in which Representative Slaughter was defeated. But will it be ordered? The President himself would have to order it, for he controls what the U. S. attorneys do. Incidentally, he never reappointed a certain U. S. attorney who successfully prosecuted the Pendergast machine.

The people of Missouri know the facts, however, and it seems probable that about all Mr. Truman has accomplished is to insure the election of a Republican in the 5th Congressional district of Missouri.

* * *

The purpose of the "purge" was not just to punish Representative Slaughter because he refused to be a "rubber stamp" and vote with the administration in the House rules committee but to exhibit the episode to all other Democratic Congressmen in other parts of the country who might consider voting independently in the House or Senate. Actually, it will not impress upon wavering Democratic members of Congress that they had better support Mr. Truman when he wants anything in the House. On the contrary, it may encourage them to look around and tie up with the most powerful political machines in their respective localities. For with the Truman endorsement of machine politics, why should any prospective candidate on the Democratic side hesitate now to identify himself with a political organization no matter how corrupt? Certainly he would not forfeit Mr. Truman's political help by so doing.

What an opportunity all this opens up to a man like Harold Stassen, former Republican governor of Minnesota who served as a naval officer with Admiral Halsey's fleet and who found out in the Pacific that democracy is worth fighting for! Will the Republican machines give a man like Stassen a chance? The ex-service men have a big job on their hands to clean up American politics, and they can do it without resorting to violence.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CONFERENCES GALORE

There are people who when they can think of nothing important to do, call a conference. These gabfests are held all over the country. I have attended hundreds of them during the past 15 years. Each year the same speeches are delivered that were delivered the year before, often by the same speakers. If somebody says something new or different, he gums up the works. If he lays it on the line, he is a reactionary and the do-gooders gang up on him. If his ideas do not conform to the do-gooders' patterns of the moment, he is regarded as anti-social.

The most important person at a conference is the public relations counsel. Sometimes he writes the speeches. His business is to see to it that those who attend get their names in the newspapers and get time on the radio. That is the great man's compensation for attending conferences. Some men are famous only because they attend conferences; otherwise nobody would ever hear of them. They would remain competent business men or able labor leaders or rule-of-thumb public officials, but to the people they would be utterly unknown. So they hire speech writers and go to conferences.

Proposes Speech Marathon

The latest proposal for one of these speech marathons is another Labor-Management conference, initiated and promoted by Morris Llewellyn Cooke of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. True, according to the Constitution, legislation is the function of Congress and at its last session, Congress tried to make the Case bill law, actually enacted the Hobbs bill and did what it could with Truman's labor proposals. But Mr. Cooke wants labor and management to get together to talk things over. They have been talking things over for years and the conversation has not been so pleasant. At any rate, the automobile industry seems to feel that this is no time for talking; it is a time for making cars. Most industrialists feel the same way about their products.

The publicity on the proposed conference suggests that instead of class warfare, what is needed is "team-play." When did you hear that one last? The trouble with those who still talk about "team-play" is that they don't know what the shooting is about. They still live in Mother Goose's story book. The issue that is putting our economy out of joint is whether management or the labor unions is to control manpower and production, whether Alfred Sloan or Walter Reuther is to run General Motors. Ultimately that issue will be decided by strikes or by Congressional legislation. It will not be resolved at a conference run by do-gooders.

Suggests Four Points

Mr. Cooke has laid down four points for the smooth operation of American industry:

1. Wages must keep pace with increased production.
2. The consumer must share in prosperity with lower prices.
3. There must be clear-cut rules of the game, scrupulously obeyed.
4. There must be well-tried team-play between labor, management and other economic groups.

That sounds fine until a decision has to be made about time-studies and such technicalities. The trend in labor is to ask for an annual living wage irrespective of production. The trend in management is to avoid bankruptcy by rejecting production at a loss. Somewhere a decision has to be made as to the relationship between wages and production, and as it looks now, it cannot be made at a coffee-klatsch.

Now, look at point number 3: There must be clear-cut rules of the game, scrupulously obeyed.

Isn't that nice? It is almost too good to be true. Who is to make the rules and who is to enforce obedience? What game is being played, anyhow? Pinochle or rummy or Russian bank?

Unfortunately, the labor problem that faces the United States is too serious for this sort of hog-wash. We face a fundamental problem which the London Economist described as the stick or the carrot. You can make an ass move by keeping a carrot in front of him or a stick behind him. But if the stick is a reed and the carrot has lost its flavor as well as its color, what is the ass' incentive for moving? Ask the 52-20 boys!

(Copyright, 1946)



The Great Bennehoff Robbery

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

There is a place in Western Pennsylvania that the vacation tourist should not miss. It is the Drake Well Memorial Park at Titusville. It is not so much what the tourist actually sees there as it is what the place represents. Here on the banks of Oil Creek in 1859 was completed the first oil well in the world. This discovery marks the beginning of the greatest development the world has ever known—the oil industry, the automobile industry, the airplane industry, and many related industries, yes, even the fine roads on which the tourist travels would not have been built but for what one sees here—a small piece of capped pipe protruding but a few inches from the ground—all that remains of the world's first oil well.

The State of Pennsylvania has recently constructed a replica of the original derrick and the building which housed the Drake well machinery. Also, nearby is a small but interesting museum containing old oil field equipment, photographs, maps, and many relics of the days when petroleum was sought after only as a mineral oil for medicine.

What does this have to do with **'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck?** In the museum is an old iron safe. It belonged to John Bennehoff. It is a relic of one of the greatest fortunes, and misfortunes, that ever befell a Pennsylvania German. Also, it is a reminder of one of the greatest dramas of the early days of the Pennsylvania oil fields.

John Bennehoff was of the third generation of the Bennighoff family that settled in Lowhill Township, Lehigh County, soon after their arrival in Pennsylvania in 1751. Some of the family were baptized at Heidelberg, others worshipped at New Tripoli, and others lived across the county line in Albany Township. In common with other Pennsylvania German families, a large number of children was the rule and the none too fertile land of Lowhill and Allemangel soon failed to provide sufficiently for all.

The Bennighoff family therefore did what almost every other Pennsylvania German family did, they thought of moving "west." In the 1840's some Bennighoffs settled in Seneca County, Ohio, a very popular place for Pennsylvania Germans at that time. However, long before this John Bennehoff's family had moved to Union County, Pennsylvania. John Bennehoff (the family began to spell the name various ways long ago) was born in Lynn Township in 1801. The soil of Union County did not ease the struggle for existence and the urge to "go west" caused him to move on to Venango County where he bought a farm midway between what is now Titusville and Oil City. Oil was then not thought of and for many years he eked out a bare living on his hilly, stony land along Bennehoff Run. The Drake well was drilled only a few miles away, but it was not until 1865 that oil operators began to look with favor on the highland territory, and then fortune smiled on Bennehoff.

Bennehoff has been described by various writers as "close-fisted or tight-dealing" and by others as "downright stingy and miserly." He was also referred to as an "illiterate German." Whether any of these epithets are just is doubtful. One needs only to understand the general character of a Pennsylvania German farmer who spends all his life working hard for a bare existence as Bennehoff did for sixty years of his life, and then form his own conclusions. One thing is certain, Bennehoff and his son Joseph were endowed with more than ordinary business shrewdness and instead of exacting one-eighth royalty, like most land owners, they demanded and got one-half of the oil produced as their royalty.

In 1865 oil was found on the Bennehoff land and money began to pour in. At one time Bennehoff's income was reported at $6,000 a day. Of course, there were all kinds of wild rumors. The "Derrick's Handbook of Petroleum" says that on Dec. 8, 1866, his income was reported at $500,000 a year. The New York "Herald" early in 1868 said Bennehoff had an accumulated fortune of seven million dollars of which he "hoards every dollar." The Titusville Herald, May 1, 1867, said "old John Benninghoff, the petroleum king of Benninghoff Run, returned an income of $150,000 last year. This is the largest income in Venango County." Whatever his income actually was, he quickly accumulated a large fortune and in the spring of 1866 lost some of it through the failure of a New York banking house. After that he was described as "distrustful of bankers and banks" and for safe-keeping of his money purchased two large safes, one of which is in the Drake Museum.

Here stories again differ. Some say he kept all his fortune in these safes, while others report that he still kept sizeable deposits in Philadelphia and Titusville banks. Be that as it may, with their limited education and business experience and with that typical Pennsylvania Dutch characteristic of not trusting strangers too much, the Bennehoffs kept upwards of $250,000 in John Bennehoff's old-fashioned safe which locked with a big key; besides they had another fortune in Joseph Bennehoff's "Lillie Patent Burglar Proof" safe which had a combination lock, and $15,000 wrapped up in an old newspaper and hidden in the house because the safes were full.

They hired two watchmen, one of whom was to be on duty all the time, and no one was admitted into the house without first notifying one of the Bennehoffs. One of these watchmen was a George Geiger, hired apparently because he was a Pennsylvania German, by George Bennehoff, another son of John Bennehoff, who lived at Meadville, Crawford County.

This then was the situation on the night of Thursday, January 16, 1868. The fact that they kept a large sum of money in their house was generally known and Joseph Bennehoff had received at least one warning that a robbery was planned.

On the fateful night, Joseph Bennehoff, faithful to his religious training, had gone off to prayer meeting. The rest of the family were at home, John Bennehoff in the kitchen talking to Geiger, and Mrs. Bennehoff and a niece in the living room talking to the other watchman. At seven-thirty there was a knock at the kitchen door and Geiger without hesitation got up and opened the door. This made it appear that Geiger expected something to happen and later he was arrested as an accomplice. Four masked men armed with pistols rushed in and although they threatened death, old Bennehoff put up such a stiff fight that it took three men to subdue him. They finally knocked him unconscious with a chair and then dragged him into a bedroom where they rolled him up in quilts, tied him with a rope, and left him helpless on a bed. While they were doing this, the fourth robber menaced the other persons with a pistol until they, too, were overpowered and tied.

The money in John Bennehoff's safe was easily gotten after they took the key from his pocket. This they wrapped up in pillow cases ready to carry away. Two of the robbers worked on the combination of Joseph Bennehoff's safe but without success, and when they learned that he had gone to prayer meeting and that no other visitors were expected at the house that evening, they calmly removed their coats, replenished the kitchen fire, and ate some bread and milk from the Bennehoff larder, intent on waiting for Joseph's return with the thought of forcing him to divulge the combination to the safe. However, when he did not return within the expected time, they became uneasy. They tied a rope around Geiger's neck and led him to the barn where they ordered him to hitch one of the Bennehoff horses to a cutter sleigh. They took the two other Bennehoff horses so no one could follow them on horseback and after taking Geiger back into the house and tieing him again, fled with the horses and sleigh to a nearby woods. Here they left the horses and sleigh and fled.

Soon after the robbers had left the house, the Bennehoff niece succeeded in freeing herself and then untied the other prisoners. Joseph arrived home from the prayer meeting and the alarm was spread over the countryside. The news of the sensational robbery spread rapidly and for weeks it was the principal topic of conversation in the oil regions. To this date the story of the Pennsylvania oil fields is not complete without an account of the Bennehoff robbery.

The following day a reward of $20,000 was offered for the arrest of the robbers and the recovery of the money. The reward was later increased to $50,000. A countrywide search was made and the family is said to have spent $15,000 in trying to find the culprits. In July of the same year, four men were arrested—Geiger (already mentioned), Weldy, a relative of Geiger and a hotelkeeper at Saegerstown; Shoppart and Miller, two hangers-on from Saegerstown. At the trial Geiger was acquitted and stories differ as to just what happened to the others. In any case the real culprit and the man who planned the robbery was never captured.

Through Geiger and his relative, Weldy, the search led to Saegerstown, Crawford County. Saegerstown was a Pennsylvania German settlement founded by the Saeger family from North Whitehall Township, a respectable family. Jim Saeger, the culprit, however was the black sheep and after blowing in an inherited fortune, looked around for money to spend. It is believed that Saeger and Welde and two other unknown persons actually committed the robbery. Shoppert and Miller had a part in the planning and the spoils. Jim Saeger fled to New Orleans whence the trail led to Cuba, Mexico, Colorado, Nebraska, Texas and other places. What actually became of him is not definitely known. One report is that he invested his loot wisely and became a Texas rancher, and that he reformed and was "just in his dealings" and a "bountiful giver." Another report, more suited to those who like to think of Bennehoff as a miser, was that he was finally located after he had squandered the ill-gotten loot but that Bennehoff did not bother having him arrested because of the expense involved.

As to John Bennehoff, he retired from the farm the year of the robbery and lived the rest of his life at Greenville, Pennsylvania, where he died at the age of 81, still a wealthy man.

(The writer of the above informs the editor that the story of the Bennehoff robbery is told in various forms so that it has become a part of the "folklore" of the oil industry. But in most versions Bennehoff is referred to as a German. That he was a Pennsylvania German from Lehigh County makes the narrative particularly interesting to our local readers.)

ALLE SARDE WARDE

Ach! Was hot's doch so viel Sarde Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Warde!

Under the above caption the Editor of the ECK hopes to revive an interest in old, unusual and half-forgotten words in our dialect. Perhaps someone has told you: "Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch iss ken Schproch; es is yo halb Englisch." If in speaking the dialect you employ a large percentage of English words, you may be sure it is not the dialect but yourself that is at fault. Many words once in common use among our ancestors have been forgotten or fallen into disuse. Of course the scientific and technical age in which we live has brought with it many new words in the languages of all civilized peoples. Here by the very nature of the situation our dialect has appropriated the English equivalents.

Who will furnish us definitions for the following words?

DER ESCHERICH — 'S HECKSELFUDER
DIE FEDDERHOWWEL — DIE BRUNNEWALZ
DIE LEDDERZANG — DER DECHSEL
DER SCHLICHT — SCHPRAUZE (verb)

The last list of unusual dialect words (ECK, May 25) apparently offered real difficulties, judging from the reaction of our readers. We here offer our own definitions, subject to further enlightenment from the readers of the ECK:

DIE WIDDSTANG—A hickory pole used in binding a load of hay. See in ECK, May 4, 1946, Raymond E. Hollenbach's list of expenditures for repairs at Heidelberg Church in 1819. The hickory "widen" mentioned there were poles used in constructing scaffolding or "Geruest" at the church when making repairs.—Compare the German **Die Wiede**, Eng. **withe**, a tough flexible branch (probably also related to **Weide**, willow) used as binding material.

BELUCHSE—To deceive or cheat.—Die Leit beluchse vielmols iwwer'm Kaardeschpielerei (A. Geo. Stahl, Allentown).

DER GLICKER (**Klicker** in the Palatinate)—A marble, really a little ball of burnt clay, with which children play marbles; applied also to balls of stone, glass, etc. This word is widely used in Southern Germany. It is related to the Old High German forms **clucli** and glucli (little balls). The Modern High German **Kugel** (ball, bullet, sphere) came from an earlier form **Klugel**, still found in the Rhenish dialect. The Palatine form **Klicker** (modified form of **Klucker**) and the Modern High German **Kugel** no doubt both go back to a common root.

DER ALLESCHWANS—The catkin of the **Alleheck**, or alder bush, used by Pennsylvania Germans to dye Easter eggs, somewhat as dry onion skins are used for dyeing eggs.

'S WAERYEL (Wergel)—A handful of prepared or finished flax.

'S WAERKELHOLS—Rolling pin.—Ebbes, as die Weibsleit iwwer'm Backe benutze un aa fer de Mannsleit eens druffschlagge (A. Geo. Stahl).

DIE WAERRICKGAWWEL (German **Werg**, tow)—The fork or distaff upon which the flax rests and from which it is led to the spinning-wheel.

DER GNECHELZUCK—A potter's term to denote the process of pressing with a motion of the knuckle against the wet clay to make a curve or lip just below the rim of the pot. See Russell W. Gilbert's memorial poem to the potter Thomas Stahl "Der Heffner im Pulwerdaal" in the ECK for June 8.

EN RAETSEL

Ich bin als ebbes am Browiere,
Des bin ich lang hart am Schtudiere;
In der Nadur do iss en wrinkle!
Der Darwin hot uns net explained,
Eh's erscht en Oi waar odder 'n Hinkel.

Do mach ich nau mol graad so fart
Un such als noch fer's needich Wart.
So wie mir nau do zamme schwetze,
Browier'n die Antwart raus zu setze,
Un sucht in Bicher alle Sarte,
In Englisch, Deitsch, fer noch meh Warte;
Findt mer do die Antwart, saag,
Ass es deitlich iss zum Aag?

Verwandelt sin sie, 's iss ken joke!
Well waar mol 's erscht, sell iss die Frog:
Ich weess es net! verleicht weesscht du,
Wie Oi un Hinkel macht so en wrinkle.

1944 —D. GEO. KNECHT.

DER WACHSAM HUND

Vum Waertshaus kummt der Petermann,
Des dutt er yo, so dann un wann.

Doch hot er nau en gudi Kischt,
So wie er alsemol verwischt.

Dart geht er, schepp un graad un grumm,
Un schwankelt noch im Gringel rum.

Er schtolpert lengs zum Graawe nei
Un rollt sich dart im weeche Brei.

Sei Hund, der hockt sich newe draa
Un guckt ihn so bedeierlich aa.

Do kummt en fremmer Wandersmann
Un sehnt den aarme Petermann.

Er gratzt emol so hinnerm Kopp,
Un denkt er helft dem aarme Dropp.

Er packt der Petermann am Bee
Un luppt e bissel in die Heh.

Do kummt der Hund vun hinnebei
Un beisst ihm in die Waade nei.

Der Wandersmann schpringt dabber weck
Un losst der Petermann im Dreck.

Der Petermann, der zawwelt raus,
Wie'n grosser Gnolle guckt er aus.

Verdriesslich geht er uff der Weg—
Un gebt em aarme Hund noch Schlaeg.

MORAL.

So, wann du aus em Waertshaus gehscht,
Verleicht der Heemweg nimmi weesscht,
Dann halt en Hund as dir ihn weist,
Doch eener as net hendich beisst.

im Juni, 1946. —JOHN BIRMELIN

(Adapted from the German of Wilhelm Busch)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Der Gardner Ed

Won m'r mohl shwetza wil fon ma recht shoffendi gardner, don uf kours nembt der Ed Laub, 's Joe Kerna fon nagshd on Scheidys ihra wusslicher dochtermon, der kucha. Der Ed is shun fer etlicha yohr om gardla, ow'r hut sich noch nee nei galust wie des yohr. Er hut sei gorda 'n shtick der waig drowwa uf 'm alta Joe seim gillery hivel, un grawd fom yunga Joe seinra neia hamet iwwer 'm waig driwwa. 'S wear blenty ava lond rum fer 'n gorda mocha, ow'r der Ed hut sei aigna blawns wie er sei gorda howwa wil, un sel nembt 'n hivel, harder sheb os wie doch gaea.

'M Ed sei gorda is gons dicht 'n fartel ocher gross, un het 'n ferleicht 'n ocker gross gamocht, won sei Lillie fershprocha het fer 'n helfa in arder halta. Ow'r die weil os sies net shtanda kon fer in da hae sei, dut sie nix mainer os wie die bicher halta, un sel kon sie duh drunna dahame im hous.

Der Ed is arrick bong waeich dieb, un is fer sel os er gleich'd fer sei gorda on so ma shebba hivel howwa Fer etlicha yohr hut er free yohrs ols drebba ous 'm grund g'shart, un is sella waig uf un ob. Leit hen noh ow'r ols g'shtopt fer die socha sehna, un is 'm endlich bong werra sie maichda aw mohl brovierra fer die drebba nuf gae, un hut die drebba bisnis now gons weck, un yus'd 'n laider. Owets shleast er die laider ei, un is gore ken g'for os dieb ei reissa kenna.

So weit os 'm Ed sei blonserrei aw gait, hut er fon aenich ebbes un allas os ewwa wox'd in darra gagend. Er hut reeva, rote reeva, tomats, gummerra, bohna, welshkern, bashdgnawda, kolbashda, wassermalona un karrabsa, so wohl wie gnovloch, shnittloch un tzwivla bei da hilly un filly. Der Ed hut 'n maining der aintsich'd waig fer gute gorda socha raisa wear, fer ol die unnershittlicha orta weit ganunk ousa nonner blonsa, so os sie sich net ous orta kenta. Er klaimt doh wear nix ferdreaslicher os wie won m'r shaina grossa kandylopes odder wassermalons het, un sie dada shmocka noch tzwilva odder gnovloch. Un so wears aw mit da reeva, woh ken drei cent nutz weara won sie shmocka dada wie gummerra.

Fer sellie uhrsoch'd blonst er yader ort socha tzomma uf 'n glumba, un lust 's ungrout noh g'shwicha drin walda, ungfare so hoch os 'n mon. Shumack shodda klaimt er wear aw arrick nitzlich imma gorda, net yusht fer die keffer fom gorda socha halta, ow'r maint aw net os es so hard wear uf der gardner won er shoffa kent im shodda. Bardich tzu tzeita won die tomats tzeitich sin un woh er yusht ae ort bodder'd fer raisa—sellie woh tzwae unna halb bushel tzum shtuck gewwa. On da ledshda barichda worra sei tomats ols noch om bleea, ow'r hen noch net shtarta awhanka. Bohna hut er sellie woh tzwae yord long werra, un woh er tzailt fer hame fohra mit 'm shuckkerrich wie glofter huls.

So weit os die bohna ow'r aw gain, hut er aw awenich hard glick kot. Ae shtuck noch 'm onnerra is 'm weck kumma, un is endlich uf 'n noshion kumma die fersonta weara dahinner, un hut 'n butza mon uf g'shteld. Der aintsich'd druvel noh war won ols leit unner der waig nuf sin hen sie immer g'shtopt un gagrisha, "Hello Ed, wie kumt der gorda aw?" Sel hut der Ed fertzarnt, un aw ous g'funna os es die hawsa worra un net die fegel os 'm sei bohna g'fressa hen, un hut der butza mon g'shtript, un da Lillie g'sawt er wear gute ob garayer'd, sie breich'd die glaider net wesha, sie sot sie yusht bigle un widder weck pocka. Noh in blotz fom butzamon, hut er sei bohna gapeffer'd, un sawga die hawsa heita sich die gnicker ol ousa nonner ganees'd.

'M Ed sei aintsicher druvel now is, os er ken yunga winder tzwilva finna kon fer blonsa. Er hut 'm free yohr 'n lot kot ow'r hut sie tzu gnobs ferkauft, un wos er noch hut, hen sich net fermehr'd, un guck'd iwwel ous fer winder tzwivla 's nagshd free yohr. Karrabsa hut er ow'r shun etlicha so wie barl fesser, un woh die ronga aw g'shpont hen wie geiga saida. Allas tzu duh won er sellie mohl ob mocha wil, is, fer die karrabsa ob petza mit da blech share, un sie rolla 'm der hivel nunner uf der shuckkerrich. Der Ed klaimt 's wear shae fer so'n gorda howwa, ow'r 's dade arwet nemma fer 'n in arder halta.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fisher leit kumma, un fisher leit gain, ow'r ae fishermon os es sheind dade immer bleiva, is der Al Kratzer fon Dingmans Ferry, fer yohra long shtore kipper on Blue Heron lake.

Won onnerra fisher aw nix fonga, grick'd der Al immer sei fish, un wie da onner dawg der fol wor on Brewster lake wie er sex shmarta bass g'fonga hut in ra gons kartza tzeit—ol fish fon drei bis fier pund 's shtick.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Ma was in her room taking things out of one draw and putting them in another, and I said, Hay ma, is it a lie when you tell people you're feeling all right when they ask you how you feel, even if you happen to have a little headake or something?

Well no, in fact it's only common consideration not to bore others with your trifling trubbles, and I wish certain people would realize it instead of filling the air with their little akes and panes at the slightest opportunity, ma said, and I said. Then would it be a lie if I told you I spilt mouthwash on the litle bathroom rug yesterday so it would be less of a shock in case you had to find out I spilt ink on the big living room rug today?

Benny Potts, have you spilt anything anywhere at any time, I mean lately? ma said, and I said, No mam, except half my milk on the breakfast table this morning, and you were there when that happened.

I think I'm there entirely too often when that happens, why cant you be careful for land sakes? ma said, and I said, I am, ma, maybe that's just the trubble, I mean maybe I'm so careful it makes my fingers stiff. But hay, ma, would it be a lie if I told you I swallowed a lima bean to spare your feelings because what I really did swallow happened to be a marble? I said.

Now look here, young man, I want to know exactly what you did and I want to know the werst and I want to know immeeditly, ma said, and I said, Well G, ma, there's nothing to know, I'm just trying to be sure not to tell you a lie in the future in case I'm ever undecided about what to say sometime.

Oh dear, I really will have a headake if this keeps up, and it will be such a big headake it would really be a lie to deny it, ma said. Now go on out with the boys where you belong, before I make you stay in, she said.

Which I quick did.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book
By BENNETT CERF

Al Schacht, the baseball comedian, insisted that his grandfather was major league timber, too. "In fact," says Schacht, "he was the original brain trust of the Wahoo Woodpeckers.

"He always used his head. One day an opposing pitcher dusted him off at the plate. The ball conked Grandpa with a resounding crash, and turned into the most sensational home run on record.

"Yes, sir, it sailed over the right field fence, and won the game. The opposing pitcher committed suicide. They carried Grandpa off on their shoulders."

"What nonsense," some literal-minded female usually exclaims at this point. "How could a man hit a ball over the fence with his head?"

"You didn't know Grandpa," is Schacht's clincher. "He had bats in his belfry."

* * *

"A flash just came over the wire," a reporter told editor Ted Thackrey. "There's been a violent earthquake in Pszczyna, Poland." Without looking up from his desk, Thackrey said, "Find out the name of the place before the earthquake."

(Copyright, 1946, by Bennett Cerf.)

Horoscope

You are generous and must take care that you do not overlook your own interests if you are celebrating a birthday today. You have great executive ability, good judgment, and take a prominent part in everything. You are a good talker and convincing in argument. Although you have many outside interests, you make your home life happy and pleasant. The strain if any, between members of your family or social group should pass away today. Financial help is likely to be offered all around. Guard against extravagance, and follow only practical advice. A spurt of energy may enliven you to get your wish late today.

25 Years Ago

August 10, 1921, a Wednesday

The Allen Park Playground Assn. held its annual ice cream festival at Allen park. In addition to the regular entertainment, the Judean band presented a concert.

Notice was received at the office of the county treasurer that hunting licenses could no longer be gotten from aldermen, justices of the peace and other legal persons, but could be issued only by the county treasurer.

Calvary Council, No. 528, Knights of Columbus, conducted its annual summer dance and card party at Central park pavilion. Andrew Frantz was chairman of the committee for the dance.

Rev. C. A. Butz was elected president of the Butz clan for the next year at the 6th annual reunion held at Dorney park. More than 300 members of the family group attended.

A battle for mastery of the herd of 80 bisons was waged at Trexler Game Preserve in the small hours of the morning. Gamekeeper James Roth witnessed the battle.

Adams Island was the scene of the opening night of a three night carnival which was enjoyed by the residents of the island. The gala affair was sponsored by the Allentown Boating and Swimming club.

Today's Text

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

Romans 15:14-33.

When Paul became a Christian he did not remain a narrow-minded Pharisee, but, by virtue of his special call as a preacher of the Gospel to the Gentiles, he came to understand the significance of many Old Testament passages which refer to them, and of which he quotes four, 15:9-12. That he should have been thus chosen, always filled him with joy and thanksgiving, for had not God promised Abraham that in his seed all the Gentiles should be blessed. This joy he refers to in vs.15, 16, and in Ephes.2:6-8. The principle which guided him in his missionary strategy was not to preach on territory where some other apostle had already been preaching, lest he should build on another man's foundation, quoting Is.52:15 rather freely. 'To whom He was not spoken of, they shall see, and they that have not heard, shall understand.' With this thought in mind, he expresses a desire to visit Rome on his way to Spain. He got to Rome as a prisoner, but we are not sure whether he ever got to Spain. Would he be permitted to preach there, if he should visit Spain today?

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

HEART AND MIND

"I'd never have done as he!" they said—
The gossips who stood apart.
"Fool! Why didn't he use his head
Instead of heeding his heart?"

"Fool! Why didn't he stop to think!"
The neighbors were heard to say,
But the heart will rush to disaster's brink
When the mind will stay away.

The gossips talk when the blunder's made.
To censure, the critics start.
On the mind of the failure

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Give thy friend counsel wisely and charitably, but leave him to his liberty whether he will follow thee or no; and be not angry if thy counsel be rejected, for advice is no empire, and he is not my friend that will be my judge whether I will or no. Taylor.

AXIS SATELLITES DESERVE REBUKE

It is of course a bit too early to shape judgments concerning the peace parley in Paris but it must come as a matter of surprise to many Americans at least to note how loud are the voices of the defeated nations and the aggressors in the recent war.

Consider how the Bulgarians in recent days have demanded that Greece, whose tiny country has little agricultural land of any value, shall give up Thrace which ethically, traditionally and historically has been Greek during most of some twenty centuries. And Hungary which, like the Bulgarians, have the blood of Czechoslovakians and Greeks upon its hands wants sections of Czechoslovakia.

Americans will term this monumental nerve. These countries, whether willingly or unwillingly, were the allies of Hitler and Mussolini and in becoming such had expected to gain loot in the shape of the land and the possessions of their neighbors. They expected the Axis powers to win the war. Otherwise they could not have been persuaded to enter or be driven into the fray. Now however with the defeat of the Axis powers they still hope or expect to gain their ends and they are trying to achieve them by a lot of shouting.

But no amount of shouting and protestations should dim the recollection of the world as to the sins of the Axis countries, their satellites and the fringe of nations such as Spain and the Arab peoples. These, altho neutral, were undoubtedly pro-Axis in sentiment and were merely waiting for more favorable opportunity to deliver blows to the Allied nations—an opportunity that however never came to pass.

All countries concerned in the recent war have a place at the peace parley but the place for defeated nations and those unfriendly to the Allied cause is at the foot, not the head of the table.

BIG ROAD BUILDING JOBS AHEAD

The main network of good American roads has approximately 225,000 miles, according to the United States News, and the roads have a life expectancy of about twenty years. In other words about 11,000 miles should be rebuilt every year just to keep the system in good operating order.

However during the war road-building amounted to only about 3,000 miles per year so that it is estimated about 32,000 miles of roads should have been rebuilt or extensively repaired this year.

The summer season is nearly ended and road-building activities which have not been great anywhere in the country will soon come to an end except in a very few states. It is unlikely that this year will show any considerable improvement over the four war years as to this matter of getting the roads back into condition.

The reasons have been simple. The various States have not wished to enter into competition with the housing campaign and frugal State governments, like our own in Pennsylvania, have shuddered at the costs of labor and materials every time they have put out feelers or asked bids for the construction of highways.

Even building contractors have not been eager to bid on jobs as advertised. They do not want to be caught with contracts let at prices which, in time of further inflation, will beggar them.

So it can be seen that if and when the country gets back to something like an even keel there will be tremendous work at hand to put American highways into condition. There is, first, the backlog of war and post-war years which may amount to as much as 40,000 miles or more, and there will be the annual increment of about 11,000 miles as well.

LANSFORD'S TRIBUTE TO WAR HEROES

When Lansford marks a hundred years of progress this month the centennial celebration that is being planned will be on a scale unsurpassed by anything in Panther Valley's history.

The energetic community banded together as one 10,000 member committee some weeks ago to plan a colorful extravaganza that would make Hollywood itself dizzy. A pageant with a cast of 900, a five-hour parade of 37 bands and 84 fire companies, (to give an idea of its immensity), speeches by the Governor and other nationally-known men, gigantic outdoor church services, are but some of the features already assured.

Opening with a roaring demonstration of Navy planes Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 28, the centennial celebration will continue its dizzy pace for six days, a climax to be reached in the Labor Day parade.

The community is offering the celebration in the form of a "welcome home" to its some 1800 World War II veterans under the title of Lansford Centennial and Homecoming Celebration.

Lansford today is a far cry from the hamlets of Ashton and Storm Hill around which it was built. Gone are the rutted, dirt roads. They have been replaced by wide, concrete streets. The business district is Panther Valley's shopping center. While mining is still the basic industry, Lansford has its clothing mills and other small business enterprises.

Incorporated as a borough in 1877 with less than 2,000 population, its homes now stretch a mile and a quarter east and west, its population is close to 10,000. The borough was named after Asa Lansford Foster, active in pioneer newspaper work and mining activities, and in founding Lansford.

Lansford's position in the hub of Panther Valley and its rich anthracite deposits aided materially in making it the valley's outstanding community. Nearby towns are enthusiastically expressing the good neighbor policy in helping Lansford's observance.

The century-old community accordingly will be dressed in its Sunday best for the anticipated heavy influx of visitors this month. Decoration of streets, homes and business establishments has already begun. Police are being outfitted with new uniforms, and Lansford is determined to make its mammoth celebration a fitting tribute to its native sons just returned from warfare in the four corners of the world.

Strike Breather a Myth

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—The so-called breathing spell from labor troubles predicted a few weeks ago has proved a myth. The Great Lakes shipping strike is a major work stoppage. It is causing an interruption in the flow of coal, iron ore, and oil. The seamen of the CIO National Maritime union have tied up the ships.

Several sporadic strikes also have occurred in Detroit, where the auto industry is still trying to keep the assembly lines of production going, only to find that small strikes in the plants of those who supply key parts are causing delays.

The CIO, far fom assisting in any truce on strikes and labor difficulties so as to enable industry to get started on an era of production, has announced a new series of threats. The head of the CIO Auto Workers' union wants the National Wage Stabilization board's standards revised where price increases are granted, and he insists also that contracts will be reopened on the cost-of-living issue wherever there is any clause that can be construed as giving such an opportunity.

Thus, the managers of industry cannot foretell what their costs are going to be. The Nation is again caught in a vicious circle—due primarily to the refusal of the administration to tackle realistically the whole problem of reconversion.

Apparently President Truman has adopted a "do-nothing" policy. He has just left on an 18-day cruise on a palatial yacht. Nobody begrudges the President a vacation nor the attendance at a lawn party when the Nation's transportation system is about to be tied up, as happened a few weeks ago. But it looks to the country as if Mr. Truman really cares little whether the economic system gets relief from its burdens. So far as he is concerned, it appears to be a matter of supreme indifference.

Having been intimidated by A. F. Whitney of the Railroad Trainmen, Mr. Truman hasn't said a thing about his abandonment of pressure for all labor legislation in the last Congress. Nor has he indicated that he will even put into effect of his own initiative the study of labor-management relations which he so feebly advocated in a message to Congress.

* * *

Now the CIO is demanding a labor-management conference, and Mr. Truman may, of course, pay attention when he gets back from his cruise. Whatever the CIO-PAC may say or do commands attention at the White House. It is significant that the head of the CIO Auto Workers' union now says that unless some "action is taken to protect the people's living standards the stage will be set for the next depression."

Labor leaders know that a depression is coming and they are getting ready to shift the blame by a propaganda campaign accusing industry of withholding production. The same charge was levelled with respect to the excess profits tax last year but this year, when many corporations are in the red, that charge is being plainly refuted.

It is customary, however, for the labor politicans to take the total figures of all profits and show that these are higher than the year before. What they do is lump together all the successful companies but they never mention the accumulated losses of the companies in the red whose abandonment of active operations would cause widespread unemployment.

The larger businesses, especially those concerned with consumer goods, may be making profits today but small competitors in many lines are having a hard time getting needed supplies and meeting the constantly increasing wage costs.

* * *

The President of the United States is looked to for leadership in trying times. Mr. Truman is doing nothing about the major problem that faces the country—the irresponsible behavior of many labor unions which have made a mockery of collective bargaining and have long ceased either to bargain in good faith or to maintain written contracts providing against work stoppages.

Not a word has come from the President in condemnation of the things that are retarding production and generally undermining the economic system. Apparently the situation will have to get critical again before public opinion is fully aroused, and that may happen to be next autumn when the northern Democrats who are up for reelection feel the protest vote of the electorate. Mr. Truman isn't helping his party win the election.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

ANNUAL WAGES

The next step in wage demands will be for a guaranteed annual payment to the worker irrespective of his productivity. In fact, the annual wage will guarantee the worker an income even if the plant produces nothing or if, during a depression, it sells little or nothing. Such wages will be a first charge upon the funds of a company.

The "guaranteed annual wage" is a minimum wage that the company agrees to pay on an annual basis. As the American Management Association says in its report on the subject:

". . . A real guarantee, applicable to all circumstances can really be given only by the government, backed by all the resources of the nation. Under the economic system in which we live, a private firm cannot give an absolute assurance of an annual wage income, just as profits cannot be assured . . ."

Therefore, what the guaranteed annual wage inevitably leads to is government control of the means of production and distribution which, by definition, is the economic characteristic of the totalitarian state. Few private enterprises can possibly have the resources to guarantee annual wages any more than they can guarantee their shareholders against possible losses. As ". . . the International Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, C.I.O., in announcing its campaign for a guaranteed annual wage, said: 'We recognize . . . that guaranteed annual wage plans cannot be established on a nationwide basis without establishing planned economy in America.'" A firm can estimate for the ensuing year and if its estimates are wrong, the firm goes into debt or even bankruptcy. Unless a firm knows absolutely how much it will produce at what cost, to be sold at what price, it is impossible to guarantee employment, particularly as no private person can control all the circumstances, political, social, meteorological and accidental, affecting production.

* * *

Some firms are so organized that they are able to guarantee an annual wage. Proctor and Gamble introduced the idea in 1923 and it has been developing since with satisfactory results. Of course, there are many varieties of plans in effect to lift the burden of economic dislocation from the shoulders of the workers. It has been astonishing, however, that generosity in this direction has not lessened the danger from strikes and other stoppages, or in decreasing production as a matter of union policy. General Motors had such a plan but it has not served to increase their production. Wages, as well as profits, can be paid only out of income from production. If production is down, income must be down—and wages will go down or the business will shut down.

Two other factors enter into this situation:

1. Employers facing the additional risk of a guaranteed annual wage will inevitably protect themselves by keeping their work force as small as possible. It means that if the workers are to be guaranteed after, let us say, a two-year trial period, employers will tend to fire workers before the expiration of that period. Some municipalities have utilized this method to evade permanent tenure for school teachers. For years, New York City appointed practically no permanent teachers, utilizing substitutes.

2. The smaller the firm, the less able will it be to undertake guarantees. Even huge businesses will find such guarantees difficult; the small man practically impossible. He would have to set aside capital, otherwise usable in the development of his business, in escrow to meet these obligations. The result will inevitably be that fewer opportunities will exist for small and new business to come into existence. Of course, this tendency against the small business man shows itself in all forms of totalitarian legislation. The New Deal has not been a small business man's paradise.

* * *

The greatest weakness in this, as in most fixed wage scales, is that it discourages incentive pay and encourages feather-bedding, which is a normal characteristic of all bureaucracies. Production can never reach the maximum capacity of the nation unless individual workers are paid more for greater competence and efficiency. The only true measure of a worker's worth is his personal productivity. The trend in this country has been away from extra pay for better work. As long as this trend continues, no wage plan will solve the fundamental problem of national production.

(Copyright, 1946)

In England the candy ration has been increased. This makes the post-war world just a little bit sweeter.

Automatic dish and clothes washers to be placed on sale in England at $200 each plus tax, will wash about 30 dishes or eight pounds of clothing at a time.



OH ELEND

Ich bin so mied un aa so matt,
Ich kann bei Henk schier nimmi fart;
Ich hab ken Abbedit, ken Graft,
Un wott die Aerwet waer all g'schafft.
Der Failure hawwich alle Yohr
Un weess net was zu duh defor.

Do hawwich Pille das ich nemm
Graad wie sie's uff em Bexli hen;
'S iss druff gedruckt in schwarz un weiss,
Drei Pille gebt em exercise.
"Take one," so saagt's "un "march away,"
Un's 'march'e macht em matt, verschteh.

Ich bin zu mied far nuff ins Bett;
Wann ich yuscht so en elevator hett!
So mied, ich wott mei Fuder waer
Gekaut far mich vorm Esse haer.
Ich kann net schlofe, bin zu matt,
Wann ich die Aage zu heb dart.

Ich waar draus fische an der Grick,
Un hab ken Schwans fescht g'hatt far Glick.
(Awwer des iss confidential news,
Zu anner Leit saag ich—zwee Fuss.)
Ich waar zu nied un aa zu matt
Die Fischgart schteddi hewe dart.

Ich kann net in die Kaerrich geh,
Es macht mich mied in meine bee;
Un's macht mich matt, wann ich draa denk
Wie hart mer hockt uff selle Benk;
Doch gingt ich yuscht far's promenade,
Wann als en Wind mich 'push'e daet.

Far schaffe bin ich aa net fit,
Es brecht mich schier ab in der Mitt;
Doch gebt die Polly mir ken Ruh
Un macht mich 'hustle'e p.d.q.
Ich waer schunn lang im Kaerrichhof dart,
Awwer Dot-geh macht em aa so matt.

So bin ich do im Elend drin
Un weess net was mei 'fail'er sin;
Ich bin yuscht mied, ya, un aa matt,
Die Pille hen mich nix gebatt;
Un's batt nix dass die Polly kickt,
Yusht weil ich's Friehyohr Fiewer grick.

Wann ich's erleb, iss mei disease
Ge 'cured' un ich bin uff de Fiess
So wie die picknick Zeit rumkummt;
Noh bin ich widder schprei un g'sund—
Wann alles g'schafft iss, geht mer fart.
Awwer bis sell bin ich mied un matt.

SOLLY HULSBUCK

(Harvey M. Miller, 1871-1939)

EN UNGLICKLICHER DOD

Etliche Woche zurick waar ich paar Daag in der Nochberschaft wu ich uffgewachse bin. Ich bin am alde Schulhaus verbei wu mir als die Hosse g'schdaabt hen grickt mitere lange Zuchtrut. Die Zeit waar zu karz um alles zu sehne, das ich gaern sehne hab wolle.

In der Zeit, das ich g'hatt hab, bin ich 's Daal nunner g'faahre. Ich bin amme Kaerrichhof verbei wu 'n Mann vergraawe iss warre baut sechzich Yohr zurick. Sei Graab iss naegscht am Wek un en Graabschtee weist wu er leid. Es iss nix ungewehnlich ass Leit schtaerwe, awwer deel Wege wie sie schtaerwe sin ungewehnlich un alsemol schauderlich.

Wie es waar in selle Zeite waar gans wennich fer de Leit die Gedanke vun der Aerwet nemme. Sunndaag un die Feierdaage waare Rugdaage un yeder ebber waar als froh wann so'n Daag kumme iss. Die Aerwet hot frieh maryets aag'fange un es iss g'schafft warre bis schpot oweds. Nooch 'm Nachtesse hen die Leit in der Kich g'hockt bis nein Uhr. Dann sin sie ins Bett sich ausruhe fer der naegscht Daag. Amusements waare yammerlich raar. Phonographs, movies, un so dergleiche waare noch net. Balle iss gans wennich g'schpielt warre. Winters waar als die Lang 'meeting' in der Kaerrich; summers Sunndaagschul picnic, campmeeting un Bushmeeting. Wann en Schtaedtche en brassband g'hatt hot, dann hot's als paar Woche bandfair gewwe. Des waare fascht die eensichschte Dinge, das die Leit g'hatt hen sich zu verweile.

Samschdaags waar's der Gebrauch fer frieh Feierowed mache. Vier Uhr waar frieh im Summer; zwee Uhr waar frieh im Winter.

Alle paar Meil an de grosse Schtrosse waar en Waertshaus. Die Waertsheiser waare notwennich. Sie hen en guder Zweck gedient. Selli Daage hen mer net en hunnert Meil var 'm Marye-esse faahre kenne. Zehe Meil waar en langi Faahrt fer Geil un Mann. Vieh un Leit sin mied, hungerich un darschtich warre. Fer die Geil waar gut frisch Wasser un fer die Leit waar guder alder Kreizweger in der schwarze Boddel.

Die Waertsheiser hen aa als gedient als 'n Versammlingblatz oweds fer die Nochberschaft. Samschdaag oweds hen sich als viel vun de Mannsleit uffg'halde an denne Heiser.

Verschtanne, iss die Zeit zugange in der Barschdubb. Do hen sie g'hockt un g'schwetzt vun de Sache, das aagange sin darrich die Woch. Viel Nei-ichkeete sin do bekannt gemacht warre. Politics iss aa als g'schwetzt warre un oft hot's also schier Feier g'schlagge zwische de Demokraate un de Republikaaner. Uff politics waare sie immer uneenich awwer wann eener g'saat hot "Buwe, loss uns eens drinke," dann hen sie all mitnanner g'schtimmt un noh sin die Glesser g'fillt un geleert warre. So hen sie als fartgemacht bis zehe odder elf Uhr. Es iss net oft uffg'halde warre bis zwelf Uhr. Wann der Schtaab un der Darscht dick in ihre Hels waare, dann iss als lenger verzogge warre.

Amme Winder Owed waare acht Bauer Samschdaags am Waertshaus. Es waar etliche degrees unnich zero. Der Darscht waar gross un sie hen ebbes verlangt ihne 's Blut uffzuhitze selli Nacht. So hen sie ee drink noch em annere aus der schwarze Boddel der Hals nunner. Wennich fer Halbnacht sin sie ausgezogge fer heem geh. Uffem Heemwek iss eener vun selle achte newe am Wek leie gebliwwe. Am Sunndaag Marye hen sie en g'funne schteif g'frore wie en Eiszappe an der Dachtrauf. Des waare Nei-ichkeete fer die Nochberschaft! Es waare ken telephones, awwer in paar Schtunn hot's yeder ebber g'heert g'hatt im ganse Daal, zehe Meil nuff un zehe Meil nunner. Die Leit hen's mit Schauder g'heert un die G'schicht iss net verlore gange unnich de temperance Breddicher.

In rechter Zeit iss der aarm unglicklich Mann vergraawe waare. Es hot en grossi Leicht gewwe. Der Dode un sei Familie waare aag'sehne als arndliche Leit. Es Saufe waar awwer in der Gemee als en Deiwels-g'scheft g'halte.

Der Parre Glautz hot die Leicht g'hatt. Es waar der Gebrauch die Laad uff en Baahr am Graab zu schtelle, der Deckel uffmache un die Freind eilaade der Dode nochemol sehne. Der Parre hot verkammen die Eilaading gewwe. So hot der Parre Glautz dessemol. Was er awwer g'saat hot, hot de Zuheerer die Ohre schier wehduh mache. Er hot g'saat, "Wenn ihr des Teufels Opfer noch einmal sehen wollt, kommt hervor!" Teufels Opfer! Do waar gleener Droscht fer die Witfraa un Kinner. In der Breddich, das nooch em Begraebnis kumme iss, hot der Glautz de Leit eig'schaerft, dass sie net meener uflaade solle, was sie aa faahre kenne. Die Zuheerer waare voll Angscht. "Teufels Opfer!" hot 'ne in de Ohre gebrummt. Mit der Zeit hen sie ihre Angscht vergesse un im G'schpass hen sie als vum Teufels Opfer g'schwetzt.

All die Yohre wann g'schwetzt iss warre vun der Wittfraa un ihre Kinner, dann hen die Leit g'saat, "Em Teufels Opfer sei Wittfraa" odder "Em Teufels Opfer sei Kinner." Un so iss der Schpruch zumme Schimpfnaame gemacht warre fer die aarm Fraa un die Kinner. Am Daag wie ich doyetz am Kaerrichhof verbei bin, waar en Bekannter bei mir. Er hot g'saat, "Darte leid 's Teufels Opfer." So Sache gehne net vergesse.

Scranton, Pa. WILLIAM F. YODER

A COUNTRY STORE IN 1863

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

There is something about a country store that is very close to the Pennsylvania German, because Pennsylvania Germans have always been associated with rural communities, and there is something just a little different in a Pennsylvania German country store, due to the thrifty nature of its customers. Where else in the world would a farmer and his wife find fifty-nine different products to take to the store in place of cash when money is scarce?

William Krum kept a store in the typical Pennsylvania German community of Jordan Valley at the beginning of the Civil War and on through to the 1890's. In the latter years of his life he kept a store at Lochland. As a storekeeper in Civil War days he was not bothered so much with shortages of goods as he was undoubtedly inconvenienced with the shortage of ready cash. There were no OPA or other government regulations or ration coupons to contend with, but he undoubtedly had many headaches trying to dispose of the products that were brought in in trade. Ration coupons are easier to handle than it is to dispose of scrap iron, cord wood or a couple of muskrats.

Krum's business amounted to about $500 per month and three-quarters of this was by barter. This is what customers brought to the store in 1863 instead of money:

Butter, eggs.
Chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys and guineas.
Ham, bacon, lard, dried beef, sausage, tallow, soap.
Cucumbers, cabbage, beets, onions, string beans, tomatoes, potatoes, sweet potatoes, turnips and hops.
Currants, elderberries, blackberries, huckleberries, cherries, apples, pears and quinces.
Pea beans, flaxseed, timothy seed, clover seed, buckwheat, rye and oats.
Cider, wine and applebutter.
Dried apples, dried cherries, dried whortleberries.
Chestnuts, hickory nuts and walnuts.
Homespun yarn, tow cloth and linen.
Rags, white and colored, and carpet rags.
Bees wax, pig's bristles, scrap iron, cordwood, and muskrats.

Prices in 1863, of course, varied but were not yet seriously affected by the war. Potatoes brought 60 cents a bushel, bacon was worth 8 cents a pound and ham 10 to 12 cents. Ducks and chickens sold for 8 cents a pound and guineas were worth 25 cents each. Chestnuts, hickory nuts and walnuts were important products and during October and November hardly a customer came to the store that did not bring some. They were worth $5.00, $1.60 and $1.00 a bushel, respectively.

Only two or three families brought homespun, but a larger number still grew flax and had flaxseed to sell. Pig's bristles were worth 14 cents an ounce and beeswax was worth 65 cents a pound. Dried apples, dried cherries and dried whortleberries were important products and during the 1863 season Krum took in 18 bushels of dried apples, 66 quarts of dried whortleberries and 116 quarts of dried cherries, at $1.50 per bushel and 17 cents and 11 cents per quart, respectively. Dried sweet apples were always worth a little less than dried sour apples, which seems to indicate that the dried apples went to consumers outside of Pennsylvania German territory, or "schnitz un knepp" were not quite as popular as some old-timers would have us believe.

And what did Krum's customers buy? In the line of groceries they bought salt, sugar, coffee, chocolate, spices, molasses, raisins and mackerel. Canned goods and packaged foods were as yet unheard of and Krum's neighbors would have scoffed at anyone using such stuff. Sugar increased in price from 13 to 20 cents during the year, and molasses increased from 25 cents to 40 cents a quart. Mackerel, which many families bought by the half-barrel, was $8.00 per half barrel.

He had a steady sale for such remedies for man and beast as gentian, fenugreek, epsom salts, copperas, alum, castor oil, and, of course, asafoetida. He sold cigars for ½ cent each, fine cut smoking tobacco for 46 cents a pound and fine cut chewing tobacco for $1.00 a pound. Scrap and plug tobacco were not on his list until after the war. He had a small hardware trade and two of his customers bought "nail rods" for making nails as late as 1869.

His chief trade, however, was in shoes and wearing apparel. He even dabbled a little in "jewelry" and sold Catharina Wehr a "set of ear rings and pins" for 86 cents. The following are a few items in the dry goods and women's wearing apparel line. The spelling is his. Let the reader decide what they were.

1 deboge frock	$2.86
1 delain dress	5.14
8 yds. delain	2.00
1 balmoral	3.75
1 bailer	1.50
7 yds. commonwealth	3.50
1 hoop skirt	1.75
1 nubia	1.62
1 armure frock	7.90
15 yds. armure	4.20
woman's over gums	1.25
1 summer shawl	2.50

But Krum's male customers were not to be outdone. Levi Krum bought "cassimere pants and silk velvet vest" for $11.25, and Abraham Handwerk bought a "summer coat" for $2.74. Of men's hats there was a variety. There was one with the Spanish sounding name of "Resante" which sold for $4.00. Jared Handwerk bought a "union" hat for $2.65 and Jacob Greenawald a "low crown Ben hat" for $1.25. Owen G. Riedy and Nathan Krum went in for style and bought "Alpine" hats at $3.00.

Krum rented the property in which he had his store for $75.00 a year. He paid his brother, James, a salary of $200 a year as clerk. He kept no books in a manner to show profit or loss, but he stayed in business for more than thirty years and that alone is evidence of his success.

BOOK REVIEW

HOME CRAFT COURSES—Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.—Volume 12—Pennsylvania German Reverse Painting on Glass. By Elizabeth S. Hoke. Designed and Printed by The Kutztown Publishing Company, Kutztown, Pa.—$1.00.

Mrs. Keyser's Home Craft Course booklets continue to appear in rapid succession, although not always in the order originally announced. Many other interesting topics have been announced for future publication. Volume 12 in the series is Elizabeth S. Hoke's Pennsylvania German Reverse Painting on Glass.

The number of those who are looking for hobbies and avocations and of those who feel the need of expressing themselves through the activities of their hands is ever increasing. Among them many will no doubt welcome this booklet, even though the number of those who will engage actively in this craft may not be large.

Paintings on glass were once widely distributed among rural inhabitants and must have been produced in great numbers. If so few have come down to us it is not because they were rare and costly, but rather because they were by nature fragile. Glass broken, picture gone! Today painting on glass in the reverse has become almost a lost art, but one that it is well to revive. Those who are acquainted with old specimens, whether portraits of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette and others of colonial times, or the simple landscapes that adorned the tops of old mirrors and the glass panels of Terry and Seth Thomas clocks, could hardly fail to be impressed with the startling effects obtained apparently by the simplest means.

The booklet informs the novice what materials are required for painting on glass in reverse and offers detailed instructions about procedure with the comforting assurance on the part of the author that reverse painting on glass is not as difficult as it is tedious. The booklet further contains beautiful half-tone reproductions of old glass pictures as well as two color plates.

While we recognize that Mrs. Keyser's booklets about the various crafts are planned in the first place to give practical instruction in design and technique, it is at the same time regrettable that they do not offer more factual and historical matter pertaining to the arts and crafts under consideration. Many a reader would, for example, be interested in knowing how early and how long glass painting flourished. The author tells us that some pieces were imported but that the ones illustrating her booklet were done by local artists in and around Philadelphia, although none are signed. One comes to wonder whether the title of this booklet is not somewhat misleading. We do not believe that reverse painting on glass is distinctively Pennsylvania German. It is true that some of the paintings have German titles, but notably lacking in them are the characteristic Pennsylvania German designs that we have come so definitely to associate with other Pennsylvania German crafts. One cannot escape the feeling that these pictures were made outside of the Pennsylvania German area, although peddled or sold there. While these remain interesting problems for the academic investigator the lack of knowledge with respect to them in no wise impairs the usefulness of this booklet. It will open up a new activity for those who seek a hobby and the more skillful artist of today will find in this old technique and medium new possibilities.—P.A.B.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

On Da Kutztown Fair

Wel, 'm Dunnershdawg nommy dawg hen m'r etlicha shtun tzu gabrocht on da Kutztown fair. Ol die Kutztowner os m'r ow'r aw gadroffa hen, hen g'sawt, "Fer menscha sehna, mush'd duh owets kumma." Owets sawga sie wears so g'shtopta fol os m'r shier net rum kent, ow'r dawgs is blenty blotz, un wenich g'for os em aenich ebber uf die fees draid. Doch ferol os net weiters fiel leit on da fair worra, hen m'r blenty bakonta g'sehna, un woh fiel dafon fers airsht mohl on da fair worra.

So weit os die fee exhibits aw gain, hut ainer drunna im si shtol so tzimlich nagshd die wohret g'sawt wie er gamaint hut 'n monichie bauerrei het so fiel fee os tzu sehna wear darta on da fair. Ow'r wos darta is, is shae, un sel halt aw ous mit da fiela grange exhibits os tzu finna sin im grossa fair gabei. Sellie exhibits sin wunner shae, un laenich die trip wert noch da fair. Noh hen aw fiel bisnis leit exhibits darta, alla orta housrote socha os tzu denka is, so wohl wie bauerra g'shar, lecktrick g'friehr boxa, milich ob keeler, un gas effa.

'S graish'd dale fon da fair is ow'r uf gamocht fon ess shtander, side shows, rides gammel, tzelter, un wohret saiger. Die ledshda fierra worra ow'r noch net in bisnis wie m'r so on da halver finfa ferlossa hen—don un won is 'n wohret saiger'n kumma fer 'n match beddla, odder froga wie shpote. Sel sin louder laedich Gypsies, din nous g'shlifa, un sharaf ganunk fer 'n Solomon mit ol seinra g'sheidhate hee shtella wie 'n kind mit ous larning.

Die airshda bakonta os m'r aw gadroffa hen wor der Howard Rabert un sei fraw die Mary un tzwae boova, der Sterling un der Warren fon Claussville. Noh 's nagshd hen m'r der Bartley Stoudt aw gadroffa woh dawgs ocht gebt uf die hinkle unna fair gabei, un owets helft 'n maid show runna. Wie m'r 'n aw gadroffa hen wor er yusht die rounds om mocha die hinkle un hawna shtarra mit ma racha shteel, so os sie sich net onna hucka dada. Er hut gamaint sie weara so awenich kartz in fedder fee, un dade sheina wie won sie gore kens hetta won sie so foul leidich rum hucka dada wie alta bree glucka. Un noh uf kours is er aw immer om gucka fer oyer—die sawg is, er het 'n kontract mit ma grossa ess shtand, un woh 'm ol die oyer ob kaufa dada os er finna kent. Bis drei uhr nommy dawgs hut er shun siva ferkauft kot, un gamaint 's maich'd ols noch paar may gewwa. Die maid shows secht er weara iwwer rous gute, un dade alla owet dudsenda fon mohl galoabt werra bei soicha os es show g'sehna hetta.

Noh hen m'r aw der Jonathan Greenawalt larna kenna, 'n alter Kutztowner, un woh aw so halver im sin kotta hut fer mohl ae owet gae 'm Bartley sei maid show sehna. Wen sotta m'r noh noch awdreffa os wie der Willie Ackerman un sei fraw die Amy doh fon da shtadt, un wohs Charlie Peifleys bei sich kotta hen fer kumpany. Der Willie un der Charlie hen alla bait vakation die woch, un sin 'm Mondawg shun owwa nous noch da Pokonose, un noh unna nous noch Gettysbarrick. 'M Midwock wor ow'r 'n fire dawg in Gettysbarrick un hen wenich tzu sehna grick'd, un sin noh ruf noch Langashter un woh 'm Dunnershdawg 'n firedawg wor, un hen aw widder naryads nei gakent. Fer der dawg fartich mocha, hen sie ob g'shtopt on da Kutztown fair, un sich bommerawlich gute blessiert.

Ow'r 'm Ralph Freibolin sei fraw die Hilda, un 'm Dewey Metzger sei Florence, fon da Pleasant Korner gagend, hens beshd gaduh wies na so halb nommy dawg nimmy recht gabroda wor on da fair. Sie sin so free farmie dawgs in der fair grund os noch niemonds darta wor fer tzettle ferkaufa, un sin nei mit da mashine unna batzawla. Noh wie sie weil drin worra sin sie nous fer die sights fon Kutztown ei nemma, un hen net draw gadenk'd os tzettle nemmar on die dierra kaimta, un os sie batzawla mista fer tzurick nei. Ow'r sel is grawd wos na in der gorda gawoxa is, ferol os sie sich arrick bagraim'd hen sie weara shun drin gawest, un weara yusht nous fers town sehna. Der tzettle nemmer hut ow'r g'sawt, "I'm sorry ladies, but you got to pay up or stay out." Sie hen uf gablech'd, —yaderrie hut 35 cent ous 'm bocka buch gagrawwa, un der Ralph un der Dewey sin da gonsa dawg in da fair rum galoffa, un hut sie ken heller roter bens gakosh'd fer nei.

Oy yar, noh hen m'r aw der Richard Schneck un sei Esther fon Siegersville un Ledder Eck Poshda aw gadroffa, un hut die Esther so garide os sie fergessa hut fon ihr'm shtraimicha howwer noch da fair duh. Noh hen m'r aw der Forrest Hoke fom Call un sei fraw un glae maid'l aw gadroffa, so wohl wie aw der Harold Bishop un der peifamon Huddle fon Dublin, Bucks kounty. Der schreiner George Krause fon New Tripoli hen m'r awgadroffa beim Genie Knittle yusht wie er sei krutza peff om uf filla wor mit bulldurham. Der George klaimt, doh wear nix in da welt besser fer die wohret saiger fon sich weck halta os wie 'n gutie, graftichie krutza peif. Der Orlando Fluck fon Emmaus wor aw drous un woh widder eiferich om karrabsa raisa is fer die Allentown fair. Der Orlando hut shun fer yohra airsht prize gawunna fer die graishda hols karrabsa howwa on da fair, ow'r secht niemond wie er sie shtrack'd odder uf bloast os sie so gross werra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Perol os sie allas hen on da Kutztown fair os es nembt fer 'n fair mocha, hen m'r naryads ken blotz g'sehna woh sie aenich ebbes weck gewwa fernix — net evens 'n ponna kucha odder bilder kort.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

I saw some little kid sitting on his frunt steps while I was eating peenuts and taking a walk with pop, being a little kid with such a big cap it was pritty near falling down on his nose, and I reached over and gave it a short pull to help it slide down all a ways, and the kid quick pushed it up again, saying, Hay, what's you think you're doing, cut that out.

Why Benny, dont you realize that was very unfair to all your little frends? pop said, and I said, Why was it, pop, what did they have to do with it?

Every time we do something we shouldn't, we indirectly injure the reputation of others, pop said. If you were a member of a team in a relay race, you wouldn't stop running just because you got a little out of breath, would you? he said, and I said, No, sure I wouldn't, because then my whole side would get licked and be ashamed of me and ashamed of themselfs.

Exactly, pop said. I know a lady who was standing in line with a dim hope of buying a pair of nylon stockings, and a Sweedish lady crowded in front of her, and since then she very unjustly hasn't had a single good werd to say for any Sweedish person, he said, and I said, But jimminy, pop, I'm not Sweedish.

No you dont have the honor of belonging to that particuler race, but you do belong to the race of small boys, and now that little kid is going to distrust every innocent boy that walks past him, for fear he'll pull his big cap down over his little face, pop said, and I said, Well hay, pop, I tell you what I'll do. I'll save my last peenut and give it to him when we go back if he's still out there, I said.

Which he wasn't, so I threw the peenut on the top step of his house.

Being the same principal.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Today's Text

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

1 Corinthians 8:1-9:16.

Another of the problems brought to the attention of Paul was the matter of eating food offered to idols, that is, food left over after the sacrifices. It may have been eaten sacrificially, taken home for private meals, or sold on the markets. Paul and the Corinthian Christians well knew that idols represented no realities, hence eating such food was a matter of indifference. But if the eating of such food should cause some weak Christian to suspect that in so eating there might be a recognition of these heathen idols, it would be desirable for Christians to abstain for the sake of a weaker brother. This principle can be applied today by Christian leaders, who should be willing to forego questionable practices, such as smoking, drinking, dancing, cardplaying, etc., for the sake of example. In chapter 9 Paul declares that he is not as

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Why may not a goose say thus: "All the parts of the universe I have an interest in: the earth serves me to walk upon, the sun to light me; the stars have their influence upon me; I have such an advantage by the winds and such by the waters; there is nothing that yon heavenly roof looks upon so favorably as me. I am the darling of Nature! Is it not man that keeps, lodges and serves me? Montaigne.

CONFUSION OVER YUGOSLAV INCIDENT

While the people of the United States await official notice from our Department of State as to the status of the dispute with Yugoslavia at the nearing conclusion of the 48-hour ultimatum period, confusion has developed thru reports a day ago that Marshal Tito had apparently given satisfaction for the holding of American flyers and the reports a little later that he rejected the ultimatum, apparently taking the position that with the release of the interned American flyers nothing further remained to be said or done about the entire matter.

Further confusion is provided by the announcement from Yugoslavia that a Turkish officer, who was aboard one of the two planes shot down, continues to be a prisoner of the Yugoslavs and that his presence on the ill-fated plane was "not accidental." And also by the announcement that the Yugoslavs have been indignant for some time because American forces hold some ships on the Upper Danube river which the Yugoslavs claim are their country's property. A note on this matter is said to have been sent to the United Nations on Aug. 13 and has been lost for the time being at least. Explanation is that the U.N. records are being moved to the organization's new headquarters.

As the elements in the unfortunate incidents develop, there is more and more appreciation of the tangled web into which our Americans have wandered in Europe. Those barges on the Danube may be Yugoslav property and doubtless would have been returned to that country in time when all these matters of business are settled. But it is probable that Tito or interests behind him were impatient and resolved to make things miserable for the United States in order to get action more swiftly.

Then there is the suspicion in many quarters that Yugoslavia is merely a cat's paw for Russia and that the recent incidents are "part of a concerted Communist harassing effort to induce the United States to withdraw its troops." There is good psychology in this for anybody knows that Americans are not at all keen about policing other countries, that they are not at all keen about Army service nor about impressing anybody or hiring anybody for such service. It must be known in Europe as it is known here that only our head will keep us in Europe. Our heart is not in it.

However rising above all these facts and suspicions is the continuing mystery as to what became of five American flyers who were in a plane that was shot down last Monday. Nothing has been reported about them positively. Everything that is known sustains belief that they were killed, that they have been buried and that Premier Tito is hedging in the matter of admitting culpability for the incident and agreeing to provide full satisfaction for it.

AGAIN HOPELESS IMPASSE IN STRIKE

Failure of negotiations between representatives of Mack Mfg. Corporation and the company's workers who are on strike here and at the plants in New Jersey will be sincerely regretted thruout this community.

Hope runs high every time the representatives sit down together. And always it has been destroyed as they have come out of their meetings with the report that nothing has been accomplished and that, apparently, nothing can be accomplished under prevailing conditions and the viewpoints held by the two sides to the controversy.

So the strike goes on wearily for company and men into the fifth month and with no promise nor hope of early change in the situation. If anything, the situation now is more hopeless than ever before. This is too bad, not alone for the thousands of workers concerned and their families but also for the entire community which is affected adversely when any large group of its membership is suffering.

FOUR CENTURIES OF AMERICAN HORSE HISTORY

When the conquistadors under Hernandon Cortez invaded Mexico in the early 16th Century they were few in number for such a gigantic task but that had two important factors for fighting which were not possessed by the Aztecs, namely gunpowder and the weapons employing it, and strong, fast horses that enabled an armed man to move many times faster than any foot soldier.

The horses that the conquistadors brought with them from the sunny plains of their native Spain never went back to Europe. The Western Hemisphere proved a wonderful place for them to increase and multiply. Whether under man's direction or nature's, the horse multiplied enormously in America.

One of the finest strains of the horses which were brought to this country was the golden brown animal with albino mane and tail that we have come to know as the Palomino. It is interesting that after four hundred years, a number of Eastern Pennsylvania citizens and horse-lovers have become famous if not pre-eminent in the renaissance and development of this breed and the restoration of its popularity.

It is even more interesting at the moment that the Trexler-Lehigh County Game Preserve is to become the home of a large herd of this fine strain of horses which are to be permitted to wander as freely and as wildly as the bison, elk and deer—descendants of the native American animals that the horses of the conquistadors met when they first struck out across the plains to challenge the natives for grazing grounds, salt-licks and water holes.

It is an interesting experiment which the local commission in charge of the Game Preserve is about to make. The public will commend the willingness of the commission to make experiments, primarily for their pleasure and profit. And they will hope that this particular experiment will be of unusual value and at the same time provide new beauty and interest for the herds of American big game animals.

Larger Phase of Crisis

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Release of American airmen by the Belgrade government affects only one phase of the crisis between the United States and Yugoslavia.

The United States government is determined to exact reparation and to require an apology for the deliberate attacks on American unarmed planes. Furthermore, as a safeguard for the future, fighter escort planes may accompany American planes so that, if bad weather does cause them to deviate from their routes, they will be protected against Tito's attacks.

This episode, however, is but a part of a larger situation. The United States is determined that her position as a full-fledged member of the European concert of nations shall not be ignored. It may take Russia and other countries a little while to get the full import of what the late President Roosevelt pledged at Yalta, but the United States intends to use its influence—and its force, when necessary—for the preservation of the peace of the European continent, the breaking of which twice has involved America.

President Truman is reported to be greatly concerned over Russia's expansionist policies and over the indirect encouragement which Yugoslavia is believed to have obtained from the Soviet. The "deliberate" attack on unarmed American planes by Yugoslavia fighter planes has been taken to mean that the readiness of the United States to protect her rights in Europe is being tested.

* * *

It now is beginning to be conceded in official circles that America should never have withdrawn its large armies and air forces from Europe. Marshal Tito has given the United States an opportunity to go back to Europe with sizeable forces and stay there until peace treaties are signed and disarmament by Russia as well as other nations in Europe is a fact.

Unquestionably Moscow is advising Belgrade, and if Tito doesn't grant satisfaction to the United States, it seems possible that the Congress may be called into special session and an immediate revision of the Selective Service law asked.

The truth is American Army and Navy and Air forces have plenty of equipment but their personnel is scattered. For the United States has fully demobilized, while Russia still maintains an army of somewhere between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 men. The Soviets could overrun the European continent in a few weeks.

Such a step, however, would wreck the United Nations and compel the American and British governments to supply personnel to enforce the United Nations charter. War would be inevitable under such circumstances.

The belief prevails here that war is not coming as a result of the present crisis but that, if America shows weakness, there will be aggression in Europe which will bring on another war at a later date.

* * *

What is happening, therefore, at the moment is that the United States is preparing for any eventuality with what forces it has available and, if the Yugoslavian reply is not satisfactory, the matter will be turned over to the Security Council of the United Nations for consideration at once.

While the debate goes on, the United States will doubtless begin a process of re-mobilization within existing war powers and the Congress will be asked for legislation to enable trained reserves to be called into the service.

Even if Yugoslavia's answer is satisfactory, the chances are that a building-up of American occupation forces will be begun and the trend reversed from what it has been for the last several months. Most of America's naval forces are in the Pacific, but they can be rather quickly brought to European waters. As for our air forces, the need is for ground and air personnel.

It seems likely that the Tito outburst will some day be regarded as having been a warning to the United States that its policy of running away from Europe by pulling virtually all of its armies home encouraged aggressive tendencies and made difficult the task of negotiating as well as enforcing peace treaties. The Yugoslavian crisis could conceivably cause a break-up of the Paris conference and a transfer of discussion to the United Nations Security Council in New York.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHAT IS PRACTICAL?

Politicians, like business men, cover a multitude of inadequacies by the word, practical. They are practical; the long-haired boys are impractical. But it is the long-haired boys who, in state after state, have seized control of the Democratic party. It is the professors and writers and soap-box orators who put over the Wagner Act and made it stick. And against their revolution by attrition, the practical politician and business man has been helpless for 14 years.

In the Republican party, practicality, worshipped as the pinnacle of wisdom, brought the party neither votes nor power since 1930 when it lost control of Congress. In 1932, the practical politician believed that one more election could be won by Prohibition. In 1936, New York businessmen completely misread the United States in a campaign that completely misfired. In 1940, the practical businessman gave the Republican party Wendell Willkie.

* * *

Parties in power can glide along for prolonged periods on patronage and momentum. Even after they grow stale with power and corrupt by tenure, they manage to hang on. The party out of power requires vital force, stirring ideals, bold principle and attractive leadership. The major political parties of the United States are so balanced that the party out of power can only achieve victory by a shift of the independent vote—the citizen who, avoiding fixed political affiliations, votes at each election for principle and personality without regard to party.

No Republican candidate was able to capture the independent vote—not Landon, Willkie or Dewey. Willkie counted on it and believed that he had it, but the votes showed otherwise. Dewey emphasized its importance and addressed himself to it, but Dewey was handicapped by the circumstance of a nation at war and by his pledge not to discuss issues which might embarrass the conduct of war.

The actual record of both the Democratic and Republican parties, under the American system, is made day by day in Congress. The Democrats, as the party in power, have the additional advantage or disadvantage of having a President who also makes a record, for better or for worse. The Republicans, however, are limited to Congress.

The leader of the Republican party in Congress in domestic affairs is Robert A. Taft, Senator from Ohio; in foreign affairs, it is Arthur Vandenberg, Senator from Michigan. Under their leadership, the Republicans built a record which stands as the party program for 1946. Any statement of principles must take into consideration the votes of Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress.

* * *

But there is a further difficulty that is in the very nature of the American political system and exists in no other country. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic National committee possesses any legal or moral authority over its state constituents or the candidates for office. In fact, in many states, a candidate in the primaries need not even be a member of the party on whose ballot he runs. Governor Warren of California carried both the Republican and Democratic primaries; Vito Marcantonio of New York ran in the Republican, Democratic and American Labor Party primaries.

The result of this system is that each Senator and Member of the House of Representatives is an individualist who serves local and particular interests and judgments. The party in power keep its members of Congress in line, as far as possible, by patronage and presidential pressure. Both Presidents Roosevelt and Truman resorted to the purge to maintain party homogeneity. The party out of power can employ no device, with the result that Robert A. Taft and Wayne Morse, Arthur Vandenberg and C. Wayland Brooks serve in one party no matter how diametrically opposite their positions.

The party in opposition then requires either a stirring cause or a great leader to carry it forward. The "Gold Standard," "The Full Dinner Pail," "The Protective Tariff," were once stirring causes, but William Jennings Bryan was never a sufficiently attractive leader to sweep the country.

What has the Republican party to offer as a stirring cause in 1946 or 1948?

(Copyright, 1946)

When whiskey, gin, rum and cigarettes seized from smugglers were sold at a Customs sale at Durban, South Africa, the usual auction sale was abandoned and everything was sold at controlled prices, with "First come, first served" the slogan.

Consuelo Segarraan, actress in Mexico for 65 years, died recently at a sanatorium surrounded by her children, and in the funeral procession were almost the entire Mexican legitimate and motion picture colony.

Two hundred seventy coins, said to date from the ninth to the twelfth centuries, a stone hammer and a skull and bones were found by James Lyons on his farm at Tullyduff, Eire, and sent to national museums.



MENNONITE AGRICULTURE IN COLONIAL LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

THE FIRST INTENSIVE AGRICULTURE IN AMERICA

By IRA D. LANDIS

Agriculture is the foundation, primeval and contemporary, of all industry and commerce, in truth of all life and civilization. The Lancaster Mennonite forefathers of 1710, infused with a love for agriculture as Uzziah of old, passed by the twenty-five-year-old Germantown village with its industry for the inland wilds, to settle a new and spacious land as farmers. This land at first was a part of Chester County. When made into Lancaster County in 1729 it included the fourteen townships of the present county with three more for a sizable portion of modern Dauphin and Lebanon Counties.

The present County, the home of the largest settlement of Mennonites in America, lies in southeastern Pennsylvania; bounded on the north by Dauphin, Lebanon and Berks Counties, on the east by Berks and Chester Counties, on the south by the state of Maryland, and on the west by York County. The Susquehanna River forms its western boundary, the Mason and Dixon line its southern, the Swatara Creek its northwestern, and the Octarara Creek its southeastern. The Contestoga in its meandering course wanders sixty-two miles through it, draining most of it. Its area is 941 square miles or 602,240 acres. The greatest distance east and west is 46 miles and north and south 40. Fifty per cent lies in a central valley from Morgantown to the Susquehanna, surrounded by higher hills on all sides. Even this is intercepted by tongues of hills projecting into it. The land generally is not hilly nor swampy, but slightly rolling. The annual mean temperature is 51 degrees Fahrenheit, and the average rainfall is 41 inches. The average elevation is 350 to 700 feet above sea level. Frosts come as late as May 22 and as early as September 22, but these are exceptional.

The largest and richest soil series in Lancaster County, the Hagerstown (mostly silt loam), extends from the Susquehanna below Bainbridge across the county north of Lancaster to both Berks and Chester County lines, split by the Welsh Mountain in the east. Another narrow block runs from Manheim to Millway, then, decidedly enlarged, east to Denver. The Hagerstown silt loams (24 per cent) and clay loams (4.5 per cent) constitute a very fertile extensive block of 171,712 acres. The soil for 8 to 12 inches is prevailingly brown with another foot of yellowish-brown subsoil, underlaid with a reddish friable clay on limestone rock three to ten feet thick. Less than two per cent is not under cultivation today. This land formerly was covered with oak, hickory, ash, elm, tulip, sycamore, walnut, maple, beech, birch, buckeye and locust trees. This is the corn, tobacco, wheat and hay of the "Garden Spot" with its fertility preserved by heavy steer-feeding. There is little dairying, and until recent years little extensive vegetable gardening. Tomatoes look promising in this soil today.

The Conestoga series (8.5 per cent) south and southwest of Lancaster and from Quarryville to Christiana have a brown soil with a yellow to olive green subsoil. The qualities and practices are similar to the Hagerstown series.

The Manor soils (22.7 per cent) on the southern plateau take in much of the southern end, the land of the Scotch-Irish and Quakers which until recent years was considered too light for the Mennonites. Less of this land is in a high state of cultivation. More dairying is done and less intensive agriculture.

The Berks light brown series (7.3 per cent), the Chester reddish or brown (3.9), the Penn Indian red (4.2), and the Lansdale grayish yellow (3.4) are smaller soil series mostly in the northern parts. All told there are thirty-six types representing seventeen different series.

The first settlement in Lancaster County, made in 1710 between West Willow and Strasburg, was mostly on Conestoga silt loam with here and there a spot of Conestoga loam and of Hagerstown silt loam. By 1717 the settlers had reached the Hagerstown silt loams northwest of the city and by 1725 were scattered over it from Weaverland to the Donegals.

With an ancestry of farming folk for hundreds of years in Switzerland and the Palatinate, and realizing that the Holland Mennonites by turning their backs to agriculture were losing out spiritually, it is not surprising that under the providences of a kind Heavenly Father the Lancaster immigrants were willing to face the hardships of pioneering in a wilderness. The first settlers came on horseback out of Germantown with litle worldly goods. With their crude wagons, loaded with the iron bound chest, seeds, feeds, and implements, they made their way through the forests. The children huddled in the wagons, the rest walked. Some of the men preceded to clear the path. When the wagons mired in the swamps, the horses or oxen were placed on the solid ground and a chain or rope hooked to the wagon till all were safe again. The Conestoga Road from Philadelphia to the Conestoga Creek via Gap, Strasburg and the Christian Herr House was opened in 1714.

When the immigrant family reached their destination they chose a spring as the location of the farm buildings. This was not only convenient, but the only way of getting drinking water. They used the canvas wagon cover brought from Europe to make a tent until the log house could be erected to give shelter. While the sturdy men cut the forest grants to make the logs, the white-capped home-spun clad women under the open canopy of heaven made and here served the hard earned meals to happy families. To a kind Heavenly Father they always said "Grace."

Indian squaws had only scratched the surface of the soil with sticks and usually burned the trees and underbrush to clear small patches for corn. Due to the heavy timber, there were only a few swamps and meadows. Few spots were barren of wood and grass. "Where wood grows heaviest the soil must be the best," and so they found it. Strong was the contrast to the scarcity of forest in the Palatinate, and the severity of the forest laws there.

Whether in the 16th century in Switzerland or the 17th in the Palatinate, due to their industry and thrift they turned the rich valleys into the most productive garden spots. So here in Pennsylvania as they traveled they were observant, but when they stopped they were satisfied and dug in.

The immigrant soon began to plow with a crude wooden plow, which he made himself. The women planted in the garden by the house a few vegetable seeds and flowerbulbs, which they had brought along. The house at first was without cellar and floor. The window panes were not of glass. The doors moved on wooden hinges and were fastened with wooden bars.

For the introduction of cows and horses, meadows were necessary. The resourceful settlers conducted water from the spring along the hillside in wooden troughs. At regular periods these troughs overflowed to their meadows below. Relics of these troughs can still be seen.

Summer time was spent in sowing and harvest. Winter time was spent in flailing the grain, studying the Bible, and teaching the three R's through the fourth R. They developed the art of being religious, sociable, and at peace with the Indian neighbor.

Since lumber was plentiful the massive Swisser barns soon were built 60 to 120 feet long, and 50 to 60 feet wide. They were two storied with massive stone walls. The roofing was first of rye straw, which made a good appearance and was very satisfactory for years. Later split shingles, tile and even heavy glass was used before slate and modern materials made their appearance. Most barns were built with a forebay and an arch cellar. Soon a corn barn and horse shed were attached or placed under the same roof. Fireplaces were built on each floor of the house. The windows were now hung with weights. The hinges and latches were home-made but of iron. The wife's name was added to that of her husband with the date of the building usually cut in stone. Sometimes a German adage was added as on the Weidman house on the Middle Creek and the Bricker house in Cocalico.

Flax, spelt, hemp and rye were raised, although by 1800 wheat had replaced the spelt and much of the rye. Throughout the community, presses to extract oil were built. Harvesting was done with the sickle and the German scythe prior to 1800; the men did the mowing and the women the binding. The work was slow. The threshing with the flail took all winter. The cradle was quite an improvement with the turn of the century. The double-toothed tumbling grain rake came in 1830 and the McCormick reaper came in 1851, transplanting the cradle by 1860. The grain drill replaced broadcasting after 1843. Now horse labor took the place of some hand labor in the fields. About 1830 the thresher appeared, replacing the flail by 1840. Steam threshing was general only after 1860. The twine binder was first seen in 1878 and perfected by 1885. By 1825 fanning mills took the place of hand fanning. Corn shellers were common in the Fifties. More land was being cleared, much was drained in 1830-50, and the farmers were truly prosperous.

The Conestoga wagon, named after the Conestoga Creek, built for rough roads and long journeys, originated in the County. It was used prior to 1760, though not too extensively, but by 1765 there were 10,000 in use. Many of these hauled their wares to Philadelphia in fall and winter and returned with provisions for town and country. Some made a practice of draying the year around. The grown boy would be the teamster until he married, when the next would take the team. By 1790 there was a piked road to Philadelphia, with many hostelries along the way for their convenience.

In addition to the 6,400 acres which the first 1710 immigrants claimed, John Herr and Martin Kendig, as agents for the Mennonite colony, obtained a patent for 5,000 acres anywhere in the County in November, 1717, "to be sold to Mennonites only." This was but a small portion of the land which they sold. By 1735, 500 Mennonite families had settled here. Thus from the very beginning a strong Mennonite settlement was established. In addition, in 1755 the Proprietors ordered no land sold to the Irish in Lancaster and York Counties, and even went so far as to ask them to move to Cumberland County. These two measures aided materially in making Lancaster a Mennonite stronghold.

To be Continued

MENNONITE AGRICULTURE

Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, long known as "The Garden Spot of America," is the most productive, non-irrigated county in the United States. What has made it so: natural soil conditions, its inhabitants, or God? Perhaps the reader will determine for himself after reading the valuable article "Mennonite Agriculture in Colonial Lancaster County, Pennsylvania" by Ira D. Landis, the first installment of which appears in the ECK for today. This article was first printed in The Mennonite Quarterly Review for October, 1945, where it was introduced with the following very interesting note by Professor Harold S. Bender, Goshen College, Editor of The Mennonite Quarterly Review:

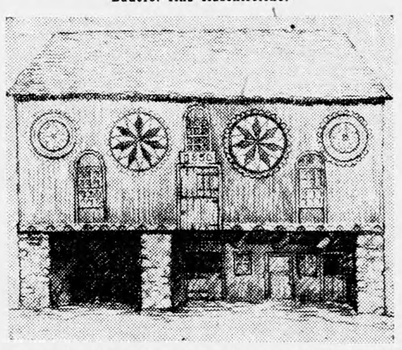
"The Mennonites and Amish of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania (together with their brethren in Bucks and Montgomery Counties) constituted the heart of Pennsylvania-Germandom in colonial times so far as agriculture is concerned. Their practices were the most advanced and their economy the most successful. Lancaster County became the most advanced and prosperous agricultural region in America, the "Garden Spot," because of them. For this reason it is justifiable, as this article does, to apply the accounts of Pennsylvania German colonial agriculture primarily to them, even when they do not specifically refer to Lancaster County. The sub-title, "The first intensive agriculture in America," is justified in the light of the historical evidence that it was the Swiss and Swiss-Palatine Mennonites who first introduced such practices as crop rotation, use of animal manure and lime for fertilization, use of legumes, good care of stock, etc., which alone make intensive agriculture possible. The reader is referred to Ernst Correll's excellent book on the Swiss-Palatinate Mennonites, **Das Schweizerische Taeufermennonitentum** (Tuebingen, 1925), for the only adequate discussion of the advanced agricultural techniques of these people in Europe. This book, which unfortunately is available only in German, gives the essential European historical background for the Mennonite agriculture of colonial Pennsylvania."

Mr. Landis's article is being reprinted in the ECK with the gracious permission both of the author and the Editor of The Mennonite Quarterly Review, Scottdale, Pa.

The many informative notes attached to the original text have been omitted, but a general bibliography of sources will be appended to the last installment.—P.A.B.

CALLING ALL FARMERS!

Bauere! Ans Aaschtreiche!



Barn on the Harry Haas farm, Lower Milford Township, Lehigh County.

The following is written at the request of Louis J. Heizmann, President of the Historical Society of Berks County. It is a plea to the farmers of Berks and the neighboring counties to preserve the barn signs which add so much to the color of our countryside. Mr. Heizmann in a letter to us points out that the center of the painted-barn area lies within a circle drawn from Kutztown as the centre with a radius the length of the distance between Kutztown and Reading. This means that Berks along with Lehigh is vitally interested in preserving the beautiful circles and stars which ornament the sides of our large barns.

Do our farmers need any convincing? If they do, here are some arguments in favor of repainting these decorative signs or adding new signs to barns which have hitherto been unornamented.

FIRST, these barn decorations are a part of the peculiar and distinctive heritage of the people of southeastern Pennsylvania. You will not find their equal or likeness in any other part of the world, not even in Europe. Some of the barns in Wisconsin have landscapes painted on them and here and there one will find horses, cows and other farm scenes painted on the broad expanse of boards. But nowhere (unless in isolated instances among the Pennsylvania Germans of Ohio) will one find the geometric figures, the stars, teardrops and sunwheels which our forebears used so artistically to break the monotony of color which would otherwise appear on an 80-foot expanse of painted boards. They are as much our own as windmills belong to Holland, castles to Spain and straw-thatched roofs to Ireland. Let's keep them for sentiment's sake!

SECOND, let's keep them for their practical value too. Our painted barns can become a financial asset to our entire community. How? As an inducement to the tourist trade. People travel thousands of miles to see the survivals of French peasantry in the Gaspe Peninsula to the north of us; they dream about visiting the Spanish missions in California and write epics on the grandeur of the plantation manors of our colonial Southland. Let our local Chambers of Commerce have something unique to tell the world about when inviting visitors to Berks and Lehigh! It will mean cash in the pockets of all of us, cash from distant places—not merely cash resulting from trading dollars with each other.

The writer remembers a chat he had with a Hollander on the Island of Marken in the Zuider Zee, Netherlands. The young man was dressed in the wide pantaloons, wooden shoes and flowing blouse which the whole world has come to associate with Holland. We asked him whether he wore the clothes by choice or for the purpose of impressing tourists. He replied, honestly: "Not choice alone. Would you not be disappointed if you made the trip to this island and found us like ordinary folks? It is good business for us to dress as we do—especially on Saturdays and Sundays."

HEX SIGNS? Fiddlesticks! If the benighted public wants to believe such balderdash, then more power to them. It may even help to bring the curious ones to our beautiful valleys. Let them gaze and welter in the juice of their own ignorance—their vacation money is as sound as that of the enlightened. Chop suey is a dish invented by an American living in California during the gold-rush days, but many a Chinaman has made his fortune selling it to Americans in an oriental atmosphere!

Paint in the barn signs, paint the letter-boxes of our R.F.D. with tulips, festooned with roses and the name in Fraktur—yes, paint the gates of our yard and garden fences blue, whether or not there is an eligible maiden within your house. We have the sole right to do these things—to add to the beauty of our countryside and to fatten our purses as well.

Bauere! Ans Aaschtreiche!

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Recht Shoffend Folks Fesht

Fon ol da Pennsylfawnish Deitscha folksfeshter un fersommlinga os shun k'halta worra, is nix so nadierlich wie die yairlich Dorney Park Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties. Un sella tzwae grossa socha falla widder fohr Sundawg un Mondawgs, da 1d un 2d September, odder ewwa die Lodwarick party uf Labor dawg, un die Schnitzer party dawgs dafor. Sel is net 'n tzeit woh leit fernarra k'halta werra socha watcha os net so sin, darta werra da airshda dawg die ebbel g'shail'd un g'shnitz'd, un da nagshda dawg der lodwarick gakoch'd.

Lodwarick kocha wor yohra tzurick 'n yairlicher gabrouch in yaderra familia, ow'r 's sin heit tzu dawg sare wenich hameta woh lodwarick gakoch'd wert. Heit tzu dawg mus allas gae imma huddle, un die ebbel werra moryets fert noch ra patent lodwarick kocherri ganumma, un bis half nommy dawg is der lodwarick fartich, uns sis allas feriwwer. Ow'r net so der alta waig. Darta is yader obbel g'shail'd un g'shnitz'd werra, un die weil os sel gaduh is werra, hen die party leit sich gross ordich blessiert mit games, singerrei, donsa un shtories fertzaila. Leit sin fon weit'm kumma fer helfa, un die Schnitzer party fon owets, hut sich 'n monich mohl darrich die nocht tzu ra lodwarick party gadray'd, un die party is net uf gabrocha bis der lodwarick da nagshda owet ol in heffa wor.

Sundawg nommy dawgs un owets wie gawainlich werra die ebbel widder g'shail'd un g'shnitz'd on Dorneys, un dabei gebts die gawainlicha Pennsylfawnish Deitscha programs woh aenich ebbes un allas fohr falla mawg wies aw is yohra tzurick. Un Mondawgs, wel, darta gait der cider free moryets iwwer un die schnitz werra so noch un noch nei gariehrt un gakoch'd bis der ledisha kessel lodwarick ready is fer ob hanka owets so uhra ochta. Der airsht kessel uf kours kumpt widder runner so on da drei uhr rum, un woh 'n lot dafon weck gewwa wert mit kase un brode.

Mondawgs gebts ols noch mainer Pennsylfawnish Deitscha programs, un aw dabei blenty alt frankshie donserrei mit 'm Phaon Gehringer hinnich da geik. Sel is die tzeit widder woh die shoe sola har halta missa, 's same wie sie aw har halta hen missa on da parties long tzurick. 'S werra aw games g'shpielt, un noh kumt der Porra Clarence Rahn noch da Mondawgs party fer shwetza nommy dawgs un owets. Sundawgs is gatzailt sol die Barricks kounty Wunnernaus kumma, so wohl wie aw der Freidensbarrick Rumlaifer un sei hund. Die Harmony Grange, die Fink Familia, die Snyder un Hollenbach donser, uns Frantza sin die tzwae dawg dabei fer die socha helfa om gae halta. Un noh kumma aw noch onnerra so datzu wies aw sin on da alta frankisha lodwarick parties woh niemond fer da hond fiela may gawist hut os wie os 'n bommerawlishie gutie tzeit om kumma wear.

Ains fon da grossa socha on ol da alta parties wor 's essa woh garish'd is werra, un grawd so gaits aw die tzwae dawg on Dorneys. Sundawg owets gebts 'n essa fer die party leit so wohl wie aw Mondawg middawgs un owets, so gore noch ponna kucha ae eems, un sourkrout un shpeck 'n onnerrie. Noh gebts aw hame gamocht ice kream woh ferleicht net so 'n alter gabrouch is wies lodwarick kocha, ow'r 's schmock'd gore sonderbore gute. Un so kenta m'r fert fertzaila fer noch 'n longie weil won m'r iwwer allas gae wot os sella waig fohr falla sol, ow'r die beshd rote os m'r wissa tzu gewwa is, os 'n yaders os kon, blawna sot fer die tzwae grossa dawg ei nemma on Dorneys, wos m'r widder hoffa os die tzwae graishda dawga sei maiga, os Dorneys des yohr kotta hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Mit shier fier hunnerd golla cider uf arder, un net weit fon fartsich bushel ebbel om kumma, is es leight tzu denka os es blenty lodwarick gewwa sot, un woh der Park widder ferkauft wie shunshd yohrs.

Die weil os m'r noch net shure sin eb ganunk bobbadeckle boxa rum sin fer der lodwarick ferkaufa, dada besser ol os tzaila lodwarick mit hame tzu nemma, g'wart odder bind kans mit bringa, un die kans werra g'fill'd in da arder woh sie rei kumma.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

I have always been a pushover for the humor of George S. Kaufman. Here are a few specimens of one of the sharpest and most telling wits of our times.

Kaufman and Max Gordon needed a girl with a powerful voice for a new musical, and the former journeyed up to Carnegie Hall to hear a highly touted newcomer. "How was she?" asked Gordon eagerly that evening.

"Terrific," said George. "She got such an ovation when she sang 'Ave Maria' that she encored with 'Ave Another Maria.'"

Watching Bill Rose play a hand of gin rummy, George disapproved of the strategy—too, too understandable if you've ever seen Billy play gin. When his opponent schneidered him, George asked him, "Exactly what game did you think you were playing, Billy?"

Rose, slightly nettled, answered, "I guess you'd call it only part gin," Kaufman added, "And part chesi."

"Age," Kaufman confesses, "has taught me patience in waiting for reviews of my new plays. Time was when I always sat up after an opening and waited for the morning papers. I would even sit up for the magazines, and once, I think, I sat up for Burns Mantle's Year Book. But nowadays I just go home and go to bed. You can be panned just as well in the morning."

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Little Benny

By LEE PAPP

Pop came home hungry, saying to ma. By gollies I could eat a horse, but I'd rather not. What's for dinner? he said.

Well, I did intend to serprise you with a tea bone steak for an unexpected change, and I even went so far as to personly pick out a bewty, but when the butcher wayed it with a grand flourish and told me what it would cost me, I realized the serprize would be on the other foot when you discovered you were lightly devouring 3 dollers and 90 cents of your hard earned money, ma said, and pop said, Yee gods, did the vulture want all that money for one steak?

One single steak waying less than 3 pounds, I assure you, ma said. Of course I must admit it was a bewtiful tea bone, just the way you like it, nice and thick with a big fillay, but 3 dollers and 90 cents, it's perposteriss. It might be another story if we were carefree millionaires, she said, and pop said, If I was a millionaire 10 times over I wouldn't pay 3 ninety for a steak, just on principal, although of course if it was really such a prize specimen I suppose three 90 wouldn't be much of an outlay for the luxury of feeling like a millionaire just for a day.

Well, as long as you've taken the responsibility on your own shoulders, I wash my hands of the whole transaction, ma said. Now that you've decided you want to eat it even at that price, I hope you're going to enjoy it, she said, and pop said, What, do you mean you bought it after all?

Now William, you just said in your own werds that it's well werth the price, and that's just what I knew you'd say, so I overcame my own objections and took it, ma said. My conscience is clear, so get ready to eat it and dont blame me, she said.

Which he didn't, eating 2 helpings and then picking the bone.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

25 Years Ago

August 24, 1921, a Wednesday

Members of the local Kiwanis baseball and tennis teams traveled to Chester to meet their fellow Kiwanians in a dual sport program. Following the games the local group were guests of the Chester organization at the Chester club.

Through the collaboration of H. Leh and Co., the Colonial theater and the Morning Call and Evening Chronicle, a method of selecting the prettiest girl in Allentown was planned. An advertisement in the paper called for 12 young ladies who felt they were qualified to appear with Clara Kimball Young, who was to be featured in "Straight from Paris" at the Colonial.

The Kistler family held its 21st reunion at Neffsville park. More than 600 members of the clan, coming from many distant points, attended the affair.

Lucy M. Burd, of the Lucy M. Burd school at Ottsville, and John A. Custer, manager of the school, visited this city. Miss Burd conducted a school for problem children and defectives.

Today's Text

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

2 Corinthians 1, 2.

Paul in association with "brother" Timothy is writing a second letter to the Corinthians. This word brother reminds one of the most notable fraternity (brotherhood) on earth, consisting of disciples, apostles, servants, friends, brethren, saints, all of which words are used to describe believers in Jesus as Saviour and Lord. The God of all comfort in v. 3 introduces "a hymn of consolation", in the course of which comfort and consolation occur about ten times, the translations of the same Greek word. Our sorrows are often permitted so that we may find comfort in God, wherewith to comfort others likewise affiliated. Both Jesus and the Holy Spirit are also spoken of as Comforters. In 1:10 note the past, present, and future tenses of the verb. Compare 1:22 with Eph. 1:13, 14, and 4:30. The motive which led Paul to write his letters is indicated in 2:4; love for his fellow Christians, which sometimes made it necessary to chide them when he observed them as living not according to the Christian Way. Note the figure of "an open door' in 2:12, as in yesterday's reading.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

I suppose women read the fashion news with complete seriousness, and a fashion show is at least as important as a session of the Paris peace conference.

But to a man fashion news is something like the comic strip. Whenever I read the story of one of these exhibits I get as much fun out of it as I do out of Blondie or Popeye or Snuffy Smith.

* * *

For instance, here is an account of the Fall fur exhibition just held by one of New York's most fashionable and most expensive stores:

"Lavish with curved lines, shoulders sloping into full sleeves, tiny waists going into flared skirts or wide backs swinging from little yokes. Even without the silhouettes, the new dyes and mutations as well as the old classic favorites, are enough to make a woman feel remote from this working world."

That's the beginning.

Naturally, from reading this you would imagine that all New York women are feminine, graceful, elegant, slinky creatures.

Well, my wife being in the country and I alone in Manhattan three or four days a week, I went into the delicatessen store last evening to buy a cantaloupe, eggs, butter, rolls and cream. (You may surmise from this that I cook my own breakfast, about which I shall tell you some other time.)

The store was full of women—fat women, ugly women, obnoxious women.

One of them was particularly repulsive. She must have been about 4 feet ten, fifty-two waist, weight 180, and she pushed me and stepped on my feet.

I was thinking of her when I read on:

"The matter of mink mutations has become a fantastic art. There was a deep, warm brown with silver frosting at the roots. Less regal but new looking and smart is a honey beige shade of Indian broadtail with bands of matching silver-blue mink down the front."

That lady in the delicatessen wore a pair of dirty-looking slacks and on her bare feet, with deep-red toenails, she had a pair of low-heeled sandals.

"Manchurian ermine comes as a surprise," the story went on, "and a mink evening cape, ankle-length, completes the collection—just to remind us that mink, and plenty of it, is still a soul-satisfying s

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Good fortune will elevate even petty minds, and give them the appearance of a certain greatness and stateliness, as from their high place they look down upon the world; but the truly noble and resolved spirit raises itself, and becomes more conspicuous in times of disaster and ill fortune. Plutarch.

PENNA. DUTCH DEFIES EXTINCTION

The bilingual characteristic of a very large element of our local community and the surprising vigor of Pennsylvania Dutch, one of the units of this characteristic, is emphasized anew by the debate of the members of the newly organized Parent-Teachers' association of Lowhill township on Thursday night and their decision to employ both Pennsylvania Dutch and English in their discussions.

Many persons remember the day when religious services in German were the order of things in virtually all our rural churches and many city ones as well. Altho those services were conducted in the German of the Bible of Martin Luther it was the influence of those who in ordinary affairs employed Pennsylvania Dutch which sustained the German language in the church. This was not because of any love for the country and nation that was Germany. It was an expression of the high regard for the patois that embraced so many of their traditions during more than two centuries of American life.

Once that movement to get rid of German in church services got well under way, it was so rapid that there was great fear the local dialect likewise would be engulfed and would disappear. World War I almost delivered the knockout blow.

But there has been remarkable renaissance in interest in the dialect in the past quarter of a century and The Morning Call very properly has been accorded the highest credit for the achievement. Thru the column of William S. Troxell, Pumpernickle Bill, the gusty humor of the language has been sustained to the great delight of the thousands of daily readers of the Call while the Pennsylfawnish Deitsch Eck, thru its editor, Dr. Preston A. Barba, has sustained the Pennsylvania Germans' sense of pride in their traditions and their heritage of culture.

Answering the taunts of the illiterate that Pennsylvania Dutch "is not a language" is the vast literature which has been revealed thru the "Eck" during all its years as a Saturday feature of the Call.

The two features have brought about the greatest change in the attitude of the Pennsylvania Dutch themselves to their language. They have always enjoyed it because it has afforded them the opportunity "for such a good time," as one of them has put it. Now they are proud of it as well and they are determined to stick to it indefinitely, knowing that it is enjoyable and useful to them and that it is not extraordinary elsewhere in this world for large groups of people to be bilingual, if not in fact polylingual.

CRY GOES OUT FOR FRUIT PICKERS

Various varieties of peaches, as well as pears and plums, now are ripening upon Lehigh county's trees and unless there be very considerable response on the part of the people of Allentown and the larger boros to the appeal of the farmers for pickers, much of the fine crops will fall to the ground and be destroyed there by animals and insects or by rot.

According to Edgar T. Fink, who is in charge of the Emergency Farm Labor office, fruits have ripened quite suddenly and considerably earlier than had been expected. It might be possible to reach out far and import some of the cheap help that has crossed the Rio Grande or has come into the country from neighboring islands. But it should be a matter of pride for Lehigh countians to save the fine crops that can so well be used as food during the coming winter. Furthermore it is desirable to keep the good money that can be earned right here at home instead of paying it out to itinerant workers.

So all the folks who are interested in the welfare of our agriculture urge swift and complete response to the appeal for peach-pickers. It is to be observed that peaches do not observe Saturday afternoon nor Sunday, nor Labor Day as holidays. Those who wish to help out in this situation and earn good wages at a pleasant job as well can get assignments by a visit to Mr. Fink's office, 146 N. 10th St. or by a phone call to 2-8714.

EIGHT BILLION LOSS ON PLANES

The costliness of the air war into which the United States was forced to go by Germany is emphasized in the recent report that some 21,000 surplus war planes have been sold by the War Assets Administration at a fraction of a cent on the dollar. A large number was lost in combat and training.

The planes recently sold cost the Government almost $4,000,000,000. They were sold as scrap for a little over 6½ million dollars, or less than 1-500th part of what they cost to build.

The presumption of course is that the planes are "war-weary" fighters and bombers that are not suitable for commercial or civilian aviation or that they are such completely outmoded types that it is not worth while saving them for warfare, even if a new contest be right around the corner.

But the sales leave the Army Air Force with 14,000 planes on hand and this is the operating force which would be ready for action, come any emergency.

JET PROPULSION FOR WATER CRAFT

Jet propulsion is bringing its fiery trail down out of the sky. Since last April when off the southernmost tip of Scotland that juts into the Irish sea the first trial of a jet-propelled speedboat was run, jet boats operated by a secret guarded almost as closely as the P-60 Shooting Star or the atomic bomb have proven that jet propulsion has revolutionized speed on water just as it did in the air.

These facts have been brought to the fore by Roland Cueva in the September issue of Mechanix Illustrated who also states that "in adapting the jet engine to surface craft, engineers found themselves up against problems more complex than those involved in its airplane development. For one thing, the resistance of water is infinitely greater than that of air, and a boat (excepting submarines) travels in only two dimensions instead of three. Furthermore, a boat's speed is definitely limited by water conditions, regardless of the power employed to drive it. It cannot seek a region of eternal calm as the airplane can in the stratosphere.

Free Speech for Employers

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, the great jurist whose liberalism is universally acknowledged, once said from the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States that freedom of speech is "freedom for the thought we hate."

But the National Labor Relations board, in its latest decision, in effect takes issue with that idea. It calls the making of a speech about union matters by an employer to his employes during working hours a "coercive" act and not privileged by the Constitution. The reason given is that the audience was "compulsory" or "captive."

Just why American citizens must be protected against opinions they may not like and must be protected by the full force of the law from listening to an opinion with which they may differ, seems difficult to explain unless perchance it is that trade unionism in America cannot stand on its merits and that workers must be prevented at all costs from hearing a view other than that which the union organizers may present to them.

* * *

The latest Labor Relations board decision creates the suspicion that maybe the employers occasionally do have an argument which may be persuasive with their employes but the workers must not be allowed to hear it. This is not a decision that will enhance the prestige of the National Labor Relations board, nor will it tend to improve employer-employe relations in America. It savors too much of the theory so prevalent in Germany under the Nazis that the way to educate the people was to burn their books and keep them from reading any literature except that which a totalitarian authority, protected by law, permitted them to read.

* * *

Here is an excerpt from the board's decision in the case of Clark brothers, a manufacturing establishment located at Olean, N. Y.:

"We are also of the opinion, and find, that the conduct of the respondent (the employer) in compelling its employes to listen to a speech on self-organization under the circumstances hereinabove outlined and as more fully revealed in the intermediate report, independently constitutes interference, restraint, and coercion with the meaning of the act (the Wagner Labor Relations law) . . .

"The board has long recognized that 'the rights guaranteed to the employes by the act include the full freedom to receive aid, advice, and information from others concerning those rights and their enjoyment.' Such freedom is meaningless, however, unless the employes are also free to determine whether or not to receive such aid, advice, and information. To force employes to receive such aid, advice, and information impairs that freedom; it is calculated to, and does, interfere with the selection of a representative of the employes' choice. And this is so, wholly apart from the fact that the speech itself may be privileged under the constitution."

The decision apparently doubts the capacity of American citizens to listen to a speech and disregard it if they like. Something must be wrong with the minds of American workers that an official board in Washington declares in effect that, once having listened to a speech, the listener is incapable of rejecting its argument and must be protected by law against a thought he dislikes.

* * *

Gerard Reilly, retiring member of the Labor board, wrote a vigorous dissent in which he declared that the Supreme Court of the United States had settled the issue in a case known as Thomas vs. Collins and in another ruling in the American Tube Bending case.

"This board," writes Mr. Reilly, "eventually acquiesced in this decision and for a time ceased to set aside elections or to issue cease and desist orders against employers who made anti-union speeches or circulated anti-union literature, if they refrained from threats or intimidatory conduct. Recently, however, there has been a disturbing tendency by the board to return to its old line of decisions on the theory that because there was some minor aspect of interference, a speech should be viewed as part of a 'pattern of coercive conduct', even in cases where it was clear that the offending speech was only coercive or 'inextricably intertwined' in the most highly metaphorical sense.' Such findings have been made even where employers were confronted with highly inflammatory union literature, although one of the foremost labor lawyers in the country recognized, in a recent article in the official organ of the A. F. of L., that 'If freedom of speech is to survive for trade unions and their members, it must not be denied, directly or indirectly, to employers'."

The Clark case is likely to be made the basis for legislative action when Congress reconvenes, though it is puzzling to figure out how Congress can safeguard by law the right of free speech which is already guaranteed by the Constitution but is now flagrantly disregarded by a government board.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CHANNING POLLOCK

Channing Pollock knew only two deep and abiding passions, his wife and his country. About his wife he built a charming family life which sustained itself for 40 years. There were no side-tracks, no way stations, no changes of tempo. Theirs was a consecrated marriage, and when Anna went to her final rest, it was certain that Channing would not be far behind.

Pollock was a product of what is so often called a mixed marriage: his mother was of old Anglo-Saxon stock, his father was an Austrian Jew. Channing was brought up in the West and came forth an American. Our Constitution, our institutions, our freedoms were his ideals. He fought for them most of his life with inspired valiance.

* * *

Pollock's early years of activity were in the theatre, as dramatic critic, press agent and playwright. In his latter years he was a columnist, a lecturer and a speaker over the radio. He could do anything with words, move the emotions, appeal to reason, create laughter with his brilliant wit, arouse and stimulate thought by his philosophy. But he never could become real angry, for his was a forgiving attitude, and that perhaps was why he was always so enthusiastic about the achievements of others, and that explains his broad and all-giving friendship.

Nearing three score and ten, he never grew old. For age lies not in the greying of hair, the rounding of shoulder, nor even in a crotchety pain here and there. Age is in the mind and spirit. He whose mind is buoyant and flexible, whose personality responds to the times, whose thinking plays upon the chords of a thousand subjects, is not old. He may be mature; he may be mellow. He may, indeed, be experienced and wise, but he has not grown old. And if to his other virtues, he adds a fighting spirit, a punch that is always ready for a righteous cause, then eternal youth is truly his.

Such a man was Channing Pollock. When most men accept the comforts of age, he entered upon a blistering fight with the less-knowing and less-sure young men and women of the Left-Wing. He rejected their doctrine of the average-man, for he could think only of man as an individual, a personality. He rejected their concept of leveling man downward because he believed that the God-like qualities of man ever move upward to the stars of destiny.

* * *

The Communists tried to down him. They tried to boycott his lectures. Magazine editors, even slightly tinted by the pale pink hues that pass for liberalism, rejected his manuscripts. But Channing Pollock found lecture audiences; he found publications that would give space to his ideals. His voice remained trenchant; his articles rang true and inspired. He was a glorious voice in the America of this generation. He died a soldier in a righteous fight.

Channing Pollock loved America. But America—our country—is not rocks and rills. It is people and institutions. It is liberty. It is private property. More, it is private judgment; the right to think, to read, to write, to speak, to dream, to move about without constant and personal government control, and without submission to the wills of thers.

The police state is a European concept. The free state is the American ideal and the American way of life. In many countries of the world, the people may only believe what the government wants them to believe, and they can only say what the government wants them to say. They have no will of their own; they have no choice of their own. They are pawns in the hands of an elite. Pollock hated that kind of a world. He loved mankind too much to tolerate its enslavement to anyone or anything. He loved America too much to permit an iota of its liberties to be discarded or forgotten. He fought to the end for the preservation of the American way of life—the way designed by those who wrote the Constitution and preserved by nearly 160 years of patriots. He gave no quarter, because his love for America was uncompromisable. He leaves his footprint upon the sands of time—an American.

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MENNONITE AGRICULTURE IN COLONIAL LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

THE FIRST INTENSIVE AGRICULTURE IN AMERICA

By IRA D. LANDIS

(Continued)

The remarkable success of the early Lancaster Mennonite settlement, as well as the secret of it, can best be set forth by testimonies from contemporary travelers and observers. A series of these statements will now be cited.

"What pleases me here [in Pennsylvania]," wrote an early immigrant, "is that one can be peasant, scholar, priest, and nobleman at the same time . . . To be a peasant and nothing else is a sort of a cattle life; to be a scholar and nothing else, as in Europe, is a morbid and self-indulgent existence."

A traveler of 1744 (quoted in Hazard's Register, VI, 69) wrote:

> We have been accustomed to hear the population of Pennsylvania sneered at and counted as vulgar and ignorant; and our Germans branded as animals. But by their fruits ye shall know them. Thus tested they are not surpassed by any population in any country. They are intelligent and honest; they understand perfectly the business that belongs to them, they do all that they have to do in the best manner and with the best results. There is no agriculture in the United States like that of the Germans of Pennsylvania, there is none superior anywhere. I have known farms in which other occupiers starved and have finally been ejected by the Sheriff and then they were succeeded by Germans, who in a few years covered the barren fields with rich crops and became prosperous and wealthy.

Their sterling qualities were the admiration early of the Philadelphians. John Dickinson, at the port of entry in 1717, wrote:

> We had a parcel of Palatines who came five years ago, who purchased land about sixty miles west of Philadelphia and proved quiet and industrious.

Robert Proud, the first historian of Pennsylvania, wrote in 1798:

> The Germans seem more adapted for agriculture and the improvement of the wilderness and the Irish for trade. The German soon gets the estates in this country, where industry and economy are the chief requisites to procure them.

Wm. Penn declared: "The back-lands are generally three to one richer than those that lie by navigable rivers." He told Pastorious that he was quite happy to give the Germans this land. However the prosperity of the Germans was not due as much to Penn's beneficence or interest (he spent less than four years in America), or that of the Proprietor, as to the character of the people themselves.

In 1728 Governor Gordon, in granting naturalization privileges to these Conestoga "Menists," addressed the Pennsylvania Assembly thus:

> These people had hitherto behaved themselves well and had generally so good a character for honesty and industry as to deserve the esteem of this good government and a mark of its regard for them.

In 1738 Governor Thomas wrote:

> This province has been for some years the asylum of distressed Protestants of the Palatinate and other parts of Germany, and I believe it may truthfully be said that the present flourishing condition of it is in a great measure owing to the industry of this people.

Governor Pownall in 1754 wrote:

> I saw (on a visit to Lancaster County) the finest farms one can conceive and in the highest state of culture, particularly one that was the estate of a Switzer. Here it was the first I saw the method of watering the whole range of pastures and meadows from a hillside, by troughs cut in the side of the hill, along which the water from the springs was conducted, so that when the outlet of these troughs was stopped at the end, the water ran over the sides and watered all the ground between that and the other trough next below it . . . I never saw it there (in England), but I saw it here first.

William Johnston write in 1755:

> Pennsylvania is much the best country of any I have seen since I have been upon the continent and much more plenty of provisions than Maryland and Virginia . . You will see many inland towns in England so large as this (Lancaster) and none so regular; and yet this town I'm told is not above 25 years standing and a most delightful country around it. It is mostly inhabited by the Dutch people.

Carl Schurz, in appraising the Pennsylvania German, says:

> He loved this soil as his family . . . He was of untiring industry, strongly marked honesty, frugality and the inclination to take life seriously.

Kuhns characterizes the early Pennsylvania German thus:

> Industry was the highest virtue; idleness and sin went hand in hand. They practiced the utmost simplicity in all things temporal and spiritual in life and daeth. Hard work, good health, an easy conscience, independence begotten of possession of a comfortable home, and land enough to provide for all their wants, this was the life of our ancestors.

The Frenchman Crevecoeur in 1782 wrote:

> The Scotch (not Scotch-Irish) are frugal and laborious, but their wives cannot work so hard as German women, who, on the contrary, vie with their husbands and often share with them the most severe toils of the fields.

Recently Kollmorgen wrote:

> The Pennsylvania German farmer sensed correctly that cultural patterns rested on a foundation of language, religion and agrarian mores. A weakening or disappearance of any one of these supporting buttresses, he felt, meant a loss of unity in the family and parish, the encroachment of other religious and other ways of life, and perhaps even the abandonment of the ancestral home.

The most extensive and valuable description of Pennsylvania German agriculture prior to 1800 was written by Benjamin Rush, noted Philadelphia physician and signer of the Declaration of Independence. He wrote in part as follows:

> The Germans taken as a body especially as farmers are not only industrious and frugal but skillful cultivators of the earth. They are noted for their good fences, the extent of their orchards, the fertility of the soil, the productiveness of the fields, and the luxuriance of their meadows.
>
> I. They always provide in settling large and suitable accommodations for their horses and cattle before laying out much money in building houses for themselves. Barns and stables are under one roof, with necessary conveniences for feeding and dunging.
>
> The houses are small and built of logs with one chimney in the center for their stoves. (The English had two at the gables.) The milkhouse at the spring for their milk has a floor above for smoking meats or storing winter apples. The pioneer's house was built, although primitively, to last a lifetime. "A son should always begin where his father left off" by building a convenient stone-house.
>
> II. They always prefer good land with "great quantity of meadow land . . . From an attention to the cultivation of grass, they double the value of an old farm in a few years and grow rich on farms on which their predecessors of whom they purchased them, had nearly starved." They prefer farms with improvements rather than settling on new tracts. (Some use Gypsum or lime early.)
>
> III. They never girdle trees, but cut down and grub all underbrush so that the ground is as ready in one year as twenty years thereafter. It is immediately ready and saves implements in working.
>
> IV. They feed horses and cows so well that horses can do twice the labor and cows produce twice the milk that ill-fed do. The German horse known everywhere seems "to feel with his lord, the pleasure and pride of his extraordinary size and fat . . ."
>
> V. The snake fences are generally high and well built for horses, cattle, hogs, and sheep.
>
> VI. They were great economists of wood. The cannon and ten plate stoves made in Lancaster County used but one-fifth of the wood burned in open hearths. It saves horses in winter from hauling wood which unfits Scotch horses of neighbors. These are so comfortable in winter that members of the household can do twice the work. They reforested by fencing.
>
> VII. Barns were warm to save hay and grain. For a cold animal consumes more to maintain body temperature.
>
> VIII. Frugality in the families was manifest in diet, furniture, and apparel. They sold the more profitable wheat and ate the less profitable corn. "The profit thus is equal in the course of a lifetime, to the price of a farm for one of his children."
>
> They eat sparingly of boiled animal food, with large quantities of vegetables as salad, turnips, onions and cabbage (in sauer kraut). The latter (the royal dish of Charlemagne), was served three and four times per week in winter in their German homeland. Large quantities of milk and cheese were used. Cider, water, beer and wine were their chief drinks. Distilled ilquors were seldom used.
>
> The furniture was plain and useful. Light feather beds ("to butter both sides") were economical and convenient. They were home-spun generally.
>
> To spin, to weave, to ready make his clothes
> And keep them clean, the frugal farmer knows.
>
> They were afraid of debt and seldom purchased without cash.
>
> Carpets they never had until 1800. (In Philadelphia carpets first by 1750.)
>
> IX. They cultivated large and profitable gardens near their homes. They developed the first knowledge of horticulture in America. These have aided the health of the commonwealth.
>
> X. They seldom had hired servants, especially colored slaves. In 1790, according to Rupp, German Berks County had only one negro slave to 464 white population (65 slaves in all). Scotch-Irish Cumberland County had a ratio of one negro to 44 whites (360 slaves in all).
>
> The women helped at harvest, leaving their dairies and spinning jennies. They cultivated the garden, dressed and kept it, decorated the cottage with choice honey-suckle and trained direct tendrils of grapes to shade the houses. In winter they spun flax; in spring, wool on the humming wheel. From warp and weft of spun yarn they wove linen, linsey and wool webs. A loom was in each home. Cloth was bleached on the yard.
>
> XI. The Conestoga wagon was capable of hauling two and three thousand pounds on the roughest roads. In September and October (1788) fifty to one hundred wagons of these per day came into Philadelphia with the strong Conestoga horses bred in Pennsylvania from imported English horses. They used harness made of strips of raw hide.
>
> XII. Human happiness from agricultural life was manifest by joy at the birth of a child. No dread of poverty, no distrust of Providence from an increasing family, depressed the spirits of these industrious and frugal people. A son meant the gift of a ploughman or waggoner; a daughter, another spinster or milk maid. . . . "Signs of innocence, industry, wealth and happiness in a state."
>
> XIII. They cultivated habits of labor but also a love of it. "To fear God and to love work" was the first lesson taught to children. "They prefer industrious habits to money itself. When a young man asks the consent of his father to marry the girl of his choice, he does not so much enquire whether she be rich or poor, whether she possess any personal or mental accomplishments, as whether she be industrious and acquainted with the duties of a good housewife."
>
> He that earns and saves will be
> Rich for certain, you will see.
>
> In smallest space, a fruit tree place,
> Attend it well, have fruit to sell.
>
> If not in favor of a marriage:
>
> The marriage state is like a coop, built stout,
> The outs would fain be in, the ins, be out.
>
> XIV. They set great value on patrimonial property. They thus kept their young from folly and vice and encouraged each parent to improve the property for those "who shall inherit his blood and name."
>
> XV. They do much according to the age and appearance of the moon, i.e., they were superstitious.
>
> Most, including Mennonites, were interested in the religious education of children which was not true of sects now defunct. (Labadists, Women of Wilderness, Zions Brueder, New Born, Rondoerfer, Inspired Separatists, Quietists, Gishtlians, Dipellians, who made a display of their "subjective piety" are nonexistent today).
>
> "Not one has been brought to a place of public shame or punishment."
>
> They are peaceable and exact in the payment of taxes. They are but little addicted to convivial pleasures, and seldom meet for "feeding parties," but are given to hospitality. An Irishman lost in Lancaster County, was entertained by a German host who would take no pay.
>
> "Pay someone else as you have been for I was once lost and so entertained without pay."
>
> "Of a training **in Christ**, they stand behind none of a certain kind of education."
>
> Cui bono? is their question—not just useful.
>
> Comparing value of property brought in and now possessed would "in contrast form such a monument of human industry and economy as has seldom been contemplated in age or country." . . . They enjoy here every blessing that liberty, toleration, independence, affluence, virtue and reputation can confer upon them.
>
> Above all, cherish with peculiar tenderness, those sects among them who hold war to be unlawful. . . . Protect them as repositories of the truth of the gospel . . .
>
> Perhaps those German sects of Christians among us who refuse to bear arms for the purpose of shedding human blood, may be preserved by divine providence as the centre of a circle which shall gradually embrace all nations of the earth in a perpetual treaty of friendship and peace.

Appended to Rush's work (Rupp) is a long quotation from the Editor of the (Philadelphia) Public Ledger in 1856, from which the following sentences are taken:

> Whether a denizen of the state be valuable to it on account of what he annually adds to the realized wealth of the community or for his faithful obedience to the laws or the sacredness with which he preserves the family compact, our German farmers certainly merit as much as any other class for the practice of either of these virtues or indeed for the harmonious exercise of all . . . . They are really the finest race of men, physically, to be found within the borders of the United States . . .

[The editor quotes a Mr. Munch as assertive that the population of the German counties is] a genial, solid and respectable stamp, enviably circumstanced in comparison with the European farmer, and very far his superior in intelligence and morals.

(To Be Continued)

REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH DESIGNS: A Portfolio of Ten Plates in Full Color. The First of a Series of Silk Screens Prints by The Folk Arts Press. Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.—$3.50.

This handsome portfolio consists of a series of ten plates offering designs found on Pennsylvania German dower chests, toleware, birth certificates and **fraktur** painting. Although somewhat arbitrarily chosen and not in every instance as representative as they might be, they are presented in authentic colors by the process of silk screen painting, which has been found very satisfactory in the reproduction of these folk designs and their gay and naive color arrangements. The ten plates are a delight to the eye and will prove very useful to craftsmen for adaptation in the decoration of furniture, of tinware, illuminations, and in the designing of textiles. However, a wise word of caution is given to the prospective decorator: Pennsylvania German folk art is "full of symbolism that may lose much of its sincerity if it is thoughtlessly distorted in color or composition. Much of its beauty lies in its honesty. When adapting these designs for decoration, care should be taken wherever possible to retain the original color, form and arrangement."

The designs for this beautiful portfolio were collected and printed by John Fisher, Thomas Harris, Gilbert Lugar and Roy Bitzer of State Teachers College, Millersville, Pa. This portfolio is announced as the first of a series of silk screen prints by the Folk Arts Press. The entire edition has been purchased by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Publisher of the Home Craft Courses, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.—P.A.B.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Noch May, West End Fair

M'r hen geshter fertzailt wie der Willis Engler fon Coopersbarrick uns ganumma hut fer der Jake Meitzler. Wel, mier hen grawd so shtraich gamocht wie m'r der Henry Miller doh fon da shtadt ganumma hen fer der John Peter fon Wescosville. Der Henry un sei Mary hen sich yusht yaders onna box ice kream k'hank'd kot wie m'r sie aw gadroffa hen. Der John, mit 'm shtuck om ohr'm, hut uns libehoftich gamohnt on der John, un woh m'r aw shun fer 'n weil net g'sehna hen. Der Henry hut uns noh g'sawt er wear shun etlicha mohl ganumma werra fer der John Peter, —ae mohl so gore wie 'n drup waig mocher 'm sawga hetta wolla woh er 'n load shtae hee fohra sot.

Oh yar, 's Irvie Smiths uns Albert Sechlers fon da Krocksville gagend worra aw dart un wen noch sotta m'r aw dreffa os wie der shule maishder John Messerschmidt fon Palmerton, un woh m'r shun fer yohra net g'sehna hen. Noch 'n alter bakonter wor der Adam Diehl fon Forest Inn drin, un noh uf kours wear die fair net fartich gawest won der Will Snyder un sei "Em" fon "Palmer" net darta gawest weara. Un noh wor da "Em" ihra bruder "Tany" Stroup aw darta fon da sama grossa shtadt fer ocht gewwa uf die Cula Buck fon da Delaware avenue. Der "Tany" wor ow'r net bei da Cula wie m'r g'shwetzt hen mit ra, yusht ihra dochter Marian, un doda ouslaiger partner James un sei fraw.

Wen sotta m'r noch aw dreffa os wie der Roy Shellhammer doh fon da shtadt om Dorney park lodwarick korta uf hanka, un der Eli Wiesner, der mayor fon Steins Korner, un der Stanley Rex fon iwwer 'm hivel driwwa, om wahla eb sie huff eisa shmeissa wotta odder net. Sie hen net, un sin noh aw net gabutta werra. Der Addison Knecht un der Willie Baer fon Schnecksville worra drous fer g'shpass, un glawb sie werra ferleicht aw ob g'shtopt howwa bei da Gypsies, 's same wie aw der Roy Hoffman un der Francie Kern hen woh sich die wohret sawga hen lossa. Der Gordon Rehrig wear aw mit na, ow'r die fraw hut 'n net galust. Oh yar, der doda ous laiger Elwood Heintzelman fon Shlatedale hut net gawist wie fiel shaina maid un weibsleit os on da fair worra bis er sei fraw ferlora hut kot. Wie er sie ow'r g'funna hut, hut er gamaint sei fraw wear ewwa ols noch die shanshd os darta wear.

Der Hayden Peters un sei Hattie fon nagshd on Newside worra aw on da fair ow'r hen sie ken tzeit tzu sehna grick'd, ow'r der Ray Hess fon nagshd on Moorestown, un der Howard Laubach fon nagshd ons Kleppingers kreamery hen m'r alla gabut aw gadroffa, 's same wie aw die Angie Sittler un die Carrie Ritter fon da Green shtross doh in da shtadt, uns Lawson Finka un dochter Dian fon Coplay. Wie m'r sich rum gadray'd hut hen die ledshda finfa fer em g'shtonna, uns worra bol ganunk Green shtross eiwohner darta fon nagshd on unser'm Fegelskoshda, fer 'n "Home Coming celebration" halta. Onnerra nagshda nochberra os m'r g'sehna hen wor der Milt Buchman un sei Ellie, Der George Oswald un sei Emma, un aw noch etlicha onnerra os m'r uns nimmy grawd erinnerra kenna.

Wen sotta m'r noch aw dreffa os wie der "Mike" Held un sei Edna un tzwae boova, fom Normal hivel in Kutztown. Sie shure hen sich blessiert, der "Mike" mit da ohra noch da Allentown band garich'd, un die auga uf aenich ebbes un allas neias os tzu sehna wor. Der Earl Hunsicker fon nagshd on Bath hut sich shier fosht g'shlupt in ra ice kream box os er om ous lara wor, un der William Smith fon East Mauch Chunk hut 'n mechdichie tzeit kot fer sei householder'n, die Marian Troxell weck halta woh sie pop korn un bauwol kandy ferkauft hen. Alla mohl os sie g'shtopt hen, huts der William gelt gakosh'd.

Ow'r des is aw mohl ganunk so fair g'shpichta, un woh m'r noch ganunk uf hond hen fer 'n gonsie woch fertzalila won m'r ol die bakonta nanna wot os m'r aw gadroffa hen. 'S aller shanshd un beshd on ra fair, is fer die alta bakonta sehna woh m'r so ferleicht fer 'n gons yohr net aw dreft.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Un grawd so wie m'r die alta bakonta awdreft on ra fair, sin m'r shure os m'r sie morya un iwwer morya widder aw dreffa on Dorney park—on da yairlicha Pennsylfawnish Deitscha Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties.

'S gebt programs nommy dawgs un owets, un da Mondawg nommy dawg wie gawainlich, wert widder frish gakochder lodwarick weck gewwa mit kase un brode tzu ol os in line kumma.

Der iwwerich lodwarick wert widder ferkauft wie gawainlich, un die weil os bobbadeckle boxa sare rohr un hard tzu griega sin, maich'd ken shlechter blawn sei fer bind odder g'wart kans mit bringa fer der lodwarick drin hame nemma.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Last evening, as I was eating my dinner, I was very perturbed by something wrong with my roast pork.

I was all alone in a rather fashionable restaurant and I knew that they would not serve anything that was spoiled.

So I finally called over the headwaiter and told him that I couldn't eat my pork.

" I don't think it is bad," I said to him, "but something about it just about gags me."

"Would you mind moving over to another table?" the obsequious headwaiter asked.

First I thought he was trying to be funny, but finally I followed him to a table far removed from the one where I had been sitting.

He brought over my pork and my apple sauce and my cauliflower and my salad—and everything tasted just fine.

"Do you know what was the matter " the headwaiter asked with a smile.

"No," I replied, "unless I have gone crazy."

"Not at all, sir," he said, "but the lady at the next table was very heavily perfumed, and the scent of that perfume disturbed your olfactory nerves to such an extent that it spoiled your taste for your dinner."

* * *

That was something new to me. But this morning a recent book entitled "The Subtle Sense" came to my desk, and the author virtually confirms the headwaiter's opinion.

"If perfume is placed wrongly," says Professor Ralph Bienfang, who wrote the book, "every mouth of food has perfume as a prologue. Every scent has its place, and food in close association with perfume seems difficult to take."

Perfume, at the right time and in the right place, is very enticing and nice.

But too much of it, or the wrong kind, or used when and where it doesn't belong, is awful.

I had a secretary once who always came to the office with a lot of perfume on her.

It was impossible for me to work, because that perfume made me think of dancing and of night clubs and of romance and of things that had nothing whatever to do with the prosaic activities of an office.

Finally I told the young lady that she had better cut out the stuff or I'd lose my job, so she quit me and my work got better.

* * *

"Always put your perfume behind your ears or on the shoulders," says the good professor. Why?

"Because there is less capillary action, exposure is only to one side, the perfume is immediately blended with personal fragrance, the skin provides a helpful humidity for the perfume, and it can be washed off when it's used up."

The washing off part of that statement appeals to me most.

As far as I am concerned, the sooner any perfume is washed off the better.

Maybe I'm getting old.

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Horoscope

You read extensively and assimilate information readily. You are forceful, energetic, ambitious and have a liberal, general ability which will bring you success in all you undertake. Your opinions are sought and respected. Marry early in life and your happiness will be assured. The moon enters Scorpio at 12:52 a.m. Read a book on philosophy or occultism today. The day will be pretty well filled with small tasks. Get expert help where special talent is needed. Join friends for an outing or a small party. Forge ahead with plans for the new month starting tomorrow. Your mind should settle the month's finances quickly.

25 Years Ago

August 31, 1921—A Wednesday

The federal government stood ready to declare martial law in five counties of West Virginia where miners defied President Harding's proclamation calling upon all workers to cease their demonstrations and return to their homes. Miners threatened to blow up troop trains if the institution of martial law was attempted.

Congressman Fred B. Gernerd discussed with members of the recently organized Lehigh County Fish and Game Protective Assn. plans for restocking of county streams with game fish.

The Wilmer and Vincent chain added the Rialto to its list of locally operated theaters. Others were the Orpheum, Colonial, and Hippodrome.

The annual Bucks county fair opened at Menlo park, Perkasie.

Today's Text

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

2 Corinthians 13

Paul realizes that not everybody can take criticism and correction graciously. In 12:15 he shows that he means what he says, because he loves the souls of these Christians (for he is not out for their property), knowing full well that the more he loves them (and thus the more he seeks to correct tem) the less is he loved by them. In 13:2 he promises that when he comes again, he will not spare criticism, should he see anything among them which does not become a Chritian. In v. 5 he urges them to do the examining as to whether they are in the faith, and whether they are living up to the standard of Christian conduct, doing no evil, but only that which is honorable. He seeks their growth and development in the Christian grades, that they may be strong and perfect in the Lord. He does not wait until he shall see tiem in person to exhort them, but take occasion to write to them. Lovingly he takes leave of them by asking them to be of good comfort, to be of one mind, and to live in peace, with the assurance that the God of love and of peace will be with them.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

At a stag dinner in the Lambs club, a group of well-lubricated convivials were startled by the sudden entrance of a weird character with flaming red hair standing on end, a chalk-white face, and a costume that looked as though it had been laid away in mothballs for a decade.

Ring Lardner recovered first. He rose from his chair with some difficulty, and poking a shaky and accusing finger in the newcomer's face, demanded, "On the level, mister, how do you look when I'm sober?"

* * *

At the opening performance of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," the playwright noted with mounting anger that a rival in a stage box failed to crack a smile during the entire performance. In complaining about it later, he told a group of friends, "Cumberland was not only rude, but definitely ungrateful. He had a tragedy open last Monday, and curse me if I didn't laugh my head off very loudly all the way through it!"

(Copyright, 1946, by Bennett Cerf)

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

LAKE HURON SUNSET

Sunset on Lake Huron is a glorious
sight to see.
The waves seem robed in purple;
goldleaf's on every tree.
The day slips out so softly, as on
tiptoe it must tread.
Lest is wake some baby angel that is
sleeping overhead.

We stand in adoration on a tall and
rocky ledge
As the sun slips down in splendor at
the water's distant edge.
And if ever we have doubted that the
Lord is good to men,
The majesty of evening brings us back
to Him again.

I have said it to the children and
I've said it to my friends:
"'Tis too bad the room is darkened
when man's earthly journey ends.
Could I have but one wish granted
when I reach my final day—
With a touch of sunset glory I
should like to slip away."

(Copyright, 1946, Edgar A. Guest)

The Children's Book

—is just the thing to amuse the children when they find themselves with nothing to do, and will prove excellent company on a rainy day. The stories and verses are chosen from some of the best-loved classics for children.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

As the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain but in an inclination thereto for many days together, so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is peace.
—Hobbes.

MUHLENBERG NEEDS COMMUNITY'S HELP

During the war Muhlenberg college did an outstanding job for the United States Navy and made the community inordinately proud of this educational institution. That pride is going to persist as long as the story of World War II is remembered.

Then came the peace and, with it, Muhlenberg expanded her plans to do the extraordinary peace-time job that Uncle Sam proposed to the colleges of the United States through the G.I. Bill of Rights. Allentown again has been proud of what Muhlenberg has been doing during the past year for the G.I. and what the college intends to do during the coming school term. Muhlenberg is stretching her garments until they are ready to crack at the seams and she is doing it for but one reason—to accept the responsibilities which a war has thrust upon the educational institutions of the country.

It can be known that all this means much work and sacrifice on the part of the people who are Muhlenberg college for it is always to be remembered that an educational institution is not a series of piles of brick and stone set in nicely planted grounds. It is a collection of men or women, or both.

Inasmuch as the people who make Muhlenberg are working hard and accepting many sacrifices for the national weal, is it not entirely fair to ask that there be favorable answer by this community to every appeal which the college makes for the solution of any of her problems?

Is it not fair for the college to expect that the people of the community who have idle shelter shall temporarily accommodate about 150 students who are arriving here for college within a few weeks and will not have a roof over their heads?

The college is not responsible for the unfortunate situation. The college would rather have all its young men living right on the campus and so planned a long, long time ago when it took steps to get emergency government housing for them. The materials for that housing have arrived and the housing units are being erected but it will not be in time for the opening of college. In this brief emergency, it is the public-spirited people of Allentown who alone can save a difficult situation.

NEED FOR STREET SIGNS

Allentown is getting so many new inhabitants who are coming here to be associated with new and even long-established industries that it is timely to be talking again about the inadequacy of our street marking system, and doing something about it, too.

Many people newly arrived in our community wander about rather hopelessly afoot or by motor car in their quest for friends, acquaintances, goods and services. They have addresses and vague idea as to the location thereof but only too often they get no aid at street intersections where just about every well-equipped city posts such desirable information.

It can be said even for old-timers that they likewise will get into difficulties if they seek, for instance, to find people in Lehigh Parkway or the Newbridge developments, just to cite a pair of many newly populated areas. The old-timers can find their way very easily around the center of the city even if old signs have been destroyed or are illegible, but the strangers cannot.

So it would seem that a complete revamping of our street marking system is well in order. Repeatedly we have urged adoption of the Emmaus system where the names of streets are painted upon the curbstones at street intersections. Inasmuch as so much travel is by motor car, the curb is a good spot to place the desired information. Furthermore it should be far cheaper to paint information at such places than to buy the old-time street markers. In fact it may be difficult or impossible to buy them in these days of scarcity in so many lines of manufacture.

THE COSTLIEST SHIP IN HISTORY

No merchant ship ever built has probably proved so costly as the luxury liner, Normandie, which even in its demise is going to cost plenty for burial.

Built by the French for the fashionable trans-Atlantic trade the ship had to be subsidized in order to keep it in operation. Then came the war and the need for troopships. Nothing looked more promising in this respect than the gigantic French liner which would have been able after remodeling to carry more men in one trip than a whole fleet of smaller and slower ships.

So the United States proceeded at the cost of many millions to remodel the ship. Then one day a careless workman or a saboteur set fire to the ship and after the flames had been extinguished and the hull had been filled with water, the grand ship rolled over in her berth.

It took many millions of dollars to right the ship after the most expensive and most carefully planned salvage job in history. But by the time she had been righted the war was getting along pretty well and troops were moving so rapidly and satisfactorily that it was doubtful whether the Normandie was needed or could be prepared in time to be of use to the war effort.

So the big ship has been lying at a pier in Brooklyn where rental charges must be enormous. Now it has been decided to reduce the ship to scrap. But it is entirely possible that it will cost more to perform that job and salvage sorely needed metals than the salvaged materials will bring in the scrap markets.

As events have shown, it would have been more profitable if the Normandie had sunk or been sunk in the early days of the war. She accomplished nothing for the war effort and in fact harmed it by diverting workers from other war work to her rehabilitation. Furthermore she cost the U. S. Government tens of millions of dollars. And she will cost a lot more until she has been disposed of and until the French are paid for their original interest in the ship.

Poor Profit Year

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The facts of America's economic life are well known to the economists and statisticians but only when there is something like a stock market break is much attention paid in retrospect to these facts by the general public.

Thus, the severe decline in earnings in heavy goods industries attracted, relatively speaking, little attention at the end of the first six months of this year, but now that the third quarter is nearly over and the prospect for the fourth quarter is not much better, it is beginning to dawn on many people that 1946 might as well be crossed off as a poor year from a profit standpoint for many businesses.

The important point, however, is that investors look ahead and ask if 1947 is going to be any better. They scan the horizon and ask themselves if the factors which made 1946 a bad year are absent or still present.

In the face of uncertainty, they are cautious and conservative. Are major strikes really over or is there another wave coming? This is the big unanswered question of the hour.

* * *

One of the fairest and most objective of the economic bulletins of today—and depended upon rather widely in business and industry—is that which is issued by the economic staff of the National City Bank of New York. This bulletin for August has in it some pertinent statements which may have been overlooked during the summer or may have been taken to heart by investors when they started surveying things after Labor Day. Here are two significant paragraphs:

"In contrast with the favorable showing of industries not seriously held back are the results in most of the heavy industries, where the costs of strikes and reconversion have brought sharply decreased earnings or actual operating deficits. The U. S. Steel corporation, for example, stated that its direct costs of the steel and coal strikes were $46,000,000, exclusive of the loss of income, and that it was forced to dip into reserves to the extent of $28,000,000 during the first half year.

"An indication of the difficulties that many companies have been up against is given in the General Motors corporation report, which states that at the end of June, the flow of materials and supplies was curtailed by strikes in the plants of 83 suppliers and stresses how 'shortages of only a few essential supplies, and in some cases of only one, can have a crippling effect on an industry otherwise prepared with manpower and machines to produce at new high volumes' . . ."

It is further pointed out that "current earnings cannot be taken as a reliable measure of the probable post-war level" because of income tax credits this year or carryback provisions of the law which will not be available in 1947.

Then comes the situation in the railroads, of which the bank's bulletin says:

"Railroad earnings declined sharply during the first half year as a result of the railroad strike, the substantial decline in the volume of freight and passenger traffic from around the peak wartime levels, and the wage increases made retroactive to January 1. For 35 of the important railroad systems that have reported thus far, total operating revenues in the first six months declined from $2,860,000,000 to $2,175,000,000 or by 24 per cent. After taxes there was last year (1945) a net income of $217,000,000 but a deficit of $20,000,000 this year."

* * *

The railroads have asked for a 25 per cent increase in rates but have been granted only 6½ per cent thus far. Increases in rates mean increases in shipping costs, which are in turn reflected in price increases. The labor spiral took its toll, first, in the heavy cost of the strikes and, second, in the imposing of higher fixed charges. This has been happening in the heavy goods industries which now must produce a record high volume and get a substantial increase in output per man. But in the manufacturing industries, the hourly earnings had increased by April to a point 56.7 per cent above the 1939 average, whereas the increase in productivity is estimated at not much better than 10.5 per cent. That's what it was from 1939 to 1945.

Wage unit costs were believed to have reached their all-time peak this summer but, with the prospect of further wage demands and with no certainty that the buyers of durable goods will accept them at the new prices except on a necessity basis for a while, the durable goods industries are face to face with a serious situation unless labor can increase its productivity and restrain itself from further wage increases.

It is because labor union leaders have indicated that they do not intend to apply these restraints that confidence in the economic future is being shaken.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

DAVID DUBINSKY

In the fight against Communism in the United States, the strongest and most effective attack has not been made by employers or patriotic organizations who often fail to grasp the revolutionary character of this movement, but by David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers, a union whose members are largely immigrants or first-generation Americans, except for the Negroes who have, of course, been in this country nearly three centuries. Dubinsky himself was born in Poland and knows the perils of a life without freedom.

The ILGW has some 300,000 members, a third of whom are outside New York. It is a rich union, owning considerable real estate in New York and maintaining many social services for its members. It is a tremendously important political factor in New York state, being the backbone of the Liberal party which broke away from the American Labor party and the PAC when the Communists gained control of their management.

The Communists conduct a constant smear campaign against Dubinsky, the object of which is to conceal from the workers the outstanding fact that David Dubinsky, socialist and labor leader, is loyal to the United States and does not permit himself to be made a stooge for an alien power. Dubinsky is respected by some who oppose his party politics or even his union practices. Americans may differ and still respect each other. They may co-operate without compromising their principles.

* * *

In a pamphlet by William Weinstone, entitled "The Case Against David Dubinsky," the Communists accuse him as follows:

"During the recent war against fascism and since then, Dubinsky has become an active agent for anti-Soviet intrigue and disruption, persistently working to undermine the coalition of democratic states. Moreover, he has allied himself with the ultra-reactionary elements in the labor movement and has joined forces with the political circles of Big Business."

In straight Communist language, this means that Dubinsky supports the United States rather than Soviet Russia and her satellites, Yugoslavia, Poland, Rumania, Albania, Czechoslovakia, et al. When the Communists speak of democratic countries, they mean those in the Communist group in which democracy is dead. Dubinsky believes in his own country and its way of life. He refuses to hobble the United States with strikes at a time when the American people need production. As a matter of fact, one of the principal attacks on Dubinsky arises from his rejection of the strike as a weapon when results may be achieved by conciliation. This is what the Commies have to say:

". . . It (the ILGW) wanted to avoid a struggle at all costs and to demonstrate that 'Dubinsky's union,' unlike the CIO, is 'reasonable' and 'conciliatory' and does not have to engage in strike struggles to win its demands. At the hearing on the demands of the dressmakers, Julius Hochman boasted 'Our industry is not going to be tied up; our workers are not going to go out on strike' (Justice, March 1, 1946), sneering at the strikes in the mass production industries."

* * *

In contrast, this pamphlet sets forth the Communist program for the United States in a year when we are short of goods at home and bear heavy responsibilities abroad:

"But the struggle is by no means over. The trusts have succeeded, with the help of the Truman Administration, in raising prices which will cancel part of the gains and necessitate further battles. Anti-labor laws are being pressed, again with the help of the Truman Administration, which opened wide the gates to a flood of reactionary legislation. There is no doubt that if the workers are to maintain their hard-won economic and political gains and advance further, they will have to put forth the most militant efforts, fighting spirit and unity on both the political and economic fronts. To win they will have to defeat the Dubinsky policy in the labor movement."

There are some who attack all labor leaders, oppose all labor unions, fight friend and foe indiscriminately. That is an obvious error. When a labor leader stands out firmly for American principles, he should be supported by those who believe that our way of life and not the Russian is right.

(Copyright, 1946)



MENNONITE AGRICULTURE IN COLONIAL LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

THE FIRST INTENSIVE AGRICULTURE IN AMERICA

By IRA D. LANDIS

(Continued)

Theophile Cazenove, a Frenchman, in 1794, comparing the German farmers in Lancaster County with Paris society, views them through green glasses:

I visited several farms in the famous Lancaster County belonging to farmers known to be worth 10 to 15 thousand pounds. I found them having for dinner, potatoes, bacon and buckwheat cakes; tin goblets, a dirty little napkin instead of a table cloth on a large table; for down-stairs rooms a kitchen and a large room with the farmer's bed and the cradle, where the whole family stays all the time; apples and pears drying on the stove, a bad little mirror, a walnut bureau, sometimes a clock; on the second floor, tiny little rooms where the family sleeps on pallets with curtains, without furniture.

No care is taken to keep the entrance to the house free of stones and mud, not one tree, not one flower. In the vegetable garden weeds intermingled with cabbages and a few turnips and plants. In brief with the exception of the size of the barn and a larger cultivated area, you do not distinguish between the rich Pennsylvania farmer and the poor farmer of other states.

Although several German farmers . . . have fine stone houses, two stories high with English windows, etc., the inside is almost unfurnished; in the large fine room an immense stove on which dishes are standing; potatoes an dturnips on the floor; beds generally without curtains, no mirror, nor good chairs nor good tables and wardrobes.

Probably one of the causes for their slovenliness and lack of comfort, is that they did not know any better, for the German farmers who cross the Susquehanna to settle there, and especially the younger generation, take more the habits of the Irish, who like comfort more. You notice especially the clothing of the German farmers and their wives who have an opportunity to see other examples than their fathers and mothers; they have English or American clothing and from clothes it will pass to house furnishings, etc.

So you enter where the land gets better as you go; the whole country is well cultivated, and what forests the farmers keep are stocked with trees of the right kind—chestnut, locust, walnut, maple, white oak. It is a succession of hills not too high, and the aspect of the country is very beautiful. A perpetual change of hills and valleys gives the country a very pleasant rolling aspect and does not prevent cultivation; the farmers' houses are generally placed in the shallow valleys framed by the slopes of three or four wide hills cultivated to the top.

The city of Lancaster is the largest inland city in the United States.

There are many large flour mills on the large and small Conestoga Creeks, where much flour is made for the Philadelphia market. The millers are very rich. There are many Lancaster farmers who own as much as 10, 15, 20 thousand pounds in land and funds lent on mortgages on other lands. This does not keep them from coming with their long linen trousers and themselves driving a cart load of wood to the Lancaster market.

(Then passing) continuously through an extensively cultivated country where are adjoining good limestone land, fine farms, large grain fields, hickory, walnut and white oak wood.

(In eastern Lancaster County) the farms are from 200-300 acres and larger than nearer Lancaster, still good land and beautiful country (lime-stone land). You have to pay for farms with "improvements" from 15 to 20 pounds an acre. I went to see Leonard Ellmaker's farm. It was 320 acres, 200 of which is cultivated. There is also a flour mill and one for wood. He is a very rich farmer of the district; the whole family (7 children) were having a very bad supper around a very dirty little table and the furniture in the main room was not worth $200 and the whole farm is like those already mentioned. They say he is worth $15,000 at least.

He claims that the fathers, to get enough farms for all the children, take mortgages on them. He then transfers them sometime to the children. The children work hard to clear the indebtedness and by that time he becomes so interested in making money, it becomes his foremost goal in life.

The German farmers of Berks County are obstinate and ignorant, slovenly and stingy.

In Travels Through North America (1796) Isaac Weld Jr., wrote:

The farther you go from Philadelphia, the more fertile is the country and the more picturesque. Numbers of farmhouses are scattered as far as the eye can reach. These houses are mostly built of stone and are about as good as those usually met with on an arable farm of fifty acres in a well cultivated part of England. The farms attached to these houses contain about two hundred acres each and are with a few exceptions, the property of the persons who cultivate them. (They rarely exceed three hundred acres in cultivated parts. Adjoining generally, a peach or apple orchard makes cider, brandy and apple snits. In April and May nightly frosts common—peaches poor.)

Germans are quiet, sober and industrious set of people. They generally settle a good many together in one place and, as may be supposed, in consequence, keep up many of the customs of their native country as well as their own language. The Germans are some of the best farmers in United States and they seldom are to be found but where the land is particularly good; wherever they settle, they build churches and are wonderfully attentive to the duties of religion.

The Germans are a plodding race of men wholly intent upon their own business and indifferent about that of others; a stranger is never molested with inquisitive and idle questions.

The Germans are fond of settling near each other; when the young men of a family are grown up they generally endeavor to get a piece of land in the neighborhood of their relations and by their industry soon make it valuable.

When seeking the national capital in the late nineties of the eighteenth century the claim was based upon God's blessing to the Pennsylvania German farmers: "We venture to assert that there is not a part of the United States, which can boast within a compass of ten miles the same number of wagons and good teams with ourselves."

In A Tour from Philadelphia (October, 1809), J. C. Gilpin wrote:

In Chester County, farm land was exhausted by bad cultivation, price $25-30 per acre. Our journey was from thence to Lancaster and Columbia on the Susquehanna: "a distance of thirty miles through the finest land in Pennsylvania." Descending to Gap "we come again on limestone, a fine soil and good cultivation, which marks the valleys of the Pequea and Conestoga; these are undoubtedly the richest in the state."

Wm. Penn early endeavored to acquire the Pequea and Conestoga land from the Susquehannocks because of its fertility.

It is said that the heavy timber of the native soil and the difficulty of clearing it, frightened the Welsh, Irish and English settlers, so that they came back from it to other lands far inferior and more lightly wooded; however, it was better understood by the Germans who . . . were the first settlers, generally retaining it ever since. It is of a different character from the Brandywine Valley and far superior. Its basis is universally limestone and its soil of a fat rich brown mould. Its aspect is also different, instead of the small features of the former valleys, it expands into grand sweeps, its hills are never too steep for the plough, but rise in that bold round form, which gives beauty to its picturesque appearance and style and magnitude to the farms. Its fields are large, its herds of cattle numerous, and the stretches of meadows between the hills or rising along their sides are of the richest verdure. The tops of the hills are generally covered with wood, and the knolls and clumps which are interspersed are equal to some of the finest park scenery in England. The houses too are of a large scale standing at a distance from the road, often in very noble situations, and with their vast barns, stabling and out-houses have an imposing effect; everywhere the utmost use is made of the rivulets, which are led about over the side hills and are the source of the rich verdure of their meadows.

The culture is both of corn and pasturage, of large crops of wheat, hay and abundance of cattle; these also as well as the horses, are the best breed in America and generally fine animals. The industry of the Germans supported by so rich a soil seems to leave no object unaccomplished, and we only want the hedge rows and finished neatness of English farming, to make the country one of the finest agricultural districts in the world.

In 10 miles we reach Witmer's Inn, a large brick building and like the rest forming a kind of a Caravanserai. Witmer has also a store, a large farm, and is a man of no small consequence. In his shirt and trousers and hands rough with work he enquires the news and talks over the politics of the day with no small degree of sense and acuteness.

(Abraham Witmer, a cousin, built the first span across the Conestoga at Bridgeport in 1800 at his own expense). He tells me that his grandfather came from Switzerland and bought the land here about 100 years ago. He considers just here one of the most choice parts of this valley; the lands generally bring $100 per acre.

At the sixty milestone and two miles from Lancaster we cross the Conestoga River which is about 100 yards wide over a handsome bridge of seven stone arches, the arches lined with marble. This bridge was built at his own expense by Jacob Witmer (brother to the one mentioned above) who has been repeatedly a member of the county in the Legislature.

We soon enter Lancaster which is the largest inland town of the United States and now the seat of government for Pennsylvania (Mr. Hamilton then governor of Pennsylvania for the Penns). It soon became a thriving town "from being the center of so rich a country."

Watson (**Annals of Philadelphia**) in 1830 claims:

The best lands in Lancaster County and deemed in general the finest farms in the State are those possessed by the German families.

Bancroft (**History of the United States**) in 1834 can perceive that the Germans, especially of the border of the Rhine, thronged to America in such numbers that in the course of a century preserving their line of rural life, they appropriated much of the very best land from the Mohawk to the Valley of Virginia.

Another traveller (**Pleasant Peregrinations Through the Prettiest Parts of Pennsylvania by Peregrin Prolix**) in 1836, in trying the new railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia, writes, as she enters the County at Gap:

The country between Philadelphia and Lancaster is excelled by none in the United States in cultivation, fertility and beauty. It is occupied by a thrifty and industrious population whose comfortable farm houses and substantial and capacious stone barns are scattered in every direction. All the barns, houses, mills and bridges were of stone, which speak of solidity, characteristic of the state.

C. B. Trego (**Geography of Pennsylvania**) in 1843 says:

The Germans wisely chose some of the best land in the state, where they soon made themselves comfortable and next grew quietly rich. The German population of Pennsylvania, naturally increasing and augmented by continual accessions from the Fatherland, has spread over a large portion of the State, still inheriting the economy and prudent foresight of their ancestors, and generally establishing themselves on the most fertile soil . . . It (Lancaster) is one of the finest regions in the state and has been justly called "The garden of Pennsylvania."

To Be Concluded

DER PARRE UN DIE MAAD

vum JOHN BIRMELIN

The following ballad, based upon an anecdote in the life of the Reverend Wm. A. Helffrich, as told in his Lebensbild aus dem Pennsylvanisch-Deutschen Predigerstand, was read by Mr. Birmelin at the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society held at Easton, Aug. 24, 1946.

Der Parre Helffrich, guder Mann,
Er faahrt am Weg dohaer;
Hot yusht en aldes Weggelche,
En gleeni Schimmel-Maerr

"Galapp, galapp, galappeti-glapp,"
Die Nelly kann noch geh;
Der Parre faahrt aa mit Verschtand;
Sie iss ken Hutschel meh.

Der Parre denkt so var sich hie,
Was gebt's noch mit de Leit?
Sie lewe in de Welt druff los
Un gehne gaar zu weit.

Mer breddicht hie un breddicht haer,
Des Volk zurecht zu setze;
Un hot verleicht so viel gebatt
Wie'm Ochs ins Harn zu petze.

Des Rinsvieh nemmt sich net die Zeit
Fer an die Seel zu denke;
Sie laafe liewer aeryets hie
Fer ihre Kehl zu schwenke.

Die Sauferei un Gemlerei,
Die hot mer am Bedallye.
Der Deiwel fiehrt sie alle Woch
An die verflickte Frallye.

Die Frallye sin noch's allerschlimmscht
Fer yunge Leit verfiehre;
En Maedel hot net viel Reschpeckt,
Wu G'soffne karessiere.

Un wann sie dann im Druwwel sin,
Im Elend un in Not;
Do kummt die Kindsdaaf gaar zu frieh,
Die Hochzich viel zu schpot.

Der Parre seifzt, noh saagt er laut,
"Do waerd's eem ganz verleed."
Noh hot die Nelly noch der Kopp
So halwer rumgedreht.

"Galapp, galapp, galapp, galapp."
Die Nelly hot kee Eil.
"Gidaepp!" So hot der Parre g'saat,
"Mer hen noch iwwer'n Meil.

Un "Klippeti-klapp," do sin sie glei
Am Maerryelenner Baerrick;
Dart waar der Weg e bissel schteil,
Noh geht's net ganz so schtaerrick.

Do geht aa graad des Lutze Maad;
Un die waar Reffermiert.
Der Parre Helffrich hot sie yo
Doch selwer kunfermiert.

Er frogt sie dann, "Wu geht's dann naus,
Der Owet zuzubringe?"
"Ei, in die Singschul," hot sie g'saat,
"Will uff em Queier singe."

"Un sell iss recht, mei liewes Kind"—
Er schtreichelt sich der Baart—
"Ach hett mer yuscht, in daere Zeit,
Noch meh vun deinre Aart."

Sie faahre langsam owwe naus;
Es hot aa schun geduschpert.
Am Hiwwel drowwe schteigt sie aus;
Ihr Frack hot recht gegnuschpert.

Er flaetscht die Nelly mit der Lein
Un faahrt so langsam fart;
Er ruft noch freindlich, "Faerrewell."
Die Maad schteht als noch dart.

Noh hot er widder rumgeguckt,
Do fallt jhm ebbes ei:
Des Schulhaus waar net uffgeleicht,
Wu soll die Singschul sei?

Un yuscht so schraeg, dart iwwerm Weg,
Waar heller Lichterglanz;
Im Waertshaus wimmelt's recht mit Leit
Im wilde Frallickdanz.

Sie danze dart im Gringel rum,
Bei aller Sauferei.
Do waerd gegrische un geyohlt;
Soll des die Singschul sei?

"Kumm, Nelly, kumm un loss dich nei!
Des iss ken Blatz fer'n Parre!
Des Ludernescht gemaahnt eem graad
Wie Sodom un Gomorra!

"Galappeti, klappeti, klippeti-klapp!"
Die Nelly geht druff los;
Die Feierfunke fliege noch
Vum Graewwel in der Schtrooss.

"Was kann mer doch bedroge sei!"
So hot der Parre g'saat.
"Do hawwich widder eens verwischt;
Un noch vun's Lutze Maad.

Do hawwich yaahrelang g'schtudiert,
Der Glaawe zu bewaahre;
Nau hawwich dann des Lutze Maad
Noch an die Frallick g'faahre!"

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Yusht Abissel Letz Gadray'd

Wel, tzum ledshda hen m'r ous g'funna os mier net die aintsichda sin os uns ferlierra won m'r fon hame gain. Wohrhoft won der Francis Oswald un sei Minnie, un der Tommy Marsteller, un sei Annie, ol fon da Tzaderville gagend, sich die onner woch net aw gahairich ferfohra hen uf 'm waig noch Washington, D. C. Sie hen ol recht ous g'shtart uf route 222, un sin ol recht niver noch Reading kumma. Darta aina waig odder da onner, hen sie sich ow'r fersehna in ihra route nummerra, un sin linx gadray'd uf route 122 un sin ol dawaig owwa nous noch Pottsville kumma eb sie mohl evens gawist hen os sie uf da letza pawd sin.

Der Tommy wor hinnich 'm rawd, un der Francis hut bis darta he die shtrossa map in hond kot. Ow'r wie sie gawist hen os sie shier 40 mile ous 'm waig worra, hut der Tommy die map aw noch iwwer ganumma, un g'sawt tzu seinra mashine wie er gawist' hut woh sie worra, "Now kum on Nelly, now wert garidda." Un er is aw "garidda," odder ewwa g'fohra so shtarrick os die law 's erlawbt, un worra in ra gons kartza tzeit in Reading. Die Annie un die Minnie A. hen ordlich gablauder'd hinna drin, ow'r der Francis hut gamaint er gaibt gore nix drum os sie da letza waig g'fohra weara, sel wear aw neile londschoft gawest, un wear net allas ferlora.

Fon darta ob hen sie die shtrossa nummerra noh sharaf gawatch'd, un sin ol recht nunner noch Washington kumma, so wohl wie aw nunner noch Alexandria, Virginia, un woh sie ob g'shtopt hen fers Oswalds' uncle Ralph p'sucha. Eb sie ebbes g'sawt hen fon sich ferfohra wissa m'r net, ow'r werra fermuthlich net howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os die socha yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Schwetzt Ols Noch Deitsch

Wen sotta m'r larna kenna on da Mondawgs lodwarick party, os wie der Charlie Shankweiler fon Seattle, Washington, un woh shun fer 52 yohr dart drous dahame is. Ow'r won er aw shun long fon darra gagend weck is, kon er ols noch Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shwetza. Der Charlie is 'n alter shiffermon, un hut ol darrich der grieg g'shoft on Bremerton, Washington, un woh er die Catherine Coffin Kutra un ihra Rudy fon Treichlers bakont is werra. Die Catherine 'un der Rudy hen aw fer etlicha yohr g'shoft dart on Bremerton, un worra beim Charlie on Dorney Park.

Der Charlie wor shun fer 14 yohr nimmy doh hin, un is alla weil uf p'such bei seinra shweshter, 's Charlie Henningers 275 Irwin shtross, Allentown. Des wors airsht mohl os er so'n Lodwarick party ei ganumma hut wie m'r ols hen on Dorneys, un hut net sawga kenna wie arrick os er sich blessiert hut. 'S donsa hut 'm gons arbadich gute aw g'shtonna, so wohl wie aw allas shunshd, un woh er gamaint hut wear so'n shae bild ous da fergongenheit os noch g'sehna het.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Fon ol da uf huddlerreia on Fairra, glawwa m'r net os aenich aryads 'n aryerrie uf huddlerrei sei kon, os wie sie shun kotta hen drowwa on da Twin Kounty fair in Northampton, un woh alla weil noch blenty leit sin, os net wissa eb die Fair k'halta is werra fom Midwoch bis 'm Fridawg owet, odder fom Dunnershdawg bis danovet.

M' Midwoch hen sie shun fair kotta wie die leit 's socha bei gabrocht hen fer die exhibits uf duh, un 'm Dunnershdawg owet wie m'r darta worra, hen m'r shun leit sehna fon ihr'm socha nous nemma.

Etlicha weibsleit hen uns g'sawt, fers nagshd yohr mista mohl weibsleit noch da meetings for helfa die socha blawna, un glawb os sel so'n guter blawn wear os m'r shun long k'hoert hen.

Noch ebbes os em wunnert ow'r ferleicht nix aw gait is, wos die obsicht wor fer die Fair adfertisa uf korta ols "The Twin City" fair, in blotz fon da "Twin County" fair wos m'r immer gamaint hen os es wear.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

A spy at one of Mr. Toscanini's rehearsals at the National Broadcasting Company reports that the maestro shattered even his own record for breaking batons and tearing up sheet music when something goes wrong.

In this case, a harp player required to play one single note in a symphony, plucked the wrong string. The orchestra began over again and when time came for the harpist to play his note, he was so flustered that he repeated his mistake.

Th maestro strode from the rehearsal in speechless rage. When the orchestra assembled for the actual broadcast the next afternoon, the harpist discovered that every string but the one he would be called upon to pluck had been removed from the instrument.

* * *

Joe Besser boasted that he owned an antique bed that "both George Washington and Napoleon slept in." "Now how on earth could those two men possibly have slept in one bed?" asked a skeptic. "Don't be stupid," said Besser. "It was a double bed."

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the nicest enterprises that has come to my attention in a long time is the Oldsters' club now in progress of organization by the Philadelphia Recreation commission.

The club will have branches all over the city and these branches will serve as social centers for men and women over 65. More than 135,000 members are expected to be benefited by the idea.

"Older persons find it difficult to keep themselves active and occupied," said George Adams, executive secretary of the commission, "and at the same time their proportion is increasing rapidly."

* * *

You people who live in small communities don't have the problem of old age to any great extent.

But in the cities, and particularly in the very large cities such as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, it is pitiful to see them in their last, sad years of lonesomeness, inactivity and neglect.

We do so much for our children, and rightly so. But how little do we do for those who were once children and mothers and fathers and whose only crime is that they have outlived their economic and biological usefulness.

* * *

How often I see them in New York, sitting on park benches or in out-of-the-way corners of the public library, reading their time away or just staring into yesterday with eyes that are hungry for companionship and which, I am sure, have many a hopeless tear.

Sometimes, for lack of friends or kin, they talk to themselves and hold imaginary conversations with people whom they used to know and to whom, though absent, they say the things they might have said or would like to say.

Where are those people? Who are they? What are they?

Are they careless sons and daughters who are too busy with their own affairs to think of those who brought them up and suffered for them?

Are they friends who discarded them when they could no longer make use of them?

Are they husbands or wives long departed?

* * *

It is too bad that, with all our so-called progress, we have not yet learned to take care of our old.

Surely all their wisdom, all their usefulness, all their humanness have not gone out of their souls just because their bodies have become feeble.

Surely a mother or a father deserves a better fate than to be thrown on the junk heap just because the offspring is strong enough to walk on its own two feet.

Surely no human being should be buried before he is dead.

* * *

The Philadelphia plan is by no means the solution of the problem. But at least it is an invitation to "come to me, all ye who are heavily laden."

25 Years Ago

September 7, 1921, a Wednesday

Announcement was made of the engagement of Blanche V. Rhoads, 554 N. 4th St., to John Holmes of Boston. Miss Rhoads was a stenographer for the Lehigh Valley railroad. Mr. Holmes is a Marine engineer with a Boston firm.

Emily A. Jacoby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Jacoby of Summit Lawn, became the bride of George W. Nietb, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Neitz of Bethlehem, in Zion Reformed church. Rev. Simon Sipple officiated.

Ruth Aldrich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Aldrich, of Summit Lawn, left for Santa Barbara, Calif., where she was married to Francis Figg Hoblyn.

Grace Strauss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Strauss, 45 N. 11th St., was married to J. Earl Newhard, 331 N. 10th St., in Zion Reformed church. Rev. Simon Sipple officiated.

Today's Text

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

Philippians 1, 2

This letter was written to Christians in Philippi, which city Paul visited when he was in Macedonia on his second missionary journey. It is one of several epistles which he wrote when a prisoner in Rome, 1:13. For "bowels" in 1:8 and 2:1 read "heart." Several outstanding verses are these: 1:6, He which hath begun a good work in you will finish it until the day of Jesus Christ, that is, at His return. Again, at 1:21, For me to live is Christ. Paul had only one aim and purpose in life after his conversion, namely, to please Him Who had called him into His service. Chapter 2, vs. 6-11 is a very important passage concerning the humiliation and exaltation of Jesus, Who willingly left the glory which He had with His Father in order to become obedient, as a faithful servant, unto death, even the death of the cross. For this reason God highly exalted Him, and gave Him a name which is above every name, that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Horoscope

You have great executive ability, are authoritative, determined, persevering and self-reliant. You should go far in your chosen field. You enjoy reading good books, and like to travel. You have high aims and ideals, and have the respect and esteem of your friends and associates. Discard any financial propositions made today. Brilliant letters can come from your pen, so write. Disregard the approaches of a stranger. The moon enters Aquarius at 12:38 p.m. Social dates may wind up unpleasantly, so stay at home. Conflicting desires in the home may lead to strife, so be cautious.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPP

Pop was smoking to himself in his private chair, and ma said, William, I dont believe in being brutally frank, but I do believe in calling an ace a spade.

Any ace at all? pop said, and ma said, What I mean is I have no simpathy with people who go around pointing out their best friends' faults and blemishes meerly for their own malicious pleasure, but if I feel that somebody really needs the advice, I dont hesitate to speak out from the right shoulder and let the chips fall where they'll do the most good.

Are you leeding up to some particulier case in point, by any odd coincidence? pop said, and ma said, Well, yes, I'm thinking of Sally Jarden's maddening habit of allways and forever reeching out for a peece of candy the entire time she's playing bridge. If she wants to play havick with her already ruined figure, that's her own bizziness and I'm sure I wish her the best of luck, but that continual candy eating makes it extreemly difficult to concentrate for whoever happens to be her pardner, and this afternoon I told her so with blunt politeness, ma said.

Did she take it like a sport pop said, and ma said, Quite the contrary my dear. I never saw such callous lack of appriciation. She claimed I was meerly trying to get ahead of her so she wouldn't have a chance to scold me for trumping her ace and losing the contract. As a matter of fact she kept harping on the subject for a solid 5 minutes. I really had to smile at such a display of inconsistency, she said.

Yee gods, pop said, and ma said, I dont wonder you marvel at her.

Being the end of the subject.

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Allentown's Slogan: "DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

'Tis a stern and a startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving;
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living.

—Hood.

WELCOME IN PENNSYLVANIA FOR U.N.

People in Connecticut areas, which had been looked upon with favor by the United Nations as the site for that organization's permanent home, threw so much cold water upon the proposition that U.N. undoubtedly has determined to forget all about them. It is not indicated that U.N. is committed to any other site. Accordingly the proposal of the "Delaware Valley Association for United Nations Headquarters" still is pretty well up in the foreground.

This organization has proposed to United Nations that U.N. set up headquarters somewhere west of the Delaware river. So eager are the Pennsylvanians to have United Nations located in this State that was founded by the great lover of peace—William Penn—that the county commissioners of various counties have offered and re-offered the choice of seven sites. These are: Lapidea-Faoli area in Chester and Delaware counties, two sites near Williamsport, the Tobyhanna reservation in Monroe county, a site in Forks township, north of Easton, in Northampton county; a site southeast of Bethlehem and, finally all or any part of Pike county.

Here is an expression of hospitality and welcome that will be hard to exceed. All but the Lycoming tracts are within 100 miles of New York City and all are within easy reach of Washington. All are close to the Atlantic seaboard, which is desired by the representatives of European and South American nations.

So Pennsylvania satisfies many of the specifications set up for a U.N. home. Best of all, welcome is assured in the land which William Penn established as a citadel of religious toleration and civil liberty and, if established here, United Nations will have its Peace Capital of the world close to Penn's City of Brotherly Love.

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS FOR CARS

The vast army of people who still have enough money, despite repeated price increases, to buy a new automobile (if and when they be produced and arrive on the market) will be glad to learn from the motor industry that production is moving toward more nearly normal levels.

If the accelerated rate of production shown during the last few weeks can be maintained the industry should turn out close to 400,000 units this month.

Trade sources generally believe the factories may make nearly 100,000 vehicles this week for the first time during the postwar period, unless one of the major producers is forced to curtail operations. Scarcities of basic materials continue to hamper the plant programs which call for a wide upsurge this month and next.

Besides the shortages of sheet metal, copper and lead, strikes in parts plants also threaten supplies of essential parts like carburetors and starter drives. Some of the manufacturers still are being pressed to supply the rear seat cushions and backs that were missing from thousands of vehicles delivered without them months ago.

Although car prices have gone up from 30 to as much as 50 per cent over 1941 and further increases are likely, there has been no material decline in the volume of new car demand.

C. E. Wilson, General Motors president, emphasized this at a recent press conference when he asserted the industry has not produced enough cars since V-J Day to replace those forced out of use by obsolescence during the same period.

According to the trade publication Automotive News the car and truck factories of the United States have produced 1,152,597 passenger vehicles and 564,279 commercial units from Jan. 1 to Sept. 7 this year. Postwar output prior to Jan. 1 was practicaly negligible.

WILL MISS DR. ROMINGER

Opening of sessions at Cedar Crest college during the week was marked quite as much by many new faces on the campus as by the absence of familiar ones. Particularly, it will be believed, the absence of Rev. Dr. Charles H. Rominger, long-time head of the department of philosophy and religion, was noted and will long be felt because of his quarter century term of service to the college and his splendid influence upon many hundreds of young women who have gone out into American homes and into American business to carry on the high ideals and principles in which they were grounded while students in his classes.

It is one of the misfortunes of standards that in matters concerning women and men errors develop because no standards can be set up to meet all the intangible elements that human beings and their personalities bring into a matter.

Dr. Rominger leaves Cedar Crest because of the establishment of a standard as to the age of professors. That standard presumes the decline of usefulness of a man at a certain age—67 years in this case. That standard may generally be a correct and highly useful one. But in the case of Dr. Rominger it brings about loss of a man still in full possession of physical and mental powers and almost certainly better qualified than ever before by reason of accumulated experience and culture to carry on his work for some time to come.

So the institution oses and will miss a splendid and beloved professor who not only was highly successful in the school room with Cedar Crest's young students but also during two difficult periods of the institution's life proved his high administrative and business ability by filling the office of acting president of the institution.

Cedar Crest cannot soon expect speedily to secure or train a man able to fill the place which Dr. Rominger has left. Such things just are not done. But gaps like these come in businesses and industries just as they come in educational institutions and in homes. Cedar Crest people will feel the loss as the loss of a beloved member of a family.

The deep satisfaction for Dr. Rominger will be that he has placed and left the indelible stamp of his personality upon hundreds of Cedar Crest alumnae and upon the vital spirit that is the spirit of our splendid educational institution for girls.

The Wallace Speech

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—Henry Wallace's speech, presumably in support of the candidacy of Messrs. Mead and Lehman for governor of New York and U. S. Senator, is an amazing document. If it doesn't lead eventually to the resignation of Mr. Wallace as Secretary of Commerce, it will be because President Truman is calloused to the humiliation he suffers in seeing a complete repudiation of his foreign policies by the Secretary of Commerce in his cabinet.

For Mr. Wallace not merely accused Great Britain of insidious maneuvers that he thinks may bring on war with Russia, but he also accuses Secretary Byrnes of the Department of State of pursuing a "get tough policy" with Russia which almost everybody in Washington for several months has supposed was in accordance with instructions from President Truman himself.

The Wallace speech will confound everyone who has assumed heretofore that American foreign policy had at last become non-partisan and that Senator Vandenberg and the Republicans generally were supporting America's policies as expressed by Secretary Byrnes in his long and tedious negotiations with the Russians in various international conferences since V-J Day.

Mr. Wallace drags in Governor Dewey by the most laborious method. He refers to a speech made several years ago—in fact, during the war—in which Mr. Dewey said he favored a British-American military alliance. That's the sole peg on which Mr. Wallace now hangs the address in which he says such an alliance means making Britain "the key to our foreign policy" and that "we must not let the reactionary leadership of the Republican party force us into that position." Then he adds in the same sentence, as if there were a direct connection between the two things, "we must not let British balance-of-power manipulations determine whether and when the United States gets into war."

* * *

This is a rather devious way to involve Governor Dewey and the Republican party in the alleged provocation of a war of which Mr. Wallace thinks our ally, Great Britain, may soon be guilty. He adds:

"Make no mistake about it—the British imperialistic policy in the Near East alone, combined with Russian retaliation, would lead the United States straight to war unless we have a clearly defined and realistic policy of our own."

There is no evidence that President Truman has been a rubber stamp as to British policy in the Near East nor any suspicion that the Republican party favors the British policy in that part of the world. So, for the sake of some unexplained political purpose, Secretary Wallace, though a member of the cabinet of the President, has questioned the motives and purposes of the government of Great Britain. Even if he believes it, such indiscreet criticism cannot come from a member of the Truman cabinet without making the task of Secretary Byrnes more complicated.

"To prevent war," continues Secretary Wallace, "and insure our survival in a stable world, it is essential that we look abroad through our own American eyes and not through the eyes of either the British foreign office or a pro-British or anti-Russian press."

But James F. Byrnes, a Democrat, is Secretary of State—not Governor Dewey or any other Republican. If Mr. Byrnes is not looking at things through American eyes, then Mr. Wallace's criticism must necessarily be against the present Secretary of State.

* * *

The newsmen at the White House have been told that President Truman approved the Wallace speech in advance. This seems incredible. If Mr. Truman read it carefully and still approved, then he is transparently more gullible than he appears to be. Maybe for purposes of the political campaign in New York state, Mr. Truman is allowing a member of his cabinet to become more pro-Russian than he himself has been.

The Wallace speech assumes that Communism and Democracy are merely two rival philosophies that can get along together in the world. Mr. Wallace favors giving Russia a free hand in her sphere of influence if Russia will keep hands off our so-called sphere in Latin America. Such a bargain is exactly what the Soviets have been aiming at. When Mr. Wallace learns that Communism as an abstract philosophy is not the issue but that brutal totalitarianism is the concrete action that has robbed peoples in the Russian sphere of their "four freedoms," maybe he will regret his outburst at Madison Square Garden. For the speech is mischievous and trouble-making and can only embarrass the President and the Secretary of State in the relations of the United States with other countries.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHO PAYS?

The Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations on February 14, 1946, provided:

"The Headquarters Commission shall draw up plans based on the assumption that the United Nations will acquire approximately: (I) 2 square miles (II) 5 square miles (III) 10 square miles (IV) 20 square miles (V) 40 square miles."

Not a word is said in this resolution about the United States having a decision as to whether it will permit the United Nations to take 2, 5, 10, 20 or 40 square miles of American territory out of the United States, other than its one vote in the UN Assembly. According to this resolution, the final decision rests with the Assembly.

But the United Nations is not satisfied with the territory it seeks to place under its own jurisdiction. The resolution further instructs:

"The Headquarters Commission shall ascertain what measures the federal, state and county authorities in the United States are prepared to take in order to control development in the territory adjacent to the zone."

* * *

By this provision, it seeks to set up apparently a marginal area surrounding UN which is to be a buffer zone between the United States and UN, and which while under American jurisdiction is to be developed by mutual agreement with such limitations upon its economic and social life as UN may find necessary. How wide this marginal zone is to be, what limitations are to be placed upon it, why it is necessary, does not appear in the resolution.

Instead appears this graceful resolution:

"Considering that appropriate assurance should be given to the residents and neighbors of the site finally chosen as the permanent headquarters of the United Nations in the United States, to the effect that this selection will not cause injustice to be done to them, it is resolved that the United Nations shall give all due and friendly consideration to any problems that may arise in connection with the possible displacement of residents. . . ."

That requires elucidation. What, for instance, is meant by the word, neighbors? Are those the Americans in the marginal zone? Are they also to be displaced? What is meant by "due and friendly" consideration? Does that mean compensation for property values? For good-will? For sentimental values? At a time of a housing and material shortage, will UN arrange with the American government to grant priorities for displaced Americans? And why should a foreign agency be in a position to obtain priorities unavailable for American citizens? And what about displaced school children? How, at a time when every school is overcrowded, are these children to be provided schooling of equal merit?

* * *

Now let us see how all this is to be paid for. In the Draft Convention between the United Nations and the United States, it is provided:

"SECTION 4. The Government of the United States of America shall be responsible for the expropriating and compensating so far as necessary and as soon as possible all interests in land and buildings conveyed to the United Nations.

"SECTION 5. Having regard to Section 4, the United Nations shall pay to the United States of America a fair price for any land and buildings conveyed to the United Nations. The amount so payable shall be credited to the United States of America in the accounts of the United Nations and shall be set off, during such period as may be fixed, against contributions due from the United States of America. In default of agreement, this price and this period shall be determined by an expert selected by the President of the International Court of Justice."

In other words, the United States pays the cash and gets a credit against future payments of dues and contributions. As a practical proposition, however, if UN, situated in the heart of the United States, is broke, this country will have to postpone the set-off. You can be certain that the UN jobholders will conduct a propaganda among us to cancel the debt, as we generally cancel all such debts up to $40,000,000,000 for Lend-Lease. In a word, we give them the land; we pay the money; we get a promissory note. Figure that one!

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MENNONITE AGRICULTURE IN COLONIAL LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

THE FIRST INTENSIVE AGRICULTURE IN AMERICA

By IRA D. LANDIS

Conclusion

In 1875 I. Daniel Rupp (**A Collection of Upwards of Thirty Thousand Names**) says:

> The Germans were principally farmers. They depended more upon themselves than upon others. They wielded the mattock, the axe and the maul, and by the power of brawny arms rooted up the grubs, removed the saplings, felled the majestic oaks, laid low the towering hickory, prostrated where they grew the walnut, poplar, chestnut, cleaved such as suited the purpose into rails for fences, persevered untiringly until the forest was changed into arable field.

Diffenderfer (**The German Immigration into Pennsylvania**) describes the Pennsylvania German agricultural practices as follows:

> The land was treated even as their cattle were plentifully and carefully. The result is there are no deserted farms and ruined farmhouses as may be seen in New England . . . Look at the great barns in which their crops are stored and their cattle housed! Large as they are, they are generally inadequate to contain the farm products, and a dozen grain and hay ricks are built elsewhere on the farm until the grain can be threshed. Nor is the barn the only building beside the dwelling house on the farm; sheds, stables, and other out-houses abound until the farmer's home resembles a hamlet in itself. All the modern farm machinery, and that too of the best possible type is there; cunning devices of mankind that rob labor of half its horrors. . . . Does Pennsylvania not stand peerless, an Empire Republic, largely the result of the German immigration? . . . They were the best and most successful farmers Pennsylvania had during the eighteenth century, just as they are the most successful farmers in the United States today.

Bolles (**Pennsylvania: province and State**) in 1890 hails them for five characteristics: "economy, industry, frugality, and simplicity of dress and in their church houses."

In addressing the Pennsylvania German Society in 1899 M. H. Richards said in part:

> In all that they did they were moved by one great irresistible desire and that was the love of home . . . Now that they had found their home, they were content to abide on it as a very garden spot and horn of plenty from Providence . . . Because the Germans were truly in earnest, did they persevere until they have spread abroad over the entire land supplanting their less stable brethren of other nationalities. Before even the break of day during the heat of the noon-day sun they toiled on, and until its rays had disappeared beneath the western horizon when darkness made work impossible, and then they sought their needed test in slumber, but not before each little family had gathered about its altar to sing their hymn of praise and invoke the same Divine blessing upon their future undertaking, which had been showered upon their past.
>
> Other settlers have toiled and struggled, but it may well be asked what other settlers can show an equal result to these Palatine immigrants within the same length of time. Hardly had a decade of time elapsed when in all sides were to be seen flourishing farms with fields of waving grain, orchards laden with fruit, and pastures filled with well conditioned domestic animals. The temporary log house has given place to a two story stone structure, a most durable, commodious and comfortable home; in place of the sheding hurriedly erected, now stands the great red barn, upon its stone base, with overhanging frame super structure, bursting with plenty, and everywhere are scattered the many little adjuncts of prosperity and comfort. How well the fathers then built is evidenced by the existence of scores of those buildings still home-like and inviting as of old.

I have limited these selections of cross sections of our agricultural life largely to keen observers in the early formative years of Lancaster history. Lancaster Mennonites of today are but reaping what their forefathers have sown, provided they are continuing in their footsteps. A few additional traits may be pointed out. Their use of rotation without fallowing and the preservation of barnyard manures were fundamental from the start. They always availed themselves of changes in practices regarding crops and livestock or the handling of them, after they had been proven practical for their conditions and their religious life, though they were never radical. Following the footsteps of their ancestors, applying themselves to it and nothing non-agricultural, no farmer ever failed in Lancaster County. There has never been a year of famine here at least for 150 years. The latter is partially due to a remarkable diversification—more than 200 years old.

Some may call it "biases" (Rush), but I call it God, who would bring his children out of the cauldron of Europe to a land where they can have "the best farms, the stateliest barns and the sleekest cattle" directly knit to their religious forms of worship, rules and life, a land where their religious and agricultural sociology were so beautifully and practically blended that the "Garden Spot of America" has been the leader, the admiration and the pattern of all America. In addition her sons carried this pattern into 800 communities throughout this Union (the figure is that of H. Frank Eshleman, a Lancaster attorney-historian, given verbally to the writer of this article)—among the best parts of America today.

It is worthy of note that recently historians and sociologists are increasingly interested in sympathetically examining this religio- agricultural pattern of life which has stood the test for 420 years. Three typical recent quotations will suffice to bring this review to a close.

The Pennsylvania Germans were by far the best husbandmen in America (Morison and Commager: **Growth of the American Republic, 1937**).

> Hard labor on the farms was in any case one factor in the superiority, and it was no small matter in a country where the overwhelming majority made their living from the soil. In a word these people were in many ways the most progressive of Americans in what for more than two centuries was the chief national occupation. Trade as well as agriculture profited thereby. Perhaps the most conspicuous illustration of this is to be found in the growth of the port of Philadelphia, due originally in large measure to the export of grain and other foods from the "Dutch" counties up-state. Other colonial ports were older and were located on the coast, while the Quaker City lay one hundred miles from the sea, up a river that was none too navigable. Yet its trade and population, surmounting these handicaps, increased beyond those of any other American city by the mid-eighteenth century, and have remained greater than those of any other Atlantic port except New York to this day (Shryock in **The Pennsylvania Germans**).

The often ridiculed and sometimes despised Pennsylvania Dutchman has been one of the most valuable factors in the development of the mighty republic that has arisen on the North American continent, and he deserves the fullest appreciation and gratitude (Carl Schurz in **History of German Immigration in U. S.**)

A verse from Lloyd Mifflen's "Pioneer of Peace," written in 1910 for the 200th anniversary of the coming of the Mennonites to Lancaster County, forms a fitting conclusion for this discussion.

Like some grave Patriarch of old he stands
Among the sheaves—far from the town's embroil—
Bearded and gray, true sovereign of the soil;
A later Boaz, at whose wise commands,
The harvest turns to gold. Lord of the wide lands—
Mellowed by cycles of unending moil
He typifies the dignity of toil,
As earth attests the power of his hands.
Driven by persecution to our soil.
A man of peace and Christian tolerance rare,
With tranquil faith, he through life's tumult goes,
Nor ever turns the needy from his door;
While through the years of patient work and prayer
He makes the valley blossom as the rose.

BOOK REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH AMERICAN FOLK ART. By Henry Kauffman. American Studio Books, New York and London, 1946. Illustrated. Pp. 136. $5.75.

Of all the many expressions of folk life among the Pennsylvania Germans none has received such wide acclaim as that of their naive and lusty folk art. Their history, agriculture, religion, customs, traditions and lore have long been fertile fields for scholars, but only their art as manifested in their various crafts has evoked national interest and enthusiasm. Metropolitan art galleries vie with each other in its acquisition. Tongue in cheek, the wily native has watched wealthy industrialists and bankers outbid each other for possession of a piece of Stiegel glass, Huebener pottery, or a Seltzer chest. Grandmother's sgraffito pie plate brought him a thousand dollars. All honor to her memory! The plate is gone, but does she not live on in the culinary traditions of his own household, where the pie tastes just as delicious when baked in a modern Pyrex plate?

Among the many publications about our Pennsylvania German folk art which have appeared in recent years none has presented such a comprehensive survey as Henry Kauffman's Pennsylvania Dutch American Folk Art. As announced on the book jacket, "The purpose of this book is to bring together a representative collection of illustrative material not only as a record of the work of the Pennsylvania Dutch but also as a further source of inspiration to present day American design and decoration." In this the author, himself an excellent craftsman in pewter and an enthusiastic collector, would seem to have been successful.

Of the 136 pages, 105 pages are devoted to the pictorial presentation of the subject. The text itself attempts to offer a general survey, as the following chapter titles indicate: The Historical Background of the Pennsylvania Dutch, The Art of the Pennsylvania Dutch, Architecture, Furniture, Pottery, Henry William Stiegel and His Glass, Metalwork, Textiles and Needlework, Certificates and Manuscripts.

While the text presents to the uninitiated much material of value and interest, it must at the same time be admitted that it is the less successful portion of the book. For those who have some acquaintance with the subject it consists of a restatement of well-known facts, a repetition of familiar cliches and generalities that call for fresh inspection, and little that is new.

That the Pennsylvania Germans "contributed more than any other community to the folk art of early America" (p.7) is a moot statement, for where else was there a folk art in early America to which to contribute? Where else indeed was there a "folk" in the sense of a homogeneous folk mass? To say that most of the settlers of the Pennsylvania German region "are believed" to have come from the Palatinate region and its vicinity (p.9) lacks the positiveness of the known facts. After briefly tracing their historical backgrounds, the author states that out of so mixed a group there "emerged a surprisingly simple and pious people" (p.10), when the truth is that they were simple and for the most part pious before they emigrated. He also finds it extraordinary that "against such a background as theirs there should have emerged so decisive a faculty for craftsmanship." It was hardly a question of emerging, but rather of continuing in those arts and crafts in which they were trained and skilled in their homeland, but which they could now carry on under more favorable conditions. We can agree with the author that they proved "more prolific and reached greater heights than any other early American community. The statement that among the Pennsylvania Germans births were quite unimportant affairs (p.11) is hardly correct. What other people were so concerned about the issuance of such elaborately illuminated birth and baptismal certificates and preserved them so devoutly? Perhaps the author does not dwell enough upon the nature of the many fascinating art motifs, their symbolism and their remote Indo-European implications. When in the chapter "The Art of the Pennsylvania Dutch" he states that there was a tendency in the New World "through necessary economy of both time and money" to simplify the old-world designs we incline to think that the converse is true, and that there was an inclination to elaborate upon the simple symbolic ancestral designs. Witness for example the meaningless glorifications of the barn signs and the regrettable departure from the few basic designs with their universal symbolism.—The Sauer press (p.15) was not the first to print the German language in the New World. That honor goes to Benjamin Franklin, but the Sauer press was the first to use German type.

Mr. Kauffman's book is most admirable in the pictorial presentation of the various forms and expressions of Pennsylvania German folk art. We are especially grateful to him for the cuts admitting us to the beautiful interiors of such private collectors as Asher Odenwelder, Arthur J. Sussel, Titus C. Geesey and Dr. B. N. Osburn. Generous as the illustrations are, their distribution as to importance of subject is not always even nor the examples chosen always most representative. However, **de gustibus non est disputandum.** Dower chests, pottery and **fraktur** are treated very generously although among the **fraktur** we miss good examples of the work at Ephrata. There is a relatively scant consideration of iron work. The stove plate "Cain about to slay Abel" is, despite its renaissance columns, hardly Romanesque, but in feeling quite charmingly rococo—a pretty irony!—One wonders why there is only one cookie cutter, a household item peculiarly Pennsylvania German. The "pheasant" weather vane (p.37) happens to be a rooster, a common motif in Germanic lore and legend. Readers will appreciate the author's careful use of the phrase "Stiegel type glass" for there is much beautiful glass erroneously attributed to that romantic and flamboyant character. Perhaps there is too generous a display of painted tin ware, for its place among our Pennsylvania German folk art is rather dubious.

In its general arrangement, disposition of line drawings and typography this book is a veritable feast for the eye. Zoe Elizabeth Kauffman is responsible for the well-chosen line drawings scattered throughout the text. We find no mention of the photographer, but the beautiful half-tone cuts have been done from photographs that manifest the highest artistry. In his arrangement of the illustrations the author points out that "departing from the orthodox practice of grouping all the objects of a similar nature together, a livelier display has often been adopted in the illustrated section by the arrangement of different pieces on a page as they might appear if we looked at them in the natural setting of the living room, bedroom or kitchen."

The need for such a book is indicated by the fact that the first edition is nearly sold out. It is to be hoped that the editor will in the next edition correct the following **errata:** P.8, "descendent" should read descendant; p.11, "viticulture," viniculture; p.11, "washing cattle," watching cattle; p.13 (also p.22 and throughout the illustrations) "Hubener," Huebener; p.24, "Channing Forge," Charming Forge; p.30, "Bucherzeichen," Buecherzeichen; p.35, caption for upper barn should read "Barn near New Smithville", and for lower barn, "Barn on old Steffy homestead, Lower Macungie Township, Lehigh County"; p.37, "Bucks," Berks; p.69, top left and top right cuts should be reversed; p.71, "Herzmann," Heizmann.

Despite its minor faults this book, produced with so much ardor and good taste, will long continue to bring joy to the ever increasing admirers of our Pennsylvania German folk art. Impecunious though they may be, they can, thanks to Mr. Kauffman's book, nevertheless possess these now well-nigh priceless objects of Pennsylvania German folk art without the responsibility of owning them!—P.A.B.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Now Aw 'N Groyer

Wel, tzum ledshda hut der Harvey Shireman fon Point Phillips now aw noch shtarta fendu groyerra. Er wor ols 'n wert, noh 'n bauer un trucker, noh widder 'n bar tender, un now ferhoftich sei noch 'n fendu groyer. Yusht er is awenich particklar woh er groyer'd, 's shtaid 'm 's beshd aw won 'n rechdie lot weibsleit rum sin fer 'n ob hoericha. Sei airshdie fendu wor doh net long tzurick im Bushkill Centre picknick bush, un woh er 'n gonser haufa debbich ferkauft hut on ebbes fon ra weibsleit koffie klotch picknick. Die barichda sin, er het gute gagroyer'd, un die weibsleit,—bardich die widweiver un old maids hetta gabutta wie net recht g'shide.

Der Harvey hut im sin fer iwwer dem ferarnsht ons fendu groyerra gae, un wil opposition runna mit 'm Clarence Huber un Elmer Kist dart fon Northampton kounty. Die weil os er uf kours wase os 'n guter schreiver halver gagroyer'd is, wor er mohl fer 'n longie weil uf da wahl wen os er griega wot fer 'm darta rous helfa. 'S worra 'n lot kondidawdta fer der chob, un hut endlich der geils docktor C. D. Werley fon Pleasant Korner, un der glae Jimmy Boyer fon da shtadt gading'd. Sellie sin alla bait weit rum bakont wie sheckicha hund, un yaderer is 'n temperance mon. Der Harvey maint, 's wear shlim ganunk won der groyer in der suf kaimt, un shure gaibt 'n lumberrei won die schreiver aw noch ferwert werra dada fon tzu dief in die buddle gucka.

Sih Endlich Onna Kumma

Yar, der Davy Ruch fon Weaversville un noch etlicha onnerra, ol draiger om Charlie Wenner fon Wescosville seinra leicht doh net long tzurick, sin endlich noch da Haidelbaryer kerrich kumma ow'r net bis die leicht feriwwer wor. Der Davy is wenich unbakont in Lechaw kounty, un hut der leicht fersaryer Trexler doh fon da shtadt, un woh die leicht k'halta is werra, shae ous g'frok'd wie tzu fohra fer noch da Haidelbaryer kerrich kumma. Der Trexler huts 'm g'sawt un der Davy mit aim draiger in seinra mashine, un die fier onnerra in ra onnerra mashine, sin ob fert 's lond owwa nous mit 'm Davy ferna draw.

Woh die sex draiger ol iwwer rum gakess'ld sin wissa m'r net. Aenicha waig sie hen 'n mechdichie tzeit kot bis sie mohl der tarn fon da Haidelbaryer kerrich tzu sehna hen grick'd, un wie sie endlich hen, hen sie die leicht leit sehna fom kerrich hofe runner kumma, un die leicht wor ferjwwer. In kartza werta, die draiger hen die leicht ferseim'd, un des da wenicher os sie hoerra dafon, des da liever is es na.

Ebbes Neias

Sie sawga ols wert m'r so alt os 'n kuh larnt m'r immer datzu, un so wies sheind, hen 'm Paul Hausman fon Lowhill township sei kee doh net long tzurick aw galarnt os neia waiga sin fer sie halta fon unnich lecktrick fensa darrich shluppa. Der Paul hut fer 'n weil 'n lot druvel kot os die kee 'm ols so grumbucklich unnich da fensa darrich sin, ow'r hut endlich 'n waig ous gakunsider'd fer sie drin halta. 'S wor ebbes gons neias, un die socha weara ferleicht ols noch net nous won der fee docktor Bob Oplinger, un sei note glaich fon Lowhill township, der Franc Roth net onna kumma weara fer die kee testa.

Fon ol da kayosa socha os der Bob un der Franc shun g'sehna hen, hen sie sei lava ken kee aw gadroffa mit gawitter rooda uf da harner. Yader kuh hut 'n longer drode omma harn owwa nous shtae kot, un wie sie gawunnert hen wos die obsicht darta dafon wear, hut der Paul g'sawt, sel wear der aintsich'd waig os er noch ous g'funna het fer die kee halta fon unnich seinra lecktrick fens darrich shluppa. Now won sie darrich wotta kaimt der drode wedder die fens, un dada sich bletzlich rum p'sinna fer beliva woh sie sei sotta.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'S mocht nix ous woh m'r alla well onna gait, odder woh m'r is, die luft is fol Allentown Fair, un woh m'r shure sin os des yohr widder die graish'd un beshd Fair gebt, os noch aenichie tzeit k'halta is werra.

M'r tzaila die gons nagshd woch tzu bringa on da Fair, un hoffa ol unser laiser ae tzeit odder die onner darta aw tzu dreffa.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Text

Commentary by

REV. L. R. FRITSCH, D.D.

1 Timothy 1, 2

Timothy was one of Paul's converts in the course of his first missionary journey, who lived in Lystra. On Paul's second journey he took him along as a traveling companion and helper. He later wrote two letters to him, the second being perhaps Paul's last. In 1:2 of today's lesson Paul calls him his own son in the faith. One should read these two epistles as personal advice from Paul as a father to Timothy as a son, for in a sense Timothy is the successor of Paul in the work of the ministry, a charge which Paul commits to him, 1:18. The Gospel which he is to preach is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and although Paul counts himself to have been the chief of sinners, he had obtained mercy, in that Jesus had saved him, that he might become a pattern to them which believe on Him unto everlasting life. An important verse is 2:5. 'For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus'; wherefore we pray to God only through Jesus and in His name.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPP

Pop was reeding his paper and ma was reeding hers, saying, William, do you realize there never was such a time in the histery of the werld as right now while we're sitting here?

Maybe we ought to have our pictures snapped, pop said, and ma said, All the way from pole to pole and equater to equater the countries of the earth are banding together for the peace and security of the intire globe irrespective of color or creed or politics, Isn't that an inspiring thought, William? she said.

By gollies, it is, pop said. Let's drink a toast to the good new werld, he said, and ma said, Ever since the dawn of recorded time, mankind has believed in the survival of the fittest and the law of might and the rule of blood and thunder, and now low and behold we've lived to see the day when pure justice will prevail over brute strength, and the people of the earth will settle their differences by law and order and the vote of the majority and not by riot and blood shed and unmittigated force.

It seems hard to believe, but that's what the papers say, pop said, and ma said. It just goes to show that arbitration is mightier than the sword, and when the strong and the weak agree to the principal of fair play for all, there's no more need for armies and battle ships and concentration camps. But there seems to be just one misterious thing, she said.

What one is that? pop said, and ma said, Well, why do the biggest and strongest of the powers insist on having secret weapons and other peoples' milliterry bases and no interfeerance of any kind under any circumstances?

My dear, you better stick to your radio misteries before you get in over your head, pop said.

The result being ma terned on the radio and listened to the end of the Baffle Hour, and then she listened to Collusion, and then she did the bridge problem in the paper.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

25 Years Ago

Sept. 14, 1921, A Wednesday

The Allentown Camera club opened an exhibit at its headquarters at 1005 Hamilton St. Orlando Wales, well known local artist, supervised the exhibit. Pictures were entered by Lloyd Leeds, David Knauss, Roger Hernandez, Charles Shellenberger, Stephen Hemmerly, H. P. Knauss, William LaRose, George Fehnel, George Charles Ravert.

Archibald Johnston Jr., son of Mayor Johnston of Bethlehem, was married to Jean C. Hale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hale, in St. Clement's Episcopal church, Wilkes-Barre

The Municipal Safety committee met in city hall chambers to study traffic problems. Twelve civic organizations were represented on the committee.

Sisterhood of Keneseth Israel Temple held a card party and dance in the Hotel Traylor. Proceeds were donated to the Hebrew Union College Dormitory fund.

S. Marion Rusling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Rusling, 220 N. St Cloud St., and Edgar D. Moyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Moyer, 620 N 10th St., were married in St. Paul's Lutheran church by Rev. George A. Greiss.

Edward H. Schlechter, county chairman, presided over a meeting of the Democratic committee at which time preliminary plans for the November election were discussed.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

"Two hundred dollars for this beautiful sedan?" demanded an outraged motorist of a second-hand dealer. "Do you realize I've owned this car eight years and never had a wreck?"

"What you mean," corrected the dealer, "is that you've owned this wreck eight years and never had a car."

* * *

Ben Huebsch, the publisher, is responsible for some of America's most monumental puns. There was the day, for instance, when Ben announced, "I am going to sneeze." "At whom," asked his partner, a long-suffering soul named Best. "At-choo," said Ben. And the time he disclosed "My secretary is in love with fourteen sailors, but she says it's platoonic."

I think you'll agree that he really went too far, though, when he called a friend on the phone and said, "If buttercups are yellow, what color are hiccups?"

"I give up," said his friend warily.

"Burple." said Ben. They yanked out his phone a few minutes later.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A Buffalo concern has just made application for a patent for a device designed to produce atomic gas that will drive a locomotive from coast to coast at a cost of less than $1.

* * *

A newspaper item informs us that after five months of treatment with "atomic bullets" of radioactive phosphorus a four-year-old North Hollywood child, suffering from lymphatic leukemia, has died.

* * *

Sulfa drugs, penicillin, atomic bullets—there is always something arousing new hopes in the breast of humankind, and always these hopes are geared too high and disappointment follows elation.

Slowly, very slowly, science is making its way, and in spite of all these disappointments it is science alone to which we may look for a better life.

My hat is off to those quiet, unassuming and often underpaid men and women who toil in their laboratories, ever searching for the solution of the myriad of mysteries that nature so far has reserved for herself.

* * *

I am sure that some day atomic power will cease to be a terror and become a blessing.

I am sure that those men and women will some day be able to banish cancer and other "incurable" diseases.

My confidence in those people is so much greater because they seek neither wealth nor fame, because to them it is not the reward but the achievement that matters.

* * *

So much greater the pity that science itself is blamed for misdeeds of the racketeers and charlatans and grafters who cash in on every discovery that has taken years to perfect.

It is they and not the scientists who are to blame for the exaggerated hopes and expectations of thousands who see in such discoveries as sulfa drugs and penicillin and atomic bullets the end of the rainbow.

Earlier this week I wrote about holdup men and burglars.

I should have included in my list the phoneys who manufacture so-called remedies for this or that when they know darn well that none of those "remedies" remedy a single ailment except the anemia of their own pocketbooks

Chisels and guns are not the only burglar tools. Little bottles and boxes, containing useless pills and liquids are just as dangerous as

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And tho but few can serve, yet all may please;
O...er the offensive spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offense.

—More.

MR. WALLACE OUT OF CABINET

The break between President Truman and Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace, which was anticipated when Mr. Wallace made a speech in New York that was widely at variance with the foreign policy statements of Secretary of State Byrnes in the Paris Peace Conference, has come about. Mr. Wallace now is out of President Truman's official family of advisers.

For a few days it appeared as if Mr. Wallace would remain in his job and would remain silent as to what he thinks American foreign policy should be. Now he is on the outside where he can say whatever he wishes, as any other American citizen can do. But whatever he says cannot be construed anywhere to be official, which was the situation when he was in the President's cabinet.

Henceforth the Department of State will enunciate American policy officially. What Mr. Byrnes and his associates say will be known to have the authority of the President behind it. What Mr. Wallace may speak or write may be true and it may be important but it will have no more authority than that of any man upon a street corner or public gathering place. To the world his opinion will be the opinion of one man, albeit it may be an opinion shared in and agreed with by others.

So while a crisis in the cabinet has been ended, a very great storm may be in the making upon the American forum. It is to be expected that the capable and voluble Mr. Wallace will now be more in demand than ever before as a public speaker and writer and that he will be heard from very often and very importantly. While he undoubtedly lost some following in the course of the recent bitter dispute, he undoubtedly has retained much of the loyal following that almost put him into the vice presidency at the elections two years ago. And it is not to be overlooked that had that transpired, Mr. Wallace would be the man in the White House today, not Mr. Truman.

It is highly important that Mr. Truman settled this issue, to some degree at least, for as Business Week in its November issue points out, a great many key moves are about to get under way in the international economic field. It is vital to these that American foreign policy be something that is anchored upon rock, not upon shifting sands.

Some of these key moves are noted as follows: "Financial experts, led by Hugh Dalton, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, are leaving for the U. S. this week to participate in the first sessions of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, in Washington. Only the closest cooperation between Britain and the U. S. can make the program work successfully.

"Scheduled to get under way in London in mid-October are preliminary trade talks among key members of the U.N. who are expected to lay the groundwork for the International Trade Organization. At stake is the whole system of unfettered world trade demanded by the U. S.

"In the way is a rapidly spreading system of controlled, two-country trade deals which threaten to become permanent unless some plan for gradual removal of barriers is quickly drawn up.

"Key to the success of the program is Washington's ability to convince London that bulk buying of commodities should gradually be abandoned, and that termination dates should be set on all restrictive bilateral trade pacts.

"Outcome of current tense negotiations between France and Britain will provide the tipoff to what can be expected of the 19-country conference in London during October."

Of course the entire international political program is also seriously affected by anything that the United States thinks and does. We can't get very far in dealings with Russia or with any of her satellites such as Yugoslavia if neither we nor they know what American foreign policy is or is going to be for 24 consecutive hours.

That danger would appear to have been passed. We do have a foreign policy, as enunciated by Secretary Byrnes, and it is a realistic policy as it concerns Russia. That policy is to be adhered to, even tho Mr. Wallace may thunder against it.

FAIR ADDED NEW FRIENDS FOR ALLENTOWN

Another successful week for the Allentown Fair is about coming to a close, thanks of course to well-nigh perfect weather during the six days on which the grounds were crowded with visitors, to the high prestige which the institution has built up thruout the years and to the excellence of the management which has sustained all its excellent traditions and has striven consistently to attain new heights of achievement.

It can be said that the Allentown Fair not only makes friends for itself but for this community. With the lifting of all restrictions upon travel, such as prevailed during the war, Allentown again was visited this year by many people who have had little or no other occasion for a previous visit to this community.

The Fair undoubtedly has "sold" Allentown to many new friends who already are promising themselves return to this city at some future time and not necessarily on the occasion of another exhibition by the Great Allentown Fair.

The Fair is an excellent opportunity for the display of the spirit of hospitality that is one of the community's outstanding qualities. Few visitors to the Fair can have failed to appreciate and desire to cultivate that spirit.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

NEO-ISOLATIONISM

Mr. Roosevelt pursued a dual policy: one, that which the public heard, read and knew and of which "The Four Freedoms" and "The Atlantic Charter" were the bases; the other, an appeasement of Soviet Russia as part of a "Grand Design," a division of the world among three conquerors without regard to morality or justice, relegation of world order and world organization to a secondary role within the limitations of the secret Teheran and Yalta agreements. This dualism is the reason for our current confusion. It has made a failure of U.N.; it has made a failure of the Paris Peace conference.

The Russians, accustomed to appeasement, to secrecy, to the receipt of huge subsidies from the United States, can only recognize in our emphasis upon the open meetings at U.N., in our concern over the small nations and human rights, a breach of their agreements with Roosevelt. To them the spoken words, "The Four Freedoms" and "The Atlantic Charter," were poetic expressions for mass political consumption. They acknowledge that realistic politics required that such words should be spoken. But they never expected any form of implementation, and it was altogether apparent to them in all their conversations with Roosevelt that he did not have much faith in their practical application. Surely, the secret deals at Yalta prove that. And Elliott Roosevelt's cynical articles on his father's duplicity confirm that.

* * *

In Byrnes, the Russians found sterner stuff—a man with a program for world peace who actually believes in human rights. Byrnes has been a disappointment to them. They thought that he would go along with Rooseveltian dualism, with speaking in the moral cadences of an ancient prophet while making smart deals for the division of the world between Soviet Russia and the United States. Their disappointment has been keen—and keenly expressed.

Henry Wallace, poseur in American politics, the apostle of the "Common Man," capable of saying, "This is a fight between a slave world and a free world," is the prime mover in the renewal of the Rooseveltian policy of dualism. He pushes aside U.N., the British Empire, China, France, the small nations, the millions of once free people now enslaved, and he would buy peace for this generation by making men slaves. He would withdraw his country from Europe and Asia and isolate her to the American continents. Charles Lindbergh, Senator Wheeler, General Wood, and a host of other Americans when they advocated a similar form of isolationism to keep the peace, were pilloried, by the very forces that now cheer Wallace. Their sin was that they could not fear Hitler as much as they did war. Wallace and his followers justify their course by the argument that Stalin, with our assistance, having become mighty, we ought to appease him on his own terms, to avoid war. It is the America First argument with less patriotism and more guile.

Henry Wallace once said:

". . . As we nerve ourselves for the supreme effort in this hemisphere we must not forget the sublime heroism of the oppressed in Europe and Asia whether it be in the mountains of Yugoslavia, the factories of Czechoslovakia and France, the farms of Poland, Denmark, Holland and Belgium, among the seamen of Norway, or in the occupied areas of China and the Dutch East Indies. Everywhere the soul of man is letting the tyrant know that slavery of the body does not end resistance."

* * *

Yet, this same Henry Wallace would consign these very peoples to slavery, to become possessions of one great master-power supported by another master-power. We now know that a party of Americans are prepared to sacrifice not only Europe and Asia but their own country, their own people, to a vicious doctrinaire concept of world enslavement under two powers, of which the United States is to be the lesser.

Theirs is a total negation of American history and tradition, for whereas we have desired to keep the peace by avoiding entanglements, we have nevertheless given our blood and wealth to preserve mankind from just such slavery as they advocate.

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Mr. Wallace's Isolationism

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—Mistaken zeal by ex-Secretary Wallace to prevent war has perhaps done more to make the whole world think a war is inevitable than he ever intended.

As the Secretary of Commerce, speaking with the prestige of a member of the President's cabinet, he put the stamp of authority back of the charge that somewhere in the American Army and Navy a school of thought is contemplating an attack on Russia "now" before she makes any atomic bombs. Though this charge has been formally denied by the Secretaries of War and Navy, Mr. Wallace has advertised this story throughout the whole world.

Mr. Wallace may contend that he didn't intentionally make public the letter which he wrote to President Truman and which he gave out only when he heard that a columnist had a copy. Yet Mr. Wallace was exceedingly careless and indiscreet when he put such thoughts on paper at all. It turns out that six copies of this letter were made and that Mr. Wallace showed—in confidence, of course—to one newspaperman a copy of that letter in August. The newspaperman was the Moscow correspondent of the Associated Press who is on his way back to Russia. That correspondent now tells the world from Stockholm that he knew all about the letter and, of course, would have preserved Mr. Wallace's confidence. But Mr. Wallace chose to show copies of this highly confidential correspondence with the President to persons outside the government. Small wonder that one of the six copies got into the hands of a Washington columnist.

* * *

Mr. Wallace naturally doesn't want to provoke a third world war but such a contingency is far more possible today than it was before Mr. Wallace made his Madison Square Garden speech or released his letter. This is because twice a world war has broken out with the aggressor state believing America was unprepared and virtually disarmed and divided by isolationist politics.

Today Mr. Wallace wants America to disarm again and trust Russia to behave and give up her aggression. She has already violated the Atlantic Charter and has grabbed 250,000 square miles of terrtory. She has already shown that she is making war on democracy throughout the world. Though Mr. Wallace says Russia shouldn't do these things with her propaganda abroad, at the same time he reveals a strange tolerance of Communism and totalitarianism which is surprising. Russian nor pro-Communist but the effect of his statements is to manifest a sympathy for what a totalitarian government is doing in eastern Europe. He overlooks the brutality of the Moscow government in its treatment of human beings in eastern Europe and its robbery and rapine which have horrified the world. To Mr. Wallace this apparently is just another philosophy alongside of which democracy should make up its mind to live in a sort of friendly competition.

Communism, like Fascism, is inhumane and brutal in its operations. The Russian government has exiled for political expressions thousands of men who have had the temerity to express themselves. There can be no common ground between democracy and totalitarianism. A clash is constantly going on and will continue to go on until one or the other is eliminated.

* * *

To advocate isolationism and appeasement now, as Mr. Wallace has done, is to revert to the policies which so many Republicans preached in the 1920's when they persuaded the U. S. Senate to reject the League of Nations covenant. Mr. Wallace made some speeches attacking the isolationists in 1940 and 1944. He now owes them all an apology, for his basic doctrine differs little from that of the "America First" crowd. As a matter of fact, in his charge that the United States government is pursuing policies that will provoke war, he is using the same line of reasoning as have various extremists in the anti-Roosevelt camp who claim Mr. Roosevelt provoked the attack on Pearl Harbor. America did not provoke World War I or II and is not now provoking World War III, but if Wallace wanted to do as Prime Minister Chamberlain did at Munich, he will not find America following him.

Also he should not be making the following comment: "These appropriations (military) are now more than ten times as great as they were during the thirties." The reason Mr. Wallace should not make that argument is because a Democratic administration was in power throughout the thirties and 300,000 American boys have just paid with their lives because the United States was unprepared and both Germany and Japan thought they could take advantage of our disarmament.

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Pert and Pertinent

Air mail service between Eire and Holland was inaugurated recently when an American plane carried a large quantity of mail from Rineanna to Amsterdam.

Mexico will produce its own penicillin in a new plant in San Angel, Mexico City suburb, under the supervision of a penicillin expert from the United States.

The world's largest electro-magnet, weighing 10 tons, being completed at the Eye Clinic at Belgrade university in Yugoslavia, will be able to draw pieces of metal from people's eyes and also, it is claimed, draw bullets from other parts of the human body.

In response to the appeal of Mrs. Kathleen Perkins of Cobh, Eire, whose 2½-year-old daughter was ill and in need of banana juice, bananas were flown across the Atlantic to Rineanna, then carried by bus and express messenger to the sick child's home.

Finland now has 17 plants making alcohol from waste sulfite-pulp liquor, compared with three before the war, and one sulfite mill which produces baking yeast.



DUTCHIFIED SURNAMES

By DONALD HERBERT YODER
Union Theological Seminary

Albert F. Buffington's illuminating article on "Dutchified German," which appeared in the ECK for June 1, 1946, has spurred the writer on to publish a list he has been collecting of "Dutchified" Pennsylvania German family names. Former writers, in discussing the changes undergone by German surnames in America, have wrongly labeled the whole process as an anglicizing or Americanizing process. For instance, Hermann Schuricht, of Cobham, Virginia, published an article on Virginia names in **The Pennsylvania German**, Volume XII (1911), 305-6. His opinion of the changes is plain from the title he chose for his article—"**Anglicized** and **Corrupted** German Names in Virginia." Among the examples he gives of "anglicizing" and "corruption" are the changing of **HERR** to **HARR**, **MERTZ** to **MARTZ**, **NEUBERT** to **NIGHBART**, **REIMANN** to **RAYMAN**, and **GOETZ** to **GATES**. It is evident that these new spellings reflect not an anglicizing, but a dialectizing or "Dutchifying" of the names. The immigrants and their descendants simply learned to spell their surnames as they themselves pronounced them. As will be seen from the above examples as well as from the lengthy list following, our family names bear the same relation to their "High German" forms as do many of our dialect words. That is to say, in relation to High German, our surnames show the same vowel and consonant "shifts" as dialect words.

Our chief authority on Pennsylvania German family names, Oscar Kuhns, seems to have approached this conclusion, but nowhere states it outright. In his "Studies in Pennsylvania German Family Names," in **Americana Germanica**, Volume IV (1902), pages 299-341, also published in part as an appendix to his **German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania** (New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1901), Kuhns states that "there were three ways in which the change of names took place: first, by translation [e.g., **ZIMMERMANN** to **CARPENTER**]; second, by spelling German sounds according to English methods [e.g., **THEISS** to **TICE**]; and third, by analogy [e.g., **REICHERT** to **RICHARDS**]." His chief emphasis is on the anglicizing of the spelling, as in the changes **J** to **Y**, **AU** to **OU**, etc. The places in his treatise from which he might have inferred that the process was a dialectizing of the names (although he includes them under his first point, that of the anglicizing process) are the following. He suggests, for instance, that the Immigrant Clerks' lists "throw a great deal of light on the pronunciation of the names by the immigrants themselves." In discussing names in **EI**, giving such examples as the change from **THEISS** to **TICE** (simply an anglicizing process), he adds finally, "The Pennsylvania Germans, however, pronounced **ei** as English **a**, and thus we find the names **SAILOR (SEILER)**, **GRATY (KREIDIG)**, **HAILMAN (HEILMAN)**, **ESPENSHADE (ESPENSCHEID)**." Also, he notes that "one of the most interesting of all these changes is that of **er** to **ar**, thus illustrating a phenomenon common to all languages," for which he gives such examples as the Latin **mercantem** to French **marchand**, English **Clerk** to **Clark**, and **German GERBER** to **GARBER**. Other changes he mentions, all included in his section on anglicization, are **OE** to **E**, as in **DOERR** to **DERR**; **UE** to **EE**, as in **KUEHLE** to **KEELEY**; **UE** to **I**, as in **BUETTNER** to **BITNER**; **PF** to **P**, as in **KOPF** to **KOPP**; and **B** to **V**, as in **HUBER** to **HOOVER**.

I therefore submit the following list of "Dutchified Surnames," hoping they will be of use to our dialect scholars. I have not attempted to exhaust the supply of names thus changed, but have listed only names with which I have come in contact. The areas where the names can be found are suggested in the parentheses following the names. A few in this list are the result of a recent trip through Berks, Schuylkill, Dauphin, and Northumberland Counties, where, in visiting some of our older cemeteries, I took particular notice of the name changes. Often in the same cemetery, tombstones stand side by side bearing the "High German" and the "Dutchified" forms of the name, as for example **HERTLEIN** and **HARTLINE** in the Oley Reformed Cemetery at Spangsville, Berks County. In using this list, I suggest that readers send in to Dr. Barba other examples from other Dutch regions.

VOWEL CHANGES

(1) "A" to "O"

SPAHN to **SPOHN**
SCHRADE to **SHRODE**
HALDIMANN to **HOLDEMAN** (Schuylkill County)
GRAFF to **GROVE** (Centre County)
MAS(S)ER to **MOSER**
RAHN to **RHONE** (Centre County)
FAHRNI to **FORNEY** (York County)
KALCKLOESER to **COLCLESSER** (Blair County) and **COLCLAZER** (Michigan)

(2) "AU" to "AA"

KAUFMANN to **COFFMAN**
LAUFFER to **LAWFER**

(3) "AU to "O"

VAUDRIN to **WOTRING** (Lehigh County) to **WOODRING** (Centre County)
STAUFFER to **STOUFFER** and **STOVER** (Juniata County)

(4) "E" to "A"

ROMBERGER to **RUMBARGER** (Centre County)
BERGER to **BARGER** (Blair County)
HERNER to **HARNER** (Schuylkill County)
HERBSTER to **HARPSTER** (Centre County)
HERZOG to **HARTSOCK** (Washigton County, Maryland)
LENTZ to **LANTZ** (Blair County)
BERNHART to **BARNHART**
SPENGLER to **SPANGLER** (York County)

(5) "EI" ("EY") to "OI"

HIGH (originally HOCH) to **HOY** (Berks and Centre Counties)
MEYER to **MOYER** (Berks County)
BEYER to **BOYER** (Montgomery County)
REIHER to **ROYER** (Montgomery County)
EYSTER to **OYSTER** (Berks County)
SCHREYER to **SCHROYER** (Northumberland County)

(6) "EU" ("AEU") to "EI"

KREUZER to **KREITZER** (Schuylkill County)
KREUZ to **CRITES** (Lycoming County)
KRAEUTLER to **KREIDLER** (Berks County)
BAEUMLER to **BIMELER**

(7) "I" to "A"

HIRSCHBERGER to **HARSHBARGER** (Blair County)
HIRTZELL to **HARTZELL** (Adams County)

(8) "I" to "E"

PFIRSCHING to **PERSHING** (Western Pennsylvania)

(9) "OE" to "E"

HOEPPLER to **HEPLER** (Lehigh and Schuylkill Counties)
GOETZ to **GETZ** and **GATES** (Centre County)
OEHRLE to **EARLY**

(10) "UE" to "E"

ZUERICHER to **ZERCHER** (Lancaster County)

(11) "UE" to "IE"

KUEFER to **KIEFFER**
KUEHBACH to **KEBOCH** (Dauphin County)

(12) "UE" to "I"

GUENGERICH to **GINGERICH** (Lancaster County)
BUECHSLER to **BIXLER**
NUESSLI to **NISSLEY** (Lancaster County)
DUESSINGER to **DISSINGER**

II. CONSONANT CHANGES

(1) "B" to "V"

GRUBER to **GRUVER** (Blair County)
GERBERICH to **GARVERICK** (Blair County)
EBI to **EVEY** (Lancaster County)
EBERHART to **EVERHART**
HEBERLING to **HEVERLING**
HAEBERLE to **HEVERLY**
GERBER to **GARVER** (Blair County)

(2) "G" to "K", "K" to "G"

GINTNER to **KANTNER**
KINSEMER to **GENSAMER** (Centre County)
KREIDER to **GREIDER** (Lancaster County)
KRESS to **GRESS**
(3) Swiss "**IKER**" to Palatinate "**INGER**"
DAENLIKER to **DENLINGER** (Palatinate and Lancaster County)
HUNSICKER to **HUNTZINGER** (Schuylkill County)
NAFZ(I)GER to **NAFTZINGER** (Berks County)
[Later Amish immigrants in Ohio and elsewhere spell this name "Noffsker"].

(4) "IG" to "ICH"

NEIDIG to **NEIDICH**
BOLIG to **BOLICH** (Schuylkill County)

(5) "P" to "B", "B" to "P"

PRESSLER to **BRESSLER** (Schuylkill County)
BITSCHE to **PEACHEY** (Mifflin County)

(6) "PF" to "P"

PFIRSCHING to **PERSHING** (Western Pennsylvania)
STUMPF to **STUMP**
PFISTER to **FEASTER** (Bedford County)
PFEFFER to **PEPPER** (Philadelphia)
PFALZGRAF to **POLSGROVE**
PFAELZER to **PELZER**
PFAEFFLI to **PEFFLEY**
PFAFFENBERGER to **POFFENBERGER** (Schuylkill and Juniata Counties)
PFLENSBACH to **FLINCHBAUGH** (York County)

(7) "T" to "D"

TRESSLER to **DRESSLER**
JOTTER to **YODER** (Berks County)
RAUTENBUSCH to **ROUDEBUSH** (Bedford County)

III. INTERPOLATED SYLLABLES

MUENCH to **MINNICH** (Schuylkill County)
GOERG to **YEARICK** (Centre County

DIE WUNNERFITZ

Die letscht Woch hot der Wans Bohneschnitzel eppes gelaernt, as er net so g'schwind vergesst. Er hot aryets g'heert, ass die Weibsleit so wunnerfitzich sin, wann en Mann eenich eppes aus de Zeiting schneidt, un do hette sie ken Ruh, bis sie ausfinne, was do druffgedruckt waer. Sell hot ihm die idea gewwa far bissel G'schpass hawwe mit sein're Fraa.

Freidaag maryets hot er en glee Schtick aus de Zeiting g'schnitte un hot's in der Sack g'schteckt. 'S waar nix wie en "ad" vun Luden's Cough Drops. Noh hot er die Zeiting uff der Disch gelegt un geht noch der Aerwet. Darrich der Daag hot er allegebott lache misse, wann er draa gedenkt hot..

Owets, am fimf Uhr rum, iss er heemkumme un findt alles g'schlosse. Des hot ihn verwunnert, ass die Fraa nix g'saat hot, ass sie fart geht. Er schliesst die Dier uff un findt en Brief uff em Disch as zu ihm ge'addressed waar.

"Mei liewer Wans," waar der Aafang. "Denkscht du, ass ich so dumm bin, ass ich net weess, was do aageht? Ich bin heem zu mein're Maem gange. Du settscht alt genunk sei far dich besser beheefe. Ich daet mich schemme, so en alter "wolf" sei!"

Der Wans hot der Brief zweemol gelese, noh hot er sich mol hie g'hockt. Was iss dann letzgange? Er nemmt mol der "ad" aus seim Sack. Es saagt yuscht, ass die Luden's Cough Drops gut waere far des Huschte schtoppe. Des waar yo nix far die Fraa bees mache. Uff eemol hot er draagedenkt far uff die anner Seit gucke. Em Wans sei Aage schtecke raus wie en Bullfrack, wie er des lest:

"A certain well-known gentleman about town had quite a time Wednesday evening, escorting two young ladies about the carnival grounds, between visits to a nearby tavern, from which they were forcibly ejected for becoming too boisterous. The man's name is being withheld out of respect to his wife."

Ken Wunner, ass die Fraa so bees waar! Die Zeit, as er des Schtick rausg'schnitte hot, hot er gaar net draagedenkt far uff die anner Seit gucke.

Der Wans iss graad naus un hot zwee Dutzend American Beauty Rose g'kaaft. Not hot er noch sei boss mit genumme far der proof gewwe ass er Mittwoch owets g'schafft hot un waar gaar net naegscht am carnival. Sell hot's uffg'fixt, awwer der Wans Bohneschnitzel saagt nix meh vun de Wunnerfitzichkeit vun de Weibsleit.

—WILLARD M. GEORGE.

(Reprinted here by courtesy of The Palmerton Post)

ZANKEL-GEWANKEL

Ya, des waar en Schluri,
der Heinerich Zankel;
Schier immer im Dusel
un immer im Schwankel.

Do kummt er mit Ebbel'jack,'
schpoot in der Nacht.
Der Mond hot vum Himmel
so schpottich gelacht.

Der Zankel iss voll
un die Fiess sin so schwer;
Der Dimijohn bambelt
so newich ihm haer.

Er kummt an die Schtaakefens,
dart muss er driwwer;
So reecht er der Dimijohn
erscht emol niwwer.

Noh graddelt er nuff
un bleibt henke am Riggel;
Er kaemt aa schunn driwwer,
doch hot er ken Fliggel.

Der Dimijohn fallt
un der Schtopper fliegt raus;
Noh fischbelt der Zankel
am Boddem draa naus.

"Guck-gluck!" saagt der Ebbel'jack,
"Dabber gedummelt!"
Der Zankel, der wankelt!"
un fischbelt un grummelt:

"Du Zuschtand! Was mach ich?
's iss ebbes am rinne!
Nau heer ich dich gluckse
un kann dich net finne!"

—JOHN BIRMELIN.
im Auguscht, 1946

GUTE KINNER

Die Kinner, die sin gut ge'trained',
Sie beffste net zurick;
Sie duhne, was mer ihne saagt,
Un bleiwe vun de Grick.

Sie esse, was mer ihne gebt,
Kee ice cream gleiche sie;
Sie schpaare allfert ihre Geld,
Un schpende duhn sie nie.

Sie gehne in die Sunndaagschul,
Un schpiele net am Weg;
Es battert sie kee Ballefeld,
Kee Hundli an der Schteg.

Sie wesche sich ball alle Daag,
Sie graddle uff kee Baem;
Sie hen kee use fer movies,
Un bleiwe schee deheem.

Sie wisse net was Bauchweh iss,
Un sin nie aus der fix;
Sie brauche nie kee Dokter,
Un sie hen kee 'mean'e tricks.

Die Buwe fechte net; die Maed
Sin immer mild un siess,
Die Kinner, die sin Engel—
Dann sie sin im Paradies!—

—LOUISE A WEITZEL (1862-1934)

ES SCHTEDTEL FUFZICH YOHR ZURICK

Ya, fufzich Yohr zurick
waar's Schtedtel net so gross;
Doch blendi Schtaab un Dreck,
des sehnt mer uff der Schtross.
Un as mer nau draa denke—
unhendich waar die G'schicht—
In yedem Haus im Schtedtel
waar yuscht en Kohl-eel Licht.

Do waare a deel Schmidte,
un Miller, un aa Frey;
Die hen die Seischtell g'hatte,
un yedrer hot paar Sei.
Die Leit hen Hinkel g'halde,
so 'baut uf yedem Blatz;
En Hauns an yedrer Heemet,
verleicht aa noch en Katz.

En Millichmann hen mer g'hatte,
des waar der alt George Heydt;
Un yuscht fer draa zu denke,
do dutt's mer waerklich leed;
Sei Millich, die waar grefdich
un voll mit guder Raahm;
Nau iss die Millich gewessert,
en bleecher, bloher Schtrom.

Dart wu sie 'Gas' verkaafe,
waar als der Davy Kline;
Er schneidt de Leit die Haar,
un schmiert sie ei recht fein;
Noh dutt er aa balwiere,
verlangt yuscht zehe Cent;
So sott mer's widder mache,
ya, wann mer des yuscht kennt.

Im Schtor der alt Jake Schultz,
der waar en guder Dropp;
Er hot die Oiyer g'halde
dart hinne in seim Schopp.
Er hot aa alles g'hatte
was yuscht zu denke waar;
Heit sehn ich noch die Offiss,
dart hinne in seim Schtor.

Un in der Schtor hoscht kenne
mit yuscht en Daalernot;
En Aarmvoll raus gedraage,
gewiss en ganzi 'Load.'
Fimf Cent, des hot mer gewwe
fen'r ganzer Sackvoll Salz;
Acht Cent, des waar gewehnlich
der Breis fer zwee Pund Schmalz.

Un alle Yohr, bi Tschaebers!
hen sie'n Bedallye g'hatt;
Un selle Daag iss niemand
aus sellem Schtedtel fart.
Do hen die Kummeraade,
vun Frieh bis Owets schpot,
Gedaergelt in de Schtrosse,
mit ihre grosse 'Load.'

Ya, fufzich Yohr zurick,
do waar bei selle Leit
En ganz en annri Ardning
as wie in unsre Zeit.
Yuscht eemol imme Yohr,
do sin sie nooch der Schtadt;
Un alleweil, 's iss aerrig!
do sin sie allfert fart.

Ya, fufzich Yohr zurick
waar eener, Charlie Knoll,
Deheem in seinre Wieg,
sei Beichel dick un voll.
Do brauch der Pickel Boyer
net in die Schul zu geh;
Er waar doch yuscht en Bobbel,
un ganz un gaar zu glee.

—JAMES ROTHERMEL.
Fleetwood, Pa.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Fegelcher On Da Fair

Golly reich wos worra net unser Fegelcher net ous gatarn'd on da Fair. Tzeita weiss hen sie shier in roya g'shtonna fer uns socha peifa, un noh sin m'r aw ols widder nava nous garufa werra woh niemond uns sehna hut kenna, fer uns socha in die ohra peifa os sella waig fohr g'falla sin in unserra Pennsylfawnish Deitsch nochberschoft. Un los mich eich fertzaila, m'r hen dale wunnerbora socha k'hoert, dale os m'r schreiva darfa, un dale dafon aw net. Ains dafon os m'r net fertzaila wolla, is die arrick tzeit os der grumbierra bauer Fred Leiby fom ewwerra end fom kounty kotta hut on da Lehighton Fair. M'r wolla hoffa er hut besser glick kotta on da Allentown Fair, odder er kon all'm noh leit mainer fertzaila fon socha in Florida, os wie fon da Faira grawd doh dahame.

So weit os die Lehighton g'schicht aw gonga is, wor er un der George Fink 's airsht runner noch da shtadt un hen ob g'shtopt on etlich klubs. Der truckmon "Wallie" Hunsicker hut sie rum har ganumma, un sin endlich ob owwa nous fer noch da Lehighton Fair gae. Eb sie ow'r halver drowwa in Lehighton worra, hut der Fred shun g'shlofa, un der George hut 'n yusht net wocker griega kenna. Mit ra maining er dade wocker werra, is der George folshter owwa nous, un nei on da Fair, ow'r der Fred hut ewwa yusht grawd fert g'shlofa.

Der George is noh laenich nous die Fair ei nemma, un wor so on da ae uhr in da nocht bis er tzurick noch da mashine kumma is, un der Fred wor ols noch om reeva kocha. 'S wor net bis der George die mashine uf g'shtart hut os der Fred wocker werra is, un hut gawunnert woh sie weara. Wie der George g'sawt hut on da Lehighton Fair, hut der Fred g'sawt ferwos sie don uf da mashine weara, sie wotta nous sehna wos tzu sehna wear. Der George hut noh 'n mechdichie tzeit kot fer 'm sawga die Fair wear feriwwer fer der dawg, un won er Fair sehna wot, sot er noch Allentown gae, un sehna datzu os er wocker bleiva dade. Der Fred hut fershprocha, un sawga er het 'n wunnerborie tzeit kot on da Allentown Fair, ow'r het g'sehna datzu os er net mit 'm George wear fer sie ei nemma.

Moovies Un Ice Kream

Won die Irene Frantz fom Ironton hivel, un die Lillian Ringer fon owwich Ballietsville, alla bait gleader fon da Schnecksville grange net besser glick hen on da Fair die woch won sie gain fer shows sehna wie sie 'm onnerra Somshdawg owet kotta hen wie die Pomona grange sich fersomm'ld hut doh in da shtadt, don maichda sie sich tzu rae ice kream essa. 'S wor so denna waig. Wie der shpelling kontest feriwwer wor on da grange fersommling hen die weibsleit ous gamocht fers town nunner gae 'n moovie ei nemma. 'S airsht sin sie noch 'm Boyd uf da Hamilton shtross, un woh 'n line in roy g'shtonna hut bis nous in die shtross. Die weil os sie net so long worta hen wolla, un noh ferleicht noch shtae mista, hen sie ous gamocht fer noch 'm State gae un wie sie aw sin.

Ow'r duh liever tzushtond wie sie darta hee kumma sin wor 'n pickter om gae woh sie shun alla bait g'sehna hen kot, un hen ous gamocht fer nuf noch 'm Cinema gae, unwoh aw 'n pickter wor os sie shun g'sehna hen kot, uns pickter im Earle hut na net aw g'shtonna. Noh hen sie ous gamocht sie ganada nuf noch 'm Rialto, uns wor net bis sie shier drowwa worra os es na bei g'falla is os fire om Rialto wor, un der blotz tzu is.

Iwwel odder wohl hen sie ous gamocht fer nous noch 'm 19d Shtross moovie hous gae un wie sie aw sin. Ow'r wie sie darta hee kumma sin, ferhoftich sei won aw net 'n pickter darta wor os sie shun free'r g'sehna hen kot, un woh aw om shpiela wor die shtadt drin. Iwwel odder wohl hen sie ous gamocht won sie don naryads ken pickter rum wear fer sehna, dada sie ihra pickter gelt nemma uns alla pieca ferfressa, un wie sie aw hen. Sie hen nei g'shtopt omma ice kream blotz, un won sie net yaders paar pund gawicht tzu ganumma hen dawaig wie sie die sundaes, un ice kream sodas g'shwoop'd hen, is es net ihra shuld.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da yohra os m'r shun noch da Allentown Fair gain wissa m'r net won 'n tzeit wor woh m'r mainer bakonta leit g'sehna hen os wie des yohr—sie worra darta, fiel dafon net yusht fer 'n dawg, ow'r so gore etlicha dawg.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

Two young aviators had had a couple too many in the local tavern and got lost on their way back to the Orlando Air Base.

Suddenly one of them stopped and said, "Hey Tom, I think we've gotten into a cemetery. Here's a gravestone."

"Whose is it?" asked Tom.

The aviator lit a match, peered at the stone, and said, "I don't recognize his name, but he sure lived to a fine old age—225."

"Wow," ejaculated his friend. "Who was it, Methuselah?"

The aviator lit another match. "No, he reported. "It was some jerk named Miles to Miami."

* * *

Joseph Fliesler told me the story about the fellow who decided to sell a long-treasured letter signed by Thomas Jefferson. When the deal was over, the buyer said, "I'd have given you $50 more if it wasn't for those stains. Looks like somebody used ink eradicator on part of this document."

"That was me," said the seller. "A fool namer Button Gwinnet or something wrote 'See me about this' across the bottom, but I managed to get it all off."

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"What do you think of the present college situation?" writes J. R. Peckenspaugh, of Hammond, Ind.

"Many veterans are going to school and the universities and those institutions are becoming very much overcrowded.

* * *

"Is college the best thing for an ex-GI?"

I have heard that question discussed at least 50 times during the last few weeks and, to my mind, it is about the same sort of question as "how much is a suit of clothes worth?"

The purpose of education is to prepare the student for life, to give him the tools for becoming a useful, productive, intelligent citizen.

The degree of education to be acquired should be determined by a number of factors.

What is your economic, social and intellectual background?

What do you expect to do with your education after you have gained it?

What are your special talents, your tastes, your desires?

* * *

There are many more things to be considered, of course, but to write about them fully would require a book and not just a column.

A college education is desirable if you want to get more out of life than just a grubstake.

I don't mean the sort of college education that so many parents consider a necessity for their kids nowadays as a stepping stone to social standing and snobbishness.

A Ph

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Gardener of God, if wild and weak desires
Choke the true growth, and rob the soul of power,
Use thy sharp knife on wandering shoots and briars.
Cut the weak stem hard back, and let it flower.
—Noyes.

PICTURE OF THINGS TO COME HERE

The difficult problem of traffic that is presented to the people of New York City and their vast business structure and the drastic method by which the New York police department expects to solve the problem to some degree furnishes hints to Allentown which also has its parking problems and promises to see them grow vastly as more and more cars are produced by the automobile industry.

In that large central area of New York City that is bounded by Third and Ninth Avenues and by 23rd and 59th Streets a motorist no longer may park his car between the hours of 8 a. m. and 6 p. m. Just as soon as possible the area will be extended southward to 14th Street.

To enforce the law a squad of 400 policemen has been organized. But the principal deterrent will be the two vicious fangs in the new traffic regulations' set of teeth—fines of from $15 to $50 for the first and future offenses, respectively, and towing charges to garages where cars can be recovered by the owners only after the fines have been paid.

So the New York police department is determined to keep the private motor cars off central New York's streets. Or rather, it is determined to keep them in constant motion when in that area.

The reasons are obvious: There is too much other traffic on the streets such as buses, which are transporting many thousands of people, and myriads of trucks which are moving goods in and out of the city to maintain the business activities of the community, to feed its people and to provide comforts, conveniences and necessities to millions of people both within and outside the metropolis. There is not enough room left upon the streets to take care of the millions of passenger cars whose owners would like to drive into and around the principal business and recreation area.

Even the trucks, which are so important in the circulation of the life-blood of trade thru the arteries of communication, which are the highways, will not be permitted to park upon the streets in this area. They will be permitted to load and unload. Then they will be expected to go on their way.

A picture of things to come in Allentown very likely is provided by this move of New York. Central Allentown may in all likelihood become one large "load and unload" area, with parking by pleasure cars forbidden during business hours in this area. The shopper and the business and professional people who spend their days in the central section cannot much longer expect the city to provide all-day parking space along the sidewalks.

HONESTY OF THE NATIONAL PASTIME

American baseball fans like to boast the honesty of the game and the mysterious something in it that makes players expend all their effort for victory and to resist any influences or impulses which might be employed to make them indifferent to the final score.

Excellent illustration of this has been furnished during the week in the course of the neck and neck race down the home stretch to the National League championship by the St. Louis Cardinals and the Brooklyn Dodgers and the sharp riding that they have been exposed to by two hopeless contenders, Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

The National League pennant might already be assured to one or other of the two leaders had one or the other of the tail-end teams wished to "throw" a game. Instead, the downtrodden teams have been fighting as tho it were the first week in the season, or as tho they themselves were in the race for the high honors and the stout purses that will come to the championship teams.

It has been an inspiring exhibition of good sportsmanship, of good baseball and, most of all, of the integrity of the players and the game that they love so well.

AMERICA'S HOPE FOR FOOL-PROOF PLANE

The dream of many Americans as to the day when an airplane that can be landed virtually upon a dime and that can take off vertically will be available for their use appears to have come a step nearer as we read the story of the recent rescue of 18 victims of a plane accident from the forest wastes in the vicinity of Gander, Newfoundland.

Altho the wreckage of the plane was sighted by pilots of planes of conventional wing type, the character of the terrain made it impossible for any such plane to land anywhere within miles of it. Accordingly helicopters were disassembled in the United States, shipped speedily to Newfoundland and after re-assembly there were sent out to hover over and land right in the midst of the scene of the tragedy. Then they brought sick and wounded survivors as well as the bodies of the dead to the outside world.

While rescue parties proceeding overland had cut thru the forests to the victims, it is believed they could not have brought many or all of the unfortunates out of the woods to hospitals. Had it not been for the helicopter type of plane, all would have died it is believed.

So the helicopter again has demonstrated its important place in aviation. It has also afforded new hope that not too long must the American public wait for opportunity to ride in and employ a fool-proof plane.

D.A.V. STEPS FORWARD

Veterans organization history was written at Portland, Oregon, recently when the Disabled American Veterans elected to its highest office—that of national commander—a disabled veteran of World War II.

The D.A.V. becomes the first organization of veterans of World War I and II to choose as its leader a veteran of the recent war. He is Lloyd F. Oleson, secretary of the Ventura, California Chamber of Commerce, who at 37 is an Army veteran of seven years, and whose experience includes 11 years of newspaper work.

Commander Oleson had five tanks shot from under him while serving in Africa and Italy. He was wounded four times and has the Purple Heart with oak leaf clusters. He has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Entering the Army as a private, he proved his ability to head a major veterans organization by working his way up from the ranks to a captaincy.

The election of a World War II veteran to the national commandership of the D.A.V. is just and fitting. With a membership of less than 45,000 at the beginning of World War II, the D.A.V. now has more than 102,000 members in 1300 chapters. World War II veterans are in the majority now.

Truman Again on Spot

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—President Truman has been put on the spot by the Democratic national committee management, which is apparently planning to schedule campaign speeches by former Secretary Wallace.

Mr. Wallace, it is announced, will speak in Michigan. This is the state from which Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Republican, hails. He is a candidate for reelection but is unable to make an extended campaign because his presence is required in Paris by Secretary of State Byrnes to support the bi-partisan foreign policy of the United States.

It is being stated that Mr. Wallace is not appearing in Michigan under the auspices of the Democratic national committee but under other sponsorship. Since Mr. Wallace is no longer a member of the cabinet, he can, of course, say what he pleases. He can speak on foreign policy if he wishes and nobody can object. But if Mr. Wallace appears under the auspices of the Democratic national committee anywhere in the Congressional campaign and discusses foreign policy or foreign questions in such a way as to reveal a deviation from the administration policies or attitudes, it will mean that the White House will be taking full responsibility for what Mr. Wallace says.

For the chairman of the Democratic national committee is Robert E. Hannegan, who is a member of the President's cabinet. As such, he is amenable to the wishes of President Truman, who is the titular leader of the Democratic party.

* * *

If Mr. Wallace makes speeches anywhere under the Democratic national committee auspices, whether in Michigan or elsewhere, he will be embarrassing the President once more. Mr. Truman will then face the necessity of explaining why, as party leader, he permits Republican candidates to be attacked on issues of foreign policy for which he is claiming bi-partisan support before the world.

It may well be that Mr. Wallace will spare the President embarrassment by refraining from the discussion of any foreign policy questions during the campaign. It is really the only way out of the dilemma but, on the other hand, it looks as if the Democratic national committee managers have been soliciting the stump-speaking of Mr. Wallace so their requests presumably will be granted on conditions laid down by the former Secretary of Commerce.

President Truman, however, cannot disassociate himself from the Democratic national committee's action in putting on a speaker with whom the President has announced publicly that he disagrees.

There are, to be sure, plenty of domestic issues which can absorb Mr. Wallace's time on the stump and he could find things to argue about in Michigan with reference to Senator Vandenberg's stand on domestic issues. The question is whether Mr. Wallace will care to be confined to that sort of strategy, since foreign questions are at the moment close to his heart.

* * *

Michigan is a Republican state and Senator Vandenberg would seem to be assured of reelection, for he has made an outstanding record in the United States Senate. But it would be natural for Mr. Wallace to select Michigan as a stumping ground and to oppose Senator Vandenberg because only recently Senator Taft in a campaign address said that the Michigan Senator had been instrumental in persuading Secretary Byrnes to adhere to a firm policy toward Russia. Mr. Taft omitted to mention that Senator Connally of Texas, Democrat, also happened to think the same way, so that what Mr. Byrnes decided with reference to the so-called "tough" policy toward Russian demands and encroachments on the Potsdam agreement was really a policy of the leaders of both political parties in the Senate rather than of any one man or any one party.

Secretary Wallace will draw crowds on the stump. But he will also antagonize those Democratic voters who are vehemently anti-Communist and who do not feel as Mr. Wallace does toward Russia. The Democratic committee would be wiser if they didn't schedule any Wallace speeches in this campaign either on domestic or foreign issues.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

ON WOMEN'S DRESSES

I see that the great brains in Washington want women's dresses to be shortened, but they say nothing about noses. A nose, not being manufactured and therefore unrelated to wages or prices, may be of any length, but skirts are to grow shorter so that the customer may always get less for her money—which is a new principle of government. As a matter of fact, if it is cloth they want to save, why not abolish skirts altogether? They are short enough already and what difference does a few inches of cloth make under the circumstances?

Women's shoes are full of holes when bought new. There is usually a hole in front to ventilate the big toe and the rear of the shoe is left altogether with nothing so that a wonderful exhibition of foot-flopping is provided, men often wondering why women wear shoes at all, particularly in rainy and snowy days when their nylons and rayons are wet and grimy. Perhaps someone will invent a plastic sole to fit a plastic stocking, thus eliminating the shoe. Japanese women wear geta, which are an improvement, because on rainy days these wooden clogs are raised several inches off the ground. If you don't fall down on these stilts, you might find them wearable.

* * *

There is no telling what the great brains will do to save materials. For instance, a fat man finds it difficult to buy underwear because of various regulations, ceilings, etc. So he goes about in rags and tatters—underneath. I thought once that we might get some made of paper, but the paper shortage appeared and that was out. I now have a suggestion that the various bureaux abolish fat men by fiat. That would solve many problems and save cloth, also food, also housing space. Stalin purges bourgeois writers. In these days of imitation, why should not the OPA purge fat men? Also women who prefer to keep their bodies covered adequately. They must be counter-revolutionary or they would dress according to the Washingtonian fiat. The fat men might be killed in a lethal chamber. That would include me, which would bring happiness to Left Wingers and similar abominations. The women-who-want-to-be-clothed could be sent to a concentration camp for adhering to bourgeois morality. There they could be dressed according to law.

And now we come to hats. I have still to understand why a woman's hat has to have a hole on top. You buy a hat and you get a hole like in a doughnut. I understand that the larger the hole, the more expensive the hat; the less material used, the cuter it is supposed to be.

* * *

Why not abolish hats for both men and women? Imagine how much material could be saved? In fact, why not abolish hair—also, the head? That would put all barbers on relief and save us from strikes. For surely, if there is no head, no hat is needed and if no hat is needed, no material could be used. That would solve all the problems that the great brains face. Positively, no other solution could be as efficient or as complete.

In fact, if heads were abolished, food would be unnecessary and the meat shortage would disappear. That would solve the meat crisis and would be a triumph for the OPA. Paul Porter said that the meat crisis would be solved, and surely he has no better program than mine. Off with their heads—and there would be no need for meat!

What we need is a keen and swift solution to all our problems. I wonder why no one ever thought of it before. The human race stands in the way of a realistic solution of human existence which is becoming increasingly involved because of the stupid human insistence upon eating nourishing food and wearing decent clothes. As the problems cannot be solved, why not abolish the human race? That, indeed, would be an excellent shortcut to everything. It would even solve the problem of the atomic bomb. There would be no one to bomb and no one to use the bomb. Could anything be more perfect?

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THE BANNER OF FORTUNE

The Editor of the ECK has in his possession a curious little publication, The Banner of Fortune, of which the first number appeared in Allentown on September 28, 1868, and which is of some interest to students of local history. The purpose of this little 4-page sheet was "to set before the public the merits and magnitude of the GREAT GIFT DRAWING of the Good Will Steam Fire Company, which is to take place in Allentown on Tuesday, Dec. 22d, 1868, and to stimulate encouragement of the enterprise." This mammoth enterprise, we are further informed, embraces gifts for distribution to the full value of $20,000. For the small sum of One Dollar a ticket the buyer may fall heir to $1500 in gold, or a heavy greenback prize, or a piano, or cabinet organ, or sewing machine, or a fine china tea set, suite of furniture, or one of many other gifts. For the convenience of prospective purchasers there is attached a long list of the names of sellers of tickets in the villages and towns of Lehigh County. On the day of drawing, which will take place in the Court House at Allentown, the tickets will be placed in a wheel under the immediate inspection of the ticket-holders, and the managers will then retire, leaving the control of the tickets, wheels, registers, etc., to the share-holders themselves, who will superintend the drawing.

Such lotteries or "drawings" for public benefits and charities were quite popular in earlier times. A similar drawing had taken place in Allentown in March of 1868, at which time Israel Reinbold of Salisbury Township drew the highest prize—$1000 in greenbacks. Peter Smith and Stephen Leh of North Whitehall held two tickets jointly and one of these drew the second highest prize—$500. The piano was drawn by Oliver Hoffert of Allentown. At this drawing the sum of $6000 was given away in gifts.

However, the immediate reason for calling attention to this first number of The Banner of Fortune is that the front page offers to the readers Henry Harbaugh's "Will widder Buvele sei!", one of the best known poems in our dialect. The name of Harbaugh does not appear, but the fact that this poem was printed in an Allentown news sheet in 1868, when Harbaugh's HARFE only appeared in 1870, will be of interest to students of our literature. The poem appeared first in **The Guardian** in November, 1862. In spite of a number of slight changes it is evident that the editor of The Banner of Fortune took the version as it appeared in **The Guardian.**

We believed this early version of sufficient interest and value to be reprinted in this issue of the ECK.—P.A.B.

WILL WIDDER BUVELE SEI!

Harbaugh's poem, as it was printed in "The Banner of Fortune," Allentown, Pa., on September 28, 1868.

Es regert Heut — mir kann net naus,
Un's is so lonesome do im Haus;
M'r wees net wi: m'r fuehlt.
Ich will mol thu als wer Ich gla,
Un uf der oewersht Speicher geh —
Dort hab Ich oft gespielt.

En Buvele bin Ich widder yetz,
Wo sin mei Kreitza un mei Kletz?
Now wert en Haus gebaut!
Es spielt sich doch net gut alleh —
Ich bin yo ke Buvele meh!
Was klopt mei Herz so laut!

Horch! — was en sonderbare Sach! —
Der Rega rappelt uf em Dach
Gar nimme wie er hot!
Ich hab's als g'hoert mit leichtem Hertz,
Now macht's mir kreislich Hemweh Schmertz,
Koennt heula wan Ich wot!

M'r leba yuscht betruegerisch nei
In's spiela un ins Buvele sei;
'S is net so leicht zu thu.
For Epper sagt — "Nix an der Sach:
Hoerscht du der Rega uf em Dach —
Sagt er du woerscht en Buh?"

Des Spiela geht net — Soll Ich fort?
Was is uf sella Balka dort?
Now bin Ich widder Buh!
Dort hen m'r keschta ausgestreit,
Zu derra uf die Krishtag Zeit —
Det's gleicha widder thu!

En Buvele sei — sell is derwert —
Die Keschta roschta uf der Herdt —
Was war des en gekrach!
Sell is verbei, Ich fuehl's im G'mied —
Er spiehlt en rechtes Hamweh Lied,
Der Rega uf em Dach!

Dort steht die same alt Walnus kischt,
Ich wunner now wa: dort drin ischt?
'S mus eppes 'bardtig's sei.
Kallender, Zeitung, Buecher — ho!
Die alte sache hen sie do
All drunerscht, droewerscht nei!

Now bin Ich awer recht en Buh,
Weil Ich do widder sehne thu,
Des alt bekanta sach.
Horch! — hoerscht du den Rega! yes indeed!
Er spielt en rechtes Hamweh Lied
Dort owa uf em Dach!

"Still Rega! Buvele spielt dahame."
Die stenner dort vun Gumma Bame,
Stehn noch am alta Platz;
Dort bin ich alle Samstag hie,
Hab Saltz geholt for Schof un Kueh —
Sell war als Rule un Satz.

Wo sin die Saettel un die Zaeme?
Die Maed sin nimme do dahame —
Sie wohne anders wo!
Sie hen die Sache mit — ya — ach —
Wie klopt der Rega uf em dach! —
Ich gleich net spiela do!

Dort is so g'wis 's alt Trun'le Bet,
Denkst du Ich kenn sell Treundle net?
Wie sues war dort die Ruh!
Die Buwa hen scheints Feelings 'zeugt,
Un hen's net uf der Fendu g'steigt,
Sell war a schoe gethu.

Sell Trun'le Bet — sell war als mei —
Ich leg mich ewig nimme sei —
Sell is a vergang'ne Sach!
Es regert — ach, in yederm Glied
Fuehl Ich das zarte kindheit's Lied,
Forn Rega uf em Dach.

Sie henka net am Balka meh,
Die Buendlen von Gekreider Tee,
Un allerhand Gewertz;
Now will Ich widder Buvele sei —
Ich hol sie for die Mamme rei
Sell pleased mei buvele Hertz!

Die Mamme! leider! sie is fort —
Sie schloft yo uf em Kerchhof dort!
Vergesst m'r sich doch so?
Now werd's mir zart in meim Gemueth,
Der Rega! was en Kerchhof Lied!
Ich spiel net laenger do!

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

THE LEGEND OF 'MAJOR' LEE

With the assistance of M. Luther Heisey, Secretary of the Lancaster County Historical Society we have found 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 the Lancaster jail in 1781. The late Walker L. Stephen, a 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, the Stephen account impressed upon us the suspicion that there might be an element of truth in what was presented as a legend. Several years ago a radio program presented a thriller in which "Major" Lee, posing as a Hession 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, Gen. Moses Hazen, commander of "Congress' Own" regiment of the Pennsylvania line, was sent to Lancaster to investigate the conditions which allowed prisoners to escape.

One Capt. 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.

Captain 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 informed 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, Vol. XIII. The names of some of the guilty were 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 150 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 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 Brandywine. He does not mention any one of the names listed above, taken from the official records of the provincial council of the colonies.

* * * *

A COLONIAL CHARLATAN

This sketch is intended to reveal the devious ways by which the plodding student of history, legendry and lore arrives at truth and the thrills that come as rewards.

Many years ago we came upon the account of Gottlieb Mittelberger's "Travels in Pennsylvania in 1754," in which he revealed that a preacher in Oley, Berks County, gave a disgusting performance. Betting that he could preach in such a way that those in front of him would weep while those behind him laughed, the self-styled clergyman talked of serious matters while making disgusting gestures with his hands behind his back. Mittelberger did not name the offender and consequently we were in no position to clear any of the men of the cloth who served the Oley congregations in those early days.

Less than ten years ago we found in the writings of the Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg that this charlatan called himself a Prince of Wuerttemberg. According to the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg this man, described as a "vicious vagabond," was named Charles Rudolph, but the worthy divine had his doubts as to whether this was the man's real name. According to the great Lutheran clergyman this scoundrel had escaped the gallows in Georgia by stealing a boat and rowing to Spanish territory. From there he had drifted into Pennsylvania.

Now we think we have identified the imposter as one Earl Ludwig. In Christopher Saur's newspaper of August 16, 1753, we find the German editor warning his readers against the machinations of one Earl Ludwig who called himself the Prince of Wuerttemberg. According to Saur the blackguard was a horse thief, a seducer of young girls and a polygamist, as well as an imposter in the black cloth of the clergy.

Saur records how Sebastian Zimmerman of Maxatawny, Berks County, foiled an attempt of the "Prince" to seduce the daughter of the house. Two of the men of the Zimmerman family waited at the trysting place and as he approached "they attacked him with horsewhips and hog-cudgels and thrashed his priestly skin."

The "Prince" was a learned person, familiar with Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and able to preach in either English or German. He strolled about the Berks countryside performing marriage ceremonies and baptizing children with holywater and getting drunk on firewater.

One suspicious magistrate asked Ludwig to show him his "Duca' star," the emblem which marked the rank he claimed, but Ludwig replied that "he wore not this star on his breast, but beneath; not above, but below." By such feats of specious talk he extricated himself from tight spots.

In warning the public against the man, the editor described him as "not large of stature, has a round face, at times clothes himself in black so that the prospects should have more respect for him . . . when he begins to preach he presents himself and looks upon things as if he himself believed in what he preaches. It is well known that he cannot stand still, or sit quietly, nor remain silent for a long time."

Thus, by three links, we have established the chain by which we know who was referred to as the lout who preached at Oley, for Saur includes that incident in his account of Ludwig, and knowing, we now can absolve all of the respectable men of God who regularly served the devout people of the Oley Valley in those early colonial days.

* * * *

DICKENS AND PANHAAS

In 1842 Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, visited Pennsylvania. He kept a record of his journey which later was published as his "American Notes." These "notes" are written in a somewhat caustic vein, almost deprecating American life and culture, stopping just short of bad taste on the part of an honored guest.

One entry is of particular interest to us here. In Harrisburg Dickens went aboard a canal boat, heading westward along the Juniata to Pittsburgh. He described his meals on board. They consisted of "tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black pudding and sausages." He does not complain about the bill of fare, and certainly we cannot see how he could ask for more on a journey through our inland waterways.

The question arises: What did Dickens mean by "black pudding" Judging from the fact that he wedges the mention of it between several other meat dishes we are led to conclude that it was some sort of meat pudding. The next step in reasoning leads us to assume that he was eating "potwarscht" or "panhaas," a pudding prepared from pork scraps, or "scrapple" as it is known in English.

FIRST SECOND Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Ae Dawg Fer Tzeit

Sawg, hen ihr shun k'hoert fom arya korta game os da onner owet net g'shpielt werra is drous in Kutztown. Wel, fermuthlich werra n'r wol net howwa, un wos noch may is, sis aw awenich dum g'shwetzt fer froga eb n'r shun k'hoert hetta fon ebbes os net wohr. Ow'r sel sin dawaig wie m'r die socha grick'd hen, un aw so wie m'r fershtain wie die socha da onner owet worra, wie der Butcher Woodring, der Herb Stettler, der Bobby Pilgert, un der Jerome Trexler, ol fon Topton, noch Kutztown worra fer 'n korta game ei nemma.

'S wor der "Butch" woh die ellawding kotta hut fer sei freind darta nuf r.:h ra korta party bringa, un hen wunners gamaint wos fer 'n gutie tr.it os sie howwa wotta. Ow'r wie sie noch Kutztown kumma sin, hen s: yusht naryads ken blotz finna kenna woh 'n korta party om gae wor. 'S airsht hen sie ob g'shtopt om Legion hall, un noh fon darta sin sie noch all'm onnerra hall in gons Kutztown, un hen ewwa yusht nix finna kenha fon ra korta party.

Iwwel odder wohl hut der "Butch" g'sawt des kent er net fershtae, sie hetta 'm g'sawt sie sotta Midwochs kumma,—un des wear doch Midwochs. Noh uf kours hen die onnerra sich mohl uf g'shproutst un g'sawt, "Midwochs? Yar Midwochs wie hoy, heit is yoh Dinshdawgs, ken wunner os m'r der blotz net finna kenna." Der "Butch" hut gore net sehna kenna wie in da welt os er sich so fer:.na het in da dawga, ow'r der Jerome is noh tzu hilf kumma un hut die boova ei galawda fer mit ihm h..me gae, un sie wotta 'n game shtarta hinna im shtore. Darta hen sie noh g'shpielt os der shtawb g'floga is, un der "Butch" un der Bobby hen der Jerome un der Herbie doch now hesseldawnish gabutta. So wie m'r fershtain, wor der Herbie un der Jerome froh os sie net on ra recht shoffenda korta party worra, odder sie hetta anyhow nix gawunna.

Oyer Druvel

Doh shwetza fon Kutztown, gamohnt uns on noch 'n g'shicht os net long tzurick darta drous g'shaina is. 'S wor der Clarence Webster fon da Spring Garden shtross doh in da shtadt os darta nous wor fer paar dudsend oyer kaufa. Der Clarence maint immer Kutztowner oyer weara esser wie wos er shunshd kaufa kent, yusht os sie awenich waicha shawla hen. Aenicha waig, die oyer sin 'm g'falla uf da mashine, un wos hut sei bruder woh beim wor gaduh, os wie sich flotch nei k'huck'd mit seina beshda Sundawgs glaider, un sel wor noh aeland im haichda grawd. Ow'r so weit os sel aw gait, des (wenicher os der Clarence hoert fon da oyer bisnis, des da liever is es 'm.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Ramie Yohn fon Fullerton, un woh shoft fer die Lodlaw kumpany doh in da shtadt, hut 'n neier waig ous g'funna fer heiser g'shwind decka.

Der Ramie shoft nit 'm Allie Phillips fon Wescosville, un hut all'm noh fom Allie seina gadonka gaarab'd.

Der Allie is der kerl woh mohl 'n sotz britcha facktory shtarta hut wolla, so wohl wie aw 'n facktory fer yoch helse mocha fer si awhanka, os immer darrich drodna fensa shluppa hen wolla.

Der Ramie wil ow'r nix wie sel mocha, wos er dut, er mocht sei hous decher dahame im kaller, un nembt sie noh in gons'm noch 'm blotz woh er sie uf duh wil.

In blotz fon die decher noh airsht uf 'm hous tzomma mocha, haibt er sie in gons'm druf, huck'd sie nunner, un 'n hous is gadeck'd in ra gons kartza tzeit.

Die barichda sin, der Ramie wot sei blawns patenna lossa, wie sellie socha sin wissa m'r net, ow'r 's wor der Eilenshpiegel woh g'sawt hut, "Woh shmoke wear, wear aw fire."

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Text

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

Hebrews 11:17-12:6.

The roll-call of the heroes of faith begins with Abel, who, although dead, yet speaketh, saying, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." Cain did not believe this. Enoch walked with God and did not see death, having had the testimony granted him that he pleased God. Noah believed God's warning about coming judgment, and in obedience prepared an ark for the saving of his family. Abraham left his home when ordered by God to do so, not knowing whither he was to go, but he knew with whom he was going. He came to Canaan (Palestine) 4,000 years ago, but was by faith interested in the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Moses refused to enjoy the pleasures of Egypt, choosing to suffer the reproach of Christ, so that he might become the deliverer of Israel. All these men mentioned throughout the chapter received "a good report," v. 39. So we, encompassed by so great a cloud of witnesses who have completed their course, should run with patience the race that is set before us, 12:1.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

On the way to the office this morning I read my newspaper on the train.

It was a very thin newspaper—without a single advertisement in it.

No paper, was the explanation, on account of the truck-drivers' strike.

The paper looked rather monotonous. Nothing about mink coats and lacy things for the ladies.

Nothing about the great new automobiles that don't come off the assembly line as yet, but look so nice in print.

Nothing about the latest movies—the greatest, the most colossal, the most stupendous, the most gripping ever.

Just news—and mostly bad news. Strikes. Fights. Riots. Shortages. Stock market crash. War threats. Murders. Hold-ups. Divorces.

And no mink coats.

* * *

When I arrived at the office, there was the usual mail.

But much of the mail has been different the past few weeks, and more pessimistic than ever today.

"Will there be another war?"

"Is this country goin to the dogs?"

"What is the matter with America?"

* * *

I felt terribly discouraged. Is this the end of an era? Are we on the verge of another holocaust?

I thought and thought and thought.

I couldn't find the answer—for myself or for my correspondents.

Thinking so hard made me a little drowsy. I must have fallen off into a doze.

Because all of a sudden I was living a hundred years ago.

There were no automobiles in those days. There were no night clubs and no luxuries then.

There were no high-priced furniture stores, but men built their own chairs and tables and beds—things made of crude materials and with artless hands, but things that bring great prices as antiques today.

There were no chain stores and no canned goods. People grew their own corn and carrots and beans and they tilled their fields and sowed and reaped and harvested in the sweat of their brows.

Divorces were unheard of then. Men were happy in their families and instead of radio and juke boxes they had spinets and organs.

At night they sat down to their own table in their own home and instead of menus they read their Bibles and before the meal they said prayers of thanks for the plentiful blessings God had given them.

In a little while they blew out their kerosene lamps and went to bed, grateful for being alive and for living in such a glorious country as this.

The telephone rang. I woke up. I was back in 1946.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book
By BENNETT CERF

Greenstone had been in Miami about a week when he felt the urge to do a little gambling. His friend explained that reformers had clamped the lid down tight on Dade county, but that one back room was running surreptitiously in an obscure night club.

Just before they entered the friend warned, "You realize, of course, that this place is crooked. The wheel is fixed, and I think the dice are loaded." "Not so loud," pleaded Greenstone. "They might hear us and not let us in."

* * *

Just about the dreariest jokes in the world are the inevitable accounts of drunken husbands trying to sneak into bed without arousing their terrible-tempered wives. One of the better ones, however, concerns the wily party who paused en route in the kitchen and laboriously tied all the pots, pans, and trays he could find to a rope. He then proceeded upstairs, dragging the rope behind him, and muttering happily, "She'll never hear me in all this racket."

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

QUATRAINS

Grandma Trait

A grandpa smiles to watch them play,
With an admiring eye.
But up he gets and walks away
When children start to cry.

* * *

Wise Man and Fool

A wise man walks the narrow path,
Nor hate nor love disturbs his mind.
Hate makes the fool give way to wrath,
And love won't let him be unkind.

* * *

Fisherman Version

Of all sad words
Men speak or write,
The saddest are these:
"Didn't get a bite!"

* * *

Wall

Outside, a wall, however plain,
Gives shelter 'gainst the wind and rain.
Within, a wall its surface lends
To picture of our faithful friends.

(Copyright, 1946, Edgar A. Guest)

25 Years Ago

A Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1921

Harry Gardiner, Philadelphia, the original "Human Fly," scaled the Allentown National bank building. The stunt was sponsored by the Herbert Paul Lentz Post, American Legion.

Dr. Martin S. Kleckner spoke on "Group Practice in Medicine and Surgery" at a meeting of the Allentown Kiwanis club in Hotel Allen. Martin V. Creitz gave a report on the convention held at Pittsburgh.

The Delphian society heard a discussion on Rome at a meeting held in the Chamber of Commerce rooms. Those who took part in the program were: Charlotte Schmerker, Mrs. Dora Buckalew, Natalie Gates, Margaret Nagle, H. Balliet, Ruth Romig, Mary Kocher, Mrs. H. R. Hill, Blanche Hill and Louise Angle.

Plans were made by company officials to enlarge the facilities of the Allentown Shirt Mfg. Company, 33-39 N. 10th St.

Representatives of many Evangelical Woman's Missionary societies attended the missionary rally held in Ebenezer Evangelical church. Mrs. E. M. Spreng, former missionary to Japan and China, gave the principal address.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop was reeding a thin green book, saying to ma, This is really a remarkable little book. I wouldn't be serprised if it revilutioned my whole life.

You've been revilutioning your life about once a month ever since I've known you, for land sakes, ma said. What book is it? she said, and pop said, It's called Inertia, the Enemy of Time.

Goodness, such a title, ma said, and pop said, The man's really got something here. His big point is the importance of action, any action at all as long as it has some constructive value to it. You've always got time for action, but if you haven't got action you haven't got anything, not even time, because what you dont use you haven't really got, pop said.

I can suggest a wonderful line of action that'll get the revilution started right now, ma said. It would be a very constructive action if you got right up and sat right down again at your desk and dashed off a few nice lines to congratulate my sister Fanny on her berthday. Fanny invaribly remembers your berthdays with an unappreciated necktie, so it's the least you can do, so why dont you get ahead of intertia by doing it immeeditly? she said.

My dear, that's a good idea, but no idea is so good that it cant be improved, and that one is no exception, pop said. I'll shake the dust of inertia off my heels by going around to Peets bowling allies for the idead combination of muscular and mental action, hurling the bowling bowls while I exchange brilliant persiflage with the other players. Meanwhile why dont you write your own letter to Fanny and I'll add a sparkling postscript to it when I get back. I'll even sign it personly, he said.

Oh you're just too wonderfill, ma said.

Being sourcastic.

Horoscope

You are impulsive, emotional, impatient and like to get results quickly. You have originality, are quite, and have good judgement. You have a keen sense of humor, are winsome and vivacious, loving and demonstrative in your family. Your life will be a happy one. You can work with speed today, but don't make "speed", "haste." Work with a will to get your real wish granted; ask for help from the right source. Late hours do not augur well for parties or romance. Defer such items until another time.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

The thing that numbs the heart is this:
That men cannot devise
Some scheme of life to banish fear
That lurks in most men's eyes.
Fear of the lack of shelter, food
And fire for winter's cold;
Fear of their children's lacking these,
This in a world so old. —Hall.

HONOR TO OUR CARRIER BOYS TODAY

Altho a famous quotation, inscribed upon the facade of the New York City Post Office, is generally applied to our postmen, the words of Herodotus can be applied just as appropriately to our newsboys, for of them we can say: "Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

To this vast army of boys (and including a few girls) the nation pays tribute today—National Newspaper Boy Day. Inasmuch as the boys have "a good press," it can be sure that their fidelity and the efficiency of their service will be praised from coast to coast.

In the history of the development of the American people, the tradition of the American newsboy has loomed large. For tens of thousands of boys the sale and delivery of papers has been the background of financial and social success. The business of selling papers has probably done more to start men out favorably upon the road to economic independence and to a recognition of personal responsibility than any other line of work except farming.

What has been true for generations, is even more true today, for today more newspapers are being sold and distributed every day than ever before in our history, more boys are required to do the job and they are being paid better in every respect for that work that any of their forebears.

Today more than 51,000,000 newspapers will be carried by boys and young men from house to house and will be sold upon the street corners of the United States and Canada. That is an almost 25 per cent gain over 1939, the year that World War II began. It is a gain of 2,500,000 copies over 1944 when the excitement of the war in Europe and Japan could have been expected to produce record-breaking demand—as it did, up to that time.

Today the American people will spend about $2,000,000 just to have those 51,000,000 papers delivered to their doorsteps. Thruout a year they will spend for daily and Sunday newspapers more than three-quarters of a billion dollars.

So it is a big business and it is a good business. It is a business in which thousands of young people are proud to engage today and they find it is profitable. They also know that they have excellent company with the past in this their initial experience in business.

They know that such famous men as Thomas A. Edison and just about all the leading public men in modern days at some time or other were newspaper boys. Recently a survey was made of Pennsylvania's delegation in Congress as to this matter and it was learned that both Senators Guffey and Myers were carrier boys and that the latter has a son who now is a carrier. Furthermore virtually all the Congressmen, including our own Congressman Charles L. Gerlach, reported having been carriers in their home towns when they were boys. All reported their satisfactions with the experience.

It is not without good reason that the business of being a newspaper boy is a highly honored one in America. It has helped boys to become men in the truest sense of that term. And it promises to be of economic, social and cultural benefit to the thousands of boys who make up America's leading and largest group of young businessmen.

THE DANGER LEVEL IN INCOME TAX

The dangers of over-taxation are reviewed in a dispassionate manner in the monthly letter of the Royal Bank of Canada which discusses the basis and imposition of income tax.

As pointed out by the bank, "taxation is the chief means by which a government obtains funds, and the tax represents a compulsory transfer of wealth from the individual to society. Wrapped up in this transfer is the danger that imposition of a tax may discourage production in private industry, because there will be less left for industry to spend on expansion of its facilities and less for individuals to invest in productive enterprise. This has to be taken into consideration as governments decide how much they should spend, how much they should borrow, and how much they should collect in taxes.

"Taxes are determined in the main by government expenditures. Some are forced, as in the case of war for the country's preservation. Others are incurred by choice, such as social security expenditures and the amounts spent on public works. The inclination in late years is for people to seek satisfaction of more and more of their wants out of the public exchequer, and the state strives to meet these demands out of increased taxes."

The point in this summary lies in the question of where the danger level lies. Obviously there must come a time when the process of transfer of capital ceases from the simple cause that no more capital is available, which, quite apart from embarrassment to the government treasury has a much more disastrous effect upon the national welfare.

As the Royal Bank letter remarks, "industry is a living, progressive thing, and cannot be limited permanently to profits earned in a base period if it is to provide for the material wants of the people and the pecuniary wants of the government. It needs a continual supply of new capital; and overtaxation of individuals or corporations will kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

"This seems obvious, but legislators and factions are often shortsighted as to the ultimate consequence of legislation. All idealistic visions to the contrary notwithstanding, the foundation of productive enterprise is laid through energy, skill, thrift, and expansion, and care must be taken not to paralyze these virtues through indiscreet taxation."

So long as we operate under the democratic principle there can be no doubt of the soundness of the philosophy expressed above, and it is only a question of time before the violation of principle, shown in a policy which permits men to earn the fruits of their enterprise and labor and then takes them away, will make itself felt to the national detriment.

For too long now there has been a tendency to judge the equity of taxation from the standpoint of ability to pay, which is nothing more or less than political expediency of a particularly rank type, and it has been admitted that, in spite of all the casuistry of professional politicans, "to make the income tax consistent with justice and good sense, it should neither add to the hardships of those in the lower brackets, nor detract from the achievements of those in the upper range."—Canadian Mining Journal.

Best Since Wilson

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—It was a simply worded speech which Secretary of State Byrnes delivered in Paris and it did not get entangled with the Wallace-Truman controversy, as some had surmised in advance. Yet the address was one of the best that has been made on American foreign policy since the days of Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Byrnes answered isolationists with a clear statement that puts the issue on an altogether different ground than it has hitherto been debated.

"The people of the United States," he said, "have discovered that when a European war starts, our own peace and security inevitably become involved before the finish. They have concluded that if they must help finish every European war, it would be better for them to do their part to prevent the starting of a European war."

Here in a single paragraph is the essence of American policy today. Here is the reason for preparedness and adequate defense and here, too, is the main reason for active participation by this country in the United Nations.

Many Americans find European problems remote, if not distasteful, but Mr. Byrnes remarked that this was less important than the dangers that follow. He added:

"Twice in our generation doubt as to American foreign policy has led other nations to miscalculate the consequences of their actions. Twice in our generation that doubt as to American foreign policy has not brought peace, but war."

* * *

Here is the heart of the whole program which Mr. Byrnes has set before the world. Whether it is called a "get tough" policy—a phrase our governmental spokesmen have never used—or whether it is called a policy of firm adherence to American ideals and to the sanctity of written pledges, the fact is that the United States stands ready today to defend its policies. No such forthright indication of American foreign policy was given before World War I and none was given before World War II. As a consequence, whatever might have been done to save American lives and prevent war from involving us was not done by our government or by the influential segments of American public opinion which influenced government.

Secretary Byrnes was very careful not to accuse the Republican party of obstruction in the '20's—for there were isolationists in both parties—but he made pointed reference to the bi-partisan unity of today and paid tribute to the Republican party's present-day contribution. This, only by implication, answered the Wallace attack on the Republican party's motives in foreign policy. No greater damage could be done to the cause of peace than to allow the two major political parties to have another fight such as they had in the '20's over American foreign policy, and it was such a miguided and thoughtless attack by Henry Wallace which was really the cardinal sin of his Madison Square Garden speech.

Happily Mr. Byrnes' speech will reassure the country that the Truman-Byrnes administration appreciates Republican cooperation at Paris, and this expression should help in squelching partisanship though in both parties there are a few members who will not show self-restraint in these matters.

* * *

Mr. Byrnes's address contained another significant passage. He had an opportunity not only to explain the proposed treaty to keep Germany disarmed but also to reply publicly to Generalissimo Stalin's statement to Alexander Werth, the British correspondent. The Secretary of State concurred in the Stalin view that "there is no immediate danger of war" and added that he did not believe "any responsible official of any government wants war," but he put the $64 question to the Communist chieftain in this paragraph of common-sense simplicity:

"The difficulty is that while no nation wants war, nations may pursue policies or courses of action which lead to war. Nations may seek political and economic advantages which they cannot obtain without war. That is why if we wish to avoid war, we must decry not only war but the things which lead to war. Just because war is not now imminent, we must take the greatest care not to plant the seeds of a future war."

This is a plain warning to Russia and all the world. The United States does not seek war, but other nations must not encroach on our rights or violate pledges or impose settlements by force that can lead to war. No better American answer could have been made, and with a unified America behind that answer the chances of war will tend to diminish, because the American government's position will not be "miscalculated" as it has been twice before.

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Interpreting the News

By W. F. ARBOGAST
Associated Press Staff Writer

For a quick fling at foreign night life or for a rapid climb of the foreign social ladder you can't beat a congressional inspection trip.

These trips have their share of hard work and more than their share of inconveniences, but they also have their bright side.

Take the recent trip made by members of the House military affairs committee to Alaska, the Far East and points south.

To begin with, the travel accommodations were the best obtainable. The Army saw to that. The entire trip was made in a specially-equipped Air Transport command C-54. There were reclining plush seats and bunks for those who could accustom themselves to sleeping at high altitudes.

The food served in mid-air was plentiful and well-prepared. The nine-man crew was hand-picked. There were more than enough parachutes and Mae Wests.

On the ground, the Army didn't spare the horses to see that the visiting Congressmen ate the best; slept in the best available quarters, even though that might be a Quonset hut on a wind-swept mountainside; and had the best available entertainment after the hard work of inspecting was finished.

In Alaska, the Army arranged for a sight-seeing trip over glaciers and through mountain passes via the Alaskan railroad. It arranged also for a fishing expedition, via a pontoon-equipped plane, to a virgin lake inhabited by game fish that broke the water on all sides.

It was no fault of the Army's that fog settled down before you could set a line, forcing the plane to scoot through narrow passes and brush the tops of tall pines to get safely home.

In Honolulu the entertainment included a dip in famed Waikiki beach and a party that will go down in Oahu's social history.

In Tokyo the Army outdid itself. After a luncheon with General Douglas MacArthur at his family table, a visit to the Japanese diet and a rarely-arranged inspection of the imperial palace grounds, it set up a trip to Japan's famous resort hotels and historic shrines outside of Tokyo.

The restful trip through the picturesque countryside was made on a special train fitted up for pre-war Japanese royalty.

For the night-minded visitors, the Army arranged for a special showing of the "Mikado" and for a visit to a high-class geisha house for a presentation of interpretative Nipponese dances.

In Manila, in Bangkok, in Brisbane, in Shanghai there were parties and sight-seeing trips, and in the Fiji islands the Army persuaded a native chieftain to arrange for an age-old ritual that centered around the making of a strange brew served in coconut shells.

And all through the Orient were shopping tours in which the Congressmen haggled with native peddlers for silk yardage, jewelry, jade, leather goods, knives, and what-have-you.

The dollars for personal purchases came from the purchaser's own pocketbook. Transportation and subsistence costs generally came out of public funds, for this was an official trip.

Such souvenirs as Samurai swords, rifles and pistols were the gifts of the Japanese, through the United States Army.

Pert and Pertinent

A U. S. Navy LSM, one of 10 acquired by China, recently made the first penetration of the upper Yangtze river since the war's end, and the fastest in history.

Kenya, in Africa, boasts that 280 decorations, including the Victoria Cross, were awarded Kenya service men and women during the war.

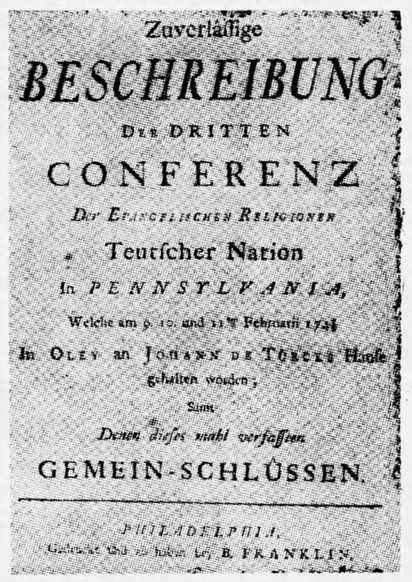


A RARE PAMPHLET

Describing the German Religious Conference Held at Oley in 1742

By the REV. DR. P. C. CROLL

IT WAS a rare discovery when the writer traced what is possibly the only copy extant of the printed pamphlet containing the proceedings of that significant German religious conference of various sects and denominations of Eastern Pennsylvania, which convened in Oley, Berks County, in the home of John De Turck on Feb. 10, 11 and 12, 1742.


Zuverlaßige
BESCHREIBUNG
Der DRITTEN
CONFERENZ
Der Evangelischen Religionen
Teutscher Nation
In PENNSYLVANIA,
Welche am 9. 10. und 11ten Februarii 1742
In Oley an Johann de Turcks Hause
gehalten worden;
Samt
Denen dieses mahl verfaßten
GEMEIN-SCHLÜSSEN.
PHILADELPHIA.

The full title of this rare pamphlet reads: Zuverlaessige BESCHREIBUNG Der Dritten CONFERENZ Der Evangelischen Religionen TEUTSCHER NATION in PENNSYLVANIA, Welche am 9, 10, und 11ten Februarii 174½. In **Oley an Johann De Turcks Hause** gehalten worden; samt Denen dieses mahl verfassten GEMEIN-SCHLUESSEN. Philadelphia. Gedruckt und zu haben bey B. FRANKLIN.

Not only does the rarity of this pamphlet enhance its value, but the contents give us a clearer insight into the many religious curents of thought and practice which prevailed in Eastern Pennsylvania—the cradle of early religious sects—when Berks County came to be settled. And what strong leaders did these various cults have to emphasize the differing tenets of faith and life and the varying modes of administering the holy sacraments! Mention is made of Count Ludwig von Zinzendorf and a Scottish preacher and Elder Andrew Eschenbach, as presiding in turn over the conference. There were present to address them a "Quakeress teacher," doubtless from Philadelphia, four deputies of Ephrata (Conrad Beissel's representatives) and Conrad Weiser, though his name is not mentioned as such in the document.

VEXING PROBLEMS

The proceedings reveal that the days were spent in devotions and in deliberations over the various problems that then vexed the church, viz. of the mode of baptism, the proper Sabbath day, the question of matrimony as held by the Ephrata Cloister Brethren (followers of Conrad Beissel) and the various doctrines and practices of the Mennonites and the Moravian Brethren, of Bethlehem, as well as the Baptists of Germantown and the Lutherans on the Tulpehocken.

AN UNFULFILLED DREAM

And to reconcile these varying beliefs and practices into harmony and weld them into a unified whole was the dream of Count Zinzendorf, and the objective of this conference. It was indeed the third, and not yet the last, of a series of conferences which this strong and newly arrived Moravian leader, Count Zinzendorf, under the doctrinal guise of being a Lutheran, promoted. That he failed finally of his well-meant dream may be attributed to the jealous and intolerant zeal in religious matters of that day, to the scrupulous emphasis laid by some on non-essentials, to the difficulty of reconciling Protestant mysticism and monasticism with defined credal fundamentals, and to the arrogant dominance of its proponent and would-be leader, over against the treachery and intolerance of others, and last but not least, to the coming from Europe of two more sincere and successful superiors, Muhlenberg and Schlatter, to lead forth their respective branches of these German church-folk forward to success in their own separate phalanxes, now to be organized and supplied with pastors.

A PROGRAM OF VISION

But this does not detract from the historic interest of this convention of Oley. It was intensely devout, some of the language used bordering on spiritual mysticism, and yet carried forth a program of wide vision and laudable prospectus.

It sought to keep the German religious settlers, superabounding in these parts, from subdivisions and hoped to see them working harmoniously as one great church in America; but there were too many widely differing and contradictory tenets to be reconciled to find this dream to work in a day when non-essentials were emphasized with almost martyr zeal. But what a dream to bring Germantown Baptists, Skippach Mennonites, Perkiomen Schwenkfelders, Ephrata Monastics, Philadelphia Quakers, Tulpehocken Lutherans and Bethlehem Moravians under one synodic roof—and one denomination!

EARLIER CONFERENCES

This Conference followed closely two earlier ones, held respectively in Germantown and Faulkner Swamp, and was appointed, as title page reads, for Feb. 9, 10 and 11, 1742; but according to a footnote in the pamphlet should read Feb. 10, 11 and 12. It met in John De Turck's home....At this session the questions which agitated the joint synod were those of the New Born, under Matthias Baumann, the Scriptural phases of matrimony and the Sabbath day, as over the opinions and tenets of the Ephrata Cloister folk, the adoption of certain rules or decrees for the conference's guidance and government, the ordination of new ministers and the baptism of three Indian converts.

MINUTES ARE QUOTED

The minutes, or proceedings, give this last happening in the following words: "Hereafter we went to the baptism of the three brethren from among the heathen, and when the syndic (president) of the former convention saw an expectant crowd of people present and feared there might ensue some kind of a prejudice against their mode of baptism, by this ceremony—attended innocently and cordially by the brethren of the Baptists — he informed the people that it (the validity) did not depend upon the outer mode of the act, since our brethren themselves in certain places had immersed, but that this brother, who had been a missionary to the heathen, had decided, for weighty reasons, to pour out over them the love of God through the water and blood of Jesus Christ, and also the Holy Ghost, whom all should receive who believed on Jesus; whereupon Brother Christian Henry (Rauch?) preached to the people upon the text: 'Thou art worthy to open the book for thou hast been slain.'"

After his discourse there was sung:

O world! look here upon thy life.

And among the words: "Now I cannot give much," the three Indians came forth in their shirts and coverlets, when Christian Henry addressed them in broken language, and during the words (singing):

"Now it is finished, we receive them; He rules, who is called The Father, etc., etc.

the coverlet was removed from them, they knelt down about the water and Brother Christian Henry poured it over each one three times and said: "Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, with Jesus' death;" then we laid hands upon them and sang:

"The bloody sweat, Which hotly flowed Down from thy face to moisten the earth, etc., etc."

There are several striking features of the title-page of this document, which may be seen from the facsimile cut, viz: The document bears the stamp of B. Franklin, of Philadelphia, as printer, showing how close this early English printer and versatile builder of Philadelphia and the nation was to our German settlers. He employs, however, an English type for his German text, contrary to the customs of the Sauers of Germantown, and the Ephrata Press. Was this because he lacked German type, or because he could handle it better than a German alphabet? The year of its publication is given in the fractional way, indicating both the years 1741 and 1742, and printed thus 174½. Was it unsettled which year of grace it was? We find this occurrence oft in this first half of the 18th century.

MANY DISAGREEMENTS

During the meeting of this conference there was strenuous disagreement on the Sabbath question with the brethren from Ephrata, so that after the second day the latter delegates withdrew from conference in a "peaceable" manner, 'tis true, according to the report of the chronicler of the minutes. But a day or two later the two chief disputants met again face to face ,at Tulpehocken, and sought to be reconciled.

Count Zinzendorf has this to say: "The same day and the following the prior of Zion, who from thence came to the syndic at Tulpehocken, explained the brethren's final attitude concerning what had happened at the recent conference. He then read to him the article concerning deputies, which he found all too mild, but since we were satisfied with the withdrawal of the brethren, it could not, according to page 30, Section 16, be altered. In general, the syndic explained to him that the Moravian brethren were not only indebted to all, but also that the conference could and should consist of all souls who knew and sought Jesus, and that no denomination, which either had a true foundation or was itself united, or honest in its endeavor, had anything else to expect from us (them) than love and helpfulness, all of which Onesimus (the prior) received lovingly (and so forth)."

CHRONICLES OF EPHRATA

The "Chronicon Ephratense" (the Chronicles of the Ephrata Community) alludes to this conference in Oley, and states that Zinzendorf was so violent that he was deposed from his office as syndic (president), and a Scotchman installed in his place. (Zinzendorf says he declined to preside any longer for fear of offence), and that "the conference ended to the disgust of all present." Zinzendorf reports the conclusion of conference thus:

"We then gave each other the kiss of peace, kept a blessed lovefeast, and finally closed with the installation of the previous worker in Georgia, Brother John Hagen, as missionary among certain Indians, the three newly-chosen servants of the Lord (trustees) officiating. Andreas Frey prayed for him...."

These contrary reports do not auger an easy reconciliation soon to follow.

PRESENT RESOLUTIONS

When they (the three Indians) were taken back with great joy in their dwelling, the synod continued and was largely occupied with resolutions.

Loskiel, the Moravian historian, describes the above Indian baptismal ceremony and event as follows: "The whole assembly being met, the three catechumens were placed in the midst, and with fervent prayer and supplication devoted to the Lord, Jesus Christ, as His eternal property, upon which Rauch, with great emotion of heart, baptized these three firstlings of the North American Indians into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, calling Sabash, Abraham, Seim, Isaac, and Klop, Jacob."

SOME PERSONAGES

Among the personages attending, beyond those already mentioned in these proceedings, are John De Turck, the owner of the house; John Bertolet, who conducted an election of trustees by the customary lottery plan; Andrew Eschenbach, the evangelist and pastor of Oley; John Hagen, the former missionary of Georgia, and the other two brethren here ordained to the ministry, viz. Gottlieb Buettner and John Christopher Pyrlaeus, all of whose names adorn the later history of the Moravian Church.

Of these, according to Rupp, the historian, Jean (John) Bertolet, was a native of Chasteadeux, of the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, a Huguenot, who with his wife, Susanna, and his family of five children, came to America in 1726 and settled in Oley. They had come directly from Gutenberg, whose officials proved them with a letter, or passport, still preserved, giving them a most praiseworthy certificate of character and skill. His daughter Esther later married in Oley the celebrated Dr. George De Benneville, the founder of Universalism in America, whose fine home in Oley is still preserved.

WEISER PRESENT

Since writing the above I have come across a letter of Conrad Weiser's which proves that he was present at the Oley conference and witnessed the baptism of the three Indians converted. I quote from his letter to Rev. Peter Brunnholtz, of Philadelphia, dated Feb. 16, 1747:

"This Christian (Henry) Rauch had been in the country some time before the Count (Herr Graf), and had settled at Stifing or at Shecomeko, and had labored very faithfully for a German who lived there, during which time he visited the Mohican Indians, which lived near the German until he won their confidence and finally was able to speak to them concerning the things of God, in the low German (Dutch) language, which they partly understood. This Christian Rauch exhibited a heart-felt love toward the Indians and a burning zeal for their conversion. At the Oley conference three awakened (Indians) were baptized as Christians. I was present. They were named Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. They were earnest men who sufficiently took to heart the love for truth and the newlybegun work of grace. I discoursed with them before their baptism in their own language, and found so much in them that I began to love them from the bottom of my heart and have not to this time been able to forget them. It did not remain with these three first converts, but their number increased until they grew into a small congregation. Gottlieb Buettner came to them and worked among them with blessed results. The desire to lead souls to the Lord Jesus consumed this Mr. Buettner, for through his journeys in cold and rain, privations and fatigue, he contracted a disease and finally died. In 1743 I journeyed to Shecomeko to visit my father, who lived 10 miles from there, and also at the same time to visit my friend Buettner and his Indian brethren; but I did not find Buettner at home, but remained with these Indians for several days, and freely talked with them and was present at several of their meetings and heard them exhort one another and pray. I said to myself, they are the children of God, and the Lord is among them, and have not found that I was in error. And now, indeed, some of their number have removed to Bethlehem and some have located near Bethlehem, and several still remain in Shecomeko, the bravest of whom have lately died of various diseases."

(The above, with slight omissions and rearrangements, was first published in THE READING EAGLE for Nov. 29, 1925, and later incorporated by the author in his "Annals of the Oley Valley", Reading, Pa., 1926. The only existent copy of the above-described rare pamphlet of which we know is that in the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C.)

TO THE LIVING

This issue of the ECK is dedicated to the Rev. Dr. P. C. Croll, who today has reached the advanced age of 94 years. A pioneer in the field of Pennsylvania German he was the founder and first editor of The Pennsylvania German Magazine (January, 1900), a rich mine for students and lovers of Pennsylvania German history, lore and literature.

Dr. Croll is the author of "Ancient and Historic Landmarks in the Lebanon Valley", Philadelphia, 1895; "Annals of Womelsdorf", 1923; "Tulpehocken Bi-Centennial", 1923; "Annals of The Oley Valley", Reading, Pa., 1926, etc., etc.

Readers of the ECK may wish to send Dr. Croll congratulations on this the anniversary of his birth. He lives in Womelsdorf, Pa.—P.A.B.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Gute Glick Kot

Won ebber die onner woch gute glick kot hut rugs weissa on da Allentown Fair, don wors 'm Oliver Haas doh 's lond drous, sel fraw die Louella, un woh des yohr fers airsht mohl die Allentown Fair ei ganumma hut. Die Louella kumt fon da shtadt Missouri, un woh der Oliver sie bakont werra is die weil os er fert beim Unkle Sam wor. Wie der griek feriwwer wor, hut der Oliver die Louella mit tzurick hame gabrocht, un woh noh awfonga hut rugs haigla fers airsht mohl in ihr'm lava. Die rugs worra shae,—so shae os freind hinnich sie sin fer etlicha noch da Allentown Fair nemma, un wie sie aw hut. Fer der aint rug hut sie airsht prize grick'd, un der onner tzwet. Net gons iwwel fer 'n awfanger.

Die tzeit wor, woh bol alla familia hame gamochta rugs kotta hut—rugs gross un glae, k'haig'ld, g'shtrick'd, un dale g'flochda un tzomma ganay'd. Fiel fon da rugs worra wunnerbore shae mit blumma, gadierra, un bilder nei k'haig'ld, un don un won sin sie aw tzum druvel gonga fer die yohr tzahl nei mocha. 'S wor etlicha yohr tzurick woh m'r der shanshd rug fon selra ort sehna hen ferkaufa on fendu drous in Virginsville. Der rug so wie m'r uns noch ei bilda kenna, wor bout drei bei sex foos gross, un hut geil un kee druf kot, 'n bauerra hous un felder, die sun, un der dawdt 1893. War der rug gamocht hut kot mus all'm noh mohneta long draw g'shoft howwa fer 'n mocha. 's same wie aw ol die onnerra hame gamocht rugs fon selra tzeit, fiel arwet, druvel un mee gamaint hen bis sie worra. Ow'r sel wor die tzeit woh wenich om gae wor, un woh die leit froh worra fer ebbes tzu duh howwa fer die tzeit rum bringa darrich die longa winder oweta.

Heit tzu dawg sin wenich leit may os die tzeit finna kenna fer so rugs mocha, un won sie duhn, missa sie so g'shwind os miglich fartich gamocht werra. Sis heit tzu dawg evens so weit os soicha woh rugs hen, niemond may finna kenna os wase wie die rugs tzu fixa won sie shtarta ous weara. Rugs wie aenich ebbes shunshd, weara ous, un missa alsa mohl uf g'fix'd werra fer sie halta fon ousa nonner falla. Ae mon fon gons ufina drous nagshd on Fildelfy wor ferparbas noch da Allentown Fair kumma fer sehna eb er net ebber finna kent os wist wie die alta rugs tzu fixa. On da ledshda barichda hut er noch niemond g'funna kot os willins wor fer der chob unner nemma, 'n g'sheft os heit tzu dawg so rohr is wie ebber tzu finna os may wase wie shtivel aw tzu messa, odder so gore wol un flox farva mit blonsa farab, imma grossa bouch tzuver.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'N gawissner bauer hut da onner dawg gamaint er dade glawwa os er wist ferwos die hawsa un fersonta des yohr so rohr weara.

Er maint sie hetta sich 'm ledshd yol r bol ol dote galocht wie sie k'hoert hetta wie rohr os die shells un flinta gawest weara, un wos driwwer kumma weara, hetta sich des yohr noch folshter dote galocht well die same fohra socha fon farm yohr des yohr noch fiela rohrer sei solla wie sie worra 'm ledshd yohr.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Text

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

Deuteronomy 6; 7:12-14

The sixth chapter is our warrant for religious education in the home, where it should begin. Those of us who were brought up by Christian parents appreciate what that has meant; far more important than the inheritance of a million dollars. Terrible is the handicap when children are born into and raised in a non-Christian family. Juvenile delinquency can usually be traced back to homes where parents neglect what is most important, spiritual emphasis by way of instruction and example. Verse 4 is called the "shema," from the first word in the Hebrew text, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." "One" is "echad," denoting the unity of the Trinity as in Gen. 1:24, husband and wife are "one" flesh (the same Hebrew word), a mystical unity, which Paul uses as a type of Christ and His church. In v. 9 "post" is mazuzah, a name given to the cylindrical container placed by Jews at their front doors, in which there is a sheet of paper containing some of the verses of this chapter. Jesus quoted v. 16 at the time of His temptation.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

SOCIETY ITEM: Mrs. Marie Busch Dantes of St. Louis, recently divorced from her gardener, has married her former chauffeur. He recently quit as her chaugeur to become a dancing instructor. The couple met few months ago at a Florida hotel, where, according to the St. Louis Star-Times, her new husband was a bellhop. He gave his age as 31, she gave hers as 52.

* * *

LABOR ITEM: Ike Scharp, orginally of South Louisville, Ky., now of New York, maintains that ambition is a very foolish characteristic of the human race. Although he has been in 40 different jails, he thinks that a man is just as well off panhandling as putting in eight hours a day at work. Ike spends all his winters in Miami.

* * *

FOOD ITEM: Tokyo women, offered free butter by an American distributing agency, don't know what it is for. One woman boiled it and told her neighbors that it makes a good oil. Now all the women are boiling their butter. They don't like it.

* * *

LEGAL ITEM: The State Supreme court of New Jersey ruled that "where is your damn boss?" does not constitute a breach of the public peace and that therefore the lower court had no right to fine a woman who asked that question in a store.

* * *

PEACE CONFERENCE ITEM: The French government gave a cocktail party at the Palace of Versailles to delegates and others, 3000 altogether. A great variety of delicious food, a magnificent sunset and the mounted band of the Republican Guard made the party one of the most gorgeous affairs in many a year. There were also food riots in Montmartre district while the party was in progress.

* * *

MEDICAL ITEM: Dr. Edward Podolsky of Brooklyn reports in a medical journal that there is a direct connection between love and sneezing. "In many individuals at the peak of passion a most disconcerting paroxysm of sneezing takes place." Sneezing, however, can also be produced by other causes, such as colds.

* * *

MUSICAL ITEM: Four of six mice subjected to the sound of an ordinary bell in an experiment conducted in Bar Harbor, Me., died in ten seconds from suffocation. This was propunded in a scientific paper entitled "Some Aspects of the Physiology of a Fatal Audiogenic Seizures in Mice."

* * *

COMMERCIAL ITEM: A New York department store advertises a match that "you can drop to the bottom of Lake George, fish it out and light a cigarette or campfire." The store does not say why you should want to drop a match into Lake George.

* * *

Looking at Life

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

COTTAGE CLOSING

Put away the paper napkins and the
the common butter dish.
Put away the five-cent glasses and the
tools for cleaning fish.
Store the faded robes for swimming
and the family brush and comb.
Send a letter to the milkman we will
shortly be at home.

I am tired of Monday's paper coming
Wednesday afternoon.
I am tired of stirring coffee with a
leaden-tasting spoon.
I am tired of reading stories from an
ancient, musty tome.
And the books that I am wanting are
the ones I left at home.

Let us close the summer cottage, now
the autumn has begun.
Let's remember it was fashioned just
for laughter and for fun.
But the longing deep is in me, as it is
whene'er I roam.
For the friends I left behind me and
the joy of being at home.

(Copyright, 1946, Edgar A. Guest)

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

Plotkin suspected a catch when they offered him a room at the swanky Rockaway Ritzmore on the American plan for ten dollars a day.

When he saw the size of the portions at his first dinner, he was sure of it. As the waiter planked the meat course in front of him, Plotkin rose dramatically to his feet, pointed his knife at the morsel of meat, and announced loudly, "Waiter, at home, there's more than that on the plate when I'm finished."

* * *

Will Morrisey, reminiscing about the early days of radio, when you had to clamp a set of ear-phones on your head to catch a program, swears that one "artist" declared, "My next number is a special request from the Mikado." A short time later he announced, "I just received another telegram. It reads, 'You're coming in great, Joe. (Signed) The Mikado.'"

* * *

"Do you know anything of my wife's whereabouts." Mr. Ketcham asked his cook. "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "She put them in the wash."

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop was reeding his paper and ma was reeding hers, and I said, Hay, pop, say, ma, can I get a tin helmet? All the fellows have got one except me, pritty near, practically, so when we play jungle fighting and different things, I'm practically almost the only one that's not protected from the bullits by a tin helmet, I said.

War, war, aren't you ever going to get tired of war games? ma said. I was just reeding in this paper how people all over the werld are trying to make war a thing of the passed, she said, and pop said, By gollies that's what it says in my paper too. I'm serprised at you, Benny, why dont you try to keep up with the times? he said.

My goodness yes, ma said. What kind of a boy are you? Are you living in the past or the present for land sakes? she said, and pop said, I'd hate to think I've got an old fashion son, When I was a boy I was always up on my toes reflecting current events in the games I played. Nobody could call me a back number, he said.

Well gosh, do you mean we ought to make up games about peace? I said, and pop said, A splendid idea, now you're talking.

Of course, naturelly, now you're sounding like a modern boy to be proud of, ma said, and I said, Jeepers, that's a swell idea.

Let me be the ferst to congradulate you, pop said, and ma said, Let me be the second.

Sure, gee, we'll get up a werld police force, and if any of the fellows have the nerve to get fresh with us, or even if they try to pick a fight with each other, oh boy they'll wish they hadn't, I said. But anyways, pop, gosh, ma, then I'll need a tin helmet almost werse than ever. So can I get one, ma, can I pop? I said.

The result being 2 answers, both the same.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

25 Years Ago

A Wednesday, Oct. 5, 1921

At a meeting of Franklin Chamber, No. 9, O. K. of F., arrangements were mad to have John Adams address the group on "The Value of Money."

Delegates from Easton, Bethlehem, and Reading police departments met with local policemen to discuss methods f organizing a pension fund for policemen in third class cities.

The Eastern Pennsylvania District of the United Brethren in Christ Church reappointed Rev. G. A. Richie pastor of Zion U. B. church, Linden St., at a conference held at Reading.

One hundred and twelve men registered at the Municipal Employment bureau on its first day. The bureau was located in the YMCA building. The Allentown Chamber of Commerce, YMCA, Morning Call and city officials aided in establishing the bureau.

Ladies of YWCA membership committee entertained at a tea at the "Y" home. Committee members were: Mrs. Lucy Huebner, Mrs. S. G. K. Stradley, C. Louise Gates, Mrs. S. A. Butz, and Mrs. E. M. Young.

Among local persons who attended the Pennsylvania State Medical society conference at the Bellevue-Stratford hotel, Philadelphia, were: Dr J. Treichler Butz, Coroner F. R. Bausch and Dr. David Parmet.

Horoscope

A birthday anniversary today means that you are impulsive, quick-tempered, but you have nevertheless, a strong character, forceful and compelling. You love nature, especially water sports. You are fortunate in having many dear friends, and will have a very pleasant home life. Don't seek patronage, customers or favors. A short business trip may be necessary, so be ready. Chores in the home are likely to be burdensome. Parents or relatives may make decisive moves. Pause for a moment to count your blessings. Seek new acquaintances, adventure and stimulation.

159

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men more than sheep or goats
That, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
—Tennyson.

DISCOURAGING THE AUTO INDUSTRY

For several weeks the optimism of the nation as to business prosperity, based upon backlogs of orders, vast consumer demand and huge savings, has been given serious jolt by the stock markets where prices have tumbled to the lowest points since April, 1945, when the wars still were on.

Inasmuch as the buyers and sellers in the stock markets are people who keep the closest watch upon American business, optimism there, as reflected in rising markets, is generally well founded upon good business prospects while pessimism is the reverse.

The latest break during recent days came when it became known that Ford Motor Co. was about to lay off about 100,000 men and that other motor companies were going idle likewise because of scarcity of materials for their assembly lines. In addition to scarcity of steel there was scarcity in many other lines and there were factors making for high production costs that manufacturers do not believe justified for the articles that are produced.

Thus early in the week, the president of General Motors in a talk to the National Press club in Washington gave out some striking figures on production by his company. He showed that in 1941 General Motors produced 187,000 cars per month. In September of this year only 132,000 vehicles were produced. But in 1941 only 234,000 workers were employed while in September of this year there were 282,000 workers. In other words, it took 52,000 more men in September to produce 55,000 fewer cars then had been turned out in an average month in 1941.

There is no indication that workers now on the assembly lines are not so skilled as the workers five years ago. Also the average work week is said to have been almost an hour greater in September last than it was upon the average in 1941.

Fewer cars produced by more men during longer hours and working at higher wage rate per hour must be discouraging to the automobile industry. Furthermore it removes those new automobiles by a long time and perhaps by the margin of several hundred dollars from the group of purchasers who were expecting to be able to buy them at anticipated pre-war prices.

One of the serious things in rising prices in the motor car market is the large class of prospective buyers who are driven out of the market for, as Henry Ford demonstrated, the largest volume of motor sales is among those in the lower income brackets because they are the most numerous in our population.

Shrewd observers in the business world see and appraise a lot of these things. They evidence their business reactions in the stock markets.

TITO BALKS ON DAMAGE CLAIMS

Yugoslavia has paid $150,000 as indemnity for the lives of American flyers who were shot down while flying off their course several months ago but it is indicating a determination not to pay for the cost of the unarmed American planes which were completely destroyed when shot down or forced to land by Yugoslav fighter planes.

Just how Russia's puppet government in that country has argued out this one does not appear. Responsibility for the lives of men is acknowledged but responsibility for property damage in the same incident is not.

While the people of the United States would not be wont to quibble about a matter of $150,000 or so (the cost of a plane), after having spent billions on planes during the war, it is an important matter of principle that is involved. There must be nothing in the settlement of the recent imbroglio that will do anything but discourage Yugoslavia or any other countries to shoot down our flyers who are engaged in legal peace-time flights. This is not to be expected if Yugoslavia will be permitted to get away with the payment merely of indemnity for the dead.

RADIO BELONGS TO THE PUBLIC

If radio listeners do not like the programs which they can pick up over the air, they have the power to get better ones and to get just about anything they want, if they really know what they want and will make that want known. This conclusion has been reached by J. H. Spingarn, formerly an attorney for the F.C.C. who writes for Public Affairs Committee.

In a recent booklet "Radio Is Yours" he cites "the unbroken hours of soap operas on the afternoon network schedules" as an example of badly balanced programs. He also cites the scarcity of sustaining programs during the best hours for radio listening, and the inadequacy of "live programs" on the local radio stations.

The popularity of soap operas among advertisers is attributed to the fact that they attract the kind of listeners who remember the name of the program's advertisers or his products. Mr. Spingarn also points out that "they are the cheapest network show to produce—the weekly cost of the ordinary soap opera is reported to be less, for five fifteen-minute periods, than some advertisers spend on a spot announcement."

"The radio stations themselves do not really control programs or broadcasting policy," Mr. Spingarn adds. "The actual presentation of programs is largely delegated to networks, who in turn, delegate it to advertisers who work through advertising agencies...Since advertising agencies have no pledge to the public to fulfill, the presentation of a well-balanced broadcast schedule becomes a mere by-product of a selling operation. If an advertiser thinks his best customers are morons with low sales resistance, he will prefer a program that will attract five morons to one that will attract ten critical listeners."

Confronted by what is admittedly an unhealthy situation, Mr. Spingarn urges the public to remember that radio is no gift horse. The public owns the airwaves; and as no charge is made to stations for use of the air channels, profits in the radio industry are enormous. The public has spent $25 for receiving equipment for every $1 which the broadcasters spent for transmitting equipment. The listener not only pays $3 for every $2 spent by the advertiser for upkeep of the programs, but foots the advertiser's bill in the purchase of the advertiser's goods and services.

In order to get their money's worth in programs citizens are urged to keep informed on all matters which affect the control of the channels of mass communication, to discuss communications problems with others, and to participate as much as possible in the regulatory process.

House-Cleaning Needed

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—Meat is the paramount issue of the political campaign now under way.

Meat symbolizes OPA and price controls. The Democratic party having been in the majority in the Senate and the House and a Democratic President being in the White House, the Republicans quite naturally blame the present confusion and shortages on the Democratic party. They hope the public will perceive who is responsible and vote accordingly.

The Democrats, on the other hand, reveal a guilty feeling. Inside the party, the leaders are striving to find a way out. Representative McCormack, Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, recently proposed that the controls be lifted for 90 days as an experiment. It was asserted that this suggestion had nothing to do with politics. Actually, however, such a 90-day plan would provide meat at least until after election day, Nov. 5th.

But the Democratic administration has resisted the proposals and stands pat on meat control. Changes nevertheless are being discussed at the White House and at almost any time some revision in the control system to permit higher prices or to provide incentives to get cattle to market may be expected.

The Democrats know they are vulnerable on the price-control issue. It didn't look that way to many of them, especially the left wingers, when President Truman, against the advice of the Democratic leaders, vetoed the OPA bill that had been passed last spring by an overwhelming majority of Congress. The present confusion is a sequel to the President's mistake in the first veto. When a second bill was passed and signed, the damage had already been done. The movement of cattle to market began and meat became plentiful, but the moment controls came back the flow to market slowed up.

Farmers who withhold their product for a better price are no different from union workers who withhold their services for better wages. Economic groups which insist on thinking only of their own interest must inevitably clash.

* * *

The present spiral was started by the union labor leaders who became panicky right after V-J day. They saw that wartime wage earnings couldn't be retained if overtime were cut down, so they promptly asked for a 30 per cent increase and then unbalanced the entire production system of the country. Production was impaired when it should have been accelerated.

The administration made its first mistake when it yielded to labor and allowed wages to skyrocket. Instead of retaining controls as they were in wartime and gradually relaxing them—wages and prices together—the administration yielded to politics and let labor have anything it could get while the employer was compelled at the cost of painful strikes to accept the demands. Companies, however, which complied with union demands without strikes fared little better than those which went through the strike process.

Today the economic situation is unbalanced because political government has made a mess of things. The stock market has had its most severe decline in many years and it is to be assumed that the market is a reflection of what has happened as well as a reflection of what discouragement lies ahead if all economic groups disregard the national welfare.

* * *

It would be encouraging if there were signs that the labor union leaders were learning their lesson. But there are demands for reopening wage scales because of the higher costs of living. The administration has uttered some feeble words of protest against this trend and the truth is everybody in Washington is waiting for the cue to come from the American people in the elections next month. If the Democrats retain their majority or increase their margin in Congress, the administration probably will tighten controls. If the Republicans win, there is a prospect that all controls will be lifted.

This may not solve the situation, because what is needed is not only a political house-cleaning in Washington but some house-cleaning outside of Washington among the economic groups which are trying to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. The economic system cannot function when barriers and restraints are imposed on others by any groups. Some day the free-enterprise system and free competition will be ushered in with a chance to function and then the laws of supply and demand can operate. This will bring lower prices and higher incomes for workers and producers and management alike.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE OPA ERROR

As it grows increasingly difficult to grasp the sense of desperation which impels President Truman to hold on to OPA, in spite of its ability to produce only famine, it is interesting to go back to the beginnings of this institution.

At the preliminary hearings, Bernard Baruch cautioned:

". . . By itself, price control has no value and will fail . . . I proposed that some date on which the normal operation of the law of supply and demand can be said to have controlled prices, be selected and that the entire price structure be stabilized, I mean not freezing but subjected to a ceiling, as of that date. Prices, rents, wages, commission fees, interest rates—in short the price of every item of commerce or service—would not be permitted to rise above the maximum on that date. They could fluctuate below this ceiling. . . .

"Piecemeal price fixing will not halt inflation. It allows the general price level to run wild, while dealing with a few individual prices . . ."

* * *

Henry Morgenthau Jr., disagreed with Mr. Baruch:

"It has been suggested during these hearings that this price-control bill should include a ceiling over wages. I should like to go on record as not sharing this view. In free countries labor is not a commodity, human beings are not property; and they should not be treated as such.

"I fully appreciate that wages affect the cost of production and the general level of prices. However, I feel very definitely that if we can on the one hand keep the cost of living from rising, and on the other hand impose adequate taxes on excessive profits, then we will have removed the major causes for demands for general wage increases . . ."

Yet, it was the failure to put a ceiling on wages which got us into our present troubles, because when Henry Wallace permitted the Department of Commerce to issue statistics which he, himself, has repudiated, he started the series of strikes for higher wages.

Donald Nelson came into the picture and testified:

"But I think . . . that we have to depend upon the fairness of that administrator to take all of those things into account; . . . I believe that it will be administered fairly, and, if it is not, I believe that the President will see that it is, and I am unable to account for all of the apprehension of the farmer or of this or the other fellow that he will be mistreated . . ."

But the fact is that for a farmer's profit, a subsidy was substituted, and that with regard to meat, there has been fairness nowhere. Obduracy, unwillingness to face facts have brought on a meat famine. The obvious fact is that at this moment the United States has the largest cattle population in its history but the people cannot get meat. The Price Control bill brought on that famine—a bill which Donald Nelson, Leon Henderson and all the big-wigs of government assured Congress would be administered fairly if it were permitted to be administratively flexible.

* * *

And here on page 1627 of the hearings I find an interesting colloquy between Congressman Wilbur D. Mills of Arkansas and Ralph Hetzel Jr., of the C.I.O.:

"MR. MILLS. Mr. Hetzel, is it not a fact that the increases that the wage earners have received so far—that is, since the defense program started—have come about, not as a result of increased living costs, but rather as a result of increased earnings on the part of industry?

"MR. HETZEL. Well, wage increases generally do not come about as a result of increased living costs, as I understand. They come about rather as a result of effective collective bargaining, or as a result, when you speak of average weekly wages, of increased operation in industry.

"MR. MILLS. You have said, though, in this statement, or Mr. Murray has said, that when labor sits down at the collective-bargaining table it never requests any more than it is entitled to.

"MR. HETZEL. We think we are entitled to more than is justified by the increasing cost of living."

Somebody must have been all wrong—because we have no meat, no cars, no refrigerators.

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SIE NEMME DER YOCKEL UFF DIE SAEGMIEHL

Aus em Eileschwamm,
An der Bisskatze Grick,
Bei der Nuff-un-nunner Saegmiehl.

Liewer Editor:

Doyetz hawwich eich verzaehlt wie sie mich es erscht Mol in die Kaerrich genumme hen. Heit will ich eich bekannt mache, wie sie mich die Woch nooch sellem 's erscht Mol uff die Saegmiehl genumme hen. Bei uns Deitsche far alters iss die Kaerrich es erscht kumme. Sell hot em gelaernt wie mir eenich un zufridde lewe kenne mit unsere Nochbare. Sell hot uns der Weg ausgelegt wu mir laafe misse far seelich lewe un bereit sei, wann der Gut Mann uns vun der Aerd ruft.

Nooch der Kaerrich un Rechtlewe kummt Schaffe. Bei uns Deitsche iss en Faulenser so willkumm wie en Sau imme Yuddehaus. En Faulenser darf sich net lang uffhalde bei de Deitsche—entweddер muss er an die Aerwet odder muss die Gegend verlosse. Far sell duhne mir Deitsche unser Kinner frieh an die Aerwet. Mir fange sie aa an gleene Tschapps un wie sie uffwachse, laerne mir sie alle Sarde Aerwet schaffe. Gewehnlich, an meiner Eld wie der Daadi mich mit uff die Saegmiehl nemmt, kann ich noch net schaffe, awwer der Daadi behaapt, mer kann net zu yung aafange. Wann mer aa net schaffe kann, doch kann mer sehne, un was mer sehne dutt, wann mer yung iss, kann mer oftmols duh, wann mer uffgewachse iss. Sell hawwich selwert erfaahre in meim Lewe.

Gewehnlich waar die Saegmiehl en Schtick drunne vum Haus weck an der Grick. Es hot net long genumme far nunner laafe. Der Daadi draagt mich iwwer die Bleck nei uff die Miehl un schtellt mei Kaerwli hie wu ich gut sehne kann. Sell waare aa Bleck! Drei Fuss dicke Beind un zwansich Fuss lang. Sie waare en Lusch aazugucke. Un was hen sie so gut geroche!

Owwe an der Miehl waar en grosser Damm. Ei, ei! so viel Wasser hawwich mei Lebdaag net g'sehne. An der Middaagseid vun der Miehl waar der Iwwerschuss wu es Wasser driwwer nunner iss un die Bisskatze Grick nunnerlaaft fer noch em See. Seller Iwwerschuss, wie ich en Bu waar, hot greesser geguckt zu mir as wie Niagara Falls nau dutt. Mer meent es waer Wasser iwwerallich. Es ermaahnt mich an em John Schweinhart sei G'schwetz wu er gemacht hot wie er g'soffe waar un hot g'saat, "Do kumme die langhooriche Biffel vun England riwwer un schwetze vun der Atlantic Ocean. Dunnerwedder! loss sie mol noch em Mississippi Rewwer geh, noh kenne sie aa Wasser sehne!" Awwer unne Wasser geht die Miehl net.

Der Daadi nemmt die Ax, hackt en flaetter Blatz am End vum Block naegscht an der Saeg un rollt en uff die carriage. O! Was hot sell g'schittelt wie seller 'flat' Blatz vum Block uff der Saddel varne an der Saeg g'falle iss! Wie der Block recht am Blatz waar, macht der Daadi ihn fescht an yeder End mit Glammhoke un schtaert die Miehl. Die Saeg fangt langsam aa nuff un nunner geh. Es ewwerscht End vun der Saeg hot vorg'schtanne, so dass yeder Zaah sei share schneide kann uff em nunner Weg. Wie die Saeg in die Heeh gange iss, schiebt die Miehl der Block vor gee-ich die Saeg. Un so geht's fart. Die Saeg geht nuff—der Block geht vor bis noch em End zu.

....Wie die Saeg gee-ich em End vum Block kumme iss, glaawich verhaftich, dass sie graad zum Glammhoke nei saegt. Ich hab Mardio aafange yole. Awwer mer iss iwwel ab, wann mer noch net schwetze kann. Was hett ich vum Buffington seine Exschbletiffs zammfettle kenne! Awwer der Daadi hot mich yuscht aageguckt as wann gaar nix letz war. Ich hab ihn net verschteh kenne mache, was ich g'sehne hab. Ich hab gedenkt der naegscht Hack vun der Saeg geht's zum Glammhoke nei un noh fliege die Schticker. Ei, ei, ei! was gebt's, denk ich, un ich hab nochemol greisselheftich gegrische. Un yuscht wie ich meen die Schticker fliege, dann schtoppt des alt Wese vun selwert. Do hawwich gut sehne kenne, ferwas der Daadi sich nix bekimmert hot um mei Gegrisch.

Wie die Miehl es erscht in der Gang g'schtaert iss, fliegt der Biwwi vun seim Nescht un hockt sich uff en Nascht am dode Beind-Schtarre as middes im Damm schteht. En Nuff-un-nunner Saegmiehl iss net fardich unne en Biwwi hot en Nescht aeryets uff der Pett. Wie die Mehl schtoppt, fliegt er widder uff sei Nescht. Am zwette Schnitt schtreckt er sei Hals naus un guckt verschrocke, awwer er bleibt uff em Nescht, un so hen sei Voreldere far en hunnert Yohr geduh. Am dritte Schnitt guckt er bissel rum, noh drickt er die Aage zu un schloft ei—un so duh ich.

Wie ich wacker warre bin, waar ich im gleene Miehlschtibbche. Alli Miehl hot en gleeni Schtubb mit me Offe drin un oftmols en Schaffbank, wu der Saeger die Zeit verweilt zwische Schnitt. So en Schtubb gebt aa en guder Rumlaafblatz wann es reggert. Well, es hot gereggert un der alt Remus Williams un sei Buwe hen schtoppe misse mauere wu sie g'schafft hen net weit vun der Miehl weck. Uff em Heemweg schtoppe sie an der Miehl far aus em Regge un aa far Schtoris schwappe. Es hot sie net lang genumme far ihre G'schpuchde mache. Was hen sie gelacht! Wann mer doch yuscht en record devun mache hett kenne, dann kennt mer heit noch driwwer lache.

Iwwer em Schtoris verzaehle pickt eener vun de Buwe en Haessehols uff, das der Daadi uff schpaer Zeit aus hickory Hols gemacht hot, un frogt was es waer. Wie sie ihm der Naame g'saat hen, frogt er wie mer so en Wese in Englisch heesse daet. Yedere hot en g'schpassicher Naame ausg'schtudiert un es hot viel Gelecher gewwe. Der alt Remus hockt ruhich im Eck hinnich em Offe un mer meent, er daet schlofe. Uff eemol schiebt er 's Fenschter uff, schpauzt Duwacksbrieh in der Damm, dass es en brauner Blacke gemacht hot so gross wie en Dreschdenn. Mer meent wie der Duwack uffs Wasser geblatscht iss, hett die Saeg en extra Hupfer gemacht. Noh guckt der Remus sie all schmunslich aa un yedere harricht was es nau gewe daet. Noh saagt er langsam "Well—es—geht—doch—in—der—'heel', un 's—geht doch—in der—'foot,' un 's—iss—doch—bei Gott—aa—'woot'. 'Heel-foot-woot' daet ich's heesse!" Sell hot's g'settelt! un ich glaab heit noch, dass em alter Remus sei "Heel-foot woot" en bessere Naame in Englisch waer far Heessehols als wie "gambrel stick", awwer der Druwwel iss,mer kann der Webster net so glaawe mache.

Well, der Regge hot g'schtoppt, un die Williamse sin alle Hend vun der Miehl un widder an ihre Aerwet. Noch ee Ding vum alte Remus. Er waar en komickler alter Ketzer. Mol ee Owet iss er schpot heem kumme un hot bissel zu viel Kefferbrieh eigenumme g'hatt. Er dutt sich aus, awwer schteht darmlich middes in der Bettschtubb. Noh saagt sei Fraa zarnich, "Remus, ferwas machscht dich net ins Bett?" Noh saagt er langsam, ", Dunnerwedder! — waart — aa — mol — bis — es — widder — rum — kummt!"

Wie die Williamse vun der Miehl weck sin, sehn ich en annerer chap kumme mit me Hengel Fisch. Der Kaerl iss g'schpassich geloffe. Er hot die Knie als nunner gegnackt iwwer 'm Laafe un hot es Maul allfert uff-g'schpaerrt wie en yunger Amschel wann sei Mammi ihm en Warrem gebt. An seim Maul wie an seim Laafe hot mer sehne kenne, ass er net gans recht iss. Sei Gleeder waare aa gans puddelnass gewest. Es waar der Sanner Hollebach. Der Daadi frogt der Sanner, "Wu hoscht du dann all die Fisch grickt?" Noh saagt der Sanner, "Ich hab so en grosser sucker in sellem diefe Loch drunne an der Dreh g'sehne, un wie ich ihn haekle hab wolle, bin ich ins wasser g'falle. Wie ich raus uff die 'bank' gegraddelt bin, hawwich verhafdich der gans Hosseorsch voll 'sucker' g'hatt. Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha—ha!" Der Daadi hot gelacht, awwer er hot wull gewisst dass der Sanner in die Grick gebaade iss un wie es wasser nunner gange iss, wann die Miehl als g'schtoppt hot, waare die Fisch draus in de gleene Panne wu sie net raus geh hen kenne bis es Wasser widder heecher iss warre. Do hot der Sanner sie gut uffpicke kenne mit de Hend.

Un so iss es gange vun eem zum annere. Die Zeit iss schnell verflogge. Ee Schnitt nooch em annere un der Block waar fardich g'saegt. Die Saeg hot awwer net gans ans End vum Block geh kenne. Un wie der Block fardich g'saegt waar, hot mer die Blanks am End abschplitte misse. Sell abg'schplitt End hot mer der "Schtraehl" g'heesse. Seller Block hot awwer en scheener Haufe g'saegt Hols gewwe! Acht dreizoll Blanke, vierunzwansich Zoll breed un vier dreizoll Blanke achtzeh Zoll breed—all zamme dreizeh hunnert un zwansich Fuss.

Alleweil daet mer iwwer so'n Miehl lache, doch daet es en Zaerkelsaeg ordlich gut taxe far so'n grosser Block saege. Alleweil sin die menschte Bleck yuscht ee Fuss dick, un's nemmt nein so ee-fuss-dicke Bleck far ee drei-fuss-dicker mache. So en Zaerkelsaeg fliegt wull darrich die Bleck wie en g'schmutzter Dunnerwedder, awwer far's gross Hols hendle wie sie als var alders g'hatt hen, waar die alt Nuff-un-nunner Saegmiehl viel besser. Sie hen net so schtarrick g'saegt un hen em Hols en chance gewwe far uffwachse. Seider ass mer die Zaerkelsaeg hen, do saegt's so schtarrick dass es Hols nimmi uffwachst un mer hot nix as wie so Zuckerschtengelcher vun Bleck un die sin oftmols so grumm wie en Bretzel. Ya, liewer Leser, dihr meecht wull lache iwwer die alt Nuff-un-nunner Miehl, wu deel Leit alsemol "Heit nuff un marye nunner" Miehl heesse, awwer die alte Saegmiehle hen viel g'holfe unser Land uffbaue. Wu en Saegmiehl waar, iss glei en gleeni Gegend drum rum uffgewachse. Unne die Miehle an de gleene Gricke waer unser Land wild geblliwwe.

Der Sanner Hollebach hot sei Gleeder hinnich 'm Offe im Miehlschtibbche gedriggelt. Der Daadi grickt en annerer Block ready far uff die Miehl. Der Sanner geht uff der Heemweg un ich un der Daadi hinne drei. Mir sin widder deheem. Ich schlof ei—un draam die Saeg hackt in die Glammhoke. Ich greisch un 'kick' die Deck vun mir im Draam, awwer die alt Miehl schtoppt vun selwert—un so dutt aa mei Gedraam!

sei
YOCKEL X BUMBESCHWENGEL
Maerrick

BOOK REVIEW

YEARBOOK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY (1944) VOLUME IX, 1946; Schlechter's, Allentown, Pa. Ordered through E. M. Fogel, Fogelsville, Pa. Price, $3.50.

The ninth volume published by the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society includes three fine monographs, offering a wide variety of interesting reading and recording many facts. For the historian there is Frank E. Lichtenthaeler's detailed study of the migrations of the Palatine refugees of the early eighteenth century. For the collector there is an authoritative account of "Kentucky Rifle" accessories, written by the Landis brothers of the Landis Valley Museum. Students of the dialect and folklore in general will find a delightful portryal of the contemporary scene in Alvin F. Kemp's account of the various Fersammlinge, or annual gatherings of the initiated, which have been organized during recent years.

The volume includes a portrait and a brief, but well-deserved, tribute to the memory of the late John Baer Stoudt, one of the society's founders. As usual, there is the chronicle of outstanding events in Pennsylvania Germandom for the year 1944 and the secretary's report of the annual meeting of the year 1944.

We direct our attention to the monographs and will review them in the order of their presentation.

Storm Blown Seed of Schoharie is the title of an account written by the late Frank E. Lichtenthaeler of Stowe, Vermont. Without hesitation we say that this fascinating tale, told in lyric prose, is the finest contribution to this field of study offered thus far. In one sense it is the flowering of many seeds planted by the author through a lifetime study of the early experiences of his own people transplanted from European to American soil. The fruit of his efforts takes the form of a monograph set forth in liquid prose, challenging the imagination of the reader as beautiful word pictures are painted to recapture scenes more than two centuries old.

With meticulous care the author traces the routes travelled by the Palatine pilgrims from the moment the ships bring them to New York harbor until their settlements are securely planted in the fertile valley of the Tulpehocken in Pennsylvania. Sometimes the trails are very faint as the reader is escorted through dense forests and the upper reaches of the Susquehanna country; sometimes there is a resort to conjecture and imaginative reconstruction is given full rein, but the salient facts are there.

The known sources have been thoroughly combed for the slightest clue that may shed light upon the story. In the few cases in which the author found new sources he treats the material with the critical judgment of a careful scholar. This is particularly true of a letter purported to have been written to Conrad Weiser by friends he had left behind him at Schoharie, a document questioned as to authenticity by others who have studied the life and times of Conrad Weiser.

The injustices to which the indentured Palatines were subjected are weighed in the light of surrounding circumstances and a spirit of Christian charity toward the oppressors of the hapless refugees is a refreshing note as one contrasts it with the series of charges and counter-charges that mark the materials which have come down to us in former treatments of this subject.

By dint of diligent study the author has marked, on maps, the early locations of villages, water-routes and archaic place names, in many cases salvaging from oblivion the last vestiges of their existence and recording them for posterity.

Storm Blown Seed of Schoharie forms an excellent sequel, or prelude, to the two Conrad Weiser biographies which were published last year. The facts, as they are presented, serve to orient the reader in the background from which the younger Weiser emerged to become the great peacemaker between the governors of the middle colonies and the Indians.

Frank E. Lichtenthaeler, the author of the monograph, passed from this life in May, 1946. He did not live to see his work in print. His remains were brought from Vermont to Reading, Pennsylvania, where he lies, buried in company with his forefathers.

* * *

For those who have read the account of **Lancaster Rifles**, by George Diller Landis and his brother, Henry Kinzer Landis, as it was published in Volume VII of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society annuals, the essay on **Lancaster Rifle Accessories**, by the same authors, will come as a welcome sequel. Again we are presented with a study of a craft which combined technical skills with artistic appreciation; the former recorded with precise care and the latter replete with interpretation and symbolic explanations.

The gauge of bullets, the evolution of the sights on guns, the carvings on gunstocks and powderhorns, the various caliber scales and loading tools are a few of the subjects of the monograph. They all receive exact and interesting treatment.

The excellent plate drawings, liberally interspersed throughout the article, are enlightening and clearly represented.

The patronage of the many collectors of firearms throughout the nation quickly exhausted the issue of Volume VII in which the story of the rifles was told. The sequel, dealing with the accessories, should have an equal appeal to devotees of the hobby as the account is set forth in Volume IX.

* * *

Because of the frequent calls made upon Dr. Alvin F. Kemp to deliver talks in the dialect it was proper that he should be invited to construct an article dealing with the unique organizations grouped under the heading, **Pennsylvania German Fersammlinge.** This phase of our folklore had its beginnings in very recent times and the scholars of the future will form the final judgment as to whether the movement represents the final gasp of an ethno-centric culture, or, whether it is indicative of a revitalized effort to preserve the better elements of the Pennsylvania German's way of life.

Dr. Kemp makes no attempt to evaluate the significance of the resurgence of interest in the many facets of our **mores** and folkways which are brought into view as the members of the various groups foregather in festive assemblies. It was not his province to assess but to record, and this he has done admirably, in the true spirit of the "fersammlung."

One point is clearly established for all time: the groups are all-American in character, fervently patriotic and jealous of their peculiar heritage as Americans.

The illustrations are well selected and neatly arranged in the text. Here we detect the expert editorial hand of Ralph C. Wood who acted as the editor of the volume. The use of the dialect in the illustrated programs reveals forcibly, that which has always been patent to students of the dialect, namely, the confused and disordered spelling of dialect words. The publications of the society adhere to the general principles of orthography agreed upon at the Hershey Conference, January, 1939, now generally known as the "Hershey System." Most columnists and dialect writers attempt to follow this system in their presentations today, but the various members of program committees arranging for "fersammlinge" appear to be guided by their own fancies.

* * *

The casual reader of this volume must be impressed by many things. There is one impression, however, which strikes this reviewer with full force. Taken all-in-all, this volume provides abundant evidence of the many-sided way-of-life pursued by the people of Pennsylvania German heritage. There is excellent balance to their culture. Deep religious fervor, indomitable courage and expert husbandry ring through **Storm Blown Seeds of Schoharie;** skill in craftsmanship, appreciation for the arts and keen resourcefulness are underlined in the articles, **Lancaster Rifle Accessories,** and a wealth of humor, the relish of the good things of life and a vibrant American spirit are revealed in the account on the **Pennsylvania German Fersammlinge.**—Arthur D. Graeff.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Sie Gleicha die West

Wie m'r da onner morya ob g'shtopt hen on da 13d un Tilghman doh in da shtadt fer der floor polisher Sam Ruch sehna, wen sotta m'r bakont werra os wie 'm Sam seinra shweshter Hattie Helwig ihra boo fon Seattle Washington. Der yung mon is der Daniel David Helwig, gabora dart drous, un yusht tzurick fom Unkle Sam woh er 'n instructor wor in da army. Now os er widder frei is, wor er un sei kummerrawd un bisnis partner Leon Finny uf 'n 8000 mile mashina trip rei noch Nei Yarrick, un hen noh uf 'm tzurick hame waig iwwer nocht ob g'ahtopt doh in da shtadt, fer der Sam sei shweshter Flora p'sucha.

'M Daniel David sei fodder wor der Herbert H. Helwig, gabora un uf gabrocht in Columbia kounty, ow'r woh fer yohra g'shreiner'd hut fer die Lehigh Portland cement kumpany fon darra gagend. In 1910 wie die cement kumpany 'n meal gabout hut in Meteline Falls, Washington, hen sie der Herbert dart nous g'shich'd, 's airsht ols shreiner boss, un 'n shpaiter iwwer maishder odder ewwa superintendent fon da meal gamocht.

Der Herbert wor 's airsht k'heiert tzum Sam un da Flora ihra onnerra shweshter Mada, un woh g'shtarva is in Konadaw, die weil os sie drous west worra. 'N glae kind is aw shpaiter tzurick rei kumma, un hut da Mada ihra shweshter Hattie Ruch k'heiert, un woh ols noch laibt, un wohn'd on 8315, 22 Northwest shtross, Seattle 7, Washington. Der Herb is g'shtarva in 1940, un hut drei kinner tzurick galust. Die kinner sin die Dorothy, k'heiert tzum Robert Yothers fon dart drous, der Herbert Jr., aw k'heiert, un der Daniel David. 'S Herberts' hen etlicha kinner, die Dorothy net, un der Daniel David is noch leddich.

Der Daniel David un sei kummerrawd Leon Finny sin bisnis partners imma beauty shop in Seattle, Washington. Sie hen der shop die gons tzeit om gae k'halta os sie beim Unkle Sam worra, un gain now widder selwar tzurick on die arwet won sie hame kumma. Sie hen gawainlich fon 16 bis 20 leit om shoffa un hen 'n grossie bisnis.

So weit os ihra trip aw gonga is, hen sie sich arrick blessiert ow'r in Nei Yarrick maina sie, wear tzu fiel om aw gae, un die leit weara 'n gonsie tzeit tzu arrick imma shuss fer rum sheesa. Drous west sawga sie, weara die leit gore net so imma huddle, un kaimta aw gawainlich hee woh sie onna wotta. Nei Yarrick hen sie gamaint wear 'n shainer blotz fer onna gae sich blessierra, ow'r fer shae ruich lava hen sie gamaint, wotta sie ols noch 's liebsht drous west sei. Yar wel so gaits ewwa in darra welt, 'n yader fogel peif'd seim aigna shnoval noh, un 'n yader fogel gleich'd sei aiga nesht. M'r sure worra froh der Daniel un der Leon bakont tzu werra, un hen fershprocha fer da nagshda summer ob shtoppa sie sehna, wons badreffa sot os m'r unser blawns now ous fiehra kenn fer aw nous west gae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Howard Bitting, der Zion kerrich arigle shpieler, wear aw shun garn ganunk in die hae fer 'n windshiff ride nemma, ow'r hut so weit noch ken shiff finna kenna os 'n nemma hut kenna wie er gae wil.

Der aintsich'd waig os der Howard willins is fer nuf in die luft gae is, fer die gons tzeit os er drowwa is, ae foos uf 'm grund halta.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book
By BENNETT CERF

Young Connelly, whose father had been hanged as a horse thief, experienced a little trouble in filling out an application blank for life insurance.

The cause of his mothers death was easy; double pneumonia. It took several minutes, however, before he found the proper words to explain the old man's demise: "My father was taking part in a heavily attended public function when the platform gave way."

* * *

The house surgeon of a London hospital was attending to the injuries of a woman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound, he frowned, and remarked, "I can't imagine what sort of creature must have bitten you. This is too small for a horse's bite, and too large for a dog's."

"Oh, sir," explained the patient, "it wasnt an animal at all; it was another lydy!"

* * *

Walter Pater was once invited to admire a hideous wedding present, bestowed upon his niece. The great aesthete shuddered slightly, and remarked, "Very handsome. Very decorative. Very expensive, I'm sure. But for heaven's sake, don't let them make any more of them!

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

For more than five years now I have worn the same old hat. It's a brown slouch hat, very light in weight, cost me five dollars when I bought it, and it has become a member of the family.

Many a time I have sat on it, many a time I lost it but it always came back, many a time my wife said "Why don't you get a new hat?"—but I just couldn't part with it.

* * *

But this morning a full page advertisement in a New York newspaper—read by the so-called better class of people—gave me new comception of the function of a hat.

A full page, but only two hats were shown, plus the full figure of a Chesterfieldian sort of gentleman.

"ZYX (that is not the real name of the store, but I don't give free advertising) presents Mr. Q's (name again disguised) Famous Hats for certain fastidious gentlemen."

That is the headline. Then:

"Q hats are more than hats and the Q name is more than a name. To be hatted by Q is a way of living and thinking.

"In presenting these luxurious 'limited edition' hats by Q. XYZ feels it is rendering a distinct service to those gentlemen of New York who, by instinct, seek out the utmost in uncommon craftsmanship."

* * *

I am sure my old hat can't read and I am sure it isn't psychic.

But just as I finished the ad with the line "Twelve-Fifty to Forty Dollars", that faithful chapeau of mine fell over the rack over by head (I was on my way home to New York in a railroad coach), landed right on top of the announcement and nestled in my lap.

* * *

If hats could talk I know what mine would have said:

"Please don't cast me off. I may not be a way of living and thinking, but I have been, pretty comfortable and soft, haven't I?

"I don't think you are the kind of guy, anyway, who needs a forty dollar hat to be a 'fastidious gentleman.' I have seen hats like me on some of the smartest people in the world, like old man Clemenceau and President Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt and Edison.

"Maybe they weren't fastidious, and I am dead sure they didn't need a hat to help them on their way of living and thinking.

"Not that I don't approve of nice hats and expensive hats. I noticed that Al Capone always wore perfect hats and perfect clothes, but if his

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Trials teach mortals not to lean on a material staff.—a broken reed, which pierces the heart. We do not half remember this in the sunshine of joy and prosperity. —Mary Baker Eddy.

GET READY FOR COMING ELECTIONS

The general elections are but a little over two weeks off and it is proper that the electors be thinking much about this matter and the choice and expression of opinion which they are going to make at the polls.

Far from being unimportant elections, as the apathy of many would appear to indicate, the elections are highly important. An entire House of Representatives is to be filled with upwards of five hundred members and more than a third of the seats in the U. S. Senate are to be filled. In Pennsylvania and many other states Governors are to be elected with many important State officials, including the representatives to their legislatures. So it can be seen that it is important for each and every elector to turn out at the polls and exercise his right to suffrage in determining how all these positions are to be filled.

It is good to be thinking of these matters now, to be making decisions as to how the ballot is going to be marked and to be making arrangements to get to the polls.

It is an American's privilege to vote as an absolutely free agent. It is likewise his responsibility that the right of franchise be exercised in order that government will be the fruit of his voice and not that of the professional politician.

Lehigh's electorate will have a grand chance on Tuesday, November 5, to demonstrate its belief in the democratic system and the determination of the people to preserve it. Such demonstration will be definitely provided by a large turnout of voters.

MORE CONSOLIDATED SCHOOLS FOR LEHIGH

At the primary elections in spring voters in several townships decided that they wished improvement in their school systems and voted the right to their School Boards to float bond issues to build consolidated schools and eliminate outmoded school systems.

At the election on November 5 the voters of Lower Milford township and those of Weisenberg township likewise will vote upon the matter of improving their school systems.

Lower Milford voters will say yes or no to the proposal to borrow $40,000 in order to build a consolidated school while Weisenberg voters will decide whether or not to borrow $42,000 in order to build such a school for their children.

In light of the fact that these are among the last townships in the county to take such action, it can be believed that the voters will wish to follow the example which has been set by other townships in recent years as trend to consolidation of schools became strong.

It can safely be said that the people in the townships which have consolidated schools would not tolerate the thought of return to one-room schools even if they could get them without expense. The consolidated school idea has come to stay and it is a tribute to the people of Lehigh county that they have adopted it generally and give promise of making it county-wide within only a few years.

Our rural folks desire education for their children that shall be on a par with or better than that which the highly developed and well-equipped city systems can give. They have learned that this cannot be done in the "little red school house," despite all the poetry and legend and beautiful traditions that surround it. They have learned that it can be done in the consolidated school. They have passed on their information and valuable experience to their neighbors. Those neighbors in Lower Milford and Weisenberg can be expected to vote favorably for consolidated schools on the coming election day.

NEXT BATTLE AGAINST RHEUMATOID DISEASES

America's scientists and medical men are so eager to tackle big problems and the American people are so ready to support them with their interest and money that almost any campaign which is designed to promote well-organized battle against disease can be expected to be received sympathetically.

So we can expect that the recently inaugurated campaign to raise $2,500,000 for a study of the causes, prevention and treatment of arthritis will succeed for in every community where the cause will be presented there will be vast numbers of examples of the need for the campaign.

Surgeon General Parran, in opening the campaign, declared that rheumatoid diseases afflict at least one in every 20 persons in this country. In other words, about 7,000,000 people suffer from one or the other of this group of diseases. This is greater than the number suffering from heart disease, cancer, tuberculosis and diabetes combined.

General Parran estimates that 97,000,000 mandays are lost from work, school and other activities because of arthritis alone and he points out that its victims are most frequently persons in the prime of life when their loss from their inactivity is greatest and when their responsibilities are heaviest.

Despite the vast number of persons who suffer from arthritis and related diseases and the drain that their illness places upon society, little has been done to learn its causes and bring about prevention and cure.

It is a big job but Science has tackled even bigger ones and has succeeded. It should likewise succeed in this.

SHALL WE HAVE A DEPRESSION?

Depressions don't have to happen, but when everybody wants to buy things and nobody wants to make them, depression is the likeliest result. No government action (certainly by this Administration) can be counted on to prevent it. Businessmen can't be counted on to prevent it. Nor can labor leaders, for too many of them are the political prisoners of their own rank and file.

Nobody can be counted on to prevent it except the individual American with a job. Unless he regains his willingness to work and curbs his eagerness to spend, the age of plenty will never arrive. Instead we shall all be poorer. That doesn't have to happen. The individual American must soon decide. If he follows his conscience, it won't. —Life Magazine.

Peace and Communism

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—Persons with short memories are saying the Paris conference was a failure, but they forget that no peace conference in the past was ever hailed as a success by all the parties. The real test is whether the agreement brings peace for any length of time or plunges the participants into another war. This is something which will not be known for many years to come.

The Paris conference did not settle all the fundamental questions before it. Many compromises were offered and many were rejected. But the significant thing about the conference is that it has not adjourned. The parties will keep on talking. It may be that it will be another year or more before a comprehensive settlement of the issues growing out of World War II will be achieved.

In a broad sense, the world can derive encouragement from the fact that the discussions continue. For as world opinion plays its searchlight on the debates, inevitably world opinion will penetrate even the "iron curtain." And the moves being made by the democracies are bound sooner or later to impress even the totalitarian regime that there must be some element of cooperation lest Russia's own recovery be stymied and her own internal situation become so unstable economically as to furnish the basis for revolt.

The negotiations at Paris tax the patience of fair-minded men whose concept of an agreement is a spirit of give-and-take. The Russians make concessions on minor points but never seem to budge on the major points. The Russians have been encouraged by a virtual "fifth column" inside the United States which is as active in behalf of the Communistic foreign policy program as the pro-Nazis and their organizations were for the Nazi cause inside the United States before December 1941. The American people are slow to discover certain disloyal elements which have bored within a minority of our labor unions and which have secured the support of various "liberal" citizens and organizations that happen to be nothing but fronts for Communism.

* * *

The Russian government may not know it, but the biggest single barrier being erected to an understanding with the Russian people is that formed by the activities of those so-called friends of Russia inside the United States who are members of the Communist party or are supporting the Communist line.

When Congress reconvenes in January, it seems certain that the American people will hear more about the activities of Communists inside the United States and countries to the south of us. Up until recently this has been laughed off by the "parlor pinks" and some of the so-called liberals, but this has not discouraged members of Congress or national organizations like the American Federation of Labor and the American Legion from pursuing the matter.

Russian-American relations would be benefited if the Communists in this country ceased their interference. The number of persons outside the Communist orbit who want to see friendship established with the Russian people is overwhelming. Such antagonism as exists is levelled against the totalitarian regime in Miscow. All the talk from pro-Communist sources about "living with Communism" is simply a blind to urge acceptance of totalitarianism as a respectable way of living. There can be no reconciliation between the democracies and tyrannical regimes which abolish civil rights.

* * *

The Russian-controlled press and their allies inside the United States have formed the habit of pointing to the few persons lynched in the south or to other isolated instances of suppression of civil rights as typical examples of how lawless all Americans are. No emphasis is placed, for example, on the attitude of the Republican party—which is denounced as "reactionary" by Moscow—in taking a stand publicly against lynchings and in favor of legislation to abolish all forms of discrimination between persons of different race or color.

The truth is that Moscow's press has a guilty feeling about the criticism of the totalitarian regime made by the American press and flaunts the lynchings and the Tennessee episodes as characteristic of the entire American people. Just as Americans do not believe that the oppressive acts of the Moscow regime are typical of the behavior of the Russian people, so may it be said that the few cases of disregard of civil liberties in America are not typical of the people or their government in a democracy like the United States.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

INTOLERANCE OF SCURRILITY

It is sure proof that the worm is turning and that the smear-artists, hate-mongers, intimidators of free expression of thought and opinion in this country, are on their way out, when the magazine "The Protestant" is denounced by those who had to so large extent financed it.

"The Protestant" first appeared in December, 1938, under the editorship of Kenneth Leslie, to define the function of religion in society. It devoted itself to an extolling of Communism, of Soviet Russia, and to attacks upon Catholicism after the Communist party line shifted that way. Everybody who disagreed with its particular viewpoint was denounced as pro-Fascist, anti-Semitic, and anti-Negro.

An analysis of this publication by one of the Jewish organizations calls attention to the fact:

"Mr. Leslie early defined for his readers a foreign and domestic policy to which the magazine more or less consistently adhered up to the Soviet-Nazi pact. In accordance with its general editorial policy, the magazine's policy in this regard closely followed that advocated by the Soviet Union and its supporters in this country . . ."

In this same analysis of this magazine, it is stated:

"'The Protestant' is backed by no official Protestant body. Despite the fact that the name has been given the connotation of 'protestor' (perhaps for lack of backing by Protestant bodies) there is constant claim of protestant sponsorship by reference to Protestant clergymen. But what the organization's controllers think of Protestantism is revealed in the following:

"'Suffice it to say that the articulate voice of what has become known as Protestantism in this country added its moral weight to the designs and purposes of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, which designs and purposes have only one end in view, namely, the preparation of World War III, the war of the West against the Soviet Union.' (September, 1944)"

* * *

In the wildest days of the Hitler phobia, many persons contributed to any organization that gave the impresssion of antagonism to the Nazi. The more extreme the antagonism, the larger the contributions. Many smart solicitors of contributions for various public agencies took advantage of this to find funds for their organizations and a large number of them came into existence, amply supported and devoted to the cause of stimulating antagonisms among Americans. Those who, like myself, protested against this abuse of human fears and generosity were labelled pro-Fascist and denounced.

Frightful errors in judgment and conduct were made by frightened individuals and the time has come to bring all of this to the public view, to establish the record, and to restore, wherever possible, amicable relations among those who persecuted and were persecuted, who abused and were abused, who smeared and were smeared. A continuation of these abuses can only lead to ugly contentions on racial and religious and therefore unAmerican grounds.

A perusal of "The Protestant" over the years leaves the impression of excessive intolerance. "The Protestant" eventually attacked firmly established public organizations, denouncing them for failure to the militant while offering "The Protestant" as a vigilant, aggressive and effective agency for fighting Fascism and anti-Semitism, which, in its pages, were identical.

* * *

On September 24, the leading Jewish organizations in the United States issued the following statement:

"The National Community Relations Advisory Council, acting under the direction of its Plenary Session, held in Chicago on June 15, 16, and 17, 1946, has reviewed the published material, program, activities, and techniques of the Protestant Digest, Inc., publisher of the magazine known as 'The Protestant,' which has no connection with any official body of the Protestant Church; and finds that while its solicitations of funds are ostensibly for the purpose of combatting anti-Semitism, the Protestant Digest, Inc., has contributed to inter-group dissension, and has obstructed the development of good inter-group relations in the United States; that it has made irresponsible and malicious attacks upon Jewish agencies, national and local; and that it is inimical to the interests of the Jewish community in America. The national Community Relations Advisory Council therefore urges its constituent agencies to discourage support of the Protestant Digest, Inc., of its magazine, 'The Protestant,' and of its other enterprises."

And thus ends another phase of a mad decade.

(Copyright, 1946)

Those wishing to buy clothing in Paris and have no ration coupons may now buy the coupons from the store manager, who then will sell you the clothing and accept the coupons back again.



DER FASSBINNER

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

"'S letst Neues war als im Kallenner—
'S besht Esse war im Sauer-Kraut Stenner."
—Fischer.

Schtenner, Zuwwer, Kibbel, Schtiwwich, Schtidtz—all products of a craft which once flourished in many places. **Der Kiefer** or **der Fassbinner**, was once almost as important to a community as the shoemaker and the blacksmith. Old records show that there was a cooper for practically every township.

There was a time in the history of our country when many products, not only liquids, were packed in barrels for storage or shipment. Before machines made nails plentiful barrels were easier to make than boxes. Barrels, too, could be rolled and were easier to handle. John Alden, of "Courtship of Miles Standish" fame, was not one of the Pilgrims but a craftsman—a cooper—whom the Pilgrims brought along because they knew they needed barrels, buckets, tubs and kegs in their new home in the forest.

Among the Pennsylvania German immigrants there were families that carried on the **Fassbinner** trade from one generation to the other, down to the time of the Civil War. One of these craftsmen was Joseph S. Kunkel of Albany Township, Berks Co.

The early products were made entirely of wood and entirely by hand. White oak was used for the staves, or **Dauwe**, for tight barrels, and red oak for slack barrels. The hoops, or **Raef**, were hickory **Schiene**. White cedar was desirable for tubs and buckets and was used in regions where it was available. The craft required a full set of tools, specially shaped and designed adzes, drawknives, planes, gouges, etc., the dialect names of most of which are already entirely forgotten. **Schpundelochbohrer** is one of the few that survives.

As long as the barrels as well as the staves were made entirely by hand, two tight barrels per day are said to have been a good day's work for a cooper and a helper. Of slack barrels, that is barrels that were not made to hold liquids, he could make about twice as many per day. Kunkel's price for barrels ranged from 70 cents to $2.00 each, depending on the kind of barrel. **Schtenner** cost from 60 cents to $2.25 each, and **Kibbel** 50 cents. A large portion of his work consisted of mending or repairing, indicative of that care which made things last for a generation or more.

Kunkel's account book (1853-1863)—he called it his "Cobby Book"—is interesting not only for the information it contains about the trade, but for the peculiar spelling and wording he used. One almost has to know the dialect to understand it. He spelled words as they sounded to him and put in dialect words whenever they were more suitable. For the latter he can hardly be blamed. In his trade the English language was entirely inadequate. There were no English equivalents for **Kibbel, Schtenner, Schtiwwich** and **Schtidtz**. It is true there is a colloquial word in New England, **Piggin**, which means the same as **Kibbel**. On the other hand, **tub** is not an entirely satisfactory description of a **Zuwwer.**

The following are a few entries illustrating his manner of writing:

1854 Oct. 9th	Gitian Frey	
on mending Barls		.33
1856 Jan. 27th	Joseph Kunkel	
one Kivl		.50
1856 Jan. 8th	Noaw Sipe	
one Stanar		2.25
1857 Dec. 11th	Ebey Frey	
one Mel Barl		2.00
1858 May 21st	Joal Kistler	
Bote Stafs 5.55 huntert		
1.25 per huntert		6.93
1858 May 28th	David Rote	
on manding Buter Barl		.25
1858 June 16th	J. S. Swoyar	
on manding Bocad		.30
1859 Sept. 22	Benjamin Frey	
6 Barl Hups	2 cents per Hup	.12

Like nearly all craftsmen in his day, he also did a little farming and when harvest time came along he worked "im Daagloh" for his neighbors and they did the same for him. When he wrote "Hafaday may rey 35 cents," he credited his neighbor for half a day's help cutting rye. One quaint item reads

May 31, 1858	Daniel S. Kunkel	
for gange for trating wachas		$9.50

which apparently means that he swapped watches with Daniel Kunkel and Daniel owed him a balance of $9.50 on the trade.

After the Civil War the cooper's barrel was displaced by the factory-made barrel, and then the steel drum. The harvesters have left the field and **die Schtidtz** has become a Thermos jug. **'S Budderfass** has deserted the farm for the creamery. **Der Schtenner** gave way to the stone crock, then the Mason jar, and now to the modern freezing cabinet. **Der Fassbinner** is all but forgotten.

(The writer of the above is indebted to Dr. Wilbur H. Oda for providing him with Kunkel's interesting account book.)

ATTENTION! GERHARTS!

Navy Lieutenant Eugene Gerhart's home is in Binghamton, N. Y., but while stationed in Philadelphia he had an opportunity to delve into the family of the Gerharts. In enlisting the aid of others of this widely-distributed family he wrote the following delightful verses, facetious now and then and yet serious. Perhaps they will prompt some relative of the Gerhart "Freindschaft" to supply the missing "link."

THE GERHART PINKERTON

"Where do we come from, Dad?" I said,
One night on my way to bed.
"We hail from Reading," he replied,
And tossed my query to one side.
When I persisted he gave in,
And told me things about our kin,
I thought about our pioneer—
Wondering just who first came here;
Who first saw Columbia's shores,
A refugee from Europe's wars.

I knew my Dad; his father too;
His own granddad my father knew.
My great-great-grandpa was unknown,
And so I began to search, alone.

"Alone?" say I—well hardly that,
Because, unknown to me there sat,
On dusty shelves so many books,
That only one or two quick looks,
Sufficed to point the path ahead,
Once trod by Gerhart kin, now dead.
I took my camera, glass and pen,
To hunt the Gerhart clan—and when
I delved twixt the time-worn pages,
There stood, unveiled, the Lore of Ages!

To Philadelphia Frederick came,
Refuge city of Quaker fame,
'Way back in seventeen thirty-nine.
He got here early—our Palatine!
Up the Schuylkill Frederick went—
In Heidelberg he pitiched his tent.

That's Berks County, "Up near Reading,"
Just as Dad had said. Fred found bedding
'Neath Tulpehocken's friendly sky
More to his liking—clever guy—
Than living in the Quaker city
Where he'd landed—spare no pity—
He was a farmer by heart and hand.
Fred and his brothers—mysterious band
Of two? or three? (We'll never know,
Though many Gerharts tell you so)
Soon learned to love this country well—
As seven generations tell!

Fred married here and worshipped God,
Who blessed the soil Fred worked and trod.
He left a wife and children ten—
The things he'd worked for here, and then
He calmly went to meet his Maker,
And lies in North Heidelberg's sacred Acre.

Fred's son, Johannes, so I'm told,
In Lancaster County raised and sold
The produce of his fertile farm,
Improved by sweat of brow and arm.

ALLE SARDE WARDE

Ach! Was hot's doch so viel Sarde Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche Warde!

We offer our reader the following unusual dialect words with the request that they shed light upon their meanings and usage, illustrating the same in dialect sentences. Please address: Editor of the ECK, Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

DIE HUTZEL — DIE GLATTBICHS
DIE ZINDPANN — DER WAGGESCHPRIGGEL
DER ERHEWER — 'S SCHNIERLEIWEL
aafaerrichde (verb) — DIE SCHPANNSAEG

Our last list of unusual Pennsylvania German words (ECK, Aug. 10) seemed again to have presented some difficulties to our readers. We submit the following definitions:

DER ESCHERICH—A container made of staves by the cooper (der **Kiefer odder Fassbinner**), large at the top, tapering to the bottom; used as a receptable for wood ashes leached by pouring hot water over them. The potassium carbonate thus obtained in solution was used in the making of soap.

DIE FEDDERHOWWEL—A tongue and groove plane (before the day of planing-mills carpenters had planes to tongue and groove boards.—John W. Moyer, Sr., Allentown).

DIE LEDDERZANG—Shoemakers pliers (Ich wott ich kennt mei Ledderzang finne, noh kennt ich die alt Ledder Sohl abreisse.—A. George Stahl, Allentown).

DER SCHLICHT—Sizing put on the linen covers of Conestoga or other early wagons, to make them weather proof. (This word was furnished by Wm. F. Yoder, Elmer, N. J.)—Compare German verb **schlichten** to make smooth.

'S HECKSELFUDER—Chopped feed. Hay or straw cut about one-half or one inch long on a cutting bench, mixed with oats, rye and corn, then moistened with water and fed to horses (John W. Moyer Sr., Allentown). Compare German **hacken**, to hack or chop.

DIE BRUNNEWALZ—A windlass used on old-time wells for drawing water.

DER DECHSEL—An adze, a cutting tool with thin arching blade at right angles to the handle. A tool to hollow out or trim down. (A George Stahl, Allentown).

SCHPRAUZE (verb)—To sprawl out, or strut—wie so'n aldi Gluck! Compare German **spreizen.**

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

Editor of the ECK;
Dear Sir:

I am a regular reader of your ECK in the Allentown Morning Call. In the issue of September 21 I read Donald Herbert Yoder's article "Dutchified Surnames" and the request for other examples from other Pennsylvania German regions. I therefore wish to give you one that I ran across out here. It is the family name that in eastern Pennsylvania is spelled "Griesemer." There used to be a photographer that I knew by that name in East Greenville. One of these Griesemers from near Allentown came out to Allen County, Ohio, and since people did not know how to pronounce 'Griesemer" he changed the name to "Grismore". Now there are quite a few people by that name here in Allen and Putnam Counties in Ohio.

I was born near Quakertown and raised near Bally. Even though I left those parts 33 years ago, I still can speak and read the Pennsylvania German.

The people around here are mostly Swiss Germans. They have some of the same sayings we have, though they vary a little. Did you ever hear the one we say: "Wie geht's?—Uff zwee Bee wie'n Gans, yuscht net so wacklich"?—The Swiss here say: "Uff zwee Bee wie en halwer Hund".

Your interested reader,
HARVEY E. BEIDLER.

Bluffton, Ohio.

DER AARM ALT PITT

Der alt Pitt Klotz, der schmokt en lott;
Sei Fraa meent: 's iss ken Frok—
Wann der Klotz eemol brenne sott,
Gingt mei Pitt nuff in Schmok.
Noh saagt der Pitt: "Nau bass mol uff—
Du gebscht gans wennich drum,
Ob ich geh nunner odder nuff.
Dei Schpotte laut mir dumm.

Gut weess ich wie mir g'heiert hen,
Waarscht du die Sarah Schneck.
Do frog ich mich, was witt du denn
Mit so 're daerre Heck?
Wann ich dann nuff geh muss in Schmok,
Un der alt Klotz verbrennt,
Dann bin ich los vun mein're Blok,
Un haerrlich iss mei End.

Ich hob mei gansi Leweszeit
Hart g'schafft, hab mich geblokt;
Hab net rumg'schpielt as wie deel Leit,
Hab yuscht mei Peifle g'schmokt.
Nau bin ich alt un gro un schteif—
Es will mich niemand meh.
Ich hock yuscht do un schmok mei Peif—
Un reib mei miede Bee.

Allentown, Pa. —FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER

ISS ES NET EN SCHAND?

Deitsch Schreiwe iss ken Schpielerei—
'S geht net so g'schwind wie eens, zwee, drei;
V'leicht geht's em Pumpernickel so—
Er iss aa schunn viel Yaahre draa,
Un ich bin yuscht der Willi Yaerrick,
Vun drowwe an dem Schtee-e Baerrick.
Mei yunger Kopp iss net so voll;
Ich muss mich bloge mannichmol.
Am Aafang geht's als ziemlich gut,
Un eppes schpaeter schwitz ich Blut,
Far Deitsch zu schreiwe mit Verschtand.
Iss des net en aryi Schand?

Palmerton, Pa. —WILLARD M. GEORGE

Among his grandsons, I believe,
Is my great-granddad, Pete. I peeve,
Because I have not yet found
That father of Peter G. around.

Now Pete was sexton of the Friedens Church,
And, though his name they'd ne'er besmirch,
The Gerhart Freindschaft get a laugh,
Telling how he cracked in half
Proud Frieden's brand new tolling bell,
Ringing a prolonged funeral knell
For Mrs. Boyer; at least I'm told,
He smote the bell one stroke too bold!

Believe it or not, my patient friend,
To Frieden's loft, near one day's end,
I climbed up with a pounding heart,
And there I found—all split apart—
Old Peter Gerhart's "Liberty Bell,"
That once rang through the Schuylkill dell!

"Nothing can so small be spun,
That it comes not to the sun."
This Paul Gerhart said of yore,
To Gerharts on a foreign shore;
So Paul was right—we found Pete's bell!

But won't some Gerhart now please tell,
This Pinkerton of the Gerhart clan,
Where I can find this Pete's old man?

* * * *

I love the hills of Berks and Bern,
To Lancaster I love to turn,
Tulpehocken 's name sounds nice to me,
The Lebanon Valley I love to see.
I marvel at Fred's choice of home,
As these ancestral hills I roam.

But this is what would please me most:
To raise old Peter's pappy's ghost,
So I could ask that shade his name,
And end my quest. Oh, this game
Of chasing forebears sure is fun;
You know, I think, I've just begun!

Although I haven't found out much,
I know they're Pennsylvania Dutch.
So, Freindschaft, if you know the same—
Then tell me Peter's Daddy's name.

—Contributed by Arthur D. Graeff.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Tzwae Lara Seck

War dade denka os tzwae lara seck ma mensch der ochdem nemm— kenta? Ow'r sel wor wohrhoft doh net long tzurick der fol, un des noch so gore drous ons Homer Zimmermans' negshd on Trexlershteddle. Un der Homer wor aw der kerl woh shier sei ochdem nimmy griega hut kenna, wie er ous g'funna hut os sie tzwae lara bobier seck uf 'm garret on shparra hanka hen kot, in blotz fon noch tzwae shunka flaish wie sei Mary gamaint hut os sie hetta.

Der Homer, mead un hungerich is mohl ae owet kartz fer supper tzeit uf der garret fer 'n shunka flaish runner hola. Die Mary hut shun well g'sawt sie wear so shtoltz os sie noch tzwae shunka uf hond hetta, un m'r kon sich leicht ei bilda wie der Homer a:l'm noh gapifa hut, wie er die shtaiga owwa nous uf der garret is, fer 'n shunka nunner hola so os die Mary un dochter Verna, shunka flaish broda kenta fer supper. Ow'r tzushtond welt, wie er on der airsht bobier sock kumma is woh sie ihra shunka flaish summers drin hanka hen, ferhoftich sei won der soch net lare wor, un so wor aw der nagshd woh er aw galong'd hut. Un fer die socha ols noch shlimmer mocha, worra sel aw die tzwae aintsicha seck os may drowwa k'honka hen, un woh ebber sheinds hanka hut lossa free'r im yohr, wies die shunka nunner ganumma hut.

Sis leicht tzu denka os der Homer net gapifa hut wie er die shtaiga tzurick nunner in die kich is, un er un sei Mary hen mohl rote k'halta wos tzu mocha fer supper. Wos es gewwa hut wissa m'r net, ow'r fermuthlich finf cent oyer, gabocka uf baida sida. 'S wor noh die weil os sie om essa worra os es 'm Homer ei kumma is wie fiel rins flaish os sie noch uf hond hetta, un aw wie fiel shunka flaish os sei shwover Will Henninger fom Independent shule house noch uf hond het, ow'r weara kartz uf rins flaish. So im gablauder sin sie noh draw kumma, wie der Will doh weil tzurick mohl shmaltz fershwabt het uf budder, un der Homer hut g'sawt, er gang'd ains gongs nous un dade der Will awronsa fer 'm rins flaish fershwabba uf 'n shunka si flaish.

Der Will, woh ken tzeit 'n freind im shtich lust won er 'm onnishder helfa kon hut der Homer uf ganumma mit seim barya, un dadarrich hens Homers' now widder shunka flaish, uns Wills' breicha nimmy yusht uf shunka flaish lava, ow'r hen aw rins flaish fer essa. Un die socha sin ol so kumma darrich tzwae lara seck ufs Homers' garret.

Gaput Fer Gravel

Da onner dawg sawga sie, wears gute gawest drous beim "Lou" Busher im grumbierra feld nagshd on Lyons. Der "Lou" hut shwartza grumbierra laisa, un sei grumbierra feld hut grawd wedder der Lyons kerrich hofe g'shtosa. 'N yaders wase wie shichderich os die shwartza sei solla waeich doda, un wor dale ferleicht shun fer 'n weil awenich duddlich won sie ols so nagshd noch 'm kerrich hofe gamist hen fer die grumbierra laisa.

Wel aenicha waig, der Clayt Roth wor uf 'm kerrichhofe om shoffa, un hut ous gamocht fer wenich fiver tzu da shwartza lawfa fer 'blauderra mit na. Ow'r wie sie 'n sehna hen kumma, in blotz fon worta fer shwetza mit 'm, sin sie uf, un ob fert nunner noch 'm onnerra end fom grumbierra feld g'shprunga allas os sie gae hen kenna. Soicha os sie sehna hen shpringa, kenna net onnishder denka, os wie sie hetta gamaint der Clayt wear aintwedders 'n g'shpuck, odder 'n doder os uf g'shtonna wear, fer blauderra mit na.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die barichda sin fom Dannie Keener drowwa on Neffs seina grumbierra laiser hetta die ledshd woch ae dawg aw gamaint 's dade g'shpucka uf 'm alta Union kerrich hofa, ow'r wie sie recht gaguck'd hen wors der Pumpernickle on schrift nunner nemma fon alta grawbshtae.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"How long does it take a monkey to kick the seeds out of a dill pickle?"

"What is the temperature of the water two feet below the surface of the Hudson river ?"

* * *

Here are a couple of questions typical of the stuff being asked on those radio quiz programs that have become quite the craze—probably because you can win a brand-new refrigerator or a 24-cylinder 1948 automobile by being just a bit more intelligent than Mortimer Snerd.

I saw an advertisement the other day which told you that answering questions like that, and thousands more, would be "duck soup" if you bought a certain book.

Personally I don't like duck soup. I can't digest it. There is too much grease in it.

And, just like duck soup, too much knowledge of useless things is indigestible.

Mind you, I think answering questions is a lot of fun. But do it as a game for entertainment.

I myself get lots of fun out of those question columns in the newspapers. I even have learned a few things from them.

But don't think that because you cant' answer them you are a failure or a dumbbell.

* * *

Why be an encyclopedia when you can buy an encyclopedia—and on the instalment plan at that?

You all know that radio program which features several youngsters who know more in one half-hour than you or I know in a lifetime.

So what?

I am sorry for those kids and for all other kids whose parents think that the more they cram into their kids' heads the more successful they will be.

Don't think for a minute that I am against education.

But there is a big difference between an educated person and a walking reference library.

* * *

Education should be something that is usable in everyday life, not an attic full of old keepsakes that would be much better given to the junkman.

By all means enjoy a good meal. But don't keep what you can't eat. Throw it into the garbage can or it will rot and fester.

There are hundreds of good reference books on every conceivable subject. Look up what you want to know and put the book back on the shelf when you have found what you wanted.

"How long does it take a monkey to kick the seeds out of a dill pickle?"

I don't now, and I don't want to know.

If I were a monkey maybe the answer to that question would be very useful.

But monkeys are great imitators, as you know.

And, just to be able to repeat a lot of stuff someone sieved into your brain, is too much of a monkeyshine for my taste.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

We were eating supper, being fish instead of meat, and ma said to pop, I met a famous authoress face to face today, William, I mean Laurette Argus in person.

She's not famous to me, pop said, and ma said, Now William dont sound so backwards, Laurette Argus is the writer of All Isn't Love, the biggest seller of the year. She was autograffing copies of the book in Hookbinders book department and being very nice about it, although I must say as far as appearances go she's just an ordnerry looking woman the same as anybody else. It just goes to show what can happen to any woman with time to devote herself to writing instead of having to occupy every passing moment with the never ending task of housewerk. Oh dear, I always thought I'd like to write, ma said.

There's a much simpler way than that of becoming famous, pop said. If you study the newspapers carefully you'll notice that every 3 munths or so somebody or other develops a stubborn case of heecups that defies all the local doctors. Every newspaper in the country publishes the news on the front page, and every news broadcaster will mention it on the air. Write a book and your name may be crowded out of the news by some little war or other, but get yourself a lingering case of heecups and you'll hick your way into millions of homes, he said, and ma said, Now William that's silly, and even if there was any sense to it, heecups are purely accidental.

I bet you could start them yourself if you wanted to, ma, I said. I know fellows can heecup whenever they feel like it, I mean even when they they dont feel like it, and I can even do it myself. Do you want to hear me, ma, do you want to hear me, pop? I said.

Both quick saying they didn't, and pop claimed the subject was exhawsted and advized me to eat my supper.

Which I did.

(Protected by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

The first time Nussbaum and Shapiro went to Shanghai, a pixie guide steered them into an opium den, and persuaded them to take a few puffs.

"It had no effect on me whatever," boasted Nussbaum. "Me neither," echoed Shapiro.

A few minutes later, Nussbaum beat his breast soundly and declared, "My mind is made up. I'm buying control of General Motors."

"Sorry," said Shapiro, "but I won't sell."

* * *

Wesylan '49 reported ecstatically to Weslyan '50, "Boy, it's happened to me! I'm in love. Prettiest girl in Smith. One of twins!"

"Twins, huh?" said his younger friend. "How d'ya tell 'em apart?"

"Nobody could ever fool me on my Angelina," boasted the Lotharo. "Besides, her twin is stroke on the Yale crew."

* * *

In the chorus girls' dressing room, Mazie boasted. "Last night I coulda married a swell guy with $50,000." "Why didn't you?" asked Daisy. "Aw, said Maisie, "where was I gonna find $50,000?"

Today's Text

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

Joshua 2.

We have here the familiar story of Rahab and the two so-called spies whom Joshua sent across the Jordan to make reconnaissance. One should not confuse the word Rahab in Ps. 87:4 with the name of this woman. They are spelled differently in the Hebrew and have different meanings. In Ps. 87:4, 89:10, and Is. 51:9 the word is a poetic term for Egypt. The name of Rahab the harlot, as she is called, three times in the New Testament; Mt. 1:5, in the geneology of Jesus; in Heb. 11:31, as an example of one who justified her faith by her good works in saving the spies, and in Mt. 21:31, where it is declared that publicans and harlots can be saved, and where it is apparent that they may be more likely to belive than the self-righteous Pharisees. In v.9 of our chapter, she states that the morale of the Canaanites was low; that they were very 'jittery,' since they heard how Israel's God had so miraculously dellvered them out of the hands of the Egyptians and given them victory over kings Sihon and Og, east of the Jordan. The spies promised to spare her and her home in the taking of Jericho. See 6:22,23.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

PARENTS DREAD

When I was a little lad,
This the dread my mother had:
There would come the time when I'd
Want a bicycle to ride.

Later, when some years had flown,
With a youngster of our own,
Well we knew the time not far
When he'd want to a drive a car.
So, with mothers all today,
Often this they're heard to say:
"It is certain, by and by,
He will want to learn to fly."

Wonder, in the years ahead,
Will the mothers live in dread
That their boys will very soon
Want a rocket to the moon?

25 Years Ago

Oct. 19, 1921, A Wednesday

Dorothy E. Engelhardt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Engelhardt, 133 N. 5th St., was married to Dr. Lee A. Kane, son of Mrs. John Kane and the late Mr. Kane of Philadelphia. The wedding took place in the Sacred Heart church. Msgr. Peter Masson, rector, officiated and John Birmelin was at the organ

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To accomplish only a mass of beginnings and attempts would be to make a total failure of life. Perfection is the heritage with which my Creator has endowed me, and since this short life does not give completeness, I must have immortal life in which to find it. —Foster.

A SHOCKING CASE OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

There must be some person or persons who know the facts in the shocking story of a cat which was set afire either accidentally or wilfully over in the 12th ward on Tuesday and, even tho the fire was put out by a small boy, died of burns and suffocation. The police want to know who they are and interview them.

Despite efforts of the police and the humane authorities it has been impossible to learn the incidents that led up to the horrible act. It has stirred the community to demand punishment of the culprits, if it be shown that the incident was the result of a Halloween prank or was the working out of a petty spite.

This is a community whose heart is kindly. There has been consistent education to the end that kindness to animals shall be practiced universally and that any violation thereof shall be punished with all the severity that the law permits. It is roused today over this incident to an animal that was someone's pet.

HUNTERS AND FARMERS IN AMITY

In common with the practice of other years, farmers and sportsmen of Upper Milford township met together last night on the eve of the hunting season to fraternize with each other, to reestablish those amicable relations and understandings that are so important to good will during the hunting season, and to have a generally merry time.

Only too many hunters appear to imagine that the purchase of a hunter's license and the possession of a gun and ammunition entitle the holder to scour fields and forests for game without the slightest let or hindrance. There seems to be no consciousness of the fact that every acre of ground, whether it be field or forest, is owned by some person or corporation just as every foot of land in a city, whether improved or unimproved, is someone's property. There is little realization that there is no difference as to trespass upon private property in a city and upon private property in the country.

The fact of course is that comparatively few owners of rural property, especially the owners of fields and forests, object to the movement of trespassers over their property. They regard them as more or less welcome visitors and as long as no damage is caused there is no interference with or question as to their movements.

However there is a small minority of hunters who have no appreciation of these facts and regard a hunting trip as a merry lark whereon, if no game can be found, a few shots at some stray barnyard fowl may make a satisfactory bag and fill a steaming pot as effectively as a pair of pheasants or rabbits. It is against these and the reckless who endanger human life by careless shooting that practically all the "No Trespass" signs are set up. It is this group which hurts the interests of the larger army of sportsmen who are decent and considerate.

In Upper Milford they have sought for years to arrive at an understanding between the two groups that traditionally have become arrayed against each other because of the actions of hoodlums and scatterbrains. The idea might well be employed by other associations of sportsmen.

A NATURALISTS' PARADISE

There are thousands of naturalists thruout the United States who envy the naturalists in this part of the country because almost at our back door is one of the greatest show places for wild birds in the United States, namely Hawk mountain near Hamburg.

Inasmuch as the many varieties of hawks are among the most interesting members of the great bird family, any spot where any considerable number and variety of species can be seen becomes a mecca for bird-lovers.

By the merest accident it was discovered some years ago that the most important course taken by American hawks and other predatory birds in their migrations is thru the gap at Hawk mountain. Southwardly thru that gap the hawks after a summer spent in Canada and the Arctic regions wing their way lazily, floating upon the currents of air that are almost as definite in their course as the Lehigh and Susquehanna rivers nearby.

Man has learned something from this and it will be remembered that when aviators conduct gliding contests it is from central New York State that they start, heading for our Blue mountains. It was a matter of no surprise to those who have known about this course of the hawks that in recent months the winner of the 1946 gliding contest alit in a field at Laurys. He got a bit off the course of the hawks, but he was in the same general air currents that they employ to make their way easily from north to south every autumn.

That migration is presently in progress. Allentown naturalists who make up the Allentown Bird club are going to visit the sanctuary that is established at Hawk mountain today, if weather be favorable. There may be other naturalists than those of the newly formed organization. And there may be those who have a non-scientific interest in this group of birds and wish to see them in migration. The fellowship of naturalists welcomes them all.

VANISHING VISIBILITY

At the traditional Chinese rate of exchange, four photographs in a pamphlet on highway safety issued by the Eno Foundation ought to be worth more than forty thousand words. The photographs were taken at night on a macadamized highway to show the relative visibility of pedestrians dressed in dark clothes, gray clothes and white clothes. They were taken at distance of 200, 300, 400 and 500 feet. At 200 feet all three pedestrians are visible; at 300 feet the one in dark clothing is barely visible; at 400 feet the pedestrian in dark clothing is invisible and the one in gray clothing nearly so; at 500 feet only the pedestrian in white is visible.

The pedestrian can make no more dangerous error than to suppose that the ease with which he can see the headlights of an approaching car is in effect mutual. Under clear weather conditions the driver of a car whose vision is not affected by the lights of cars traveling in the opposite direction can see a pedestrian in dark clothing in time to stop only if he is driving no faster than 35 miles an hour. Bad weather or the glaring lights of another car can reduce this distance to virtually zero. Since it is unlikely that the bulk of male pedestrians will ever wear anything but dark or darkish clothing, the spot of white necessary for visibility can be provided most simply by use of a handkerchief.

—New York Sun.

The Mines and the U.S.

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25. — The coal mines of the country are in possession of the government and, under the Smith-Connally law, there can be no work stoppage in them without subjecting those who bring it about to criminal prosecution.

The press has published statements to the effect that the United Mine Workers may not work beyond November 1st, which is the date of an agreement they have with the federal government with respect to working conditions. Nobody in the mine workers' union has said there will be a work stoppage. This is merely an inference drawn from the fact that hitherto the miners have never worked for private employers when they did not have a contract.

In this instance, the miners' spokesmen are charging the federal government with having breached a contract but this is a matter which cannot be decide dby a union. but this is a matter which cannot be decided by a union. for settlement if the United States government consents to the suit, for it is well known that the government cannot be sued without such consent.

* * *

But once the mines are seized, it is a fact that under existing law anyone who conspires to bring about a work stoppage is guilty of a violation of law and it doesn't matter whether the workers have a contract with the government or are working for the government in the expectation of a contract.

The law does not compel anybody to continue at work but it would be a farce if it were assumed that many thousands of miners could quit work without some instructions to that effect that "no contract, no work" has been the rule of the miners' union. Any act of encouragement of a work stoppage can be penalized. The present law reads on this point, with reference to properties seized by the federal government:

"Whenever any plant, mine, or facility is in the possession of the United States, it shall be unlawful for any persons (1) to coerce, instigate, induce, conspire with, or encourage any person, to interfere, by lock-out, strike, slow-down, or other interruption, with the operation of such plant, mine, or facility, or (2) to aid any such lock-out, strike, slow-down, or other interruption interfering with the operation of such plant, mine, or facility by giving direction or guidance in the conduct of such interruption, or by providing funds for the conduct or direction thereof or for the payment of strike, unemployment, or other benefits to those participating therein. No individual shall be deemed to have violated the provisions of this section, by reason only of his having ceased work or having refused to continue to work or to accept employment.

"Any person who wilfully violates any provision of this section shall be subject to a fine of not more than $5,000, or to imprisonment for not more than one year, or both."

Individuals, to be sure, may cease work of their own volition, but is it plausible that a union which operates over a far-flung area would not communicate its wishes to its members through district officers and that all of the members would stop work without such instruction?

* * *

The answer to that question may some day be put squarely before the Department of Justice, which has adequate means of detecting law violations. The position of the federal government toward enforcement of all laws and its prestige before the country would be damaged if it failed to enforce the law governing strikes during government seizures. It is because the administration is expected to enforce the law that predictions are being made that there will be no work stoppage in the coal mines during the period of government possession.

The Smith-Connally law is part of the war powers statutes but, since neither the Congress nor the President has proclaimed officially the end of the state of war, the statute governing seizures remains in full effect.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CHANGE FOR CHANGE SAKE

It used to be an adage in American politics: "Throw them rascals out." And it was a good one. Men grow overbearing with power. Way back in the early days of the New Deal, Henry Wallace is reported to have said that his party would be in power for 40 years. Hitler went better than that: he said that the Nazis would last 1,000 years.

A free people never permits those who govern them to forget that their position, prestige and power hang by a thread; that even the mightiest may, at any election, be thrown out. The Republicans forgot that before 1932 and although their wary politicians had their ears to the ground, they were deaf ears which failed to recognize the thunder of public opinion.

* * *

The New Dealers forgot, in their old age, that they were not ruling the American people but governing them. The elected representatives of the people subordinated themselves not only to the appointed bureaucrats who took on the trappings of a European officialdom, but they reduced their dignity and status to servants of pressure groups with whom they made miserable deals for the perpetuation of their tenure in office.

For instance, when Izvestia—or for that matter, any other organ of a foreign power—selects those for whom the American people ought to vote as their representatives, it should be a normal, wholesome response of Americans to vote against these men. I said as much when Spruille Braden, on behalf of the American government, intervened in the elections in The Argentine. And the people of that country quite soundly gave Mr. Braden a boot in the right place. And so when Izvestia says that Americans should choose those Senators and Representatives who are endorsed by the C.I.O.-P.A.C., then it is the moral and patriotic duty of all Americans to vote against candidates who have been so endorsed. And when they select by name, as the chosen of the Kremlin, Senators Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia, Joseph F. Guffey of Pennsylvania, James M. Tunnell of Delaware and Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming, then it would seem the duty of Americans, in self-respect, to defeat these candidates.

It is undoubtedly correct that some of the Republican candidates are no better than their opposite numbers. Recently I went through the campaign literature of several Republican candidates for the House of Representatives and it was as dopey a collection of words as ever I did read. Some of these candidates have to learn that the label "Liberal" may yet become a term of opprobruim in the United States because of its misuse by shoddy minds that think in terms of slogans and not ideas.

* * *

Yet, I would note, were I in their districts, for those over-anxious candidates, not because I respect them but because the time has come to make a change, to throw out the fat cats who slipped into authority on the coattails of Mr. Roosevelt and reduced the status of the national legislature to a pawn of conflicting pressure groups.

And the reson for this is that this country needs, more than anything else, a deep probe into the ugliness of these pressure groups. They need all to be investigated thoroughly, those on the Right as well as those on the Left. If government by pressure has become fixed as the American system, let us know all about it in detail. Let us see how it works.

For instance, here is a letter issued by the Friends of Democracy appealing for $250,000 "to extend its program." The object of this expansion is to fight American Action, Inc., which, I understand, has raised about $150,000 to fight against P.A.C.-endorsed candidates. That is a good battle, if it is out in the open on both sides. I know considerable about both organizations, but a Congressional Committee with power of subpoena could get at facts which many know but few can prove without the power of subpoena.

I cite this as one example of what needs to be done; a thousand such probes are necessary. Therefore, let the Senate and House be reorganized by a new group. New brooms sweep clean.

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Pert and Pertinent

An acute shortage of oil cake, needed for cattle feed, and obtained from Russia, Sweden and Brazil, is handicapping farmers in Finland.

Greece has repealed its wartime law forbidding the dismissal of employes and requiring that the greater part of their wages be paid whether they worked or not.



Our "Dutch" Cousins in Canada

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Introduction to a Series of Sketches

For many years we had heard vague references to the Germans and the Swiss who had emigrated from Pennsylvania to Canada late in the eighteenth century. We were told that the dialect and customs which set our Pennsylvania Germans aside as a distinct group were still preserved there. Then, late in the 1930's, we read the chatty letters which Elias Good of Kitchener, Ontario, sent to the **Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch Eck** published in the Allentown Morning Call. These letters served to confirm the story that our Pennsylvania German dialect was still spoken in the British Dominion, for the Reverend Mr. Good was at the same time writing a dialect column for the Kitchener Daily Record, the daily newspaper of Waterloo County, Ontario. With the passing of Elias Good in 1939 the letters from Canada ceased and we heard nothing further from our Canadian cousins until the Hon. Ralph Schoener, County Controller of Berks County, Pennsylvania, attracted nationwide attention by his dogged determination to guard the county treasury.

The news of Schoener's rugged insistence upon old-fashioned honesty in public affairs brought a note in the Kitchener newspaper, promising the Hon. Ralph Schoener the Canadian vote if ever he ran for office in that province. The Kitchener Record then went on to declare that Schoener would find himself very much at home in Waterloo County, Ontario, for there were many Schoeners living there. This item was copied by Pennsylvania newspapers and our interest in our Canadian cousins was revived.

Late in June 1946 we set out to visit our Canadian friends. The route we followed approximated one we found in the Mennonite Quarterly Review of January, 1929. In 1817 Jacob Bowman, formerly of Alleghenyville, Berks County, had come back to Berks to pay a visit to his relatives. On his return journey to his new home in Canada he kept a diary listing the towns through which he passed and the taverns at which he lodged. The following notes are extracted from his diary.

From Reading to Kergerstown (?)	— 10 miles
Orwigsburg	— 11 miles
Sunbury	— 47 miles
Williamsport	— 42 miles
Genesee, N. Y.	—137 miles
Batavia	— 25 miles
Buffalo	— 40 miles
Black Rock Ferry	— 2 miles
Preston	— 92 miles

He had travelled 429 miles to reach Preston, Ontario, one of the settlements of the Pennsylvanians who had emigrated to Canada.

Preston was the first community in which we met with evidence of Pennsylvania Dutch influence in Ontario. We had crossed the Niagara River at Lewistown, several miles north of the Falls Bridge and therefore had skirted the northern edge of the earliest settlements made by the Pennsylvania emigrants at St. Catherine's and at Vineland. We shall return to these communities later. These towns are in the Niagara District of Welland and Haldimand Counties.

A few miles west of Preston we espied a road marker announcing **Historic Site.** A hundred yards beyond this marker was another sign pointing to an unsurfaced road and indicating that the road led to a tower which marked the earliest settlement in the interior of the province. The earliest settlements, those in Vineland and St. Catherine's were made in 1793. The marker states that 1800 was the date of the first settlements in Waterloo County. There was no statement of the names or origin of the first settlers and no indication of how many miles of country roads we would be forced to travel to find the tower. We turned into a dusty road.

PIONEER TOWER

Surely this was not the hospitable farming country which we knew in eastern Pennsylvania. The lanes leading to farmhouses had signs posted against all sorts of trespassing and some declared: "Positively No Admittance." It was the height of the haying season and a sunny mid-afternoon, but there were no workers in the fields. The farm buildings were not dilapidated, but they did not speak of the excellent husbandry we are accustomed to note as we pass through the farming country of Berks, Lancaster, Lebanon, Lehigh and other counties in eastern Pennsylvania.

After two or three miles of travel on this lonely road we espied the crest of a tower. Gradually it came into full view as we approached the banks of the meandering Grand River. On an acre of ground, with grass neatly cropped, stood a forty-foot tower. It was erected in 1925 by the historically-minded folks of Waterloo County to mark the homestead of Joseph Sherk, the first pioneer.

A winding staircase inside the tower leads to a platform from which one may view the Grand River as it flows southward to empty into Lake Erie. The surrounding valley is beautiful; the lands are undulating but not hilly and in serried rows stand the monarchs of primeval forest crowning the elevations and flanking the river's banks.

In the shadow of the monument is a fenced-in burial ground. Perhaps thirty-five or forty tombstones stand as individual memorials to the members of the families of the first pioneers. Some of these stones still bear the German inscriptions, notably that of Joseph Sherk, spelled Scharg, with the a "umlauted". A simple stone informs the reader that Sherk was one of the "ersten Einwanderer von Pennsylvania." The names Sherk (Shirk) and Betzner predominate among those whose burial place is marked, but the other names too have distinctively Pennsylvania earmarks.

While we were examining the tombstones two boys rode up on their bicycles. They had come to see the cemetery because they had studied about the Mennonites in their ninth grade classes in the Preston schools. For their benefit we translated the German inscriptions. Neither of the lads could speak the Pennsylvania "Dutch", although both of them informed us their parents could. And why not? Their names are Fred Schmidt and George Dechert.

There we learned, and later confirmed, that Joseph Sherk and Sam Betzner had come northwestward from the Niagara settlements in search of new lands and had purchased a large section of what was then known as Upper Canada from a man named Beasley. The boys knew that these Mennonites had come from Pennsylvania, but they told us that most of the descendants of the Sherks and the Betzners now lived near Kitchener, twelve miles farther to the northwest. The lads told us that Kitchener had an excellent library and an historical museum; they had visited both in quest of material for their history studies.

As we drove away we wondered how many chance acquaintances could be so helpful to visitors who came to one of our ancient burial places in Berks or Lehigh.

A backward glance at the tower revealed a weather-vane surmounting the turret; this weather-vane was in the form of a Conestoga wagon, drawn by four horses. We had come upon a transplant from Pennsylvania.

KITCHENER, ONTARIO

Kitchener, Ontario, is a city of 35,000; a city without slums; a city of bustling, throbbing industrial activity; a city with proper pride, new-world vigor and old world charm. The urban area of the twin-cities Kitchener and Waterloo form the heart of Waterloo County. Their combined populations would equal that of Lancaster or York. There are many industries, but the chief one at present is the fabrication of rubber.

The original name of Kitchener was Ebyville, named in honor of Benjamin Eby of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the great leader of the early Mennonite migrations to Upper Canada. During the second and third decades of the 19th century many Germans migrated into Canada from the European Germanic states. Hundreds of these found their way to the Pennsylvania Dutch settlements in Ontario and there the two groups blended their culture and combined their skills. The Pennsylvanians were farmers, the Germans were processors of agricultural products. The farms provided the grist for the mills and prosperity smiled upon the whole area.

In tribute to the fine service which the newer Germans rendered the community, Benjamin Eby proposed that the name of the town be changed from Ebyville to Berlin. Suburban communities were named Breslau, Heidelberg, Baden, Conestoga, Strasburg and other names which echo a German or Pennsylvania origin. The names of streets in Berlin might well have been chosen from a Berks County directory, as one walks along Filbert, Eby, and Weber streets or passes Schantz station.

During World War I the name of the city was changed from Berlin to Kitchener in honor of the British general who disappeared so mysteriously during the early stages of that war. We were told that there was a great deal of local controversy at the time the name was changed. The residents preferred to retain the name of Berlin while the industrial establishments argued that the German name on their letterheads interfered with their opportunities to sell their products in distant markets. Berlin became Kitchener, but all of the smaller communities have retained their German names.

But what of that unmistakable sign of Pennsylvania German backgrounds? Could the dialect still be heard? Did people speak English with that peculiar tonal quality, with the quaint idioms and the rising inflections at the end of their sentences? The answer to all of these questions is "Yes."

We heard the maids in the hotel giving directions to each other in excellent Pennsylvania Dutch; we eavesdropped on a business transaction in the Bank of Montreal carried on in clear dialect; in restaurants the waiters took orders in the Dutch and on street corners we heard mothers give traffic warnings to their children in the tongue which their ancestors spoke. Perhaps it was because our ears were especially tuned for the experience in Kitchener and perhaps our eyes sought out the country folk but it did seem to us that the dialect is spoken more freely and more frequently on the streets of this Canadian city than it is spoken in Reading or Allentown.

There were some slight differences in the manner of speech and in the vocabulary used. We will note these as we recount our dialect conversations with individuals with whom we spoke directly. We felt very much at home in Kitchener.

SATURDAY MORNING MARKET

Where can an observer find a large assembly of farmer folk in an industrial city? For one who has spent many early morning vigils in the old Farmers' Market under the Grand Opera House in Reading watching the housewives purchasing supplies from sleepy farmers the answer was easy. The span of memory stretched nearly forty years to tell us that the slogan must be "To Market, to Market," and that, very early in the morning. For Kitchener had a farmers' market and only the early risers would be privileged to see the stands heaped with vegetables, baked goods, meats and toothsome delicacies. A few hours—and the stand would be empty, the crowds dispersed and the farmers driving back to the country with empty crates and filled purses.

The first streaks of dawn were just giving way to faint sunbeams when we entered the enclosed area which serves as the farmers' market for the people of Kitchener, Ontario. There was a great deal of hustle and bustle. Many of the customers were men and frequently entire families paraded through the long aisles carrying hampers and chip baskets in which they placed the wares they purchased. Strawberries were in season (early July) and care has to be taken that the boxes of berries were placed on top of other articles, lest the berries be crushed under the weight of sausages, called summer sausages there, or under heavy heads of imported cabbage and other edibles. The scene was not unlike one which may be observed at any farmers' market in eastern Pennsylvania.

Another familiar note was the surnames of the market men who labeled their stands with names such as Moyer's Orchards, Burkholder's Dairy, Detweiler's Farm Produce, Boyer's Meats, Hagy's, Gingrich's, Buchwalter's, etc. Among these Mennonites the women still adhere to the familiar devotion caps, but the men seldom wear any standard or uniform garb.

We paused to chat with Noah Lichty and did so in the dialect. Mr. Lichty was offering prize onions, beets, eggs, bacon, and an assortment of garden supplies. We talked about the weather and the crops and not once was there any suspicion on his part that we were not natives of Ontario. The only point we noted in his use of the Dutch which was unfamiliar to us was his use of the German **Zett** in saying **X Y Z.** This, however, is not clear proof of an old German survival, for it is common throughout all Canada (as in England) to pronounce the letters of the alphabet "from A to zed."

At a market stand kept by a Mrs. Martin we found the familiar "cup cheese" which we had always believed to be a product of eastern Pennsylvania only. When we inquired its name we found that it is called "Koch Kaes" or cooked cheese. At another stand we noted that there were some dark specks appearing in the "cooked cheese" and we inquired of the woman who sold it what the dark specks might be. "Sell iss Kimmel" we were told, or in other words, caraway seeds.

There was little to be found on the stands where baked good was sold. Canada and the Empire faced rationing of breadstuffs within a few weeks because of a great shortage of flour. Customers had depleted the stock and stores of these stands before we arrived. We asked the baker whether she knew of "Shoofly pie." "No, not shoofly pie but shoofly cake; yes, I make that often."

The market building does not provide enough space to accommodate all of those who have goods to sell. A curb market forms along the pavement outside of the market house. There we had a rather unique experience as we stood midway between two sellers, one a garbed Mennonite and the other a man in "worldly" attire. The Mennonite was speaking Pennsylvania German to a customer as he tried to sell a live Plymouth Rock hen and the "worldly" one was selling a bouquet of flowers, speaking modern High German to his customer. Here we could see the impact of the two tongues in the British Dominion of Canada.

Before we returned to our quarters we purchased a souvenir in the form of a wooden plaque showing an old Dutchman muttering this bit of whimsy:

Ve git too soon oldt und too late schmart.

To be continued

FARRICHT DICH NET

Als Bu waar ich mol weit vun Haus—
Hab mich verweilt zu lang;
Muss dabber heem—'s waerd dunkel nau.
Ach nee—vun Schpucks net bang!

Ich hab mich schnell noch heem gemacht,
Noh hawwich g'schtoppt—graad karz!
Es schteht dart middes in dem Weg
En grosses Ding, gans schwarz.

'S hot Harner druff, ich seh en Schwans,
So halb in de dunkle Nacht.
Kann des verleicht der Deifel sei—
Bin ich zum End gebracht?

Ich kann net bei—darf net zurick—
Wu soll ich anne—wu?
Hab dart gezittert, schier gebrillt—
Weess gaar net, was zu duh.

En wennich naecher hawwich g'schluppt—
Bin ich en karyoser Bu!
Sell Ding dart middes in dem Weg—
'S iss yuscht en alti Kuh.

Wann ebmols scheint dei Druwwel gross,
Un zimmlich schlecht dezu,
So farricht dich net—er maag yuscht sei
Dart in deim Weg wie selli alt Kuh!

Takoma Park, Md. —EDGAR M. ESHELMAN.

YUSCHT EN GLEE BLIMMLE

Yuscht en glee Blimmle, un des verdaerrt,
Doch iss ken ann're mir so viel wert.
Die nemmt mich oft zurick, dass ich im Draam
Sehn newe an der Krick der Weidebaam.
Dart waar ich graad wie en Foggel frei—
Nemm mich nochmol hie uff die Bauerei.

Des glee daerr Blimmle, was draus wachst wild
Molt mir uffs Neie en haerrlich Bild
Aus der Vergangenheit—des lieb ich sehr,
Iss mir doch die gans Zeit, als wann ich heer
Mei Mutter im Gebet zum liewe Gott,
Dass Er mich hiete sett vor aller Not.

Gedanke, nemm mich nochmol zurick,
Un setz mich freehlich dart an die Krick,
Wu waar die Summerzeit nix wie Blessier,
Un iss heit ken ann're so lieb zu mir.
O Zeit; fiehr mich aus meine Sarye do
Zurick ins Kinnerland—noh bin ich froh!

Allentown, Pa. —FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Widder Tzurick

Ich denk ihr werra aw denka des wear 'n aryer Pumpernickle, 'm Dunnershdawg sawga m'r dada geshter weiter fertzaila fon Wilkes-Barre un hen net. Ow'r ich sawg wies wor. Unser shtub wor gons im unnerra end fom town, uns wor 'n gonsie tzeit so fiel om aw gae os m'r ferhoftich sei ken tzeit finna hen kenna fer schreiva. Yoh, wen m'r 'n shtub griega hetta kenna om wertshous, noh hetta m'r 's duh kenna, ow'r so bei golly net. Aenicha waig, m'r wolla eich now weiter fertzaila wos sella waig aw gonga is on da 74da yairlicha fersommling fon da Pennsylvania State Grange.

Ol tzomma worra 771 delegates darta fon 403 granges un 52 Pomonas, un noch hunnerda fon onnerra Grangers os fon alla gagenda bei kumma sin fer sehna wies har gang'd, on da State Grange konvention. 'M Midwoch wor der gross dawg, un woh owets 875 kondawdta ganitiate sin werra in die Sex'd degree, un woh bout 200 dafon kumma sin ous 'm Lechaw dahl,—odder ewwa fon Lechaw, Northampton un Carbon kounties. Fiel fon darra gagend worra nuf mit bussa, un onnerra worra gonga mit ihra aigna mashina. 'S wor shawd os 'm Midwoch nommy dawg net mainer om aw gae wor so weit os grange sessions aw gonga is, ow'r tzu fiel worra uf ganumma, ready mocha fer die degree arwet, fer denka fer noch die gawain'licha sessions howwa.

M'r hen eich 'm Dunnershdawg fertzailt fon selra "Political Hack" bisnis im Call 'm onnerra Fridawg. 'S wor uns gamaint sel sin m'r shure, un sin shtoltz un froh tzu sawga, os die "Political Hack" die blessier kotta hut fer da Jennie Bartholomew, Lehigh-Northampton Pomona lecturer, ihra nahma fohr shloga 'm Midwoch farmie dawg fer da State Grange, ols 'n kondidawt fers ombt fon Ceres. Uns sis aw mainer g'shaina os wie ihra nahma fohr kumma,—die Jennie is nei g'shtim'd werra, 's aintsich'd im gonsa Eastern dale fon da shtawdt fer 'n ombt tzu howwa in da Pennsylvania State Grange. Un noh noch tzu denka, os die "Political Hack" woh die Jennie fohr g'shloga hut, ken bauerrei aigen'd wie sie 'm onnerra Fridawg g'sawt hen os sie net dade?

Un oh yar, doh is ebbes os die "Political Hack" yusht net fergessa kon, hens uns shun bol gronk galocht driwwer. 'M Dunnershdawg nommy dawg wie m'r tzurick noch 'm Irem Temple kumma sin fer die nommy dawgs session ei nemma, hen tzwae yunga kerls on da dier g'shtonna un bobierra ous gadail'd, — bobierra os g'frok'd hen fer shtimma, shtimma fer der John Rice, Demograwdish kondidawdt fer Governor. 'S wor glaenie bisnis, un wie fiel fon da leit os nei sin die bobierra net ganumma hen, onnerra os sie ganumma hen, hen sie falla lossa, is der mood da bobierra dailer aw g'falla, un ainer hut tzum onnerra g'sawt: "Do you know what, it want take much, I'll throw these darn papers in the bushes, and beat it, somebody is making fools of us."

In wenicher os tzwae minuta worra sie fert un sin nous ons eck fon da Franklin un Market shtross, un hen darta ihra bobierra ous daila tzu aenich ebber os dawaig kumma is. Fer der aewich wunner hen m'r bout 'n halb shtun odder so tzu gabrocht im grossa gong fom Irem Temple fer da nommy dawgs session, blauderra mit Grangers fon alla gagenda waeich sella "Rice" bobierra. Yusht 'n "Political Hack" dade socha wie sel, un ihra maiga 's uns glawwa odder net, ow'r bol alla ainer os m'r aw gadroffa hen, monsleit un weibsleit, Demograwda un Republigawna hen yusht galocht won m'r g'sawt hut waeich 'm Gettysbarrick bauer for Governor.

M'r wotta numma m'r hetta die tzeit fer ol die fiela onnerra g'shpassischa socha fertzaila os die fegelcher uns gapifa hen on da konvention. Ebbes os uns fon hartza gakitz'ld hut, wor, wie m'r fier odder finf yunga maid sehna hen bei nonner shtae—maid os all'm noh aryads imma shtore g'shoft hen, un aenie hut g'sawt wie shticker sex eltericha weibsleit 's payment nuf kumma sin, "What are all these people walking around town with the little white cards pinned on their coats?

"Oh," hut 'n onnerrie g'sawt, "I guess some old hens club is holding a convention in town."

Un noh wors aw gute wie sellie drup Trexlertowner woh kumma worra fer die Sex'd degree owets nemma, ihra nommy dawgs meesichie tzeit tzu gabrocht hen in da shtorra rum lawfa. Allas wor ol recht bis die monsleit, der Howard Sechler, der Sterling Zimmerman, der Willard Hunsicker, un der Kenneth Geist uf 'n noshion kumma sin fer ihra longa neckties weck duh, un sich so glaina shlipcher griega os gucka wie kotza ohra. Un sie hen sich die shlipcher aw kauft, un ferhoftich sei won sie ihra alta ties net grawd darta im shtore ous hen, un ihra weiver hen na ihra neia aw duh missa. Owets hen die weibsleit net fartich werra kenna die boova bagucka, un mainer wie aenie hut gawunnert woh sellie gute guckicha, stylisha yunga manner bei kaimta.

Un oh yar, ae Granger fon ma kounty hinnich 'm barrick drowwa is ae owet ei g'shlofa on ra meeting un hut so arrick awfonga shnaricksa, os sei fraw gamaint hut 's wear ebbes iwwer 'n kumma, un hut garufa fer hilf fer 'n nous nemma.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da fiela State Grange fersommlinga on Grange Konferences os m'r shun ei ganumma hen, wissa m'r net woh m'r noch worra, woh die leit ol rum mainer akommodawdish worra os wie die woch drowwa in Wilkes-Barrie.

Die lodging in gons'm wor gute, 's essa aw, un die price worra recht.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

On Nov. 6, a 62-year-old Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) fellow, whose name does not mater, will go to jail for the next 120 days, to emerge a free man again, just as spring gets ready to come out of its winter prison.

He was arrested in September on a charge of intoxication, after having served a 90-day sentence imposed in July.

At the time of the previous sentence the judge told him that if he appeared before him again for being drunk, he would receive the longer term.

However, when he came before the court in September he pleaded that his sentence be postponed until the last chrysanthemums had stopped blooming, the last maple leaves had fallen, and winter on the march.

The judge, being a nature lover himself, agreed and Nov. 6 was mutually set as the date of the fellow's total eclipse until next spring.

* * *

Here is another jail item:

The old prison ward of the Staten Island Area station Army hospital has been transformed into an interdenominational chapel; protestant, Catholic and Jewish altars have been set up and services will be held by ministers, priests and rabbis.

Adjoining the chapel lounges and reading rooms have been set up, and all the remodeling expenses were paid out of voluntary contributions by patients, staff members and civilian workers.

* * *

Many years ago, Richard Lovelace wrote a couple of lines that have been quoted thousands of times by thousands of people:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

That fellow in Poughkeepsie told the judge he'd just as soon spend the winter in jail as being out in the cold at his age, without a job and with nothing to do but freeze and get drunk.

"Prison isn't so bad," he said. "It gives you a chance to think and get on to yourself."

And that prison ward in Staten Island was a prison only as long as the exigencies of war made it necessary.

The iron bars are down now, but the stone walls are still there.

And those stone walls, instead of shutting in criminals, have now become a structure dedicated to the brotherhood of man and a monument to the doctrine that men of all faiths can live together in brotherhood and peace.

* * *

There are better ways of "thinking and getting on 4o yourself" than by going to jail for the winter.

But there is no better way to make a sanctuary out of a prison to which you have sentenced your mind than by pulling down the bars and "thinking and getting on to yourself."

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Us fellows were talking and arguing around the letter box about different subjects such as whether berds fee! they're going on a vacation when they fly South, or whether they just feel they're going on bizzness, and Puds Simkins yelled. Oh boy, fire.

Meening smoke coming out of Sam Cross's celler windows, and we all ran over and rang the door bell and Sam came to the door, and Shorty Judge said, Hay Sam, your house is on fire.

Why dont you tell me something I dont know? Sam said. This house is insured and so's everything in it, and we're tired of living here so it's a good excuse to move some place else and get all new ferniture, he said, and I said, Well heck good night, dont you want us to send in a fire alarm for you?

Dont bother, it's been sent in already, but the trubble is, the firemen are delibritly taking their time coming on account of being mad at my father, Sam Gross said, and Sid Hunt said, Go on, why are they?

Sure, why should they be? I said, and Sam said, Because one time we had a kind of little fire and my father put it out himself before the firemen got here, and they got sore and claimed he should of minded his own bizzness, and ever since that they hardly even speek to him when he goes passed the firehouse.

Which just then Sam's father stuck his head out the celler window, saying, Counfound it, give me air, this is the last year I'm going to munkey with his old fashion fernace, believe me I'm going to put in a modern sistem before another winter rolls around.

Well heck, Mr. Cross, aint the house on fire? Puds said, and Mr. Cross said, No, it's just on smoke, thanks just a same for your frendly intrist.

Proving Sam Cross is still the biggest liar around.

Today's Text

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

Joshua 13:1-8; 14:1-15.

The third section of the book of Joshua begins with our reading lesson for today, the story of the division of the land of Canaan among the tribes, two and a half of whom chose to live on the east side of the Jordon, nine and a half in Canaan proper. The most familiar sentence in the 13th chapter is in v.1, 'There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed,' spoken as an encouragements to Joshua whose life-work, in spite of his advanced age, was not yet completed. In ch. 14, Caleb, who with Joshua had been strong in faith when the other ten spies doubted the possibility of entering Canaan, comes to Joshua, reminding him of Moses' promise that, because of his faithfulness, he would some day inherit a portion of the land. So now, at 85 years of age, he is given a special grant of land, the city of Hebron, formerly called Kirjath Arba. The name Caleb, as a Hebrew word, means 'dog.' One wonders why anybody should be given such a name, but according to v. 9, he had wholly followed the Lord his God, a characteristic of a faithful dog, we may say. May we thus follow Him in obedience.

25 Years Ago

Oct. 26, 1921, a Wednesday

Rev. William Ellis, D. D., of Philadelphia, talked on "Christians For the Crisis" before a mass meeting of the L. C. Christian Endeavor society in St. Paul's L

THE MORNING CALL

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODA Y

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men more than sheep or goats
That, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
—Tennyson.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT ELECTION TUESDAY

The weekend affords opportunity for just about all adults to shape their opinions and make their political decisions, those decisions to be expressed when they drop their votes in the ballot boxes on next Tuesday.

Certainly no qualified voter should dismiss the election on Tuesday as unimportant and uninteresting, and decide therefore to remain away from the polls. Certainly an election in which the entire House of Representatives in Washington is to be chosen is important and the choice of the men therefore must be interesting. Furthermore the Senate of Pennsylvania and its House of Representatives are to be elected. It is highly important to our welfare as to who will make the laws both in Washington and in Harrisburg. Therefore Tuesday's elections should be highly interesting to every qualified voter.

Several days are available during which electors can brush up on the issues and reach decisions, if they have not already done so. Very important is the decision to permit nothing to stand in the way of a visit to the polls on Tuesday.

All the organizations which make it their business "to get out the vote" are busy with their plans. The best idea however is that each and every woman and man shall make himself a committee of one to get out his or her own vote. That is the way Americans should think and act. That is the way we hope all qualified voters in these eastern counties of Pennsylvania are going to act.

EISENHOWER'S TIMELY WARNING

Lafayette college, which was named in honor of a great soldier, has in its time honored other great soldiers and yesterday sustained some of its finest traditions when it had General Dwight E. Eisenhower as its guest of honor and conferred upon him the highest degree in its power.

In such historical surroundings, General Eisenhower thought and spoke in historical terms and with the conviction that history is the "scroll of prophecy." He therefore recalled that only a little over a quarter of a century ago, another famous American military man, a native of Easton, had delivered a calm and a clear warning to the American people as to the dangers and risks of future wars. The Eastonian, the late General Peyton C. March, chief of staff of the United States Army, in 1919 warned the people of the United States that this country no longer stood isolated from the rest of the world. Least of all was its physical integrity assured by the natural barriers of great oceans with which it is surrounded.

General Eisenhower said that, unfortunately, his (which is our) generation had chosen to ignore the warning and had whittled armed forces to a point only "one step from extinction." As a result, when war came again it took two years to mobilize our power while others bore the weight of battle.

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Echoing General March he repeated the warning of 27 years and declared it is far more urgent today. He pointed out that "our geographical immunity has totally disappeared. Our responsibilities have multiplied. Both selfish interests and the world's future press us to a firm resolve that we shall never again thru weakness permit aggression another chance."

All this is important when there is talk once more of disarmament, when the United States enjoys the advantage of the greatest navy in history and the atomic bomb, most powerful weapon ever developed in military history. Now the United States is being asked to scrap one and surrender the other to the use of the entire world.

DON'T TIE UP CITY AGAIN

The committee which capably arranged for Allentown's Halloween parade this week has been pleased with the plaudits accorded it and has announced that a similar event will be planned next year.

While almost everything that has been said about the parade, and the arrangements for it, have been favorable, it is pertinent to note that one or two things should be avoided next year. While the matters are fresh in mind and experience they should be noted.

Perhaps the most important fault that could be found with the parade was its effect upon transportation. For hours during that night all public transportation which uses city streets was paralyzed. Trolley cars, buses, taxicabs were stalled wherever they happened to be trapped. Naturally this did not concern the paraders nor the spectators for they were not going anywhere that night. But it did concern thousands of people who were neither in the parade nor in the crowds of spectators.

A way should be found in another year whereby transportation for a city of 100,000 people and for nearby thousands as well shall not be paralyzed for hours. A half hour to an hour may be necessary as to some streets. But several hours is burdensome and should not be necessary as to an entire system and systems.

DANGEROUS INTERSECTION NEEDS ATTENTION

The death yesterday of A. P. Schneider as the result of an accident at 4th and Susquehanna Sts. calls attention again to an intersection that has produced more than its fair proportion of fatalities and traffic accidents.

Altho the intersection is one at which motorists have a high degree of visibility there must be something wrong with the system of stop signs at this point which confuses some drivers at least and apparently results in so many accidents. It has been said for quite some time that residents and business people in that vicinity no longer become curious when they hear the noise of a smashup of cars. They keep on with their business because accidents there are so commonplace.

It has been urged at times that a traffic light be installed at this important point which is on a State highway. But the excellent visibility at this point has been employed as argument against it. Furthermore, it is not so simple as it sounds to advocate and provide a traffic light for this, that or the other intersection. As the law now stands, when traffic lights are erected there must be a set of four not simply one for an intersection. Such a set will cost about $1800 and maintenance costs are said to be about $850 per year.

So the city, which is faced with the problem of putting up a new system to replace the present hanging lights, has expense ahead of it. It is not going to be easy to get lights at intersections now not protected.

But it should be possible to establish a system of stop signs at this intersection which will cut down the accidents and the deaths that are occurring all to frequently.

Nonpartisan Foreign Policy?

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1. — Some question is arising concerning the sincerity of the Truman administration in maintaining a nonpartisan foreign policy.

The question is whether the Administration, although professing to seek the cooperation of the Republican party, is not actually engaged in undermining that selfsame cooperation.

The Administration controls the Democratic National Committee. The national chairman is a member of the cabinet of President Truman. Yet in a radio address Chairman Robert E. Hannegan uses the following language:

"Do you know, Mr. and Mrs. America, that a vote for the Republican candidate in your State is also a vote for Taft of Ohio? That it is a vote to supplant Alben Barkley as the Senate Majority Leader? And when you vote for Taft, do you know what you are voting for?

"If your son fought for the defeat of Hitler in the late war, then you should know that Taft said: 'I believe we could have a negotiated peace with a Hitler dominant on the continent.'

"If you believe world cooperation is our only hope of avoiding World War III, then you should know that Taft voted against American participation in the United Nations."

The last statement is a bald untruth and quibble. Senator Taft did not vote against American participation in the United Nations. He voted for it. He, along with other members of the Senate, opposed using armed forces without the consent of Congress but the Democratic national chairman does not make that point or mention the Democrats who took that view.

The broad accusation that "a vote for the Republican candidate in your State is also a vote for Taft" is also a misleading statement. The assumption that Taft will be chosen leader of the Senate is by no means agreed to by those who know the situation in the Senate. Certainly neither the majority nor the minority leader controls the votes of individual Senators on foreign policy. It is a manifest twisting of the truth to say, that in every State where Republican candidates for Senator are running, a vote for them is a vote for Taft or an affirmation of the views Taft has expressed about Germany or anything else. It is unfair to men like Col. Lodge, Republican nominee in Massachusetts, who just took off his uniform and unfair to Senator H. Alexander Smith, Republican of New Jersey, whose record in world cooperation in the Senate has been unexampled. It is unfair with respect to many other Republican nominees as well.

But the attack by the Democratic national chairman is only part of the display of bad faith which the administration is showing toward the Republican party, whose cooperation it makes so much of when it addresses foreign nations. It will be recalled, for instance, that Henry Wallace was dismissed from the cabinet by President Truman for attacking the bi-partisan foreign policy of the administration. It will be recalled also that the country was advised that the President sided with Secretary Byrnes and Senators Vandenberg, Republican, and Connally, Democrat, in their handling of foreign policy matters. Yet former Secretary Wallace is out making speeches with the blessing of the Democratic National Committee. In one of his western speeches this week, Mr. Wallace said:

"I refuse to think that Secretary Byrnes and the State Department would have gone as far in risking war with Russia if they had not been needled into it by Senator Vandenberg and the military."

This is an indirect way of calling President Truman a prevaricator, for Mr. Truman has asserted that the United States is not engaged in any such role in our relations with Russia and that the foreign policy of the United States is made by him and Secretary Byrnes. Why does the Democratic National Committee continue to sponsor speeches by former Secretary Wallace unless it wishes to benefit from his attacks on the Republican party in those States where left-wing support is being sought by the administration?

Mr. Hannegan denounces communistic support at the same time the Democratic National Committee is evidently not averse to gathering votes through the Wallace speeches among the communistic elements in America to whom those speeches make persuasive appeal.

The congressional campaign does not reflect credit on the leaders of the Democratic party. The blunders being made will only lead to bad feelings when Congress reconvenes and may conceivably hurt the bi-partisan cooperation which is so essential to the success of America's policies in world affairs.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

DISARMAMENT

The affairs of the world are taking a new twist. The Russians undoubtedly feel that they have consolidated their position in those areas which they control through puppets and the use of police power. Therefore they advocate that all other countries disarm. They can now give the appearance of disarming, as controlling the governments, they can use local troops.

They demand that the United States withdraw from China. That is an easy proposal to make for them, particularly as the Russians need to keep no Russian army in China because the Chinese Communist army serves the Russian purpose. That Chinese Communist army has been associated with Soviet Russia since 1924. Its representatives have been delegates to the Third International, and have consistently since then served the Kremlin policy in China. Should the United States withdraw from China, the Chinese Communists, supported by Soviet Russia, could overrun and control large areas of this country because the Chinese government has to have time and peace to get over the effects of 14 years of war with Japan.

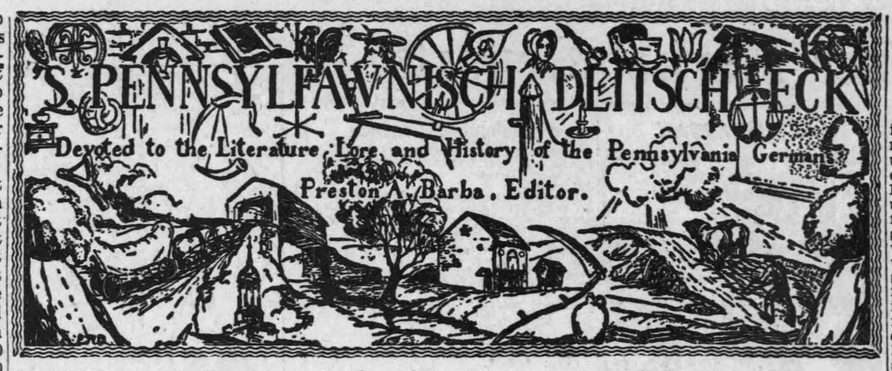
But what is more important is that China is a sovereign state associated with other states, including Soviet Russia, by treaties. China is one of the "Big Five," possessing a veto power equal to that of Soviet Russia. The Chinese delegate to U.N., Dr. Wellington Koo, sits in the same room with Mr. Molotov. Only China, as a sovereign state, can speak for China. How does it happen that it is Russia and not China, Molotov and not Koo, that demands that American troops be removed from China? Is Molotov the delegate from China or is Koo?

This question is important because apparently the Russian seeks to speak for every country as though no other country had any rights. Molotov's attack on Bernard Baruch was of this order. He says that Baruch hates peace because Baruch opposes the disarmament of the United States by the elimination of the atomic bomb as a weapon of defense except by orderly processes fully protecting the interests of the United States. Molotov seeks to influence the American people to give up the atomic bomb on Russia's terms because Russia, as Stalin reported, has no bomb.

In the present mood of the American people, Molotov's attack on Baruch and his insistence that the United States disarm without guaranteeing that Soviet Russia will disarm all her weapons, including propaganda and the Fifth Column which is existent in every country including the United States, will be resented as an impertinence.

The Russians may have misunderstood the Lilienthal Atomic Commission as a repudiation of Mr. Baruch. The President's timing of the appointment of this Commission was extremely gauche, and its personnel is nothing to incite paeans of joy. It is, on the whole, pretty mediocre and will be run by David Lilienthal, with Lewis Strauss protesting in private against socialistic excesses. It would be wise for the Russians to understand, and even for the Commission itself to realize, that it is subject to confirmation by the Senate and that the nature of the next Senate is to be determined on Election Day. Some members of the Commission may not be confirmed. I have inquired and can state that Mr. Baruch was not consulted as to these appointments.

And there is another point: Winston Churchill says that the Russians have 200 divisions scattered over Europe; Stalin says that it is 60 divisions. On the surface, Stalin should know better than Churchill. But if there is to be disarmament, it should not be left to Churchill or Stalin to provide the data. All disarmament activities should be subject to U.N. inspection and investigation. There can be no question but that, if everyone agrees, the United States would accept such inspection and investigation, for this country's data is available to everybody — except how to make an atomic bomb.



Our "Dutch" Cousins in Canada

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Continued

FROM CONESTOGA TO HEIDELBERG

The farms in Ontario operated by the people of Pennsylvania descent lie within a radius of twenty miles, north, west and south of Kitchener. Within this area there are a number of villages similar to our Womelsdorfs, Bernvilles and Bechtelsvilles. The land is almost level, the soil fertile and the farms neat and trim. As one motors north from Waterloo through St. Jacobs the handwriting on the landscape becomes distinct. There is the Swiss type of bank barn with the **Vorschuss, Hoidenn, Schtrohdenn and Owwerdenn.** The zigzag "worm" fence, the copse of woodland at the crest of small hills, the well-kempt premises, the rich fields of grain and the flower gardens, all testify that those Pennsylvania masters of the soil have also touched this part of the world and written their signature of fine husbandry upon it.

Here and there we saw entire families working in the fields. The cattle were sleek and fat and all the buildings were in excellent repair. There were no signs on the barns, howver. This is understandable because the practice of decorating barns did not begin in Pennsylvania until 1840 and the ancestors of these people had left Penn's domain before that date.

A road sign pointed to **Conestogoe,** a local spelling for a community on the banks of the Grand River. Officially the name is **Conestoga,** spelled exactly as it is in Lancaster County. The first people to ford the river in their covered Conestoga wagons had named their settlement for the creek in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The village of Conestoga is a sleepy little town on the easternmost settlements of the Pennsylvanians. Just Beyond the village one enters into Scotch Irish country. But this was not for us and so we swung west once more to Elmira. In Elmira we visited an antique shop operated by Isaac Blank. In the dialect he told us that he had been born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania and that he still had several sisters living in Reading. His dialect was therefore not a subject for our study. But Mrs. Blank, nee Albrecht, was a native of Ontario and her "Dutch" was indistinguishable from that of her husband. He told us, winkingly, that he had come to Canada to get a wife. Elmira is the center of a large Amish section. The "pig fairs" held at Elmira at regular intervals throughout the year will serve as the topic of a later sketch in this series.

At Heidelberg we stopped at the country store. The villagers were clustered at the front steps watching the preparations for a shivaree (U. S. dialect for charivari) or an organized serenade of a newly married couple. Everyone was gabbing away in standard **Pennsylvaanisch.** The chief authority on all proceedings appeared to be a young man who, we learned later, is the son of the proprietor of the store. He recited all of the details of the plans for the celebration and the awe-struck villagers plied him with questions. The questions were asked in clear dialect but the answers on the part of the young man were tinged with a modern German flavor. This "flavor" was however not noticeable in the vocabulary used; that was **Pennsylvaanisch.** Inside the store we spoke to the father of the young man and noticed the same speech tendency, only still more marked. He told us that he had been born in Germany, but during the thirty years he has lived in Ontario he had spoken the Pennsylvania dialect almost to the exclusion of English.

Customers coming into his store related their personal matters to the merchant while we stood there. Every order was given in the dialect; not one person presumed to speak in English. One woman had her twelve-year old daughter in tow as she made her purchases. Because this talkative woman included us in her general conversation, we made bold to ask whether her daughter also spoke "Dutch." "Gewiss dutt sie; ich schwetzt nix schunscht, noh misse die Kinner es laerne," she exclaimed. But the daughter held her silence.—Passers-by looked curiously at our Pennsylvania license tag.

SIXTEEN-MILE MENNONITE SERVICE

In East Zorra Township, Oxford County, Ontario, we attended an Amish-Mennonite service. The congregation is known as the 16-Mile Church, located near Tavistock. Land sections were laid out by squares in western Ontario and roads were built along the various dividing lines. The church we visited was on the road marking the sixteenth line.

The service was a special one. It was being held in order that the congregation might hear a message from one of its missionaries, the Reverend Mr. Litweiler, who was on leave from his post in the Argentine.

We were among the first to arrive. The resident Pastor Ropp greeted us. He told us that the members of his congregation insisted upon pronouncing his name as if it were Rupp, and this he attributed to Pennsylvania influences. The Reverend Mr. Ropp's birthplace is in Michigan.

As the church goers clustered outside of the building before the services began, we were approached by George Bender and welcomed into the group. One of the farmers asked me whether it is true that one can hear the corn grow in August down in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In a spirit of good-natured banter we talked about the crops, the weather and the roads until the various groups began to saunter into the church.

The men were seated on the right: bearded men and smooth-shaven men, old men, stalwarts and boys, many boys. The women were seated on the left side, their heads crowned with little devotion caps, white for the younger ones and sombre black or grey for the aged. In a few minutes the seats of the church were filled and worship began, as the **Vorsinger** rose to announce a hymn.

There was no organ, no choir, nor instrument of any kind. The leader sang loudly as he began the hymn and then in rising crescendo the voices of the congregation joined in a majestic hymn of praise. Then a second **Vorsinger** arose and announced another hymn. This time it was a hymn of thanksgiving ending with the verses:

Blessed quietness, holy quietness,
Blest assurance in my soul;
I put my trust in Jesus,
Who makes billows cease to roll.

We knelt in prayer. In a moment of worldliness we looked back over the tops of the benches on which worshippers had until now been sitting. There we saw rows upon rows of white caps protruding above the edges of bench backs, fluffy white caps on bowed heads confessing their faith.

The Reverend Mr. Litweiler had brought with him his 17-year-old son John. The boy had grown up in the Argentine and spoke the Spanish language. Upon the challenge of the missionary members of the congregation recited Bible verses in English and then listened to the same verses repeated by the lad in the Spanish tongue. The sermon was an exhortation to "Remember Lot's Wife," and the sins of the present day were held out as a warning against the result of conformity to the evils of the "worldy" way.

No plates were passed for collection, but an elderly bishop asked that members contribute toward buying an automobile for the missionary's use upon his return to South America. At least that concession was being made to the ways of the modern age.

After the benediction we were greeted by many of the members and some of them were solicitious about our having a place to spend the night.

As we backed our automobile out of the shed provided for the horses and the **Dachweggli** carriages, we ran a gauntlet between the group of young swains standing near the sheds and the maidens who were standing eight deep on the church steps. It seemed that the two sexes had a feud of some sort under way for they did not mingle. Each had sought its kind. But perhaps we should have waited and watched a little longer.

We drove away through East Zorra still humming the tune set to the words:

Blessed quietness, holy quietness,
Blest assurance in my soul . . .

THE PIG FAIR AT ELMIRA

Have you ever visited the Sunset Market near Lebanon, or the Bethel Market in Berks, or the Blue Dragon in Lancaster? If you have then you have a fair picture of the "Pig Fair" as it is conducted once a month in Elmira, Ontario.

Always on the Monday before the second Tuesday of each month the country people come to town. Most of these farmers are Amish and Mennonites and many of them still use democrats or **Dachweggli** as carriages in which to make the journey.

The Pig Fair is the only one of its kind in the Dominion of Canada. It has been held continuously for nearly one hundred years and is attended by thousands of people, all intent upon buying, selling or exchanging some article of value. These articles may range from household furniture to prize beef cattle, from toys to harness, and from plowshares to curry-combs. Most of the selling is done by auction but there is one segment of the square in Elmira in which farmers gather to barter among themselves as they exchange their goods. Frequently this form of exchange involves no money transfer and the price is fixed by the simple law of supply and demand plus the ability to argue and dicker.

In the early pioneer days of Ontario cattle buyers from the large metropolitan areas travelled from farm to farm to purchase the livestock they needed for the slaughter houses. As the number of the settlements grew the farmers were urged to drive their cattle to a few central points and offer them for sale at these points. One by one the other markets disappeared but the one at Elmira remained.

At first these markets were cattle markets only, but in recent years more pigs were brought to Elmira than beef cattle and the name was thus changed to the Pig Fair. At the present time no beef cattle are offered at the Fair because the cattle buyers have gone back to visiting the farms to make their purchases. The scarcity of meat has forced this situation. But pigs still come and everything else that has value in exchange.

The Pig Fair is also patronized by many city folks who are intent upon purchasing household furniture which may now be classed as antique.

Upon inquiry we learned that up to twenty years ago the auctioneering was still carried on in the two languages, English and "Dutch," as it continues to be done here in eastern Pennsylvania. However, the use of the dialect was abandoned by auctioneers when city folks began to come to the Fair. Even though the auctioneer does not intone in the "Dutch" any longer many a farmer conveys a message to his neighbor in the dialect while the unilingual city person stands helplessly alongside, not knowing what secrets may have passed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DIE LIEB

Ich bin nau ball alt un schteif—
Said the farmer to his wife,
Mei Lewe iss ball verbei,
But before I have to die,
Will ich saage nau dass du
Have been always kind and true.
Du mit deiner Herrlichkeit
Have made my darkest hours bright.
Saag mir noch eemol, dass du
Still love me as I love you.
Saagt die Fraa: "Ich duh! Ich duh!"

Nee, mei guter, liewer Mann—
Your life here is not half done.
Du hoscht noch so viel zu duh,
And I'll always help you too.
So gehn mir bis an des End,
Forwards, long as life is lent.
Hand in Hand, darch dick un dinn,
Till at last the goal we win.
Darch die Lieb do in der Zeit,
As we journey side by side,
Finne mir viel Herrlichkeit.

Fraa, ich wisst net was zu duh—
If it was not, dear, for you.
Un die Kinner, scheint's mir aa,
Love an honor their dear Ma,
Ich hab viel zu danke vor—
Would not want to ask for more.
Unser Lewe iss gewiss
Filled with love and trust and bliss.
Karz vun nau iss unser Zeit,
But we see the shining light,
Wu uns fiehrt zur Ewickeit.

Allentown, Pa. —FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER.

NOTE

It will be of interest to our readers to know that The Pennsylvania State College is now offering the following courses in Pennsylvania German under the direction of Dr. Albert F. Buffington, Professor of German and well-known authority on our dialect.

GERMAN 81

Elementary Pennsylvania German (Pennsylvania Dutch)

Exercises in reading, writing, speaking. The basic essentials of the language, useful not only for further studies but also in the personal and professional relations of prospective teachers, physicians, lawyers, etc., in Pennsylvania German areas. A knowledge of German is not a prerequisite for the course. This course may not be taken in satisfaction of the foreign language requirement of the Lower Division in the School of the Liberal Arts.—**Professor Buffington.**

GERMAN 85

The Life and Culture of the Pennsylvania Germans

A cooperative course, conducted by Professor Buffington of the German Department with the assistance of members of other departments and visiting lecturers. Two lectures and one discussion session each week.

By appointment.

Sept. 30-Oct. 5	Introduction: Aims and Objectives, Procedure, Bibliography; Prof. Buffington.
Oct. 7-12	The European Origins of the Pennsylvania Germans; Professor Selsam.
Oct. 14 and 16	Early History of the Germans in Pennsylvania; Professor Klein.
Oct. 21 and 23	Pennsylvania Germans in Areas outside of Pennsylvania; Professor Hermann.
Oct. 28 and 30	Languages of the Pennsylvania Germans: Pennsylvania German Dialect, Pennsylvania German English, Pennsylvania High German; Professor Buffington.
Nov. 4-13	Religion among the Pennsylvania Germans 1. Early Pennsylvania Religious Movements; Professor Buffington 2. Plain People; Professor Alderfer 3. Lutheran and Reformed; Professor Buffington 4. Evangelical and United Brethren; Professor Long 5 Other Denominations; Professor Buffington
Nov. 18-20	1. The Pennsylvania German Farmer; Mr. Hibshman 2. The Pennsylvania German as a Politician; Professor Klein
Nov. 25	The Pennsylvania Germans and the School; Professor Buffington
Dec. 2-11	Pennsylvania German Folklore; Professor Buffington 1. Courting and Marrige 2. Holidays, Festivals, Community Gatherings 3. Other Peculiar Pennsylvania Dutch Customs 4. Superstittions and Medical Folklore of the Penna. Germans 5. Pennsylvania German Folk Tales and Legends 6. Pennsylvania German Proverbs
Dec. 16-Jan. 3	Art and Architecture of the Pennsylvania Germans; Mr. Donald Shelly and Professor Klein
Jan. 6-8	The Pennsylvania German in American Literature; Professor Werner
Jan. 13-22	Journalism and Literature of the Pennsylvania Germans; Professor Buffington

Next semester a new course, German 82, will be devoted to Pennsylvania German dialect literature.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Neiie Mashine Un Grabs

M'r hen shun fer long 'n moodmosing kot 's wear aryads ebbes im wind mit 'm Fred Sittler doh fon da shtadt un seinra neia mashine—'n Hudson, ow'r hen nee net ous finna kenna wos. Etlicha hen uns ols g'frok'd dawaiga, un mier hetta etlicha mohl g'fiel'd fer gae der Fred sehna, ow'r hen g'farrich'd er maich'd uns sawga 's wear kens fon unserra bisnis. Aenicha waig, m'r hen da onner dawg die ohra gahairich g'shpitzt wie 'n glainer fogel uns uf die linx shulder g'floga is doh 's lond drous, un hut shtarta fertzaila fom Fred, un seinra arya efohring wie er un sei Nora un der Irvie Smith un die Ruth doh im noch summer nunner noch Marylond worra grabs fisha.

Der Fred hut sei neier Hudson ganumma kot wie fiel fon da mashine ewwa so weit fert g'shick'd sin werra on da facktories—weit fon fartich. 'S gross dale uf kours os tzailt on ra mashine heit tzu sawg, sin die fier radder, 's frame, 'n inshein, 'n shteer rawd, 'n doch, unna fedderrie sitz fer der fuhrmon druf hucka fer fohra. 'N deckle uf 'm trunk uf kours is 'n handichkate, bardich won m'r gae wil fer grabs fisha, un glawwa aw net os ferleicht aenicha mashina darrich kumma sin unna sella deckle, ferol os fiel mashina ken bumbers un ken hinnerra sitza kotta hen won sie kumma sin. 'M Fred sei Hudson hut so gore ken hinnerrie sitz kot, un aw weiters nix fon ra badishen wond g'shwishich woh die hinnershd sitz sei het solla, un 'm grossa trunk unnich 'm deckle.

Der Fred uf kours is 'n tzimlicher gawixder kerl, uns hut 'n gore ken lang ganumma fer 'n iwwer rousie shmartie sitz hinna in sei Hudson tzwicha. Un er hut aw ebbes fon ra badishen wond hinna nei gamocht so os die mashine net gons so liftich wear, un noh der Irvie un die Ruth ei galawda fer mit nunner noch Marylond gae grabs fisha.

M'r worra shure froh tzu hoerra os sie noch Marylond worra fer grabs in blotz fon nunner noch 'm sae gae woh mier ols onna gain in da nochbershoft fon Barnaget bay. Darta is die grabs fisherrei shun fer etlicha yohr ken cent nutz, un sin shure os m'r ken shtory tzu fertzaila hetta won der Fred sei fisher gang darta nunner ganumma het. Ow'r in Marylond wors onnishder. Darta hen sie dale wunnerbora grossa grabs g'fonga, un hetta all'm noh noch 'n lot graiserra kot fer mit hame nemma, wons net gawest wear fer 'm Fred sei doubida brilla glasser. Alla mohl os er 'n bardicher grosser rei tziega hut wolla, hut er sich ferguck'd mit seinra brill, un bis er ols gonga is fer der grabs fonga mit 'm net, wor der grabs nimmy woh der Fred gamaint hut os er wear. Doch darrich ol hen sie 'n grossie lot grabs kot fer mit hame nemma, un woh sie ol shae inna box gapock'd hen, un hen sie hinna im Fred sei mashine trunk g'shteld fer sie mit hame nemma.

Eb die grabs 'm Fred sei fohrerrei net gaglicha hen, odder eb die box so um g'falla is kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, wie sie der trunk dahame uf gamocht hen, hut die grabs box sunnersht saversht im trunk galaiga, uns wor naryads ken grabs tzu sehna. Sei uf kours hut der Fred gabutta, uns wor net bis sie mohl gabroviert hen fer die hinnersha hame gamocht sitz rous hava, os sie ous g'funna hen woh die grabs worra. Ol die grabs hen sich noh fershlupt kot im Fred seinra shpring sitz, un war sei lebdawg noch net dabei wor fer grabs ous ebbes wie sei griega, wase net wos fer 'n druvel un aeland os sell sei kon. 'S hut der Fred shier tzwae dawg ganumma fer die grabs ol rous griega, un hut alla weil noch so'n halvie noshion wie won ferleicht noch paar aryads on da mashine rum hanka maichda.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r hen da onner dawg 'n mon hoerra sawga ainer fon seina freind wear so weit nava nous in die hecka gatzoga, die radio programs kaimta drei dawg hinna noh rei, uns lond wear so mauga os die hummla sich uf die gnee hucka mista fer der hunich ous da glae blumma suckla.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Text

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

2 Chronicles 2, 3

Solomon's name is associated with the great Temple at Jerusalem. He planned this great Temple because his God was great, 2:5, although he realized that God was too great to be confined in any building; hence his Temple was intended merely to burn sacrifice to his great God, Who filleth heaven and earth with His glory. Those who can get a copy of Bunyan's "Solomon's Temple Spiritualized" will find a quaint and interesting piece of literature. Solomon's father, David, had hoped to build a Temple, but was forbidden so to do, because he was a man of war. His son, Solomon, was to carry out his desire. The name Solomon means peace. There were no wars fought in his reign. David, through his personal friend, Hiram (called Huram in 2 Chron.), collected much material for Solomon to use, who himself appeals to Hiram for more material, such as cedars of Lebanon, and for a boss contractor, whose name also was Hiram (1 Kings 7:13). Like Bezaleel, who built the Tabernacle (Ex. 31:2), so Hiram was responsible for the construction of the Temple. Cherubims should be cherubim. Cherub is the singular (3:11 and 12).

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

We were eating breakfist and ma said to pop, What time do you expect to get home, William, is this going to be one of your early Saturdays?

I dont think so, pop said, and ma said That's too bad. Shirley Mansions is coming to see me this afternoon. I still call her Shirley Mansions, although of course she's had a married name for a good many years. We're going to werk out the final details for the class reunion. Well, it's too bad you wont see her, William, you always had a soft spot for Shirley, ma said.

What gives you that idea? pop said. She had a soft spot for herself, and it was in her head. She was just a silly gerl like all the others, he said, and ma said, Oh you dont say so, including me, I suppose?

No, excluding you, my dear, pop said. You were the only silly gerl who was different from the others, he said, and ma said, Thanks for the backward compliment, I'm sure.

Of course I might make a special effort and break off erly today, pop said. It might be amusing to see how Shirley has held up after all these years, he said, and ma said, Now William, I know what that means. It means you'll come in and plump yourself down with your airs and graces and spoil our business meeting. Besides, Shirley has practically ruined her looks with the extreme way she's touched up her hair in a pitifill attempt to recapture her lost youth, and I wouldn't want you to make a special effort, as you call it, only to be disappointed, she said.

It's a womens werld, maybe I'll be late for dinner, pop said. If you show Shirley my picture, show her one of the erly ones when I still had hair. That'll give her a jelliss twinge, he said, and ma said, I'm not intristed, I'm sure.

Being the end of the subject.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

COUNSEL

What would you tell a young fellow
Starting his life work today,
Now that you're ripened and mellow
And nearing the end of the way?
Your boy or mine, how advise him,
Eager were he to succeed?
Soon when the first duty tries him,
What are the traits he will need?

Would you sit glumly head-shaking,
Voicing despair and dismay,
Telling him there's no mistaking
Chaos is world-wide today
Drift with the current or fight it?
Cling to the truth or disdain?
Seeing a wrong, but to right it,
Say every effort is vain?

Or, as our fathers once taught us,
Always the world's need is men.
Teaching the ways that they taught us,
Change comes again and again.
Never is shamefulness clever.
Character's proved by our deeds.
Nothing but honest endeavor
Ever entirely succeeds.

(Copyright, 1946, Edgar A. Guest)

Horoscope

You are bold and ambitious and have high ideals. You are very positive in your ideas and make an enemy rather than make any compromise. You are critical and very relentless in your punishment of what you consider wrong. Your mate will have to be tactful and have great understanding to make your home a happy one. Brilliant inspiration will be yours today, so use it. Radiant imagination stirs your mind. Highly stimulating rays give you a realistically energetic outlook. Set your aims high. Volunteer to help at a party or gathering of some sort.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

V-2 bombs were still bursting in London, and Winston Churchill was very much the prime minister, when he hailed a taxi in the Strand and asked to be driven to the British Broadcasting Corporation.

"Sorry, mister," said the cabbie. "Ye'll 'have to get yourself another cab. Mr. Churchill is broadcastin' in thirty minutes and I wouldn't miss it for all the fares in London."

Churchill was so flattered that he pressed a pound note into the cabbie's hand. The latter looked at it in astonishment and came to a quick decision. "You're a bit all right, sir," he exclaimed. "Op in, and to 'ell with Mr. Churchill."

* * *

At a recent session of the Thanatopsis Poker club, a distinguished producer misplayed a hand, threw his cards angrily onto the table, and declared, "I am my own worst enemy." "Not while I'm in the room," F. P. Adams reminded him grimly.

* * *

In Hollywood, Sid Skolsky uncovered a writer who has perfected an invaluable system for approaching beautiful girls. He says, "I'm a stranger in town. Can you direct me to your house?"

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

By ERICH BRANDEIS

My barber is mad—so mad that he cut me behind the ear this morning as he was expressing his disgust with jesticulations of his razor.

"My wife went out to buy a couple of floss pillows yesterday," he told me, "because she has asthma and can't sleep on feather pillows.

"So she went to a little store up in the Bronx where we live, and she asked how much they were.

"'Five dollars each,' said the proprietor.

"'Five dollars each?' she asked. "That's a lot of money. How much do they weigh?'

"'We don't sell 'em by weight,' said he, 'we sell em by the dollar.'

"'You're pretty fresh,' she said, and walked out.

"So she went to the next shop up the street, where a very nice lady waited on her. She had floss pillows, too, and they were only $2.60 each, and she was glad to tell my wife how much they weighed, so my wife bought three instead of two, and she bought a $29.75 comforter besides, and it makes me mad how impolite people are nowadays, and it's a shame."

That's when he cut me.

* * *

Then he asked me whether I wanted to try their new hair treatment, supposed to be excellent for falling hair.

"Will it do any good?" I asked him.

"Well," he replied, "I know it will do me a lot of good, because it's two dollars and I work on a commission. All I know about it is that the fellow who invented the treatment, and who gave us our instructions how to give it, is as bald as a billiard ball.

"But I am supposed to sell it, so there you are."

* * *

Well, I don't think the fellow who sells pillows by the dollar is going to get very rich, and I don't think that my honest barber will ever be a millionaire, either.

But of the two I certainly prefer the barber.

* * *

We all thought that when the war was over store people would be more polite and realize that one of these days there will be a buyers' market again and that customer good-will is one of the best assets a store can have.

But I find that, as a whole, there is still about as much discourtesy and carelessness among people who wait on your as there was during the war.

However, I had a very refreshing experience yesterday.

I finally had to buy a new hat. My old one had disappeared.

So I went to a store and was asked $25 for the one that looked good to me. I almost fainted—and, believe it or not, the clerk told me of a shop up the street where I could get just what I wanted for $7.50.

* * *

Some day, I hope, that clerk will have a store of his own.

I'd be steady customer.

25 Years Ago

NOV. 2, 1921—A WEDNESDAY

Governor William C. Sproul presented Atty. Claude T. Reno with the commission naming him an additional judge in Lehigh county to succeed the late M. C. Henninger.

Robert Fenstermacher of Allentown, was a soloist at a musical program held in the Bethlehem High school auditorium.

The engagement of Miriam Kleppinger, daughter of Mr. and

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

Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No-vember!
—Hood.

IT'S TIME TO EXPLODE

That rather small element of our local population which does not get into club-houses and other spots where illegal slot-machines are operating and have been operating now without let or hindrance from the law enforcement officers for several years, may have heard some rumors that such scandalous things are really happening. If they have not so heard or if they have doubted such reports, then publication in yesterday's Evening Chronicle of a picture of the newest, most elaborate and probably most dishonest of all such gambling machines, now installed in local places, should make the information very wide-spread.

Perhaps the clergy of this city will now receive the information as something more than idle rumor. Perhaps too the matter will be an almost blinding revelation for those public officials who are responsible for law enforcement both in the county and in the city and who have under them men who take their orders either as to enforcement of the law or orders to keep eyes closed to what is going on.

If the clergy of this community has been ignorant all this while as to what has been going on (altho this newspaper has said plenty in the past concerning the evil), it must be roused to wrath by revelation that our clean city is being sullied by racketeers. And there is not an elective official nor an appointive law enforcement officer who appears to know anything about it or is inclined to do anything about it.

We rather suspect, however, that the clergy and any number of public officials do know enough about it to have formed opinions and to have shaped their emotions. We rather suspect that the clergy have heard abundance of stories concerning men and women who have been impoverished by their play with the earlier "one-armed bandits" and now are being tempted by machines with three pocket-picking hands instead of only one.

We rather suspect that Allentown clergymen did a lot of thinking during the past week after reading that the ministry of Steubenville, Ohio, asked council to give them guns to clean that city of "vice, crime, gambling and corruption." Those clergy asked that the law enforcement authorities act against the racketeers or give them the authority to "clean the rascals out."

Perhaps our local clergy have been thinking in terms not so violent and spectacular but they undoubtedly have been doing a lot of thinking about an evil that is robbing thousands of Allentown homes, that is robbing business, that is robbing the churches and that is robbing every charitable and welfare institution in the city.

The most conservative estimates as to the profits which the gambling machines are stealing from the players fix amounts greater than the total income of all churches, plus the proceeds of the Community Chest, whether reckoned upon a weekly or an annual basis.

So it is time for somebody to explode. It is in fact time for a lot of people to explode. Righteous indignation that has been welling up in many people's breasts for a long time as to indifference of those who have the power to put a stop to all this, (who in fact had the power to prevent its ever starting), now has an opportunity to erupt like a volcano and to engulf every racketeer whether in high or low place with the searing lava of public opinion.

The entire matter is most serious for as every citizen should know this is not merely a question of trying to put reins upon the gambling instinct that is inherent in mankind. Gambling probably will never be eliminated. Nor is it a matter of trying to protect people from swindles and save them and their families from themselves. The most important phase of this entire matter centers around the suspicion that must be in just about all adult minds that protection is being accorded to the racketeers in all commercial phases of gambling and that this large gambling business is possible only because a well-developed system of protection is assured to the racketeers. That is the way this business has been shown to operate in every expose that has come about anywhere, whether in this State or in other States. It is reasonable to believe that the local pattern is somewhat similar, at least.

While every sermon that is to be preached in local pulpits tomorrow almost certainly has been prepared and is in script or type, a powerful extemporaneous theme for every minister, priest and rabbi is at hand.

If the clergy of this community will thunder unanimously tomorrow every slot machine will be in hiding and out of business by Monday night. And if they wish to loose the lightning of the power of an aroused public conscience they can bring malefactors, high and low, to justice.

GERMANS KEEP ON THINKING AS NAZIS

It is the fear of many observers who have been in Germany since the ending of the war that it will take an entirely new generation, educated and trained in thinking contrary to what has been taught in Germany for almost a century, to assure peace on the part of that people.

All possible effort has been made by our American military authorities to turn over as much of the government as possible to Germans. This has been on the very sound theory that it is in the Germans' best interests to be self-governed.

One of the jobs that was assigned to newly appointed German officials was the de-Nazification program. However the Germans, acting true to form, have done little about this matter and what they have done thus far has been to whitewash former Nazis or to even glorify them.

This has led to rebuke from General Lucius D. Clay, deputy military governor for Germany, who has reasserted that unless there be rapid improvement in the administration of the law against the Nazis, the American Military Government will again take over.

General Clay told the German officials: "I do not see how you can demonstrate your ability for self-government nor your will for democracy if you are going to evade or shirk the first unpleasant and difficult task that falls upon you."

So the United States once again has told the Germans: "Remove from places of power and influence those who conspired to plunge the world into ruin and destruction or else."

The People vs. Veto

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—President Truman need not name a Republican Secretary of State and resign to such a successor in order to comply with the will of the people in Tuesday's election. He can respect the people's wishes more readily by observing the desires of a majority of both Houses of Congress and by refraining from an arbitrary or capricious use of the veto.

This correspondent advocated after the 1932 election that Herbert Hoover name Franklin D. Roosevelt as Secretary of State and then both President Hoover and Vice President Curtis resign so that Mr. Roosevelt would take the office of President. But that was after the people in a constitutional election had chosen their President-elect. The present situation is altogether different. The Republicans have won control of both Houses of Congress but no individual has been selected as leader of the Republican party and it would be unwise, in the absence of specific machinery provided by the Constitution, to attempt to delegate the process of selection to any political group—and least of all to the head of the party defeated at the polls.

The suggestion made by Senator Fulbright of Arkansas, Democrat, is logical if it is embodied in a Constitutional amendment, which he says he will introduce, but such an amendment should provide for the selection of a President of the United States by the people or by their elected representatives in Congress in much the same way as is done when a deadlock occurs in the electoral college.

The American people would benefit if they could make a complete change in the executive and legislative branches of the government at the same time, but this can be accomplished by providing that the presidential term should last two years and that re-election should be permitted at least three times so that a President would not served beyond the customary eight years.

There is no reason why a President should not go before the people once every two years. Under the parliamentary system in Canada and elsewhere, the executive can be tested by a vote of confidence at almost any time. This has not led to frequent elections in Canada or Britain because, if an executive sees the handwriting on the wall, he bows to the public will or resigns and allows the legislative body to pick another executive.

But the American system can be made to work by custom rather than constitutional change if party bitterness and selfishness can be erased from public life. Thus President Truman should examine every piece of legislation with disinterestedness and decide whether he should veto it not merely on the basis that it might be politically advantageous to him but because it really is in his judgment not in accordance with the will of the people.

Mr. Truman knows as well as anybody else what the people said by their votes. There need be no deadlock or stalemate in government. Persons who are predicting cleavage are perhaps assuming that Mr. Truman is going to play the role of an arbitrary-minded politician rather than a statesman.

As a matter of fact, the President can win renomination by being broadgauged and fairminded in dealing with the Congress of opposite political complexion. The way to cooperation has been opened on matters of foreign policy. There can be similar cooperation on matters of post-war reconversion and even on labor policy.

Indeed, the American people could be treated to an unprecedented example of cooperation which would impress not only this country but the whole world. It can be done. But it will not be done if partisanship is given full sway and if each branch of the government feels it must fight with the other. Instead of emphasizing stalemates and deadlocks, the emphasis should be on ways and means of bringing cooperation. It has been done in wartime and it can be done in peacetime.

The Constitution protects the people against some of the ill effects of a veto by providing that a measure can become law when passed by two-thirds of both Houses. Since neither party controls two-thirds of the legislative body, it behooves the President to use his veto only in rare instances and to sign or allow to become law after ten days those measures which really represent the Republican interpretation of the national mandate given at the polls this week.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

REPUBLICAN RESPONSIBILITY

This election, obviously, did not place the Republicans in control of the government. The responsibility for administration still rests with Harry Truman and as the Republicans have neither in the House nor the Senate sufficient votes, on their own, to override his veto, he is still in a position either to propose constructive legislation or to produce a governmental stalemate, approaching anarchy. The choice will be his. That responsibility will be his.

The trend in favor of Republicans has been too universal to set forth any one man as the beneficiary of public favor. Nor can the Republicans assume that they, who for 14 years have been unpopular, have suddenly been graced with public approval. The fact is that they are the chosen instruments for change. Fortunately, the American people have determined to change from what Mr. Roosevelt liked to call "left of center"—which is left enough— to a moderately conservative position within the margins of American traditions. Except in New York City, where inadequately Americanized and assimilated elements continue to vote for such a creature as Vito Marcantonio, the United States repudiated all Leftist forces. This was a movement back to America from alien concepts and alien imitations.

But the Republicans dare not accept this as a mandate to institute black reaction. The latter New Deal was moving swiftly toward totalitarian controls which, as they were implemented, seemed to be copies of methods employed by Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin, with an insistence upon lowering the standard of living of the American people as a method for achieving socialization through bankruptcy. It was mad. It was a bureaucracy run wild in a determination to remain in power at any cost. Mr. Truman and his associates, not understanding it at all, yet not daring to break with Mr. Roosevelt's political amalgam, added to this political madness an ineptitude, an ambiguity, a coyness which produced an unbelievable chaos. Mr. Truman is not only confused himself; he confuses everybody else.

That is why the Republicans received the vote they did. It was an "against" vote. It was a protest against anarchy. It was an insistence upon orderly government.

The Republican responsibility now is to produce a constructive program for the rehabilitation of the economic and social life of our people, based upon the American theory of the individual's independence from state controls except in such fields where common action is necessary and has won the approval not of group pressure but of public opinion. Such a program must be practical, enlightened and understandable. It must restore confidence. It must stimulate production. It cannot be negative.

That cannot, for instance, mean punitive labor legislation, as so many hurriedly will advocate. Labor unions must be fitted into the normal life of the American people, which means simply that the coercion of the individual cannot be tolerated and that no man and no group can live outside the law in a realm of power based upon political blackmail. This end can be accomplished without destroying such organizations of the workers as they themselves choose to have. Nor can it destroy social benefits already achieved. It can be accomplished by restoring collective bargaining, which is an American principle and which the bureaucracy in Washington steadily undermined by interference through the use of political means.

Another problem that the Republican party will face is that management and the worker both recognize that the preoccupation of government and the labor leaders with party politics has wrecked production. The social life of our people has been disrupted by the operations of a Fifth Column in our country devoted to a foreign power which has sought to undermine the traditions and unique character of our institutions and to weaken the morale and efficiency of our people in the imperialistic interests of that alien power. This must be rooted out as an evil cancer that can bring only national death.

But even the analysis and handling of this important problem must not lead to proscriptions of political opponents, to intimidations and coercions of individuals, to abuses of the rights of citizens to organize in their own interests or to racial and credal fallacies. The watchword must be the freedom of the individual to thought, choice and decision. It will require a fine balance to avoid irresponsibility.

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Eighty-year-old M. Stokoe of Cape Town, South Africa's oldest mountaineer, recently climbed to 6,000 feet altitude in the Wemmer's Hoek range.

Shortage of tires has compelled the putting of steel wheels on buses in the suburbs of Buenos Aires, Argentina, and running them on trolley tracks.

Thousands of natives in rural districts of the Orange Free State are reported to be near starvation because they cannot obtain sufficient meal and sugar.



Our "Dutch" Cousins in Canada

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Continued

TWO WAGON WHEELS

Among the most treasured possessions of the Waterloo (Ontario) Historical Society Museum are two wagon-wheels; the wheels of the wagon in which Sam Bricker brought the silver dollars from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Twenty thousand silver dollars collected from Mennonites in the region near Lititz, Pennsylvania, called for special transport. Diligent housewives in northern Lancaster County had sewn together pieces of cloth to provide special sacks into which to pack the money. The twenty thousand dollars in United States coin were sorely needed by the early settlers of Ontario, for it was, in a sense, their land redemption money.

The original deeds issued to Joseph Sherk and Sam Betzner were found to be worthless. Unprincipled land agents had swindled the God-fearing, man-trusting Mennonites with fraudulent deeds. In 1802 Sam Bricker, a newcomer to the Waterloo district, discovered the fraud and after a council of the settlers Bricker and Sherk were sent back to Pennsylvania with instructions to attempt to secure enough money to validate the titles and remove all mortgages held by the Canadian shrewdsters.

In and about Brickerville the two emissaries of the people in Ontario moved from farmhouse to farmhouse, appealing to their brethren in Pennsylvania to assist them. Christian Eby and his two sons, John and Benjamin, were won over to the cause. As contributions flowed in the Mennonites in Pennsylvania organized the German Company, selling shares to Pennsylvania folks who wished to invest in this Ontario land company. When the spring of 1804 rolled around the twenty thousand dollars had been collected in hard coin. Sam Bricker was entrusted to haul the precious cargo to Canada and Benjamin Eby, the newly-elected Secretary-Treasurer of the company went with him.

The money was paid over to the Canadian creditor and a clear title was secured. Now the awful fear of indebtedness on land was removed from the minds of the settlers in the young province. The two wagon wheels, now housed by the Waterloo Museum are symbolic of the freedom of the people. Also they served as the trail blazer for many new settlers as stockholders of the German Company who left their Pennsylvania homes to take up new lands in the Ontario settlement.

The Museum contain many other reminders of the Pennsylvania backgrounds of the Waterloo district. There is the saddle on which Nancy Eby rode as she travelled from Hammer Creek in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to join members of her family in the dominion; there is a Saur Bible, a **Schnitzkorb** and many other items which speak eloquently of Pennsylvania. In one large compartment of the museum stands a complete Conestoga wagon. These Canadians are indeed proud of their Pennsylvania heritage.

A display case contains copies of the early newspapers published in Waterloo County, among them:

Canada Museum und Allgemeine Zeitung—Berlin (now Kitchener) 1936, published by H. W. Peterson

Der Morgenstern—Waterloo, 1940, Benjamin Burkholder

Der Canadische Beobachter—Preston, 1841, Martin Rudolph

Deutscher Canadier—Berlin (Kitchener), 1850, Heinrich Eby; since 1854, Peter Eby

Der Canadische Bauernfreund—Berlin (Kitchener), 1852, Abraham Erb

Das Wochenblatt—Berlin, 1878, P. E. W. Moyer.

These newspapers are replete with news from Pennsylvania. The German folks of Canada wanted to read news that concerned their cousins in the United States.

MISS B. MABEL DUNHAM

Our guide and mentor throughout most of our visits in Pennsylvania Dutch Canada was Miss B. Mabel Dunham, instructor in library science at Waterloo College, Ontario. She is an author of note, not only in her own province of Ontario but throughout the English speaking world. Her library abounds in autographed copies of books by renowned men and women of letters, European, American and Canadian. But the most treasured alcove in her vast storehouse of books is her collection of books pertaining to the Pennsylvania German.

For Miss Dunham is the regional historian of Waterloo County and of the area which once was known as Upper Canada. In fiction she has done for the Pennsylvania Dutch of Canada what Elsie Singmaster has done for our people in Pennsylvania. Her novels, "The Trail of the Conestoga" (MacMilland, 1925) and "Toward Sodom", show a keen understanding and appreciation of the life and thoughts of the plain people. Her "Trail of the Conestoga" opens with a setting in the Lititz area of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. It is the story of an emigrant family setting out for a new home in the British Dominion.

Here we venture to say that Miss Dunham has surmounted the barrier which the language problems present to anyone who essays to write fiction about our people. She knows the dialect and she comes by her interest honestly. On the maternal side of her family she is descended from Benjamin Eby, the Brickerville man who became the leader of the migrations to Canada and the man after whom the early settlement was named Ebyville. The dialog used by her characters is easy and natural and there is no undue effort made to make it appear ridiculous to English readers, a fault so frequently to be found by less considerate writers.

"Toward Sodom" is a tale of the gradual approach of worldliness as the young people of the Mennonite faith compromise with the situations which surround them. The title is provocative.

Miss Dunham's literary pursuits are not confined to writing fiction. Her latest book "The Grand River" (McLellean and Stewart, Toronto, Ont.) is straight history and deserves to take its place beside our excellent American River Series, now in process of production. The Grand River tells the history of Upper Canada from the earliest days of the redmen, down through the migrations of the Pennsylvania people to the present day. Again we find that kindly touch, that fine human understanding and dash of lyric prose which has marked her previous works. She proves once again that history can be stranger than fiction and at times more interesting.

At present the author is engaged in preparing a book for children. This volume is designed to become one of a series sponsored by the schools of the Dominion. The series will endeavor to blend the cultures of the various racial groups that make up Canada's population into a unified whole. Miss Dunham has been called upon to tell Canadian youth about the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Perhaps we may be permitted to reveal a personal note here. Miss Dunham has a hobby: the collecting of miniature Conestoga wagons, pictures of Conestoga wagons; and items about Conestoga, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. There is magic in the word!

THE KEFFERS OF VAUGHN

We were visiting the offices of Dr. George E. Reaman, Head of the Department of English at Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario. On the Professor's desk we observed a copy of "Eilespiggel," the Pennsylvania Dutch magazine being published at Lancaster by Dr. J. William Frey. A native of Vaughn Township, York County, Ontario, Dr. Reaman nevertheless counts himself a Pennsylvania Dutchman and is intensely interested in the lore and history of his people. He has an international reputation as a psychologist and his lecture tours bring him frequently to Pennsylvania. It was upon his suggestion that we visited the Pennsylvania Dutch settlement near the city of Toronto.

The churchyard at Keffers, near Maple, Ontario, contains tombstones bearing distinctly Pennsylvania names. We learned that the Vaughn settlements were founded by a group of Mennonites who emigrated from Somerset County, Pennsylvania. The pioneers were Samuel Gober and John Keffer. Both names appear in Dr. Reaman's family tree. The name Reaman was probably Riemann originally.

Under the guidance of the Professor we visited the old farmstead on which our guide was reared. The present tenant is Willard Keffer, the President of the Keffer reunion of the Dominion. We came at an opportune time. The family reunion had just been held a few days earlier and Mr. Willard Keffer was perplexed. He and his sons were in the midst of haying, but that could wait while we were called upon to examine some old records which had recently been found among the effects of the late Ephraim Keffer, father of Willard Keffer.

The problem which perplexed the President of the family association was this: all previous records had fixed the date 1801 as the first date of settlement in Vaughn by any Pennsylvania emigrants, but the old records recently unearthed appeared to show dates as early as 1796. Mr. Keffer cannot read the old German script and all of the records were written in the German language. We were glad to lend a hand and thereby determine that John Keffer, the original immigrant was doing business at a gristmill as early as 1796.

The members of the Keffer family have lost all touch with the dialect, but they did direct us to a neighboring family in which the dialect is preserved and spoken through four generations that lived in the farmhouse, from the great-grandfather Jesse to the great-grandson Paul, aged seven years. For our benefit the boy recited the dialect rhyme: **Truss truss trill, der Bauer hot en Fill** and the Dutch version of Patty cake, patty cake, or **Batsche, Batsche, Kuche.** The bearded patriarch gave us a dialect poem which we had never heard:

Fer gute Kuche mache
Nemmt der Becker siwwe Sache....

Meanwhile the great-grandmother and her daughter were showing us the fine patchwork quilts which they had made. There were the familiar Pennsylvania Dutch designs—stars, tulips, lillies, handed down from generation to generation on foreign soil. Every member of the family spoke the dialect fluently and the aged great-grandfather expressed the hope that those who followed him will not let it die, for, he murmured "Mer kann so freindlich schwetze".

As we departed the patriarch approached us and requested that we refrain from publishing his surname. "Our people," he said, "want no earthly glory."

We nodded with understanding. We had had a lesson in humility.

To be continued

The Peeler and the Schnitzeler

"Good afternoon, madam. Splendid farms you folks have here in Berks County!"

"Lehigh."

"Ah, yes, Lehigh, to be sure. Good old Lehigh County, PA! Heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country! Home of the Lehigh County potato! And speaking of potatoes, madam, I've come to demonstrate our company's handy little Paramount Potato Peeler. May I come inside, please?"

"Just walk the fly door in. The hook ain't on."

"Eh? I beg your —— Ah, you mean that I may come in? Thanks. Now about our peeler. Notice the easy pistol-grip handle designed to put the coo in cooking."

"I'm afraid you don't make yourself out."

"What did you say?

"I mean you talk so fancy like a body hardly understands you already."

"Well, to put it another way, madam: How do you peel potatoes?"

"I just schnitzel them off."

"You what?"

"I schnitzel the shells with a knife off."

"H'mmm. You do? Exactly. Well, now, watch this. In my left hand I hold a potato. With my right hand I grasp the Paramount ——"

"That's a right nice potato, mister. May I loan it for an instant? Me, I take a knife and hold it right like this, so the blade is my thumb behind."

"Ah, but, madam, with the Paramount Peeler one merely ——"

"And then I schnitzel just so the potato around. And when the shell is already off once ——"

"—— one merely guides it gently over ——"

"—— I use the tip to stick right the eyes out yet. Ain't that easy, mister?"

"Madam! Are you aware that you have peeled my last demonstrator potato?"

"Ach, sure, now ain't that what you was just now trying to do with your queer new fangle-dangle?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Don't look so gretzy, mister. Here's another potato. For why don't you call once on my neighbor lady, Mrs. Blummaspiel? She maybe would like to see you perform perhaps. Their farm's just up the road a little?"

"Up this little road?"

"No, I mean that road a little up. Just before you get our barn behind, go the hill over ——"

"This Mrs. Blummaspiel, madam, would you say that she also—er—schnitzels?"

"Why, sure."

"Then I think I'll go this other road down a little and maybe I'll make Baltimore tonight."

—M. F. MIKISCH.

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'N Schpotyohr G'Sang

Kannscht du mir saage, Freind,
Wie kann en Babbleblaad
Uffleichte goldich in de Schpotyohrzeit
So hibsch un siess? Es scheint
Wie'n Harfeschtraahle, graad
Vun Gottes Haerz aus seiner Ewichkeit!
Mir breiche gaar net wisse wie des Blaad es dutt—
Es hot ken Aag—ken Ohr—
Doch iss die Meening klaar:
Es foddert uns zu denke so,
Dass wann der Gross Busch Mann
En Babbleblaad uffleicht mit seinre Unschterblichkeet—
Wie viel liewer dutt er's dann
Fer uns sei Kinner do—
Ach, was en Freet!
Wie schee macht's doch die Aerd—
Un wie liebreich sei Ward!

—*DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL.*

(Autumnal warblings heard near Bally, Pa.)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Widder 'n Neiie Bisnis

Won aenicha weibsleit sin os nimmy recht tzu fritta sin mit 'm mushder fon ihra Sundawgs heet, sehna der shtoremon Harry Gruver fon Cementon fer sie rum bressa. Der Harry uf kours is net in da heet bisnis—so weit os m'r wissa hut er net 'n saelicher weibshute in seim gonsa shtore, ow'r wons mohl ons heet rum bressa gait fer na onnerra mushderra gewwa, don kon ich eich sawga fershtaid er sei bisnis. Un war maint er dade net, brouch numma mohl shwetza mits Harry's grossie dochter Audry Joy, 'n shtudent on da Kutztown Teachers kollege.

Die Audry Joy hut 'n wunnerborer shainer feld hute, un woh sie arrick gute gaglich'd. Der Harry aina waig odder da onner mus ow'r 's mushder dafon net recht gaglicha howwa, un wos hut er doh 'm ledshda Sundawg owet gaduh uf 'm nous waig noch Kutztown, os wie da Audry Joy ihra hute gabress'd wie er gamaint hut os ers beshd gucka dade. Die Audry Joy uf kours hut gore mechdich gatzong'd, un maich'd ferleicht noch sei os der Harry 'n neier hute tzu kaufa hut.

Sis allas so unna badenk's g'shaina os der Harry evens net gawist hut os er in ra heet bresserrei is, bis sie nous noch Kutztown kumma sin. 'S airsht hut die Audry Joy g'fohra wie sie dahame fert sin, ow'r wie die mashina mohl tzu dick werra sin uf 'm pike, is es 'm Harry ei kumma er wot os noch liever selwar hinnich 'm rawd hucka, un er un sie hen bletz g'shwabt. Aina waig odder da onner is da Audry Joy ihra shainer neier Sundawgs hute fohr uf die fedder sitz g'falla, un wos hut der Harry gaduh, os wie sich flotch druf k'huck'd, un die socha sin net rous kumma wos er om duh wor, bis die Audry ihra hute net finna hut kenna wie sie fon da mashine is. Noh wie sie mohl recht gaguck'd hen, hut der hute farna uf da fedderra sitz galaiga, un der Harry hut 'n so flotch tzomma k'huck'd os er naicher ma ponna kucha gleich gaguck'd hut os wie ma recht shoffenda, stylisha hute.

Der Harry is now uf 'n maining kumma 's weara gawiss 'n lot weibsleit rum os nimmy recht tzu fritta weara mit ihra heet, un hut im sin fer ferarnsht in bisnis gae heet rum mushderra. Wos er charg'd wissa m'r net, ow'r sin shure os er niemond rawbt. Waicha heet mit ous fedderra odder blimcher maint er kent er bressa mit ainra trip noch Ormrod un widder tzurick, un onnerra woh sich shteiberra, haibt er ols uf bis er un sei Ruth die Audry Joy widder nous noch Kutztown tzu nemma hen. Won er mainer heet tzomma grick'd os er wase tzu handla, don uf kours mus die Ruth aw noch halt aw shloga un sich helfa druf hucka.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Da novet gebts mohl widder 'n gross ordichie tzeit im Laurys Grange hall, des is der owet woh gleader fon da Harmony Grange on Pennsville kumma fer ihra wunnerbore gute Pennsylfawnish Deitsch g'shpiel, "Der Badreabt Hiram," gewwa.

Der Hiram uf kours mawg badreabt sei, ow'r wie sie ols sawga, alla dreavie wolk het 'n silbernie lining, so gaits doh.

Darrich ol 'm Hiram sei badreabtichkate is g'shpass dabei, uns gin wenich bletz woh net fom Hiram seina erfohringa tzu finna sin—bardich won 'n Kerricha G'wilder klub 'n glead hut os garn 'n gawissner widmon het fer ihra mon.

Der "Badreabt Hiram" is 'n bild ous 'm Pennsylfawnish Deitscha folkslava un woh gewwa wert bei da Harmony Grangers, net wie won sie 'n g'shpiel gaibta, ow'r wie won die socha om g'shaina weara, on ihra aigna Shtaena Kerrich.

Der kurtain gait nuf om ocht uhr, un g'shwishich da acts gebts musick bei da Laurys Grange musigander, mit 'm Harvey Snyder hinnich da airshda geik.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop came home early on account of Satturday, and I said, Hay pop, I thought of something swell for you to do this afternoon. Will you make me an airoplane model? I said.

Have you got the parts for me to put together? pop said, and I said, No sir, you cut them out of sigar box wood and glue them together. Sid Hunt's father made him one and it's a perfect seaplane model and even lands in the bathtub without terning over. Will you make me one, pop? I said.

Well, now that's quite an idea, but maybe we better not get in over your head, pop said. The invention of the kite was man's ferst conquest of the air. I'll make you a nice kite and explain it's general principals as I go along. The best way to learn about these things is gradually. You've got to walk before you can run, and you've got to fly before you can soar. I can make a kite out of newspaper that'll hold its own in a hurricane, he said, and I said, Well aw G, pop, I can make a kite myself. And anyways, kites are old fashion. I said.

Oh, really? I hadn't heard, pop said. Well then we'll go into the field of gyroscopics. The gyroplane is founded on the idea of a spinning top. By gollies we'll do a little instructive top spinning. You've got a top, haven't you? he said, and I said, Sure, but aw heck, pop, I mean gosh, holey mackerel.

I think I see what you mean pop said. In that case I have another suggestion. I believe there's some sort of a flying picture around at the Little Grand today, he said, and I said, G, pop, do you mean Low Ceiling Cassidy?

If that's the name of it that's what I mean, pop said.

Making me feel lucky, and I said, Oh boy, swell, let's go.

Which we did.

Today's Text

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

2 Chronicles 14:15:1-12

The verses of ch. 13, omitted in the assignment of yesterday, show how God helped Abijah when hard beset by Jeroboam. In v. 18 we read, "And the children of Israel prevailed, because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers." Upon the death of Abijah, Asa his son began his reign. He did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord. He instituted a real "reformation." He got rid of all heathenish shrines, stitutes, and images, so that the worship of Jehovah might be a pure worship. After ten years of peace, the army of Ethiopia came against the land. At once Asa began to pray to the Lord, expressing hs faith by saying that God could deliver with many or few from an enemy however strong. "We rest on Thee" and in Thy name we go to meet the enemy, he said. The Lord heard his petition and smote the Ethiopians. In ch. 15 Azariah (his name means, Jehovah is my helper), a prophet of the Lord, encourages him to trust in the Lord, to be strong, and not to let his hands be weak, for his good work would be rewarded, v. 7. With this exhortation he takes courage, v. 8.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

THE HOODLUM COMIC

If we are questioned over there,
When life on earth is done,
About the way we stood to care
And what we did for fun,
I want to say at journey's end:
Though fond was I of play,
I never slipped behind a friend
And pulled his chair away.

When Peter makes that final check,
To him I would reply:
I never hugged a comrade's neck
And cut away his tie.
I never thought it funny quite,
A sleeping friend to call
And rouse him in the dead of night
With no excuse at all.

Though on my record will be stains
That I shall long regret,
If to my credit this remains:
A passing laugh to get,
A blow upon another's back
Was never struck by me;
For all my sins, however black,
Forgiven I may be.

(Copyright, 1946, Edgar A. Guest)

Horoscope

You have persistence and determination, and never acknowledge defeat. You do not confide in others, but like to work out your plans alone and in your own way. You have many friends, and are well liked by all. Your home life will be contented and happy, and you will have the undivided devotion of your mate. Be sure that yesterday's tasks are completed, and start no new ones today. An unusual scheme for increasing your income may be presented to you. Have you an idea for a scenario? Talk it over with someone who understands such things. Get your fun in early this evening, as later aspects are not as promising as this one. Don't linger at a party or any social gathering, but bid friends an early good evening.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

What is the most important requirement for success as a farmer?

A wife.

That is the unqualified condition laid down by Dr. Gabriel Davidson, managing director of the Jewish Agricultural society, which has helped hundreds of veterans to become farmers.

However, while the organization assists beginners in selecting a farm, getting a loan and buying equipment, Dr. Davidson regrets that each prospective farmer will have to find his own wife.

* * *

"There are successful farmers who are bachelors," said the doctor, "but they don't seem to be happy," and usually single men are discouraged by the society and told that a wife is necessary to a farm as good soil, good machinery and good tools.

Not being a farmer, I can't speak with authority on this subject.

But being a married man, and having been a bachelor before I got married, I'll go a step farther and say that a wife is very helpful in any kind of success.

A lot of married men I know look upon their bachelor friends with wistful eyes and envy them their freedom and indepence.

My bachelor friends are welcome to that freedom and that independence.

"Monogamy is monotony," said one of those synical French philosophers many years ago.

Oh yes, every once in a while even the best of married men lets his thoughts wander into the pleasant fields of bright lights and unbridled pleasure.

Every once in a while this model husband will mentally philander into the night clubs and see himself surrounded by luscious creatures, sipping champagne and throwing his imaginary fortune around with gay abandon.

* * *

Then that model husband catches a cold and has to go to bed. Who gives him his pills and his hot water bottle? Who babies him and makes him feel that his little 99 temperature is a most important fever and that the world is practically lost without him?

Those sequined blondes? Those Stork club beauties? Those musical comedy Dianas of his dreams?

No sir, his wife in gingham dress, and kitchen apron, whose hands may be a little rough and red, but the touch of those hands is heavenly to a fevered brow—even if the "fever" is only 99 degrees.

* * *

And hers is one more virtue which only a wife possesses: How can she bolster your ego when you are way down in the dumps! How can she make you fell like a big guy when you know darn well that in the general scheme of things you're nothing but a little squirt.

And many a little squirt has really become a big guy because of his wife's faith in him.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

The only hotel in town was so crowded that the famous author on his lecture tour was installed in the bridal suite. When he left, he forgot his umbrella.

At the station, he figured he just about had time to go back for it. The room was locked when he got there, however, and a lovey-dovey couple within were making an apparent effort to keep their romancing a secret.

"Whose 'ittle mouf is that?" cried the ecstatic bridegroom. "Yours," sighed his bride. Smack! "Whose 'ittle neck is that?" "Yours, honeybun." Smack! Smack! "Whose gweat big eyes?" "Yours, all yours."

The author could take no more of it. He rattled the doorknob loudly and hollered, "Hey you in there, when you get to an umbrella it's mine."

* * *

When the Florida real estate boom was at its height, many an "investor" paid fabulous sums for property that usually was invisible under six feet of water. One victim ruefully surveyed his worthless acres, and made a bee-line for the promoter who had sold it to him. "You faker," he shouted. "Didn't you tell me that I could grow nuts on that property?" "I did not," said the promoter firmly. "I told you you could go nuts on it."

25 Years Ago

Nov. 9, 1921, A Wednesday

At a special meeting of city council Atty. Robert L. Stuart, president of the Lehigh County Bar Assn., was named city solicitor to succeed Atty. Claude T. Reno, resigned, who had been recently appointed an associate judge in the Lehigh county courts.

Atty. and Mrs. Orrin E. Boyle left for Washington, D. C., to attend special services in Arlington Memorial cemetery.

Martin E. Kern, president of the Penn Trust Co., was host to 100 friends at a party held in the Lehigh Country club.

Major W. T. Morgan, educator and welfare worker, spoke on "The Church and Education" in Ebenezer Evangelical church.

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

It is for the good of nations, and not for the emolument or aggrandizement of particular individuals, that government ought to be established, and that mankind are at the expense of supporting it. The defects of every government and constitution both as to principle and form, must, on a parity of reasoning, be as open to discussion as the defects of a law, and it is a duty which every man owes to society to point them out. —Paine.

INCOME TAX CUT AND GOV'T SPENDING

The steering committees of the two political parties in the two branches of Congress prepare the programs of action for those bodies well in advance of the opening of Congressional sessions. Inasmuch as the Republican party holds a majority in both houses, the decisions of their steering committees, reached in recent days, may predict accurately the course of legislation in 1947.

What will interest the rank and file of the American people is announced decision by the House of Representatives committee to make a cut in the income tax schedule all along the board and that the proposed cut is to amount to 20 per cent. This will be regarded as good news but only if there be reduction in the expenses of Government, still swollen to enormous proportions.

While individuals will profit to varying degrees by any such cut, it is self-evident that the vast national debt cannot be paid off as it should be unless there be income for Government over and above its running expenses. It will be very bad housekeeping if the nation at peace cannot pay the interest upon and steadily amortize the public debt that was amassed by reason of war. Furthermore, it will not be good for the national economy in general. It would be an anomaly if the Government were required to borrow more money and increase the national debt during peace time in order to pay the interest upon its obligations.

So there will have to be drastic reductions in Government spending, especially in those lines where reduction can be made without harm to the national welfare side by side with reduction in income taxes. To that the Republican party must stand committed.

With one of the announced decisions of the Senate committee to make an attempt to deny a seat in their body to Senator-elect Bilbo of Mississippi there ought to be and probably will be equally wide public support.

There is investigation afoot already as to the means by which that Mississippi office-holder gained the election during recent months. Certainly his actions and mouthings in general in the Senate during recent years have been a disgrace to the country and to his State. He should be regarded in the Senate as an undesirable from every point of view and be not permitted any longer to lower the intellectual and political level of that august body.

YUGOSLAVIA BENT ON TROUBLE

Yugoslavia, which has been doing much to make itself a nuisance and a disturber of peace, and appears to be doing it with the full approval of her Russian supporters, is at it again according to complaints voiced by Premier Tsaldaris of Greece, the country whose people are the most recent victims of violence.

Border clashes have been reported by the Greeks from time to time. Some of these are to be expected when soldiers of opposite countries line up on both sides of an imaginary boundary line and become involved in arguments and brawls. But the incident most recently reported is a foray 2½ miles inside the Greek boundary line and the destruction not alone of a small village but all its people. While the village was a small one, its importance lies in the fact that it is on the line of any invasion which a military force would make in order to seize important and much-coveted Salonica. Thus the attempt to seize and hold the village would appear to have been an effort to advance upon that city.

Attack upon other villages would be purposeless. Attack upon Skra looks more like a very deliberate and warlike act preliminary to seizure of Salonica which Russia does not want the Greeks to hold because of the importance of its port as an outlet for the Russo-controlled Balkan areas.

Greece, which alone of all the nations in that area has refused to embrace Communism, promises to suffer for her brave stand for democracy and the democratic way of life.

MR. LEWIS AGAIN ON RAMPAGE

Serious strike in the soft-coal fields is threatened, to begin on Nov. 20, and with it can come another stroke of paralysis for American industry and business that depends on this fuel for operation.

President Truman has told Mr. Lewis that he will hold him personally responsible for any mine stoppage that may ensue after the working contract of the United Mine Workers with the Government will be terminated on the above date. But it does not appear to bother Mr. Lewis one bit.

Inasmuch as the miners, by tradition, do not work without a contract, it is to be assumed that they will quit work because a new contract cannot possibly be prepared and agreed upon within the next few days.

Secretary of the Interior Krug has asked Mr. Lewis and the operators of the mines, who are to take over their properties again, to agree to a 60-day session of the miners' representatives with the representatives of the operators, during which the contract can be worked out. The operators have agreed. Mr. Lewis has refused.

So another bitter battle between Mr. Lewis and any and all who oppose him lies directly ahead of us. With the confidence of a champion who has beaten down all comers, and gained all battles for his miners, Mr. Lewis again is girding himself for battle, and to judge from his pert letter yesterday to Mr. Krug, it appears he does not particularly care who gets into the ring with him nor how many protagonists he will have to fight.

Certainly very few men in American history have evidenced audacity to compare with his.

National Defense

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—Many American mothers and fathers will be interested in what happens to the budget of the Army, Navy and Air Forces in the coming Congress. For the experience of this country has been costly—in lives—due to mishandling of military appropriations before.

The fact that from 1920 to 1939, under both Republican and Democratic administrations, politicians fixed the amount that should be spent on national safety is imprinted on the gravestones of thousands of American boys who might be alive today.

The war against Japan cost heavily because the United States did not prepare for it and because the Congress never received from the military services their real recommendations but only what the director of the budget or the President allotted to them or permitted them to request.

Thus, for example, on the subject of fortifying Guam, the American Navy knew all along that it should have been fortified but high officers were told they had better not ask for the appropriation because Congress wouldn't grant it.

Hence it is correct to say that Congress never voted on the measure, but it is also unfortunately true that naval officers were muzzled and the real needs of American defense were not revealed.

In a sense the same situation will obtain shortly. For the politicians are about to write the defense budget—politicians in the Democratic and Republican parties in Congress and the politicians in and around the White House.

It remains now to be seen whether the military and naval men will dare to speak out, even at the cost of their posts, if they feel that the defenses of the United States are about to be weakened by unreasonable cuts in the military and naval budgets.

Unhappily some of the military men themselves—particularly individuals in the Army and the Army Air Forces—have succumbed already to the political approach. They are talking of a single defense department and a single defense budget on the theory that only a certain lump sum is available and must be divided by some military genius like the director of the budget, who presumably will know exactly how much each service shall be given.

This is contrary to the manner in which defense budgets have heretofore been prepared. In the past, the Army has stated its minimum needs, the Navy has stated what it required, and the Air Forces, as the newest member of the military establishment, has made its own separate requests.

The truth is that each of these three services has a part to play in the defense of America. It is not a composite force and is not likely to be for many years to come because it cannot be trained as such for a long time. Each service knows how to contribute to the defense of the United States. But to say to each that the principle of national safety must be compromised on some sort of log-rolling basis as between the services is to say that the Navy can be 50 per cent efficient, the Army 50 per cent and the Air Forces 50 per cent. This might be the result of some arbitrary cutting of the budget on a theoretical basis but it also might mean that the efficiency of the entire military establishment is forced down far below the 50 per cent mark.

What the American people want is safety—not a 50 per cent chance of safety. They depend on their military leaders to say what is needed for defense. The moment politicians who want to reduce income taxes, or politicians who want to increase other expenditures in their favorite fields at the expense of the Army, Navy and Air Forces, enter the picture, there can be no assurance that the national defense will be protected.

Each budget should be reviewed on the basis of what each branch of the armed services feels is necessary in the light of State Department policy. If this means that income taxes cannot be reduced as far as the politicians promised, the American people will not be as much disturbed as they would be by the knowledge that America has learned nothing from the 20's and 30's and is about to weaken the armed services in the face of world conditions which are by no means as settled as they were before 1933 or 1934. A lump sum for all services sounds simple, but it can spell the disintegration of the entire military establishment, for there can be no compromise as between security and insecurity.

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News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Mr. Truman offered the Republicans cooperation "in every possible measure." He did it on Armistice Day—not on VE or VJ Day, but the Armistice Day of the war before last.

The only deep significance read into his truce by certain authorities in private was that it might mean he was seeking a quiet divorce from CIO and its PAC—in which case he might get some real Republican cooperation. This interpretation corresponded with rumors that Bob Hannegan was to resign as National Chairman (if not as Postmaster General) on account of his health. Hannegan is supposed to have had some trouble with his teeth—but not as much as he had from the election. The real question appears not so much to be his health but whether the Democratic leadership is to continue to play along with CIO and its PAC and how far.

Hanneghan came in with the late Mr. Roosevelt and inherited a close working alliance with that union organization which has been growing in political unpopularity. If Messrs. Truman and Hannegan continue to believe any suitable number of votes or economic leadership lie in that direction, the possibilities of cooperation will recede commensurately with their leanings that way.

The Truman statement had no detectable scent of a sly CIO lying hidden between the lines. Who worked on it with him is not yet reportable (by me at any rate.) Sam Rosenman, the Old Roosevelt ghost in such matters, left the White House long ago, the authorities there tell me.

However, this may be, the whole underlying point of the cooperation statements, both by Mr. Truman and the Republican National Chairman Mr. Reece, will be valuable in future action only to the extent the President has read the election returns and desires to correct his line. The Republicans, my thoroughgoing scouts tell me, are not going to violate the verdict of the people who elected them, just to make a psychological love feast (which cannot last long) for press and radio.

Some say Hannegan may try to help the President to live a new political life by giving up everything and going back to Missouri—although actually he may be the best man to handle the divorce. The inner condition of his party is noticeable in jockeying on the new minority side of House and Senate. In the House, Speaker Sam Rayburn has said definitely he will not accept the Democratic House leadership. He has a ranch in Texas and apparently does not wish to take a secondary role after having held the "second biggest job in government." These are the only two reasons I know. Personally, however, he is a friend of Gene Cox, the Georgian, but not a friend of the present leader, McCormick.

The Southern bloc of Democrats will be in control of their side at long last again and with Rayburn taking the position of an elder statesman behind the rail, the House newsmen suspect Cox will be elected to the leadership over McCormick. Such an event would completely change the complexion of the Democratic party. CIO would be completely absent, but Cox might work out Democratic policy in a way which might not bring much unity, even with a divorced and reformed White House.

On the Senate side, Senator Barkley's wife has been seriously ill, yet he definitely has let his friends know he wants to keep his job. Barkley bounces better with the wind than his other colleagues, and the White House will want his experience—despite his famed last minute election prediction that a Republican victory would bring the end of cooperation on foreign policy.

The Republicans on the other hand are going about their business rather quietly and moderately. While the Democrats say they have nothing particular to meet about, the Republicans are getting together on a program Thursday and Friday. Vandenberg will be head of foreign relations; Taft of policy, and White, the tactical leader, which is a thorough indication they will go ahead the way they were going in all respects.

On the House side no polls have been made between Halleck and Brown, but it will not matter as to policy as both have followed the same Republican line. It will probably be a popularity contest, and some House observers give an edge now to Brown in view of his prominence in handling the inside reins at the Republican National headquarters in the recent election. His friends say he did most of the work. Eaton of New Jersey will get foreign relations there and he has cooperated thoroughly in the unified foreign policy.

Hence there are many invisible footballs being kicked about in the air larger than the public statements. Cooperation is not a matter of simple announcement, but remains to be worked out.

Pert and Pertinent

Motor cars are now rare in Bangkok, Siam, and the few bantam taxis charge $3 an hour, so bicycles and tricycle-rickshaws get the preference.

Mexico has granted the request of 150 Army generals nearing the age retirement limit to grant them a hacienda, but stipulated they must cultimate the land.

Argentina has authorized loans to employes of the Argentina National Highway administration for construction and repair of dwellings.



Our "Dutch" Cousins in Canada

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Continued

MARKHAM TOWNSHIP, YORK CO., ONTARIO

We were driving along a road which leads from Vaughn Township to the city of Toronto when we came upon a roadside cairn which caught our attention. It was a monument to the Reesor Pioneers. A bronze tablet told us:

> The Reesor Pioneers, 1804. Erected by members of the Reesor Family to perpetuate the memory and worth of their ancestors
>
> Christian Reesor, 1747-1806
> His wife Fannie Reiff and their family,
> Peter, John, Abraham, Christian
> Elizabeth (Stauffer) and Barbara (Gamble)
>
> They left Chambersburg, Penna., U. S. A. and settled in York County Lot 14, Con. (Concession) 10, Markham, one mile north of this cairn. Christian Reesor's father Peter Reesor was born in Berne, Switzerland, and emigrated to Pennsylvania on August 27, 1739.

We were near a community known as Locust Hill. The names on the mailboxes convinced us that we had come upon another Pennsylvania transplant, for the names were Burckholder, Bowen, Reesor, Buchwalter, Lehman, Huber, Shank and other surnames which had for us a familiar ring.

At the home of L. J. Burkholder, a retired clergyman of the Mennonite faith, we were royally entertained, that is, if the word royally can be applied to these unpretentious folk. They live well and love to share their joys with passersby. To our surprise we learned that Mr. Burkholder is the author of a "Brief History of the Mennonites in Ontario." Unfortunately the elderly man is enfeebled and spoke with great difficulty, but fortunately there was a copy of his book at hand. From it we learned a great deal about the history of the people who made the long trek to Canada from Pennsylvania. The old man enjoyed the singing of some of our dialect folksongs and laughed heartily as we recounted some of our choice dialect stories.

And then his daughter, the hostess, did something which is not a Pennsylvania Dutch custom—she served mid-afternoon tea! And this to complete strangers! But the strawberries and the cream and the cookies were in true Pennsylvania style.

The grandchildren brought us pictures of the old homestead in Franklin and Lancaster Counties of nearly 150 years ago. The young children spoke English but understood most of the dialect. While we were there a neighbor arrived on an errand. His name was Bauman and his people had come to Ontario from Berks County a century and a half ago. He transacted his business and chatted with us in the dialect.

"You must see Thomas Reesor—you must!" our hostess reminded us repeatedly. She picked up the telephone and called the Reesor home to announce our coming. And we were soon to learn just why we should meet with Thomas Reesor, for the truly great on this earth are few and Thomas Reesor of Markham, Ontario, is one of them.

A MODERN MOSES

Tall and stately as the ancient maples which surrounded it, Thomas Reesor stood upon the lawn of his farmhouse to greet us. His face beamed a welcome as we entered the driveway. Though his attire was simple and his manner humble, there was a majesty in his stride which many a crowned head could have envied or imitated with studied care. As he came nearer we could see the hieroglyphs which time writes upon the face of man and the thick locks which lay in gray masses about his temples, revealing to us that a man of many summers and winters stood before us. He had himself planted those great maples which shaded his lawn. His eyes sparkled and love of his fellow man rested upon his every utterance.

He guided us to a conference room, a room in which many weighty decisions have been made in days gone by. When we stated the purpose of our visit, he rose quietly, went to a cupboard and brought forth an ancient Bible, a Waldenses Bible, printed within the first twenty years after the invention of the first printing press by Gutenberg. On the fly pages of that Bible we found recorded in German script the history of the Reesor family from the 16th century down to the present. Entries were made in varying handwritings as members of succeeding generations added their items. Our host was the grandson of Christian Reesor, the first Pennsylvanian to migrate to York County, Canada. And there, folded between the leaves of the huge Bible was Christian Reesor's **Taufschein**, or birth certificate, done in beautiful **Fraktur** and in designs which we had never before seen anywhere.

While we were examining the Bible our host disappeared into another room only to return with a chest or strong box, almost three feet in length and two feet deep, under his powerful left arm. Its sides were studded with brass and the letters C R were formed in brass upon its lid. He set his huge burden down before us without a word. But then he began to relate that this was the chest which was recovered from the Niagara River when his great-grandparents were drowned as they attempted to recross the river in order to pay a visit to their old friends in Pennsylvania. We lifted the lid of the chest. The interior was lined with a Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, newspaper dated 1814. Horse hide, held in place by the brass studs, covered the exterior of the chest.

He had spoken very little up to this moment when we examined the chest, but then, as if he had established his Pennsylvania backgrounds to our satisfaction, he began to speak. His speech was not that of an old man living in the past. His whole being seemed to vibrate as he spoke:

"Pennsylvania! Ah, yes, Akron is there, near Ephrata, you know! Akron! That is where we send the food and the clothing we gather to feed the hungry and the naked of Europe. Yes, Akron is our distribution center. Here, let me show you the record of our collections in Ontario." He produced a sheaf of mimeographed sheets covered with figures which brought from us a gasp of amazement. We were talking to the Dominion deputy for all non-resistance services in the Dominion of Canada.

Wide-eyed we suggested that such remarkable work should be given public notice in terms of figures and facts. The patriarch waved aside that suggestion as being out of order. "But," he continued, "I am concerned about Samuel Lehman. He is our representative now in Germany to try to find displaced Mennonites. The last we heard from him he was starving and I don't know what to do to help him. They tell us there is plenty of wine over there, but Sam will not drink it. Perhaps under the circumstances he should, there may be some food value in the juices."

"And just why was Lerman selected for this task?" we ventured to ask.

Then came the revelation which has led us to use the caption of this sketch, for Thomas Reesor is truly a Moses, who has led his people out of the Land of Bondage.

"I sent Lehman because when he was a young fellow he helped me to place the Russian Mennonites." A raised eyebrow on our part encouraged him to go on. "You see, at the end of the other war the Mennonites in Russia sided with the White Army, Wrangle's Army. When the Reds beat Wrangel it put all of the Mennonites in danger. I was appointed crown deputy to care for all those who escaped to British possessions and who were then brought to this Dominion for permanent residence. We placed thousands of them on good lands in western Ontario." The speaker paused.

Meanwhile our own thoughts ran the span of three centuries of history from the time that the terrible persecutions of the Mennonites in Europe caused many of them to come to Pennsylvania, but many more to go to the Ukraine in Russia upon the kindly invitation of the Czarina, Catherine the Great. And now, after three centuries, the two groups were being reunited here in Ontario, and our host was the agent of history in bringing this miracle to pass.

Our host's eyes lit with zeal as he continued, "And now, now we may be able to bring those who stayed in Germany to this grand new world!" And as he spoke we had the feeling that Thomas Reesor's labors were still far from complete, even though the maples, those Canadian maples that he had planted there on his lawn, are gnarled and ancient; even though his hair had turned from silver to white, even though international politics and greedy men have placed barriers in his way. He still has a purpose to achieve!

We now knew why we had been told so insistently: "You must see Thomas Reesor."

THE DIALECT

One of the primary objects of our visit with the descendants of the Pennsylvania Germans in Canada was the study of the dialect. After more than a century and a half, had the dialect there undergone any major changes? We were prepared to find old words which have passed out of usage in Pennsylvania; we found but few. We were prepared to find new words for terms which have come into usage because of the invention of new articles. Again we were surprised to find that the adaptations to English are exactly the same as we have them here in Pennsylvania.

For example there were no railroads at the time the emigrants left this state, and there were no railroads when the immigrants came to this country from the German states. The modern German calls a railroad an **Eisenbahn**, while we call it a **Riggelweg**, an exact substitution for the words **rail** and **road, Riggel** and **Weg**. Our Canadian cousins had done exactly the same thing. One might have supposed that the influx of newer Germans into Ontario all through the 19th century would have affected the dialect of those already there. Quite to the contrary the opposite has happened. The Pennsylvania Dutch has triumphed completely in the impact between the two tongues and the newer Germans learned to speak **Pennsylvaanisch!**

There are several possible theories to account for the triumph of the dialect over the grammatical modern High German. In the first place the Pennsylvania people were there first and had stamped the dialect upon the community for a full generation before other German-speaking people arrived. Then, too, the "Dutch" were probably more stubborn and incoming settlers were forced to speak the dialect if they wished to do business with the residents of the area.

We have a pet theory to account for the experience of the dialect here as well as elsewhere. It is this: One can farm better in Pennsylvania Dutch than in any other language. Someone has said that the soil actually improves when you talk to it in **Pennsylvaanisch**. Consider an example; every farmer has a dialect name for every weed; he knows its habits; he calls it by name and he conquers it because he knows. How many people can name more than half a dozen weeds in English? Their scientific names, yes, but there is conquest in the knowledge which is merely technical. The Dutchman rids his farm of weeds because he knows them.

The theory holds for many kinds of farm operations. Try to conduct a farm butchering in any language other than the dialect and the flavor of the sausage has evaporated.

To test this theory in Canada we engaged a retired farmer, Irwin Weber, now living in Kitchener, in a conversation dealing with the loading of hay. We talked about the expressions **"uffs Eck," "in de Mitt," "newebei"** and the various commands which the men on the wagon give to those who are pitching. The same terms are used in Canada. And then we tried to see how the same directions would work if given in English and the result was very unsatisfactory. In most cases a descriptive sentence was needed for each command, each part of the wagon body, each movement of the horses. We agreed that code words might be invented in English to simplify the procedures, but that would mean that a course of instruction in code would be necessary before haying could get under way.

The dialect as spoken in Ontario is distinctly Swiss German. It is the dialect of Lancaster, Berks and Lebanon, with none of the Lehigh, Northampton and Carbon peculiarities. The "li" diminutive in words like **Hummeli** and **Bobbeli** are general and there is no knowledge of **Hummel** or **Bobbel**. A lantern is a **Lattarn** and not a **Lutzer**; a pail is a **Kiwwel** and not an **Eemer**.

In several cases, though not generally, we noted that users of the dialect employed the polite form of the third person in address: **sie** instead of **du**. This is obviously the result of the language brush with the more recent Germans.

One elderly lady knew of the distinction between **"Hock dich hie"** and **"setz dich,"** both of which terms are used in Pennsylvania in inviting guests to be seated. The first term is the one preferred in Canada, as it is in Lancaster, Lebanon and Berks. The lady chuckled as she remarked. "Mer setzt en Gluck mit Oier, en Mensch hocket." One sets a breeding hen, people do not set.

(To be Concluded)

ICH BIN SO GAERN DEHEEM

Ich bin so gaern, so gaern deheem,
Deheem in meiner schtille Ruh;
Wie iss doch dart mei Haerz so wohl,
Wie braaf dass ich ken Letzes duh!
O naeryets in der Welt wie do
Fiehl ich so frei, so leweswaert;
En gudes Weib, en haerzich Kind,
Des iss mei Himmel uff der Aerd.

Ich bin gewandert wie mer dutt,
En harter Weg als hie un haer,
Mit Haerzeleed un unbefreindt,
Un immer doh im Liebmos leer;
Doch zack ich immer als zurick,
Zurick noch meiner Feierhaerd;
En gudes Weib, en haerzich Kind,
Des iss mei Himmel uff der Aerd.

Wer will, mag suche in der Welt,
Er findt sich yuscht en Drauerschtick;
Die gross Blessier, die beschte Freed
Kummt zu em Mensch vun innerlich;
Ken Weltreich kaaft die Haerzblessier
Do bei der alde Feierhaerd;
En gudes Weib, en haerzich Kind,
Des iss mei Himmel uff der Aerd.

Un gehn ich owets in die Ruh,
Un leg mich in der Schtille hie,
So bet ich Gott gewiss dass er
Uns all erhalt zum Marye frieh.
Ich les es gut alt Wart gedrei—
So hawwich oft die Mammi g'heert;
En gudes Weib, en haerzich Kind,
Des iss mei Himmel uff der Aerd.

O wann ich denk——es iss net lang,
Dann gehn ich noch der ewich Ruh!
Doch mit mei gudes Weib un Kind,
Im Himmel bring ich's Lewe zu.
Un wann der Fadder, Herr, mich bitt
Heem kumme, als sei Kinner gehn
Zum Vaddershaus, nemm ich sei Hand—
Ich bin so gaern, so gaern deheem.

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

DIE 'LECTION

Die 'Lection, die iss nau verbei,
Un Gott sei Dank, zum Himmel nei!
So'n Dreckgeschpritz wie des mol waar,
Un so'n Gelieg iss offenbaar—
'N grossi Schand
In unserm Land!

Mir hen zwee parties un 's iss recht,
Weil die in power oft waerd schlecht.
Dann "naus mit dir" saagt der wu schtimmt,
Un die schwarz Fuhr ihr Abschied nimmt.
'N bess'ri crowd
Nemmt neier Schtart.

Die neie Besem kehre gut,
Voran geht's dann mit frischem Mut;
Un viel sin fleissich fer des Recht
In Fried un Freed un unne Gfecht.
Erfolg iss dann
Fer yedermann.

Der Elefant iss gross un schtarrick,
Mit fette Bee un anner Waerrick.
Hot Ohre dick—un was en trunk!
Vergess es net, er hot aa Schpunk;
Un wann er brummt,
Geb acht, was kummt.

Der Esel aa hot Ohre lang,
Un Bee, die kicke—mache bang.
Er iss viel waert, wann recht ge'treat',
Dutt Aerwet viel, waerd net g'schwind mied;
Schlaggt viel, das tough
Un zimmlich rough.

Republican un Democrat—
Viel duhn gut un deel duhn net.
Un waerd's zu schlimm uff een're Seid,
'N ann're Mann des Dier noh reid.
Giddapp! Giddapp!
Flip flap! Flip flap!

So geht es ewwe uff un ab.
Schier yeder Mann, der hot sei job.
Mir lewe gut, im beschde Land.
Un iss des net en scheener Schtand?
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Amerikaa!

—H. HORACE ROMIG.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Hei Shier Gabissa

Sawg, hen ihr shun k'hoert os der holsmon Milt Reitz fon Palmerton da onner dawg in aim hoar 'n ous g'shtoptie fersont g'shossa het? Yoh, die socha sin g'shaina aryads g'shwishich Ironton un Slatington, un des da wenicher os der Milt hoert dafon, des da liever is es 'm. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, im airshda blotz het er die fersont g'shossa won er 'n shuss kotta het, un im tzweta blotz wear er ols noch gonga fer sie sheesa mit shussa os der Hen Reitz in Ironton 'm laina hut wolla, ow'r die Minnie hut druf g'shtonna die fersont het sich net fermook'd ol die weil os sie g'shtopt hetta, un wear shure os es 'n ous g'shtoptie wear.

Die barichda sin, der Milt wear shier owwa tzum doch fon seinra mashine nous gajump'd wie er die fersont sehna hut imma feld shtae. Tzu all'm glick hut er die fiint bei sich kotta, ow'r wie er gaguck'd hut fer shuss, ferhoftich sei won er net sellie dahame galust hut kot, un aenich ebber wase os m'r net sheesa kon unna shuss. Un wos noch mainer wor, sei Minnie hut noh gamaint 's wear tzu nagshd on da gabeier fer darta sheesa, un yusht is 'n yunger bauers boo dawaig kumma uf 'm tractor. Der Milt, gons wild fer sheesa hut der yung kerl noh g'frok'd eb er ebbes drum gaibt won er die fersont sheesa dade, un der yung bauer hut g'sawt, "Sell is ol recht, yusht druf g'shossa."

Un der Milt het aw g'shossa ow'r yusht ken shuss finna kenna, uns wor aeland im haichda grawd. Won er sich net g'shamm'd het, het er all'm noh der yung bauer g'frok'd fer shuss laina, ow'r so is er noh unna nous tzu seim bruder Hen in Ironton so shtarrick os er gae hut kenna, un hut der Hen g'frok'd eb er net ungfare ferleicht paar losa shuss rum het fer 'n 12 gauge flint os er griega kent fer 'n fersonta hawna sheesa os sie yusht sehna hetta imma feld shtae.

Der Hen nadierlich hut wissa wolla woh der fersonta hawna wear, un wie der Milts 'm g'sawt hut, hut er g'sawt er kent garn shuss howwa, ow'r sel wear 'n ous g'shtopter fersonta hawna un wear shun iwwer un iwwer um g'shossa werra. Die Minnie hut noh aw g'sawt 's wear ra so kayose fohr kumma os der fersonta hawna grawd on alm blotz shtae gabliva wear, ow'r der Milt hut druf g'shtonna er wear rum galoffa,—het 'n selwar sehna sich rum draya, un wear shure os er lavendich wear. Der Hen hut 'm noh shuss gewwa wolla, ow'r der Milt hut endlich doch noh gadenk'd die onnerra maichda ferleicht recht sei un dades end sei lava net hoerra won er doh tzurick gang'd un dade 'n ous g'shtopter fersonta hawna sheesa.

Der Milt hut noh endlich ferwillich'd fer der hawna mit freeda lossa, un ferhoftich sei wie sie tzurick hame sin, won der hawna net noch grawd g'shtonna hut woh er wor wie sie nunner sin, un hut now selwar 'n maining sei Minnie wist maier fon fersonta hawna os er gamaint het os sie wissa dade. Ow'l ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Milt aw net howwa os sei freind hinnich 'm Barrick ous finna os er runner noch Lechaw kounty kumt ous g'shtopta fersonta hawna sheesa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die Elda Atherhold fon nagshd on Kreidersville hut da onner dawg ihra folsh gabissa ferbissa, eishter sup essa.

M'r hen net k'hoert eb die eishter so tzae worra, odder eb sie fergessa hut die eishter ous da shawla mocha eb sie sie in der subba kessel g'shmissa hut.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Text

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

2 Kings 17:1-6. 2 Chronicles 28

Ahaz succeeded Jotham his father, but his reign was far more dramatic than, and in direct contrast with, that of his father. In the 12th year of his reign, Hoshea began to rule in Israel. It was during his reign that Israel was invaded by the Assyrians and taken captive. As for Ahaz, he did not do that which was right in the sight of God. He was punished for allowing the worship of heathen gods. The Syrians invaded the country and took many captives. So did the Northern Kingdam invade the land of Judah and capture many prisoners, who were released, however, and sent home because of the intercession of one Oded, called a prophet of the Lord. But his troubles made him worse, for he definitely chose to worship the gods of Damascus, declaring that they did something for the Syrians, whereas his God had been forsaking him. So he closed the Temple after he had plundered it. Thus did he come to an unhappy end, leaving behind him a record of unfaithfulness to Jehovah.

(Those desiring a complete list of daily Bible readings assigned by the American Bible society for '47, on which these commentaries are based, will receive one if they will send a self-addressed stamped envelope to me at 2220 Chew St.)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Where does mother love end and selfishness begin?

A young lady of our acquaintance is in love with a man. They have known each other for a long time and finally decided to get married.

But the girl's mother doesn't like the fellow and so the girl, not wanting to hurt her, kept the engagement secret for quite a while.

But the young man has got himself a job in another city and has to be there within a month. He wants his fiance to go with him, and they will get married before he leaves.

So she had to tell her mother—and she did.

There was a scene. The mother cried and carried on.

"He isn't good enough for you. He is too young. He doesn't make enough money. His education isn't what it should be. I don't approve of his family."

Since she told her mother there has been coolness between the two, and since the girl lives with her mother, a widow, the situation has become extremely unpleasant.

* * *

When she first told me about her engagement, this girl was radiant with happiness. Earth had become heaven and she could see nothing but joy ahead.

But now she is miserable and instead of looking forward to her marriage she awaits it with apprehension.

She doesn't want to hurt her mother, and she certainly is not going to give up her man.

* * *

Where does mother love end and selfishness begin?

That mother lost her husband several years ago. Since then her daughter has been not only her child but her friend and companion.

The girl asked me for my advice and begged me to be frank.

"I think that your mother has no business to tell you whom to marry," I said.

"You are an adult and you ought to know better than your mother whether he is the right fellow for you or not.

"If his education, his background, his family, his job are good enough for you, they should be good enough for her.

"Marriage is an adventure. It can be a glorious adventure, it can end in misery.

"I wonder whether your mother is really against your marriage because of you or because of her fear of being lonely and alone.

"Tell your mother that if the marriage goes wrong, you are the one who will have to pay the price. Tell her that it is your life you have to live, not hers."

* * *

By the way, this girl is in her late twenties and certainly has a right to shape her own destiny.

I know that all parents mean well by their children and think that whatever they do or say is caused by love.

But remember the old axiom that one of the main reasons we like to make others happy is because it makes us happy to see them happy.

Where does love end and selfishness begin?

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

GRATEFUL SMILES

These the prettiest sights I've seen:
Smiles once more where pain has been;
The light of joy in loved ones' eyes,
Occasioned by some glad surprise.

In all the world no sight so fair
As that of one relieved of care;
Or children, dancing up and down,
O'er some new plaything brought from town.

Majestic mountains capped with snow,
Blue seas and ships that come and go
And autumn's landscapes glorious are,
But grateful smiles are lovelier far.

(Copyright, 1946, Edgar A. Guest)

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book
By BENNETT CERF

Back in the days when shortages were the only thing we were short of, a famous delicatessen in New York had a sign on the wall that read, "We make every kind of sandwich in the world. Just ask for it."

Late one night a prankster demanded a whale sandwich. The waiter stalled and said, "I'll have to speak to the boss."

He came back after a hurried consultation and reported, "The boss says he's darned if he'll cut up a whale just for one sandwich."

* * *

A writer in London says a report has reached those parts to the effect that Hollywood brides now keep the bouquets and throw away the bridegrooms. I wonder if he's heard about the starlet named Mary, who had a little wolf, and fleeced him white as snow?

* * *

"Dis am de thermos bottle mah wife done give me for Chr'stmas," said Sambo proudly. "It kin keep coffee blazin' hot all day. Or it kin keep lemonade ice cold de same len'th o' time." "Mah goodness," marveled his friend, "how do you know which to do?"

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Ma was reeding her mail at breakfist, saying to pop. Oh dear, here's an answer from Jeen Nittjacker.

Isn't she the snooty person that the rest of the crowd didn't want at the class reunion till they found out that her husband is a big holesale meat deeler? pop said, and ma said, Well yes, but you can hardly blame us. I mean if we could garantee to serve a genuine fillay steak to every one present, the attendance would break all records and it would be quite a red feather in my cap as Chairman of the Committy. But unfortunately I had already been egged on to send Jeen Nittjacker a rather chilly letter of invitation which she promptly rejected in no uncertain tones, ma said.

Then how the dooce could you ask her again? pop said, and ma said, Well, it took considerable thought and planning, but finally I sent her one of the reguler engraved invitations with a special personel poem in my own handwriting, saying, "To have you at the reunion, Is each one's dearest wish. The menu is distinctive—From soop to nuts it's fish." I thought the part about the fish was very clever, because it would tend to give her the idea that we were interested only in her, rather than in her husband's meat. And here's her answer, also in the form of a poem. I'll read it to you, ma said.

Which she did, being, "To attend your reunion I have no wish, I'm sure it will be a mess. But just in case you find me there, Send my body to the following address." And then she meerly adds her home address and sines her name. Do you suppose she means to imply that we can only get her there over her own dead body? ma said, and pop said, That's what I read between the lines.

And he left for his office, ending the subject.

25 Years Ago

November 16, 1921, a Wednesday

A musical program and entertainment was presented in Salem Reformed church in charge of the deacons. Elizabeth Haas, contralto soloist, accompanied by S. W. Unger, organist, sang several selections. Atty. Harold Helfrich spoke on "How Salem Church Can Be a Blessing to the Community."

A son was born to Captain of Police and Mrs. Boyle.

A business deal was closed when it was announced that the Penn Furniture Co., 943-45 Hamilton St., purchased the Elite Furnishing store, 341 Hamilton St., and the Elite store at Emmaus.

Mrs. S. A. Butz spoke to Muhlenberg college students on the work of the Red Cross at a chapel service. Lillian Gherst of the Allentown College for Women was in charge of the enrollment at that institution.

Professor H. W. Dod

THE MORNING CALL

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Between the Bible and novels there is a gulf fixed which few novel readers are willing to pass. The consciousness of virtue, the dignified pleasure of having performed one's duty, the serene remembrance of a useful life, the hopes of an interest in the Redeemer, and the promise of a glorious inheritance in the favor of God are never found in novels. —Dwight.

CARS AND BUSES WILL KEEP RUNNING

Settlement has been achieved swiftly in the controversy over rather technical matters that brought threat of a strike of public transportation workers, called for last night, and the trolleys and buses will continue to run as they have been doing since Thursday morning, following an over-night walkout by the men.

A splendid job was performed by the State's bureau of labor mediation, which rushed its best men here to avert a difficulty such as has proven so costly in other cities when public transportation ceased, and by the capable arbitration board which worked quietly and effectively.

The public is little concerned in the terms of the settlement except as they will believe that a fair verdict has been arrived at for both the men and the company that employs them. What the public is concerned with deeply is the settlement and the assurance which women and men have that when they leave their homes this morning to go to their place of employment, a trolley or a bus will be at its customary stopping point at its customary time and will deliver them in good time to the place where they wish to go.

So it is possible to score another point in favor of the harmonious relations which have existed between the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. and its men for more than forty years, broken only briefly by those few hours on Wednesday night. It is to be hoped that it will be possible to continue these favorable relations which, in turn, mean favorable relations with the general public—the customers both of management and of men, and their friends and intimates, especially of the men.

LET'S AVOID RETURN TO STONE AGE

Not only is the strike of the soft coal miners throwing the economic elements of the United States into turmoil but it promises to affect some of our deepest sentimental interests as indicated in yesterday's Government order for a "dimout," which specifically decrees that all lighting of Christmas trim in cities shall cease at once and all lighting of Christmas trees and so on will be prohibited if the strike should continue into the holiday season.

Under the order, which becomes effective on Monday and will continue as long as the strike persists, there will be no lighting of business places except for the absolute necessities. Display windows will be darkened at night, street signs will be dark.

The order demands that consumers of electrical current shall make a 25 per cent cut as to the lighting of streets, all buildings except homes and for the operation of passenger elevators and escalators.

Even more drastic cuts will have to be made by the producers of electric current as soon as their coal stocks are reduced to a 15-day supply and a third stage of curtailment is ordered to go into effect automatically the moment that supplies of coal decline to a 10-day supply.

All this is of course in the public interest, for the moment that supplies of coal have been exhausted, there can be no power produced for the many necessities of life which electricity provides. While a household might manage to get along with candlelight for a time, and a few might be able to exhume a few old kerosene lamps, hospitals for an example would be seriously harmed if there were no current for lighting and no power for the scores of uses to which it is put.

So the greater the savings as to dispensables that can be made immediately, the longer will there be coal to provide electricity for the indispensables.

The nation does not want to see itself reduced to the situation of a country at war when all its power plants have been put out of commission by enemy action and mankind has been reduced to living according to standards of people the Stone Age.

"DONT'S" IN SEX EDUCATION

There has been much talk in groups of parents and among social workers and educators as to the importance and desirability of sex education for children. Accordingly a vast number of American fathers and mothers seek wherever they can for information that will help them to help their children in a matter that is entirely normal and yet by the simplest twist or the slightest error can appear abnormal and defeat all the effort that has been made.

Dr. Benjamin C. Gruenberg, a leading authority in this field of instruction, recently prepared a booklet for the Public Affairs committee of New York in which he seeks to set parents and educators, especially, straight on the matter and provide for them some of the important answers.

Apart from specific and positive declarations, the writer lists a number of important "Dont's" which must be borne in mind by those who are troubled by the matter. Among others he says: "Don't call the doctor." He points out that sex is not a disease. It is a natural element of the normal human being and the education of the child individually and collectively should not be undertaken by trouble-shooters such as pathologists.

"Don't set up a course" he says. Sex is not a "subject"—like history or arithmetic. It is an integral and pervasive fact of life that bears upon everything we do. . . . Boys and girls need guidance and counsel and orientation even more than technical information.

Don't wait for trouble. Sex education is not a medicine. It is a continuous process of developing attitudes and values and understandings regarding all situations and relations in which being male or female plays a role.

"As we come to see that sex is inseparable from human growth and development, we must change the goals of sex education," Dr. Gruenberg declares. He sees the educator's job becoming more and more the problem of developing character, rather than "instilling a number of isolated virtues."

"Most of the special programs of sex education had the drawback of being aimed at special symptoms" the author believes. "The separate projects were unrelated to one another, and they were unrelated to the underlying needs of girls and boys."

Dr. Gruenberg also believes that the soundest kind of education regarding sex normally comes about in the home where the parents are themselves mature and adjusted regarding sex, and where the children's questions are answered simply and casually. But, in a period of profound social change, the pamphlet points out, such homes are not the prevailing kind and it has become necessary for schools to supplement the home in many ways.

The greatest obstacles to the schools' acceptance of their new responsibilities, according to the pamphlet, are the obsolete conception of education in many schools and the lack of qualified teachers. The author calls upon "all who are not satisfied with the practical results of the prevailing modes of casual sex education to help the schools and parents work out more suitable approaches."

Retreat—Lewis' Way Out

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22. — John L. Lewis and the Miners' Union have placed themselves in an untenable position. There is only one way out—retreat.

The issue now is not whether the government had an ambiguous contract with the Miners' Union which could be terminated by the Union. The issue no longer is a labor dispute at all. It is a simple matter of government power to enforce the order of a court.

Many people who are not familiar with the meaning of a restraining order will learn for the first time that the judicial branch of the Government has power of its own derived from the Constitution and legal practice extending back through centuries of time.

The theory back of a restraining order is that, until the merits of a dispute can be heard, both sides must agree to maintain the existing conditions unchanged. In other words, if damage may result from the immediate action of one party or the other in a civil dispute, the court orders both to let things stand as they are. If either party makes a change, the court can punish that party for contempt.

The first "restraining order" is called "temporary" and means a delay of only a few days till the court can hear the argument and decide whether to "vacate" or withdraw the temporary order or make it "permanent." If made "permanent," either party aggrieved can appeal to a higher court.

But when a restraining order of any kind is issued and one party or the other alters the existing situation, the court considers that an act has been committed against the court itself. Punishment for contempt can follow. Or, if the acts complained of are returned to their original status, the court can consider that the basis for the "contempt charge" has been removed or "purged."

What John L. Lewis did was to issue a public statement containing a notification to the Government that the contract would be terminated. Under custom in the Miners' Union, this was tantamount to an order to stop work. So that failure to withdraw the notice of termination of the contract was equivalent to an affirmative act ordering the miners to walk out.

The court will take these points under consideration at its hearing next week and will be advised by a panel of lawyers, known as an "advisory jury" but not a jury in the ordinary sense. Contempt charges are not a jury matter. The judge has comprehensive power, but there is appeal from his decisions. Meanwhile, however, the contempt charge stays on and anyone who aggravates the offense by further acts stands little chance of winning on an appeal.

The temporary restraining order, usually referred to as an injunction, means that the courts are empowered to prevent damage till the merits are considered by judicial proceeding. It is as wrong to violate a court order as it is for men to take the law into their own hands and punish by lynch law.

The average American wants issues settled in an orderly way by the courts. There was no pressing necessity requiring Mr. Lewis abruptly to terminate the contract with the Government nor was there any justification for the well-organized walk-out. Nobody with a respect for reality can accept the explanation that 400,000 miners walk out of the mines individually without consulting one another or without word from their local union leaders.

The issue on the restraining order is only one of more to come. The Smith-Connally law provides criminal penalties for those who encourage or instigate a work stoppage while the government is in possession of "any plant, mine or facility." The mines have been for several months in government possession. The Smith-Connally law has been flouted.

The only question now is whether any citizen or group of citizens can trample on the law of the land and take action contemptuous of the courts. Other labor leaders in the past have tried it, and some have served jail sentences. But in the end the majesty of the law is always triumphant. The Miners' Union and Lewis may cause widespread suffering to the Nation but they have played their last card. Surrender by Lewis may be confidently expected before the case comes up for argument in court next Wednesday.

Justice Goldsborough, a former Democratic member of the House of Representatives from Maryland and an appointee of the late President Roosevelt, wisely allowed time for hot heads to cool and stubbornness to dissolve. Also he allowed time for the wrath of the miners and their families to rise—for they are not able to stand a long strike, and many of them do not want to be classed as revolutionists disobedient to their own federal government.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE MUMMER IS KING

The children stand a mob on the sidewalks, held in check by police on foot and on horseback. For blocks, they stand through the night, their drab faces lighting up occasionally as the announcer shouts through the loudspeaker, "So-and-so has just arrived." The massed lights have turned the night into a glaring daylight, making the neon signs even more bizarre, even more grotesque. The announcer shouts, "Please cooperate with the police," as though the police of the greatest city in the world require an announcer to help them maintain order on the streets. Or perhaps they do.

For whom is all this excitement? Is it for the returning heroes of the war? Is it for the boys who have been away from home for years—is it a welcome to them? Is it for the President of the United States or for a visiting potentate? Is it for a realization that peace has come at last? Is it to mark a great invention, a cure for polio or cancer? What is all this for?

The limousines drive through the narrow, police-guarded lanes of traffic. The children, their eyes tired by the fierce glare of white lights, their bodies cold in the night, utter their astonishing, "Whee-ee-ee!"

It is the queerest sound, something between a sigh and shriek, an immature shriek, a feelingless sigh. It is not the roar of excitment, as at a football game. It is not the unrestrained applause at great achievement. It is more like a noisome wheeze. It runs through this adolescent mob, this bare-legged, besweatered uninspired mob. It seems so standardized, even like the uniform bare legs, so red in the night air, so shiny in the glaring light. It is like the badge of a profession.

Some creature, in silks and ermines, leaves the limousine, walking as though postured, swiftly passing from view. The announcer shouts, "So-and-so has just arrived." It is a name—any name. "Whee-ee-ee" runs through the mob. "Whee-ee-ee" comes from the baby-faces. Will these children be at school in the morning? Will their reddened eyes be sufficiently awakened to see the printed word? Can their minds shake off the noise the glare, the "Whee-ee-ee" when they return to school?

Who is this woman leaving the limousine, who evokes this mixture of shriek and sigh, this half-ejaculation? Does it matter much? Perhaps! I turned and asked a child. She thought me mad.

"Ya mean ya never heard of . . .? Where ya been?"

What is the name? Only the Sunday before I had been to Carnegie Hall to listen to Mischa Elman play a Beethoven concerto with the Philharmonic. I did not need to fight my way through police guards. No Pinkerton guards lined the lobby. No bright lights glared. No cameras flashed. Only a few nights before I had seen Margaret Webster and Eva Le Gallienne, two of America's most authentic actresses, in Ibsen's "Borkman." The theatre could be reached and entered in peace, as one goes to church.

But this name, the one the urchin uttered almost as a prayer, of her I had never heard. No, nor of her many husbands, of her divorces, of her fabulous wealth so vividly described by my informant. And yet, maybe, I had heard her name often, even seen it in print in those columns devoted to the trifling details of trivial personalities called celebrities. But it has passed out of my memory in those fearful years when millions died and the world was made over. I do remember General George S. Patton, Jr., but not this skinny girl begowned in ermine who walks like a mannikin through the night.

What is this thing? It is a movie preview. It is a mummer's holiday.



WEM VIEL GEWWE ISS, VUN DEM WAERD AA VIEL G'FODDERT

Our "Dutch" Cousins in Canada

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Conclusion.

GLEANINGS OF FOLKLORE

Here in Canada is a vast field for research for those interested in our folklore. We can present only a few of the stories and legends which came to our attention in the course of our visits with our cousins in Canada.

Boot Medicine

A Dutchman from Canada was on his way back to Pennsylvania on foot when he fell in with a group of Irish canal diggers who were walking from the Erie to the Union Canal. At one tavern the landlord gave each guest a half-pint of whiskey as they departed. The Irishmen drank theirs, but the Dutchman poured the contents of his bottle into his boots. All of the Irish became footsore, but the Dutchman walked merrily along untroubled by bunions, corns, blisters or any of the ills that beset the feet.

Geometric Progression

John Reesor of Markham was married for the first time to Annie Grof. They had thirteen children. He was married a second time and again had thirteen children by his second wife. "Was sich zwett, bedritt sich!" A third wife bore him thirteen children. Thereafter John was known locally as "Dreimol dreizeh."

Pioneer Thrift

A Pennsylvanian had ridden from Lancaster County to Ontario. Beyond the international boundary he met with a discharged British soldier who had fought for the king against the rebellious colonies. As a reward for his service the soldier had been given a crown deed to 400 acres of land in Ontario.

"That is a fine horse you have there, Dutchie."

"Yah."

"Want to swap him for my patent to the 400 acres?"

"Yah."

"Here's the patent to the land, brother," and the soldier prepared to mount.

"Vait vunce." The soldier was puzzled. "I ain't svapped de saddle!" And then the Dutchman walked back to Pennsylvania, carrying the saddle all of the way back.

Upside-down-cake

Mrs. Weber of Kitchener was talking about **Bartzelbaamkuche.** This, we discovered is the Canadian name for upside-down cake.

The Zuni Indians Talk Dutch

In 1895 Ezra Eby of Berlin, Ontario, visited the World's Fair at Chicago. Among other points of interest he entered the model of a Zuni Indian village. While he moved about among the "vanishing Americans" he heard two of them talking in excellent Pennsylvania Dutch. Amazed, he spoke to them in our dialect. Then he learned that these men were carpenters from Pennsylvania, sound Dutchmen, engaged to do some repair work in the "village," but for the sake of preserving the setting, they were required to wear the clothes of the Zunis.

Blind Hessians

Irwin Weber spoke scoffingly of **die blinde Hesse.** This term originated during the American War for Independence when Hessians were despised by the patriotic settlers. In our own folklore we have the story of the Hessians who formed a bucket brigade to extinguish what they thought was a fire in a barn, when the cause of the smoke which they saw was nothing more than the vapors which arose from the dungpile. Here we have a bit of our Pennsylvania lore preserved in the province of Ontario.

Bingenmann

We have the name of Bingaman in Reading. In its guise in our anglicized spelling we would hardly recognize its original meaning unless it were presented, as it is in Canada, in the original form of Bingenmann, or, a man from Bingen on the Rhine.

A Sample of English-Dutch

Our Dutch cousins in Canada can vie with us in violating and mutilating our mother tongue. The following is a sample of the English-Dutch as heard in Ontario: "Wann er die right-i Qualifications hot, for der position occupy-e, un iss tschenerally en upstanding-er Karl, dann sette mir ihn elect-e."

CHILDREN RHYMES

We found no survivals of dialect verse of a serious nature among the good folks of Ontario. But there were many persons who still recalled ditties, or fragments of them, which they had heard in their childhood and there were even some children who could recite such. The familiar "Reite, reite Geili, Hunnert Schtunn e Meile" was repeated on several occasions with many variations. Here is one of them:

Reite, reite Geili
Hunner Schtunn e Meile;
Reit iwwer der Graawe—
Fallt er ab, so muss er's hawwe.
Bummsack! Dart leit er!

In her novel, "The Trail of the Conestoga," Miss B. Mabel Dunham gives the following version. We record it in her spelling:

Reite, reite Gaeule,
Alle Stunde e Meile,
Bis nuf zum alte Blockhaus.
Dat gucke drei Buwe raus.
Ener schpinnt Seide,
Ener wickelt Weide,
Der Dritt macht e rother Rock
Fuer mei' groszer Zottelbock.

Miss Bertie Becher recited the following lines. They are quite unfamiliar to us and we would appreciate hearing from any readers who may recognize any part of them.

Hippes, hoppes, Hoorfuss,
Die Genslein gehne boorfuss,
Sie hen so weisse Schickling aa,
Hinne un vanne Franslen draa.
Mein Vatter waar en Schnitzler,
Er schnitzelt mit en Pol (?).
(Next couplet forgotten)
So reit ich naus ins griene Graas,
Degegen kummt en schneeweiss Haas,
(Line forgotten)
Mit Dreck uff de Naas.

The lullaby "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," occurs in various forms in our dialect. The following lines were rendered for us by a small child near Maples, Ontario:

Bei-o Bobbeli, schlof!
Der Daadi holt die Schof.
Die Mammi melkt die Millichkieh,
Sie kummt net heem bis marye frieh.

Allein und doch nicht ganz allein

Every one who professes to know the elements of our Pennsylvania folklore is familiar with the Regina Hartman legend. It is the story of a girl who after nine years of captivity among the Indians recognized her mother when her mother sang that grand old German hymn,

Allein und doch nicht ganz allein
Bin ich in meiner Einsamkeit.

Alone and yet not quite alone
Am I in my loneliness.

The hymn is seldom used in our church services today. We have never heard it used as a selection at a regular church service. But one Sunday morning, in Kitchener, Ontario, we heard the chimes of St. Peter's Lutheran church ring out the strains of this beautiful hymn. The hymn which meant so much to the lonely settlers on the Pennsylvania frontier still vibrates in the British Dominion of Canada.

WHY DID THEY LEAVE PENNSYLVANIA?

From various sources we had been led to believe that the Mennonites who emigrated from Pennsylvania to Canada were Tories at the time of the War for American Independence and that they preferred to live under the British flag. This is the explanation of most of the Canadian writers who try to explain this large migration to their province. The Loyalist theme is the one stressed by all such writers, not of Pennsylvania origin, whom we have consulted.

This theory received a jolt when we learned that the very earliest migrations, a mere trickle of immigrants, came to Canada as late as 1793 and that the bulk of them came in 1806-1807. Now 1793 is seventeen years after the issue of independence caused a division among colonial Americans into the Tory and the Whig parties. Almost a generation of time had passed before the disaffection led to emigration. That hardly seems to be tenable. And certainly the dates 1806 and 1807 are far removed from the issues of the Revolutionary War which had ended a quarter of a century earlier.

We are therefore inclined to discard the theory that the Pennsylvania Germans who migrated to Canada were disaffected people.

Seeking among the writings of the people of Pennsylvania descent we find other clues which to us make more sense. In his "Brief History of the Mennonites in Ontario," L. J. Burkholder submits several plausible reasons for the migrations, at least, they appear reasonable to us.

First among the reasons listed by Burkholder is the desire for new lands. The good farming areas in Pennsylvania were filling up rapidly and even today we frequently hear of large groups of "plain people' who migrate to Maryland, to Brazil and to other parts of the world to colonize areas and to redeem depleted lands. Why did they not go to Ohio, which was just then opening up to new settlers? Burkholder states that those who went to Canada were seeking a route which did not necessitate the crossing of the high mountains of the Alleghenies. The route to the north shore of Lake Erie passes through valleys and no great hazard is encountered until the Niagara River is reached.

On the political side Burkholder gives a very rational explanation of the relations existing between the Mennonites and the state of which they must be a part. The new United States government at no time vouchsafed to the non-resisting "plain people" that they would be exempt from military service. On the other hand they had had repeated assurance from the British Crown that their pacifistic principles would always be respected and that they as a group and individually would never be called upon to bear arms as combatants. This promise has been kept faithfully through the centuries.

It is reasonable to assume that the assurance of a non-combatant status in wartime would be a powerful factor in determining the political preference of these serious-minded people. The time factor fits into this thesis much better, because it was in the early stages of the young United States that it would become evident to the Mennonites what attitude the new government would take on the question of non-resistance. It is probable that some of those who migrated to Canada may have been disappointed in the United States government of that day, but it is hardly conceivable that Toryism on their part, if it ever existed, would have extended through a period of thirty years before they carried out their migrations.

In the absence of contemporary records we cannot state definitely just what was in the minds of the people who left Pennsylvania to settle in York, Welland, Haldiman, Oxford, Waterloo and Essex counties in the province of Ontario, Dominion of Canada.

DANK SAAGE

Saag mir wieviel Schtaerne schtehn
In dem blooe Himmelszelt?
Un aa wieviel Wolke gehn—
Hescht du sie schunn all gezaehlt?
Un wer macht der kalt Nordwind,
Wu der Schnee blost hie un haer?
Saag, ach! saag mir aa dann g'schwind—
Wer macht all die Bletter daerr?

Un's hot mich schunn oft gewunnert,
Wann die Wolke sin wie Blei,
Un es hot so schwer gedunnert,
Wie der Blitzschtraahl faahrt verbei?
Saag doch mir, wer hot des g'macht,
Was so schrecklich iss un schee?
Andwart kummt mir in der Nacht:
Es iss Gott der Haerr allee!

Macht Er aa die viele Blumme,
Die im Summer so schee bliehn?
Macht Er 's Graas im Friehyohr kumme,
Wu die Aerd bedeckt mit Grien?
Macht die Veggel fer uns singe,
Mit 're glore Schtimm so schee?
Solle mir dann aa net bringe
Dank fer des zu Gott allee?

Doch der Mensch dutt oft vergesse,
Als er rum rennt in der Welt;
Dankt net eemol fer sei Esse,
Denkt yuscht an sei bissel Geld.
Wer kann sich en Schtick Brod mache,
Wann net Gott gebt Frucht defor?
Er schloft net, macht alle Sache,
Gebt uns Sunnlicht schee un glor.

Mensche, duhn des net vergesse,
(Ihr hen immer so viel Zeit)
Dass ihr danke fer des Esse,
Was Gott gebt so frei fer heit.
Macht eich aa net so viel Sarye,
Wie zu lewe varnenaus.
Was dient es fer Druwwel barye?
Mer grickt doch gaar nix dart raus.

Kummt des Lewe mol zum Ende,
Macht's nix aus wie reich mer waar;
Gehn mir fert mit leere Hende,
Wie mir kumme sin sogaar.
Sollte mir dann net do gewwe
Ehr un Lob zu Gott allee,
Fer was Er uns gebt im Lewe,
Un Ihn danke als noch meh?

—FRANK W. OBERHOLTZER

BOOK REVIEW

HOME CRAFT COURSES—Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.—Volume 18, PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN COOKY CUTTERS AND COOKIES. By Earl F. Robacker, Author of Pennsylvania German Literature and Pennsylvania Dutch Stuff. Decorated Cookies and Recipes by Mrs. Ada F. Robacker and Miss Bessie E. Gower. Designed and Printed by The Kutztown Publishing Co., Kutztown, Pa. pp. 40, 1946—$1.00.

Nowhere in our country is the baking of Christmas cookies and hence the use of cooky cutters so commonly practiced as among the Pennsylvania Germans in eastern Pennsylvania. We believe this fine old local custom is gradually spreading and therefore the above booklet will find a warm spot in the hearts of the American public generally. Indeed one can only wonder why a subject so distinctive and rich in local color has not received earlier attention in this series. We could even wish the subect to have received more inclusive treatment.

For the fine illustrations the author has drawn upon his own collection of some 600 original cutters of which no two are duplicates. Among these designs we find not only those that have long been looked upon as characteristic of our folk art, namely heart, tulip, cock and bird designs, but also those that we associate with the nativity scene: sheep, shepherd, camel, moon, star, angels, Mother and Child. But German phantasy has not only continued to use the familiar old designs. As has been noticed in other Pennsylvania German arts and crafts it soon adapted itself to New World concepts and patterns—the Indian, the American eagle, William Penn, the pipe of peace and Uncle Sam.

In the first chapter "The Story of Pennsylvania German Cookies and Cutters," Dr. Robacker takes up the questien of where and how the practice of baking Christmas cookies in patterns and figures originated but finds the origins obscured. Some have believed there is an element of religion and mysticism involved. Such concepts as the 5-point star, camel, sheep and shepherd are easily associated with the Nativity. Others have thought the custom may have originated out of the inherent artistry of the Pennsylvania German nature, although we find this rather too fanciful for credence. The author concludes that perhaps a combination of the spiritual and the esthetic forms the impulse to bake cookies at Christmas time in these many different forms. The reviewer is of the opinion that he does not point out sufficiently the significance of such figures as heart, star, and tree of life motifs as being basic pre-Christian patterns; especially the horse, sacred to early Germanic tribes and the rider, symbolic of Wodan and "Der Ewige Jaeger." Indeed German scholars point out that early Germanic people shaped dough into forms and figures before the advent of Christianity. Here too as elsewhere in our folk art we hear echoes out of a very remote past.

This booklet further contains a chapter on "Making Cutters at Home," line drawings traced after old cutters and reduced in size, and instructions on the baking of "Springerle" cookies. It concludes with a number of cooky recipes which have been carefully tested and arranged for the modern housewife, in the hopes that in this form they may help to bring about a revival of the fine art of baking Christmas cookies. This is the work of Mrs. Ada F. Robacker and Miss Bessie E. Gower.—Among the 22 booklets in the Home Craft Series this easily takes its place among the six best. Here is a potential Christmas gift!—P.A.B.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S Hut Garobb'ld

'M ledshda Sundawg morya huts may wie ae waig garobb'ld wie die Libby Ebert fon Hynemansville nunner noch 'm Ziegler's Diner gae hut wolla fer shoffa. Allas wor recht un gute bis sie uf ihra mashine jumpa hut wolla fer fert, un hut g'sehna os sie 'n flatter tire hut. Wie der tire net fon selwar in die hae gonga is fon wos die Libby tzu sawga hut kot, hut sie die bumb grick'd, aw k'hank'd, un 'n uf gablosa. Ow'r flatta tires uf blosa unna die lecher airsht flicka is fiel wie sie ols sawga fon da freea morya raya un da alta weiver dons—sie halta net long aw.

Aenicha waig, eb die Libby recht fon hame wor is der tire widder nunner gonga, uns hut frish nei shtarta robbla. Ow'r sie wor gabound os sie der tire net wexla dade, un hut die bumb widder grick'd un frish nei shtarta bumba. Die barichda sin, sie het gons dicht finf un tzwonsich mohl uf gabumb bis sie mohl endlich nunner noch 'm Diner kumma wear on Breingsville, gons ous ochdem, un uf gatzoga wie 'n ocht dawg uhr. Eb sie recht darta wor hut sie shun 'm Ralph Ebert garufa, "Doh mohl g'shwind har un fix den.....tire, ich hob mich shun gons aedarmlich gabumb'd fer mich doh runner shoffa."

Wil Nix Hoerra Dafon

So wie 'n Fegelchie uns yusht gapifa hut, wil der Bill Moyer fon New Tripoli nix may hoerra fon da tzeit wie er doh im noch summer chairmon wor fon da lichter kommittee on ra picknick drowwa in Catasauqua nagshd omma blumma hous. Wie kommittee leit so oft mohls duhn, hut er die socha nous g'shova up die ledshd minute fer sehna os lichter darta weara. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er is net gonga gucka fer lichter bis es shtarta is dunkle werra, un is noh mohl niver noch 'm blumma hous fer sehna eb sie 'm net darta rous helfa kenta.

'S fert gae wor ol recht, ow'r wie der Bill mohl fert wor is er nimmy tzurick kumma, un hen 'n yusht naryads finna kenna. Sis dunkle werra, un sei fraw die Daisy is awfonga uf rierish werra m'r wist net wos 'm ferleicht wedder fohra sei maich'd, un sin mohl gonga sucha fer 'n. Endlich ferhoftich sei hen sie 'n g'funna in da offis fom blumma hous, 'n gonser haufa bulbs uf 'm desk fer sich, un er hut hinnich 'm desk uf 'm shtull k'huck'd un wor eigshlofa. 'N aryer Bill, net wohr?

Is Ols Noch Tzitterich

Der Clarence Hoffman doh 's lond owwa drous is ols noch tzitterich fon da arya erfohring os er da onner dawg kotta hut drowwa in da Pokonose iwwer 'm barra hunda. Wohrhoft won er net aw 'n bar g'sehna hut. Sel wor ae mohl woh der Clarence ous g'funna hut wos sei fees denka fom, uns hais'd er wear tzu da hecka rous g'shprunga kumma tzum Dewey Lentz un da onnerra barra hunder wos beim worra, het die hond in die hae, un gagrisha, "Bar."

Der Dewey un die onnerra beim nadierlich hen wissa wolla wos er maina dade doh "Bar" greisha, uns hut gons dicht 'n halb shtun ganumma bis er recht shwetza hut kenna fer na sawga, er het yusht 'n grosser alter bar sehna darrich 's hoch graws shpringa bout 'n hunnerd foos weck fon woh er om hunda wor. Shpaiter hut er uf gaaigen'd er wear nummna tzu garn omma baum nuf gagrodd'ld fer sich fom bar weck shoffa, ow'r 's wear ken baum rum gawest, dick ganunk fer draw nuf groddla.

Die barichda sin, der Clarence wot nix may hoerra fon barra hunda gae.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sie duhn mainer wie yusht gelt handla in da Neffs bank, sie hen aw noch 'n lemon baum on da sama tzeit, un die lemons sin yusht bout tzeitich fer rubba.

Fer die wohret tzu sawga, ae lemon fon bout 'n pund unna halb is da onner dawg ob g'falla, unna onnerrie fiela graiser, is aw bol tzeitich ganunk fer ob kumma.

Wos sie tzaila tzu duh mit da lemons wissa m'r net, ow'r sol uns gross wunnerra eb gawissna widweiver in Neffs sich net mohl sot lemonade drinka kenna—der druvel is, der Cal Hill shwetzt net, un der Irvie Lengel wase net wos der Cal im sin hut tzu duh mit da lemons.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Text

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

2 Chronicles 36

After the death of Josiah, his son Jehoahaz began his reign of three months. But the King of Egypt arrested him, took him to Egypt so that he could not rule, and levied a heavy sum of money on the land. He appointed Eliakim, the brother of Jehoahaz, king, changing his name to Jehoiakim. During his reign of 11 years, Nebuchadnezzar made an expedition against Jerusalem, plundered the Temple, and took many prisoners. Jehoiachin, the son of Jehoiakim, succeeded his father. He is also known as Jeconiah and as Coniah. He reigned but three months and ten days. Again Nebuchadnezzar makes an invasion of the land, plundering it as before. Mattaniah was appointed as the last king of Judah by the King of Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar, who changed his name to Zedekiah. He also reigned 11 years. All of these last three kings did evil before God, despising the prophets. The last expedition of Nebuchadnezzar against the Jews in the reign of Zedekiah marks the beginning of the 70 year period of the Babylonian captivity of the Jews. (Read 2 Kings 24 and 25).

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

My cousin Artie stayed at my house all night on account of today being Saturday and tomorrow being Sunday, and after supper we made up a good one to play on pop and ma, me saying, Hay Artie, we've sure got some kids with funny names at our school, haven't we?

Oh sure, do you mean like Higtop Zimple, the guy with part red hair and part white? Artie said, and I said, yes, and that kid he runs around with, too. I mean Sidebern Sawface, the little gink that uses pins instead of buttons, I said.

Goodness, such strange children with such peculiar names, ma said, and pop said, Well, they say it takes all sorts of people to make a werld, and no doubt that includes kids with two-tone hair and held together by pins.

Proving the joke was werking, and I winked at Artie, saying, Eggside Doghair is a funny kid, the way he always has his pockits inside out and wears his shoes backwerds.

I think he just does it to show off, Artie said, and I said, I dont, I think he dont know any better. Do you know Skimple Teeby? I said.

Sure, he's the dubble jointed kid that can make his eyebrows stand up straight, Artie said, and pop said, Come to think of it, there used to be an odd caracter in my class in school. His name was Tittat Toe and he could sharpen pencils with his fingernales and make his knee caps shoot up and down like jack in the boxes.

Now that I remember, it's a small werld after all, ma said. I mean there was a little gerl named Haha Giggle in my class in kindegarden, and she bounced when she sat down because she was born on a rubber plantation, she said.

Being a good one on me and Artie and proving it's possible to grow up and still know what's funny.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

So simple the rules, and so hard
to obey,
And the whole world upset,
Because, though told over and
over the way,
Human beings forget.

As you would be done by, so
labor to do!
The poorest befriend!
Forgive as you pray will the Lord
forgive you
When His court you attend.

So simple the code, down the
ages re-told,
And taught even yet.
Still clinging to passions and
hatreds of old,
Men, the sure way, gorget.

Horoscope

If you are celebrating a birthday today, you are determined and venturesome, even to the verge of recklessness. You are so positive in your opinions that when you know a thing to be right, it is almost impossible to move you. People sometimes accuse you of being stubborn. You are just and honest, and very exacting. You love with passion and vigor. Intrigue would have bad effects on this, your natal day; avoid it. Solidify evanescent thoughts and make them "click." Give reasonable expression to your opinions, but do not be stubborn. The moon enters Sagittarius at 10:45 a.m. Advance better domestic relations today; rout out jealousy because now is the time you can do it. Let joy be unconfined this evening, as this is the celestial signal.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book
By BENNETT CERF

A business man grumbled to his secretary, "This has been the darndest day! Everybody is certainly getting dumb. I've asked 20 people what time it is—and every single one of them has given me a different answer!"

Even more baffled was a banker who asked an elevator man, "Can you tell me the time?" and was answered, "Do you mean now?"

* * *

Forty miles out of Chicago on the Super-Chief, Mrs. Lapidus let out a wail. "If only we had the grand piano with us, Papa!" On a trip like this, why do you need the grand piano?" asked Lapidus. "Because," she explained, "that is where I left the tickets."

* * *

The landlord eyed his prospective tenant coldly. "I must remind you," he said, "that I will not tolerate children, dogs, cats, or parrots. And no piano playing. And no radio. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," said the tenant meekly. "But I think you ought to know that my fountain pen scratches a little."

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Since "The Hucksters" was published and became a best seller on the book list, it has become the fashion to laugh at advertising people and to consider them a mixture of clowns, sideshow-spellers and—well, hucksters.

I can't say that I haven't been just as guilty as the rest, but it has taken my trip through the country to see how important advertising is and how much America owes to it.

I want you to know that I am not being paid for this (nor did anybody ask me to write a) eulogy to advertising.

But so often we take things that are really outstanding for granted and don't realize how much of a blessing they are.

* * *

On our trip to California we spent three nights and two-and-a-half days on the train.

If you have ever taken as long a trip as that you know how monotonous it becomes after a while and how strange you feel as you go from state to state and as the endless miles pile up on you.

But all along the road you see friends who make you feel at home and say to you: "Here we are, don't feel strange. You are still at home."

Who are those friends? They are the Texaco sign and the Esso sign and the Sunoco sign and the Lucky Strike and the Chesterfield sign and the Nash and the Ford and the Buick signs—the same ones you see in New York, and Chicago, in Kankakee and Ash Fork, in Albuquerque and Emporia.

The train stops, you get out, stretch your legs and buy a newspaper.

I don't care whether it's Albany or Kansas City, Trinidad or Topeka, Phoenix or San Francisco—in every newspaper you see friends, "advertised products," as they call them in the trade.

I just looked through a Los Angeles paper—there they were, my friends from New York and Brookfield, from your home town and mine—Zemo, for itch; White Rock, the drink with the sparkle; Sunkist oranges, for health; Pepto-Bismol, for indigestion.

The same automobiles that boosted their virtues back home are boosting them here; the same "super-colossal, glorious, unforgettable, stupendous, million-dollar" pictures, plugged and peddled in Danbury and Lancaster, run the same flashy announcements here.

I don't use many of the products and I don't recommend any of them. Your stomach and your headache and your gasoline and your cigarettes are your own business,

THE MORNING CALL

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A superior advertising medium because of its well balanced and thorough distribution.

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

Allentown's Slogan: "DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances by stated calls to worship and the salutary influence of example. Johnson.

SAVE ON GAS WHICH COMES FROM SOFT COAL

Just as the people of this community are being asked to conserve as to their use of electricity, even tho hard coal and a hydro-electric plant produce the current that is used in this area, so they now are being asked by the Allentown-Bethlehem Gas Co. to conserve as to the use of this illuminant and popular domestic fuel because of the continuing strike in the soft coal fields.

The latter appeal must be the more insistent and deserves even wider and more conscientious compliance because the gas used in Allentown, Bethlehem and neighboring communities is produced from soft coal. When there is no more soft coal, there will be no more gas from that source at least. This is true because, as is well known, the Allentown-Bethlehem Gas Co. buys gas from the coke ovens of the Bethlehem Steel Co. and the coke is made from soft coal that is brought from the now idle fields. Whatever coke and gas are being made now come from coal which was on hand at the time when the strike was declared.

The supply of coal at Bethlehem will last longer when a smaller quantity of coke and gas is manufactured. So it is to every householder's interest in this community to save gas as the company itself is requesting. Of course it is an odd situation when any business asks its customers to reduce their purchases. But the request is plainly in the interest of all parties concerned and deserves the widest compliance.

MAKE MORE USE OF VOLUNTEER POLICE

A report of the Pennsylvania Chiefs of Police association shows that whereas the average of policemen for population in Pennsylvania cities is nearly two per 1,000 population (1.94, to quote the figures submitted) the average in Allentown is a little more than one per thousand (1.04).

In its struggles with the budget during recent weeks, city council was able to do nothing about the oft-urged program for more policemen. In the first place city council probably looked at the funds with which, it is estimated, the city departments will have to work next year and saw that there was not any hope there. In fact, council did not see enough money on hand to grant increases in salaries to the police, and the firemen as well.

But in the matter of policing, council certainly could not have been disturbed by any evidence of such volume of crime as to demand more police for protection and for the enforcement of the law. It has been indicated that the community is generally of law-abiding character and that there are enough police to enforce just about all the laws if there be disposition to do so. Very few of the police, if any, are overcrowded in the matter of law enforcement.

Furthermore, council individually or collectively, consciously or subconsciously, may have been thinking of that large and splendid body of auxiliary policemen who were organized during the war, who continue their organization and who are ready at all times to serve and serve capably as policemen, just as there are thousands of citizens who serve their community as volunteer firemen.

The community knows much about the volunteer firemen because they are so numerous and come into so much prominence upon the spectacular occasions that big fires produce. The community knows little about the volunteer policemen who are smaller in numbers (about 50) and perforce do not come to so much public attention and comment.

So while Allentown may not have the large number of regular police that some other cities possess, Allentonians can take the comfort that there is a supplementary force ready for any emergencies. It is also ready for any peak loads that may be put upon the police, providing of course that the regular police wish them to assume some of this load.

The force is uniformed (paid for out of the men's own pockets), and it was splendidly trained by none other than Captain Sperling who built excellent morale into the organization. Its intelligent men, who are to a man good citizens first and policemen second, have taken examinations that have determined their fitness. And if it comes to a matter of shooting, then it can be said that they also rank high on the target ranges where they have set up records for excellent marksmanship.

It seems that it would be well for the city to give the highest encouragement to this group, especially since it does not have the money to enlarge the regular force. It would seem to be well to protect this group by including it in a compensation system for injury or death, sustained while in service after making them, let us say, $1 a year men. This they certainly would agree to be inasmuch as they do not get even that nominal amount of money.

The organization is here. It is a willing and eager one. It has a high ideal as to public service. Let it be put to more work, especially when it can relieve an over-worked department.

THE BELLS ARE OFF THE CAT

In recent days there was considerable hubbub in Hazleton when winged rumor sped thru that city to the effect that there was to be a raid upon slot machines in clubs. Hazleton papers reported that within a few hours the machines went into hiding or were removed from the premises.

This indicates, it would appear, that there is opinion and feeling in Hazleton and perhaps many other places as well, that the prevalence of these machines and their operation are detrimental to the economic, political and moral affairs of the communities in which they are to be found.

The opinion and feeling continue in this community even tho there has been little or no expression of it in print in recent days, or since the expose of their operation in Allentown and Lehigh county and the expression of the opinion that they could operate only as the profitable basis of a dangerous criminal racket.

If there has been silence in this matter for a few days, it is not to be presumed that silence indicates sleep. If the rats and mice were scared away by a belled cat it has been good. A splendid purpose will have been achieved.

The bells have now been removed from the cat. Let the sly and hungry vermin beware.

New Labor Laws Loom

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—Regardless of the outcome of the legal moves which surround the controversy of John L. Lewis and the Federal Government, the die has been cast for new labor legislation. Organized labor has reached the peak of its power and every change now will be toward the restriction of its monopoly.

Monopoly never can be popular in America, whether it is practiced by corporations, labor unions or any other organization. For 14 years union labor has abused the powers and special privileges given to it by a politically corrupt administration in Washington, which traded votes for special privileges in the most scandalous misuse of public power since the '90's—when corporations bought their way into government by analogous methods.

The so-called rights of labor now have come into jeopardy. Inherent rights such as the right to work or to quit work never will be disturbed, because these are protected by the Constitution. But the so-called right of two or more individuals to conspire and persuade others to commit acts of economic violence and the privilege of such a group to monopolize the job-giving power by means of the "closed shop" will presently be taken away.

The reforms may not come immediately, in the next Congress; but the road has been opened. The monopolies inherent in labor unions are doomed. The American people have been aroused as never before. They are beginning to see nation-wide unions as a form of tyranny and despotism and, in the case of the coal controversy, they have seen actual insurrection—defiance of the courts and of the government itself.

If organized labor had set out to commit political suicide, it could not have chosen more effective strategy than it has used in the last fortnight. The A. F. of L. and the CIO top executives have been misled and badly advised by counsel who are living in the past. They have blundered repeatedly. They have mistaken the good nature of the American people for continued tolerance of union labor's usurpation of power.

Several labor unions enjoying nation-wide power have developed an arrogant leadership not unlike that which characterized executives of big corporations a few decades ago. The leadership of the national unions has actually gone to the point of carrying on class-warfare propaganda not unlike that of the revolutionaries in other countries. Communists moreover have infiltrated into some of the best unions and have forced the leaders to go to extremes. Now the American people are beginning to understand it all as a method of setting up a super-government which, by means of political action committees and other devices, has been used in an attempt to run the government itself.

The days of appeasing such a destructive movement are over. An economic recession faces America because 16,000,000 workers have been exploited by a few men in wage drives that have cut the purchasing power of the dollar for the other 44,000,000 workers not in labor unions.

Such a distortion has dropped the stock market to a point below the lowest levels of the past 16 years and has introduced fear and uncertainty into business generally. The labor unions could not have developed a more effective strategy for committing economic suicide and weakening post-war America than they have applied to block the reconversion efforts of industry since V-J Day.

A deep depression will be averted, a balanced economy will be restored, new confidence will be created in business, and the use of new capital to expand domestic and world markets will be encouraged—in fact prosperity is possible now only if Congress and the President deal resolutely with labor union arrogance and its abuse of power under the Wagner act.

No responsible group in Congress wants to see the Wagner Act repealed nor collective bargaining eliminated nor unions destroyed; but there is a majority which favors applying to unions all the restrictions which apply to corporations wherever and whenever the public interest can be damaged.

The organized power of any group to control or dominate the economic life of the country is about to be destroyed by legislation. The coal strike has been a salutary influence in opening the eyes of the American people.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

HOLLYWOOD CIVILIZATION

Sam Goldwyn was right in his criticism of Hollywood, but wrong in his conclusions as to the reason why that spot on the American periphery gives the impression of such general dumbness. Hollywood, Sam Goldwyn thinks, is in the doldrums; no new ideas, no brilliance, no growth. And he thinks that it is because writers, directors, actors, everybody is too rich.

But John D. Rockefeller built a great industrial empire after he became rich; even more, he created educational and charitable institutions of the greatest service to mankind after he grew rich. Henry Ford did not become soft and futile after he became rich. Booth Tarkington wrote some of his best stories after he did well by himself. Bernard Baruch has served his country vigorously since he has become a rich man. Thousands of Americans can be cited who achieved distinction and served their country well despite great riches.

Men of character do not become soft and futile because they have attained wealth. Of course, if character is lacking, wealth, as poverty, will bring to the surface every debasement of personality, but wealth is worse than poverty because it makes the poisons of living more readily available. It is not because a movie star was once an elevator girl that makes her no good; it is because her character was no better in one condition of life than it is in another.

Essentially what is wrong with Hollywood is that it has attracted to itself too many exhibitionists; it has overemphasized the role of the press agent, the creator of synthetic personalities. It has become a queer assemblage of amazing personalities. Here is a place for writers who do not write. They prepare scripts which others prepare after them until no one can tell who has fathered the thing. Here are actors and actresses who do not act. They are directed. "Raise your arm an inch higher!" "Lower your eyelid a tenth of an inch." Imagine Sarah Bernhardt being directed in that manner by anyone, being drilled in lines, drilled in gestures, trained in emotions fixed in voice volume as a machine. These people have become human sound tracks.

And the public senses it and that is why Sam Goldwyn worries, and that is why the bankers who finance Hollywood are frightened by what they call the British invasion. Do they not recognize that for many years the best actors and some of the best directors have come here from Europe? There has been an invasion for a long time. And the invaders compare too favorably with the indigenous Hollywood type.

The real trouble is that Hollywood believes its own publicity. They, who advertise their own immoralities, spreading stories about themselves which shame decent folks, making a mockery of marriage, elevating adultery and divorce to a propriety and a boast, exhibiting every indecency to the public gaze and hiring gossips to spread abroad tales of their misconduct, have come to believe that that is the American way of life.

That is the real trouble with Hollywood. It needs a cleansing. It needs new life and new blood. It needs character. It needs to restore itself to love of country, to service to country. It needs to rebel against the imitators of Communists, the intellectual playboys who pollute and pervert whatever they touch, making a mockery even of noble subjects by the subsequent public conduct of those who play the parts. The publicized romances, the publicized adulteries, the publicized divorces have become a stench in our land.

It will be said that this is a violent indictment of too many persons, of generalizing from particular incidents, and the finger will be pointed at this or that exception, at Sam Goldwyn or Bing Crosby—obvious exceptions to this criticism. But the tone of the indictment is true. The atmosphere of the indictment is correct. The name, Hollywood, has become symbolic in American life for social evil, as Boston once stood for literary achievement, as Indianapolis once symbolized the culture of the Middle West.

It is this atmosphere that is unwholesome and those individuals who resent these general assumptions concerning their industry need to note the flavor of wormwood in their midst.

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Pert and Pertinent

Buildings either damaged or destroyed in France during the war are now estimated at 1,804,200, of which 442,800 were completely destroyed.

Although the Mexican Federal laws do not permit the death penalty, Mexico's State of Sinaloa has just established the penalty within its borders.

Because the Japanese took the heating equipment, which cannot soon be reinstalled, tenants of many buildings in Shanghai, China, face a cold winter.



BOOK NOTES

Volume 15 of the Proceedings of the Lehigh County Historical Society, just published, is not only the largest hitherto offered to its members, but it also covers a wide range of subject matter. Of first importance is the biography of that great Pennsylvania German patriot, David Deshler. In "Colonel David Deshler, Allentown's First Citizen," the authors Helen Wittman Kohl and John Young Kohl, have been at great pains in giving a full and accurate portrait of a man who well deserves to be called Allentown's first citizen, "first" not only because he was the first to build a house within the land area laid out by William Allen for a town, but "first citizen" in the fuller significance of the term, "as a patriot, a man of influence among his fellows, a progressive leader of the community, a church man, a business man."

David Deshler was only a boy of seven when his father, Adam Deshler, in 1741 emigrated with his family from the Palatinate and took up land in Whitehall, where friends of an uncle who had preceded him to America were already settled. Here the family lived and prospered. It is believed that the son David spent considerable time in Philadelphia with his uncles David and Anthony Deshler and his great-uncles John and Caspar Wistar.

If in their enthusiasm for their subject the authors at times serve the reader with disproportionate masses of colonial history pertaining not only to Northmapton County, but to Germantown, Philadelphia and the American Revolution in general, we can forgive them, for the material is presented in a readable manner, and David Deshler emerges eventually as an engaging and illustrious local figure.

In 1762 William Allen laid out the plans for the town which was later to bear his name but which was for three decades known as Northampton. In that same year David Deshler left the parental settlement in the Egypt area and built the first house on the west side of 7th Street near Union. As early as 1764 he was the highest tax-payer in the town and the only one listed as having four "professions," having the store, the beer shop, the gristmill and the sawmill. He became a highly respected and affluent man, and in the revolutionary period the backbone of this community. After the Boston Tea Party, Northampton County's freeholders met at Easton and David Deshler was appointed one of 29 to constitute a Committee of Observation. The committee endorsed the action of Continental Congress after the battles of Concord and Lexington. The same committee was requested to raise a company of riflemen in the county. Exactly a month later (August, 1775) that company arrived in Boston. David Deshler was elected three successive times as a member of the Northampton Committee of Observation. When finally six delegates were to be sent to the Provincial Conference of Committees to lay plans for a new government of Pennsylvania David Deshler was one of the six chosen. While these delegates were in session in Carpenters Hall in Philadelphia, June 18-25, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was being fashioned in the old State House just across the way. It is pointed out that the action which that Provincial Conference took in Carpenters Hall was in effect Pennsylvania's own Declaration of Independence.

When the expert gunsmiths of Allentown (then called Northampton) went on a strike because of the short rations meted out to them, it was Col. David Deshler and Col. Fred Hagener who induced them to return to work. In February, 1778, Deshler is one of two commissioners from Northampton County to purchase supplies. His house on South 7th Street, for a time a cartridge laboratory, now becomes a storage place of provisions.

In 1782 Col. David Deshler purchased a tract of 331 acres of land along the Lehigh, on which stood the mansion now known as the George Taylor house, recently acquired by the Lehigh County Historical Society. While living here he was once more called to the service of his state and country. He became a member of the convention that ratified the Federal Constitution of Pennsylvania. He was one of four delegates from Northampton County (which at that time embraced all the land of the present counties of Northampton, Lehigh, Carbon, Monroe, Pike, Wayne and Susquehanna and parts of Wyoming, Luzerne, Schuylkill, Bradford and Columbia as well!) Of this convention Judge Steele points out that "More than half of the votes recorded in favor of the ratification came from the German counties and was the balance of power in the convention."

After the Constitutional Convention Col. David Deshler returned to his mansion on the Lehigh where he died on the day before Christmas, 1796, aged 62 years. —It is high time, concluded the authors, that Allentown take steps to honor its first citizen.

In the same volume the Notes on the Rare Zinsweiler Stove Plate and those on Quaint Stringed Instruments, both by Melville J. Boyer, possess more than local interest. —P. A. B.

THE HISTORY OF THE HOFFMAN PAPER MILLS IN MARYLAND. By May A. Seitz. (Privately printed by the author, Mrs. Mary A. Seitz, 30 West Chesapeake Ave., Towson 4, Md., 1946. Pp. 63.)

"Genealogies make dry reading," says the author of The History of The Hoffman Paper Mills in Maryland in her preface, and, therefore, she has tried to write a history of the Hoffman family in Maryland only from the point of view of its contributions to the manufacturing of paper. She has succeeded in creating a minor saga of the rise and fall of a family of artisans and manufacturers from the time that the founder, Frederick William Hoffman, arrived from Germany to the flooding of the ancestral land to make room for a reservoir for Baltimore's water system.

Several qualities distinguish this book from the generality of privately printed works of local historians and genealogists. These are that the slender volume is adequately documented and leanly written. I wonder whether the author would have had the same economy in style if some commercial publisher had been interested. As it is, the book lacks much of the moralizing and dismally fine writing found so frequently in local history. And, in spite of the fact that the Hoffmans, although from Maryland, may be called technically Pennsylvania Germans because of their provenience and marriages, Mrs. Seitz does not attempt (as local historians of Pennsylvania Germans almost invariable do) to give the whole history of the Palatine immigration, together with much moralizing as to its ethnic, religious and economic values. Mrs. Seitz sticks to her papermaking. The only passages out of place are not her own, but the quoted effusions of the Baltimore historian J. Thomas Scharf, which would have been better condensed into a few sentences in Mrs. Seitz's own words.

The paper-manufacturing career of the Hoffmans in Maryland started in 1776 and ended after four generations, when the millwheels at Gundpower Falls stood still in 1893. Two members of the family, Frederick William, the founder, and William H. Hoffman, who went into the business in 1841, were the outstanding members of this manufacturing family. Others lacked their ability or were content to be rural mill-owners of the type of business men so often seen in the countryside of Maryland and Pennsylvania, where the contractor becomes merely the neighborhood carpenter.

Fire and water are given by Mrs. Seitz as the reasons for the rapid decline of the Hoffman mills. Floods and fires destroyed equipment, and the losses were only partly covered by insurance. Before the mills could recover, competitive paper mills, particularly in the New England states, had captured the customers. In regard to the fires, Mrs. Seitz, in one lone sentence, mentions the usual chitchat at the time of such disasters, "there were several indications that the fire was of incendiary origin," but hardheadedly adds: "No evidence could be produced, however, to furnish sufficient material for an open charge." Transportation difficulty also played a part in the decline.

After the Hoffman family lost control of its property at Gunpowder Falls and elsewhere, it established several other enterprises of short-lived duration. When the city of Baltimore on January 5, 1925, secured title to the former Hoffman land, activity thereon had been long restricted to agriculture. The new dam was completed in 1933. As Mrs. Seitz writes, "It was the water that brought the Hoffman mills into existence . . . five generations later the water had become more valuable than the land."—RALPH CHARLES WOOD.

(Reprinted with special permission from PENNSYLVANIA HISTORY, Oct., 1946)

COOKING WITH THE PENNSYYLVANIA "DUTCH". A Collection of Choice and Tried Old-time Home and Farm Recipes. Edited by A. Monroe Aurand, Jr. The Aurand Press, Harrisburg, Pa. 1946. Pp. 32. 25c.

Another cook book to be added to the ever-increasing number of books that set forth the culinary art of our people. Mr. Aurand points out however that this is not strictly a new book, but that it consists of a number of well-known, tried and proved recipes taken from the two editions of "Mary at the Farm, and Book of Recipes" by the late Mrs. Edith M. Thomas of Quakertown, Pa.

Our Pennsylvania German housewives of the past were unsparing in their use of shortening, sugar and eggs, but our editor, mindful of the high cost of living, has not included recipes that call for "twelve eggs" or "ten pounds of choice beef." And while some of the recipes border on the expensive side he expects time to correct the present adverse conditions. Unfortunately the editor of this cook book has overlooked the fact that the modern housewife, having had courses in home economics and cooking, requires recipes that are far more exact as to weight and measure of the ingredients used. Our old-fashioned Pennsylvania German housewives relied upon their experience and their intuition, not always without dire consequences.

Although this booklet contains recipes that could hardly be claimed as exclusively Pennsylvania German, it does contain recipes for many of the dishes that have so long been associated with Pennsylvania German cuisine, such as "Schnitz un Knepp", "Mouldasha" (a few will recognize in this messed-up word the German **Maultasche**) "Zwieback", "Fastnacht Kuche", "Buwe Schenkel", "Marklose Balls" (another badly mutilated word from the German Markkloesse meaning "marrow dumplings), "Riwwelsupp", etc.—P. A. B.

The October number of The Historical Review of Berks County contains two articles of general interest:

1.—**"Punch" Dieffenbach—Ventriloquist, Magician and Showman** by Gurney W. Clemens.—J. Adam Dieffenbach (1858-1932) was the last of the tribe of free-show men, who offered free entertainment to the public in order later to turn to the real business of selling them medicine, cheap jewelry and what not. His "Punch and Judy" act was the feature of his show, for Dieffenbach was an artist in operating marionettes. He made his own puppets. In their garb and behavior they were a part of our Pennsylvania German community. Punch was a linguist who talked both in English and the dialect. Judy on the other hand did not understand the dialect, which gave Punch an opportunity to make all sorts of side remarks in the dialect for the benefit of the audience, thus bringing forth shouts of glee from them. Sometimes Punch would recognize a friend in the audience and carry on a conversation with him in the dialect. An excellent ventriloquist, Dieffenbach was very skillful in managing "knee" figures and could put on an act which the author declares would have made our popular present-day Edgar Bergen blush. Dieffenbach's Punch and Judy in their day were known and beloved in nearly every village and town in Berks, Lancaster, Lebanon, Schuylkill, Daukhin, Lehigh and Montgomery counties.

2.—**Are Barn Signs Hex Marks?** by Louis J. Heinzmann, President of the Berks County Historical Society. Mr. Heinzmann has delivered illustrated lectures on "Barn Signs" before various groups and organizations. He, like others who have given the subject more thoughtful investigation, points out that not a fact has been found to prove that barn signs have any superstitious or religious import.—P. A. B.

An De Baerrick Maria Ihr'm Graab

(Read by the poet at Mountain Mary's grave, Nov. 16, 1946)

Es schwebt der Wind im Zedrebaam,
Die Wolke ziege;
Die Bletter rausche iwwer'n Graab—
Dart leit die Baerrick Maria.

En frommes Weib, en gudi Fraa—
So wie mer heere saage.
Do hot sie viele Yohr zurick
Die Lewenslascht gedraage.

Paar griene Felder, gans umringt
Vum Busch un hoche Baem;
En gleeni Blockhitt an der Schpring,
Dart waar sie lang deheem.

En schtilles Lewe, gans gewiss,
So weit ab vun der Welt—
Wu alles yaagt, nooch Ehre schtrebt,
Un schinnt sich ab fer bissel Geld.

Mer sammelt fer sei eege Haus,
Un hot mer's gnapps, dann muss mer naus.
Mer sammelt do, mer sammelt dart;
Un wie der Wind, so iss es fart.

Sie waar zufridde in ihr'm Schtand,
Hot fleissich, freehlich g'schafft;
En gut Gewisse, froh Gemiet,
Des gebt 'me schwache Weib die Graft.

Sie melkt die Kieh schunn maryets frieh,
Dieweil die Veggel singe;
Hot Graas gemaeht un dann gewendt,
Dieweil die Sunn noch runnerbrennt,
Fer's Fuder zammebringe.

Am Owet geht sie in die Ruh;
En gleeni Eil, die singt derweil;
"Tu-huu!" so sanft, "Tu-huu!"
En Gricksel zwitschert newe'm Haus,
Doch schunscht iss alles ruhich draus—
Dann gehn die Aage zu.

Doch schteigt der Wind in dunkler Nacht,
Es wedderleecht un Dunner gracht;
Do macht sie noch ihr Fenschter uff
Un guckt gedroscht zum Himmel nuff.

Es dobt der Blitz un zuckt un reisst,
Im Dunnerschtreech die Funke schmeisst;
Des hot sie gaar net bang gemacht—
Des hot sie gaar net bang gemacht—

Un waar mol ebber in der Not,
Maria gebt 'ne guder Rot;
Un reisst en schlimmi Granket ei,
Do waar sie gut un helft 'ne glei;
Wu Aarmut noch am schwerschte drickt,
Do hot sie Lewesmittel g'schickt.

SCHLUSS:
Es schwebt der Wind im Zedrebaam,
Die Wolke ziege wie im Draam;
Un do iss noch en schtilles Graab,
Dart unnerm Waasem bissel Schtaab;
Doch schwebt en Geischt wu heit noch lebt,
En Geischt wu nooch em Himmel schtrebt.

—JOHN BIRMELIN.

* * * *

On November 16 a small group of men and women gathered about a lonely grave in a private graveyard in the hills of Oley, Berks county. Among them were the Rev. Robert Ischinger of Reading, the Rev. Jesse Renninger of Macungie, the Rev. Dr. Elmer Johnson of Hereford, Ralph W. Berky, Mennonite hymn writer and John Birmelin, well-known dialect poet. They had all gathered there to do honor to one whose name is not blazoned large upon the pages of history. It is not found recorded in the annals of the great. Her life threaded the even tenor of its way far from the busy marts of men. Many in her day may not even have known that her name was Maria Jung, for she was known and loved only as 's Baerrick Marieche.

The summers and winters of 127 years have come and gone since they carried Mountain Mary in the fullness of her years from the nearby log cabin and there on her own premises laid her to rest among her own loved ones. Since then much has happened in this old world. Many have been born, lived lives of stirring deeds, of stormy turmoil and strife; their names were once written against the skies, but now gone and forgotten. Vanity, vanity! But still men and women speak lovingly and reverently of Mountain Mary and gather at her grave.

For decades she had lived alone on her own acres "allein, und doch nicht ganz allein", with her cows and bees, her orchard and garden. She knew herbs and medicaments and brought unstinting aid to those who needed care and comfort. Such was her spiritual strength that they also came to her for advice in times of distress. There were some who believed that in what she said and did she was guided by more than human judgment.

Like St. Francis of old this saintly woman sensed keenly God's natural world about her. She was sister to sun, moon and stars and all created things about her; forest, field and meadow, all plant and animal life did but magnify the glory of their Creator. Like St. Francis too she walked before God in utter humility. Whatever her creed this simple German woman spent her days in following in the footsteps of her Lord who went about doing good. She brought comfort and solace to the poor and the sick and all her deeds and all her thoughts proceeded from a spiritual strength whose fountainhead lay in her absolute faith in the infinite wisdom of Almighty God.

On the main highway from the Hill Church to Pleasantville there is a tablet on the right hand erected there in 1934 by the Berks County Chapter of the D. A. R. It reads: To the Memory of Mary Young, "Mountain Mary", "Barricke Mariche" who lived to the north in these hills from early womanhood until her death, Nov. 16, 1819 at the age of 70 years. A pioneer nurse, comforter of body and soul, benevolent, pious, brave and charitable. "She hath done what she could."—P. A. B.

(For further details about Mountain Mary the reader is directed to the ECK for Oct. 21 and Nov. 4, 1939; also to L. A. Wollenweber's historical tale "Mountain Mary", translated from the German by Dr. Luther A. Pflueger, Muhlenberg College, published in the ECK, beginning June 1, 1940 and continued in the following numbers.)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Radder Druvel

Der Frank Derr fon da Huffa Kerrich hut da onner dawg aw may wie sei share druvel kot wie es mit goul un wogga nunner noch Forge Dahl wor fuder socha hola. Der Frank wie m'r wissa, hut 'n aryer shponkicher goul, un mus gamainer hond mit tzwae hand un sei fol gawicht in da line hanka fer 'n halta fon darrich gae. Uf 'm hame waig mit ra folla load, nembt der goul die socha uf kours ols awenich gaduldicher aw, un woh 'm Frank sei gross glick wor. Eb er recht fon Forge Dahl fert wor, der barrick nuf uf 'm waig noch da Huffa kerrich, huts gore sonderbore gablutzt wohs net blutza het solla, un wie der Frank tzurick gaguck'd hut fer sehna wos g'shaina wear, hut er 'n hinner rawd ferlora kot.

Fer alters wors ols nix unbakontas fer radder ferlierra on wegga, bardich so, wie sie sich ferlossa hen uf loona negel fer die radder on ihra bletz halta. Wie die loona negel blotz gamocht hen fer die mutterra, wor der druvel fer radder ferlierra ols noch net omma end. 'N monicher mon hut shun um g'shmissa won 'n fedder rawd rous gonga is, un 'n monicher goul is shun darrich gonga, won 'n hinner rawd fon da ox g'shprunga is. Der Frank uf kours hut 'n gutie load shrote galawda kot, uns hut nix mainer gaduh wie gore heftich gablutzt wie die ox nunner uf dér budda g'falla is.

Wos tzu duh wor noh die froke. Der goul uf kours wor mead fon shun so weit gae, un wor numma tzu froh fer weil ruich hee shtae ruga. Der Frank hut noh mohl 's aller airsht shtae tzomma gadrawga fer 'n shneb mocha, unna fensa rigel g'sucht fer der wogga hinna uf shnebba fers rawd widder nei mocha. Ow'r noh is die g'shpass ferarnsht ob gonga, fer onna waig denka fers rawd om blotz halta. Der Frank hut 's airsht g'such'd fer die mutter, ow'r wie er sie naryads finna hut kenna, hut er tzu all'm glick wenich ebbes fon so alter drode g'funna, un sel farna um die ox rum gadroller'd, uns rawd sella waig drin k'halta fer sich folshter hame soffa mit seinra load meal socha.

Is Aw Fergessa

So wie 'n Fegelchie uns yusht gapifa hut, is der Lloyd Reinert fon da Huffa Kerrich net der aintsich'd fergesslich mensch os die fees unnich der Reinerts dish sheabt. Der Lloyd wie n'r ferleicht noch wissa, is der kerl woh doh weil tzurick wies mohl so arrick garayer'd hut, sei mashine bei da Elda Pilgert om shtore shtae hut lossa, un is im raya hame galoffa. Shpaiter wies 'm ei kumma is woh er sei mashine ferlossa het, is er widder tzurick g'shtiv'ld im raya un hut die mashine hame k'hol'd.

Doh net long tzurick wies aw mohl widder garayer'd hut darta in da Huffa Kerricha gagend, wor 'm Lloyd sei fraw die Stella noch 'm shtore un hut ihra nossie ombarel uf da porch shtae lossa. Wie sie tzurick hame is, huts recht runner g'shit, ow'r die Stella hut nimmy on ihra ombarel gadenk'd, un is im raya hame k'homm'ld. Awenich shpaiter, war sot noh kumma fer die ombarel hola, os wie da Stella ihra Lloyd, un woh arrick ochtsome wor fer sie griega wie er gamaint hut 's wear niemond rum fer 'n sehna die ombarel hola. Arya socha os sella waig g'shaina darta driwwa on da Huffa kerrich, net wohr?

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Glaina maid un boova kenna donkbore sei os der recht shoffend Belsnickel sich ols noch ferlust uf harsh un shlitta fer rum kumma sie sehna Grishdawg nocht.

Des wear aeland im haichda grawd won er kumma wot bei shteam inshein, un kent ken kola finna fer die inshein shpranga.

Today's Text

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

Ezra 10:1-17,44.

When God chose Abraham (Gen. 12) it was that he and his descendants might be a separate people. The human race had degenerated until no longer was God worshipped, but nature and idols (Rom. 1:21-25). God revealed Himself to Abraham, told him to go to a land which should be shown him (Canaan), so that through his seed (preeminently, Jesus) the Gentiles might again come to a knowledge of God, be saved, and restored to their original relation with God. Herein lay the danger throughout the years, that Israel would be tempted to mingle with the Canaanites, and since they had not been completely exterminated in Joshua's time, idolatry with its fleshly lusts at various times worked its way into Israel. This was one reason for the captivities. The Babylonian captivity was a purifying process, but in the time of Ezra the old story was repeated. He handled the matter vigorously, and in response to his prayer the people repent, and those who had married Canaanitish wives and even had children with them, under threat of excommunication, 10:8, legally divorced them. Note the many names of sons of the priests who had married strange wives (vs.18-43), mentioned in the records only for this one thing. Johanan in v.6 is the Old Testament form of "John."

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Three dispatches interested me very much in connection with the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in this country.

No. 1 said that the Duke had cabled to New York police department from the Queen Elizabeth requesting that his pet cop should be assigned to him as a bodyguard while he and his wife are in New York.

I have been reading so much about the shortage of policemen in New York that it is quite amusing to see how much easier it is for a celebrity to get a bodyguard than for an ordinary civilian to find a cop when he is being held up.

* * *

Dispatch No. 2 told of the elaborate entertainment planned for the ex-king and his almost-queen when they go to Chicago.

They will be house guests at the palatial home of the R. Hosken Damons. The Duke will be taken on elaborate duck-hunts on the 1,200 acre estate at the exclusive Mallard club.

Both he and the Duchess will attend a round of luncheons and dinners, and they will then proceed to California, which takes us to —

Dispatch No. 3, telling about the very difficult time Lady Elsie Mendl has had in finding a suitable home for the titled couple while they are in the world's film capital.

There are thousands of homeless people in Southern California right now. A friend of ours, who has been spending the last five years in a wheelchair and is in constant pain, has just been evicted and doesn't know where she will sleep next month. Nobody knows just how many veterans, with their wives and children, are bunking with relatives and friends in crowded quarters.

But that is neither here nor there. We are talking about Lady Mendl and her difficult housing problem.

According to the dispatch, she is considering a house in Belair (the most exclusive section of Hollywood), "but it is too far away from my home in Beverly Hills," and in addition, her own home "is not large enough to give the royal couple the comfort they require."

So, according to the dispach, Lady Mendl has sent a cable to the Duke and Duchess aboard the Queen Elizabeth, "requesting more specific instructions on just where they want to live while they are in Hollywood."

It is also stated authoritatively that neither His Royal Highness nor the Duchess will go into motion pictures. That is final.

* * *

There is another member of royalty in Hollywood, a self-styled member, it is true, but one about whom a terrific fuss is made.

He is Michael Romano, now operating a very swanky restaurant, who is so particular about whom he permits to eat in his place that, to be seen there is practically the equivalent of receiving a knighthood from the late but not lamented Czar of Russia to whom Mike used to claim to be related by remote control.

By the way, my wife and I and a couple of friends had lunch in his place while we were in Hollywood. (How we got in I shall never know.)

Fortunately the bank was still open when we got through, and I had time to cash a check.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

'CAN'T'

"I can't do it!" Willie said.
"Four and seven are hard to add.
I can't do it in my head!"
Answered Grandpa: "That's too bad.

"Can't's a very foolish word,
Which nobody wise employs,
And it it never should be heard
From the lips of little boys.

"Lads who say it, more and more
Will repeat it when they're men.
Now, then, what are seven and four?
Come, let's try it once again."

Now that boy is old, and he
In the self-same, gentle way,
Tells the grandchild on his knee:
"Can't's" a word he shouldn't say.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

Mrs. Chase made the mistake of leaving the baby in her husband's care while she went into the library to pay the month's bills.

Mr. Chase buried himself behind his newspaper, and forgot all about the baby until he heard a series of thumps, followed by a horrendous wail. Clearly, the baby had fallen down the stairs. "Martha," called Mr. Chase excitedly. "Come quick! Junior just took his first 48 steps!"

* * *

A Winston editor tried hard to cheer a disconsolate author recently. "What you should do," he counselled, "is climb out of your lonely shell, get married, take a nice penthouse in town, give parties, have children and dogs and things." "If you' don't mind," groaned the author, "I think I'll commit sui..ide."

* * *

A voluptuous blonde threw her full-length ermine wrap over the back of a chair: "I picked this up for a song," she explained. "Really," commented Joan Davis, "it looks more like an overture to me."

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

We had to light the lite to see to eat by this morning, and I said, Hay, ma, do you think it's going to rain?

You better wear your rubbers to school, that's the only way I can answer that, ma said.

Meenig she didn't know but she wouldn't be serprised, and I said, Well what do you think, pop, is it going to rain?

That's something that only the wether man knows, and he genrelly wont say for sure, the big tease, pop said, and I said, Well anyways, the only time I want it to rain is just at noon, and then I want it to rain so hard that Mr. Cawdry will think it's not going to stop, so he'll announce a one session day for the whole school and we wont have to go back this afternoon, so we'll just have to stay one exter hour and after that I want the rain to stop.

Your specifications are a model of clarity, pop said. Do you want me to telefone the weather man and

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. —Washington.

CLEAN THE COMMUNITY AS TO T.B.

Report that the sale of Christmas seals by the Lehigh County Tuberculosis society is not moving with its customary speed comes at the very time when announcements in the press indicate that the society is doing some of the finest work in its history—work whose continuation and scope thruout next year are dependent upon the receipts from the sale of such seals.

This work, as reported in recent days, was the operation by which every student at Muhlenberg college, some 1,300 in all, every member of the faculty and virtually all the members of the families of the faculty, together with other college employes were X-rayed.

With machine-like precision these pictures were taken in the course of a few days. These are now being carefully studied by Roentgenologists to determine whether or not any persons so photographed are incipient victims of the disease.

Here then is an instance of the mass work which is done by the society for the immediate protection of each and every member in the Muhlenberg group and for the further protection of every member of society with whom they may come in contact.

In addition, as is known, the society has done similar mass work with entire student bodies of local high schools both in the city and thruout the county. In the course of these examinations thousands of young people in the age group wherein tuberculosis generally is found to be most likely and most dangerous, have been subjected to study. Where the slightest trace of trouble has been found, corrective measures have been put into effect speedily and health has been restored both to the benefit of the individual and to all with whom he or she may come in contact.

In other words, the work of the society in the past and during the current year has been determined by the amount of money which the society has at its disposal. That amount of money has been determined by the amount of sales of Christmas seals. By the same token, the society during 1947 will have a huge and effective program or a modest and therefore not too effective one, depending upon the sale of seals that now is in progress.

It is a great work. It is a work that concerns everybody for everybody makes contacts with other people. The degree of danger from such contacts is reduced, minimized or entirely removed according to the degree to which incipient cases of tuberculosis can be discovered and put under proper care.

So do not overlook that Christmas letter. Send check or cash at once to the society for the seals. Such act will not only mean a Merry Christmas in 1946 but for many it will mean Merry Christmases in years to come.

And wouldn't it be a splendid thing for Allentonians to be able to say with absolute confidence: "We live in a city and county where there is not a single known case of tuberculosis and where any case that develops speedily becomes known and is put under treatment!" That would be another splendid achievement for a community that has so many outstanding virtues and accomplishments as to make it a good place in which to live.

THE DISPLACED PERSONS PROBLEM

Today is the fifth anniversary of an event which made Dec. 7 on American calendars a day that will live long in infamy, as President Roosevelt so vigorously put it.

With the bombing of Pearl Harbor just five years ago today at dawn the American people were catapulted into a war which they had earnestly hoped to avoid. But with that act there could be no temporizing and from its results there could be no turning back. Instantaneously the American people were in the war and with terrific vigor girded themselves for battle in many parts of the world.

While the war cost the nation heavily in blood and treasure and brought inconsolable grief to thousands of families and deepest apprehensions to millions of families during all the period of the war, the experience of the American people in this respect was light in comparison with what many other peoples who were in the war endured.

The United States escaped the terrors of invasion and the loss and anguish occasioned by bombings from the air and sea. Not a city nor a single hamlet was touched by the violence of our enemies' arms. Not a civilian life upon our mainland was lost.

A year and a half now have passed since victory was gained upon the fields of battle on land and sea. Much has been done to change the course of our life from that of war to peace. But in many lands across the sea hundreds of thousands of people continue to suffer many of the torments of war altho the war drums long ceased to sound.

Among the many distressing legacies of the war is the problem of the displaced persons in Europe and probably even greater numbers in this category in Asia. It is said that something like 850,000 men, women and children still live behind barbed wire, uprooted from their native soil, unable to return to the scenes of their torment. They are Balts, Ukrainians, Yugoslavs, Poles, Hungarians, Austrians—650,000 Protestants and Catholics, 200,000 Jews. Most are between the ages of sixteen and forty; 70,000 are children under five. Young, eager and strong, they survived every onslaught of Nazi terrorism, only to wonder now what is to become of them in a "liberated" world.

Their rehabilitation is not the task of one nation alone. It is the responsibility of the whole world. But our country, built with immigrant labor and immigrant talents, is by its very nature best fitted to take the lead and set an example of rescue. Newcomers, to whom we have traditionally offered opportunity and freedom, have repaid us in untold measure with their industry and loyalty. Our policy of haven has been a generous one—but it has paid rich dividends.

Our immigration laws today provide for the entry of over 150,000 persons each year. But for the past fifteen years, and especially during the war, immigration to the United States has fallen to an all-time low. Half the displaced persons in Europe could now come in, without exceeding the total number of newcomers we would normally have welcomed in that short period.

Some emergency action should be taken. Men, women and children, with their hearts' gifts to offer, should not have to wait in misery for a country to adopt them. They ask no charity; they ask no special favors. They want to abide by every rule and condition we have set down; they want us to welcome only our fair share of their number.

Pearl Harbor, and all that followed, made us realize that we are all neighbors, living in one world, subject to every wave of good or evil that breaks across the earth. In this spirit, we won the war. In this fellowship, we can do no less than offer a helping hand to those who wait at our gates.

The Issue Is Plain

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—Both the CIO and the AFL in their public statements commenting on Justice Goldsborough's decision are misleading their followers. The labor chiefs are trying to convey the impression that the injunction which John L. Lewis violated was not properly issued under the Norris-LaGuardia law. Actually, the fine was imposed for contempt in violating a temporary restraining order issued by the court before there could be a determination on whether or not the Norris-LaGuardia Act did apply.

What Lewis violated was an order of the court asking him to maintain the status quo and not abrogate his contract with the government. Although Lewis claimed he had the right to terminate the contract, this issue was to be determined by a court hearing. Before there could be such a hearing, Lewis failed to restore the condition existent prior to his public statement that the contract was terminated.

It is against the judicial authority of the government of the United States that Lewis is in contempt. He has flouted the courts, and this is punishable by a fine commensurate with the damage done by failing to obey. The fine of $3,500,000 is but a pittance compared to the injury done American industry and the people generally by the coal strike which Lewis had it in his power to cancel.

The outburst by the AFL and CIO against Justice Goldsborough's decision means apparently that union labor does not consider any court can restrain even temporarily any labor union and that labor unions are above the law. When some miners say they will not dig coal now because of the injunction or when some of their leaders say that a "psychological" situation has been created which is adverse to resumption of coal mining, the public will understand this as a bit of childish temper and not a well-considered view. For when American citizens say they will defy a court and will not obey its orders, even when issued temporarily in order to afford time to have a full hearing on all legal issues, they are in effect showing a profound disrespect for the American system of law and are advocating anarchy and revolution.

The AFL and CIO have historically been opposed to the use of injunctions. The Norris-LaGuardia Act exempts labor disputes from injunctions and this in turn has led to mass picketing and violence to such an extent that amendments to the Norris-LaGuardia law are sure to be passed at the next session of Congress. The AFL and CIO, by their attitude in the coal mine case, have helped to create a sentiment for revision of the statute.

The real question—whether the Norris-LaGuardia Act does or does not apply to the government itself when it is involved in a labor dispute—is one on which well informed lawyers differ. The government is really not a party to labor's quarrels when it seizes a property and acts as a trustee for both miners and operators until they can agree on terms of a contract. The power of the government to seize mines and see that they continue to operate was bestowed on the government by the Congress in what is known as the Smith-Connally Act. To say that the Norris-LaGuardia Act—a previously adopted law—limits a subsequent Congress which provides a wartime remedy for labor disputes, is to say that the sovereign power of government is limited for all times by the narrow terms of a previous statute.

But even though the issue is open to differences of opinion and it is one that the Supreme Court will soon have to decide, this is no excuse for either the AFL or the CIO to distort and misrepresent the opinion rendered by Justice Goldsborough, who made it crystal clear that he was punishing the miners' union and Lewis for violating a temporary restraining order. This order was issued by the court under the broad powers of the judiciary which enable courts to keep things as they are between disputants until issues can be determined in an orderly way.

The Congress which meets next January will not be intimidated by the prattle about liberties being taken away by injunctions. The "Liberty" visualized by labor union leaders today is not liberty but license—the right, for instance, to injure people who languish in hospitals for lack of light at the operating tables, the right to withhold fuel and power and necessities of life from the public generally. All this is called "Liberty" in the name of a Constitution which allegedly protects a labor union or a group against the people's interest as a whole. The CIO and AFL have blundered and hurt their cause irreparably by their denunciation of Justice Goldsborough.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

HIS DAY IN COURT

In all the trials of the American people over John L. Lewis' abduracy and lack of statesmanship, this single fact stands like a beacon in all this troubled world: He has been given his day in court; he has been accorded full protection, as an individual, in his Constitutional rights. He was and is still being accorded every opportunity to state his case.

This is so unusual in a world where governments have solved their vexed problems by shipping individuals to concentration camps, or even kiling them out of hand, without trial by due process. It is a continuing evidence that this is a government of law, rather than by the whim of man. It is a witness of the permanence of the processes of law even in the face of dire necessity. True, John L. Lewis is risking a martyrdom to enhance his power and to retain political relationship between labor unions and government outside the law. This is a strike designed to intimidate a new Congress against the passage of legislation which the unions do not want. Nevertheless, the law will in the end triumph, because the American people wish an orderly government and will have it. The sentiments seem to be that the government must not submit to intimidation.

I have been traveling these days in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, in some areas through coal country, and everywhere this attitude is altogether clear in spite of the fears of a gray Christmas, of enforced unemployment, of economic recession. The people of these area seem to be willing to make sacrifices that the law shall triumph. Before large, representative audiences, in cities in this area, I spoke of this to note audience reaction and everywhere found that with astonishing promptness the people stood by the law, even where there was uncertainty as to the rightness of the coal issue. In a word, the sentiment is that the time has passed when one individual in pursuit of private judgment can tie this country into a knot. The people want a law to protect them from that.

The danger today is not that the public will forget quickly, but that it will demand too much. The longer this strike lasts, the blacker becomes the public mood. When Lewis speaks of servitude at an average wage of $75 a week, he gives the impression of impracticality, particularly at a time when the people have for 18 months been reading of slave labor in Siberia, in Yugoslavia and in eastern Germany. The contrast is too sharp to be misread. Nor can a 54-hour week be called slave labor in which real slavery has reasserted itself, when even to protest against the power of government brings the concentration camp or death not only to the individual but to his family.

Lewis speaks the language of an earlier era in American life, a language which fits neither the mood nor the circumstances of the America of today, when the anxiety is not over how to earn a dollar but where to spend it. Christmas shopping in these areas where I now am is brisk and everywhere there is evidence of a plentiful supply of money. But there is no evidence of increased efficiency nor of that too obvious dsire to please—which is always an evidence of satisfied earnings. In other words, it is still a seller's market; it is still a worker's heyday. Small towns have put their Christmas dressings in their main streets and cannot light their colored bulbs because Lewis has produced a coal shortage.

Therefore the word servitude sounds raucous, uncouth, unfitting, false. It makes no impression of martyrdom. It is just John L. Lewis talking and he is talking against public opinion.

And the pity of it is that so many had expected that Lewis would give the A. F. of L. constructive leadership, would break the influence of the Communist unions, would help to restore labor to its proper place in the American system. He has failed those who admired him; he has confirmed the judgment of his enemies.



DER YOCKEL ISS VERLORE

Aus em Eileschwamm,
An der Bisskatze Grick,
Bei der Nuff-un-nunner Saegmiehl.

Liewer Editor:

Doyetz hawwich eich ausgelegt, wie sie mich 's erscht Mol uff die Saegmiehl genumme hen. Heit will ich eich verzaehle, wie ich mol verlore gange bin.

'S iss viel g'schehe zeiter dass ich heemkumme bin vun der Saegmiehl, awwer net viel ass mer verzaele kann devun. En mannich Schtick Budderbrod un en mannicher Eemervoll Millich geht der Hals nunner wie mer ewwe so uffwachst im Land. Sell Kalb wu yuscht paar Schtunn elder waar wie ich un wu meim Bruder aus em Schtall g'schprunge iss der naegscht Marye un iss feierich im Mischthof rumg'schprunge eb 's en Daag alt waar, iss schunt lang in en grosser Ochs gewachse. Ya, im Land wachst mer ewwe uff mit em annere Rinnsvieh, awwer yuscht net so g'schwind. Ya, es hot zwansich Yohr genumme bis ich 'n Ochs waar!! An drei Yohr waar ich noch gans glee, awwer ich hab schunt gaar heftich gut rumdraewwle kenne. Der Weg newe am Hiwwel bin ich oft naus gedrollt bis ans Riede lane odder der anner Weg naus an die Scheier wu ich glei gelaernt hab am fimf-Riggel Mischthof Dor nuff graddele un em schwarze Hutsch "Giggie" sei Kopp schtreichle, wu als zu mir kumme iss, wann ich uff em gate waar. Aa die scheene schecklche Kelwer ge'watch't wie sie capers mache un die gleene Witzelcher wu oft zehe uff eemol am Millich suckle waare; un der Mischthaahne wu scharrt un wann er en Warrem odder en Weezekarn findt, dann lockt er en gansi Drupp Hinkel hie far ihne es gewwe. Noh sehn awwer mol hie wie gross er sich fiehlt, wie er sei Kopp hoch in die Heeh schtreckt un sei "Gickeri-gie" macht. Mer meent er daet saage, "Nau sehn mol wie schmart bin ich!" Un was dutt aa der alt Welschhahne sich so schtols fiehle wie er rumschtrozt, die Fliggel uff em Boddem schleefe un der Schwans mit de scheene g'farbte Feddere ausg'schpreizt wie en grossi fan. Ya, die Gediere sin gaar schtols mit sich. Yedes meent es waer 's Schenscht un 's Bescht im Mischthof.

Un guck emol wie sell Ginni Hinkel sich so schee schtill rumbewegt, dieweil es sei "Der Quak, der Quak" macht. Waart awwer mol bis en Habbich hoch in der Luft rum schwebt, noh heer die Ginnis! Was kenne sie net en Laerm mache. Un sehn mol hie, wie seller alt Daubert sich doch so g'schpassich im ring rum dreht, der Kopp eemol gans drunne un noh so g'schwind widder hoch in der Heeh wie er "Rucker—die—Gu" saagt. Was sin aa sei Feddere so glatt un so schee g'farbt. Ya, so kennt mer fart verzaehle bis die Kieh heemkumme, awwer sell daet dich net bekannt mache wie der Yockel verlore gange iss.

Yuscht noch ee Ding—seller Geruch vum Scheierhof—ya, ihr city Schlicker, meecht wull eier Naes nuffschtrecke, wann dihr wott. In der heese Sunn iss sell en lieblicher Geruch. In der Schtadt meecht dihr gaern eier sewer gas un Russ-Kohle-Schmok rieche—far mich, geb mir's Land mit em Scheierhof Geruch.

Wann ich's am Scheierhof leedich bin warre odder waar mied dann waar ich glei drin im Haus, wu ich ruhe hab kenne. So iss es gange vun frieh maryets bis schpot owets. Niemand hot sich sarye breiche wege mir. So g'schwind dass die Maemm gerufe hot, hawwich g'andwart un bin ihre im Kenter engeye g'schprunge. Sie hot immer gewisst, dass ich net weit weck bin.

Mol ee Nammidaag ruft die Maemm—sie ruft widder—un sie ruft widder un widder, awwer ken Yockli gebt Andwart. Sie geht naus ans Riede lane, awwer sie findt ken Yockli. Sie geht naus an die Scheier, awwer der Yockli iss net dart. Sie guckt unnich em Welschkarnheisli, sie guckt im Hinkelschtall, sie guckt iwwerallich, awwer 's iss nix vum Yockli zu finne.

Die Sevilla Waggeschpaecht halbwegs am Hiwwel drowwe waar am Sauerkaersche roppe fer Boi backe. Die Maemm ruft zu ihre—"Der Yockli iss verlore!"—Die Sevilla ruft ihre Schweschter, die net weit weck waar: "Der Yockli iss verlore!"—Un so geht's vun eem zum annere. En paar gehne uff Geil, eener geye Marye, der anner geye Owet. Yeder greischt, "Der Yockli iss verlore! Der Yockli iss verlore!" Glei waar es bekannt iwwer em ganse Eileschwamm un in allere Gegend newe draa.

'S hot net lang genumme bis en gansi Drupp Mensche bei uns waar un die sin all ans Suche. Deel sin darrich's hoch Dimmedi Feld gebaade. Sie hen geglaabt der Yockel waer velleicht drin un kennt net sehne wu raus—der Dimmedi waar so hoch. Annere hen geglaabt er iss nunner an die Saegmiehl un iss in der Dam g'falle un iss versoffe

Die alt Genswipp uff em Heemweg vum Marrick schtoppt un frogt was die Uffruhr waer. (Er hot der Naame "Genswipp" grickt weil er so dinn un lang waar wie en Wipp.) Wie er ausg'funne hot was letz iss, saagt er "Es waar en fremmer, wieschter Mann mit 'm g'schpassiche Fuhrwese der Baerrick nuff....Er hot g'schtoppt g'hatt am Wolkebruch". (Der Wolkebruck waar en diefer ausgeweschener Graawe, das die Leit als g'saat hen, es waer en Wolk mit lauter Wasser graad uff der Baerrick g'falle un hett der Kraawe bletzlich ausg'schwemmt. Der Weg iwwer der Graawe waar ewe un uff em Nuffweg hot schier yeder ebber g'schtoppt sei Geil ruhe losse eb sie die anner Helft der Baerrick nuff sin.)

Die Genswipp saagt, der g'schpassich Mann hett grummbucklich uff seim Waggesitzli g'hockt un newich ihm hockt en schrecklicher Bullhund mit me grosse Unnergebiss un sei vedderschte Fangzaeh hette in der Sunn geglitzert newe an seinre Gosch. Der Mann hett selwert viel geguckt wie en Hund. Mer hett sie schier gaar nemme kenne fer Brieder. Er saagt weiter, wie er an dem Fuhrwese verbei waer, waer ebbes hinne im Wagge gewest, das ihm g'schpassich vorkumme waer, awwer er hett an nix gedenkt. Awwer nau ass der Yockel verlore waer, daet er bei Tschudas glaawe, ass seller Mann ihn in en Sack g'schteckt hett un hinne in sei Wagge gelegt. Er glaabt bei Tschimmini, dass es der Yockel waar wu seller Sack bewegt hett wie er vorbei g'faahre waer.

Sell waar yuscht g'saat gewest bis paar graad uff Geil geschtumpt sin un der Kenter der Baerrick nuff geridde un sellem Fuhrwese nooch.

Sie waare glei uff em Baerrick, awwer sie hen nix vum Menschedieb g'funne. Uff de annere Seit vum Baerrick waar en Kreizweg, un weil yuscht zwee uff Geil waare, hen sie net alle drei vun de Wege kumme kenne. Sie hen en Raad g'halte, der Dieb waer entwedders geye Marye gange odder geye Middaag wu es geyich 's Williamse Dahl geht. Wann er geye Owet gange waer, waer er darrich die Rauschende Gluft hinne rum widder in der Eileschwamm kumme wu er yuscht verlosse hot selle Daag.

Seller wu geye Middaag geridde iss, kummt nooch 're Meil odder so, wu der Weg sich links un rechts gawwelt. Do weess er net weller Weg zu geh. 'S eensichscht ass zu duh iss, iss abzaehle wie geduh waerd am Aafang am Balleschpiele. Do zaehlt er ab—

Haerzkauer—Blovoggel
Darneschisser—Mickedricker!

Der Mickedricker weist links un links geht er heftich druff los.

Deheem, wie die Reiter verlosse hen, iss en Raad g'halte warre. Eens in der Drupp hot g'saat, er hett der Ewich Holzhacker mit seinere Ax un Kaffikann uff der Achsel sehne darrich der Eileschwamm nuff geh un er daet kee bissel zweifle, dass der alt Gottfried verleicht der Yockli mit noch der Machadunkl gelockt hett. 'S iss awwer niemand ihm nooch. Yeder ebber hot gewisst, ass der alt Gottfried Schaeffer nix so daet.

Iwwerdem kummt der Sanner Hollebach gedappt un frogt was der Uffruhr waer. Wie es ihm ausgelegt waar, saagt er, wie er drunne gewest waer wu die Riede lane an die Bisskatze Grick kummt, hett er en Schtickche an der Grick nuff geguckt wu der gross Beindbaam schteht. Es waar en Beindbaam der en hunnertunfufzich Fuss hoch waar, un hot hoch iwwer die annere Baem nuffg'schtanne im Busch newe an der Grick. Dart, saagt er, hett er ebbes sehne in die Grick tschumpe. Er hett gemeent 's waer en Hund, awwer nau dass der Yockel verlore iss, daet er meiner haftich glaawe, dass der Yockel dart in die Grick g'falle waer.

Mit sellere Noochricht saagt eener, "Geh g'schwind un grickt die Fischgaarne. Mir misse die Grick mit 'm 'seine' ausschleefe." Sell waar kaum g'saat gewest bis es geduh waar. Awwer weil der Yockel schunt en Schtunn odder so verlore waar, hen sie ausg'figgert sie misste en ordlich Schtick drunne in der Grick aafange; do gehne sie bis nunner an der "Kaerschefiint" ihre Damm. (Die Kitt Hollerbusch hot seller Naame grickt weil sie mol Kaerscheschtee in die Flint gelaade hot un nooch de Buwe g'schosse wu paar vun ihre Kaersche am esse waare.)

Wie sie awwer aafange hen die 'seine' darrich die Grick schleefe, hen sie en Uuzaahl Fisch g'fange. Do sin glei en Drupp g'schprunge un hen Weschziwwer gebrocht fer die Fisch nei duh. Oftmols hen sie gemeent, wie sie rausg'howe hen, sie hette der Yockel, awwer es waar allfert yuscht en lot Fisch, as es Gaarn so schwer gemacht hot. Doch eemol wie sie darrich en dief Loch g'schleeft hen, hette sie g'schwore der Yockel waer im Gaarn. 'S waar schwerer wie gewehnlich, un weil es Wasser wennich dief waar, waar es zimmlich iwwel raus zu hewe. Wie sie sich abgedobt hen, saagt eener, "Mir missen en verhaftich dessemol hawwe; es iss zu schwer." Sie hen all engschtlich gewatcht un meene sie hetten ihn. Doch wie 's Gaarn aus em Wasser kummt, waar 's nix wie en grosser alder Gumschtiwwel voll Dreck. Sie hen die Kepp g'schittelt—"Mir hen ihn net" un sin widder ans Schleefe, un hen als meh Fisch g'fange. Es guckt, meent mer, dass deel ihre Gedanke meh am Fischfange g'hatt hette, als wie am Yockli suche. Doch hot allegebott ebbes sie draa erinnert ferwas sie an der Grick waere, un hot der G'schpass verdarwe.

Glei waar die Grick ausg'schleeft bis an die Saegmiehl. Sell waar weit die Grick drowwe vum Blatz wu der Sanner gemeent hot der Yockel waer neig'falle—un doch ken Yockel iss g'funne. Es waar en bedriebti Drupp wu die Ziwwervoll Fisch verdeelt hen an der Saegmiehl. Deel hen geglaabt verleicht iss er in der Damm g'falle awwer der Damm waar zu dief fer ausschleefe. Der Damm ablosse hett en halwe Daag genumme un der Yockel waer doch verleicht noh die Grick nunner un noh hett en niemand g'funne.

Iwwerdem kumme die zwee Reiter. Die Geil henke die Kepp un aa die Reiter. Sie hen der Menschedieb net eigenumme un hen ken Wart vum Yockli. 'S waar nix meh zu duh wie heemgeh un uffgewwe.

Die viele Leit wu zammekumme waare sin eens noch em annere heemgange. Es waar en bedriebti crowd. Im Schtedtchi Renntown naegscht am Eileschwamm hot der Sam Grumsinger, der Laademacher, en paar Walniss board abg'howwelt un ausgelegt fer en gleeni Laad mache. Er feilt sei Saeg 's erscht un noh schtellt er sich newe ans board un grickt ready fer ans Marrick saege. Doch eb er 's board in Schticker saegt, b'sinnt er sich noch emol un denkt, "Well, verleicht finne sie doch der Yockel", un legt die board widder weck.

Deheem waar grosser Driebsaal. Die Maemm hot net viel g'saat, awwer mer hot sehne kenne, dass ihre Haearz schier verbroche iss. Der Daadi iss ruhich an die Scheieraerwet mit 'm schwere Haerz. Was die zwee Mensche gelidde hen, kann niemand ausschpreche. Die Grossmammi, die net vum Haus weck geh hot kenne, suche, iss hie un haer uff der vedderschte porch geloffe in grosser Driebsaal. En mannichi Draen iss ihre iwwer die Backe nunner geloffe. Sie weess net wu der Yockel iss. Verleicht kann sie ihm nimmi "Yockli will net Biere schittle" vum Aafang bis zu End saage.

Nooch halb Nammidaag geht sie in der Hof, laaft an der Maryeseit ums Haus rum un ans Nordwest Eck wu der gross Beindbaam schteht. Dart hot sie mannichi Schtunn zugebrocht un Schtrimp un Hensching g'schtrickt aus Woll, das sie selwert g'schpunne hot, odder hot unser Gleeder g'flickt mit Blacke, das geguckt hen wann sie vun neiem am Gleed gewest waere. Den Nammidaag will 's Schtricke awwer net geh. Sie hockt sich uffs glee Benkel am Beindbaam mit de Ellboge uff de Gnie un der Kopp in de Hend un guckt bedriebt fer sich uff der Grund. Ihre Aaage waare so drieb, dass sie net gut sehne hot kenne. Unne an der Sunnseid vum Beindbaam, zwischich zwee Warzle, waar der Grund wennich ausg'hiehlicht. Selli Hiehling waar uffg'filit mit Beinnodle. Noochem dass die Grossmammi en langi Zeit newe am Beindbaam g'hockt hot un en mannicher Seifzer ausgelosst, schloft sie endlich ei. Wie oft wammer im Engschte un Druwwel iss, kummt endlich der Schlof das em siessi Ruh bringt un der Druwwel weckdreibt.

Die Grossmammi draamt sie daet em Yockli en Reit uff ihrem Fuss gewwe un dezu saage:

Drossi, drossi Drilli,
Der Bauer hot en Filli.
Es Filli kann net laafe,
Noh dutt der Bauer's verkaafe—

un do wie gewehnlich daet der Yockli saage: "Tann (kann) awwer laafe." Iwwer sellem rutscht de Grossmammi der Ellboge vun de Knie un weckt sie uff. Ihre Aage sin nimmi drieb—sie sehnt—ei! was leit dann dart uff de Beindnodle in sellere Hiehling unne am Baam?—Der Hund! Un was—ei, was! Ei, wer hot sei Armeli um Hund seim Hals?—Ei, was—!"

Der Hund schteht uff, schtreckt sich, schparrt 's Maul uff, laaft zu der Grossmammi—un der Yockel hinnedrei! Der Hund schittelt der Schwans, guckt sie freindlich aa un wann er schwetze hett kenne, do will ich doch wette, hett er g'saat—"Oi—ich un der Yockel hen awwer mol gut minanner g'schlofe!"

Sei
YOCKEL X BUMBESCHWENGEL.
Maerrick

WIE ALT BISCHT DU?

Elt iss en Eegenschafft der Sinn'—
Wann all dei Draam vargesse sin
Un Hoffnung kalt;
Wann'd nimmi guckscht in Zukunft nei,
Un all dei Eifer iss varbei,
Dann bischt du alt.

Wann'd awwer's Bescht aus Lewe grickscht,
Wann'd lache kannscht un freindlich bischt.
Wann 's Haerz Lieb halt;
Noh macht's nix aus wie Yohre gehn,
Wie oft Geburtsdaag vor dir schtehn—
Du bischt net alt!

Allentown, Pa. —RALPH S. FUNK.

DER LEWESPSALM

Saag mir net: Es iss genummert.
Dass des Lewe iss en Draam;
Dass die Seel iss dod wu schlummert,
Un dass alles iss en Draam.

Recht un Aernscht sei unser Lewe,
Un des Graab net sei Befehl;
Dass sie yuscht dann Schtaab kann gewwe,
Waar net g'schproche vun der Seel.

Net Vergniege un net Sarye,
Iss beschtimmt fer unser Zeit;
Yuscht zu lewe dass der Marye
Findt uns besser als wie heit.

Kunscht iss lang, die Zeit dutt schtoppe,
Un 's braaf Haerz mit sein're Gaab;
Uff gedumpfte Drumme kloppe
Leichelieder bis ins Graab.

Uff's Weltschlachtfeld, do geh hie;
Schtreit im grosse Lewesfeld;
Sei doch net wie 's dumm Rinnsvieh—
In dem Kampf do sei en Held.

Trau net der Zukunft, sie guckt schee;
Loss was waar begraawe sei.
Die Zeit iss do fer druff los geh—
Vun gansem Haerze sei Gott trei.

'Me gute Mensch sei Lewe weist
Wie mir aa recht lewe kann;
Wann mir schtarwe, bleiwe verleicht
Schpure fer en ann'rer Mann.

Schpure, das verleicht en ann'rer
Uff dem Lewespaad sehnt do;
En verlorner, aarmer Wand'rer
Kummt mol heem un iss so froh.

Loss uns dann mit Aernscht browiere,
Loss dem Haerz sei net verleed;
Vorwarts geh fer auszufiehre
Unser Aerwet was noch schteht.

(Translated from Longfellow's PSALM OF LIFE by Frank H. Oberholtzer.)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Uhrsoch Fer Glawga

Won ae harsh shitz im lond is os uhrsoch hut fer glawga, don is es der "Itchy" Marsh fon Danielsville. Der "Itchy" wor fert im griek un hut sich shun long g'fraid fer aw widder dahame sei harsh hunda. Un er is aw now widder dahame, ow'r hut ken harsh flint kot, un aenie laina missa fon ma guta freind.

Wel, aenicha waig, der "Itchy" is da onner dawg yawga gonga mit da galainda flint, un allas wor ol recht bis er weil drous im bush om yawga wor, un hut noh ebbes hoerra wishbla in da hecka. Wie er gaguck'd hut, ferhoftich sei won net 'n grosser alter harsha buck grawd fer'm driwwa g'shtonna hut, net weiter fom weck wie die lang fom Pappy un da Mable ihra barshtub, om Kofter wertshous in da Lechaw Koft.

G'shul'd wie der "Itchy" wor im griek fer hee tziehla won er sheesa dade woh der shuss 's tzaila dade, hut er tziehl'd fer 'm harsh sei hartz. Wie er gadrick'd hut, hut die flint gagnabb'd, ow'r der shuss is net ob gonga. Der harsh is ow'r so tzu sawga mit da fier fees frei fom budda in die hae g'shprunga, un ob fert allas os er gae hut kenna. Der "Itchy" wor g'shloga, un hut net denka kenna wos g'shaina wear. Wie er die flint gabrocha hut fer gucka eb er galawda het, hut er 'n kugle drin kot, ow'r 's wor narayds ken marrick woh der hawna die shell gadroffa hut kot. Noh wie er die flint mohl recht unnersuch'd hut, ferhoftich sei won der "firing pin" net g'fail'd hut, un die flint het net ob gae kenna won sie gawolt het.

Worra Ferlora

War maint 's wear net miglich fer sich ferlierra in Lechaw kounty, het doh 'm onnerra Somshdawg nommy dawg numma mohl dabei sei solla wie der Os Miller fon Gauffs Hill, un der John Lehman fon nagshd on Emaus noch da Emma Schantz ihra fendu gae hen wolla nagshd ons Schantza Shpring. Der Os is der kerl woh so fiel fendu gadrash waisa tzomma nei kauft, un hut der John ferparbas haisa mit gae fer 'm der waig sawga. 'S Shantza hamet wie shun g'sawt wor drous hinnich da Schantza Shpring drin, un woh der John shure wor er wist der waig fer onna kumma. Ow'r liever lebdawg wos hut er un der Os net mohl 's gons waisa ous g'fohra g'shwishich Dorneysville, Dorney Park un 'm Ohrma Hous drin. Sie sin evens alsa mohl so weit nous kumma wie Wescosville, un worra aw efter os sie may draw denka kenna, uf routes 222 un 22. 'S hut g'sheind sie kaimta ol iwwer onna os wie net noch da fendu, un der Os het all'm noh bol g'fiel'd fer ous da houd jumpa. Endlich hen sie ow'r mohl 'n lot mashina sehna shtae, un der John hut g'sawt, "Guck Os, darta driwwa is der blotz, now ken ich mich widder."

Die barichda sin, der Os wear immer froh fer der John mit noch fendua nemma fer kumpany, ow'r wot nix may hoerra fer 'n mit nemma fer 'm der waig sawga.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Ebber sheinds, het all'm noh gute harsh flaish tzu essa won m'r numma wist wars wear.

Midda fom November worra gawissna leit drowwa in da Pokonose, un hen 'n grosser doter harsh sehna navich ra hocha drode fens leia, un woh er all'm noh nei g'shprunga wor un huts gnick ferbrocha.

Der harsh hut all'm noh shun weil darta galaiga kot, un wor dick uf gablosa.

'M ledshda Mondawg sin fon sella sama gawissna leit woh der harsh sehna hen leia paar wocha dafor, widder darta ferbei, ow'r der harsh wor fert, —'s wor nix may darta os wie 'n pawd darrich der shnae nunner, woh ebber os der harsh g'funna hut 'n nunner noch 'm waig g'shlaift hut, un 'n all'm noh mit hame, un die leit weiss gamocht er het der harsh g'shossa.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Satturday afternoon ma took me downtown on account of me needing new shoes again alreddy, and we were in the buss on the way and ma said, Oh dear, I forgot to ask the driver for transfers and I just know he'll make a public scene if I swallow my pride and go back and ask him now.

How do you know he will, ma? I said, and ma said, Because he's just that berly, overbearing type. I can tell by his face he's a living example of too much power terning people into dictaters. He'd probably ask me point blank if I dont know how to read, she said.

Meening the sine in the front saying, "Transers Issued Only When Paying Fare," and I said, Well G, ma, maybe he's got a kind hart behind his bum face, why don't you go up and ask him anyways?

I believe I will, just to vindicate my lack of faith in human nature, ma said.

And she got up and went over to the driver, me going too to see what happened, and the driver was just talking mad to some little lady with glasses, saying, I cant give you no transfer now, cant you read?

And the little lady went back to her seet looking sad and the driver said to ma, Do you want something, lady? and ma said, Yes, I just want to inform you that I can read a lot better than you can so please kindly remember it the next time you're obliged to ask some ignorant child to explain the comics to you.

Lady, I know when I'm outnumbered, the driver said. Here's a couple of transfers with the compliments of the Motor Transportation Company, and I'd personally utograff them for you, only I'm supposed to keep one hand on the wheel, he said.

And we went and sat down again, ma said, It just goes to show that editorial writers are right, and you have to meet force with force until common justice becomes universal.

Being politic.

Today's Text

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

Nehemiah 6

As Zerubbabel's purpose on his return to Jerusalem was to rebuild the Temple and that of Ezra was to encourage and to restore observance of the law, so Nehemiah returned in order to rebuild the walls of that city. He was the cup-bearer of King Artaxerxes of Persia. Having learned that the wall was still broken down, he wept, mourned, fasted and prayed about the matter (read his prayer, Neh. 1:5-11). Coming in to wait on the King, he was sad of countenance. Upon inquiry why he should be so, he explained the situation, and asked for a furlough, which was granted. Arriving in Jerusalem, he surveys the city by night, and then arranges for the work, ch. 2. There were some 'slackers', 3:5, but many responded in spite of the efforts of the enemy to hinder the work, ch. 6, as in the case of the rebuilding of the Temple. Nehemiah used great tact in handling the enemy, and the wall was finally finished, 6:15. Is the little town of Ono on the Hamburg-Harrisburg pike named after Ono in 6:2?

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"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Religion and poetry address themselves, at least in one of their aspects, to the same part of the human constitution; they both supply the same want, that of ideal conceptions grander and more beautiful than we see realized in the prose of human life. —Mill.

APPLAUD CITY'S FIGHT ON RATS

The determination of the Allentown Board of Health to attack the rat problem in this city is important not only as to health and public security but also as an economic measure.

While the solution of problems growing out of other types of vermin such as mice, roaches and the like is largely a problem for the individual concerned to solve, rats are largely a community problem and must be treated as such. Despite the efforts of an individual householder or business to fight rats, his efforts will avail but a short time unless there be general attack upon this fierce, prolific and resourceful animal.

Scientists declare that rats have trails blazed thruout the world, and that they follow these trails as men follow their highways to reach the centers of population and food supply that goes with human population. So no matter how often an individual establishment be cleared of rats, it is only a matter of time, perhaps only hours or a single night before there is a new infestation of these predatory animals. They inexorably move from place to place as their population increases in spots where they are not seriously battled to new fields.

So it is important that Allentown take up this matter of rat control because there are so many breeding places that are under public control. Thus the various dumps are vast breeding grounds, from which the animals migrate over the invisible but nevertheless well established trails to the homes and business places of the community.

Today the rat problem should be an easier one than ever to solve. The science of biology has done much study as to all the breeds of rats that pester man and know much about their habits, likes and dislikes. Chemistry has developed powerful and effective poisons that are attractive but deadly to rats while harmless to humans and other animals. Rat poisons that not only kill the animals of today's infestation but persist in the species' long-travelled runs to kill future infestations have been developed.

Allentown can solve the rat problem by determined and concerted attack. But it can be said in this, as in other matters, eternal vigilance is the price which must be paid. While the city may be cleaned up by the present official effort, supplemented by individual work wherever necessary in dwellings and business places, there can be no guarantee against further invasions. The rat population of the world is estimated to exceed that of the human race and it multiplies even more rapidly. As with humans, such increase leads to migration and this city like other communities can expect to be visited by successive waves of such migrations.

DON'T BE CAUGHT NAPPING AGAIN

Motorists who were surprised by the sudden and severe cold wave during the first week in December should not be deceived by the summer weather which followed it and persisted for the past week, but rather seize benefit from the earlier experience to prevent recurrence of troubles with their cars during the cold spell which can be expected to be right upon us.

Despite the warnings as to changes in oil and grease for their motors and running gear and alcohol and other ingredients for the fluid in the radiators, many motorists neglected these simple winter precautions and paid dearly. Burst radiators, frozen batteries, cracked cylinder blocks and other costly harm to cars were reported. Now that the repair jobs have been made, it will be wise to prevent recurrence of the troubles.

The recent warm weather should not lull motorists into a sense of security. The famous stitch in time may very well save nine.

INCREASES IN INSURANCE

Inasmuch as the dollar which is earned today will purchase a smaller percentage of the goods and services than a dollar could command only a few years ago, it is logical that the dollar which any family or individual secures from an insurance policy that falls due thru death or the maturity of the contract likewise is going to buy fewer goods and services.

It is this knowledge which is being conveyed by earnest life insurance underwriters to their clients and is being appreciated by the clients which undoubtedly is doing much to swell the ordinary life insurance purchases which are being noted by that business. Men, especially, who take out insurance policies to provide for dependents in the event of death now cannot be satisfied with policies of a value such as their fathers bought or such as they bought when a decade or so younger.

So it is that purchases of life insurance are said to be running at a rate about double the figure of pre-war years. The Institute of Life Insurance reports that by the end of December, the amount of ordinary life insurance in effect in the United States will be about $115 billions, or about two-thirds of all life insurance outstanding in United States companies.

The year-end aggregate of ordinary life insurance will be one-third greater than at the outbreak of the war in 1941. It will be twice the 1925 total and three times the 1921 total. This protection established by American families through ordinary policies will be about $30,000,000,000 greater than at the start of the war and $80,000,000,000 greater than in 1920. The greater part of the gain in dollar values of life insurance ownership over the years has been due to the rapid expansion of ordinary insurance, in spite of the remarkable percentage gains made by both industrial and group life insurance, the Institute reports.

"Ordinary insurance makes up the bulk of this country's total life insurance protection," the Institute commented. "This type of insurance, written for individuals in units of $1,000 or more and usually on an annual, semi-annual or quarterly premium basis, accounts for over 65 per cent of all life insurance today. The gain in ordinary insurance represents two-thirds of the increase in total life insurance owned over the past 25 years, even though, in those years, group life insurance has grown from less than two billions to 25 billions of dollars and industrial life insurance has grown from eight billions to 30 billions.

"The large increases in ordinary insurance in recent years, especially during the past five years, have been aided by changes in the economic conditions of the country's families. As average family income has risen, more and more families have been enabled to purchase ordinary policies."

The United Nations Site

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—Selecting a permanent site for the United Nations is not a mere matter of inter-city rivalry. The American delegation has had to be careful to avoid offending any of the cities which have been seeking the honor, but the truth is there is a distinct factor of influence related to New York City as the future home of the peace organization.

The old League of Nations suffered from a lack of publicity. The American people read only brief dispatches about what was happening in Geneva. The interest was occasional rather than constant.

Already the attention given by the New York City newspapers and the press associations in dispatches and articles about the work of the United Nations in the last few months greatly exceeds all that was written about the proceedings of the old League in all the years of its existence. This is largely due to the fact that the U.N. has been meeting in New York City where the impartiality of the newspapers and the deep interest they take in the U.N. is among the gratifying developments of the post-war period.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of widespread publicity about the U.N. as a factor in its future success. If physical force is to be subordinated as a means of settling international disputes, then moral force becomes all important. The basic factor in moral force is understanding, which is best achieved through the widest possible dissemination of facts and by the publication of statements of opinion by all parties.

New York City also is a center of world communication. Access to all parts of the world by radio, phone and cable is instantaneous and facilities for the actual handling of the business of a world-wide organization are already adequate.

No less important, too, than the facilities of actual communication is the atmosphere of cosmopolitanism which New York City provides for the delegates themselves. There is hardly a delegation which will not find social recreation among the nationals of its own country in New York City. Hence translators and personnel of the U.N. find New York a congenial place for their work.

From an administrative viewpoint, the announcement of a plan which will give skyscrapers to the U.N. on a large tract in the heart of New York alongside the East river is good news. To spread the U.N. over a big area of ground where the offices are far apart would not make for efficiency and would be wasteful in the long run.

The newspapers and press associations will find it much easier to keep track of what is going on in the U.N. if its activities are confined to a compact site readily accessible than if the headquarters were located in some suburb of a big city where the tenedency would be to take a look at the U.N. only when something sensational was occurring.

The U.N. in a sense will be a part of the largest city in the world and will hear the voice of masses of people as it comes from all nationalities and all classes. Foreign language papers, American papers, pamphlets, forums, and headquarter establishments for many national and international organizations are to be found in New York. There is an unrestricted and uncensored opportunity for national and international opinion to be formed in the metropolis.

Some critics thought all this a disadvantage on the ground that the U.N. could do its work best in some secluded spot. But seclusion could bring indifference. And it was indifference which became neglect insofar as the old League of Nations was concerned.

The U.N. with its slow-moving machinery, reflects nevertheless the slow-moving reason of a world eager for peace and especially eager for the international understanding which must be developed in an age of atomic power. With due respect to the claims of other cities, the gift by John D. Rockefeller Jr. of a valuable tract of land in midtown New York swings the balance to New York. It was not merely an act of generosity by a philanthropist. It was an act of a peace-loving man speaking for a peace-loving nation which wants to see the U.N. succeed and will not allow mere obstacles of site or buildings to retard the growth of the international organization which mankind hopes will end all war.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

MURDER WILL OUT

Last Sunday I listened to an address against euthanasia, which is a long name for legally authorizing doctors to kill their patients, if the doctor and the patient agree upon it. It would seem that the man who is advocating this kind of killing is Dr. Charles Francis Potter, who was present on the occasion and who, having taken offense at something that I said, told me that there is another side to the story, to which I replied that there can be no two sides to murder.

Dr. Charles Francis Potter looked to me like a genial, friendly person who wants to do good in the world. In fact, he reminded me much of Dr. Frank Buchman, the founder of the Oxford Movement.

So you could have knocked me over when it turned out that it was this cheerful gentleman who favored giving doctors the legal right to clout the "incurable" out of existence. Or if not to clout them—what a horrible word!—to give them an overdose of some drug until they pass into eternity.

This is no novel idea. I looked it up in Westermarck's "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas," which deals learnedly with such matters and found that mercy killing was quite usual among savages who, weak in morals and lacking medical knowledge, desperately reached the conclusion that the only thing to do about the decrepit aged was to kill them as mercifully as a savage could do. They also killed surplus children, particularly infants least likely to succeed.

From Moses to Hitler, civilization has been marked by an increasing regard for the sacredness of the life of man. Hitler was the first real break in the upward march of human standards. And the world was horrified by the Nazi concept of genocide, of the murder of an entire people. Since V-J Day we have been literally appalled by the accounts of the use which the German medical profession, distorted by Nazi ideologies and under the fierce political pressures of Hitler's government, made of the live human body. Of course, that was not mercy killing, but it was killing for science. It was human vivisection.

And when I think of Dr. Potter's proposition that by an act of legislation the State of New York authorize doctors to kill some of their patients, I see before me a friend in his seventies who has been restored from what seemed to be a hopeless cancer. I cannot tell his story—it is his to tell when he is ready and everybody will surely read that story some day soon. But this I saw with my own eyes: he stood before a meeting of men of his profession and off the record told of his experiences with the resilience of a strong and healthy man. Suppose a doctor had been authorized by law to murder this useful and distinguished man because his case seemed hopeless—killed him a month or two before his life could be saved!

Old-age, ill-health and pain come to most of us and I suppose that sooner or later we may all seem to be useless and better dead than alive. But who can take it upon himself to decide that? My own father suffered from diabetes before there was any insulin. But insulin did come and has added years of usefulness to men and women. We know nothing yet of what radio-active drugs may do to those who today seem to be hopelessly incurable. We are just learning about the RH factor in the blood of infants. We know so very little and it is so easy to feel so big. But life is not of man's making; he must not take it away.

Euthanasia is a reversion to the savagery of the son who tapped his ancient father on the head, but the law of Moses said: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long . . ." And it also said: "Thou shalt not kill." And that is the moral law. The State of New York will not authorize murder, but it is startling to find a Christian clergyman who would have it sanctioned.

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DIE AERD ISS RUND

vum JOHN BIRMELIN

In Lange Schwamm, var alder Zeit;
Do waarn die Leit net gaar zu g'scheit;
Sie hen gewiss ken Laerning g'hatt,
As wie mer heit hot, in der Schtadt.

Wer Lese, Schreiwe, Rechle kann,
Des waar genunk fer yedermann.
Der Bauer laaft am Feld drahie,
Sell waar sei ganz "Geography."

"Geography" hot g'fehlt im Land,
Die Welt waar ihne net bekannt.
Die Schule waare yuscht so, so;
Schulmeeschter ewwe aa dernoh.

Ee Schpotyaahr kummt en neier bei,
Der Kerl scheint gut gelaernt zu sei;
En hibscher Bengel, gaar net bleed,
Un ganz vernaddert waarn die Meed.

Des waar nau ganz en annri G'schicht,
Wie er die Schul hot eigericht;
Ganz neie Sache fiehrt er ei,
"Geography" waar aa debei.

Er hot de Kinner schee verzachlt,
Wie unser Welt waer eigedeelt.
Zum Erschte legt er mol der Grund.
Un saagt die Aerd waer kugelrund.

Die Kinner hen ihn aagegafft,
E paar devun hen laut gelacht;
Noh waar so'n roder Schlingel dart,
Der hot yuscht graad so nausgeblaerrt.

Der Meeschter schtellt sich uff vum Sitz,
Un greift emol nooch seinre Fitz;
Noh hen sie awwer net gelacht.
Dann hot er ruhich fart gemacht;

"Die Aerd iss rund; un dreht sich graad
So rum as wie en Waggeraad.'
Die Sunn iss was am Himmel schteht,
Dieweil as unser Aerd sich dreht.

Sie dreht sich nunner, dreht sich nuff,
So meent mer dann die Sunn gengt uff;
Vun sellem hot mer Daag un Nacht;
Un Daag un Nacht hot Gott gemacht."

Do hen die Buwe bissel g'schtutzt,
Am Aermel sich die Naas gebutzt.
Glei geht die Bell, die Schul iss aus;
Sie gehne schtill zum Tempel naus.

Verzaehle dann die G'schicht deheem—
Mer weess yo wie die Sache gehn—
Un glei hot's iwweraal gebrummt,
"Was meent der Kerl, die Aerd iss rund?

'S iss, so wie so, schun ganz verdreht
Mit unsre Buwe un de Maed.
Iss des en Laerning? Geh mer weck!
Do peif ich druff, des batt ken Dreck!"

Im Schulboard hen sie's uffgebrocht,
Ya, darde hot's ersch recht gekocht;
Die mache dann mitnanner aus,
"Mer besser schmeisst der Meeschter naus."

Am End vum Munet gehne sie
An's Lange Schwammer Waertshaus hie;
Des waar bei ihne der Gebrauch;
Dart gebt's yo ebbes fer der Bauch.

Dart grickt der Meeschter aa sei Loh;
Un setzt's e paar mol uff dernoh.
So waar's aa widder dessemol;
Er weess aa was es gewwe soll.

Er schtellt sich ewwe an der Bar,
As wann er Haerr un Meeschter waer;
Er ruft de Buwe, "An der Drog!
Des iss mol unser erschdi Frog!"

Do sin die awwer graad debei,
Un nemme all en Brandewei;
Hen draa geroche, nunner g'schluckt,
Un noochderhand fer meh geguckt.

Der Meeschter will net geizich sei,
Un schenkt ne graad en Zwetter ei.
Er blaudert dann so allerhand
Was Leit verschtehne uff em Land.

Er wunnert nooch der Bauerei,
Un Geil, un Kieh, un fette Sei;
"Wie waar die Hoyet un die Aern?"
Des heert der Bauer doch so gaern.

Paar Boddle Bier, des setzt er uff,
Un bringt des Schulboard in der Suff.
Noh saagt er noch so newebei,
"Es iss en Ehr fer Bauer zu sei!

Un sin die Kinner all recht g'sund?
Die rode Backe, dick un rund?"
Do hen sie an enanner g'schielt,
Hot der uff ebbes hie gezielt?

"Nau Buwe, schenkt eich noch eens ei!
Un guck emol! Der Brandewei,
Der glitzert in dem runde Glaas;
Do bleibt mer haus mit seinre Naas."

Un eb sie sich dann recht bedenkt,
Do hen sie doch die Naas neig'henkt.
E paar sin wacklich in de Gnie
Un hocke sich zum Offe hie.

Am heesse Offe, dick un rund,
Do waar die Luft net gaar zu g'sund;
Sie hen verscheecht mol uffgeguckt,
Un dann im Schlof der Kopp genuckt.

Do kummt em Waert sei alder Hund,
Der wackelt rei, so fett un rund;
Do hot der Meeschter laut gelacht,
Un dann e bissel G'schpass gemacht;

"Do scheint mer alles rund zu sei!
En rundi Boddel Brandewei,
Des Glaas iss rund, es Fass iss rund,
Es Schpundeloch un aa der Schpund.

Der Offe rund, die Schpaubox rund,
Un dick un rund, em Waert sei Hund;
Un guck emol, em Waert sei Fraa,
Des sehnt mer doch, die kummt gut aa."

Dann macht er ganz en anner G'sicht
Un saagt im Aernscht un mit Gewicht:
"Uff daere Aerd iss alles rund
As wachst un aus em Boddem kummt.

Der Weeze wachst uff eierm Grund,
Die Halme rund, die Aehre rund.
Der Miller maahlt mit runde Schtee,
Un's Wasserraad iss frisch am geh.

Der Falliwalder wiegt en Pund,
Iss ewwe aa so dick un rund.
Des Hinkel legt en rundes Oi,
Un rund sin eier Kaerscheboi.

Des Graut hot feschte, runde Kepp,
Un rund sin eier Schnitz-un-Gnepp.
Ich saag eich nau, die Aerd iss rund,
Un dreht sich rum in daere Schtund."

'S hot ebbes hinnerm Offe g'schtarrt,
Em Waert sei Hund, der hot gegnarrt;
En Schuldirekter schteht mol uff
Un schwankelt haer mitsammt em Suff.

"Nau Buwe," saagt er, "hen ihr's g'heert?
Un kens vun eich hot sich gewehrt,
Do weess mer nimmi wu mer schteht,
Es scheint mir alles ganz verdreht.

Un g'setzt der Fall, der Kerl waer recht—
Ach, Dunnerwetter! 's waerd mer schlecht;
'S geht alles rum un rum un rum,
Do kummt mer gaar net aus em Schwung.

Ich schaff mich heem un leg mich hie
Un schteh net uff bis Maerrye Frieh;
Ich bleib uff meinre Bauerei
Un loss der Meeschter Meeschter sei.

Die Kieh gemolke, ausgemischt;
Do bleibt mer noch en guder Grischt.
Wer's uffnemmt mit de Brofessore,
Hot vanneweck sei Recht verlore!"

BOOK REVIEW

FOLK ART OF RURAL PENNSYLVANIA. By Frances Lichten. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York and London, 1946. 389 black and white illustrations and 54 in color. Pp. 288. $10.00.

One might well paraphrase the Preacher of old and say: Be admonished: Of making many books (about the Pennsylvania Germans) there is no end. Only a few weeks ago we enthusiastically reviewed in these columns Henry Kauffman's excellent Pennsylvania Dutch American Folk Art. Now Frances Lichten's Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania lies before us and presents material so vast in sweep, so sympathetic and understanding in approach, so beautiful in execution, that all superlatives remain inadequate.

Of the many who have written about this subject no one has come so admirably equipped for the task as Frances Lichten. For the first time an artist of larger dimensions has dealt with the subject of Pennsylvania German Folk Art in terms of an artist and a craftsman. As State Supervisor (1936 to 1941) of the Index of American Design, a Federal Project, Miss Lichten's studies and researches brought her in very intimate relation with the folk art of Pennsylvania, a field in which she was however no novice. For the readers of the ECK we note that Miss Lichten, although born in Bellefonte, Centre County, Pa., spent her girlhood in Allentown, and early manifested a keen interest in the cultural backgrounds and the ways of life among the Pennsylvania Germans. As a child she received art instruction in nearby Bethlehem and later continued her studies at the school of Industrial Art of the Pennsylvania Museum and at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art. She is not only an able and talented artist but also possesses a wide knowledge of the arts and crafts of the peoples of Europe and the Orient. Under her supervision the Pennsylvania Index of American Design published the first portfolio of Pennsylvania German folk art motifs, which did much to popularize our folk art.

Miss Lichten's book is admirably planned. Skilled in the use of pencil and brush, she also wields a facile pen, and with it all possesses an uncanny sense for analyzing and synthesizing the extensive material that has passed through her hands. Although the artist-author may in her compilation have thought primarily of her fellow artists and of the usefulness of the book to future designers and craftsmen, it will nevertheless make an overwhelming appeal to all lovers of our folk art. It must by no means be looked upon as a mere picture book. The following chapter titles may suffice to indicate to our readers the original approach to the subject matter: From the Earth Itself—Clay; From the Surface of the Earth—Flax; From Beneath the Surface of the Earth—Iron; The Salvage Arts—Quilts, Rugs, Paper. These delightful chapters are written in an intimate and sparkling style, presenting first and foremost an artist's reaction upon the material. Free from pedantry and quite unacademic, these chapters at the same time cover a good part of the economic, social and cultural life of our Pennsylvania German forefathers. Miss Lichten has not only drawn upon her own vast reserve of direct experience with this folk and its way of life, but it is also evident that she has read extensively and absorbed generously. While she is scrupulous in stating the sources for her many illustrations, her documentation of facts, data and statements throughout these chapters is rather meager. One senses everywhere between the lines the presence of a hundred painstaking researchers who have pioneered in this field. The more academic reader of this book would have welcomed more definite documentation and bibliography. But here too it is the artist that dominates and what has been done before in this field in useful, if uninspired research, receives under her easy pen lively and vitalizing embodiment.

There is not one dull chapter in this book, although in some the subject matter would seem to have received more adequate treatment than in others. We give first place to the chapters "From the Earth Itself—Clay" with its 73 illustrations of ceramics, and "The Salvage Arts—Paper" witih its 56 large illustrations of **Fraktur.** Meager in its treatment is the chapter "From Beneath the Surface of the Earth—Iron," perhaps because in this field there has been comparatively little published on the part of researchers. The 25 illustrations have to do largely with stove plates or later cast iron objects, and offer little in the way of hand-forged hardware. Notably lacking is a chapter on glass. Stiegel glass has hitherto always occupied an important place in a consideration of our folk art. However, we quite appreciate the author's omission, for glass never became a medium for folk expression as did wood, clay, iron and textiles. At the same time it must be admitted that in so far as Stiegel glass was engraved or decorated in polychrome enamel it spoke in the same terms of hearts, birds and flowers that characterize our folk art.

We are grateful to Miss Lichten for debunking once and for all painted tin, so called "toleware" as a phase of Pennsylvania German folk art.

The final chapter, "The Love of Color" illustrates the artist's method over against that of the historian. When did the Pennsylvania Germans begin to paint their barns? and why? And why red? Was it only their love of color? We find no data. If the author finds colors rioting in our Pennsylvania landscape today, she will also remember that this was so in a less degree in former times. The gay colors on shutters, porches, outhouses, fences and mail boxes we often see today are in many cases the efforts of "outsiders" who have settled here and with pseudo-romantic ardor are endeavoring to fit into our milieu.

We do not agree that P. G. children called Santa Claus "Kris Kingle" (p. 79). They do use the term "Grischt Kindel" for Christ child, but Kris Kingle (Kringle) is only an Anglo Saxon mutilation! Also we do not agree that it was a common custom for bakers to fashion rabbits out of dough (p. 232), emphasis of which might lead to another legend similar to that of the "seven sweets and seven sours" which has gone the rounds in recent books. Nor do we accept the explanation of the P. G. Christmas cookies known as "Apees" a word which, though still obscure, is far more likely related to the French "epice" (pain d'epice), even though today spices are no longer among the ingredients. Also we regret that the form "fractur" was used throughout, a form which was erroneously used some years ago and has been slavishly followed since. The German word **Fraktur** has been taken over bodily and a "c" will not Anglicize it.

We do not know why this notable publication was not given its rightful title. Perhaps there were commercial or psychological reasons which this reviewer cannot appreciate. "Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania" is misleading as a title. We open the book and find that from cover to cover it glorifies Pennsylvania German folk art. We are grateful to the publishers for having retained the unhyphenated, unabashed and unequivocal form "Pennsylvania German" throughout the book.

We congratulate Scribner's upon the publication of this superb book. At the nation's oldest Book Show held recently at the National Arts Club in New York and the purpose of which is to encourage artistic typography and format some 80 publishers submitted 380 jackets. The judges, after three hours of concentrated deliberation, gave Frances Lichten's Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania first place. This work is professedly the last word upon the subject. Hardly will a publisher in the foreseeable future have the temerity to undertake a more pretentious publication upon this subject. Happy that booklover who 10 years hence can count this beautiful volume among his books. The reviewer, who has himself been engaged for years in the writing of a book upon the same subject, is so overwhelmed with the excellence and the beauty of this work that he can only close this review, as he has begun it, by quoting from the dolorous Ecclesiastes: "This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard!"—P.A.B.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Noch May Nei Yarrick Barichda

Wie geshter g'sawt, m'r gruck'd fohraw mit grossa blessier fer 'n trip noch Nei Yarrick mocha, un is noh grawd widder so shtoltz un froh wons tzeit is fer hame gae. 'M Dinshdawg un Midwoch hen m'r ow'r ae lushda gabeas'd,—'n lushda os m'r shun long kotta hen, fer mohl 'n fedderrie eck shtub howwa omma grossa wertshous. M'r hen uf g'shteld kot om Wellington, un wohrhoft wie m'r noch unserra shtubba kumma sin, won unser shtub net uf 'n ninda shtuck, om fedderer eck wor on da 7d avenue un 55d shtross, un da Clara Stahley woh bei uns un da Katerinah wor, ihra shtub wor grawd nagshd dier.

Wons net wear os m'r so fiel onnerra socha tzu duh het kot, het m'r sich wariclich fer dawga long blessierra kenna drowwa hucka in da shtub, un die mashina, bussa, taxies, un allas shunshd watcha, wie sie in nonner rum g'fohra sin die 7d avenue nuf un runner, un die 55d shtross nous so welt os m'r sehna hut kenna. Un noh sin die foos ganger, ow'r woh tzu all'm guta glick 'n lot besser g'shuld sin in Nei Yarrick os wie dahame,—sis net bol os m'r aenich ebber sehnt iwwer die shtross gae os wie on krossings. Wie in da welt os die mashina fuhrleit, un ol die onnerra, ow'r net alla fingers long in nonner nei fohra is may os m'r fershtae kenna. Darrich die tzwae dawg os m'r driwwa worra, hen m'r net ae mohl g'sehna os tzwae mashina so fiel os wie wedder nonner worra.

Wie geshter g'sawt, Grishdawg deckorations sin hard tzu finna, un Grishdbame noch fiela harder. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, in unser 'm gonsa rum gakessel darrich Nei Yarrick fon Washington Shquare on da 4d shtross, bis owwa nous noch da 168 in da Bronx, un fon da 3d avenue bis noch Riverside Drive, hen m'r net ae saelicher ob k'hockder Grishbaum g'sehna os wie selar 75 foos hoch baum on Radio City, woh sie yush om deckorata worra mit balla 'n foos gross. Wies sheind, wissa die leit nix fon Grishdbame, un Grishdawgs balla un lichter worra aw net tzu finna os wie in da finf un tzaea cent shtorra woh bol allas fon ma halva dahler aw nuf kosh'd.

Nei Yarrick is 'n aryer blotz fer socha kaufa os net wolfel sin. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r maint alsa mohl 's mist 'n blotz sei woh gelt uf da bame woxa dade, un allas tzu duh, wear fers rubba. Uf kours sis bol Grishdawg, un fiel socha sin shun runner gamarrick'd. Ungfare, m'r kon now da fraw 'n hoaricher koat kaufa fer $4,995 os net long tzurick $8,500 gakosh'd hut. Un war net gons so dief nei gae wil wie sel, kon 'n shmarter $950 koat kaufa fer $795 kash. Shlippers sin aw blenty tzu griega fon $20 aw nuf tzu $35, un soicha os da fraw liever g'shar kaufa wolla wie glaider, kenna iwwer rousa shaina daller griega, $1,500 's dudsend. Odder shtonga glasser, $349 's dudsend mit wei glasser fer matcha, $298 's dudsend. Un oh yar, m'r hen aw watcha g'sehna ob gatrimm'd mit diamonds fon $500 aw nuf tzu iwwer $4,000 's shtick. Eb sie tzeit halta wissa m'r net, ow'r 's kumt uns fohr wie won sie sotta.

Noh hen m'r aw noch ebbes shunshd neias g'sehna imma shtore woh sie "Antiques" ferkaufa. M'r hen mohl 'n waig ous g'funna fer alter fendu gadrash tzu guter yuse mocha—allas os es nembt, is kelver dum ganunk fer 's kaufa. Wos m'r g'sehna hen, worra lecktrick dish un budda lichter, gamocht ous alter gadrash, un ob gatrim'd mit gadrash. Ebber hut 'n wahl un kon sich 's licht griega woh er maint os 'm 's beshd aw shtae dade. Ungfare, sie hen 'n woggners licht, 'n soddler shop licht, 'n flox licht, 'n alla dawgs lava licht, 'n geilsmons licht, 'n hulsmons licht, un noch 'n lot onnerra. Yader licht is unna rum ob gatrimm'd mit alter fendu gadrash, os es lich bakumt ferwos es shtaid. Die budda fon da lichter, sin ol gamocht iwwer der same shlouder—nix wie blonka odder board ungrund g'saig'd, un woh all'm noh kumma fon alta si shtel, odder shirerra. Der ufrichdich poshda fom geilsmons licht, is 'n kummet shpae, un owwa druf is 'n lecktrick lichter socket fer 'n bulb nei shrawwa, un der kord hank'd nava runner, un is unna fosht ganog'ld, fer 'n alter fon ol iwwer rum fliega. Der kummet shpae is gabrach'd mit ra alta eisna wogga dreb, un unna uf 'm budda sin onnerra socha rum ganog'ld fers shae gucka mocha, so wie 'n altie gaisel shade, 'n wogga naub range, 'n alt ous gawora geils gabiss, un der shade fon licht is nix shunshd, os wie 'n geils moulkarrab, sunnersht saversht iwwer der bulb k'hank'd. Un der price—wel sel is aw ains fon sella socha wohs batzawlt hut fer worta. Der price wor 's airsht $150, ow'r sis now tzu kaufa fer grawd 'n $100 flat. 'Nn hulsmons budda licht is runner gamarrick'd fon $250 tzu $150, un onnerra lichter fon $75 runner tzu $49.95. Wie sie ols sawga 's dade 'n mutter nemma fer ihra kind gleicha, so mus ebber gore wunnerbore in lieb sei mit alta relicks fer shaehate sehna in so gadrash.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won m'r aw tzwae dawg in Nei Yarrick worra hen m'r aenicha waig besser glick kot so weit os ferlierra aw gonga is, wie die Sue Knauss un ihra boo der Oliver fon Jacksonville, un 'm Oliver sei maid'l die Imogene Fehnel fon Cross Roads kotta hen wie sie da onner dawg noch Reading worra freind p'sucha.

Nier worra tzwae dawg in Nei Yarrick un hen alla blotz g'funna woh m'r onna gawolt hen, un woh die Sue bei weit'm beat so weit os ihra Reading trip aw gait.

Die Sue wor shure die freind woh sie gonga worra sehna, dada uf da Gordon shtross wohna, ow'r wie sie hee kumma sin woh die Sue onna gawolt hut wor ken hous darta, uns wor net bis sie tzurick hame kumma sin os sie ous g'funna hen, os die freind uf da Linden shtross wohna, un net da Gordon wie die Sue gamaint hut os sie dada.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

A crotchety old buzzard stamped into a country doctor's office, brandished his cane and wheezed, "You're a danged old fraud! I came to you in 1904 to cure a cough, and you sent me a bill for three dollars."

"I cured you, didn't I?" said the doctor angrily.

"Cured me! That's rich, that is," blustered the old man. "Look at me! I'm sneezing again."

* * *

An irascible Hollywood producer had fired a half dozen high-powered advertising managers in four days. The newest victim presented his suggested lay-out with much trepidation. "This picture," was his headline, "combines the poetry of Shakespeare, the suspense of Poe, the wit of Voltaire, and the plot mastery of Dumas. More than an epic, greater than the Bible, it will give you a thrill that you will remember constantly for the rest of your life."

The producer studied the "ad" for a moment, chewed his cigar, and then clapped the desk vigorously. "That's more like it," he exclaimed happily. "Just simple facts. No overstatement!"

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Pop was reading his paper and ma was reading hers, saying, P. Willis Hinkle has a very good collum today, William.

Well, that's news, pop said.

Him not thinking as much of P. Willis Hinkle as what ma does, and ma said, He hits the ball right on the head, he never wrote truer werds.

What's he says, two and 2 makes four? pop said, and ma said, He says that one of the 4 fredoms should be the freedom of personal likes and dislikes. In other werds, the harmless fads and foibles of other people are really none of our business, and yet they rub our superficial surface the wrong way and are the cause of half the werld's dislikes and animosities. According to P. Willis Hinkle, how are the nations of the world ever going to live at peace with one another as long as odnerry private next door naybors cant learn to live and let live in their own little human tastes and distates, ma said.

By gollies this is a good time to tell you frankly that I like thick, cold toast for breakfist, and I wish you'd see that I get it, pop said, and ma said, Why William Potts, you know very well that thin hot toast is the only kind fit to eat. I mean how can you make such a morbid statement? she said.

I can make it with the advance nollege that you're going to resent it with every superficial fibre of your human nature, pop said. It's just an example of universal freedom of manners and customs being as distant as the moon, he said, and ma said, Now William, you really dont like thick cold toast at all, so you haven't proved a thing.

My dear, I've proved for the millionth time that it's a women's werld, and I like it, pop said.

Being the end of the subject.

25 Years Ago

December 14, 1921, A Wednesday . .

The Dinevor Welsh concert company presented a program in St. John's Reformed church. Will Reese, organist of St. John's, arranged to have the company brought to Allentown.

Dr. J. Treichler Butz gave a demonstration of caponizing before a large audience at the Lehigh Valley Poultry and Pigeon Assn. meeting held in Manhattan auditorium. A dinner was held at the close of the meeting. William Minnich was toastmaster.

The fifth annual banquet of the Edward G. Martin lodge No. 689, F. and A. M., was held in Hotel Allen. Miles K. Person, city treasurer, who was worshipful master, introduced Atty. John L. Cutshall who served as toastmaster.

The third annual dance held under the auspicies of the Jewish Community Center took plac. in Mealey's auditorium. Committee members were: Irving Donnon, Irving Burger, Walter Silberg, Pearl Rappaport and Lena Chanock.

Today's Text

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

Matthew 3:1-17 (John the Baptist)

For 400 years, between Malachi and Matthew, there was the voice of no prophet in Israel. Political and religious conditions had sunk to a low ebb, factions and frictions having arisen between Pharisess, Sadducees, and Herodians. But a few faithful souls were waiting for the fulfillment of the Old Testament prophecies concerning the Saviour, as, for example, Simeon and Hannah, Luke 2:25-38. When Jesus appeared amid the multitude on the banks of the Jordan, John the Baptist, who was preaching to the people, suddenly noticed Him and exclaimed, Behold the Lamb of God Which taketh away the sin of the world, John 1:29. Thus did John become the forerunner of Jesus 'to prepare the way of the Lord', preparing the hearts of men that they might receive Him. His preaching was vigorous, vs. 7-12. The fan in v. 12 is the winnowing fan of the threshing-floor, to get rid of the chaff. John baptizes Jesus in the Jordan, the Holy Spirit coming upon Him, and the voice of the Father from heaven attesting Jesus' Sonship. Note the three persons of the Trinity.

Horoscope

You have a logical mind and hold firmly to your opinions and ideals. You are positive and aggressive, sometimes domineering, sarcastic and critical. You are a serious person, and studious, although somewhat vain, and enjoy witty and intellectual society. Today you can probably earn extra money for Christmas by working. This is a good time to make up your list of holiday cards and gifts if you have not already done so.

A TREASURY OF FOLK ART



THIS LARGE and handsome volume is designed to fill the need for a comprehensive work on the decorative phases of a branch of Americana in which there is a widespread and growing interest. In its compilation and presentation of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" arts and crafts, it parallels similar works on analogous European folk arts.

For the collector as well as the amateur, it is illuminating and informing. For the l

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

A portion of mankind may be said to constitute a nationality if they are united among themselves by common sympathies which do not exist between them and any others—which makes them cooperate with each other more willingly than with other people, desire to be under the same government, and desire that it should be government by themselves or a portion of themselves exclusively. —Mill.

NIP NEXT BALKAN WAR IN BUD

Inasmuch as Greece charges that Bulgaria, Albania and Yugoslavia are fomenting warfare in the Balkans by harboring raiders of their country and the three others charge that Greece is the offender, that she is run by former Axis collaborators and threatens the peace of Europe, it is proper and timely that the Security Council of United Nations has decided to send a force of detectives, in the shape of an investigation commission, to probe the Balkans.

In this action, the first of its kind on the part of the United Nations, the world will be given an opportunity to learn how war can be prevented by destroying the seed from which it grows. Feeling without doubt has been running high on the northern borders of Greece where repeated raids recently have been fought off and thousands of deaths have occurred. While the raiders in many instances are Greeks, they are regarded as renegades in their home country and as pawns in the plans of Soviet Russia and her Balkan satellites to bring Greece under Soviet control. The "ins" in Greek politics are committed to democracy while the "outs," the guerrillas of the recent wars, are apparently ready to assume any kind of political togs and work under any banner if they can gain revenge upon their opponents back home and take over affairs.

While it is all very petty business it looms large for all the participants who have no concern whatever with the conflagration which they can cause by their tiny fire.

But the world will remember that out of little wars big ones have sprung. The people of the world will also remember that great war-mongers are always very ready to make use of such little incidents to advance their own big plans. Thus Mussolini seized upon trifles and trumped up charges for the conquest of Ethiopia and the war against Albania. Hitler made excuses for the taking of Czechoslovakia out of the fanned and exaggerated claims of the Sudeten population and the war upon Poland was based upon incidents with which Hitler had no real concern.

So the United Nations has decided that a war which might easily involve the Western and Eastern powers must be nipped in the bud. The detectives who are to be sent into the affected countries will be representatives of all the eleven nations in the Council and will be military men and experts in political and military matters of the Balkans. In addition, there will be representatives of the four countries immediately concerned.

TEACHERS EVERYWHERE ASK HIGHER PAY

The requests of the organized teacher groups in Pennsylvania for larger State appropriations to eke out their salaries have parallels thruout the country. While there have been strikes in some communities, most of the pay disputes are being handled in more judicial fashion.

In this latter category are the actions which have been taken by teachers in Cleveland, Buffalo, Providence, Baltimore and many other cities and most of the demands, according to the Municipal Finance Officers' association, are patterned on programs for increased state aid to local school districts, as enacted into law in November by the voters of California, Michigan, Oregon and Utah.

Recent teachers' strikes in St. Paul; Muscoda, Wis.; Warren county and Shelbyville, Tenn.; and Norwalk, Conn., highlight the basic question —Where can local schools get more money? Teachers' pay raises already have been granted this fall in Philadelphia, Dallas and numerous other cities.

In Rhode Island, 4,000 teachers have organized to demand that state aid to municipalities be increased enough to provide for a $600 annual "permanent" pay boost for each of them.

Delegates representing 43,000 New York school teachers, meanwhile, called for $100 million more state aid to local schools. In New York City, the board of estimates recently approved expenditure of $5 million to boost pay of 35,000 educational employes.

Teachers in Delaware and New York are backing legislation in their respective states to provide for a minimum $2,400 yearly salary for teachers. The Delaware plan calls also for $1,000 annual raises beginning in January for professionally trained school employes. In California, a $2,400 minimum annual salary for teachers was approved by voters last month.

Teachers in Boston and other Massachusetts cities are seeking complete overhaul of the state aid program to provide for higher teacher salaries. Proponents say that more state aid is needed to permit small towns to buy teaching talent on a par with cities. Utah's new plan for aiding local schools, approved by voters last month, is expected to solve this problem partially by making schools less dependent on greatly differing local tax resources.

In Cleveland, the school board is considering a proposal asking for an additional $1 million state aid to Cleveland schools, a large part of which would go for increased teachers' salaries. Texas teachers also are asking allocation of more state funds to local school districts.

The California legislation setting a $2,400 minimum annual salary for teachers also provides some $47 million a year more in state-collected revenues as aid to local school districts. Michigan voters this fall approved allocation to local school districts of an estimated $30 million in state-collected sales tax revenues. In Oregon, voters have authorized a basic school support fund financed by an annual state property tax levy.

SLOT MACHINE FIGHT IN DALLAS

How rich the pickings are from slot machines is brought to public attention by concrete figures supplied by Dallas, Tex., where a current scandal centers around the operations of a mob of racketeers who sought to move into the virgin territory and exploit it to the full, with the anticipated support of a sheriff who however resisted all efforts to bribe him.

The sheriff has revealed the character and details in the makeup of the machine and while it follows the customary pattern, it is not so often that all these matters can be made so specific. Generally where these rackets operate there can be guesswork only as to the operators and beneficiaries, in other words the members of the racket. But on the assumption that like effects are generally the product of a like group of causes, people generally are able to figure out the makeup of any local "racket" from the knowledge gained thru the exposure of other rackets.

Economic Report Is Sound

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—When the so-called "Full Employment Act" was being debated by Congress, there was a hue and cry about a Governmental Council making prophecies about business conditions and how hazardous it would be for such forecasts to be made by any government agency.

Now the "Council of Economic Advisers" has issued its first report and no great damage has been done to the reputation of the forecasters or to the economic system by such opinions as have been expressed.

On the contrary, what the council says merely confirms what the economists in private business have been saying for some time, what the forecasters in economic and business journals have been writing, and what everybody with common sense has been thinking—namely, that if labor and management can get together in America, there can be an era of unexampled production and prosperity.

The document issued by the council has the usual cautionary phrases and makes no explicit predictions as to what is going to happen but is confined to such meaningful generalities as inadvertently to cause the stock market to rise a few points. This is mostly because the council, probably unintentionally, revealed a piece of news. The council indicated that ever if there were a "recession," there wouldn't be any big subsidies or public works programs such as the New Deal embarked upon. That bit of forecasting was not about general conditions to come but about governmental policy, and information on that point is always welcomed by the business world. The exact words of the council are important:

"Mere legislative acts alone will not force capitalists to invest, employers to hire, or laborers to work. We do not believe that 1947 presents a situation in which government should undertake heroic measures of public works, consumer or producer subsidies to quicken employment or stimulate production. We suggest that the impediments to prosperity in the near future are of the sort that must be worked out, without benefit of direct government intervention, through the practical wisdom of management and labor, farmers and financiers."

This is the kind of statement that doesn't accuse anybody or offend anybody. It is the type of balanced expression which has issued from governmental quarters for decades. It wouldn't do, of course, for an economic council to speak out plainly and tell what the labor situation really is and what really has been hampering production. To say such things would be to get into the realm of the controversial, so the phrases of the council must be more like the abstractions of a party platform than the concrete statements of a fact-finding report.

It is regrettable that the council didn't tell the actual losses to American production since V-J Day due to the unwillingness of labor union leaders to allow production to finds its natural level on the basis of wartime rates of wages without endeavoring to consolidate all the overtime and basic pay into one pay envelope.

The biggest economic mistake, and one that has cost the American workers billions of dollars, was made by those governmental officials who encouraged wage rises without permitting price rises. Likewise there was a grievous error in urging business to absorb wage increases before demand could be appraised and production facilities rendered adequate to meet the demand. This is now clear in retrospect.

If the council didn't feel that it must look ahead and had only given an accurate diagnosis of what has just happened, it would have contributed much to the sum total of information and sound thinking on economic problems. Unfortunately, the council has allowed itself to be lured into the jargon of the politicians when it says: "But legislative changes in our business institutions will be a minor determinant of what actually happens in 1947."

The truth of the matter is that repeal of certain portions of the Wagner Act or amendment thereof will be the biggest single determinant of the 1947 economic situation. If Congress amends the Wagner Act to make it fair and impartial and corrects the abuses in National Labor Relations board decisions, production will be intensified and there will be no recession. Almost everybody knows this who is at all familiar with the impediments to production in 1946.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

NEWSPRINT FOR AMERICA

In considering the cartelization of trade since the end of the war, newsprint, a commodity so essential for the dissemination of information, is a major item.

Here are a few indisputable facts:

The United States is dependent for its newsprint principally upon Canada, which, for 1946, operating at total capacity, will, exclusive of Newfoundland, produce about 4,200,000 tons. Of this amount, roughly 3,400,000 tons will have been shipped to the United States; 250,000 tons will have been consumed in Canada; and about 550,000 tons will go to the rest of the world, including England.

This newsprint is made from wood and the 90 per cent or over of the forests of Canada are government-owned (by the Crown, as they say) and is assigned to paper mills under Crown leases which run indefinitely, although the license to cut is of annual duration and can be withheld by provincial governments.

The paper mills pay ground rent to the provincial governments and they also pay a stumpage fee for wood cut. These fees may be increased by the provincial governments, which may also decrease the amount to be cut. Premier Maurice L. Duplessis of Quebec, for instance, has already indicated that his province receives insufficient revenues from its forests.

In spite of the newsprint shortage the world over, limitations are being placed upon the growth of the newsprint industry, the object being, of course, two-fold: (1) To conserve the forests; (2) to keep the price up. And one of the principal weapons in this situation is the absolute rejection of newspaper proprietors as owners of newsprint mills. Prime Minister Duplessis explains that from many angles, but it comes down to this:

". . . It meant also interference with . . . the fact that shipment of newsprint to the United States stabilized Canadian funds in the United States, for it was not a decree of Ottawa which could establish the value of Canadian money in the United States, but only excess of exports."

In a word, newsprint is used to maintain as favorable a trade balance for Canada as possible and it is done by keeping the price up rather than increasing production. He said further:

"We have decided . . . not to give cutting rights to those who have no mills, who have no industry nor any plan showing in a convincing manner that the limits would be used for benefit of the province. The position is that we have still the limits necessary to maintain the industry if we take draconian measures to keep what belongs to the province for the benefit of the future of the province."

In another statement he said:

"I have offers from three powerful financial syndicates who wish to build pulp and paper mills in the Province of Quebec which would entail $35 million in investments. We will not accept their proposals because at present, except perhaps in the timberland area in the north, there are enough of these mills in Quebec. I am not in favor of temporary prosperity based on permanent disaster. The folly of overproduction which was made in the thirties will not be repeated."

But there can be no such thing in economics as "the folly of overproduction." There can be no limit to production. The fault usually lies in under-distribution due to stupid mercantilistic policies. The folly actually lies in not meeting the demands by adequate supplies at reasonable prices. The United States is paper starved. If Canada does not soon enough change her policies, other means will be found to produce paper, even by the development of the American industry. Swedish and Finnish mills may not be out of the market forever. Canadian newsprint was $40 a ton in 1935 and is now $84 a ton—and yet the demand far exceeds the supply.

The United States is not likely to reduce its newsprint consumption even should an economic recession occur, because the present usage is on a starvation basis, the smaller papers suffering most from the shortage and the extraordinary high price. In fact, some smaller papers are reduced almost to extinction. This condition challenges American ingenuity and will, of course, be met in time. The United States will not continue to be a dependent country for a vital supply.

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WIE GRISCHDUS GEBORE ISS

Noch 'm Sankt Lukas

UN zu sellre Zeit hot der Kaiser Auguschdus en Befehl ausgewwe; All die Leit sette sich eschreiwe losse fer Tax bezaahle. Un sell waar 's erscht Mol gewest as so ebbes g'schehne waar, un's waar graad zu der Zeit as Cyrenius der Governor in Syria waar. Un yeder iss noch seinre eegne Schtadt gange fer sich eischreiwe losse. Un Joseph iss aa aus'm Land Galilea, aus der Schtadt Nazareth un uff der Weg noch Judea, noch'm David seinre Schtadt, as Bethlehem heesst, weil er vum David seinre Familie abg'schtammt waar. Er hot sich aa eischreiwe misse, mit der Maria, sei gudi Fraa, wu en Kind im Leib g'hatte hot. Un wie sie dart waare, iss ihre Zeit kumme un sie hot ihr erscht Kind gebore. Un sie hen ihn in Windle gewickelt un hen ihn im Schdall in en Fuderdrog gelegt, weil schunscht ken Blatz meh im Waertshaus fer sie waar.

Un es waare Schofhieder in sellere Gegend draus uff em Feld un hen ihre Schof g'hiet in der Nacht. Un uff eemol iss 'm Haerr sei Engel zu ne kumme un die Glorheet Gottes hot um sie rum geleicht un sie hen sich arrick g'faerricht. Un der Engel hot zu ne g'saat: Seid net bang! Harricht mol, was ich eich bekannt mache will, en grossi Freed fer eich un alle Mensche: Eich iss heit en Heiland gebore im David seinre Schtadt. Sell iss der Haerr Grischdus. Un des soll eich en Zeeche sei: Ihr waerr'n 's Kind in Windle gewickelt un im Fuderdrog im Schdall finne." Un uff eemol waare beim Engel noch viel annere Engel, wu Gott gelobt hen un g'sunge:

Ehr sei Gott im Himmel hoch
Un Friede uff der Aerd
Un fer die Mensche en Sege.

Un glei sin die Engel widder vun 'ne weck noch 'm Himmel g'flogge. Noh hen die Schofhieder zu nanner g'saat: "Nau gehne mer hie noch Bethlehem, mer welle sehne, was dart g'schehne iss un was der Haerr uns verkindt hot." Un sie gehne schnell un finne Maria un Joseph, un aa 's Kind, wu im Fuderdrog leit. Nochdem sie's g'sehne hen, hen sie de Leit verzaehlt, was sie vun sellem Kind g'heert hen g'hatte. Un all die Leit, wu des g'heert hen, was die Schofhieder verzaehlt hen, hen sich driwwer gewunnert. Awwer die Maria hot die Warte net vergesse un hot sie dief in ihr'm Haerz b'halte.

Un die Schofhieder sin zerick un hen Gott verehrt un gelobt fer alles was sie g'heert un g'sehne hen g'hatt, wie es ihne ewwe g'saat waerre waar.

—Iwwersetzt vum Ralph Charles Wood.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

SHABASH, SEIM AND KIOP

The above three words are no doubt unfamiliar to our readers. They are the names of three Mohican Indians, the first Indians to be baptized in Pennsylvania. The baptism took place on the farm of John De Turck in Oley, Berks County, February 11, 1742.

In 1740 Christian Henry Rauch, a Moravian missionary, established a mission at Shekomeko in Dutchess County, New York, near the borders of Connecticut and near the Stissik Mountain. In 1742 Count Nikolaus von Zinzendorf, great leader of the Moravians, arrived in America and began to call synods of all interested persons. The second of these synods was to be held at the De Turck home in Oley. In advance of the meeting Gottlieb Buettner, an ardent teacher of Moravian doctrines, was sent to Shekomeko to invite Rauch to bring all Mohicans who wished to be baptized to Oley. On January 22 Rauch and his three converts left their village on foot, arriving at the De Turck home on February 9, after enduring severe hardships en route.

Two days later the red men were baptized in the barn of the De Turck farmstead, Count Zinzendorf being present at the ceremony. The preliminaries of the administration of the sacrament called for hymns and prayer. These were offered and sung during the morning.

Some "ill-disposed" persons in the neighborhood gathered and created a disturbance outside the barn but the ceremonies were not interrupted. The Rev. Mr. Rauch baptized the three Indians while Deacon Buettner and Bishop David Nitschmann looked on. Christian names were substituted for the Mohicans, Shabash becoming Abraham; Seim Isaac; and Kiop Jacob.

Later Seim, or Isaac, became a very important assistant to the Missionaries who carried the gospel westward across the Alleghenies and in several instances Isaac proved himself of great value to the British authorities.

After the ceremony the Indians were so filled with the Spirit that they began to preach in relays. When one tired another began and exhorted the unconverted Delawares who had come to witness the ceremonies.

The Oley baptism was the first baptism of Indians within the borders of Pennsylvania.

A PETITION TO THE KING
1765

In 1765 ten residents of Berks County joined with a number of their fellow Pennsylvanians in a petition to George III, King of Great Britain. We find their names on a photostatic copy of the original petition. The names are as follows: Jonas Seeley, Henry Christ, Samuel Weiser (the son of Conrad Weiser), Robert Kinkerd, Peter Yoder, James Reed, Jacob Weaver, Jacob Mechlin, William Nore (Knorr), Cornelius Weygand. A glance at these names and the reader will recognize that most of them are still to be found in the county.

Most of these men were office-holders under the proprietary government of the Penns and their deputies. It was to their own personal interest to sign a petition against converting the colony into a royal province as Benjamin Franklin and many Quaker leaders were attempting to do.

The reason for the action of Franklin and his friends was the growing conviction that the Penns were neglecting the welfare of the people of the province and that royal decrees, administered in the interest of the crown would redound to the advancement and safety of the people of Pennsylvania.

The harrowing experience of the Indian wars, in which Pennsylvania was almost without protection, convinced Franklin and others that those colonies which had royal charters or no charters at all, were better cared for than those which were held by proprietors such as the Penns and the Baltimores.

Franklin was in London at the time and was pressing the King of England to take this province under his care. Back home the Quakers were supporting him. The sons of Penn no longer held to the Quaker faith and there was no bond of loyalty between them and the Philadelphia merchants who espoused the gospel of the Inner Light.

On the other hand the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians shuddered at the thought of royal rule and they opposed Franklin's moves vigorously. The Pennsylvania Germans held the balance of power in this controversy and the great majority of them threw their weight into the balance to tip the beam against the proposal.

In 1765 the Stamp Act controversy arose to claim Franklin's attention at the Court of St. James. After that attempt at tyranny even Franklin was convinced that Pennsylvania had better cease in its efforts to bring the province under royal control.

It appears therefore that the Berks signers listed above were right in the first place and the usually so astute Franklin was wrong.

PASTOR NEBLING

The Rev. John Wesley Gilbert Nebling was one of the early pastors of the First Reformed Church in Reading. Attention is drawn to him because of his ardent patriotism during the War of the Revolution and the series of misfortunes which stalked the 94 years of his life.

A native of Westphalia, Germany, Nebling gained distinction in Europe as a fine scholar. In 1771 Nebling's nephew, Dr. Caspar Weyberg, a Reformed clergyman in Lancaster, Pa., induced his uncle to come to America. The newcomer was examined at a meeting of Synod held in Reading and found to be proficient in theology. His first charges were in New Jersey.

A man of considerable means, Nebling became such an ardent supporter of the patriotic American cause during the Revolution that he reduced all of his property, amounting to $25,000, and loaned it to the young nation, taking a Certificate of Congress in exchange. By some means he was defrauded of this paper and lost the entire sum. Undismayed by this turn of events he left his pulpit to become a chaplain in the Continental armies and there won General Washington's high esteem. The British placed a high price upon his head and Washington detailed troops to protect Nebling on his rounds of ministering.

After the close of the war the Rev. Mr. Nebling accepted an appointment to the First Reformed Church of Reading, succeeding the Rev. John William Boas. Within a year of his assuming his new duties, Nebling met with a very unfortunate accident. While riding horseback he was smoking a large pipe held between his teeth. The horse stumbled and fell, forcing the stem of the pipe into the clergyman's throat and inflicting a severe wound. He could not preach any more and there was no source of income to support his large family.

In 1787 an assembly of Reformed ministers commended the Nebling case to the church Coetus in Holland and some support was received from that quarter. Many American Reformed churches added to the sums which the Dutch Fathers advanced and Pastor Nebling was properly cared for during the 57 years of his life remaining to him. He died in Philadelphia in 1844.

TWO BLACK COLTS

In October, 1777, Philipp Schwartz of Berks County was called to military service. Mr. Schwartz was not averse to serving his country in her time of need, but he was confronted with a difficult problem. Certainly his wife and young sons would be able to take care of his farm and set out the crops, but the two black colts which he had raised to the point where they needed to be broken into service needed his especial care, and his absence in the army would interfere with the training period.

Schwartz tried to solve his problem by appealing directly to General Washington. He rode one of the fine young animals to Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge and announced to the sentry, "Ich muss ihn sehne" —I must see him.

The Berks County farmer was admitted to Washington's quarters and laid his case before the General. The American commander listened to the farmer's recital of his problem and then suggested that Schwartz show him one of the colts. The two men then walked to the spot where the saddled colt was hitched and then Washington made a Solomon-like decision.

Schwartz, who lived until 1840, repeated the story over and over again in the dialect. According to his account Washington suggested "Kumm yuscht! Mir bezaahle dich fer die Geil, was sie waert sin,"—Schwartz should only enlist and bring the two horses with him for the use of the army, receiving proper pay for them. This suggestion pleased Schwartz and he followed it to the letter. And so not only Schwartz but also his two black colts came to serve the cause of American freedom.

This account was constructed from a story which appears in the "Blue Book of Schuylkill County" by Mrs. Ella Zerbey Elliott of Pottsville. Mrs. Zerbey renders the account in such a way that it would appear that General Washington spoke the dialect. We know that this is not true, although Schwartz in rendering his story had Washington speak in the dialect.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

Captain Jacob Yoder served in the Revolutionary War. He was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1758 according to the historian Rupp. The place of his birth is probably correct, but there must be some doubt about the date. His tombstone, erected in Spencer County, Kentucky, gives the date of his birth as August 11, 1755. But it is not the discrepancy in the birthdates that calls our attention to Jacob Yoder at this time. The memorable thing about Jacob Yoder is that he was the first man to descend the Mississippi River in a flatboat.

Jacob Yoder served in the Continental armies in 1777 and 1778. In 1780 he migrated to the western part of Pennsylvania and two years later, in May, 1782, he left Fort Redstone on the Monongahela River in the first flatboat that ever descended the Great Father of Waters. He landed at New Orleans with a cargo of produce.

Jacob Yoder died at his farm in Kentucky on April 7, 1832. A tablet was erected above his grave in 1834. Most of the above information has been obtained from the inscription on this tablet, which was cast by a Cincinnati firm, and is said to be one of the first memorials to be erected west of the Alleghenies.

* * * * *

A favorite toast among the Pennsylvania Germans during the War for Independence was: "Unne Schwewwel un Salpeter gebt's ken Freiheit!", or, "Without sulphur and saltpeter there can be no freedom". These minerals were necessary for the manufacture of gunpowder and the source of supply during colonial times was along the Codorus Creek in York County, a region in which there were many settlers from the various German states in the eighteenth century.

SCHTILLE NACHT

"Schtille Nacht!" des lieb alt Lied,
Des iss heit in meim Gemied.
Un die schee alt Grischtdaagzeit,
Die waar als en Haerrlichkeit.
Wie die Kinner uff der Wacht
Hen als g'sunge "Schtille Nacht"!

"Schtille Nacht," so wunnerschee—
Loss des net vergesse geh.
Kumm un singt es nochemol—
Loss dei Haertz sei Friede voll.
Sollen mir net freehlich sei
Fer die Gaab vun Gott so frei?

Dart in Davids kleene Schtadt
Iss gebore, wie's waar g'saat,
Zur Maria en Kindelein—
Jesus soll sei Naame sein.
Denn Er iss vum Gott herg'schtammt,
Un "Erretter" iss sei Amt.

Heeret ihr der Engel Chor
Singe wie noch net devor,
Unner'm ganse Himmelszelt,
Dass es schallt darch die ganse Welt?
Uff der Aerd soll Friede sein,
Darch des neigebore Kindelein.

Vun dem Kind saagt der Prophet,
(Wie es in der Biwel schteht)
Heilich soll Sei Naame sei—
Gott un doch aa Mensch debei.
Wie en Schof hot Er Geduld—
Draagt der Welt ihr Sindeschuld.

Der Grischtdaag vun frieher Zeit
Waar net voll vun Weltlichkeit.
Er waar dass mer denke sott
An was Gott uns gewwe hot.
Schtimme ei un singt mit Kraft—
Hallelwya! "Schtille Nacht!"

Allentown, Pa. —FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER.

DIE GRISCHTZEIT ISS DO

DIE GRISCHTZEIT ISS DO,
MIT EIS UN MIT SCHNEE;
UN DEEL KLAARE DAAGE—
WAS ISS DES SO SCHEE!

DIE KINNER SIN HAERRLICH,
SIE FREEHEN SICH ALL.
ZU EN ANNER DUHN SIE SAAGE,
"ES GRISCHTKIND KUMMT BALL!"

DIE GROSSE DUHN HEEMLICH,
BRESENTS MISSEN SIE KRIEGE;
DIE GLEENE LAERNE SCHTICKER,
DIE SCHLITTE MACHEN SIE FLIEGE.

DIE LEIT SINGEN CHORALE
VUM GRISCHTKIND UN DE WEISE,
UN VUN EM GROSSE SCHTAERN,
AS DER WEG DUTT WEISE.

FER ES KLEE JESU KINDEL
FINNE SIE KEN BLATZ MEH;
SEI WIEG ISS EN KRIPP—
IM SCHTALL DUTT SIE SCHTEH.

UFF HOI UN UFF SCHTROH
LEIT ES LIEB JESU KIND;
DRAUS BEI DE SCHAEFER
EN ENGELSCHAAR SINGT.

FRIED UFF AERDEN,
DE MENSCHE WOHLGGEFALLE!
DER GRISCHT ISS GEBORE,
DER KEENICH VUN ALLE!

Locust Valley, Pa. —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Rotta Shitz

Der Bobbie Spangler fon drowwa nagshd on Berlinsville hut da onner dawg tzwae mohl gae missa fer sei mashine inshpecta,—un ol weil der garagemon Nick Erschen un sei shmutz omshel der Sammy Spaydt, drous worra rotta sheesa. Die rotta hen shun fer 'n weil shtarta iwwerhond nemma hinnich 'm Nick seinra garage, un denk er wor bong sie dada 'm die neia mashine fert shlaifa wons mohl badreffa sot os er paar rei griega sot. Noh is der Sammy aw awfonga shichterrich werra, un hut bout die helft fon da tzeit os er om shoffa sei het solla, hee g'shtonna watcha eb rotta rum weara. Fermuthlich wor er bong 's maichda 'm ferleicht mohl paar die hossa bae nuf shluppa won er unnich ra mashine leia dade. Aenicha waig, der Nick hut g'sawt, "Now werra mohl rotta g'shossa," un er un der Sammy sin hinna nous ons watcha.

Die airshta paar rotta sin ols glei g'shossa, ow'r wie die onnerra mohl shtarta 's pulver reecha werra die iwwerricha schichderrich, uns mus ebber 'n lot may wissa wie die rotta, odder 's rotta hunda is glei feriwwer. Der Nick un der Sammy sin uf kours tzumlich gute g'shlifa, un hen 'n shtick kase k'hold fer die rotta ous ihra lecher griega. Uns hut aw g'sheind 's dade shoffa, die rotta hen ols die nase tzu da lecher rous g'shtrack'd, ow'r der Nick un der Sammy hen sie net dreffa kenna. 'S wot darrich sellie tzeit os der Bobbie noh kumma is fer sei mashine inshpect howwa, un wohrhoft bis die boova fartich worra blauderra mit 'm, un hen ihra flinta frish nei galawda kot, worra die rotta kumma un hen na der kase alla pieces fert g'shlaift.

Die weil os die rotta shitz noh gamaint hen sie hetta die rotta gute aw gatzawm'd mit 'm kase, hen sies net gaduh fer 'm Bobbie sei mashine fixa, un hen g'sawt er mist 'n onnerer dawg tzurich kumma won sie net so bisy weara. Noh hen sie 'n onner shtick kase grick'd,—'n lot graiser shtick os wie dafor, un woh sie fosht uf der grund g'shpik'd hen, ow'r 's wor ol fer ewwa fiel. Eb die rotta der shpikes net gaglicha hen, odder eb sie 's pulver garocha hen, odder be der Bobbie na in die ohra gapishbert hut sie sotta ihra nase tzurick in ihra lecher halta so os er sei mashine mohl gainshpect graich'd kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, die rotta shitz hen fer etlicha dawg hinna drous k'huck'd die rotta watcha, uns hut sich yusht ken rota may sehna lossa. Iwwel odder wohl hen sie ow'r tzeit g'funna fer 'm Bobbie sei mashine iwwer gucka, ow'r werra wol mohl ains fon da tzeita widder paar dawg ob nemma fer rotta sheesa.

Glawwas Owwer Net, Ow'r

Da onner dawg wor 'n grosser uf ruhr driwwa in Klecknersville wie der garagemon John Schaffer k'hoert hut, 'm Albert Graver sei Chevy truck wot nimmy shpringa.

Won ebber im kounty is os immer gute ocht gebt uf sei mashina, don is es der Albert, un er hut gore net sehna kenna wohs faila dade os der Chevy nimmy gae wot.

'S wor net bis der John der truck unnersucht hut kot fon aim end bis ons onner os sie der druvel g'funna hen-die gas tank wor shtawb drucka.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Little Benny

By LEE PAPE

Ma was looking at the radio page in the paper, saying to pop, My, what an embarrassment of riches. I feel I should listen to something with a Chrissmas flavor, but every program seems to have a Chrissmas flavor tonight, she said.

You might keep twiddling the dial and treet youself to a holiday medley, pop said, and ma said, After all, Chrissmas is the proverbial season of childhood, so perhaps I ought to listen to Carmelita Kelly recite "The Night Before Chrissmas" on the Popping Particles Breakfast Food show. Just imagine, William, that little girl gets a check for 2 thousand dollers every week, and she's not even old enough to be able to read it, ma said.

Al my simpathy goes out to her, pop said, and ma said, and then there's a Hilbilly Gerls Chorus.

Unfortunately, pop said, and ma said, They're going to sing Chrissmas carrels accompanied by a full symfunny orkester. My, I dont think I ought to miss that. What do you think, William, she said.

Let your conscience be your guide, pop said. After all, if you dont tune in on Carmelite Kelly, a busy child like that might never get to hear of it, he said, and ma said, Still and all, I'd hate miss the Baffle Hour's special Chrissmas program. It's called The Dog Show Merder, she said.

Where the dooce is the Chrissmas spirrit in that? pop said, and ma said, Why, they're going to present a Chrissmas stocking full of the most expensive gifts to the contestant who comes the closest to solving the merder mistery correctly just before the final explination. Isn't that a wonderfully appropriate idea for the Chrissmas week Baffle Hour? she said.

Yee gods, let the bells ring out, pop said.

Meening the Baffle Hour.

Which ma did.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

The charges against Mulligan were highway robbery, assault and the murder of 11 policemen. The slickest criminal lawyer in town offered to defend him for a down payment of $3,000.

"I wouldn't pay Lo lawyer $3,000" shouted Mulligan. "Okay," said the criminal lawyer. "Get somebody else to defend you. He'll only charge you $1,000, and you won't have to pay that. Yor heirs will."

* * *

"If you refuse me," vowed the ardent swain on bended knee, "I shall die." She refused him, and 72 years later he died.

* * *

Dick Tregaskis had only had two lunches that day and he gazed with undisguised envy at a big sirloin steak that had just been put in front of his friend, Ward Greene. "Don't tell me," pleaded Tregaskis, "that you are going to eat that huge steak alone?" "No," said Greene, tucking his napkin carefully under his chin. "With potatoes."

Horoscope

You are very optimistic if this is the anniversary of your birth, original in your ideas, determined, shrewd, persevering and usually carry out your plans to a successful conclusion. You have many real friends and few enemies. You are domestic, fond of children, demonstrative in your love and generally cheerful. A little "breather" is in order today, so take it. Some intriguing subject is likely to appeal to you as a new hobby. This is a good cycle for study of psychological fields. Advance mentally and spiritually. You may be the recipient of a new offer concerning your present job or a possible change.

25 Years Ago

Lec. 21, 1921, A Wednesday

The engagement of Marion E. Frank, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Frank, 17 N. Madison St., to Roy H. Shumaker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Shumaker of Shimersville, was announced. Among the guests at the party where the announcement was made were: Mr. and Mrs. William Frank, Mrs. Thomas Bertram, Lena Williams, Edith Rowland, Perma Patterson, Elsie Freed, Arthur Fink, Joel Light, Paul Frank, Ernest Rowland, Bernard Schaeffer and Roy H. Shumaker.

Before an audience which filled the auditorium of St. John's Lutheran church Carl F. Pfatteicher, director of music at Phillips academy, Andover, Mass., gave a Bach organ recital. While in this city he was the guest of Elwood S. Thomas and James W. Wood, both of whom graduated from Andover college.

John A. Rupp was elected president of the Lehigh Valley Motor club for the fifth term at a meeting in the Lyric theatre. Other officers elected were: Harry J. Lerch, vice president; Charles C. Kaiser, treasurer; Harry I. Koch, secretary; Julius Lentz, Dr. R. B. Klotz, E. A. Donecker, Howard H. Hummel, William Schellhammer Jr., were all named to the board of governors.

Junior auxiliary of the Sacred Heart hospital made plans for a dance and card party to be held in the Young Men's hall. Kuntz's orchestra was contacted to play for the affair.

Today's Text

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

Acts 6:8-15; 7:44-60 (Stephen).

The first deacons of the Christian church are named in 6:5, seven of them, chosen to help in the administration of certain problems that had arisen in the Jerusalem church, vs. 1-4, so that the Apostles might give all their time to prayer and to the ministry of the Word. Stephen was one of them, a consecrated layman, who could not be satisfied merely with material problems, but was also interested in spiritual activities, preaching in the synagogues Christ as the fulfillment of all the many Messianic passages in the New Testament scriptures. Satan will, of course, oppose this, having already brought threats, 4:17, and beatings, 5:40, upon the Apostles. Thus in ch. 7, the longest in Acts, we find Stephen brought to his death by stoning, as the first Christian martyr. Stephen is a Greek name and means a crown. The Jews did not like his accusation that they had rejected the Father by killing His prophets; had rejected the Son by crucifying Him, and persisted in resisting the Holy Spirit—thus rejecting the Trinity. Therefore they applied the usual trick, getting rid of a truth that is objectionable by getting rid of the messenger.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Doctors, please don't read this.

I have the highest respect for the medical profession, as anybody who wants to look at my doctor bills can easily ascertain.

As a matter of fact, whenever anybody tells me of his symptoms, I immediately feel the same symptoms and run to my doctor who, after a cursory examination, assures me that I haven't that particular disease, or any other disease at all.

Thus I go home, happy and healthy, and, at the end of the month I receive my bill.

But I do believe that one of the great fallacies of the day is the matter of diet.

Everybody within 50 miles of New York seems to be on a diet, and everybody who is on a diet has been told by his doctor that his is the best diet of them all.

A few days ago my secretary had an intestinal attack. So her doctor put her on a diet.

"A cup of tea every two hours and a piece of dry toast. For lunch and dinner you may add a soft-boiled egg."

After three days she felt better.

I, too, had an intestinal attack some time ago.

My doctor put me on a similar diet, only without the soft-boiled egg.

I had my tea in the morning and my slice of toast.

By lunch time I wasn't any better, but I was darn hungry.

So I prescribed my own diet.

I had a shrimp cocktail, a big dish of Italian noodles with meat sauce and a lot of grated cheese, a roll with butter on it, a large piece of apple pie and two cups of coffee with cream and sugar.

At 3 o'

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Allentown's Slogan:
"DWELL HERE AND PROSPER"

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Raise ye the stones, or cleave the wood
to make a path more fair or flat;
Lo, it is black already with blood some
Son of Martha spilled for that!
Not as a ladder from Earth to Heaven,
not as a witness to any creed,
But simple service simply given to his
own kind in their common need.
—Kipling.

MORE AND BETTER FOOD IN '47

While the American table already presents foods to American families from all parts of the world, further variety together with abundance is anticipated by the men whose entire thought is given to gathering and dispensing food and to increasing the varieties of food whereby the tastes of the American people can be tempted to increased buying.

One of the outstanding leaders among this group of food men is John A. Hartford, president of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co., and head of the great chain of A. & P. stores, together with the new giant markets which this chain has set up in common with other chain operators.

Mr. Hartford during the week surveyed the food situation for the United States as he expects it to be during 1947. He reached the conclusion that the American people will continue next year to be the best fed nation in the world because it is expected that farmers and processors will approach the record 1946 production level. And it is not to be overlooked that the American people as a whole have increased their consumption of food in recent years by 15 per cent.

Mr. Hartford believes that by availing itself of improved transportation, refrigeration and packaging methods the food industry is going to be able to prepare and move the greatest amounts of food ever handled from the producers to the consumers. Everywhere the food is produced and handled, there is going to be less chance of spoilage. And because of this too, food is going to be more palatable and attractive.

The following factors in the food outlook with respect to production, distribution, packaging, retailing and public service are thus presented by the big chain store leader:

1. The Department of Agriculture predicts that, although 1947 food production may not reach the record 1946 level, the amount available for domestic consumption will be approximately the same because of the probability of reduced exports and the availability of improved farm and processing machinery.

2. Reduction of waste and retention of quality in the movement of perishable foods into retail channels are indicated by speedier, more efficient distribution methods. Immediate improvement should result from the use of new lightweight box cars, refrigerator cars and trucks.

3. The outlook is for further experimentation in the sale of food in consumer-size packages. The day when it may be practicable to trim, wash and package farm produce on the farm. Initial results from freezing and packaging freshly caught fish give promise of providing top quality seafood to consumers in all sections of the country.

4. Availability of building supplies should expedite the development of finer food stores during 1947.

5. Improved service to customers will result from a better physical set-up of food stores. This trend is further accelerated by the return of experienced employees from the armed services. Employee-training programs should result in still further improvement in service to customers.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

To a great many Americans there is something repugnant about the outbreak of portal-to-portal damage suits which unions are filing against various industries. To the average person, not directly involved in such actions, it seems an attempt to use water which already has gone over the dam; an effort to get something for nothing. Those who can see justice in the claim of miners that they should begin drawing pay from the time they leave the mine entrance for their posts far below the ground find no parallel in the case of the man for whom some company has provided a parking lot on its premises and who demands retroactive pay for the time he spent getting from his car to the time clock. Possibly, these feel, he may have some claims which could be discussed in future contracts but he has not been deprived of any proper rights because the employer made it easier for him to travel to and from his work by automobile. The concern which thought it was doing its workers a favor by laying out a parking lot on its property now is charged with having systematically shortchanged them and is sued for damages. This is sharply at variance with public notions of fair play. New York Sun.

ROYAL ROMANCE RUMOR IN BRITAIN

All the world loves a lover and so there is wide interest in the rumored betrothal of the attractive Princess Elizabeth of England to handsome Prince Philip of Greece. Because the British press has been so free in spreading the rumor and there has been no denial it is to be presumed that the marriage is to take place and that there will be further strengthening of the ties that for more than a century have bound Greece to Great Britain.

Tho the Labor Party is in control in England, the British people continue their regard for the members of the royal family and its perpetuation under their existing institutions. While Tories, Conservatives and Labor differ upon many other matters, as to the royal family they appear to be agreed because the rank and file of the British people are one in this particular matter.

The young Greek prince is no stranger to the British Isles. During the war he served in the British Navy and has taken the steps which soon will make him a British citizen. The blood of the British royal family is in his veins for among his antecedents is listed the name of the beloved Queen Victoria.

Politically the alliance may be of benefit to Greece which already is surrounded by nations under the influence of Soviet Russia but desires to remain strong as a republic that shares political opinions with the western powers. Politically too, it may be advantageous to Britain which has lost Egypt on the life-line thru the Mediterranean to India, Australia and New Zealand and will wish to keep Greece as a friend to help hold that line.

'Portal to Portal'

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—Lawyers on both sides of the "portal to portal" pay controversy seem to be busy nowadays—one group endeavoring to recover vast sums for labor unions and the other planning strategy to secure the retroactive repeal of the ambiguously worded part of the wage and hour law that caused the trouble.

Up to now, it has been assumed that Congress cannot pass a retroactive law. Several lawyers, however, who have been studying the question ever since the Mt. Clemens pottery case decision fell like a bombshell on American industry have come to the conclusion that Congress can wipe out the pending suits overnight by explicit language.

In a search through precedents some of the lawyers have found that, despite the general impression concerning retroactive laws, the Supreme Court has only in a few cases—and these on tax questions—supported the idea that there can be no retroactive lawmaking.

While retroactive legislation is banned on crimes, it is apparently not taboo in matters regulating commerce. The power of Congress to regulate commerce is now specifically recognized by the Supreme Court to encompass any serious obstruction to the flow of commerce. Plainly the payment of damages because of a vaguely written wage and hour law might be held to be such a burden.

* * *

It appears to be conceded that Congress would not be able to wipe out any portion of the law by an amendment fixing a retroactive date for its operation. But it could define the "work week" as being that which had prevailed as a matter of custom in industry or business or as defined in collective bargaining contracts at the time the wage and hour law went into effect.

Likewise, the Congress can adopt a "windfall tax" which would require 100 per cent of the income from the suits to be paid as a tax. It is not, for instance, retroactive legislation for Congress to require that sums received in 1947 shall be subject to the so-called "windfall tax" principle, for the money would be received in 1947 or subsequent years if recovered in lawsuits. The same approach was used with the "unjust enrichment tax" which the treasury was permitted to collect on all agricultural adjustment taxes when the AAA was declared unconstitutional and many companies had already collected the processing taxes.

Various proposals apart from the taxation angle are being studied by members of Congress. For one thing, the payment of so-called "liquidating damages," which take effect only when suits are won, can be made subject to corrective legislation.

Congress could also amend the existing law so that recovery could be confined only to those instances in which clear understandings prevailed as to extra work time and where there was bad faith in the employer-employee relationship with reference to compensation for time ordered beyond the customary starting or finishing time.

* * *

Qualifications of this nature would tend to narrow the scope of the cases and recoveries of damage. Also it seems certain that the new legislation will tend to validate compromises so that settlements can be made out of court not only on disputed matters of fact but also on questions of law. Otherwise, the courts will be burdened for years to come with lawsuits, because, under the present statute, the administrator of the wage and hour law is not authorized to find the facts or arrange compromise settlements.

Likewise, a one-year statute of limitations is sure to be adopted by Congress which would supersede the statutes of limitations in some States that run back as far as six or eight years. Obviously such a burden on interstate commerce cannot make for economic stability. Payments of the "portal to portal" nature will only tend to injure weaker companies and bring hardship to those now employed or else will tend to cause the U. S. Treasury to lose revenues because all the payments are deductible expenses. This means that Uncle Sam will pay 40 per cent of the expense of the "portal to portal" suits that are included in business operations in 1947 and 80 per cent of the expense if the deductions are allowed for 1946 or previous years in which excess profits tax rates were in effect.

It seems certain that Congress will act promptly on this matter lest the entire economic system be deranged. The "portal to portal" havoc can be worse than mere strikes in disturbing the national economy and bringing on a "recession."

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

DAIREN

The State Department pronouncement that the Russian commander possessed a legal right to order an American naval vessel out of the Port of Dairen is the formal recognition of a falsehood. Either the State Department is so cowardly that it will not defend American rights and dignity or so ignorant that it does not know the facts. As it is impossible to believe the latter, it must be accepted that the policy of expedient appeasement so tragically pursued at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam is being continued.

The Port of Dairen is Chinese territory, once leased to Japan. No treaty exists between the United States and China or the United States and Soviet Russia by which the United States recognizes Russia as the successor to the Japanese lessee. No treaty has ever been made the law of this land, in accordance with constitutional procedures, recognizing Russia's position in Dairen or anywhere in South Manchuria. Dairen is Chinese. Only the recognized Chinese government can protest improprieties on the part of American officials in Chinese territory.

I challenge the State Department to produce a treaty between the United States and China or the United States and Soviet Russia giving Soviet Russia authority to kick American officials and American citizens out of Dairen. I challenge the press officer of the State Department who issued the cowardly defense of Soviet Russia's insult to our flag to produce such a treaty. If he does not produce one forthwith, Congress should immediately investigate what goes on in Manchuria, which the United States and China conquered and for which Soviet Russia was at war a maximum of six days after we had defeated Japan. Let's have the facts.

* * *

In 1894, Japan made war on China, defeated China and demanded a foothold in Manchuria at Dairen, then called Dalny. This was refused at the behest of Russia, Germany and France. Instead an indemnity was paid to Japan. Two years later, by means of the corrupt and secret Li-Lobanoff Treaty, Russia created the Russo-Asiatic Bank and built, largely with French money, the Chinese Eastern Railroad, in the form of a T, the horizontal bar running from the Siberian border to Vladivostok; the vertical bar continuing from Harbin to Dairen. This gave to Russia a control of the economic life of Manchuria.

During the Boxer Rebellion, Russia attempted to hold the whole of Manchuria as Russian territory. This was opposed by the United States and Great Britain, who encouraged Japan to fight Russia in 1904. By the Treaty of Portsmouth which ended the Russo-Japanese War, the Chinese Eastern Railroad was divided into two, the Russians continuing to own the horizontal bar in the north and a spur from Harbin to Changchun. The Japanese got the vertical road from Changchun to Dairen. The Japanese also obtained Port Arthur and a protective zone adjacent to the railroad.

* * *

From that day to this China has been struggling to restore her full possession of Manchuria. The Japanese built a series of railroads all over southern Manchuria to compete with which the Chinese built railroads, often duplicating the Japanese lines. It has been the policy of the American government that Manchuria should be fully restored to China, and that has been one ostensible reason for our quarrel with Japan after 1931, when the Japanese took the whole of Manchuria and part of Eastern Mongolia from China, although we did not contest Russia'a seizure of most of Mongolia.

On December 1 1943, at Cairo, Messrs. Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek declared that all territories "that Japan has stolen from the Chinese, such as Manchuria," be "restored to the Republic of China." This is stated without reservation.

At Yalta, a secret and clandestine agreement was reached concerning Manchuria which I published on March 2, 1945, and which recognized Soviet Russia rather than China as the successor to Japan. In the published document on the Yalta Conference, issued by Messrs. Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin on February 11, 1945, not one word is said of this. Mr. Roosevelt, on the contrary, claimed that no political agreements had been arranged at Yalta other than those published as noted. He did not tell the truth. It is up to Congress to get the truth.

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EN NEIYOHRS WUNSCH

Gone are the New Year's customs of our Pennsylvania German forefathers; gone the merry wishing parties that roamed over the snow-decked countryside on New Year's Eve, stopping at farmhouses to render salutations and to "wish in" and "shoot in" the New Year—'s Neiyohr aawinsche un aaschiesse.

The late John Baer Stoudt, in his valuable book "The Folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans", now out of print but in process of being enlarged and reedited, writes in part: "Well does the writer remember how on New Year's eve preparations were made for the reception of the "Neujohr Wuenscher" who were sure to make their appearance towards morning....The party usually consisted of the Wuenscher (the reciter), and the shooters, five or six in number. The latter carried guns, usually old war muskets, and fired a volley at the conclusion of the greeting. The party assembled at the home of the leader and at midnight, after having wished well to the head of the house, they set out for the homes of the friends and neighbors. The "Wuenschers", as the party was called, upon the arrival at a homestead would arrange themselves at the window of the **Kammer**, where the head of the house slept, or beneath the window of the bed chamber in case he slept upstairs, and would call him by name. Upon receiving an answer the reciter would begin to repeat the greetings. By this time the whole house was stirring, for everybody was anxious to hear the "Wuensching" and to witness the shooting. If the shooting was not agreeable to the family it was not indulged in, for permission always was asked before the volley was fired. Those to whom the salutations were conveyed usually recognized their indebtedness to the kind purveyors, by inviting them into the house to a warm stove and by "handing around" refreshments. Sometimes hot mince pies and brandy or rum were added to the customary cakes, apples and cider. After the luncheon the party wended their way, oftimes through storm and snow, to the next farmhouse. To have been passed by the **Wuensching** party was a mark of unpopularity and accepted by the family as an affront.

"During the latter decade of the nineteenth century the custom began to decline. Then every village had its brass band and they began to accompany the party and followed or sometimes preceded the reciting of the greeting with a selection. It was understood that the band desired a gift in money for their maintenance and support. The result was that the party became too large and, being large, wags joined them, merely to obtain some intoxicants. In this way the original charm and significance of New Year wishing was lost. We have a survival of this pretty custom in the bands on New Year's Day going about the towns playing selections on the street corners and taking up collections."

Dr. Stoudt recorded a number of "Neiyohrs Winsche" from those who had been accustomed to recite such wishes in the olden days. While these greetings and wishes are of the same general character and sometimes contain identical matter, Dr. Stoudt believed that those he had found in Berks and Lehigh offered the best examples. The following we believe to be representative:

Da nun das (19—te) Jahr einbricht,
So ist es auch meine Schuld und Pflicht,
Dass ich mein Wunsch an euch ausricht.

Ich wuensche euch und eurer Hausfrau,
Soehnen und Toechter, Knechten und Maedgen,
Und allen denjenigen, die in eurem Hause sind,
Insgemein ein gluecks elig, gnadenreiches neues Jahr.
Wohl auf den Namen Jesus Christ,
Das neue Jahr erschienen ist;
Es gehoert auch zu der Christenheit,
Weil's Gott der Vater hat bereit.
Das hochgelobte neue Jahr,
Wuenschen wir euch noch vielmal,
Bis ihr bekommet grooe Haar.
Und mit Ehren werdet alt,
Zuletzt dem Himmel auch erhalt't.
Himmelslust und Gottes Segen,
Gottes Gunst bleib euch gewogen,
Bis die Seele mit der Zeit
Kommt gen Himmel angeflogen;
Euer Sitz ist schon bereit,
Dort in jener Ewigkeit.

Dieweil wir euch nun diese Nacht
Von eurem Schlof hab'n aufgewacht,
So ist es auch meine Schuld und Pflicht,
Dass ich bei euch mein Wunsch ausricht;
So wuensch ich euch aus Herzensgrund,
Und alle Stund, ihr lebt auf Erden,
Dass euch Gott moechte geben
Glueck, Heil und Segen.
Und was euch schaedlich ist an Leib und Seel,
Gott ferne vorn euch treib.

Gott segne euch und eure Kinder
Und euer ganzes Haus und Hof;
Er gebe euch himmlische Gaben,
Dass Gesundheit und Freiheit
Euch begleite bis in Ewigkeit.

Er segne an euch sein Goettlich Wort,
Und lass es leuchten fort und fort,
Bis kommet neues Leben;
Dann nimmt Christus eure Seel in Hand
Und fuehrt sie in das Vaterland
Zu seiner auserwaehlten Schaar.

Dieses wuenschen wir euch durch dieses Jahr.
Was ferner euer Hab und Gut darneben,
Zu allem wollt euch Gott
Glueck, Heil und Segen geben.
Der Segen wird auch nicht von euch bleiben,
Wenn ihr, was Gott gefaellt, tut treiben.
Wenn euer Tun geschieht mit Gottesfurcht und Ehren,
So wird euch Gott den Segen auch bescheren.

Ihr lebt, und wisst doch nicht wie lang,
Ihr sterbt, und wisst doch nicht wie geschwind,
Doch ist euch darum gar nicht bang;
Weil alle Menschen sterblich sind,
So trifft auch euch einmal die Reih';
Geht gleich der Tod auch heut vorbei,
Vermehren sich gleich eure Jahren,
So werden auch die Suenden mehr;
Und wenn ihr nun von ihnen frei waren,
So ist die Rechnung noch so schwer.
Verkuerzt Gott aber euren Lauf,
So hoert der Leib der Suenden auf.

Es haengt an einem Augenblick
Euer Wohl und ewig Weh.
So gebt, dass ihr euch zeitlich schickt,
Und eurem Tod entgegen geht.
Wohl dem der alle Stunden wacht,
Und sich zuletzte fertig macht.
Wie wohl kann der die Welt vergessen,
Der taeglich an den Himmel denkt;
Hier muss er Brod und Sorgen essen,
Und dort wird er mit Lust getraenkt.
Lehrt euch den rechten Unterschied
Der Zeit und auch der Ewigkeit.

Wenn es dann endlich Gott gefaellt,
Dass ihr sollt scheiden aus der Welt,
So wuenschen wir auch euch zugleich
Zuletzt das ewige Himmelreich.

Ich wuensch euch auch ein schoener Sohn,
So weis' wie Solomon, so klug wie Absolon.

Nun treten wir ins neue Jahr,
Herr Jesu Christe, uns bewahr;
Gib Gnad, dass wir das ganze Jahr
Zubringen moegen ohn' Gefahr.
Gib Glueck, auch Fried' un Ruh,
Hernach die Seligkeit dazu.

Viel besser ist gestorben,
Als in der Welt gelebt;
Die Schwachheit ist verdorben,
Worinnen man geschwebt.
Gott eilet mit den Seinen
Zur schoenen Himmelspracht.
Wer mag nun den beweinen,
Der bei den Engeln lacht?

Dieweil wir euch nun diese Nacht
Von eurem suessen Schlof aufwecken,
So nehmet ihr euch wohl in acht
Und tut vor unserm Schiesse nicht erschrecken.
Wann's euch aber tut verdriessen,
So musst es sagen, eb wir schiessen,
Dann ich und meine Kummeraden
Haben alle Gewehren wohl geladen.

Dieweil wir hoeren kein Verdruss,
So sollst du hoeren unsern Schuss.
Wir stehen alle hier zur Seiten,
Und schiessen ab mit Freuden.
Die Schuess, die wir nun tun dir zu Ehren,
Die sollst du auch nun knallen hoeren.
Lasst Flinten und Pistolen krachen!

EN GLICKLICH NEIES YOHR

Was die Sunn so freindlich scheint—
Iss des nau net wunnerbaar?
All die Felder, die sin weiss,
Un die Baem bedeckt mit Eis.
Wie des Sunnelicht dart glitzert!
Was es danzt un was es zwitzert!
Winsch eich all, mei gude Freind,
En froh un glicklich Neies Yohr!

—JOHN BIRMELIN.

UFFS NEI YOHR

Heert die Glocke schtimme glor
In der Mittnacht fers Nei Yohr.
Loss uns wennich zurick geh—
Des letscht Yohr waar net all schee.
Hen mir net schunn oft gelaernt:
Was mer saet, iss em sei Aernt?
Mir hen zu viel Ungraut g'saet,
Un waerr'n sehne wie's ausdreht.

Loss uns uff den Neiyohrs Daag
Fascht vornemme, kumm was maag;
Vorwarts geh mit frischer Mut
Un yuscht suche, was iss gut.
Wer des dutt, schteht net allee;
Der findt Freind fer mit ihm geh.
So loss uns dann geh voran,
Gutes duh zu yeder Mann.

In dem Yohr was iss verbei
Waar des Haerz ebmols wie Blei.
Wieviel Traene—ach, so heess—
In de Aage yuscht Gott weess!
Darch des all sin mir noch do—
Gehn ins neie Yohr, un so,
Loss uns fassen frischer Mut,
Un yuscht halte was waar gut.

Ich winsch Eich im neie Yohr,
Mehner Glick as wie devor;
Langes Lewe un G'sundheit
Un aa vieli Haerrlichkeit.
Meecht ihr frei vun Sarye sei,
Luschdich un doch aernscht debei;
Un en seeliches Schicksal,
Des soll kumme zu Eich all!

—FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER.

MIR PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCHE

Mir sin en Bauerevolk un schtols uff die Ehr,
Mir sin die Gwell, wu der Mensch draa zehrt,
Mir sin die Bruscht, as die Menschheet naehrt,
Mir sin em Schtaat sei Graft, sei Hoffning un Wehr,
Mir sin en Bauerevolk un schtols uff die Ehr.

—CHARLES C. MORE.

DIE LIEWE WEIBSLEIT

Du weesscht em Mann sei Druwwel hot aag'fange mit me Weibsmensch an re Schnitzing Pardy. Awwer mer weess net wu er endt. Es erscht Weibsmensch iss graad nooch em Mann kumme, un sie sin em nooch immer zidder.

Alsemol muss sie 's reie nooch der Hochzich, awwer 's iss ken Schand, wann sie en mistake macht im Heiere —schier alle Weibsmensch dutt. Weibsleit hen en notion sie lewe lenger, wann sie g'heiert hen, awwer sell iss yuscht en notion. Uffkors, es scheint lenger—zu de Mannsleit.

Weibsleit, sell iss, edliche vun de Ord, sin ewwe voll notions. Deel dunne liewer en raasender Bullhund bosse, as ihre eegne Menner. Ich kann net ausfiggere ferwas, unni der Bullhund maag ebbes besser gucke. Alle Oscht're misse sie neie bonnets hawwe. Alsemol ass sie en neier bonnet hen, misse sie neie Gleeder hawwe, as "match'e" dezu. Un so grickt der Mann im Haus yuscht ee suit about alle fimf Yohr.

Yeder Weibsmensch iss besser, uffkors, as ihre Nochber. Un sie sin nadierlich all schee, awwer in uns're Zeit iss en Weibsmensch net immer so schee as sie aag'schdriche iss. De wennicher Hohr as sie hen, de lenger nemmt sie 's fer sich schdreele.

Deel Weibsleit sin so schlimm far en Mann, sie nemme ken Zeit fer driwwer denke was er iss, un bereie sich nooch de Hochzich. Annere denke driwwer un heiere net. So iss es aa bei de Mannsleit. En Mann sett immer kunsiddere eb er ins Feier schpringt. Er sett niemols en Weibsmensch heiere mit me lange Daume. Wann er dutt kann er druff zaehle immer unnich ihre Daume sei. Er sett aa niemols en Maedel heiere as immer gewinscht hot, sie waer en Bu, far soddiche welle immer die Hosse 'wear'e. Es hot mich oft gewunnert, ferwas es Weibsmensch net gemacht iss warre bis alles schunscht fardich waar. Mei Freind, der Silas Siesshols, saagt er kann nix annerschter draus mache, dass wann sie es Erscht dart gewest waer, hett sie verleicht der gans Tschapp iwwernemme welle.

Awwer wann mei Fraa als kummt un kitzelt mich unnich em Baard, muss ich ehrlich un uffrichtich uffeegne, 's iss nix siesser in de Weld, as en Fraa as mich die Zeiting lese losst, dieweil sie es Hols hackt.

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

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Laurys Grange Grishdawg Party

Oh won numma alla woch Grishdawg wear, so os m'r alla woch 'n Grishdawg party howwa kenta in da Laurys Grange. Un won numma ol die leit wista wos fer wunnerbora guta tzeita os die Grangers 's yohr rum bei nonner hen, don wolla m'r wetta os 'n lot mainer Granges im kounty weara wie so sin. O'r worta mohl, worta mohl, sis fon da Laurys Grange Grishdawg party 'm Dunnershdawg owet da 26d Detzember, os m'r fertzalla wolla. Oy duh welt wos wor sel net 'n tzeit, un wos worra net die Grangers ous gatarn'd fer die gute tzeit ei nemma os m'r immer bei nonner hen so on da Grishdawg rum.

Mohl fers aller airsht, hut der Grange Maishder Bill Haas 'n deckorating kommittee aw g'shteld fer der grange hall trimma, un sie hen 'n wunnerborie gutie arwet gaduh. 'N grosser Grishdbaum mit lichter druf farna drous uf da platform, grossa weissa bella unna on da lichter, un rote un greena bobier shtraima woh ever os m'r onna gaguck'd hut. Ich sawg eich, 's hut ma mensch seim hartz gute gaduh ol die fiela deckorations sehna os die "Cassie" Mantz un ihra onnerra mit helfer uf gaduh hen kot. 'S hut em tzurick ganumma tzu da tzeita wie ols noch Grishdfeshter worra om Longa, Scheidys, Schnecka, un Deibertsdahler shule heiser, un wie sie darta aw ols gadeckorate hen kot fer die Grishdawg.

Un noh wie die gawainlich grange bisnis session feriwwer wor, hut die Lecturer'n, Mrs. Kelsey iwwer ganumma, un uf 'n lot fon da glaina maid un boova garufa fer Grishdawg speeches sawga, un uf onnerra-gross un glae fer singa. Dale fon da glaina krutzer worra so gabodder'd os sie ken wert rous griega hen kenna wie sie farna nous uf die platform kumma sin, un onnerra hen die brish'd nous g'shova, un ihra shticker g'sawt wie rechda porra. Sel tzu sehna hut em aw tzurick ganumma tzu da tzeit wie m'r unser airsht Grishdawg g'shtick g'sawt hen im Longa shule hous, un kenna alla weil noch shpierra wie weit howwa im hols os unser hartz wor bis m'r fartich worra. Wons net gawest wear fer dicka dreesa, sin m'r shure os unser hartz langshd tzum hols rous gajump'd wear eb m'r fartich worra.

Eb der program recht feriwwer wor, un eb die Granger ei shtarta hen kenna "Jingle Bells" singa, huts garobb'ld drous im gonk, un war sot tzu da dier nei kumma wie der Belsnickle. Un wos hut er aw net galocht, un wor so harlich un uf galaibt os m'r net gadenk't het os er shun fer tzwae dawg un nochta om gae wear fer ol die glaina maid un boova p'sucha die welt iwwer. Un er wor nunner galawda mit tzwae grossa seck, uns hut 'n gore ken tzeit ganumma fer ol die fiela glaina maid un boova farna nous rufa, un na yaders 'n shae Grishkind'l gewwa. Ol sin fohr wie der glae Jay Frantz net, un woh sich g'shteibert hut uf die nin'd hond er wot net nous tzum Santa, un er is aw net gonga.

W.e die kinner ol ihra socha kotta hen, het der Belsnickle arrick gaglicha fer ols noch langer bleiva, ow'r hut onnerra bletz kot fer ob shtoppa, un is tzum Grange hall nous, in sei shlitta gajump'd un iwwers grange hall doch darrick die hocha shpruce bame nuf in die wolka g'fohra mit seinra harsha fuhr,—un woh sei nagshder shtop wor wase ken saelicher mensch.

Noh sin die fartel dahler presents ous gadailt werra os die Grangers gabrocht hen kot fer 'm Belsnickle sei sock, un wie sel fer iwwer wor, is es on die Secret Pal klub gonga. Un los mich eich grawd now sawga, os sellie Secret Pal klub mainer liegner ous 'n lot fon uns Grangers gamocht hut, wie won m'r siva mohl galoffa weara fer publick offis. Nadierlich is m'r fon alla waiga aw gaguck'd werra 's yohr rum fer die shule sei os unnershittlicha gleader so hesslicha socha grick'd hen, uns aintsich'd tzu duh fer sich net har gewwa, wors ob laigla uf die nin'd houd. Un war maint sel wear g'shpass, het numma mohl der Maishder Bill Haas howwa solla fer 'n Secret Pal wie mier kotta hen fer ae gons yohr, noh wists os m'r net in so ra klub sei kent mit ous liega.

'S hut nix ous gamocht eb der Bill 'n monkey grick'd hut fer 'n gabutzdawg present, 'n ous g'shtopter fish royer, 'n kokanut g'fress, 'n wissel fol fer da dochter Betty ihra boova freind fonga, odder so gore alta bilder woh m'r selwar net gawist hen war die leit druf worra, ae mohl un alla mohl rum hut er un sei Peg, uns aw gaguck'd fer 'm die hesslicha socha gewwa. Un so weit os sel aw gait, m'r hens 'm aw gewwa kot, ow'r wos wor dawert fers uf aigna so long os es noch miglich wor fers uf ebber shunshd sheeva,—un wie der Bill aw endlich hut. Tzum ledshda wor er shure der Leslie Peters wear sei Pal, ferol os er aw mohl fer 'n weil g'shpont hut kot uf der Irvie Frantz, un der Billy Strauss.

Ow'r wie shun g'sawt, m'r worra 'm Bill sei Pal, un shure hen 'n lot g'shpass kotta die socha ob laigla,—so gore evens die dochter Betty glawwa mocha der Sterling Frantz wear ihr'm "Pop" sei Secret Pal, un die Betty hut 'n g'frok'd fer ra fergewwa, fer mohl ae owet net mit 'm donsa on ra Grange party.

Yar, die Grangers shure hen guta tzeita won sie sella waig bei nonner sin, un won sie aw nonner baliega os die ard sich bol bieg'd, is es yusht fer die g'shpass dafon, un net fer hinner gae. Die Secret Pal klubs in ra Grange sin 'n wunnerborie lot g'shpass,—bardich won 'n yaders sei fol g'flich dut fer des os es hut fer 'n Secret Pal, hinna rum tziega so arrick os miglich. Die Cora Alice Hoffman fon Egypt hut evens druf g'shtonna unser Katerinah wear ihra Pal, un wor ol die weil 'm Irvie Frantz sei Verna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die graish'd blessier fon ra Grange Secret Pal klub kumt ow'r net on da Grishdawgs party, ow'r so gore 's yohr rum fer des woh m'r hut so arrick os miglich fernarra halta 'm socha gewwa, brief schreiva, korta shicka, uns uf alla waiga hinna rum tziega, so os es net ous fin'd war sei Pal is, bis die nagshda Grishdawg.

Today's Text

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

Psalm 40

Let us confine ourselves to vs. 7-8, in which section we are privileged to 'listen in' on a conversation between the Father and the Son. Since the blood of bulls and of goats could never make atonement for sin, something better was needed. So the Father asks the Son whether He will undertake to redeem the race. He replies, Lo, I come. In John 20-21 Jesus distinctly says that the Father sent Him. And in the volume of God's book we have the whole records of sin, its havoc, and consequences; revealing the need of a Saviour, and the fact that a Saviour did come. In our passage for today He says, 'I delight to do Thy will, O My God.' When he did come, He said that His very food and drink was to do the will of Him That had sent Him. When He came to the hour of His death on the cross, He was still willing to say, Not My will, but Thine be done. This is the good tidings of great joy of which the angel spoke when he informed the shepherds of the birth of Jesus the Saviour in nearby Bethlehem; Luke 2:10.

Edgar A. Guest

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE

HAPPY NEW YEAR!'

Happy New Year! comes the cry
From the neighbors passing by;
And I wonder, as I hear it,
How is hapiness acquired?
Is it fortune that bestows it?
Is the rich man one who knows it?
Are but just a few allowed it,
Though by all it is desired?

Happy New Year! Meaning this:
May the hurts of life you miss.
May you feel no touch of sorrow,
And go laughing on your way.
But the skies turn gray above us;
We must part from those who love us,
And the happines we've cherished
May be shattered in a day.

Happy New Year! Time can give
Only years through which to live;
And the happiness we're craving
Is of heart and soul and mind.
One must stand to grief unshaken;
Gladly give as he has taken;
Find his joy in living bravely
And to God's will be resigned.

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25 Years Ago

Dec. 28, 1921. A Wednesday

Members of the 1920 class at Allentown High school held their second annual reunion in the Hotel Allen. Eddie Huff's orchestra played.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Soleliac and daughter Eleanor returned from an eight-week tour of England, France and Italy.

A Christmas program was held in the school house at Hamilton Park under the auspices of the Hamilton Park Home Improvement Assn. The committee in charge were John McCollum, Fred Laudenslager, Charles Grammes, Alfred Hermany and Harry Ochs.

Pearl Irene Leh, daughter of Mrs. Maurice Leh and the late Mr. Leh of Cementon, was married to Harold A. Frey, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Frey of Northampton. The ceremony took place at the parsonage of Rev. George P. Stem, Northampton.

About 500 persons atended the annual Penn State hop, sponsored by the Lehigh-Northampton club, in Mealey's auditorium. Those in charge of arrangements were L. W. Lindenmuth, chairman, Lathrop L. Ramsay, C. T. Woodring, Willard W. Walp and Charles A. Scheirer.

A concert in celebration of the festival of Chanukah was held in the Sons of Israel synagogue. Rabbi Abelson spoke.

Horoscope

If you are celebrating a birthday today, you are energetic, shrewd and diplomatic, courteous and obliging, make friends easily and are generally well liked. You are also sincere and frank, and do not stoop to gain a point. You are gentle and patient in your home, and endeavor to make it happy and pleasant. Today talk over the budget with your mate. The moon enter Pisces at 5:41 a. m. Give up a novel idea for a New Year's party. Writing of any nature is well favored, however. Don't hide that bright idea; out with it. Pattern-making, wood-work, and such crafts are good now. Keep the tongue in check.

Try and Stop Me

Daily Story from the Best-selling Book

By BENNETT CERF

For her act in the Persian room at the Plaza, the ebullient Hildegarde always summons a gentleman from a ringside table to the microphone for a bit of spontaneous badinage.

One evening she selected a dapper little fellow, and said, "I'll bet you're a perfume salesman."

"Not a chance," he told her. "Matter of fact, I'm a retired pugilist."

"Amazing," was Hildegarde's comment. "How could you ever hit anybody with those delicate little hands?"

"I never did, lady," he admitted. "That's why I'm retired."

* * *

In Pasadena, two ladies with Harvard accents were overheard in Vroman's bookstore. "Heavens, this heat is enervating," complained one. "Don't forget," reproved the other, "that you're 3,000 miles from the ocean."

* * *

In London, Noel Coward gave a prominent novelist the brusheroo. "Last year you raved about him," a companion reminded him. "Ah, yes," said Coward. "First the fever than the rash."

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the most widely discussed problems of married life has finally come to my own home, and I needed my readers' advice.

The problem is: "Shall a husband help his wife with the dishes?"

* * *

In our own home that question has, for 25 years, been carefully avoided.

My wife, being a very tolerant and understanding person, has never urged the matter, because sh' knows that I hate anything even remotely connected with housework, and that I have made it a point to let her know that I can do my best writing on a full stomach immediately after finishing my dessert and my second cup of coffee.

* * *

But a most insidious Christmas present has arrived at our house—and from good friends at that.

It is a pair of aprons, beautiful aprons, with ruffles and colored plates and forks and knives and spoons artfully embroidered on them.

But there is another piece of embroidery on those aprons, six inches high, one in blue, the other in red.

One says "HERS," the other "HIS".

They are obviously kitchen aprons and they are obviously to be worn while washing the dishes.

* * *

When we opened the box and examined the contents, my wife said "Ah," and I said "Oh."

She handed me the one with "HIS" on it and said, with a sweet but significant smile: "How lovely! I bet it's just what you've always wanted."

I tried it on. It fit perfectly. I looked in the mirror. It showed a perfect fool.

* * *

So there is the apron and there is the problem.

What is your idea about the matter? How do you do it in your own household?

Personally I have always felt that a husband's job is to earn the money for the family and to do whatever chores there are to be done.

I don't mind working around the garden and the